

TALES  
OF THE  
NETHER  
VEIL

the donor

Alan Jay Wescoat

# THE NETHER VEIL

*From the darkest recesses of the subconscious arises the fuel of all fears. In the Great Chain of Being, sentient and sundry creatures are born and die. Spin after spin, they live out the fates assigned to them by the karmic wheel of fortune. For every being, the scales will ultimately balance, but karma is lived out in a variety of ways across numerous lifetimes. From time to time within the confluence of opposing forces that gives rise to the multiverse, dreams are twisted into nightmares and implemented in reality. This is the confluence of bad dreams. You are about to enter the Nether Veil.*

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# the donor

Headlights illuminated the road and trees as the convertible soared down the road. Chester savored the cooling breeze of fresh summer air as he downshifted for the coming turns. He glanced at his passenger. Christina's long flowing locks danced in the sixty-mile-per-hour wind. Her face bore an expression of rapturous contentment. In that moment, Chester felt like the luckiest man on Earth. It was a fabulous night!

He downshifted to second gear as the car approached the sign for Mackerel Lake Campground. "We're getting pretty close," he said.

"I'm in no hurry," said Christina. "We have the whole weekend."

"Well," Chester replied, "it won't be long now."

"What do you mean it won't be long?" she teased, placing a hand on his thigh. "I hope it's long." She giggled and stroked his leg. "I've been waiting all week for this."

Yep, thought Chester, *I AM the luckiest man on Earth.* "I'll try not to disappoint you." He placed a hand over hers. She slid her palm to his groin.

She added loving sarcasm to her voice. "You'd better not disappoint me. You know how I can't *stand* to be disappointed." She kissed him impulsively on the cheek.

Chester blushed. He was not used to this kind of attention. He had not met anyone special in a long time. Life in Michigan's Northern Lower Peninsula had its benefits, but loneliness came with the territory. He felt awkward. He felt giddy. But most of all he felt relieved. Christina really seemed to like him, and he had never once needed to get her drunk in order for her to show it. His forbearance of alcohol had kept him lonelier than most men he knew.

A short distance down Mackerel Lake Road, the Scenic Vista rolled into view. Chester eased the car to a halt and turned it off. He turned and kissed Christina on the mouth. The passion she returned surprised him. Several minutes passed before they separated.

"I knew you couldn't wait until we got to the campsite, you sexy devil." Christina was beaming. She fondled his crotch and drew in close to whisper in his ear. "*Why don't you just take me right here, right now?*"

Chester blushed again. The opportunity was tempting, but he preferred to wait until they had pitched camp. Christina's spontaneity appealed to him,

but he was still a bit of a prude at heart. He caressed one of her cheeks and kissed the other. "I thought this might be a great place for a smoke break," he said.

"That's even better," she squealed. Christina leapt from the convertible and walked over to the bench at the scenic overlook. The forest appeared eerie and seductive in the pale light of the full moon.

*Even better?* The insult grated on him. He sat in the car for a minute lost in contemplations of self-doubt. *I hope she likes me for more than my weed.*

When Chester failed to join her immediately, Christina skipped back to the car. "C'mon, silly. *Be* with me. I was just kidding about the weed." She bent in close to his ear. "*I'd rather smoke you than a joint any day.*" That was enough for Chester to cast his doubts aside and exit the car.

They sat on the bench and smoked. The handroll was smooth and didn't run. Chester was proud of his joints. His handrolling skills were nearly legendary across the county. He dreamed of someday passing on his skills to his children...*My children*, he thought, *whomever they may be.*

The night was cooling off. Christina huddled into him for warmth and comfort as he passed the smoldering joint to her. She inhaled deeply and leaned in for a kiss. They shotgunned the hit as she blew into his mouth.

"Mmmm, your kiss has left me stoned," Chester said with smoke streaming from his mouth. He received the roach from her and took another hit.

"Am I intoxicating?" she tittered.

He craned his neck and shotgunned his own hit to her. "Overwhelmingly so," he replied. A few stray puffs of smoke passed from his lips as he spoke.

The instant they had finished the roach, she straddled herself over him, holding him, squeezing him, caressing him, touching him. "Oh baby, I can't *wait* to get to camp. You don't even *know* what I have in store for you," Christina squealed in delight.

Chester's excitement swelled from the attention. He was trying to imagine what she had in store for him, but what he had in store for her had suddenly become quite painful. He adjusted his pants.

