

Eddie Takosori's  
*UFO Attractor's Handbook*  
*Practical Advice for an Impractical Hobby*

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1 - UFO - Intro 1<sup>st</sup> Edition

Introduction to the chaotic, poorly organized, destined for the scrap heap from the start, ill conceived 1<sup>st</sup> edition of the:

The UFO Attractors Handbook  
Practical Advise for an impractical Hobby

The UFO Attractors Handbook : a how to manual for increasing the odds of having an authentic otherworldly experience.

Dedicated to Fred, Fred, and Fred  
Better friends a boy never had.

Remember: Protein Bars are made from People! Those Solient Green folks weren't doing anything more than giving Green a bad name. We'll show them.

Also dedicated to my Mom, because I always said that if I ever wrote a book, I'd dedicate it:

To my Mom,  
I finally wrote a book, so get off my back already.

Some have Experienced UFO's. By looking at the Where, What, When, and How of those experiences, one can formulate a plan to increase one's own chances of having an authentic UFO experience.

In short, go where the UFO's are, and go when the UFO's are.

### How to use this book.

Heck, use it however you want. In the end, I hope you enjoy it, but really more to the point, I bet you are wondering, what my intent is, without further ado:

My goal is to write a guidebook that will aid in revamping and overhauling one's life. Ostensibly the change we will be trying to bring about is the introduction of UFOs and Aliens into one's world. Needless to say, this is a private journey. I can show you the door, and I can assure you that others have taken it, but you have to walk through the door -- alone, and of your own accord, and not once, but repeatedly.

Of course, when I say that I can't open the door for you, what I really mean is that I haven't been that way yet myself, so although I can sort of nudge you in the general direction that I know that it is in, after the first few steps you will be entirely on your own... Pretty much like everybody who has ever gone before. Those who look back and say they can show others the way are lying.

For, how can one force open another man's eyes without blinding them?

### UFO Book Concept

The concept for The UFO Attractor's Handbook (now in its second edition) was born the third time I saw a UFO in the Sky. I had just pulled into my driveway after a long hard day at work and was standing beside my car. I was smack dab in the middle of normalcy -- an affluent Californian suburb, on a sunny afternoon. Not exactly what I would have called ideal UFO conditions, but then... when you least expect it, expect it.

For no particular reason I spent a moment looking around the cul-de-sac where I lived. If memory serves, I was doing some sort

of Zen focusing exercise, just getting in touch with where I lived... where I breathed... that sort of thing.

And as I was doing this, something in the sky caught my attention.

Way, way up there. I couldn't tell you what it was. Sunlight reflecting off of an airplane? A satellite?

No. That didn't seem right... too bright. Maybe it was a giant search light from a rescue helicopter, but the thing was huge, I mean like intensely bright, and it was at least a mile up in the sky. Too high for a helicopter and too bright for a searchlight. I mean, it was the middle of the day and I was seeing the search beam as it sliced through the upper atmosphere into the clouds. A moment's reflection convinced me that we -- us humans -- just don't make searchlights that bright.

So what was it? A meteor? A comet? After a moment's reflection, that's what I decided upon. I decided it was a comet breaking up and disintegrating as it entered the Earth's atmosphere into a cone of incredible brilliant light.

Still... It was massive. And it hung in the sky like forever. A comet? A meteor? Whatever this thing was, it was huge. I wondered what kind of damage it would do when it finally hit the ground, when it finally landed on Earth, and blew up in a gigantic explosion, putting an end to all life as we knew it.

But all the same, the fireworks were nice. It was a cool effect, and I was having the time of my life watching this once in a lifetime celestial event. In short, the entire thing was awe inspiring. It was up there with the most profound mystical, transformational moments of my life... and then whatever it was exploded, broke apart into its constituent pieces, in a fiery last gasp, and then the entire thing quickly faded from view.

As I entered my home, I wondered how big the comet had been, and how close we had all come to biting it, you know, blown to smithereens and exterminated, just like the dinosaurs before us.

The entire thing probably would have ended right there with a comet crashing to Earth. After all, that's what I saw. It's not much in the way of inspiration for a book on UFOs or how to attract them, but the newsman on TV said that what I had witnessed was a planned military exhibition, that the Air Force had intercepted and blown up a test missile over Monterey, CA. Perhaps you remember the story. Perhaps you witnessed the event first hand as well.

I saw the news, and without missing a beat, I accepted what the newsman told me as real, just like a good boy.

But, it got me to thinking. If I was going to believe what they told me, if I could see something with my own two eyes, know it to be true, and then just turn around, do a complete 180 in my thinking, and be equally as convinced that I had been wrong, if someone on the TV or Radio told me a different story, well then that was something. I was pretty darn impressionable. Here I had a whole theory about reality, about what I had saw, and all it took was a man on TV telling me something different and I believed it. More than that, I knew it. I knew the guy on TV was telling me the truth without the slightest fraction of a doubt.

Well, maybe the slightest fraction of a doubt.

