

WONDER ISLAND: Portal to another planet?

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Believe it or not, thousands of people on this planet have gone missing without a trace. Sometimes these people were walking in a field as they slowly vanished in front of astonished witnesses. However, the majority of these missing persons were traveling together in an aircraft or ship when it disappeared. Although it is extremely rare, a few of these missing persons have reportedly returned.

This astonishing activity usually occurs in specific areas. The most infamous zones for this are the Bermuda Triangle in the Atlantic Ocean and the Devil's Sea in the Pacific Ocean. However, these are just two of twelve "vile vortices" found around the world.

It is well known that on July 2, 1937, Emilia Earhart went missing in the central Pacific Ocean. Allegedly, she was last heard via radio about 100 miles off Howland Island. This led to one of the largest search and rescue missions in modern history which also involved the US Navy and Coast Guard. However, until now, only a few people knew that exactly 38 years later, on July 4, 1975, a young, US naval pilot we will call "Eddy" was testing a brand-new, F-14 jet over the Pacific Ocean when he went missing for six months. Almost 36 years later, the details regarding this classified event were given to me by Eddy.

On that fateful day, he had rested and refueled at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, prior to taking off. His assigned flight plan took him due south from Oahu and across the equator to meet a US naval carrier group located somewhere south of Starbuck Island which is in the vicinity of Howland Island where Ms. Earhart's plane reportedly disappeared.

According to Eddy, he was ordered to conduct a series of high-speed flights over the Pacific Ocean as an engine efficiency test of the F-14. On one of the flights, soon after crossing the equator, Eddy refueled the F-14 mid-air and was then instructed to change course ninety degrees and proceed along the equator at maximum cruise speed until he received his next set of coordinates. However, shortly before he received his next coordinates, he entered a mysterious green fog that caused his jet to malfunction. As a result, he lost his engines and radio contact with the carrier group.

Eddy explained that, "All of a sudden, I flashed through a phosphorescent-green fog and all the warning lights came on! The gauges showed I was losing oil pressure in one engine, but I couldn't see where the oil was leaking? Fortunately, I still had power in one engine. But just as I got on the radio and started calling 'May Day' the other engine went out and I lost all electrical power. I was at about 36,000 feet and as I was coming down through the broken cloud cover and scrubbing my air speed but when I got below the clouds, I was surprised to see there was an island that was about five or six miles across. That was really strange because I didn't recall an island being in that area on the map.

"It had a volcano located almost in the center. As I circled the island, I was looking for a safe place to land which was difficult due to low light conditions. As I circled around the volcano and came into the sun side of the island, I saw waterfalls and saw a huge beach. I didn't think that a beach that big could exist on an island like that. After I landed on the beach, I got out real quick to make sure there wasn't

any fire or fuel leaking. I was checking inspection ports and walking around the plane and I couldn't see anything that would cause the engines to shut down like that. So, I just sat on the wing to collect my thoughts and go down my check list of what to do next. I pulled out my [transponder] beacon and my emergency radio and immediately sent out a signal but every time I sent out a radio signal it would ping back? I had no idea what that was about.

"And as I was sitting there, a young Polynesian woman was walking out onto the beach. I was relieved that there were people living on the island because I thought they could help me make contact with my naval air command group.

"As the woman approached, I asked her if she spoke English. Fortunately she did, but she had a heavy French accent. When I asked her where she learned to speak English I was expecting her to say missionaries but she started laughing and said English had been a common language for a long, long time on that island. Then, she asked me what happened to my plane. I told her my engines shut down and they really shouldn't have because I had just checked them and they were new. And she said, "Oh... we have had this happen before." I asked, 'What has happened before?' She said, "We have had aircraft with the same problem you are having. This island has a tendency to pull planes in sometimes."

"I looked around and didn't see any other aircraft, so I thought that was great. Someone must have come to the island and picked them up which was what I was hoping would happen to me and my jet. I assumed other people had been to that island and were able to return home which is what I was expecting based on my conversation with the woman who introduced herself as Naomi.

"Soon, there were more natives coming to greet me and Naomi told me they were members of her village and that I was now their guest. So, I gathered up a few things that I needed from my jet and followed them back to their village. And as I was walking with them, I noticed that the island was really pretty.

"The volcano on this island was unusually tall. I would estimate it was almost two thousand feet high or more. When islands are formed with chimney tubes they normally don't get that height due to erosion. But this volcano had hard, sharp features on it which seemed odd. It apparently didn't face storms that often. In fact, the entire time I was there we didn't have one major storm and even the waves on the reef never got very big for some reason? There were a lot of oddities about that island.

