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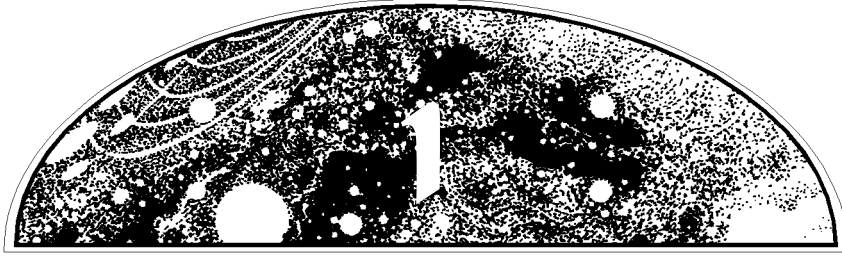
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Stranded Sirian Lightbeing Observes Earth for 800 Years

Ichtisatach Kisighcha

February 6, 1998



My name is Ichtisatach Kisighcha. I cannot spell in your language. My ship crashed in a northern peninsula of the land you now know as Siberia about 800 years ago by your time. I am still here [laughs]. The life span of my people who are from Sirius, is equivalent to Earth years about 1200.

I was young when the crash took place. There were two elders aboard the vehicle. They have since passed on. I am the only survivor. I have the capability to take on the appearance of what is around me, not unlike many vehicles from other star systems.

Human Interaction

I have been involved with peoples of the Earth only twice. Once when Siberian peoples who were connected with their spiritual abilities were able to see me, to discern me from the surrounding snow, I was surprised. They were not hostile in any way or frightened. They were very open. They could communicate and were comfortable with my telepathic communication. They were understanding of my plight and did not force me to be among them, but welcomed me. I lived with them in and around their campsites for sixty years, which was almost two generations for them. Then they migrated to the south and I stayed

behind. We had a fond farewell. It is possible that some of my stories have mingled with their stories. They were a most special people. This was some time ago.

In recent years, I was seen by a satellite. At first, they might have thought I was an anomaly, but through progressive pictures they understood that I was something. I do not think they realized right away that I was *someone*. Over the years I have been able to move my ship well underground, so my ship is safe, but although I can live on my ship undetected, I prefer the surface so much.

So for a short time, I was tracked by the satellite. I did not feel that anything hostile would happen, but I was mistaken. Troops arrived. I am uncertain at this time what country they were from. I do not think they were from Siberia, though they may have been. I do not think so, though, as they are able to interact with me by the satellite recognition of me. They could not see me. They had not developed their spiritual side, and they had no representative that had, either.

I believe they knew that I was from another planet, though I do not think they knew where I was from. They made some effort to control me through the use of electromagnetics and ultrasonic frequencies. When I realized they were attempting to capture me, I moved very carefully in such a way that it would look like I was moving out to sea, but instead went quickly underground into my ship, where I have stayed for the past ten or twelve years.

I am thinking that I might come to the surface again soon. The people that I enjoyed so much who moved to southern Siberia probably have changed. It has been hundreds of years.

After examining at a distance through the use of cultural sampling machinery aboard my vehicle, I have found several cultures who might still be open and insightful enough to interact with me. One culture is the tribal peoples of the cities and small towns of Alaska and northern Canada. And even though I prefer the colder climate, I have considered visiting aboriginal people in Australia, perhaps also New Zealand. There are some peoples in South America too, but since I prefer the cold regions, I do not know how long I could visit in warm ones, so I will see.

As you can tell, I am unable to launch my ship. Also, it is unsafe for vehicles from the part of Sirius from which I have unintentionally emigrated. It is not possible for them to engage in a rescue, so I am stranded. From time to time, I am able to communicate with my homeland, but the communications take a long time, since governments now on your planet are capable of intercepting the messages. I can get the

messages only in very short bursts, like you would say, a word here, a word there, so as to not be detectable as a message. So the communications are slow.

I often remember my interactions with my friends, the Siberian peoples. They were truly sacred people, true people of vision. Those were my happiest years stranded here.

They are not barbarians?

Do not take this personally; the fact that I am speaking to you through this person is perhaps complimentary.

Rescue Difficulties

I don't understand why they can't rescue you. They can't get a ship here?

It is not safe. For a long time when we originally landed we did not feel that our presence was harmful to ourselves or others and we did not send out a distress call. We also felt (certainly the elders did) that the ship could be repaired. Although much repairing has been done, the ship now has the capability to leave Earth's orbit, but does not have the capability to get back to Sirius. It can only move on propulsion speed but cannot move through time speed. In this way, this is as good as place as any. At least there are people here for me to observe sometimes, and the occasional sensitive person can accept communication or telepathy. Sometimes spiritual people will, even at a distance, make contact in some way like you are doing now, and this is a comfort.

