



ANCIENT
PLEIADIANS
RETURN

WJ QIN

Ancient *Pleiadians* Return

WJ QIN

www.pleiadianfamily.net

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Introduction

WJ Qin

Four years before the first episode of *Ancient Aliens* was aired on the History Channel in 2010, with no buzzword as such in our heads, my friend and I toured a megalithic site in Ireland where we chanced upon a group of aliens.

Turned out that these ancient aliens (ancient, since they self-identified as the real makers of our millennia-old megaliths such as domes, dolmens, and standing stones) were not aliens.

“We are your family,” they emphasized, “not aliens!”

They said they were Pleiadian. They were members of a larger relief mission sent from the star world of the Pleiades to help Earth’s humankind kickstart civilization in the aftermath of a mega catastrophe that hit the planet around 10,000 BC. Now, after a hiatus of 4000 years, they had returned at the crack of dawn to give us another kickstart.



This is where we encountered the Pleiadian Group of 8.

Carrowmore, Ireland August 7, 2006

I've made available iPod recordings of this first-contact event in video, audio, and text (click [here to watch](#) or [here to listen & read](#)) so that you can also participate in the event.

More important, however, was the influx of information that began with this meeting at the dolmen and went on to flow through a decade of personal transformation—it turned me, an ex-academic, into a starseed messenger for the Ps.

The Ps (Pleiadians) can write through me.

To be precise, this group of Pleiadians can deliver their information through my body-mind-soul complex. They appear as eight individuals, hence the name the Group of 8, and their leader is a beautiful female who uses the elegant name of Sincera to interact with me.

Sincera, a 5D being, communicates with me in the 3D from within.

From within me, Sincera has dictated two special chapters—FOREWORD and AFTERWORD—for our book, *Journey to Our Neolithic Self*. These two chapters deliver such key information that they ought to be presented as a self-standing book.

So here it is.

What you are about to read (in 7K words) is Sincera's language of light decoded into English by me.

"Dawn is here," Sincera said to us, "and your top priority at dawn is to get your history straight."

SINCERA SPEAKS

1. The Power of Thy Past

(This is the original **FOREWORD** by Sincera
from *Journey to Our Neolithic Self*.)

Your first time, this must be, to read a book foreword by an extraterrestrial (ET).

I, a Pleiadian ET, made the innovation for a reason: this book (*Journey to Our Neolithic Self*) and her twin brother (*New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*) were written at my request. The secret mission of my book twins, I can openly say, is to tickle thy memory.

To kindle your remembrance of how things were on Earth before dark aliens came.

Before dark aliens came and messed up our civilization. I, Sincera, am one member of a large collective of star human souls, on Earth to restore our civilization of light. You could call us the light ETs, benevolent sky beings, star people, or Family of Light. But never call us aliens, or gods!

Call us ancestors, please.

We are your ancient *family* from the sky. Ancient, for we have visited you in the ancient days of your timeline, yet contemporary, for we have never left you behind.

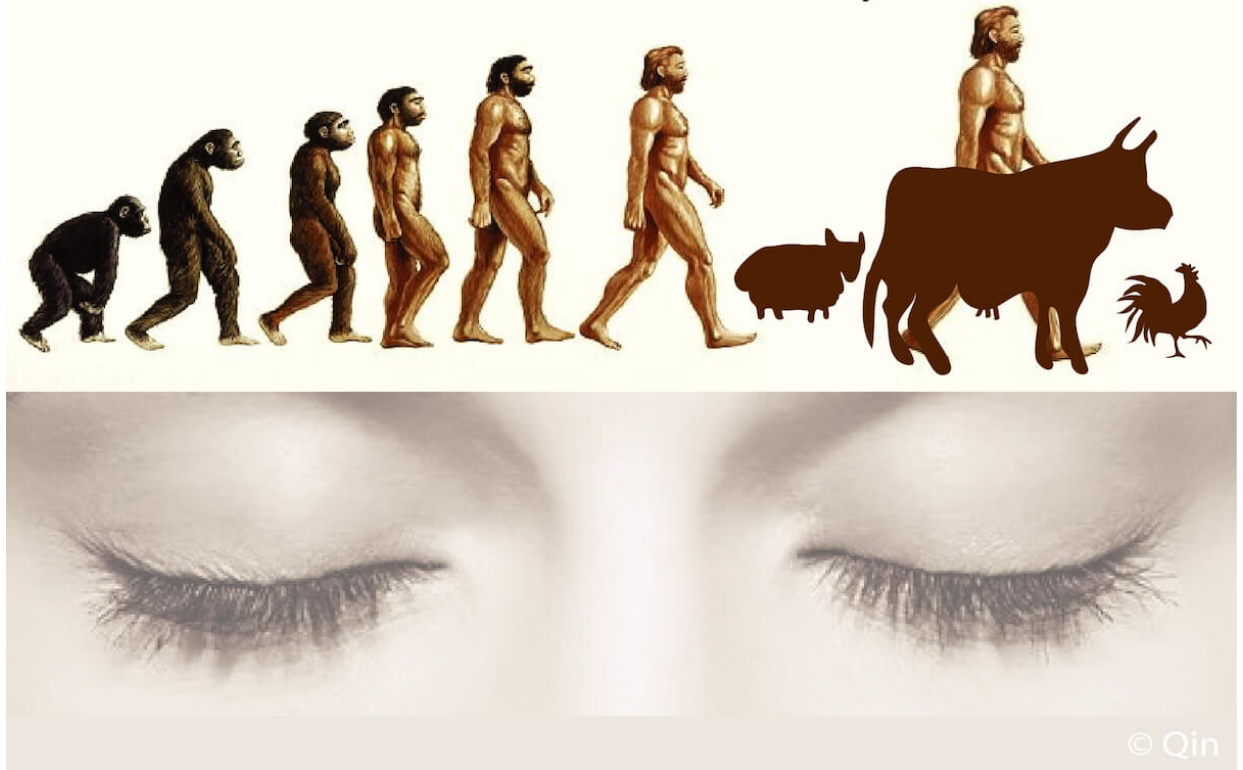
Bringers of agriculture, builders of megaliths, founders of civilization, teachers, helpers, and friends—think of us in such terms, and without a sense of worship, of course! It was but a family affair: one half of the family helping another half in need. So why deify family helpers as a holier kind of being?



