



The Little Universe
A novel by Jason Matthews

Sample - Psychic Abilities and Skeptics

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Psychic Abilities

That night was the summer festival. The stores closed early. A large section of Main Street was blocked off. The townspeople gathered for a parade and fireworks to celebrate the end of summer. Whitney and I had planned to watch it.

She chose a picnic on a quiet hillside, where we could see the activity of the town below. We hiked up a ways and spread a blanket under a tree. Whitney unpacked the food as I opened the wine. We ate in silence and watched the parade of town floats and marching kids.

“More wine?” she asked me.

“Please.” I offered my glass.

“You’ve been quiet, Jon.” She tore off some bread and cheese, bit into it and offered me the last bite.

“My mind keeps flashing back to your meditation today.”

“You’re not upset with all this weird stuff, are you?”

“No, but... it is strange.”

“It’s strange for me too,” she said. “Does it frighten you?”

“Frighten might not be the right word. I just don’t understand it.”

“Do you need to understand it?”

“I want to. Not that I understand most things at work, but this... this has really been a surprise.”

“Do you believe in psychic abilities?” she asked.

“I never have. Why, do you think you’re psychic?”

“Sometimes. Things will happen, and I’ll feel like I knew it was going to happen.”

“I don’t think I’d want a gift like that,” I said.

“Why not?”

“I don’t know.”

“Have you ever had an experience where it feels strange, like you’d already experienced that? That you were seeing something you’d seen before?”

“I think so.”

“Isn’t that sort of the same thing?”

“Maybe. I don’t want to think about it too much.”

She sensed my apprehension. A part of me didn’t want Whitney to be psychic. I recognized it too, though I didn’t know why.

“I really need your friendship right now,” she said, lying down and looking at the sky.

“You’ve got it,” I said, lying next to her and taking her hand. “I’m here for you. If I feel a little weird about it, that’s just me. You can understand that, right?”

“I guess it would be strange if you didn’t feel that way.”

I kissed her on the cheek, then on her lips. Then the fireworks went off. We sat up to watch them.

Skeptics

The next day we eagerly awaited the afternoon, when the Coasttown Thetans took their places at the podium. Whitney prepared her floor space with her mat, candles and icons. Then she handed me a piece of paper.

“What’s this?” I asked her.

“Questions from me,” she said. “I’d like you to ask them since I obviously can’t do it while in that state.”

“Oh,” I said, surprised that Whitney needed to ask anything.

I looked over the paper. There were four main questions. She wanted to know if they could heal with touch and, if so, how. She wanted to know if anyone could contact them, or if she was unique. She wanted to know the purpose behind the design of their villages, podiums and meditation circles. She also wanted to know how long they lived.

“I’m not sure we’ll have time for all of these,” I told her. “Your dad and Ian have a number of questions as well.” Judging from the length of the speaker’s responses, I wasn’t sure we could get through more than four or five questions in a given session.

“Just make sure you ask one of my questions for every two of my father’s,” she told me. “These are some of the things I’m dying to find out.”

“I’ll do what I can,” I said. She gave me a serious look. “One of yours for every two of his,” I repeated.

The six Thetans approached the podium. Whitney hurried herself into position. She lit her candles and placed the photos around her mat.

Adams, Ian and Jessica came over. Frank was also present to witness the phenomenon for the first time. He sat in a chair at some distance. We all gave Whitney plenty of space and tried not to stare as she began her meditation. After about ten minutes, I sensed that she was ready for questions.

Adams gave me a list of seven questions. Then he whispered to Frank, “I still don’t believe in this, but the answers have been fascinating.”

We began with specifics concerning Deltan roving pedestals. The engineers back at Maxwell Enterprises had made headway from the previous information, but their progress only led to more questions.

Whitney answered the first question in technical jargon. I glanced over to Frank. He was transfixed.

“Very interesting,” he whispered to Adams.

Adams asked follow-up questions in response to the answers. As we got into the third and fourth of his questions strictly on ways of producing greater force in the Deltan drive systems, I wondered if we would have any time for the questions that Whitney had prepared. I hesitated to mention it to Adams, since he and Ian were making so much progress. The hour flew by. When the speaker informed us that we were through for the present, I hadn’t asked any of Whitney’s requests.

She rolled her head slowly, coming out of the session. Frank applauded her efforts.

