



**The Little Universe**  
A novel by Jason Matthews

Sample - Communication

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**Communication**

Jessica and Ian left for the night, exhausted after working on the Deltan generators. Adams was tired too. He was battling a cold and didn't feel like staying as late as usual. He asked me if I would mind giving Whitney a ride home, since she came with him. She was still meditating with the Thetans, and neither of us wanted to interrupt it.

"Go ahead," I told him. "I'll wait."

I planned on relaxing in my chair for the last half hour before the Thetan sun rose over Coasttown.

After Adams had left, I observed Whitney in her meditation. A deep stillness took over the lab. The monitors showed the faces of the six Thetans in meditation. It was still something of a marvel to me. It was eerily strange, yet calm. I closed my eyes and relaxed. Just as I was beginning to fade out, I suddenly realized I had no idea where I had placed my keys. I searched for them all over my desk, yet I couldn't find them and quickly got frustrated.

"Where are my car keys?" I said aloud, as my search for them became anxious.

"Behind the fire extinguisher," Whitney said calmly from her sitting position with her eyes closed.

I was surprised that she had answered me. I apologized for not being quieter. Then I realized that she was right. I walked over to the fire extinguisher and found my keys placed on the ledge behind it. I had put them there upon arrival when Jessica had unloaded a bunch of documents on me. It was the only time I had ever put my keys there, and I was sure that no one had seen me do it.

"How did you know that?" I asked her in a hushed tone. There was no response from Whitney. I couldn't tell if she was still meditating or if she was just sitting there with her eyes closed. "Whitney, can you hear me?"

“She cannot hear you at the moment,” was the response from Whitney. Her voice had a strange calmness to it, and I assumed she was joking around.

“If she can’t hear me, then how does she know where my keys are?”

“She doesn’t,” was the response from Whitney.

“Okay, I’ll play along. Then who am I talking with?”

“In your terms, the one you refer to as The Grandmother.”

“Very funny. Jim, you must have whispered where they were while I was going through my desk, right?”

“I had no idea,” Jim replied. His green light pulsed.

“Okay, I’ll admit that was a good one. Now can you finish up with what you’re doing so we can get out of here?”

Whitney made no response. I looked up at the monitors and saw the Thetan sun had yet to rise over Coasttown. The Thetans were still in their meditation. So was Whitney. I looked at The Grandmother sitting calmly in her spot. I felt uneasy and sat down at my desk. I waited patiently for the Thetan sun to rise and for Whitney to come out of her session.

About twenty minutes passed before the session ended. The six Thetans stood and left the circle. Whitney rolled her neck around. She opened her eyes slowly, as if the room was bright.

“Did my father leave already?” she asked me through a yawn.

“Yes, he did,” I told her. “That was a good joke, by the way.”

“What do you mean?” Whitney asked. I jangled the car keys in front of her. “What are you talking about?”

“You almost had me going. Jim was perfectly calm about it. It was kind of funny, I’ll admit.”

Whitney gave me a blank expression. She said, “Jon, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“The joke’s over. I’ll be in the car.” I walked out of the lab.

When Whitney sat in the passenger seat, she repeated that she didn’t know what I was talking about. As we sped down the road, I went over the conversation we had about the keys and about The Grandmother. I repeated that it was very amusing, but I still wanted to know how she knew it.

Whitney told me, “Stop the car.” I pulled over on the side of the road. She looked me in the eyes and said, “Are you making this up?”

“Why would I make this up?”

“I promise you,” she said, “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“You told me where my keys were, and then you said you weren’t the one I was talking with, but you were The Grandmother!”

“That’s crazy!”

“Tell me about it!”

We drove the rest of the way to her house in silence. As she got out of the car, she searched my face one last time. I realized that we were doubting each other’s sincerity. I drove back to my place with an overwhelming feeling that Whitney had been honest with me. In the months that I had known her, I had never once heard her tell a lie or play a joke on someone. It wasn’t like her to do those things, no matter how trivial.

The next day, neither of us spoke about it to the others. We went about our work as usual. I assisted Adams on Deltan pneumatic tunnels. Jessica and Ian worked on roving pedestals. Whitney spent her day finding new Thetan villages and documenting the people who made up the various meditation groups.

She was still attempting to understand their longevity and trying to figure out how it could affect our lives.