She patted the bulge in his pants. "Aw Sweetie, are you getting anxious?" The curve of her smile was perfectly accentuated by the light of the moon. In a sudden motion, Chester launched them off the bench and onto the

grass. They giggled as they rolled around together. When she was on the bottom, Christina grabbed his shirt – along with a few chest hairs – and pulled him into her. They kissed for a long while in the moonlight.

Chester gradually became aware of a pale red glow accentuating the moonlight. The intensity of the redness slowly increased. *Oh NO! Not now!* He ignored the glow for as long as he was able before pulling away. Christina opened her eyes.

“What’s wrong, Sweetie?” Chester’s head was turned away from her, aimed toward the sky. Her eyes began to focus in the dim light. “Oh my God! Oh my God, Chester! What is that thing?”

A trio of red lights hovered in the sky just overhead, forming an equilateral triangle. The area between the lights appeared as an inky blackness. The mysterious object stood silent and motionless in the sky.

“Oh no. Not tonight.” Chester’s tone was one of shock and dismay. *“Please God, not tonight.”* His voice deflated to a whisper.

Chester could feel Christina trembling beneath him. He stood and helped her to her feet. Christina adjusted her brassiere back over her breasts and curled into Chester’s side. He held her tightly, noticing that her heart was pounding louder than he had ever felt it pound.

“Chester, what is that thing?”

Chester clasped both of her hands in his and turned to face her. “Sweetie, everything is okay. You need to go home now. Get in the car and drive away.”

“What?” Her shock and terror were offset by the prospect of leaving her lover in the presence of this – thing. “Chester, *we* need to get out of here. That thing frightens me.”

Chester sighed. Mustering all of the love he held in his heart for this beautiful vision in front of him, he peered into her eyes and smiled. “I can’t leave. It’s here for me.”

“Chester, let’s just get in the car and GO.” She tried to drag him. He released her hands and stayed where he was. “Chester!” She was nearly hysterical. “Get in the damned car and drive us out of here!”

A rustling sound emanated from the nearby trees. Christina responded with fear, searching the darkness for the source of the noise. Chester stood in silent resignation.

“Sweetie, I can’t go,” he said, “It’s here for me. If I leave, it will follow. If you stay, it might be dangerous for you. Please get in the car and drive home. I’ll explain when I get back.”

The look of desperation in her eyes cracked his heart. “Has this happened to you before?”

Chester rolled his eyes and blushed. He walked up to her and kissed her on the cheek. “Get yourself to safety. I’ll explain later.”

Tears started to roll freely from Christina’s eyes. “I don’t want to lose you, Chester. You’re the best thing that ever happened to me.” She began to sob as she collapsed into his chest.

He held her tightly and whispered into her ear. “You won’t lose me, Sweetie. Trust me on this.” The rustling from the trees continued. It was louder now. He led Christina to the car and opened the driver door. “Just go home. I will come to see you as soon as I get back.”

Christina sat in the driver seat and started the engine. She stared at the steering wheel. “Chester, I don’t feel right about this. I can’t just leave you here with that,” she paused, searching her mind for an appropriate word, “thing floating in the sky like that.”

They heard the distinctive sound of snapping twigs from nearby.

He bent in and kissed her deeply on the mouth. “I love you, Christina.”

The engine continued to idle as she studied his face. Christina stepped on the clutch and eased the transmission into first gear. “I’m *in love* with you,” she replied. She stomped on the accelerator as she released the clutch and peeled away. He watched the taillights until the car cornered out of sight. *Did she really say that? She really said that, didn’t she?* This was turning out to be a beautiful, sick, and twisted night. *At least I can think about her tonight even if I can’t be with her,* Chester consoled himself.

He was aware of a presence behind him. Footsteps on the grass. He whirled angrily to face a familiar being.

“You bastard!” Chester berated the intruder.

The creature was of roughly human form and stood about five feet in height. It wore no clothing and was of pale gray complexion. The throbbing in Chester’s shorts helped him to notice the being’s lack of genitals.

“You dirty, rotten bastard. You have no balls so you need mine. Is that it?”

That's what you're here for, right?"

"Mr. Kirlee, you are to be our honored guest again tonight." The voice would have soothed Chester if not for the fact that he had been patronized by it – or one just like it – so many times in the past. At this particular moment, he would have preferred to hear fingernails on a chalkboard.

