

They have arrived or have they been here a long long time? Who are they really? What do they really want? Are they here to save us or enslave us?

**The Angel and The Beast: Sealed in their Foreheads**

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# **The Angel and the Beast**

Sealed in their Foreheads

*Melvin L. Wilkinson PhD*

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## Table of Contents

<b>Introduction.....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Part I.....</b>	<b>5</b>
Chapter 1: Enter the Beast.....	7
Chapter 2: The Towers Fall .....	15
Chapter 3: The Show Must Go on .....	18
Chapter 4: Angel is Next.....	34
Chapter 5: Honor Among Thieves .....	37
Chapter 6: The Fatal Flaw.....	54
<b>Part II.....</b>	<b>63</b>
Chapter 7: A Cloud by Day.....	65
Chapter 8: Tanks for the Memories .....	75
Chapter 9: And a Little Child Shall Lead Them .....	80
Chapter 10: And All Shall Worship Him.....	93
Chapter 11: The Mark of the Beast.....	100
Chapter 12: The Mark in their Foreheads .....	113
Chapter 13: The Dream or the Nightmare.....	121
Chapter 14: Into the Lair of the Beast.....	124
Chapter 15: The Abomination that Maketh Desolate .....	134
Chapter 16: An Eye Single.....	143
<b>Appendix.....</b>	<b>165</b>
What Happened During 911?.....	167
Nazi Technology .....	172
Hitler as an anti-Christ? .....	175
Disembodied Spirits Masquerade as Aliens.....	178
Energy Vampires.....	181
The Body or Aura as a Shield .....	184

*THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST*

The Body is a Source of Great Power and Evil	
Spirits Strive to Possess One .....	188
Alien Human Hybrids .....	198
Hybrids in the Scriptures .....	202
Hybrids in Literature .....	211
Abductions are Sometimes Spiritual, Not Physical...	219
The “Aliens” Will Try to Convince Us That They	
Are Our True Gods and Creators .....	221
Aliens” Rule the World Through a Secret	
Government .....	224
Children of the Light Will Come Through a Special	
Lineage .....	227
<b>Bibliography.....</b>	<b>243</b>

## Chapter 1

### Enter the Beast

In an alternate universe, very much like ours and very different.

\* \* \*

“A-girl-got-a-pet-goat,” the children said.

“Go on,” said their teacher.”

“She- liked-to- go-running-with-her-pet-goat,” they continued.

“This was probably the most difficult moment of my life,” I thought, “The President of the most powerful nation in the world sitting in a classroom with second graders feeling totally helpless.”

A few minutes ago, I had been told that a plane had struck the World Trade Center. I vividly remembered the “vision” I had been shown a few days ago. It was like a computer simulation, but much more advanced than any computer simulations that we could do, a computer simulation that played on the screen of my mind. It showed in great detail a plane crashing into the World Trade Center. I had hoped against hope that they would not actually follow through, but then when I was told about the second plane and that ‘*America was under attack!*’, I knew they had. It was stupid of me to even hope, because they always did follow through.

There was only one thing I could do to defy them. A minor victory, hardly measurable compared to the thousands of people probably dying at this moment. But it was a victory that at least made me feel human, and with some freedom of choice. “*I would not give those*

THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST

*damn vampires the satisfaction of feeding on my feelings!* I would not show my anger, my anguish, my fear, my sorrow at the deaths of thousands, I would remain perfectly calm and under control. *Let them feed somewhere else, they would get no energy from me.*" I focused on the children reading,

"But-the-goat-did-some-things-that-made-the-girl's-dad-mad."