"After a few months, and I got to know the people, I was told they had lived there for a very long time. Some of them wore the traditional clothing, but many of them wore *Polo*-style shirts, and pants like the people in India wear which are kind of baggy. No one had any shoes... except for the elders. They wore something that looked like Native America moccasins but the material looked man-made. I thought they may have got the man-made looking material from a trade ship. A lot of the Pacific islands are influenced by merchant ships passing through on trade routes bringing goods, and a lot of things just wash up on those islands, also. But that was not the case on this island. I don't think they found anything that just washed up. In the six months I was there, I didn't see any trash wash into the lagoon. There would be tree limbs and bark but nothing man made anywhere ever.

“The homes they lived in were typical Polynesian structures constructed with palm leaves and branches, but there was a twist. They had a technique that I could not figure out because I only saw them repair what already existed. The roofs and walls were woven so tight that not a drop of rain came through. I was looking around for a loom or something like that to explain how they achieved that level of efficiency on their buildings. I did see small looms where the women were making baskets and things like that, and they were tightly woven, but not as tightly woven as the roofs and walls were.

“These were more than just primitive huts. They were well constructed structures with rooms and walls. And there were some really interesting artifacts the natives had acquired. They had some of those big wheels from the helm of old wooden ships and there were even windows in some of the buildings and you could tell they were really old. I mean this stuff was in excellent condition, but it looked to be from the 16th or 17th century. It apparently had come from ship wrecks that the natives salvaged. But a lot of their furniture was hand-made on the island by a group of men that specialized in carving tools, utensils, etc.

“The natives had plenty of fresh fish, and there were wild boar on the island, too. But most of the time they ate fresh fruits and vegetables. The island was full of flowers. I have never seen that many fragrant flowers growing anywhere like that in my life. Some of them were edible, but most of the flowers were used for their medicinal properties.

“Those people were incredibly healthy which I think had everything to do with their diet, the clean water, the medicinal plants and the pristine environment. The water was so pure there is nothing to compare it to in our world. As for the older people there, I was amazed when they told me their age. I thought this one person was in their 40’s when in fact they were in their early 80’s.

“They didn’t track or celebrate people’s birthdays like we do. Instead, once a month, they would have a party for all the people that were born in that month. They had a calendar, but it was based on the solstice and equinox. That’s how they tracked their time. They were not interested in time like we measure it in hours and minutes. That really didn’t apply. I know they understood it because they actually had some really cool antique pocket watches and antique ships clocks from the salvaged ship wrecks. There were a few that were still running. And the only reason the natives kept them running was because the elderly people liked the sound of the ticking. They said it made them sleep better at night.

“They didn’t use any type of money at all. However, they were aware of it. And what money they had collected from the ship wrecks was kept in a big, pot-looking thing they made. They were really good at making ceramics. They had a little kiln setup there to fire the clay vessels they made. They were very skilled at making nice pottery which is unusual because the people in the Pacific Island are not known for that skill anymore.

“When I asked the natives where they learned how to make pottery, they said their ancestors showed them how to do it which didn’t make much sense. They were often referring to their elders and their ancestors and the stuff they passed down. There was a profound mystery surrounding these people because there was no form of communication with the outside world that I could see which was really

odd, but some of the influences on them were from Europe and Asia and elsewhere and the natives were clearly aware of that?

“For some reason, there were no trade routes in that area. In fact, that was one of the first things I asked them was when do the merchant ships come by? What about trade-line ships? Do you get cruise ships visiting? Do you have any ships that come through here at all? And they said no. So, I had to ask them where they got all the stuff they didn’t make... and they told me that it had accumulated over the years as different ships would wreck on the outer reef which left me really frustrated because the only way they got any ships to visit the island is when they crashed on the reef? That wasn’t going to help me get off the island. And the natives didn’t seem concerned that they had no trade with anyone else on the outside world.

“I found it odd that there were no aircraft flying over the island either. For the first couple months after I arrived, I built really-big bonfires on the beach as a beacon. The natives wanted to know what I was signaling. I told them that a ship or a plane would see the smoke. They told me that this was probably not going to work because ships and planes didn’t come around that often... and when they did appear, they were usually permanently stranded on the island. Or, if an aircraft came overhead, they were so far up they would not see smoke down below. Sure enough, they were right. I never saw or heard any aircraft the entire time I was there.

“The natives had fires going all the time. And, when I asked one of the men what they did if the fires got rained out he showed me a bow-type of thing that they would put a stick/device in it. The string of the bow was wrapped around the stick two times. It really didn’t take more than 20 or 30 strokes back and forth with that bow before it was smoking and then catching on fire. It was easy for them.

“As for weapons, they had spears for fishing and hunting wild boars. They would take a spear and slide it into the casing of this thing and then they would just sling forward like they were throwing a fast ball and that spear would fly with lethal speed.

“They also had an evaporation system for sea water so they could collect clean salt from the ocean, but they very rarely used that in their diet. They mostly would use it for mixing with some of the medicinal flowers to make a natural antibiotic.