"Stop patronizing me. I'm not a 'guest.' I'm your prisoner, and you know it. I'd tell you where to shove the pleasantries, but I'm not sure you even have that orifice." Specks of saliva shot from Chester's mouth, spattering the short being in front of him. He didn't care. After all he had been through with interlopers like this one, crassness seemed to be a natural response. There were not very many people Chester Kirlee did not like, but he hated every single one of these alien creeps.

The triangle of lights descended to the ground. A hatch opened. Chester's 'host' led them inside.

Chester always experienced vertigo whenever he entered a structure that was larger on the inside than it appeared to be on the outside. Familiarity had not accustomed him to this. The anomaly lent the sensation of dreaming to the experience. At first, he had tried to explain the abductions to himself as dreams, but that hypothesis wore thin very quickly. There was almost always physical evidence after the fact. He wasn't sure whether these heartless gray monsters were from another planet or another dimension. It didn't really matter. They kept showing up – sometimes at egregiously inopportune times like tonight.

The Grays were pimps with a fantastically large territory. Once, they had caught up with him on vacation in the Bahamas. He still felt anger over that. He had fled the mainland seeking refuge, and they had tracked him down anyway. The current incursion was unforgivable. He swore that one day he would find a way to kill at least one of these monsters.

He was in a space the size of a football stadium. At least it appeared to be that large. Chester had a hard time with perspective in these pan-dimensional vortices. Illuminated windows lined the walls. He could see various bipedal life forms in the rooms beyond. There was a heavy feeling of intense and directed activity, though Chester seldom bothered to speculate on the workings and purposes of what he saw during those times. His memory always seemed to end up being slightly damaged anyway

after an encounter with the Grays.

The filtered air was warm and pure. Several Grays attended to him. Chester was stripped for bathing. The Grays seemed to have a meticulous concern for cleanliness. Everything around Chester was sterile.

Except him.

He felt a bit self-conscious as he was being stripped. The intimacy with Christina had left his manhood engorged. *No sense in being embarrassed. It's not as though they haven't already seen a lot more than this*, he mused. Indeed, he had been obliged to serve on many occasions in the most intimate capacity. Perhaps intimacy was not the word. There was no love here. He had somehow been included in an alien breeding program. The only thing about him that mattered to these gray, emotionless things was his ability to procreate. *At least I can think about Christina tonight*. His heart swelled. *Did she really say that she was in love with me? Wow*.

He suddenly felt deeply ashamed. What was about to happen had nothing to do with Christina. The thought of concentrating on her during this time seemed like a violation of everything she meant to him. His swollen member fell flaccid as he was bathed.

He felt as though it was going to be a very bad night.

The drying process always made his skin crawl, though the sensation could potentially be described as erotic by a person in the right frame of mind, a frame of mind that was completely unlike the one Chester was in now. He was being pimped by gray aliens. He wasn't even being paid. His reward for proper service is that he would be allowed to leave. The Grays really weren't much different from rapists, although Chester had never heard of a rapist who was clinically detached from the rape itself.

When the bathing was finished, he was led to a circular room furnished with a large circular bed. Monitors lined the walls displaying hardcore pornographic material. Magazines and sex toys were strategically placed around the room. The Grays had really done a bang-up job in stocking the room. *Overkill*, thought Chester. *They are going way over the top now*. Chester recalled a time in his teens when the room contained nothing but a bed. His amusement with the absurdity of the room's contents helped him to relax just a little.

She was already waiting for him. As usual, the woman was a prime

physical specimen of humanity. She rose to her knees on the bed as he entered the room. Like him, she was completely devoid of clothing. He noticed her abdominal muscles as she moved. She was solid. In the common vernacular, she was a “fine chick.” Very fine.

There were times when he could not possibly fathom why these sick, evil, twisted, sexless creatures wanted him to corrupt the human gene pool with his seed. He considered himself at best to be a mediocre specimen of humanity at least in regard to his body. His paunchy stomach sagged a bit right now. He had never been able to build his muscles. His arms were thin and weak, and even though he was only twenty-five, his hairline often caused him to be mistaken for being much older than he actually was. He supposed it didn't really matter. They wanted him for some reason. They weren't about to explain it to him. Scientists never consult with the rats.

