

August 30, 1975

TO THE SCIENTISTS.....

Dr. Fogel, Dr. Sprinkle, Dr. Targ, Dr. Putoff, Dr. Arenas

Gentlemen

A friend is having this typed for me. My right arm is shattered and I cannot write or type and will not be able to do so for some time. An extraordinary series of events has occurred since my trip to Egypt and it is absolutely necessary for me to recount the things that have happened.

Before preceding further I must point out that on the trip back from Egypt after I had been inside the pyramids and made contact with powers, the age old intelligence placed inside the pyramids long ago, the airplane ahead of my plane was struck by lightning at the Kennedy Airport and blown up and I was tied in to this event, which the documentation will indicate to you, when I get it to you. I have not been able to do so yet because of my injury. Also there is a tape I want to send you made on that airplane before and after the other plane was hit by lightning ahead of us, and you must listen to that tape when I'm able to make it for you and send it to you, to go with the documentation.

After coming back home from Egypt, my thirteen-year-old son, Beau, accidentally thrust his right hand through a plate-glass window, almost severing his thumb. The next week my four-year-old son, Teddy, stepped on a broken Coca-Cola bottle, inflicting various cuts on his foot plus one deep cut requiring hospital treatment and X-rays. I, at this point, began to wonder if there was a pattern to this, noting that my wrist watch had malfunctioned and I must send it off for repair-my pocket Sony recorder had malfunctioned, and I must send it off for repair-the muffler fell off my car and the car was malfunctioning-then on August third, Sunday night, while walking through the living room, I felt something grab, seize, my right foot. The memory of what next happened is hazy, it was so fast. I fell and could hear a loud snapping noise and I knew instantly that my right arm was broken. Now, before going further, let me explain. I spent years learning to fall without being injured as a judo man. I studied under Johnny Osako in Chicago and spent weeks and weeks and weeks falling sideways, frontwards, backwards, and never in my life, in fact, have I ever fallen and broken anything up until now. As an athlete, I fought in the ring as a boxer; I had a semi-pro basketball team; in short, all my life, I had been an athlete; I never have fallen and hurt myself. Furthermore, I actually have been a professional dancer, having taught dancing as a teacher for Arthur Murray Studio for quite a long period of time, thus my footwork is very graceful, catlike, and it would be most unusual for me to even fall, and let alone become injured from the fall. At any rate, I took my aching arm to our car and drove through the night to a small hospital quite far from here to the emergency ward, they X-rayed it and found that it was a complicated fracture, several breaks, which would require complicated surgery. So the doctor at this tiny hospital said he was not a bone specialist but he would attempt this operation, if I wanted

to, the next day. He's a young man in his twenties I said, "No, thanks, it's my right arm and it's awful important to me, too much so to have this done here. I'm sure you would do a wonderful job but just the same..." So, although I'm thousands of dollars in debt, I used my American Express card. I got on the plane the following day. Monday I got to Chicago and darned if the planes didn't get their schedules all mixed up because the Northwest Airlines went on strike and it threw everything off, and so United put me up for the night in a hotel at their expense until the next morning. All this time I'm dragging this fractured arm along in a home made sling I made out of a sheet without any medication or painkiller or anything.

So Tuesday they finally get me aboard a plane. It got me to Minneapolis and that was where I got the hotel room and then Tuesday morning I got the plane down to Rochester, Minnesota and at Mayo when the doctors examined me, they were mystified as to how I could have broken, fractured, my elbow in such a fashion. Now these are bone specialists who operate on arms and legs everyday, yet they were mystified how I could break my arm in such a fashion. I think the term is olecranon fracture, something like that. But the fracture went clear, not only snapped the big bone like a matchstick, but the break went clear up, deeply into the joint, so that they had to fix a pin in there and then wire the bones together.