I smiled at the teacher and complimented the students on their reading ability. When the reading was finally over, I was in no hurry to leave. I did not show any trace of panic. I made small talk with the teacher and asked the children if they read more or watched more TV. Most of them said they read more. I talked to the school principal and told her very calmly why I could not give the talk on education. She later told everyone how impressed she was with my poise in a crisis. I had a very small sense of satisfaction about the way I was handling all of this. But there was also something gnawing at my mind. *"Where was the Secret Service? I was the President of the United States in the biggest crisis since Pearl Harbor. Why hadn't the Secret Service forcibly taken me away, both for my own safety and so I could take charge of the crisis? Why was I being left alone at this critical time in an unprotected school where everyone in the world knew my location? Why, when planes were crashing into buildings and the United States was under attack, was I left unprotected? Was the Beast behind this too?"*

The Beast, that's what I called him. On first glance, he appeared almost human. He could walk through a crowd and not be noticed. But one on one, he was clearly not human. Large, intimidating, dark eyes, never blinked, long, narrow head. *And fear! Oh my God! The fear that I felt in his presence.* I am not a coward, in fact, I have somewhat of a daredevil reputation. But he drew it out of

SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS

you, from every secret hiding place in your heart and soul, he drew fear. And walking through a crowd was a poor choice of words, because he never seemed to walk anywhere. He just appeared there, sitting at your desk, or even in your bedroom. He only appeared when I was alone, never when anyone else was there. Okay, then perhaps he was a figment of my imagination? An illusion. Too much wine? No, I quit drinking long ago, and others had seen him too, especially the Vice. Apparently he visited the Vice a lot. The Vice didn't seem to be afraid of him, but I was.

My dad had told me a little about them, but damn little. If he had told me more, I might have said "No thanks" to being the President. I am not sure if he had ever seen them. He sat down with me one day before inauguration like he was about to tell me the facts of life, but it was much more shocking than that.

"Son, there is something I need to tell you now that you have been elected president. I have been putting this off for a while. This is hard. It was hard for me when Reagan told me about it. There have been many clues and hints about who really is running our government, but 'intelligent people' ignore them. We call those who promulgate these rumors all a bunch of wackos. It sounds like something out of the X-Files, *but it is really true!*"

"What is true. I have no idea what you are talking about."

He took a very deep breath. "This is extremely top-secret. We are not alone. There is a group who are not human, but they have been around a long time, at least since the forties, since Roswell. We have formed an uneasy alliance or partnership with them. They give us advanced technology--computers, lasers, stealth technology. We are currently working on anti-gravity,



THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST

much more that is top-secret. All of the presidents since Truman have cooperated with them.”

*“Not human!? Where in hell do they come from?”*

“It might sound strange, but I don’t really know and I don’t know anyone who does. I think they are not from this earth. They are very secretive. They contact us through their agents, who appear to be human.”

*“What do they want from us? What do we give them in exchange for their advanced technology?”*

There was a long and awkward pause.

“Not very much really. Not much at all. We just sort of look the other way.”

*“Look the other way?!”*

“Well remember, they are not human. They want to learn about us. They want some of us to experiment on. They are especially interested in how we reproduce. They don’t reproduce the way we do.”

*“So we give them human guinea pigs in exchange for technology?”*

“Well we don’t really give them to them. They just take the ones they want. We just help them to keep it secret. Look the other way. Make fun of those who claim to have been abducted. It’s a little easier for them that way. It’s not as bad as it sounds. They have agreed to limit the number of the abductees and they have agreed not to physically harm any of them. Emotionally, however, it can be very scary. But they have a way of erasing the victims' memory of the event. It doesn’t always work, but it’s pretty effective for the most part.”

*“Why don’t we just tell them to shove it?”*

“That's very tempting, but remember they are technologically more advanced than we are. I don’t believe we could stop them. This way we at least have some control of the process. Also, they don’t confine themselves to our country. They are all over the world

*SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS*

and have dealings with all advanced nations. Other countries would be more than happy to trade victims for technology. We can't afford to get behind these other countries. They helped the Nazis in World War II. You know about their V2 Rockets which later served as the foundation of our space program. You know about their jet planes that appeared only at the end of the war in numbers too few to make a difference. They were the first to develop plastics. They were the first to perfect television. You know from watching the movie *Contact* that they broadcast the Olympics way back in 1936. They developed a miniaturized TV system to guide missiles after launching. This again was not perfected until the very end of the war. Their tanks were far more advanced than ours. They were working on flying saucers and anti-gravity. Some called it the greatest technological leap in the history of our civilization. But here is the point that is top-secret and very few know about. They were working on an Atomic Bomb and were further ahead than we were."