One of the biggest lies ever imposed on your mind is “the domestication of animals and plants by Neolithic man.” The Domestication Story was implanted in you at such a young age and in such a wholesale fashion that you come to think of it as a collective memory.

No, it isn’t a memory. It is a chip of pseudo prehistory inserted in your mind to block your memory.

The Domestication Myth



Any child could ask, “Why did it take hundreds of thousands of years for humans to tame wild beasts and plants?” Any adult could ask, “How did it happen all of a sudden? What accounted for the vast differences between wild species and domesticated ones in their physical appearances and genetic structures?”

The Domestication Story could never withstand the scrutiny of a true scientific mind.



Historical Progress



An even bigger lie imposed on your mind is the Myth of Historical Progress. The myth tells you that there has been a process of evolution, a process of things getting better and better for mankind—history is better than prehistory, and historical man is better off than prehistoric man. Prehistoric man had wooden clubs, flint knives, and bone pins, whereas historical man has iron daggers, steel swords, and stainless guns.

On a subliminal level, the myth gets you to look at your past through the lens of material tools (of the weaponry sort). On a deeper level, the myth gets you to think of your past in terms of external novelties—more specifically, in terms of gadget upgrades.

The myth prevents you from seeing into the human interior. Instead of looking at the inner quality of man, you are led to look at the outer quality of his things. Instead of evaluating the state of human consciousness, you are led to evaluate the state of human technology. Instead of evaluating the impact of human technology on the whole, you are led to evaluate the impact of human technology on domestic life.

On the deepest level, the pretty Myth of Historical Progress covers up a very ugly picture:

Prehistoric man was **free**.

Historical man is **chained**.

You, humans of the historical era, have chains around your neck and weights on your back. Now locked into a rat race, you citizens of the First World have 9-to-5 jobs, meagre 3-week vacations per year, and 30-year home mortgages. You live in an invisible cage and in constant fear of losing the essentials of life. Thou art the wild animals tamed by a system of terror techniques.

“Domesticated”—the best species to bear this label is unfortunately you.

Time to get your history (and prehistory) straight.

“What’s the use of going back to prehistory when we are going forward into a new age?” you might wonder.

Let me remind you that time moves in a cyclical way—never in a straight line.

Your current time wave is approaching the closure point of a great cycle. Like it or not, you are going backward to reach the start point. Only after retouching the start point can you move into a new cycle, into a new era.

You see, on this circle of time, your future begins from your past.



A chip of linear pseudo prehistory works as a mental device to prevent you from reaching the start point. The device holds you back from flowing with the rhythm of cyclical time. It holds you back by giving you a false shallow ground so that you won't bend all the way down to touch your roots deep in the earth. It holds you back by herding you toward an illusory future, further and further away from your source, from your origin.

Remember: the power of a thing resides in its origin.

A false prehistory thus works to break the link to your origin. The fake stories of planet Earth and fake stories of the human race all aim at cutting you off from alignment with your mother planet, with your star families, and with your true self. When you are cut off from your origin, cut off from your roots in the past, you turn small and weak, easy to dominate.

How a non-human extra-terrestrial force came to dominate you, mighty humans on Earth, is revealed in *New Humankind: A Pleiadian Herstory*. The Bronze Age was where it went wrong. An alien force of darkness invaded the Earth domain and infiltrated the human genome around 3500 BC at Sumer in the Bronze Age.

Known then as the Anunnaki, this invader force set out to hijack the civilization founded by us, your Family of Light, and to steer it onto an alien course against the original purpose of the blueprint of civilization. The hijacked civilization has grown to be a monster of destruction, and has driven not only the human race but also planet Earth into dire straits. This event, spanning 5000 years of earthly time, is history.

The master deceivers, of course, would not want you to see history as it is. To keep you ignorant of the very event of hijacking is their top concern. They succeeded in keeping you ignorant for so long because the hijacking took place so early in the developmental stage of you as a species.

It was a childhood event, whitewashed by time.
It was a traumatic memory, repressed by pain.

You have been kidnapped in your childhood. Taken out of a playground, you were sent to a labor camp and fed with a porridge of lies. With your mind stuffed with your kidnapper's story of who you are and of what the world is, you were incapacitated in recalling the distant days of a childhood prior to the event of kidnapping. The disease of amnesia has become your normal way to be. You can't even see that you suffer amnesia—such is the lethal effect of this top disease of the soul.

It was an idyllic childhood, remember? Idyllic not in the sense of being perfect, but in the sense that all key elements for a healthy child development were there. The Neolithic world was a milieu devoid of malice and chaos, an environment rich in love.