*Okay, he thought, all I need to do is get an erection and ejaculate into this woman. Then I can go home.* He desperately hoped that his weekend with Christina had not been completely blown. He would find a way to explain this to her. Maybe he would even tell her the truth. *She did see the triangle of lights. At least I won't need to convince her that I was abducted by aliens.* The largest hurdle had already been surmounted. Of course, he might have a hard time explaining that he was abducted by alien breeding pimps and that things like this happened to him on a regular basis.

*The truth. Ha! Even I can't handle the truth sometimes.* Chester felt a twinge of guilt for every lie he had ever felt obliged to tell in order to cover up for this outrageous recurring pattern in his life. He remembered when Christina had asked him if he had any children. Officially, he had none. He had fathered no children that he had ever actually seen, but he was certain that he had been the sperm donor for at least thirty new lives. Maybe it was fifty by now. Because of the memory damage associated with these events, Chester had never been able to keep an accurate count. By the time he understood that he was being abducted on a regular basis, he had already procreated several times.

Chester approached the bed, eager to have his 'duty' done and over with. All he really wanted was to embrace Christina and tell her that he too was in love with her. *When I get back, he thought.*

The woman stared at him with no apparent emotion.

“Do you speak English?” he asked. She said nothing. The women usually didn’t speak. A couple of times he had been able to hash out a conversation. Talking with this strange female would put him at ease. If he could just communicate with someone who was sympathetic... *Ha! Sympathy is something you’ll have to live without.* The women with whom he was paired always seemed to be emotionally retarded, as though they had been raised under the tutelage of the Grays. He supposed that was the case. Only a very few of the partners he had been assigned ever seemed to have much of a clue about what it means to be human excepting in a rudimentary biological sense of being human. Invariably, his assigned partners seemed much more like the Grays than any Earth woman he had ever met.

He looked down at his flaccid penis. *I have absolutely no interest in having sex with this woman.* Desire was something he couldn’t fake. Her body was beautiful, but even her body language was alien. *The way she holds her eyes...*

*I might as well work with the porn,* he decided. Chester threw himself down on the bed and cuddled up to the future mother of yet another one of his numerous bastard children. “Hiya Sweetie.” He caressed her cheek. She sat rigidly. *This chick does not have the faintest clue about how to do this.* It was always worse than breaking in a virgin, though frequently and without advance notice, the partner selected by his alien pimp abductors did turn out to be a virgin. At least he could relate emotionally to the virgins from Earth. *If it were not for the porn, this would be a completely lost cause,* he thought to himself.

Chester kicked back and watched the videos. He tried to caress the woman on the bed with him. He tried to turn her on or at least to elicit some kind of emotional response that he could recognize. Nothing. It hurt his feelings. He knew that it shouldn’t. Under the care of the Grays, she had no room for emotional advancement, at least in a human sense. It was just creepy to attempt sex with a partner who lacked the basic mindset for appreciating physical pleasure. Chester concentrated on the moving images of women performing fellatio and men performing cunnilingus. It really did nothing for him either. He thought about Christina.

There! That’s what it was going to take. He felt as though he was violating what he felt for Christina, but he was caught between a rock and a

hard place. Chester would not get to see Christina again until he did what the Grays expected of him. He was not a guest. He was a prisoner of alien pimps. He was a sperm donor. Nothing more.

*Just do it*, he urged himself.

He did it.

Chester woke up in his bed at home, groggy. He stretched his muscles and yawned. A sigh of exasperation escaped his lips. *Again? Did they take me again?* He ran his hand down his sides and sniffed his body. The faint aroma of alien detergent clung to his slightly slippery skin. *Yes*, he decided, *they took me again*.

“Christina!” he shouted as he sprang from the bed. He had abandoned her out in the middle of the Pigeon River Forest. He needed to apologize to her as soon as possible. He dialed the telephone to her house. There was no answer.

Aching hunger gnawed in his belly. Abductions always left him famished. Chester headed for the kitchen. On the way there, he glanced out the window and noticed that his convertible was neatly parked outside. Hope swelled in his chest. *Did she come here?* He raced around the house, frantically searching for the woman he loved.

She was nowhere to be found.

Chester stood in the kitchen and prepared breakfast for one.

He needled his car into the parking space in front of the café and waved to two of his friends as they entered the shop. It was a busy Saturday afternoon. Business at Cousin Connie’s Custom Cups was doing well despite the new owner’s penchant for irritating and alienating his customers. *That’s just the way it goes when there’s no competition*, Chester mused. He speculated that Connie would be singing a different tune when winter rolled around again and most of the customers were gone for the season. Several regulars had already decided never to return unless Connie was gone. That was on top of the regulars Connie had personally expelled. Connie was a jackass. Chester hoped that someone else was working the counter this morning.