"So how did we get ahead of the Nazis?"

"This was our first contact with the Aliens. They realized that Germany would lose the war through sheer strength of numbers. Germany is, after all, a small country, and the might of the world was against them. To blow up New York or Washington DC would only have only made the allied response more brutal and devastating. Atomic weapons could not be massed produced at that time. So the Aliens offered to make a deal with us. They never care who wins a war, they just want to control the winning side. They would persuade the Nazis to give up their nuclear technology and what fissionable material that they already had in exchange for special treatment for their scientists and military leaders after the war. This, of course, we did. We took

*THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST*

them all in regardless of how devoted they were to the Nazi cause. It was called ‘Operation Paper Clip.’”

“Yes, I remember Werner Von Braun and his boys. We took all of the Nazi scientists we could get. Our whole space program was based on them. But how did we get their nuclear technology?”

“Right at the end of the war, the Germans sent a submarine, the U-234 to us. It carried fissionable material and fuses that helped us to make our nuclear weapons that we used against Japan. We only had enough for one bomb, and they had enough for two. So you can see how close we came to losing World War II because of their advanced technology, and why we had to cooperate with them from that point on. We can’t risk another nation getting that far ahead of us again.”

“Well what can I say?”

“Nothing really. You will go along just like all of the others. Oh and one more thing. They pretty much control our elections. Remember how I told you that it would be your turn to be president after Slick Willy was done? This was not just fatherly pride. They picked you just like they picked me.”

“Why?”

“They have their reasons. It is a compliment. They tell us we are well-qualified for what they want. Our family has a long history of cooperation. Reagan did not want to choose me as his Vice-President, but he was persuaded. Not many get to be president of the most powerful country in the world. But there is one condition for you. Remember how I pressured you to choose my former Secretary of Defense to be your Vice President? I tried to convince you that this was a good choice, but it was not a choice. It was a requirement. If you had not agreed, great pressure would have been put on you. If you still had not agreed, then the election would have gone the

*SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS*

other way.”

I remembered the conversation. I had no objection to “the Vice” as I called him. He had great experience and was intelligent. He was quiet, but could be very forceful and intimidating. My father’s recommendation was good enough, but now I wondered why he was so important.

“So he is so important that the whole election turned on selecting him? Why?”

“He is a liaison or go-between between us and them. Has been for many years. This is why he has been so important in so many administrations. We never see them, he brings messages from them and communicates our answers. I am not sure how he communicates with them. He won’t say.”

“How do they control elections?”

“I really don’t know all of the details. Generally most voters only get to choose between the two nominees. The primaries are easy to control. They control the flow of money and the major media, television and newspapers. One false step, one ill-timed mistake flashed all over the United States can ruin a candidate. George Romney a while ago was an example. He was a leading candidate until he admitted he had been ‘brainwashed’ on Vietnam. It should have been viewed as a brave and honest remark, but it was the end of the road for him. Edmund Muskie made the mistake of crying. They don’t care what party you belong to. If you are not the one they want to win, then the slightest mistake, and they tear you to pieces. Howard Dean was destroyed over one scream. And as I said, they are technologically far more advanced. Voting machines would be no problem for them, bogus absentee ballots, there are many ways.”

“This is all scary and depressing.”

“It’s not too bad. Most of the time they leave you alone. Sometimes you almost forget they are there. You

*THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST*

can still be a good president, as I believe that I was. Don't be discouraged. There is still a lot you can do."

I didn't say anything then, but I resolved then and there to find out more about them than my father knew. I loved a fight and if there were any way to fight them, I would find a way. I was about to become the most powerful man in the world. There must be something I could do.