“Most amazing thing I’ve ever seen,” he told her.

“I’m glad you liked it,” Whitney responded. “Can I get a printout, Jim?” Jim produced a few pieces of paper, and she scanned through them looking for her questions.

“We made a lot of progress today,” Adams told her. “Though I still don’t get it, I can’t argue with the results.” He also had Jim produce a copy of the notes for himself and Ian as they returned to their desks to make sense of the new information.

“You didn’t ask any of my questions?” Whitney looked at me sternly. “Not even one?”

“There wasn’t any time,” I apologized. “Their answers kept leading to more questions, and they were making such progress. I couldn’t break in.”

Whitney wasn’t impressed. She packed up her things and told her father she was taking the car home. She left the room noticeably upset.

After she had left, Frank asked us, “Can we step into the other room for a moment?”

Jessica, Ian, Adams and I followed him from the lab and made ourselves comfortable in the office. Frank sat down in Webster’s chair and paused for a moment, searching for the right words.

“What do you make of this?” he asked Adams from behind the desk.

Adams rubbed his eyes. “It’s the strangest thing I’ve ever seen,” he said, sitting in the chair facing him. “It makes absolutely no sense from a standpoint of physics.”

“Even beyond the physics of it, how can this knowledge come from such a primitive culture?” Frank asked.

Ian chimed in, “Those people don’t even possess a steam engine or an electric bulb.”

“That’s what I’m getting at,” Frank said. “If they are the most primitive culture we’ve found, then how can they make sense of these matters of technology?”

“It doesn’t add up,” Jessica said, pacing about the room.

Adams shrugged, “I don’t have an answer for it.”

“I’m just going to throw this out there,” Frank said, “Don’t be put off by it. What’s the chance that this information is coming through Jim?”

“What?” I cried out, standing from my chair. “That’s ridiculous.”

“Hold on, Mr. Gruber. I don’t doubt your sincerity, but let me present a possible case. It’s been long known that Whitney and Jim have preferred this Thetan culture since we found them. Could it be possible that this is some prank to get the rest of us to believe that they have special powers?”

“What are you saying?” Adams asked him. “That the two of them conjured this up?”

“I’m just looking for a reasonable explanation,” Frank added. “You know, when all things are considered, typically the simplest solution is the right one.”

“But how could the answers be coming from Whitney?” Ian asked, chewing his pen.

“An earpiece,” Frank said, “or a well-placed speaker that only she can hear. Have you noticed how slowly she talks while giving the answers?”

“But how would they know details about the drive system?” Jessica asked.

Frank reasoned, “Hasn’t Jim been working the entire time documenting the Deltan products and watching the three of you try and make sense of them? Perhaps he’s figured out what you haven’t been able to.”

“Why would he keep that to himself?” Adams asked.

“Maybe he finds it amusing? I’m just saying that it’s possible.”

“But what about all that other information that was presented before you saw this?” I said, standing over the desk. “What about the things she knew about Jessica and Ian from before?”

“Have you ever heard of background checks?” Frank said, motioning for me to have a seat. “Relax, Jon. My companies do them all the time with high-ranking people, especially in something classified.”

“I don’t believe it,” I said, sitting back down. “I can’t even believe we’re talking about this seriously!”

“Wait a second,” Adams said, pondering the idea. “I can’t dispute the information we’ve been given. But it is much more plausible that this data is coming from Jim rather than from that primitive tribe.”

“I’d have to agree with that,” Ian added.

“You think Jim would play a trick on you?” I asked them.

“I’m just trying to make sense of something that doesn’t make any sense!” Adams said, pulling his hands through his hair.

“You said she’s in a trance while she’s doing this?” Frank asked me.

“That’s right. She doesn’t have any memory upon waking from it.”

Frank informed us, “People who are truly in a trance are literally removed from their senses.”

Jessica continued his thought, “So she wouldn’t feel it if we gave her a prick on the finger.”

“That’s the point,” Frank added. “If she’s really in a trance, then she can’t hear through an earpiece either. I don’t think any of us believe the information is coming solely through Whitney.”

“Are you serious?” I argued. “You don’t believe it could come from the Thetans?”

“No, I don’t believe it,” Adams said flatly. “For several reasons.”