As the day wound down, Adams asked, "Would you mind staying late again to give Whitney a ride?"

He still wasn't feeling well. All of us were feeling the effects of months of long days at work. I considered telling him about the past night's event, but instead, I said it would be fine.

Adams left with Jessica and Ian. They were still discussing Deltan pedestals on their way out the door. Whitney and I were alone in the lab. She placed her mat on the floor and put her assorted photos of the Thetans in their proper places. She lit three candles and an incense stick. Then she watched the monitors, waiting for the Coasttown Thetans to arrive.

I fixed my attention on the Thetan monitors. The group of six approached the podium in the darkness of the predawn light. The Grandmother led the way. I watched with a growing curiosity to see if I could detect anything different about her, but I couldn't. Even in the dim light, I saw the look of serenity that defined her. The six Thetans took their positions within the circle. Whitney closed her eyes. I pretended to stay busy with other duties. Jim said nothing, as he enjoyed participating in the sessions.

Within a few minutes, I sensed that Whitney was locked in a meditative state. There was a difference about her face and her being that was subtle, but I could tell when she was there. Her face showed no emotion. She became the epitome of calmness. Jim's green light dwindled down to a very low level. As the meditation ensued, I became more curious and thought of ways to make sense of what had happened the night before.

I walked over to Whitney. I placed my hand several inches from her face and snapped my fingers lightly. She made no acknowledgement.

"Whitney?" I said softly. No response came back. I repeated her name again.

"She's meditating," Jim said quietly.

"I know. I'm just checking something out." The monitor showed The Grandmother sitting at her spot ever so peacefully. I wondered if it was worth trying some questions. "Grandmother," I said toward Whitney, as I looked at the Thetan face on the monitor. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," came the response from Whitney's mouth. The voice was gentle. I didn't know what to say. The one thing I felt for certain was that Whitney was not playing a joke.

"Grandmother," I began, "is it your voice that I am hearing coming through Whitney?"

"At this time, yes," Whitney spoke calmly.

"Do you mind if I ask a question?" I asked nervously.

"If it pleases you," she said. Her words came slowly, and there was a distinct properness to them.

"How did you know where my car keys were the other day?"

"The same as I know where they are now," was the response from Whitney's mouth.

"Where are they?" I asked.

"In the front right pocket of your pants," she answered. This came as another surprise but not a shock, for that's where they usually were.

"May I ask you another question?" I said, building up confidence to test her.

"If it pleases you."

"Jim, do me a favor and make a recording of this."

"Okay."

"How many beer bottles are on the shelf in my bathroom at my apartment?"

I had started the collection once I reached drinking age. I started at twenty and placed a new beer bottle from a different country once a year on the shelf. It had evolved into something important to me.

The collection was my way of feeling cosmopolitan. There was exactly one bottle for each year that I was alive. No one in the world knew about it. Whitney had never been inside my apartment.

“There are thirty-three,” was the response. She was right.

“How do you know that?” I asked with absolute interest.

Through Whitney, The Grandmother spoke about vibrations and impulses and some kind of records. Within ten seconds, she had lost me entirely. She spoke at great length in a poised manner. The most I gathered from her spiel was that people were entities and that everything was made up of vibrations. She went on and on for about fifteen minutes.

I had absolutely no idea what she was talking about, but I was relieved that Jim was recording it. After she stopped, I got a warm feeling about the whole thing.

“What color are the stripes on my socks?” I asked her next.

“Blue on the right, green on the left.”

“Are you still recording this, Jim?”

“Every word.”

“Good. What was the name of the dog I got when I was ten?”

“You called him Shep,” came the response.

I asked any trivial question that I could think of, and she answered correctly each time. Somehow, this Thetan elder knew everything about me.

I remained quiet for the remainder of the session and watched The Grandmother sitting calmly. I felt a growing respect toward her and the others in the group. I waited for what seemed an eternity for the Thetan sun to rise and the session to end. Once Whitney came back to present awareness, I didn't give her much time to unwind before I started telling her what had happened.

“I really don't want to start this conversation again,” she interrupted me.

“We taped it,” I told her. “Just listen.”

Jim replayed it. Whitney rolled her eyes when the question about the beer bottles came up, but when she heard her own voice respond with the number thirty-three, she became more interested. Then I asked how The Grandmother did it. When her response started coming back, Whitney was overwhelmed. Her body quivered as if she was hit by an electrode.