Chester was greeted on his way through the door by Ivan, his friend since

childhood. Chester took a seat next to his boyhood chum.

Ivan was not the kind of man to mince words. “You’re up spit creek with Christina,” he said.

“Good morning, Ivan.” Chester dodged the comment for a moment.

“It’s good to see you, buddy,” said Ivan. “Maybe we should start this one over.”

“It’s okay,” Chester replied. “I have some explaining to do. I take it that you have already seen Christina today. I tried to call her house. There was no answer.”

“She has caller ID.”

“And...?” Chester was occasionally irritated by Ivan’s cryptic habits. This was one of those times. Beyond that, he was running on empty. *Need coffee.*

Connie slid behind the counter in front of where Chester and Ivan sat at the bar. “What can I getcha, Chet?” asked Connie.

*A new owner for this shop would be nice.* Chester bit his tongue. He really hated being called ‘Chet.’ ‘Chester’ was a fine name. He looked into Connie’s shifty eyes. “Kenya Double A, please.”

“Coming right up.” Connie turned to the thermal air pots and began pumping a fresh, hot cup just for Chester. Chester wished that Connie would go back to the self-serve system. He ordinarily liked being served, but he felt uncomfortable with the fact that this shifty man personally handled *his* cup of coffee. Chester was too old to believe in cooties. He liberated himself from his anxiety as the cup was set before him. Connie was a shyster, but he probably wasn’t diseased.

“So what’s this about caller ID?” Chester returned to the conversation with Ivan.

“Why don’t you ask her?” said Ivan.

“I don’t know where she is. That’s why I came here.”

The bathroom door opened. Christina stepped out. Chester sat transfixed for a moment, admiring her long brown flowing locks. He also contemplated her other lock that he did not get to pick the night before. Christina was distracted for a moment by a familiar patron and failed to notice that Chester was at the bar.

Chester stood and hurried over to her. She looked surprised to see him. “Christina, I’ve been looking for you.”

"I don't want to talk to you," she snapped.

This was rough. She must have been more traumatized by his abduction than he had thought she might be. "Sweetie, I -"

"Don't you 'Sweetie' me. You stood me up, you stupid jerk."

*Stood up?* His mind raced. *Please God, I pray they didn't tamper with her memory.*

"I waited half the night for you to show up. By the time I realized that you weren't coming and that you weren't going to call, it was too late for me to make other plans."

It was too late for prayer. They had been in her head. He had not been prepared to lie to her. Now what could he do? Would he tell her that he had been abducted by aliens while she had been with him? That she had driven Chester's car to his home and then had her memory rewritten? Should he tell her that he had spent the night doin' the nasty with a hot, emotionless chick from Alpha Centauri or somewhere? He felt completely helpless.

"Christina, I'm sorry. I can explain."

"I don't have time for your 'explanation.' I have a busy day with Bill planned. C'mon Bill, we need to go." She started for the door.

Chester hadn't noticed Bill sitting at the table next to them. Bill looked forlornly at his half-finished cup of coffee, reluctant to part with his caffeinated beverage. He looked up at Chester and quietly mouthed reassurance, "She'll get over it." Bill stood and left with Christina.

Chester couldn't remember ever feeling any worse than this. He sighed in exasperation and returned to his seat at the bar next to Ivan.

"Are you okay?" Ivan usually spoke in a monotone. The inflections in his voice this time carried genuine concern.

"I've felt better," Chester replied.

"Let this be a lesson to you."

Chester reviewed all of the various lessons he had learned from the Pimp-Daddy Grays. He felt rotten. "Why don't you spell it out for me?" he said to Ivan.

Ivan was perfectly deliberate in what he had to say. "In all the time that you have spent here bitching about your loneliness, has it ever occurred to you that showing up when you actually are wanted might help you to be

less alone?”

Chester defended himself. “I didn’t screw this up alone. I had some special help.”

“The Grays?”

“Mm-hmm.” Chester sipped his coffee and nodded as he worked to quell the anger and hate that rose in his heart at Ivan’s mention of the Grays.

Ivan smirked. “At least you got some action.”

“I wouldn’t call it ‘action.’ Frigid emotionless sex for the sole purpose of reproduction definitely does not count as ‘action.’ It’s just bad sex.”