“Listen,” Jessica said, standing behind me. “We don’t doubt you, Jon, but we’re going to need a little more proof of this phenomenon. Surely you recognize that there’s a chance this information is coming through Jim.”

“Then check her ears for an earpiece,” I reasoned. “Or stand next to her and see if you can hear Jim’s voice.”

“I hate to admit it,” Adams added, “but a simple prick on the finger will let us know whether she’s in a trance or not.”

“It really is the only way,” Jessica added.

I argued with them, but it was a lost cause. For the sake of scientific analysis, it was settled. Even I was forced to agree that it was for the good of everyone to be just a little skeptical in our approach. I assured them that I would not share the discussion with Jim or Whitney.

The next day Whitney made us promise to ask her questions. She told Adams, “If you guys want my future assistance, then first let all four of my questions be asked before continuing with your own.”

He agreed to it.

Around noon, Frank and the rest of us watched her go through the preparations of getting into her meditative trance. The Thetans took their positions on the podium in Coasttown. Whitney sat quietly for about ten minutes. The monitor above her desk showed the face of The Grandmother in her calm presence. Once Whitney had a look of detachment on her face, I told Adams she was ready. He advised me to go ahead with the questions that Whitney had prepared.

“Grandmother,” I asked, “is anyone capable of doing what Whitney is doing? Is anyone capable of being the medium for this information?”

“Yes,” Whitney replied. “All subconscious minds are connected. It is essential to be at peace to let the information flow. The knack for being the medium is to enable the conscious mind to receive vibrations from the subconscious. Even Whitney has not yet acquired that ability, though with practice she could.”

“Okay, question number two. Are you capable of healing others through touch, and if so, how?”

“We are,” she replied. “Physical beings are beings of energy. Pain is the result of energy not flowing properly...”

The speaker went into great detail. I understood the gist of it, but once again, she had lost me.

Adams nodded to Jessica to administer the first test. Jessica had drawn the short straw. She was to prick Whitney with a sharp pin underneath the fingernail.

Jessica approached her slowly with the pin. Whitney continued to speak about the physical body and energy fields. Jessica calmly took one of Whitney’s hands into her own and brought the pin to the fingernail.

“What are you doing?” Jim asked her.

“This is just a test,” Jessica told him.

“It’s okay, Jim,” Adams added from his chair, waving to Jessica to proceed.

Jessica slowly inserted the pin into the underside of Whitney’s nail. A spot of blood dripped out as the pin was inserted far enough to stay there on its own. Jessica replaced her hand where it had been in Whitney’s lap. The pin remained lodged as Whitney spoke without interruption or change in expression. Several glances went about the room as Whitney finished her spiel about energy healing.

“Satisfied?” I asked them.

“Almost,” Frank said. “I know this isn’t pleasant, but it’s in the interest of everyone. Ask the next question please, Mr. Gruber.”

It had been mentioned by Ian that perhaps a prick on the finger would not be an adequate test. Leave it to Ian to recognize such things, I thought.

“What is the purpose behind the layout of the Thetan villages? Why is there a podium central to every village, and why do Thetans meditate there every day just before dawn?”

Whitney answered in the speaker’s voice. “Theta 7, as you say, has different situations from your planet. These have been evolutionary changes, some to the solar system and some to the people. The circle is a manifestation of the spiritual spheres of influence...”

Whitney continued with another detailed response. I wished they could have found shorter ways of answering. During the spiel, Adams nodded to Jessica to administer the second test.

Jessica took one of the matches Whitney used to light her meditation candles. They were large, wooden matches that scraped on the side of the box. She struck the match. The space around her illuminated as the sulfur exploded. She let the match burn for a moment. The wood absorbed much of the heat. She then took Whitney’s other hand and gently held it as the speaker continued on the subject of the meditation circles.

“Please forgive me for doing this,” Jessica told her. She gently blew out the match and then stuck it into Whitney’s palm causing it to lightly burn the flesh. Adams turned his head in discomfort. Jessica looked amazed as she removed the smoking match from Whitney’s palm. “Oh my God.”

Jessica backed away as Whitney continued talking without signs of discomfort or tension. She went on for several minutes, even though nobody was listening.

“Now are you satisfied?” I asked them. Impressed looks went from Ian to Frank to Adams.

“Did she have another question?” Jessica reminded me.

“Yes. Whitney would like to know how long your people are living. How many revolutions around your sun?”

