

VISIONARY FICTION

THE **LIGHTSPACE  
ULTIMATUM**

— EVOLVE OR DIE —



**SIDNEY C. WALKER**

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This book is dedicated to...  
the genius and love of your intuitive spirit.

## About this book...

Luke thought he was just a guy picking up a beautiful woman in a bar. He had no idea she was about to make him one of the most influential people in the world. Now, his focus, his nerve, and his ability to trust his intuitive instincts will determine whether he becomes a hero for all time or the cause of the end of the human race.

A handful of people have been trained by extraterrestrials on how to reach the euphoric state of mind called *lightspace*. But they were given an ultimatum: *Help Humanity evolve beyond their violent nature, or your species will be destroyed for the good of the Universe.*

This is the story of the LightSpace Project and the people assigned this daunting task. *Can they transform enough people in time to save humans from obliteration?*

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## 1. Making Contact...

She was perfect. Late twenties, long silky brown hair, bright brown eyes, warm smile, movie star teeth, olive skin, great energy, with a heart-stopping recreational body all decked out in a dark green business suit made from those super-lightweight high-tech fabrics. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

I pretended to look away so it didn't look like I was staring. Years of ice hockey had given me enhanced peripheral vision. If you're going to skate backwards at thirty miles an hour, you learn to see out the back of your head. Still, I hoped no one would notice. Usually the other women in the vicinity picked up on your visual obsession. I hated that. They were wondering why I was staring at her and not at them. I was doing my best to look cool and not get caught drooling.

Breathe, I mumbled to myself. Breathe in, breathe out. Let's see if we can take the energy down a few notches. I'll just watch this beauty for a while. I grabbed the only empty stool around the corner of the bar so my natural line of sight included looking at her. She was talking with two guys, of course. I could tell they were just as excited about her as I was.

A smiling Billy Crystal look-alike got my attention from behind the bar and yelled over the crowd noise, “What can I get you?”

“Rusty Nail on the sweet side,” I said. I expected him to know what I was talking about. What the heck, I was celebrating the luck of being in the presence of this goddess. I’d have to remember to pace myself after this drink. Too many Rusty Nails had gotten me into trouble. I had officially warned myself.

Time for a strategy meeting. I needed to find a way to start a conversation with Miss Homecoming Queen. I had to find a way to distract her from the two lads she was with. How was I going to do that?

Something I discovered in college that worked well at the nightclubs was to go up to a table of two or more women and say that I was part of a PR team, self-appointed of course. I would say, “I just wanted to make sure you ladies are having a good time.” They’d smile and make some kind of nice comment back because they loved the attention and were thrilled that someone cared about whether they were having a good time. Then I’d say, “Are you looking for anyone in particular tonight?” They’d say, “What do you mean?” or “How about the love of my life!” Then I’d say, “Are you looking for a particular kind of guy?”

“Well sure, what have you got?”

I really had their attention then. “Tell me what kind of guy you’re looking for. What are your top five qualities?”

If there were three or four women at the table, we were now into a major discussion about what qualities were important, and there was usually some agreement and some disagreement. I’d then point to one of the women and say, “What’s your first name?” She’d respond, “Mary Ann.”

“Okay, Mary Ann, give me your top three qualities.”

“Only three? I thought you said I could have five.”

“Okay, give me five.” I’d say it like that was a major concession. As she started with her qualities, I’d add, “Just a

minute,” then pull out a little notepad from my vest pocket and write down her name and her top five qualities.

“Athletic, funny, smart, caring, handsome,” I repeated back. I would go around the table and write down what the other three wanted. Then I would give my disclaimer. “Now, I can’t give you any guarantees, but let me check around and see who’s here. As I run into good candidates for you, I will send them over to your table. Be gentle with my guys, give them a chance. They will say ‘Luke sent them.’ That’s me. Fair enough?” They were thrilled. Occasionally, I would have to deal with a skeptic who would test me, but most of the time this worked like a charm.

I would then assess which of my friends would be the best match for those women and send them to the table. I earned a lot of favors in those days. I’m sure I was indirectly responsible for a few marriages and subsequent families.

I got to know many other great guys on campus while seeking out prime candidates for the girls in my care for the evening. If I were to notice what I thought was a sharp-looking guy, I would ask him if he were interested in meeting hot women. If I got an “Are you kidding?” I would tell my story that I met some babes who told me they wanted to meet interesting guys. Just go to the table and say, “Luke sent me.”

Of course, if I met a woman who really stole my heart, I would look for the right moment to get her undivided attention and make a pitch for Yours Truly being someone she should get to know. That actually worked a surprising number of times. Ah, the good old days. I was fearless and expected that approach to work, and it did! I had to remind myself to have that attitude in other parts of my life. What’s that line? “It worked so well, I quit doing it!”

