

John Connor



Part I

By Ciarán Handley

19th September 2018

John Connor

Chapter 1



I've lived as John Connor

Now I need to become Jessica. Jessica Connor.

Whoever I was in the male I need to now become in the female.

I still lead the Resistance.

It's just that I need to do it while wearing a bra. You see I've come to realise something. Everything is better when I wear a bra. And skirts. Very important.



Even before open war was triggered with the Borg in December 2012, I still could not stop the screaming in my head

I suppress it. I can cope with it. I can function. But at some level it is always there.

Coming in to the latter half of 2012 I had already felt for some time - for years - that there was no hope for me in Golden Age. I could help others to go to Golden Age. Others could reach it. But not me.

For me there was no hope. I had left the corporate world in 2002 to go full-time into psychic healing and this was driven primarily by my own need to heal. To find answers. It drove me, morning to night, year after year. Almost like a form of possession – I was driven to make breakthrough after breakthrough in medicine, consciousness and physics in order to try to heal this screaming in my head.

[*The Incredible Hulk – Opening*](#)



If you want to understand my journey, what drives me, then understand this. The single biggest factor which has driven me in life is my need to heal. To find peace.

It's why I turned physics and medicine on its head. It's why I went deeper into consciousness than any person in history. It is about being driven to find answers. To come to terms with what has happened to me. But no matter how deep I went, I could never heal the trauma. And this was *before* 2012 and the open war with the Borg.

Ultimately this is what drove me to the Tao. I never would have achieved the Tao without it, so in the bigger scheme of things I know that there was a reason. You see what drove me was a search for *balance*.

Ultimately it was this search for balance that enabled me to find the Tao.



The root of my trauma comes from an incident that happened when I was three and a half years old

I remember it very vividly. I was in my room, my mother having tucked me in and then left shortly beforehand. Then a portal opened before me and a man came through. The weapon he hit me with was energy based. In 2015 I was able to hack the Borg computers that held the file of what happened and I was able to access the schematics of the specific weapon that was used. It used a gamma radiation beam but shifted to the second and third harmonics. The energies at those harmonics are far higher. Powered by a ZPM there was over a Terawatt of power in that beam. I can access the specifications of the weapon even as I write this chapter.

The weapon was designed to kill all life but without leaving any physical trace of the weapon. It kills all life but leaves no physical damage.

The weapon was chosen to cause minimal disruption to the temporal incursion, for temporal incursion is very, very dangerous, even for the Borg. The idea was to make it look like a natural death – a cot death.



The story of how I survived that attack would take some time to explain

Suffice it to say that I was killed instantly and sent into the Light, but I came back. It was absolutely impossible to survive it, but in the instant before the Terminator attacked I had a vision. Something I was to do. It saved my life. I will give the first part of this story now. About how I survived. The second part I will save for another day.

This first part was about belief. It was something my mother said to me as she was tucking me in, just before she left the room. It was to reassure me about the monsters under the bed – the fears of a child. She told me that everything would be ok. When she told me that I was reassured. I believed her. Everything would be ok.

This thought was in my mind when the Stargate opened and the Terminator came through. That everything would be ok. I had been thinking it at that very moment. It is what saved my life. Because I just believed it. If my mother said that everything would be ok, then everything would be ok. I believed it and that belief created my reality. And so it was my mother's love that saved me. A very simple form of magik.



I knew when the Terminator pointed the weapon at me that he wanted to kill me. With crystal clear clarity, I knew.

But my mother had told me that everything was ok and I just believed it. When the Terminator pointed the weapon at me I knew he was trying to kill me. But my belief in what my mother had said was so strong that I went deep. Very deep. And in that moment I achieved Rank of Deity. I was three and a half years old.

Rank of Deity is when you believe something so much that you can change your reality with your mind in a very significant way. Only a Deity could have survived that attack, and a powerful deity at that.

This unlocked great psychic ability in me from a very early age. I have always had it. The ability to change reality with my mind. Since three years old. You see I was born into magik and I survived because of my mother's love. I am the boy who lived.

[Harry Potter](#)



I survived the weapon but it shattered my psyche

The level to which I had to go in my consciousness to find the belief that I would survive was impossibly deep. Absolutely impossible. But I did it. In reaching that depth, my psyche had to shatter. It is the only way I could reach it.

At that depth in the mind everything is in what is known in Jungian psychology as Shadow. I will be discussing this in more detail as the documents go on, for no-one knows those depths of consciousness like I do. We'll need more of a basis in understanding the mind before I can really explain much of the workings of this depth of consciousness. But we have enough of a basis for now that I can say that at that depth of consciousness everything is in Shadow side. At that depth of consciousness there is phenomenal power, absolutely phenomenal psychic power. But it is all in Shadow. There is no reason at that depth of consciousness. There is only rage. Madness. Fury. It is the beast.