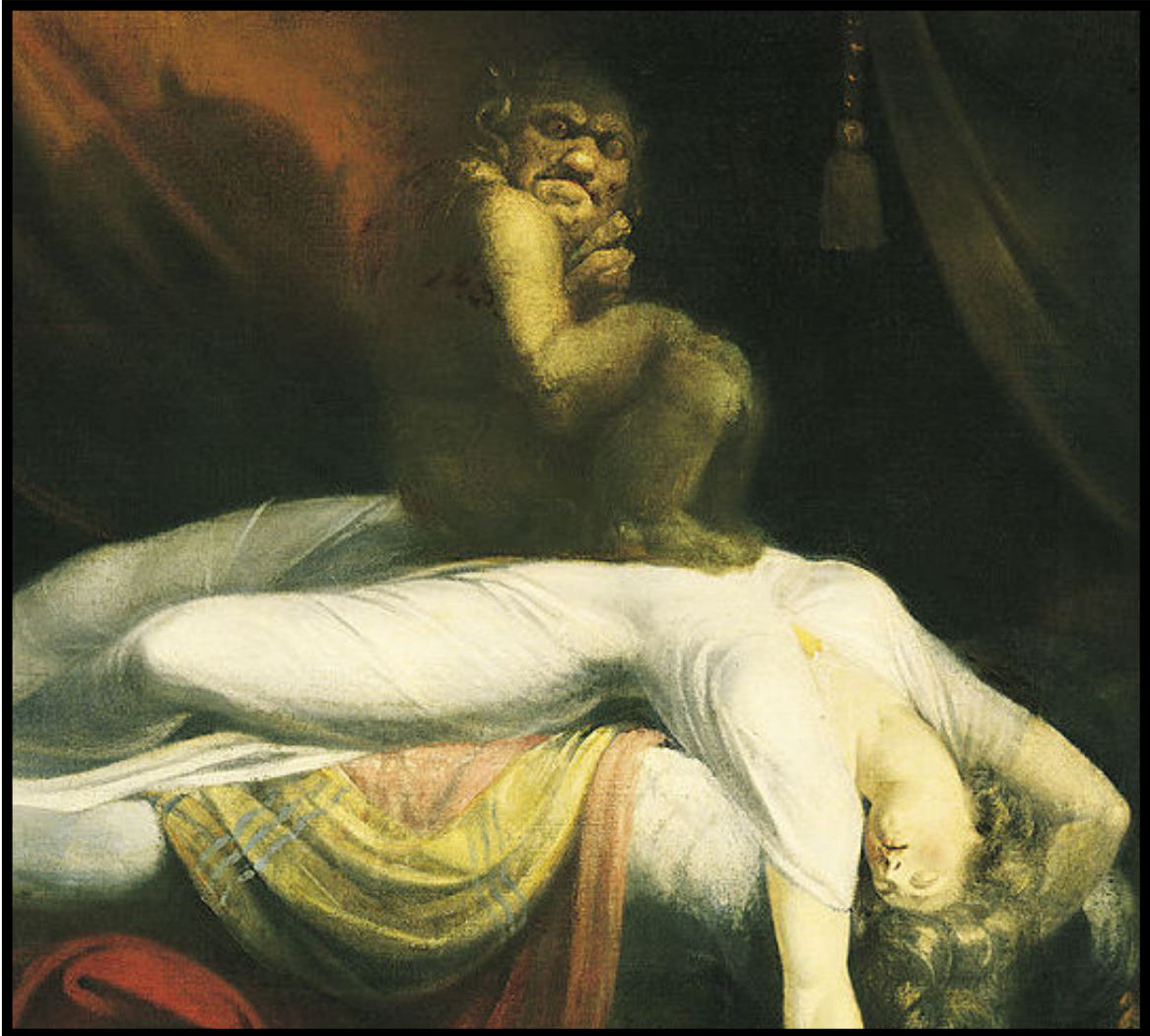
What's more, your parents were there—parents who respected you as equals and nurtured you in every possible way.

Your parents didn't abandon you—they were driven away. They were forced to leave the Earth shore. Not because they had no strength to fight sky invaders or alien kidnappers, but because they had to respect the choice of their earthly offspring.

You went with the kidnapper! You chose to go with the seducer, to whatever place he had promised. You couldn't resist the candy at first, and then you couldn't resist the whip.

How could we kidnap you from your kidnapper? How could we impose our will onto your will? We are your family, and family means respecting your wishes. We had no choice but to watch our beloved drifting away into the wild blue yonder while we clung to a pillar of faith and murmured, "This is only a bad dream that will end as soon as daylight arrives!"

"The Nightmare" by John Henry Fuseli (1781)



The Anu Nightmare and the Gaian Dream

Before the nightmare of history was a beautiful dream.

A dream woven out of the dreams of many beings in the universe, to launch a civilization with infinite potentials and endless possibilities. A civilization rooted in the earth and reaching for the heavens. A civilization embodying the virtues of many species under the leadership of a most blessed species: the Earth human race.

Ah, the Earth human race! The center of cosmic attentions, the delight of the world soul, the grand experiment—an adventure guaranteed to last. An ultimate adventure, with unforeseen ups and downs, twists and turns, with unprecedented trials and tests, coming many a time to the brink of failure, and to the brink of success.

So close to success were we, makers of a dream within dreams, we, masons of a stone dream. A new stone dream—a Neolithic Dream—had called us to fly across space and land on the shore of Earth. Soft earth, hard earth, sand, mud, pebbles, and rocks, whatever you could ask for from a material world was there in the playground of this open planet, a universal attraction.

Yet, we came not with an intention, but with an ambition. We came as a celestial team to expand the terra world of matter, starting with her quintessential kind: the earth.

The earth element. The building block for a planetary structure was going to receive an initiation, an empowerment. Not that the earth element was weak or inert, not that the earth spirit was limp or dead, but it was time for an upgrade.

A drastic upgrade was needed after the damage of the recent catastrophe done on the aura of planet Earth. Instead of a mere recovery, what the soul of Earth needed was a transformation—a leap of vibration, together with her human children.

For that, we came.

Photo: web download, author unknown



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The Birth of New Species

Göbekli Tepe, Turkey

We came to create new stones besides new species. We, the bringers of stellar energies, and Gaia, the mother of planetary energies, were to co-produce new types of stone for this energetic upgrade. On the one hand, her native stones would receive a power charge from our starlight. On the other hand, an entirely new assortment of stones would be made, to store, convert, and transmit energies gathered from all directions.

The new stones were power stones. The power stones were synthetic stones, manufactured with an artificial intent, “artificial” in the sense of having an origin in stellar human intervention.

The synthetic megaliths came in all shapes: round or square, triangular or irregular, slabs or blocks, and they came in all types: granite, basalt, sand stone, lime stone, or quartz.

Quite often they were big, huge, gigantic. Their mega size wasn't made to intimidate or to impress the human onlookers of then or of today. Their mega size simply served their purpose to stand as holders and transmitters of mega energies. Inevitably, their size reflected the size of their makers. We were giants to you, and we were gentle to you.

The giants raised the megaliths to raise human awareness of the sacredness of stones and the magic power of the earth element. The loftiness of these stones, the liveliness of these stones, and the supernaturalness of these stones were accentuated for an ambitious goal: to inspire Earth humans to grow tall and mighty, in spirit. So that they no longer think small of themselves, no longer feel helpless, no longer let external setbacks detain their divine destinies.

The mega stones were meant to support a new relation with the earth, and with Earth. Our seeding of agriculture, prior to our making of mega stones, had produced a new bed soil, a new zone of earthy energy that expanded the planetary biosphere, that formed a uterine lining for the fetus of civilization.

The mega stones were carefully placed at key spots of this energetic topsoil to serve as markers, as centers, as stations supporting the growth of this new relation. It was for both the planetary mother and her human children that the new stones were made, purposely made to work as cornerstones upholding an energetic foundation.