So I will stay perhaps until the end of my time, and if it appears that no return to Sirius is possible, then I will dismantle the vehicle and leave it in such a way that it can pose no possible threat to anyone. But I will leave the records of the ship and its travels and benign parts of the ship to be discovered by explorers and scientists. And I will leave as much explanation for the understanding of our records in as many languages as I feel might survive for the next few hundred years on your planet. I will leave all of this in a place that will be hard to find, so when it is found it will be appreciated. I will leave a lengthy message so those who do find these records will feel personally greeted.

It's my understanding that there are thousands of ships around this planet at all times, and they're from everywhere, measuring earthquakes and oceans and pollution.

But it is extremely dangerous now for them to land and to pick me up. Also, I have perhaps not made this clear, but while I have the capability to take on the appearance of what is around me, I am not what you would call a humanoid. Most of the ships around the Earth are peopled by humanoids, and the life-support mechanisms are geared

toward humanoids.

If you could see me in my natural form, I would be an abstract form. I do not wish to say shapeless; I am not light, for light can be anything. I am not gas or matter but a solid being. But I have a constantly changing form and density, otherwise known as thickness, or viscosity.

I usually take the form of some life matter that I am close to. If I am in a forest, I will become like a tree or rock. If I am in the sea, I will become water or perhaps a portion of a sea creature, if they are comfortable with it.

The life-support mechanisms on my ship are geared for that. For example, life support on a typical ship that carries humanoids from nearby star systems would be structured to provide food, water (for most of them) and sleeping accommodations—things you completely understand.

The vehicle would appear to your casual glance almost hollow. It would contain a great deal of stimulus, for the ship itself would be a living memory bank of all the places it has been. Thus, at any given time in travel or even when it is buried underground, it would be reproducing in visual image some life forms, something from someplace where the ship has been and where I have seen these things. In this way, I am constantly being encouraged to take on the form of something I have seen. I do not need life support as you know it, but I do need this. Life support for me is to accommodate myself to the shape, form or substance of what I have seen, felt or heard.

That is the life support and it is not available on the ships. Also, the ships that traverse around your planet from other places will utilize atmosphere almost always so that the pilots and other guests aboard can breathe comfortably. I need to have an atmosphere that consists of what would feel to you almost like a form of static electricity; the atmosphere would be pungent with the smell of ozone and not breathable by your standards.

To put it simply, it would not be possible for any of the ships to pick me up because they could not support me and my needs would have an impact upon them. So here I am. They know I am here. Many of them have offered whatever help they could, but none of them are able to get me where I need to go. My home planet is in the farthest reaches of the Sirius star system from this planet.

Explorations through Time

Can you tell me something about your planet? You mentioned time travel. Is it in the same time we are?

The people there like me do not experience time as sequential

because of our tendency and desire to become that which is around us even for moments at a time. This puts us either in the present as we become different things, or in my case, because I am unable to fully access the present of my home planet, the past, being what I have been. But we are never in the future, so we do not experience time the way you do.

If someone had the capability to rescue you, they wouldn't have to go back or forward in time; they could just go there?

Correct. Traveling in time is strictly a means of covering great distances without the use of propulsion.

So why did you come here? Were you just exploring?

Yes, I came with the others, as an exploration to acquire greater knowledge. Your planet is famous for its abundant variety of different life forms. Although not as many of them have survived to this day, there is still an astonishing variety of life forms compared to the average planet one might go to. So for a life form such as myself to come to this planet to interact with life here is a great joy. Being stranded here is not so terrible. It could be much worse.

So the original ship planned to land or did something happen and it crashed? Was it looking at the cultures from the air?

It was in orbit, but we had a malfunction and had to make what I would call a controlled crash landing. Some damage was done in the landing and the integrity of the vehicle was compromised. The most important thing, if you are going to travel in a vehicle through the use of time, traveling devices, you must have integrity in the vehicle—at least for my people.

I am not like lightbeings, who can travel through compressed light. I do not do that as myself. Although my soul, my immortal self, can do that, my physical, the being of myself, cannot. In that sense, I am like you.

So when you leave your body, if you stay here that long, will you be conscious in your immortal soul and be able to go back to your planet?

As far as I know, though it is possible, people of my race do not often return at the end of our cycles. We go on to some other place. This I think is what you do also. It is possible, however. I have been advised by several of the ships from elsewhere that in the next twenty-five to fifty years things might change here—they might become more benevolent.

So you are going to interact with us?

Yes, and if so, I will be able to interact, and a rescue ship will be able to come. So I am not without hope.

Yes, yes. Well, they promised us humans that we will be able to interact with ETs