In time, the entire episode got me to thinking. Slowly, over the course of a few weeks, I mulled this experience and the thoughts that it incubated over in my mind. I let it ferment and percolate as I watched the trails splinter off in my mind's eye and watched on expectantly as I drifted through the growing realizations and disturbing implications, which this incident conjured forth.

I mean, if I was going to flat out believe whatever the man on the TV told me, then what did that mean... about reality, freewill, and the nature of my existence? I hear tell the Army has a saying. It may make a little more sense if you picture a Sergeant yelling this little bit of wisdom into the face of a hapless new recruit who has perhaps suggested that there might be a better way of doing things, "Private! There is your way! My way! And the right way!

But you're in the Army now, and here we do things the ARMY WAY!!!"

And there I was, I couldn't help myself but to buy into what the man on the TV said, I couldn't help but believe the official version was the correct one. It's not surprising. I had been conditioned my entire life to believe everything they said, the history of the world, who won the Super Bowl, what clothes to wear, what movies to see... basically everything. So, if the man on the TV said that what I saw was a planned test of a new missile defense system, then that's probably what it had been.

Probably...

As in, the ice was probably beginning to melt.

Months later? I'm not going to look up the timing of the two events, so let's just say... months later, I was shopping in Kmart when I saw the report about the Challenger space shuttle explosion.

They had one of those walls of TVs. You know what I'm talking about. They had dozens of TVs for sale all tuned to the same channel and what that channel was playing, and replaying, and replaying in an endless loop was the tape of the space shuttle exploding -- complete with mind-numbingly mindless commentary as a wall of TVs displayed the same scene over and over and over again.

Perhaps my mind is not as robust as any other's. At first I was merely mesmerized; but then, the images pulled me in and slowly sucked me down. If my brain was hooked up to an EEG at that moment, it would have shown a flat line. My brain was dead. My mind was empty. I had reached the Zen ideal -- total emptiness. To say the images of the space shuttle exploding hit me hard would have been an understatement. I walked around for the rest of the day in a state of emotional shock. I stopped shopping. I left my cart right where it was. I suddenly in mourning. Who could think about shopping at a time like this?

Watching that report on TV had really messed up my happiness. I hadn't even seen the explosion live and the event didn't even really impact me. I mean, prior to the report I hadn't even known there was a shuttle launch scheduled for that morning. The bottom line was, I didn't really care about the space shuttle (or even the space program). Another launch? Who cares? So I can say without a doubt that I was merely reacting to the information that the man on the TV was feeding to me and not reacting to it on some deeper emotional level. I had not lost a loved one. I had just lost someone I'd never known. My reaction was all out of proportion to how much I cared about the actual event. What I was reacting to was the man on the TV. I was reacting exactly how he was telling me to react. I was reacting in lockstep with millions of others around the country -- 300 channels of digital mind control, but the slogan would come to me only later. For the moment I was caught in the flow. I had tuned into the wrong channel for a fraction of a second and the rest of my happy, carefree, blissful, ignorant little day was blown to smithereens -- just decimated, and thrown completely out the window.

All in all, it was an amazing study in media based mind control. Did the TV have that much control over my physical, emotional, and mental well being?

The answer was yes.

In that moment and later as that thought coalesced in my subconscious, somehow -- through forces unknown -- a link was forged between the two explosions in space: of a comet turned test missile and a good day turned into a day of mourning for a space shuttle disaster.

That a link was formed is not unexplainable. Both pertained to space; and for each, I'd had experience a profound emotional reaction: elation and wonderment at the comet and overwhelming sadness and depression over the shuttle. Over time they were to elicit a series of introspective thoughts, which would both change the way I interpreted reality and, in the end, provide the foundation

for this book, The UFO Attractor's Handbook. And then, things sort of turned sideways like they often do in my mind.

Cause and effect.

Action and reaction.

The mind is a pattern seeking organ. Watch as the two events twirl around in your mind. Mix it up. Shake them together and see what pops out.

For me, it came in a snap.

Years later, I cannot tell you how long I pondered on this dilemma. Hours? Minutes? Seconds? What I do know is that eventually my mind settled on a novel explanation -- ridiculous, ludicrous -- but novel nonetheless, and being the creative type, it had a certain appeal.

So once again, I couldn't tell you when, but somewhere along the line I became convinced that aliens had blown up the space shuttle.

Let me walk you through the logic of this idea -- as spurious as the logic may be. I had seen a comet which the TV had told me was a missile test. One thing was clear, either I was wrong, or the TV had lied. OK. Sure, I was wrong, but the TV had told me, Missile Test. Why hadn't they told me that in advance?

Why? Because they themselves didn't know. Rather than a missile, rather than a comet, what had been blow up in the sky over Monterey Bay was none other than a real life flying saucer!!!