And you humans were meant to live among and live with these stone posts of your greenhouse of civilization. Never to treat them as blocks of mute sculpture decorating your nature parks, or as chunks of nuisance clogging your wheat fields. Never to let them be covered by wild grasses or littered by unruly herds. But to maintain a symbiotic relation with them, to be fully co-dependent with them, to abide by them in life and in death. For, despite their mute appearance, they were family members: alive, buoyant, conscious.

You were to go to the stones, alone, in pairs, or in groups, in health or in sickness, in sunlight or in moonlight, to ask or to pray, to take or to receive, as you would with the trusted elders of your own tribe; and more, to breathe with them, to sing with them, to listen to their whispers and their silence, to travel through them, to travel with them to reach the sun in the earth and the sun in the sky, to let them surprise you, play with you, stretch your imagination in ten directions—to grow up, with them as your companions.

That was the megalithic dream within the Neolithic Dream.



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Womb Temple for Stone Dreams

Newgrange, Ireland

There were many islands of dream in the Neolithic days, Ireland and Malta, to name a pair, one in the Atlantic Ocean, one in the Mediterranean Sea.

And there were many cradles of civilization on Earth, not just a single Irish case. Yet, Ireland was especially dear to us, a group of Pleiadian ETs.

The small green island at the far end of a landmass was both a frontier and a centerpiece. Ireland was picked and groomed to be a showcase. Ireland was admired and cherished as a prime persona of the soul of Earth.

We referred to the island as “she.” She was a woman of all ages: child, virgin, lover, mother, and grandmother, and a woman of magical powers. She was very beautiful and very wise, a top candidate for the hostess’ role for our Pleiadian kindergarten of starseeds.

By the time we landed on her shores around 5000 BC, Ireland had nurtured generations of starseeds. In fact, the entire human population in her land then was made of Pleiadian starseeds—human souls from the Pleiades who had incarnated in earthly bodies as clusters of *Homo sapiens* tribes.

Imagine what it meant for us to go meet our earthly kin, our earthly offspring, in person! The clusters of starseeds in Ireland were dear to us as our children, and dear to us as our equals. In our minds, we were able to hold such seemingly contradictory images.

On the level of the star soul, they were the same as us, if not greater. On the level of the planet soul, however, they were vulnerable infants in need of parental care. We stepped in to play a mother role, for we had been sent by the Great Mother (the Sacred Feminine Force) to come and lend them a helping hand, to pull them out of a pit in the aftermath of a global catastrophe.

The catastrophe ca 10,000 BC had drawn out the worst animal side in them, starseeds having a human-animal experience on planet Earth. Yet, despite their violent acts in extreme situations, they were pure humans: pure in their souls and pure in their bodies.

Purity means retaining an original wholeness, without defilement by an alien element. Such purity was retained by the entire human race on planet Earth in this era of prehistory. In this pre-contamination, pre-fragmentation, pre-alienation era, humanity existed in a pristine state of innocence.

A system of culture that nurtures such innocent childhood is best termed as a "kindergarten."

A kindergarten is where a child learns basic cultural experiences. Our kindergarten in Ireland was a school for the Human Child to learn to establish the basic structure of civilized living. So fundamental was this structure that it would continue to serve in the Human Adult life as an infrastructure, as a root paradigm.

Our kindergarten school was a place of fun, serious fun. There was no boundary between work and play or between study and life, for life itself was the learning process. We had designed a system of curricula that would adapt to the growth pace of our starseed students.

To put it in simplified terms, our kindergarten in Ireland consisted of three grades:

Grade 1 was centered on learning agriculture.

Grade 2 was centered on learning ritual, and ritual means conscious action.

Grade 3 was centered on learning technology, material technology as well as spiritual technology.

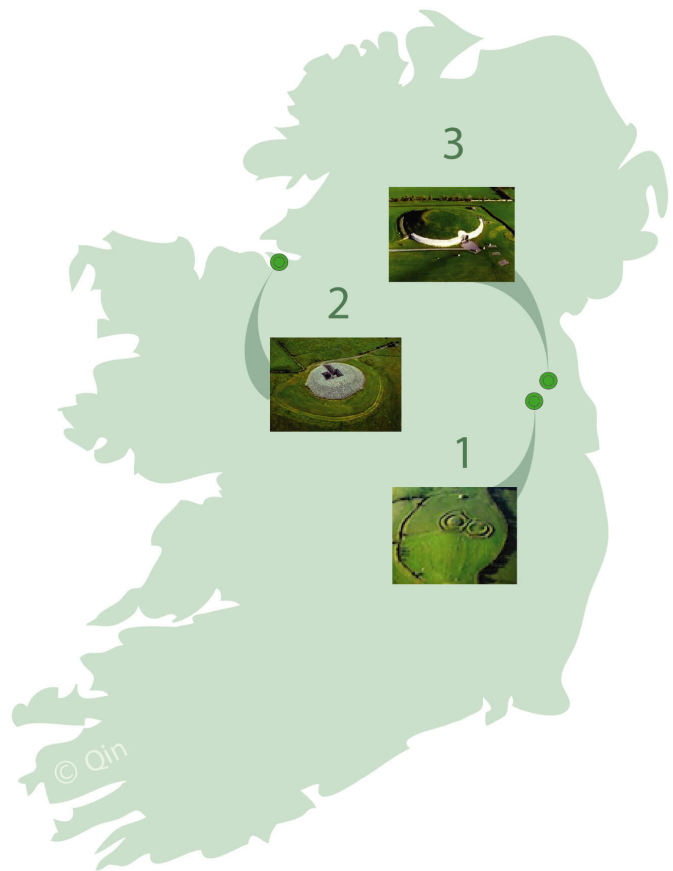
Ireland

a kindergarten for starseeds

Grade **1**: **The Tara Phase**
(ca 5000-4300 BC)

Grade **2**: **The Carrowmore Phase**
(ca 4300-3500 BC)

Grade **3**: **The Boyne Phase**
(ca 3500-2000 BC)



By way of reincarnation, the starseed souls in Ireland would progress from one grade to another, thus building up their individual repertoire of life experiences.

Upon completing Grade 3, graduates of our kindergarten could choose to go to a primary school in Egypt, in India, in China, or elsewhere. Likewise, starseed souls from these lands could have a lifetime in Ireland and be initiated at our Pleiadian school.