“We are living much longer than you are accustomed to,” Whitney replied. “I have lived for over 30,000 solar orbits, as you call them.” I shook my head in disbelief and looked over to Adams. His expression had not changed, as if he was trying to see through the Thetans. “The man to my left is over 70,000 years old. We will review this another time, for we are through for the present.”

The Thetan sun was beginning to rise. The session had ended.

Within moments, Whitney would come out of her trance.

“I hope you’re satisfied,” I said to Adams and Frank, angry with them.

Adams tossed his hands as if he gave up. Frank nodded along with the others.

The pin still hung from Whitney’s fingernail. I grabbed it quite hard to pull it out. It was sunk in deep. It finally came out from the nail with a trickle of blood.

“Can I get a napkin over here or something?” I demanded.

Jessica hurried over with a clean handkerchief. We wrapped Whitney’s finger gently and placed it back into her lap. The Thetans stood and began leaving the podium. Whitney rolled her head slowly. Then she cried out in pain and held her hands to her chest.

“What happened?!” she shouted. I dropped to my knees in front of her. Whitney cried louder.

“Whitney, I’m so sorry. Please forgive me.”

“What did you do to me?!” she said as she inspected her bloody finger and felt the pain of the burn on her other hand. Jessica brought some cream over and administered it to the burn.

Adams said, “It was my fault, dear. You can blame me.”

“Why?”

“We had to confirm that you really were in a trance.”

“What did you think I was doing?!”

Frank added, “Please, try to understand this from our point of view.”

“I don’t know if I want to.” She got up and grabbed her father’s car keys and ran from the room. Her meditation candles and icons were still in place on the floor.

“That went well,” I said.

“It had to be done,” Adams said.

“She’ll feel better soon,” Frank added. “She’ll understand we had to do what we did.”

I picked up Whitney’s items and put them on her desk where she kept them. I rolled up her mat and put it away. Jim printed out a copy of what the Grandmother had said.

“This might help her feel better,” Jim told me.

I grabbed the printout and excused myself for the evening. I raced my car back to Whitney’s house. When I got there, I saw no sign of her or Webster’s car. I felt like a schmuck. What a great friend I had been. I folded the papers over, pinned them to the front door and wrote her name on them. I also wrote that I was sorry.

Whitney didn't show up for work the next day. Adams said she came home late and had been in her room ever since.

He said, "Give her some time."

He too felt badly for what had happened, but he insisted it was the right thing to do. Jessica felt terrible about it, but she reminded me that what happened was necessary.

"How can we accept something like this without validation?" Jessica asked me.

I still felt awful. In my opinion, I had been the one who let Whitney down.

The three of them were making sense of a new design for the Deltan drive system. They were using the notes from the Thetan speaker like it was an old treasure map with a few missing pieces.

I excused myself early and drove to Whitney's house. Surprisingly, she answered the door and let me in. Whitney listened quietly as I reviewed the conversation that led to the testing. What shocked her the most was that the crew could even think that Jim might be involved in a prank.

"Are you going to come back to work?" I asked her.

"I'm going to have to," Whitney said, showing me the printout from the past reading. "Have you read this? It's incredible."

I had almost forgotten that the Thetans had answered all four of Whitney's questions. She handed them to me, and I skimmed through them. Within a few sentences, I was lost as to the meaning behind the words. The only answer I really understood was the response to the subject of aging.

"You were right," I said, with my focus on the pages. "They are living for huge lengths of time."

"I have some more questions I need to ask them."

"I promise you, nothing will ever happen again."

"I'm not worried about you, Jon. It's the others I'm not so sure I can trust. Even my dad."

"The tests they did satisfied everybody," I told her, trying to convince her as well as myself.

"I'd prefer to come by after the others have left."

That was something we couldn't count on unless we made arrangements ahead of time. I told her I'd take care of it. I returned to the lab and told everybody the deal.

"Whitney is willing to return but not with any of you present. She won't subject herself to being taken advantage of again."

The following day, Whitney returned. She arrived as everyone else was preparing to leave. She brought another list with more of her own questions. There was a final question from Adams that would be asked if there was enough time. He wanted to know what specifically was moving their planet. Ian and Jessica apologized to Whitney before leaving. Adams gave her a wink as he left.