## **Chapter 10**

### **And All Shall Worship Him**

When they moved to Enoch, communications with the rest of the world were difficult. They could not use cell phones or the newest entertainment centers, because they would give away their location. There was an old-fashioned two-dimensional television in one of the motor homes with a digital converter, and they felt safe using that with a passive satellite dish. Their most-watched show was the news, which was, of course, totally controlled by the government in the name of national security. There were often long stories about the terrorist armies that were forming in the mountains getting ready to attack the cities. That was why no one was allowed to go camping anymore. The people of Enoch got a big laugh out of that. Their only motive was self-defense and they didn't have the means or the desire to attack anybody. It seems that dictatorships always need an enemy to justify their taking away of rights.

The most interesting trend was the escalation of news about Aliens. It was a gradual process which seemed to be focusing on the acceptance of their reality. There was the discovery of plant life on Mars, and then micro-organisms living underground. Then there were the close-up pictures of the face on Mars which seemed to show that the face was indeed artificial. Then there was the announcement that they had indeed found artificial structures on our own moon. And last of all was the announcement that there really was an alien spaceship that crashed at Roswell and that there were bodies and one alien who survived for a few weeks. The government admitted that many of our technological advances since Roswell were reverse-engineered from the wreckage at

## THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST

Roswell. But there was no indication in all of this news that there was any current contact with Aliens.

*Then came the big announcement.* All of the leaders of all of the countries were gathered together along with the real leader, The Secretary of the Council, to announce that they had been in contact with the leaders of the alien race and that they would make a visit to the Earth to reveal their presence and proclaim their peaceful intentions. The proclamation was short and to the point. The visit would be in New York City in Central Park at 11:11 A.M. Universal Time on December 21st 2012. New York City was chosen because it is the headquarters of the United Nations, and Central Park is the only spot near the United Nations big enough to hold the huge crowds that would be expected they explained. Yes this was the indeed the famous date on the Mayan Calendar to mark the end of the current world, the Winter Solstice of 2012, but they announced that it was really going to be a new beginning. It would usher in a new era of peace and prosperity, a new Millennium.

The world was stunned with this announcement. There was nothing else on the news for the whole week before the event. Religions struggled to reconcile the event with their theology. Some predicted that the Aliens would be hostile and this was the predicted end of the earth. They used *War of the Worlds* and *Independence Day* as their bad examples. Others predicted that the Aliens would really usher in a new era of peace and prosperity. Their technology would feed the poor and heal the sick. They used *Contact*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, and *The Day the Earth Stood Still* as their good examples. David and Deborah were skeptical. They remembered that in the book *Angel and the Beast* that the fallen angels tried to masquerade as aliens.

Needless to say when the day came, every eye was

SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS

focused on the chosen landing spot. There was a crowd of over two million people many who had waited for days. Since most could not get close enough to really see, large portable television screens were set up throughout the crowd. Some carried signs denouncing the aliens, but most gathered with the hope that this would really be the beginning of a new era, and many sick gathered with the hope that they would be healed. It was a clear cold early morning Eastern Standard Time in NYC as the time grew near. Sunrise was still several hours away. At 11:00 am Universal Time a bright glowing object appeared high in the sky, and yes, it was saucer-shaped. It looked more like the flying saucer in the original *The Day the Earth Stood Still* movie than the flying chandeliers in the *Close Encounters* movie. It appeared to be made of stainless steel or silver, but it glowed and pulsed almost like it was alive. It hovered over the Empire State Building and the Freedom Tower, the United Nations building and then descended slowly straight down onto the landing site in the Park. It was exactly 11:11 am. Universal Time when it landed. The aliens were very punctual. There were no visible signs of windows or any other kind of opening. It sat quietly for what seemed like forever, but was really 11 minutes. Then a slit appeared going from the top of the saucer to the ground, and it slowly widened into a wedge shaped opening much like someone had taken a slice out of a pie. The metal of the ship seemed to flow almost as if it were a liquid. A ramp glided smoothly out of the gap to the ground. Three figures dressed in long, white robes glided down the ramp, and, at the same time, some kind of fifty-foot tall holographic projection of the scene on the ramp appeared directly over the saucer. It was obviously designed so that those from far away could still see what was going on. The projection was somehow multi-sided so that no matter what angle it was



*THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST*

viewed from, everyone saw the faces of the three figures. The robes were very white and glowing as if they were lit from within. The three figures looked almost identical, their skin glowed like bronze, their heads were shaved, their eyes were large and dark, and in the middle of their forehead was a large dark-red jewel which looked very much like the burning coals of a fire. The three figures looked human, they definitely did not look like Grays. They simultaneously raised their right hands in the universal symbol of peace. Each had what looked like a tattoo or mark in the palm of their hand. It looked like a flattened X, wider than it was tall, but with a third line going vertically right through the center of the X. The third line had a loop at the top so it looked kind of like a P with a longer than normal stem. A loud, but very clear voice seemingly coming from everywhere at once said:

**“My beloved Children, we come in peace. We have been watching you and helping you for thousands of years. When we visited the earth, your ancestors were living in caves. Your evolution was painfully slow, and we desired to help you to achieve your full potential. So we shared some of our DNA with you, and in the blink of a cosmic eye, you have gone from cave men to the advanced technology that you have now. You are truly made in our image, and we have watched over you and taught you every step of the way. Your myths and religions tell you about angels who are your great helpers and perform great miracles. We truly are your angels, and even though we have no wings, we truly do fly.”**

With those words, the three beings levitated gracefully

*SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS*

into the air and the crowd gasped. Then they floated gracefully back down to the ramp.

**“We were with you when your ancestors escaped from Egypt. It was our powers which parted the Red Sea. We powered the Ark of the Covenant and caused the Walls of Jericho to come crashing down. But even more than helping you with our science, we have been your great moral teachers. Confucius, Gandhi, Buddha, Moses, Socrates, and among the ancient Americans, Quetzalcoatl, they were all one of us; and even the one who many consider the greatest teacher of all, Jesus Christ, was really one of us!”**

At that statement, another figure came out of the ship onto the ramp. He too was dressed in long white robes, but he had long hair and a beard. The crowd screamed in recognition and approval.

**“Yes it is him, really him,” the voice said. “He did not really die. He lives forever! And you too can have this gift. We offer it to you. You don’t have to die! We offer you the gift of immortality. Come to him and be healed!”**

The Jesus figure walked to the edge of the ramp, and several people came up saying “Heal me, please heal me.” The Jesus figure laid his hands on their heads one at a time. There was a glow about him in the darkness, and energy seemed to flow from his hands into those who would be healed. They all seemed to be very energized and jumped up dancing and screaming that they had indeed been healed. This went on for about fifteen

*THE ANGEL AND THE BEAST*

minutes, and then the voices said.

**“Our time today is limited. We have many other places to visit. Here is the most important part of our message. We have come today because you as the human race have grown to the point where we can work with you directly. We don’t have to hide anymore. It is time that the human race grew up. You do not need all of your different governments that often war with one another. You are one race. You are all brothers and sisters. It is a time for all countries and governments to be united, to be one. You can end all of your wars and finally live in peace. We who are not human have no desire to rule over you, but will gladly function as advisors. You already have an international body which has functioned admirably to solve the economic crisis. We recommend that you allow the Council with the Secretary as head to be the ruling body of the world. We will give you an advisor from our group, the earth’s greatest teacher. In his honor, we recommend that you unite under the sign that you see in our palms. To many of you, this will not be familiar, because it is not in English, or Spanish. The sign is in Greek, the language of the New Testament in the time of Jesus, it is the first two letters of the word ‘Christ’ in Greek, the Chi and the Rho. Under this sign, all of mankind can unite!! This will be your sign of peace and unity. You will be one under the mark of Christ!”**

The holographic projection zoomed into a close up of

*SEALED IN THEIR FOREHEADS*

the dark red crystal, and the Chi-Rho sign shimmered and danced inside of it almost as if it were made of fire.

The cheers of the crowd were deafening. The whole crowd roared in approval. Then they danced around and hugged each other. The signs warning against the “aliens,” were nowhere to be found. There seemed to be no opposition anywhere, but David and Deborah looked at each other with fear and sadness, but not surprise. *They both realized that the “aliens” had just made The Beast the ruler of the whole world!*

They have arrived or have they been here a long long time? Who are they really? What do they really want? Are they here to save us or enslave us?

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