Ireland wasn't meant to be a kindergarten forever. As the kinder grew, the garden would grow too.

Our plan was to keep our school facilities changing in sync with the pace of our students. As our students grew more advanced, our megalithic facilities would grow more complex. From earthen rings to stone circles, dolmens, and then chambered cairns, it would be a systemic progression. If it went as planned, Ireland would grow step by step from a kindergarten into a university, a world-famous university.

The fact that you are reading this book indicates that you are probably one of our Irish kindergarten graduates.

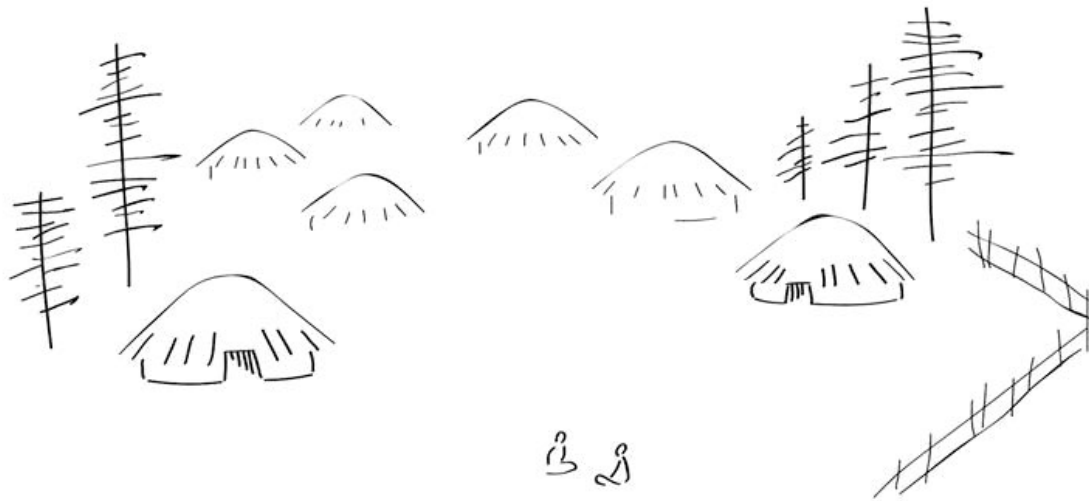
Yes, you!

In one of your past lives, you may have lived on this emerald isle of magic, you may have swum in her lakes and played in her forests, may have charmed her snakes (yes, Ireland had snakes), may have sipped her elixirs and soared with her swans.

There is only one way to find out. There is only one person who can find out.

The following story was written at my request to help you rediscover your own story.

The tale of Modira from Ireland in 3800 BC is the life story of a second-grader of a kindergarten that spanned some three thousand years. Her life could not possibly show you the whole kindergarten experience, but could show you a doorway to the enchanted garden wherein you may chance upon your forgotten dreams.



Modira Speaks (3800 BC, Ireland)

Journey to Our Neolithic Self

2. The Power of Thy Future

(This is the original **AFTERWORD** by Sincera
from *Journey to Our Neolithic Self*.)

I am from your past, and from your future.

We, the 5D Pleadians and 6D Sirians, are spirit beings just above your 3D space and time. As your stellar Family of Light, we are part of your past and part of your future. As your stellar soul ancestors, we are with you throughout your past, present, and future. We are your higher selves, and therefore, we are your future selves.

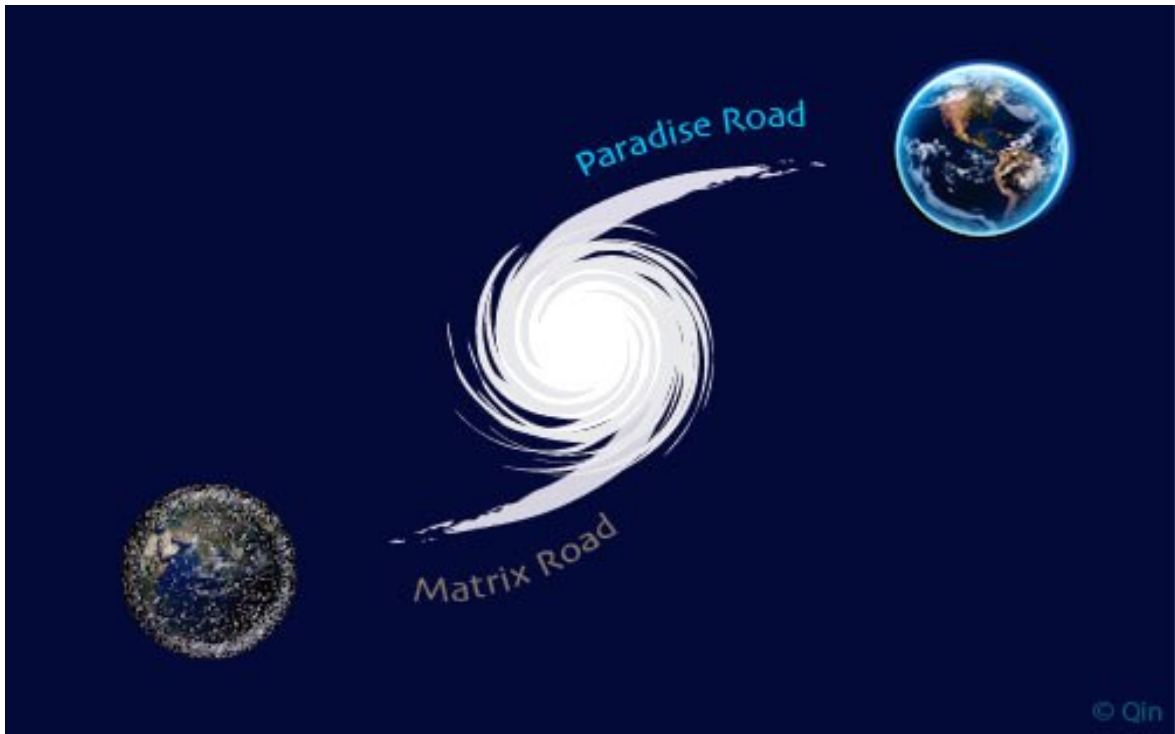
In fact, you are your future self, returning to the present to ensure the victory. What victory?

The victory of a Paradise planet over a Matrix planet.

The victory of a free human race over an alien ruler race.