Once the others had gone, Whitney had just a few minutes to get ready. She talked with Jim about the pain in her hands and what she did to make it feel better. Jim was still intrigued with the concept of pain.

"I wish it had happened to me instead of you," he told Whitney.

It was the first time we tried a session with another group of Thetans.

Coasttown had passed the dawn line just before noon. Whitney wanted to try one of the other villages, so we lined up a group she had meditated with during her studies. They lived further inland on one of the Thetan continents. An elder male sat next to the open spot in the circle. Whitney advised me to direct my questions to him. She lit her candles and placed the photos and icons around her space as she laid her mat on the floor.

Even after the atrocious ending to the previous session, she was anxious to continue. The elder male and the others took their spots around the circle. Within a few moments the session had begun.

"Sir," I began, not sure what to call him. "Can you hear me?"

“Yes,” came the reply.

“We have heard references to the Akashic records. What exactly are the Akashic records?”

“The Akashic records include everything that is or ever was,” Whitney began. “The entire past makes up this body. Every action, every word, every thought or mental image that has ever existed encompasses the records.”

The enormity of those words was beyond my comprehension.

“But how can that be?” I asked, dumbfounded.

“Simply because it is,” the speaker replied. “Trying to make sense of it would be impossible for someone such as yourself. Comprehension of the records is not important, but how you use them is.”

I wanted to ask more questions about the records, but I remembered my promise to Whitney.

“Next question. Is it possible to access this information from any location, or is it necessary to have someone like you for the channel of that information?”

“It is possible for anyone to access the Akashic records. The subconscious can do it at any time. However, at the conscious level, it is nearly impossible for someone who is neither trained nor gifted. Otherwise, it is necessary to use some form of medium, as Whitney has been able to do with us.”

“How has Whitney been able to accomplish this?”

“She has the gift for it. She has applied herself. Her interest in joining our meditation freely without any request for herself, separates her from the common individual.”

“By that you mean someone like myself?”

“Yes.”

I was feeling insulted, but I knew it was true. Whitney was as selfless as anyone I had ever known.

“Whitney would like to know if you provide information for others as well,” I said.

“We provide answers for anyone who seeks them. It is extremely rare to encounter individuals who speak directly with us. It is most common to communicate indirectly with those who seek answers through dreams, prayer and meditation.”

“Whitney would also like to know how you live for such long periods. Have your people always been this way, or is this something that has increased over time?”

“Millions of years ago, our ancestors were similar to yours, and the duration of their lives was similar. Theta 7, as you call it, has experienced many transformations. These were changes to the solar system and to the people. Part of our evolution has been an ascension as to the purpose of our lives. Simply living, taking care of the basic needs for hunger, shelter and reproduction, is not the focus of our lives. Present Thetans pursue universal enlightenment. We assist others as they struggle. You may think of us as guides or teachers. As the focus of our lives has changed, so have the physical attributes that define our lifetimes, such as the length of time we occupy these bodies.”

I was blown away. He spoke so clearly. It was one of the first times I really understood what was said. He had answered all of the questions on Whitney’s list.

“One last question. Dr. Adams would like to know specifically how the Thetans are able to move their planet further out in orbit.”

“In the presence of a growing star we ask the planet to move so we may continue our experience here.”

“That’s it?”

“This will be difficult for him to understand. He does not recognize that consciousness exists within every atom in the universe. Our planet is conscious, just as yours is. We communicate directly with that consciousness.”

I started giggling. I knew Adams would doubt the answer, but I didn't feel the need to elaborate. I spent the rest of the session sitting quietly beside Whitney in my chair.

I sat in contemplation. The words from the elder brought me back to a time when Adams, Jim and I were first speculating on the origin of life. During the early stages of the project, we had debated whether life preceded consciousness, or whether consciousness preceded life.

We assumed this was something that couldn't be known. If I had understood the elder correctly, he had settled the argument by saying that consciousness existed within stars and planets and the very atoms that made them. What a mind-blowing concept! All matter contained some form of consciousness?

When the session ended, I knew Whitney would be pleased. This session would make up for the last fiasco. Jim printed out a copy before I had to ask. Whitney opened her eyes to see me standing before her, proudly holding the printout.

"I think you're really going to like this," I said, handing her the pages.

"I'm not bleeding anywhere, am I?" she asked.

"Not this time."

(End of current sample)

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