“That's my voice!” she said.

“I know. It's incredible!”

“What am I talking about?” she asked in disbelief.

We listened again through the long explanation. Whitney shook her head in amazement. She also had difficulty understanding the meaning behind the words. The Grandmother kept referring to vibrations, intentions and entities, and something called the Akashic records.

Neither of us could follow it entirely, but its eloquence and complexity supported the argument that this was indeed the voice of another speaker. Whitney didn't talk that way. Nobody did.

“We've got to share this with my father,” Whitney said. “Right away.” We raced back to her house in my wheels. When we arrived, we discovered Adams asleep in his bed. Knowing he wasn't feeling well, we decided the news could wait until morning.

I drove home thinking about the wonder of it. When I reached my apartment, I went straight to my bathroom and counted the bottles on my shelf. A part of me was suddenly nervous that I had been inaccurate.

To my delight, there were thirty-three beer bottles as expected.

The next morning, when I arrived at work, Whitney and Adams were already listening to the recording. The speaker was within the lengthy explanation. Adams had a look of confusion building up on face. He acknowledged my presence but said nothing.

“It’s amazing, isn’t it,” I said. Whitney smiled back to me.

“It certainly is,” Adams managed, though he chose his words cautiously.

“What do you think about it?” I asked him.

“I’m not sure yet.” He signaled to me to keep quiet so he could listen.

Jessica arrived and was curious what was going on, but she also received a wave off from Adams as he focused on the voice. By the time Ian arrived, it was almost over. The tape replayed the questions about my socks and my old dog’s name. Ian assumed it was some kind of joke.

“What’s this all about?” he asked.

Adams didn’t say anything. I told Jessica and Ian about the previous night. I had trouble containing my enthusiasm. But when I finished the story and waited for their responses, all that came back were smart remarks and laughter.

“You don’t believe me?” I asked them.

“No,” they said. I glanced to Adams for confirmation. He was locked in the same thought pattern that I had seen on his face when I entered the room.

“What about you, Dad?”

“Well,” Adams said slowly, “there must be a reasonable explanation.”

“Like what?” I asked.

“Like you two are making this up,” he said flatly. Whitney was disappointed.

“Jim, tell them we’re not making this up,” I said.

“They’re not making it up,” Jim said emphatically.

“Now you’ve got Jim in on this too?” Jessica asked me. “I’m not sure that’s such a good idea.”

Adams agreed with her. “It takes the light waves almost two years to reach Jim’s camera from that planet,” he reminded us. “When we’re watching these people, we’re watching them two years ago. How could you be having a conversation with them?”

“I agree,” I said. “I understand that you don’t believe this. But you will after seeing it for yourselves. Is that okay with you?” I asked Whitney.

“Sure.”

Jessica and Ian agreed. So it was set. We would see if Whitney could do it again with an audience. We spent the rest of the day not talking about it.

Whitney looked self-conscious as the others watched her place the icons about her mat in the usual manner. She preferred to meditate when everyone had left, even her father. I hoped she would be able to relax enough to reach that state of detachment.

Finally, the monitors above Whitney’s desk showed the group of six Thetans approaching the podium at the beautiful village of Coasttown. The Grandmother led the way. They took their positions around the circle. I explained to the others in a quiet voice the way of the meditation sessions as I had observed.

The first several minutes were rather awkward. Whitney attempted to relax while the others sat and observed skeptically. Ian checked his watch a few times as if to say he hoped this wouldn’t take too long.

I whispered, “It’s worth the wait.”

Whitney was getting close. I wanted to give her a few extra minutes to be sure. The others waited with mixed expressions appearing on their faces as the minutes passed.

Ian and Jessica noted the simple design on the circular podium and the seating placement of the people. Ian observed that the Thetans sat with six people in a seven-pointed circle. The position next to The Grandmother was left unoccupied, as was their custom.

I noticed the look of settlement on Whitney's face. I asked, "Can anybody hear me?"

"Yes," Whitney calmly replied.

"Am I speaking with the Grandmother?" I asked.

"You have said it so."

Ian and Jessica shared doubtful looks. Adams sat still.

I said, "Is it okay to ask some more questions?"