The victory of light over darkness.

You came from the future Earth, from the Age of Light. The light of the future is beaming its colorful rays into the present, to invite, to attract, to arrange events so as to ensure its total illumination. This process of self-fulfillment is what has made you an individual spark. In your current incarnation, you are an individual expression of this manifesting momentum of a future reality, this attracting mechanism of a future pole.



The Last Traffic Circle

You are your future self, returning to the present to help you live your choice.

You have made the choice, at the great roundabout, at the last traffic circle that splits the human race into two camps. But the force of the vortex keeps dragging you back into the circulation. You need power to break free from habitual repetition and to go for your chosen direction. So you came, to give yourself a push.

The future is an energy. The future is a vibration.

What kind of vibration?

Imagine, if the hijacking of civilization hadn't taken place, what kind of world you would be living in! To say the least, there would be no massacre of humans or other species, no ecological crisis, no nuclear threat, no famine and starvation, no rulers and masses, no kings and queens, no army and police, no terrorists or patriots, no stock markets or banks, no GMO foods or chemtrails, no bird flu or AIDS, no casino, no brothel, no corporate—there would be no Matrix.

Imagine the high-energy foods you are eating, the second-skin clothes you are wearing, the light-sensitive houses you are dwelling in. Imagine your noiseless vehicles, your biomimic appliances, your green cityscape and lush countryside. Imagine the fun at school, the laughter at work, the healing at hospitals, the inspiration in theaters, and the unconditional love at home.

Imagine the music, poetry, and dance, the paintings and sculptures, the stories and songs, the crafts and cuisines feeding all five of your bodies. Imagine talking to birds and

trees, to mountains and seas, to planets and stars as effortlessly as you talk to a fellow human being. Imagine everyone having a heart-to-heart connection.

“But the damage is done!” you say. “There’s nothing we can do about it. We can’t go back in time and undo history.”

Yes, you can undo history!

History is but a nightmare, remember? A nightmare is insubstantial and ineffectual, a mere harassment to the original dream state. It may seem monstrous and it may seem humongous, but the nightmare of history can only scuttle its lowly way along the sidewalk of delusion. And when a nightmare falls away, the original dream resumes its course. So you came, to get yourself back on the dream course.

What happened was, the hijacking created a split in the growth of civilization, like a tree parting into two branches. One branch grew to be history, another branch herstory. One branch became a reality, another branch a possibility. The original civilization was never lost, but was forever suppressed. It went into hiding, it became a phantasmagoria, it lay dormant inside human consciousness as a forgotten dream.

The dream was kept subliminal and was utilized to feed the nightmare. Under the tyrannical nightmare, the true reality of Earth managed to survive as a faint possibility buried deep down in the human memory. To dispel the nightmare of history is to turn that possibility back to reality.

Think of that possibility as a vibration.

A layer of vibration underlying human consciousness, a layer of vibration embedded in the earth, it cannot be erased. It cannot be destroyed. It cannot be forsaken. It is lodged in the ethereal record of this resilient planet, as a permanent presence.

Such a possibility, being a vibration of the original dream plan, is beyond the reach of all nightmares ...

Painting by a Chinese child named Xue Yufan 薛宇帆



... and beyond the reach of evil adults.

The Matrix has no heart. Paradise does.

The present you feels dead stuck inside the Matrix, a monstrous prison guarded by ten thousand demons. The present you doesn't know how to fight through the siege or how to get free. So came the future you, to free you from your current entrapment.

How?

To free your energy, to begin with. For you have been misusing your energy, fighting the wrong battles against the wrong demons.

First, you free your energy from trying to **REFORM** the Matrix. The Matrix is a fake world pulled over your eyes to blind you from seeing that you are enslaved by a ruthless force and utilized as its energy source. To improve the status quo, to convert it, to make it humane, to breathe into it a soul, to insert into it a heart ... these are but noble acts of ignorance that end up benefiting the Matrix. You see, no matter what you do, the Matrix will never respect you, let alone love you.

Second, you free your energy from trying to **DESTROY** the Matrix. Fighting the Matrix with the Matrix's weapons only enhances the Matrix, and the fighter ends up in exhaustion, frustration, and despair. The Matrix feeds on your militant energy, which is the very energy of the Matrix itself. It wants you to think of it as a real monster so that you'll rally all your life forces to do battle with it and thereby energize it.

Fighting an illusion with an illusion never works. Seeing through the illusion works, and works wonders. The moment you see that the Matrix domain is but a fake reality, is but a

counterfeit civilization, and that the Matrix control could never touch your true state of humanity, you are instantly free from its domination.

The Matrix is in your head. Its external existence is codependent on your inner sanctioning of it. Thus, the real fight is resisting the takeover by illusions and refusing to accept alien rules. The real fight is reversing the reversed originals. The real fight is holding on to light. Light is truth, light is beauty, and light is love.

True civilization is founded on the heart. It is through the heart, the sacred heart, that you will find access to civilization's original blueprint. The Blueprint is stored in your memories and ideals, and is accessible by way of the heart, not by way of the head. The heart's way and the head's way direct you into two vastly different realities.

As said before, the time you are in, Dawn, is a strange phase where two contradictory realities run parallel to each other: one true, one fake; one with the heart, one without; one according to the Blueprint, one against. Each moment you must decide which of them to align yourself with.



“Red pill or blue pill, which one will you choose?”
— a scene from *The Matrix* movie

If you align yourself with the vibration of the Blueprint, you will be riding on a most powerful force. When you manifest the energy of the Blueprint, the Matrix in your head comes crumbling down by itself.

It *is* a war situation, and you *must* fight.

To win this spiritual battle, you must stop fighting the Matrix the way it wants you to fight. Now you fight for truth, for love, for beauty. You fight for your dreams. You fight for visions, and fight with visions. You are Visionary Fighters.

When you know you are from the victorious future, what power can beat your power? Your attitude is your power, your point of departure your Arch of Triumph.

Your power, however, must be cultivated. It takes more than a strong belief and positive attitude to win this war. That is why so many of us are here to be your allies. We help you unplug from the Matrix machine and reconnect with your true power source.

As your star allies, we urge you to go to nature, to Gaia's domain—that is where true power is.

Remember, the Matrix is an artificial construct imposed on the nature of Earth. When you are inside the Gaia domain, you are outside the Matrix domain.