While in Methodist Hospital at Rochester, after the three-hour operation on my arm, I moodily began to reflect on the extraordinary series of events which had occurred since my trip to Egypt. I began to wonder if, regardless of my making friends telepathically with the powers in the pyramids, perhaps some form of curse may have been able to follow me back and work against me, which even the UFOs do their best to ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ protect me with a PK bubble-a shield, if you will. All the things breaking down, both children being injured and hospitalized within a week's time, then my mysterious injury requiring me to go to Mayo and having a three-hour operation was a bit much to be coincidence. But that was not all! They discharged me from Methodist hospital and I took an airplane back to Chicago and from there to Norfolk with my right arm in a cast I pushed my black suitcase which has wheels built into the bottom and a handle on top. I had purchased this previously in England. I got on the escalator going down at the airport, with the black suitcase on the step above me and as I neared the bottom of the escalator steps the suitcase suddenly moved as if it were alive on those on those wheels and cut my legs out from underneath me and I toppled over sideways head first into the knifelike steel steps converging down on me. Luckily for me, there had been a man about seven or eight steps above who must have dove head first, because, as I fell over sideways, he interposed his body between me and the steps. Even so, my head was struck by the steel steps and cut, and some other people coming down fell on top of us, the man and I, and when I finally got to my feet, my arm was aching, and at this point I feared that it might have become rebroken. This is August 21st well, that wasn't the end of it. I got my car (which incidentally, after the trip to Egypt, had been broken into and damaged and the stereo equipment stolen out of it at the airport) got to my car and drove to Cape Charles. When I arrived home I discovered that our television set had gone dead (the TV repairman today told me that seemingly a lightning stroke had sent a sudden surge of electricity through it breaking a fuse or something inside) then yesterday, sitting in my

living room with my arm hung up in a contraption given to me at Mayo Clinic, the cast elevated, I heard a loud crash out in front of my house. So I unhooked this contraption and went to the window and discovered that another car had crashed into the back of our family car, which had been parked correctly at the curb. There were many other cars up and down the street. I threw on a bathrobe, went outside, and this big fat colored girl was crying hysterically. She had wrecked the entire front of her car, a large car, but unfortunately it had run into the back of our Lincoln Continental, which is built like a tank. It inflicted great damage on my trunk section, but I could still drive the Lincoln, however. I led the crying girl into our living room and seated her and tried to comfort her until the ambulance came. I asked her how she had managed to hit our parked car. She said, and I quote "I was driving along and something black came over my face." Then the police and ambulance came, took the girl away in a stretcher and so forth, so here is yet another strange happening. Now some years ago a court reporter, a colored court reporter, in Norfolk, pulled a very dirty trick on me and my family and caused us much trouble and grievance. I was extremely angered at the colored court reporter and told him off in the law offices in front of other people. Then I quit my job and a week later another court reporter, a young girl, came to my house and told me that the colored court reporter had been in a terrible car wreck. He had hit another car head on and his arms were broken, his head was all cut, he was in a terrible shape, and he had told the others in the office where he worked that as he drove along suddenly everything became black-he blanked out-for no apparent reason. So yesterday when this colored girl told me this my mind instantly went back several years to this other happening. What significance there could be I don't know. But this entire, incredible string of events happening makes me wonder if there isn't a force pursuing me. Now when I fell at home, I can recall an odd sensation of a force picking me up and-not exactly throwing me down but controlling my fall.

At any rate there is the series of events that have happened since my return from Egypt and connecting up telepathically with the ancient intelligent forces inside the pyramids. At this point I am almost fearful of recontacting the entity which I had been contacting daily before all these things began happening. So at this point in time here I sit with a badly fractured right arm; my car wrecked, my pocket tape recorder is broken; my wrist watch is broken; the television is broken; both children have been injured; and I think it important enough to report all this to you so that you can follow what is happening to PK man. Nothing like this, a series of events, has ever occurred in my entire life.

P.S. This is being added on to this report later, after I telepathed to the SI and to the Egyptian power and asked them for an explanation of why these troubling things have happened to me. The next day they had given me the explanation mentally. And this is the SI explanation.

In nature there is duality-hot and cold, night and day, sweet and sour, and so forth. In linking myself up with the supernatural powers of the UFOs and Stonehenge and the Egyptian pyramids, to use them for good

to help the human race, to help the earth, I have made myself automatically a bulls-eye target for the bad forces on earth. In other words, in direct proportion to the powerful good that I can do, and am doing, the bad power on earth is coming at me to try to stop me. Perhaps you have wondered why Jesus was nailed to a cross; his disciples were all violently murdered as I recall, I think one was skinned alive; and many other persons throughout the ages who have tried to help the human race-like Ghandi in India and others-have suffered violence in proportion and violent death, sometimes horrible death. Well that's the answer-in wielding powerful supernatural good power, one automatically draws on to oneself supernatural bad power in almost direct proportion. So it looks like I am going to be in for one heck of a beating until my end. My vulnerability, of course, is my financial status-since I can hardly keep my head above water and am at present under water-plus my inability to defend myself and my family. With my splintered right arm I can't now wield the gun necessary to hold off the bad people who have tried to break into this house on several occasions at night, so the bad supernatural power is getting at me and doing a good job of it. If any of you have any further questions about this do not hesitate to contact me.

Ted Owens (PK Man)