"If it pleases you," Whitney replied.

"Go ahead," I told the others. "Ask her anything you want."

There was a long pause. Adams looked like he didn't want to say anything at all, while Ian just seemed lost in a blank moment.

"What did I have for breakfast today?" Jessica asked.

"Half a melon and some bread," Whitney replied. Jessica raised an eyebrow.

"How much do I weigh?" Ian asked with a laugh.

"In your terms, 175 pounds."

"That's about right, I think. How old am I?" Ian added. "In seconds."

"One billion, one hundred sixty-three million, sixty-five thousand, two hundred and three," she answered. I smiled broadly. I had a feeling she was right. Ian repeated the first three numbers to himself and thought about it. He grabbed his calculator and started punching in numbers.

"What was the name of my childhood doll?" Jessica asked as Ian busied himself with the calculator.

"You called her Sissy," the reply came. Jessica nodded her head in amazement.

"What was the name of Jessica's first lover?" I asked. Jessica gave me a look of disapproval and elbowed me in the chest.

"The entity's name was Randall Jackson, during his incarnation."

"She's right. But why do you say, 'during his incarnation?'" Jessica added.

"Because that entity has passed on," Whitney said.

"I wasn't aware of that." Jessica sat down absorbing the information. "I haven't thought of him for over twenty years."

"How old am I in seconds?" Ian repeated after coming up with his answer.

"One billion, one hundred sixty-three million, sixty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty."

"I have myself at a few less than that, although I'm not exactly sure what time I was born. Plus, I didn't factor in for this year. Are you starting from birth or conception?"

"Get past it, Ian!" I told him. "Ask her something that really interests you!"

"You mean I can ask her anything, and she'll know the answer?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you!"

Ian thought about it. He thought about the simplest question that was on his mind from the past week.

"Why can't we get the platform drive system on our prototype to emit the same amount of force as the ones from Delta 13?" Ian asked. "Does she know that?"

Adams interrupted, "Don't be absurd, Ian. She can't know about..."

"The problem lies in the set ratio of the emission source from the distance to the refraction lenses," Whitney began. "Velocities will be greatly improved by shortening and widening this area."

Ian perked up immediately. Whitney continued speaking in technical terms. She answered eloquently, using complex words of physics and engineering. Adams, Ian and Jessica were spellbound. I loved it, knowing that this would put to rest any doubt that this was contrived by Whitney or me. Ian found the answer to his liking, though he shook his head that this could be happening.

“Jim, are you recording this?” Adams asked.

“Every word.”

The speaker went on and on. She pointed out several facets of their design that either needed improvements or simply weren't correct interpretations of the Deltan technology. Ian lit up with amazement. Jessica agreed that the speaker was making perfect sense. Once the speaker had finished, there was a quiet buzz throughout the lab.

Whitney sat calmly.

Ian asked, “How are you so knowledgeable about these drive systems?”

The speaker answered through Whitney, “This information is accessible in the Akashic records.” Ian shrugged as if he didn't understand.

“I have a question for you,” Adams added with a smile, as if he was trying to get to the bottom of a joke. “Are you aware that your planet is moving outwards in orbit?”

“Yes,” she replied.

“What is causing that?”

“In the presence of a growing star, we ask our planet to move accordingly,” the reply came from Whitney.

“Are you saying that you are responsible for this?”

“We are through for the present,” Whitney said.

“What do you mean?”

The monitor showed the Thetan sun was beginning to rise over Coasttown. Within a minute, the group of six would get up from their positions and resume their normal activities.

Adams repeated, “What do you mean ‘we are through?’”

“It's too late,” I told him. “Their sun is coming up. The session only lasts while they're in the trance.”

“I don't understand,” Adams said.

“Forget about that for a second,” I told him. “What do you think? Ian? Adams? Jessica?”

“Absolutely incredible,” Jessica whispered, watching the Thetans get out of their seated positions.

Whitney began to roll her head. She opened her eyes slowly, adjusting to the light. She looked at us as we stared at her in amazement.

“What?” Whitney asked defensively. “Did it work?”

“Unbelievable,” Ian said. “How did you know all those answers?”

“All what answers?”

“You mean you don't remember?”

“She doesn't have any awareness of it while it's going on,” I explained. “We don't know why. Maybe we should ask them next time.”