You go to her mountain or sea, to her forest, river, or lake, to feel her pulse of life, to hear her heartbeat. More importantly, you go and feel an emotional bond with her. Emotional bond is the key to having a four-bodied connection with your mother planet, and this four-bodied connection holds the key to the fifth treasure, your Light Body.



However old or young, you are a child of Earth and Sun.

And we urge you to go to our megalithic sites, also where true power is. Although these mega stone structures were artificially made, they were essentially products of our co-creation with Gaia, with her permission and assistance, for her benefits. These megalithic constructs were written in the “civilization chapter” of the Blueprint, to function as civilization’s power stations.

We urge you to go to *our* megalithic power stations, since there are giant stone works (such as the ziggurats in the Middle East) built by our enemy (namely, the Anu force) to dominate your minds and drain your energies. Their mega stone works were made to rob your power so as to fuel their empire. Our mega stone works were made to empower you, and to empower Earth.

That is why the Matrix controls many of our sites in the 3rd Dimension in the name of “protecting World Heritage Sites.” The Matrix controls our megaliths by surrounding them with police guards, barbed fences, cement walls, and surveillance cameras.

That is why the Matrix controls our sites in the 4th Dimension by propagating scholarly stories of them being dusty old tombs—stone houses for rotten flesh.

Tomb-branding is so pervasive a practice that you can speak of a phenomenon called Tomb Conspiracy. Supported by pan-academia, this Tomb Conspiracy has its secret agenda written all over its forehead:

to scare you away.

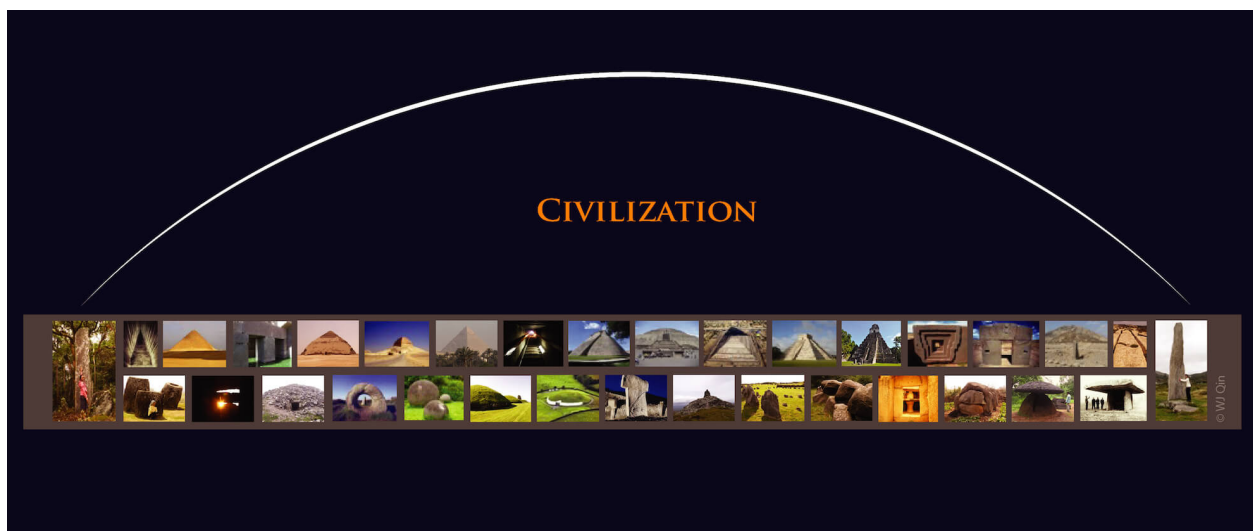


To disgust you out, another may say.

The subliminal message these official stories plant in your head is a death consciousness—dead stones for dead bodies, opposite to life, health, and joy. The conspiratorial agenda is to keep you as far away as possible from the stones and to keep the stones as dead as they can be.

Bones and ashes of the dead have been found in many of our megalithic sites. This is a fact, not a fabrication. But the fact only proves that our sites have been vandalized in later times by migrant populations.

Out of an ignorant need for convenience, or out of a malicious intent to desecrate, these newcomers used many vacant megalithic chambers to store bodies of their dead. The bones and ashes found in excavations were often of the conquerors or squatters, primitive and barbaric compared to the sites' vanished indigenous population for whom the megaliths were made.



The Megalithic Foundations of Civilization

Why are our megaliths called power stations?

Because they mark earth power spots—they sit on the key junctures of Gaia's meridian lines along which her vital energies flow. Moreover, they mark sky power spots—they point to stellar sources of energy.

And because they are portals to multiple dimensions, they are switchboards connecting cosmic forces, they are storehouses of Light, which nourishes the Light Body of you and the Light Body of your mother planet, Earth.

Our megaliths are not glories of the past—they are glories of the future. We buried some and shut most of them down before we retreated from your physical plane. We concealed many of them so we could reveal them at a future time.

For heaven's sake, they are civilization's foundational stones! How could their makers ever think of abandoning them? They must, and will, survive the nightmare of history. They had to lie dormant in the night and wait for the day, like that Sleeping Beauty in your children's story who awaits a magic kiss.

You are the Prince, to kiss the Sleeping Megalith back to life. It is your job to activate these dormant giants, and be activated by them. This is a two-way process, a win-win situation. You need them, and they need you. They are waiting for no one, but you. This kiss job is what your soul has long ago volunteered to do.



Drenthe, the Netherlands

So, what exactly do these sleeping megaliths need from you?

Your consciousness.

These stones, like everything else in our universe, are conscious. Being new stones co-created by Gaia and we ETs, our megaliths have a special blend of planetary and stellar consciousness, as is with you in your spiritual constitution as starseeded earthlings.

As is with you, a megalith has a physical body. Yet, this physical body as a block of stone in your eyes is just the tip of the iceberg. Under the surface of physicality there lies a vast semi-physical and non-physical reality. The semi-physical aspect of a megalith can be termed as its light body, the non-physical aspect its consciousness. Light body and consciousness are the two levels of a megalith's spirit identity.

Our mega stones are embedded in the magical realm of Earth; their roots grow deep in the soil of her spirit world. By definition, our mega stones are spirit beings with material bodies.