“They placed their dead on the side of the volcano in a crude, coffin-like structure that was built high up the side of a volcanic cliff. They considered that site to be sacred because the volcano was their god. And, it was logical to put the bodies up there so that predators or scavengers would not disturb them. But that was another oddity about that island. I didn’t see any predators or scavengers the entire time. I was there about a half a year and I didn’t even see a single rat or mosquito which really surprised me.

“I started my own calendar the very first day I arrived. I had a journal and calendar in my personal effects. So, I would mark the days off which turned into weeks and then months. That was the only way I could tell how long I had been there because every day was pretty much the same as the next. I was there about 29 weeks which is a long time. I was listed missing which was odd considering how long I was gone. I should have been declared dead.

“But when I got back, de-briefing was difficult. I couldn’t tell them all the details, because I was afraid they wouldn’t believe it and I would have been kicked out of the service. They would have thought I had flipped my lid for sure. So, I gave them a standard ‘*survival procedure on a desert island*’ routine.

“I told them that I eventually escaped back to the sea in my rubber raft. When I got out far enough away from the island, where the magnetic field didn’t interfere with the radio, I was lucky enough to contact an AWAC that picked up my transmission. For some reason, it had been diverted which brought me just in range of their equipment. They told me I was really lucky. If they had been a few miles another way, they would have never picked up my signal.

“The ship that came to rescue me was a massive, commercial, Japanese/Asian fishing vessel. They travel all over the ocean looking for tons of fish. It was kind of odd that they were out there, but they were the closest vessel near me. They took me north towards Hawaii, and then one of the naval ships came by and I transferred over.

“They took me straight to Pearl Harbor, and that’s where I was debriefed. They kept me there for about three weeks. And I asked them what they were looking for. I was perfectly healthy and sane... apparently too healthy and sane considering how long I was gone. They told me that the medical team just wanted to keep me under observation and make sure I was OK. I was concerned they thought they thought I might have gone crazy.

“They were just amazed at how healthy I was. I told them that the island environment was fine. But that was a big problem. They couldn’t find it. I said, ‘I don’t know what to tell you about that.’ I think they were trying to see if they could get me to tell them the rest of the story.

“I think they suspected I knew a lot more, but at some point they realized I wasn’t going to divulge any details. But, there were some really interesting people that came to that clinic to check me out. They were not medical personnel. I have no idea who those people were. They wore dark, civilian suits and asked all kinds of questions about the island. What really worried me about their line of questioning was it sounded to me like they were looking for something that they already knew about and wanted more intelligence on. They were waiting for me to slip up and say something specific about the island and the native people living there.

“The first question the civilian team asked me was were there any people living on the island? I told them no. It was deserted. But I could tell they didn’t believe me. And, I politely asked them a few things, like, “‘Why are you folks asking so many questions about this or that? And, why are you so serious about this subject?’” And, I said, “‘Some of the questions you are asking make me think you are already familiar with this stuff, but you are not giving me anything to work with.’”

“In fact, I knew there was something very strange about that island. Because when I was taken about two miles out and left off by the natives to drift, soon after that, the entire island disappeared in a silent, blinding flash of white light. It made a very subtle whooshing sound, and there was a brief gust of wind. And that was it. It was gone. That flash of light was so brilliant it was mind boggling that it made no sound. I couldn’t figure that out.”

Soon after my conversation with Eddy, I contacted my friend Jerry and told him what I had learned. Jerry listened intently until I was done and then complained that his head was spinning. When I asked him what was wrong, he said he hadn't thought about that island for at least 30 years. When I asked him what he meant, he said, "Well, when I was having frequent, face-to-face contact with human ETs from Tau Ceti, between 1968 and 1972, they told me many things because they are my biological family and they care about my physical safety. They showed me a map with 12 islands around the earth that were all located near the equator."

During our lengthy discussion, Jerry and I determined that Eddy had lived on an island with real people, with a real volcano, in a real ocean, but he wasn't on the earth. He was somehow permitted to pass through a portal to a parallel earth, just as others had done in the past.

I realize this all sounds utterly fantastic, but on January 25, 2013 the *Associated Press* reported that a missing US Coast Guardsman stationed in Hawaii had returned from an unknown location. The man had mysteriously returned to his home on Oahu more than three months after he was reported missing from a remote beach. Government agencies had launched an extensive search for him both on land and at sea to no avail. The coast guardsman was allegedly incoherent after he returned home and was quickly taken to a hospital for observation. He later called his commander and was transferred to Pearl Harbor. Just like "Eddy", the coast guardsman was held at the naval medical facility in Pearl Harbor while the military investigated his disappearance. For now, we can only wonder what he told the investigators. Hopefully we won't have to wait decades to find out where he was.