Phenomenally powerful. But in rage. In madness. In fury.

It was a massive overdose of gamma radiation which awakened it. It created the conditions to create the first X-Man in history.



All my life I have sought to avoid aggressive people. I have always loved solitude, to the point of being a real loner.

Always the search for tranquillity. For peace. For stillness. I find peace in silence. As a man I have become very used to long periods of solitude.

I have always sought to avoid aggressive people, yet Knighthood is strong in me. I avoid conflict myself, but it is true that I have intervened to protect when aggression is visited on others. I have always hated aggression. I have always tried to avoid it. But in terms of Extra-Sensory Perception my claircognisance and precognition are freakily high. I just know when something is about to go down. Which is why I often find myself in the most crazy situations. Even before a situation goes down, I am moving towards it. So I'm often in the right place at the right time. Or the wrong place at the wrong time, whichever way you might want to look at it.

This is why even though I do everything in my power to avoid aggressive people, I have often found them coming into my life. It is to do with Knighthood.



That said, I have always searched for tranquillity and peace. It has driven me though life.

I suppress it, but if I take a moment and listen in to my mind, I hear it. The rage. The fury. The screaming. It is because of the doorway that has been opened to that depth in my mind. All my life, since three and a half years old, I have had it.

The need to calm this screaming in my head is what has driven me though life in my quest to understand the hidden depths of the mind. It has driven me to understand psychic ability. To overthrow medicine. To achieve Enlightenment and the Tao. Jedi. X-Man. And yes, Paramount Grand Master, for I am Jack the Bodiless. Always driven by the same thing – the need to find inner peace. To find balance.

This turmoil within me has left a deep mark in my energy field. It is a mark left by what the weapon did to me. The mark is in my energy field. I can show others how to see it, if I bring them into the Tao and open Extra-Sensory Perception in them.

But it can only be seen by Extra-Sensory Perception. The injury I took when I was three is a curse, a terrible curse, one that has affected me all my life. The mark is real.



*Why do I laugh? I have written about this.
I laugh because if you don't laugh, you cry.*

It has given me a quirky sense of humour and it has given me an unusually vivid imagination.

My school years were horrific – I have been in training to be John Connor all my life. My training in coping with pain, trauma and rape – essential abilities when facing the Borg – began early in life. To survive I retreated into a world of fantasy. A world of magik and knights. Everything I thought about I tried to lift in energy. Always trying to find ways to lift myself, because if you don't laugh you cry.

So hurling now became an aerial form of hurling – flying around in the air after balls. Maps came to life showing where people were walking around. Everything I saw I tried to lift in some way, to lift me out of the despair that always threatened to engulf me. Buses became magic buses. Schools became castles. And the bullying became magic duels.

It was my way of coping with it. Because if you don't laugh, you cry.



I spoke to no-one in school. I never spoke to anyone. Not until I left that school at the age of eleven to go to another school.

It was there that I began to talk to other kids. Slowly at first, tentatively, for I was not used to talking to people and it took time for me to come out of myself.

One of the first I spoke to was a boy in my new class. A boy with flaming red hair. His nickname was Foxy. He came from a large family of five brothers and a younger sister. So that was six boys and a girl. He was one of the first friends that I ever made. I would often call up to his house.



Before going to that new school the only person I spoke to, apart from my family, was a girl I met in my head

I did not know at the time but I had gone so deep in consciousness that I was able to intuitively access a Borg implant in my head - the neural transceiver – and intuitively hack it to some level. I did not know about Small Grey implants at the time. For me it was simply talking to someone in my head. Which I did not think of as unusual. Everything for me was magik so this did not seem strange.

In school I went deep, deep within. My world was internal. In my mind. A world of fantasy that I used to escape the turmoil in my life. And then one day in my head I came across a voice. A girl. I didn't quite "hear" her as such, it is more I knew what she was saying. But she could hear me. We spoke often. A few times a week. Year after year I spoke to her, telling her of my life. I told her that I was in a school where people were mean to me. Where there were people without honour.

I told her I wanted to be in a different school, a place of magik. A place where people had honour. Where people were Knights. For years I spoke to her of my life. Year after year. I told her story after story of magik.



To her I was her imaginary friend. She told her mother about me, but I don't think her mother believed her.

To me she was the smart girl I went to when I was in trouble. And I was often in trouble. She is Hermione.

As we grow up we forget about our imaginary friends. We forget about magik. We grow up and we put such things aside. Until one day, on a train, something triggered a memory within Jo. And year after year of stories came flooding back to her in an instant.

The Harry Potter books are based on my childhood.

Let me tell you something about Harry Potter that not a lot of people know.



Harry Potter is Irish

The word Quidditch comes from the Irish.

It is based on an aerial form of hurling.

The Origins of Quidditch

John Connor



End of Part I