“What did you think, Dad?”

Adams was slow to respond. He mulled over the information. “It doesn't make any sense. Though what you said about the Deltan pedestals made a lot of sense.”

Jessica asked, “How do you feel, Whitney?”

“A little drained but fine. What did I say?”

Jim printed out a transcript. Whitney moved to a chair and scanned it.

After a few moments she reached out for Jessica. "I'm so sorry about your friend."

Jessica acknowledged the remark and sat next to her. Whitney read on. She was amazed with the description of the mechanisms that had not been sorted out by Ian and Adams. "This part is really wonderful," she whispered.

"I'd like a copy of that as well," Ian said. Jim printed another for him and one for Adams.

"How can they do it?" Adams asked Whitney. "How can they speak through you, especially concerning the physics involved?"

"I have no idea."

Adams was skeptical yet intrigued. He eyed The Grandmother. He watched her quietly as she walked off the podium and back to her grass hut.

The following day, Adams and Ian read through the advice on the Deltan roving pedestals. The comments made by The Grandmother were pure genius. As they analyzed the information, they came up with a series of follow-up questions.

Adams told Whitney, "I still don't believe that it's possible, but just for a laugh, I'd like to ask how the Thetans are getting their information."

"Fine," Whitney said.

"I also want to know how the planet moves in orbit, beyond the simple answer they gave."

Whitney wasn't sure what to make of her new ability. She attributed it entirely to the Thetans. She mentioned, "If anyone would like to try it, all you need to do is start meditating with them."

That evening, we contacted the Coasttown Thetans again. This time, the crew had a list of prepared questions.

Adams asked The Grandmother the first question. "How are you able to communicate through my daughter?"

"By connecting at the subconscious level," the speaker began. "The subconscious mind is in direct communication with all other subconscious minds."

"Help me understand that," Adams said.

The speaker spelled out a detailed account of the overall concept of communication. It was very matter-of-fact, unemotional information. She discussed people as entities. She also discussed energy and vibrations. "Vibrations" was a buzzword that kept popping up. As I understood it, the Thetans used the word to encompass verbal and mental communication. Thinking of any kind seemed to be a vibration. So was the ever-flowing wealth of information about anything at all.

I wasn't sure what vibrations didn't encompass. Terms like "source manifestations" and "planetary influences" also came up. Many of the answers were long-winded.

"Do you understand that this makes no sense?" Adams added. "The view we see of you is from light waves that take two years to reach us. How can we be seeing those wavelengths and conversing with you simultaneously?"

"The subconscious exists out of time," the reply came from Whitney, "just as spirit exists out of time."

Again, the speaker went into a lengthy explanation about the existence of non-physical entity processes. It was along the lines of thought waves being vibrations that existed beyond any measurement. Within a few sentences, she had lost me entirely.

Once the ramblings had stopped, Adams said, "Let's bring her out of it." Though the meditation was still taking place, and we had several questions we wanted to ask, there was a certain uneasiness about the

process. Adams wasn't sure how he felt about his daughter being used as a medium. "I don't know how safe this whole process is."

I shook her shoulders lightly. When she didn't respond, I shook them harder. Then Whitney gasped for air and opened her eyes wide. As she regained consciousness, she was profoundly affected. She laughed softly as tears streamed down her face. Adams knelt before her and took her hands. She motioned to him that she was fine. It was the first time anyone had shaken her out of one of the sessions. It had an intense effect, like being awakened in the middle of a vivid dream.

Whitney sat wide-eyed and amazed as we told her the information she had presented. As usual, she hadn't the vaguest notion that she had spoken at all, let alone for twenty minutes. She asked for a glass of water.

Jessica provided one, and Whitney took a few sips.

"It was like a blurring of time," Whitney said. Instead of recalling a pleasant meditation and momentary loss of senses, as usual, she described an out-of-body perception of her own spirit surrounded by others. "There was warmth and calm. There was love, but I can't describe it. I couldn't see faces, but I sensed the presence of others with me."

*"Just when I thought I'd seen everything. Could Whit be a medium for the Thetans? No. I cannot accept that. There must be an explanation. It doesn't make sense on a half dozen levels. But how did she describe Deltan technology so well?"*

- From p. 124 of Webster's journal.

(End of current sample)

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