My guess has always been that it was an exploratory vessel from Cylotron-6. Those guys are always flouting the regulations and it probably showed up unannounced, in clear violation of Earth's status as a protected SL-species (slower than light travel species as apposed to say a ST-species -- a space traveling species), or whatever nonsensical rationale you want to plug in. The point is we blew up a Cylotron-6 spaceship (perhaps by mistake); and then, because we live in this oppressive, totalitarian, close-minded, oppressive world, the powers that be covered the whole thing up with some silly missile test nonsense, when

anybody could see, the blessed thing looked far more like a comet than anything else.

Anyway, I seem to be getting bogged down in the details. The point is, time passes -- months probably -- and then Earth gets ready to launch it's own exploratory vessel into space. Notice the wording of that -- exploratory space vehicle. Sort of sounds familiar. Sort of sounds like what those guys from Cylotron-6 sent this way. And so what do they do? They launch a retributive strike of their own, and when the shuttle goes up, the aliens blow it out of the sky. Fair's fair, and all that.

Now I know most of you are going to think that I'm just spouting nonsense at this point and you're probably right. Far be it from me to claim even the smallest tidbit of legitimacy, but I will point out that the missile test and the shuttle disaster occurred exactly six months apart... or exactly some time period apart. I mean, it probably wasn't like exactly six months, it might have been more like two years, but the important fact is that the time period (whatever it was) was exactly the time it takes to make a round trip between Earth and Cylotron-6. Now tell me, that's a coincidence!

I didn't think you would.

Bottom line, we should be thankful the folks from Cylotron-6 have a highly evolved sense of fairness or we might not be here... to spout nonsense at all hours of the day and night.

The fact that it's just an elaborate bit of hocus pocus on my part and that I like to tell a good yarn is beside the point. Which version or reality is right? I mean, you would not believe how easy it was for me to come up with this fake version... and where did the real version come from? TV. Right. Tell me, exactly how reliable has the TV been in portraying reality to you? My life is nothing like the Fonz's, or the Beav's. My world is incredibly different. And if the TV can't portray a simple thing like family life with any degree of realism, how can we expect it to put forth an accurate picture of things of more import?



Once again, BS. I know, but I can't seem to help myself. Anyhow, that's where the book started, and what do you know, the more I distrusted the newsman, the more I looked for other sources of collaboration, other sources of reality matrixing... well, I found them, and this book tells you how you can too.

And then, before we go any further, I should say that the forgoing is utter crap. I mean, different parts of me believe UFOs are real, and other parts believe that they are complete BS composed of nothing more than lies, delusions, unrecognized dreams, and mystical experiences.

So any book about UFOs which would be even remotely true to myself would also need to be true to all of these perspectives as well, which at times can be a daunting task and highly discontinuous process, as there is not a lot of overlap between;  
UFOs are real, &  
UFOs are complete and utter bullshit.

Nonetheless, this book revolves around that overlap and that discontinuity. What paradigms one accepts about UFOs; be they real, fake, imaginings, dreams, mystical experiences, angels, delusions, symptoms of schizophrenia, or simply outright lies. What one accepts as the paradigm, determines the best methodology for making UFOs manifest in one's own reality.

But the safest bet would be to craft a methodology that runs the entire gamut. Because, let's face it, phrases like "making manifest" and "reality testing" are anchored in a certain paradigm that not everyone believes (thought has causative power). So, the real value of taking the program as a whole, is that it covers the entire spectrum. Regardless of the truth, UFOs are in here, and the way to them IS revealed.

Open the door, follow the path, walk the walk. The journey will create the destination.

### But do I believe?

In the end though, the question is asked, “Do I believe all this crap?” and then after I respond with a load of obvious hooey, the patient among them may ask again, “No, really. Do you believe?”

It is a question worth of an answer.

I believe in the innate ability of the human mind to craft it’s own reality. I believe that different individuals are capable of taking the same sensory stimulus and have different perceptions and/or perspectives.

I couldn’t begin to tell you, which perspective or perception is right or is reflective of *The Truth*. For me, that is not important. I am a subjective relativist, which is a fancy way of saying, I don’t care about *The Truth*, I care about changing it. As such, *The UFO Attractor’s Handbook* (it seemed like long enough since I plugged the name again) is about changing perception, but not just that. *The UFO Attractor’s Handbook* is also about changing reality, and thereby changing one’s life.

So, in answer to the question -- or at least, in answer to the question that I will answer: I believe with all my heart that if one tries, really tries, one can experience UFO’s... or anything else one might wish to experience.

The only real question is whether you will try hard enough.

### UFO Degree in BS

#### I’m proud to say I have a degree in BS

This book draws upon many sources. Certainly it draws upon my own UFO sightings, discussions with other beings, my experiences with altered states of awareness, countless books, other media sources, etc.

Not everything, not every idea contained herein is appropriate for every reader. This book is about change. There is no sense in taking a trip to the Desert to see a UFO if you’ve lived in the Desert your entire life and have haven’t seen a single UFO

to date. I mean, the Desert is classic UFO country, but if it's not working for you, *Try Something Else*. Go to the city for a while or hit a swamp or the seashore.

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