“That’s all a matter of attitude. You judge it as bad sex. It’s just sex. It is what it is.”

“Are you sure you know what you’re talking about? You’ve been celibate for the last five years. How do you do that?”

“I have no attachments,” said Ivan.

“Are you sure? You seem attached to this café.”

“I come here to spread my truth. Do you think I’m here by accident? Obviously, you needed to talk to me today.”

“Obviously.” Chester smiled. Talking with Ivan almost always helped him to feel better even when he felt fine in the first place. “So what do you need to tell me?”

Ivan breathed a slight laugh. “Nothing in particular, I guess.”

“So what do you think I should I do about Christina?”

Ivan sipped his coffee. “The more important question is what should you do about *you*?”

“What do you mean?” The cryptic statements were no longer irritating. Chester felt like listening. He needed help and he knew it.

“I mean that you have spent most of the last five years feeling generally alone. It ripped you up. Now you have found someone, and it *still* rips you up.”

Chester paid attention. Ivan had uncharacteristically accented a word again and was obviously putting a lot of effort into the conversation. “It’s not about whether you have a relationship in your life,” Ivan continued.

“This is about how you choose to deal with love.”

“Should I go my whole life without falling in love?” Chester inquired.

“I am in love with many people. That includes you. You, on the other

hand, are attached to the idea of falling in love in a particular way. You defeat yourself every time. You have unrealistically high expectations for all of it. Love comes from the inside. You keep forgetting that.”

Chester mulled over what Ivan had said. “Maybe you’re right.”

Ivan continued. “All of this nonsense you’ve been dealing with comes straight out of the Nether Veil. You know that you choose your illusion. Dream something different.”

Chester knit his brow in appreciation of Ivan’s advice. “Thank you, I will.” Chester smiled. It was indeed time for him to dream a different dream.

“You’re welcome.” Ivan sipped more coffee. “Hey Chester.”

“What?”

“Are you sure it was the Grays?”

“What do you mean, am I sure?”

Ivan looked Chester in the eye with a beaming smile. “Are you sure that you didn’t just get stoned and forget to pick her up? Maybe you hallucinated the whole thing.”

Chester chuckled. “Well, you know they say that ‘continuous smoking of ‘marihuana’ is the most certain imaginable path to incurable madness.’”

Ivan laughed. “I wish I’d known that before I did wake-and-bake this morning. Who says that?”

“It was in the Okkudo County Harbinger.” Chester finally noticed that his fresh cup of Kenya was getting cool. He reached for the creamer.

“When was that? I think I missed that issue.”

“I’m sure you missed it. It was, uh, June 16th, 1938, page 8.”

“You know the citation?” Ivan was deeply amused.

“I wrote a research paper on it. You should read what it says about drinking alcohol with that ‘sinister drug weed.’ It’s a hoot. It left me laughing for weeks.”

“I’ll check it out. It might do me some good to look at some fascist propaganda. It’s been a while.” Ivan tossed a dollar on the counter. “It’s at the Okkudo County Public Library, right?”

“Sure enough. Check the microfilm.”

“I will see you later, my friend. I love you.”

“Thank you, Ivan. I love you too.”

More patrons entered as Ivan left the shop.

Chester sipped his coffee and contemplated the depth of his love for Christina.

*It often has been said that the intimacy of lovers is the most sacred form of love. The Nether Veil is a harsh teacher. Through the cycle of death and rebirth, karmic lessons are learned and lost. In seeking reunification with the love that is the Great I AM, the citizens of the cosmos often become lost in the trials and quandaries of sexual unity. Chester is finally beginning to realize that it is time for him to come home to himself. Perhaps with this understanding also comes a comprehension of his abductors' peculiarities. Divorced from the capacity to feel, they replicate into a reality devoid of passion and meaning. Their technology and power amount to nothing of merit or significance. This is their curse as well as their lesson.*

*There are as many ways to learn from the tribulations of karma as there are sentient beings in the multiverse. That is a trick declaration with an interpretation based on perspective. We are all isolated units sharing in the intelligence of the Great I AM. We are all made of God. There are trillions of lives. There is only one life. Take a closer look at the fabric of reality. The threads form a unified whole. The sum total of all that is creates just one story of which the Nether Veil is merely a chapter.*

Read

## **Tales of the Nether Veil**

Volume One

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