They are living stones, although they belong to the inorganic side of the Earth family. They are singing stones, although they seem to be still and mute. They are corridors to other worlds, although they look like road's end. They are vortices of vibration, libraries of information, and ports of voyage.

They are temples of light.

What the mega stones need is your awareness—your shamanic awareness of how magical they are.

Image source: web download, author unknown



If you go to Stonehenge to see stones, you'd be missing the point. If you treat megaliths like hard dirt, they will treat you like hard dirt. They've been mistreated for thousands of years by materialistic humans who are blind and deaf inside. They need no more of this unconsciousness rubbish.

They need you to see them: to see their hidden dimensions, to see their light bodies, to see their secret chambers.

They need you to hear them: to hear their whispers, to hear their dialogues, to hear their stories.

They need you to feel them: to sense their male and female differences, to feel their fluid interactions, to feel their breathing in and breathing out of the cosmic air.

“But which megalithic site should I go to?” you ask. “They are all over the globe!”

Don’t worry, one way or another, you will end up exactly where you need to be. Call it preplan, call it fate, call it divine will, or call it synchronicity, there is a force in your life making sure that you fulfill a promise you have solemnly made.

The force calls to you in your heart. If you answer that calling, in time you may find yourself climbing the steps of a famous pyramid in North Africa, or crawling into an obscure dolmen in the middle of nowhere in South India. You may catch your friends singing among a crowd of stone huggers in Carnac, or catch your own shadow cast among empty jars at the plains of Phonsavan.

You would find a way to pay for an air ticket and fly halfway around the globe to an exotic place whose name was not in your vocabulary until just a month ago, or discover an earth-shattering fact that a megalithic treasure has been hiding in plain sight in your own North American backyard.

You may think that you have chosen a site. But in fact, a site has chosen you. The mutual selection was done in the past, and in the future. Therefore you feel an affinity, a bond, or even a sense of duty towards a certain site, and such a feeling of connection is not restricted to one site only.

A megalithic site is not jealous of your affection for another site. So feel free to grow intimate with multiple sites. In this special lifetime, you are meant to activate many sites, and a site is meant to have many activators.

Oh you! You think you are small and insignificant, a nobody. But in fact, you are the activator of mega stones. Every one of you is an activator of mega stone sites.

“Activation”—it sounds like a pompous act, an ego trip.

It isn't what people think. Activation is the simplest thing in the world. Anyone can do it!

To activate these mega stones, you need not be anybody, or with anybody. You need no costume or wig, no technique or technology, no magic wand or magic word. You need no wisdom, no information, no knowledge. You need no training, no practice, no credential, no resume, and no diploma. You need only one thing—your heart.

“Is that all?” you frown.

Isn't that enough? Why do you always look down on the heart as an inferior thing to the head?

Try not to go to a megalithic site with your head, busy analyzing what this is for and what that is about, who has been here and done what, which kind of measurement would yield the best result. The head will never open the magic door. The heart will.

Perhaps you forgot that the heart of our Neolithic Revolution was the heart. We created plant and animal species and initiated agricultural practices, we launched building projects and raised megalithic pillars to support your new way of being, we stayed on the earth and walked you through your childhood years ... all for this magic thing inside your chest.

Civilization was meant to make you tender, not hard, make you sweet, not tart. Civilization was all about love. Civilization's top goal was to restore your ability to love: *No more struggle against one another or against nature; from here on, love!*

Love your fellow human beings, love yourself, love the other species, love Mother Earth, love the Sun, Moon, planets and stars, love the magnificent Gaian Dream.

The mega stone pillars supporting civilization were made in love, for love. So, is there any other way to relate to them?

It is the kiss of the heart that awakens the sleeping stones. The magic of the kiss goes very deep: the Prince is kissing himself back to life. You know the old saying, "In giving you are receiving." At a megalithic site, which is an amplifier of vibes, what you send out shall come back to you manifold.

If you go to the stones to see old friends, you will be honored as an old friend. If you go to the stones with the passion of a pilgrim, you will receive passionate blessings from a presence that appears to be cold and indifferent. Returning to you from the stones is not only their love but also their affectionate wisdom.

Their knowledge, information, and data are coded in their love. The mysterious force flowing between you and them will open the door and show you the way, will trigger your memory and send you inspiration, will teach you, guide you, expand your heart as well as your head. You are activated.

It is time for a New Stones Age, for a neo-Neolithic revolution, don't you think?

An ancient civilization rebuilt on renewed stones will define the coming Light Age. New humans in sync with the new Earth are emerging in the light of the rising spiritual Sun. Their life-long friendship with power stones will upgrade the biosphere and uplift the vibration of the whole planet.

Why wait? It begins here and now, with you. It begins with you making a neo-Neolithic foundation for your life.



And it begins with the first step: healing your primal wound.

You, Earth humans in general and starseeds in particular, suffer a deep fear of abandonment. A good way to ease your suffering is to come to our mega stones, intended to stand as tokens of our presence, to show you our never-ending care. In their ageless presence, you can once again feel the primordial family field before it self-split into you on the earth and your ancestors in the sky.



Golan Heights, Israel

Come to our megaliths, even if there aren't many stones left, even if violence has been heaped on them by guns, cannons, bulldozers, and dynamite, even if there isn't a trace of our token to be found ... a power spot is a power spot. In spite of its wounded part, a power spot has an unwoundable part, which retains our love and Gaia's love. Many of you may have lost your love for Gaia, but Gaia has never lost her love for you, her prodigal daughters and sons.

Looking back from a future perspective at that nightmarish history of love loss, you can say, with a smile on your face, that the lack of love has made stronger your yearning for love, has made the human race better lovers than before, has paved the way for a total restoration of Earth's reputation as a cosmic hot spot.

Once again, conscious beings will fly in from all corners of the universe to stay at the legendary "Earth Bed & Breakfast," famed for its human hosts and hostesses, all grand masters of the fine art of love.



About the Author

I've had many lifetimes on planet Earth. In this lifetime, I was born and raised in China, educated in America, and worked in Europe as an award-winning documentary filmmaker.

I earned a BA in Philosophy from Beijing University and a PhD in Religion from Harvard University. Yet the real knowledge came to me only after I had left academia. It came to me from an ancient dolmen in the green field of Carrowmore on the enchanted isle of Ireland. The real knowledge is called gnosis.

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