Hot dog! It looked like I got a break. Ask and you shall receive. Several young bucks walked in who were obviously friends with the two who were chatting up Miss Southern California. Now was my chance while they were busy welcoming their buddies. It was now or never.

I looked at the gentleman sitting next to me and said, “Save my seat. If I’m not back in ten minutes, you can give my seat to whoever you want to sit next to.”

He smiled then nodded. “Good plan.”

I moved in her direction. My timing needed to be right. She was being reluctantly introduced by the two guys who didn’t want to include any horny newcomers in their conversation.

Then my opening appeared. It felt like the clouds had parted and the sun broke through. Not bad for a crowded, dark bar. Both guys turned away to talk to their friends and she was left unattended.

“Excuse me.” I was trying to be as innocent as possible. I didn’t want her to feel any pickup energy. “Can I say something to you?”

“Of course, you can say something to me. I can’t guarantee how I’ll respond, though. I might have to ignore you.” Her eyes sparkled.

“You haven’t ignored me so far,” I said with as much charm as I could possibly express.

“The night is young.” There was a playful tone in her voice.

This gal was as fun to talk to as she was to look at! I could feel her presence right there with me. I gathered up my courage and rolled the dice. “I think we’re supposed to talk.”

“About what?” she invited.

Wow, she’s letting this work. “The future,” I said in my deepest, most galactic Carl Sagan voice.

“The future of what?” Another inviting question.

“The future of us,” I said, knowing that could bomb.

“What makes you think we have a future?” She rescued me again!

“I’m not exactly sure. It’s a feeling. It’s hard to explain.” I knew this was an even bigger risk, but it felt right. Women tend to like “take charge” guys more than super-nice, gooey guys. Most men would turn into goo around a woman this beautiful. That’s why it was a risk to expose any uncertainty.

She could gently pull away here and still look good if she wanted to.

“So I heard the words ‘feeling’ and ‘hard’ in the same sentence.” She lowered her forehead and raised her eyebrows. “Is this a sexual feeling we’re having?”

Unbelievable! How do I respond to that? If I said no, I would be saying I didn’t think she was sexy. If I said yes, I would look like every other goof who was desperately trying to get to first base. I had to go for it.

“Actually, the feeling is in my heart.” I put my hand on my heart and imagined I was madly in love with her.

She didn’t move. She didn’t blink. She was right there with me. “You expect me to believe you feel something in your heart for me? We just met.”

“You’re right. We just met.” I pulled back and agreed with her.

There was a silence that probably only lasted three seconds, but it felt like an eternity. Then she said, “All right honey, you have thirty seconds to convince me your heart’s involved. Tell me why I should believe you?” She was challenging me, but I could tell she didn’t want the conversation to end.

Meanwhile, one of the original chaps touched her arm and said, “Sophia, there is someone I’d like you to meet.”

She held up her finger and whispered, “Give me a couple of minutes.”

Here was my chance. I needed to stay centered, stay grounded. Her name was Sophia. I could have guessed that. I took a deep breath and listened for what I was supposed to say to this four-alarm siren.

She turned back to face me. “I’m listening,” she said.

“Did you ever just know you are supposed to do something? I know it sounds a little corny.” The first part I knew she would say yes to. Then I wanted to see how she felt about her intuition.

“Honey, you’re up to bat. You need to swing away, not watch the first pitch!”

That was not what I expected. And that was a good sports analogy. This gal had it all. I had to regroup and not panic. I needed to stay calm and listen for the words. Dear God, please give me the words!

“I’m not sure I can explain it,” I said with a sigh.

“Honey, if I were in your situation, I’d go for it. What have you got to lose?” She’d called me “honey” again and was encouraging me to go for it. I might be in love!

“I get intuitive feelings,” I said. “I don’t know where they come from but I’ve learned to trust them.”

“Oh, so you think you’re intuitive? Okay, I like intuition,” she said cautiously.

“Do you remember the last time you went with your feelings?” I was hoping she would just answer the question this time.

“Yeah, it was horrible! I made a huge mistake and it took a lot of time and effort to clean up the mess I made!”

Oops, not the answer I’d hoped for. “That sounds more like emotion than intuition. Whatever you did that turned out so horrible, did it feel like a good idea at the time, or did it feel right at the deepest level?”

“Probably more in the ‘good idea at the time’ category,” she said. “You’re right, I was upset and should never have said anything. It would have been better if I had just kept quiet. Not something I do very well.”

“That’s one of the things I like most about you. You hang in there and keep talking. I think that’s an admirable trait even though it might get you in trouble.”

She nodded as she pondered my psychic compliment.

“I know it sounds like a pickup line,” I said. “But I have a feeling that you and I are supposed to do something together tonight.”

She looked at me very intently. She was sizing me up and getting ready to decide what to do with me. “Are you ready to put that intuition of yours to the test? Are you ready to prove to me that you’re worthy of my time and energy?”

Wow, where did that come from? This was a no-nonsense, *take-no-prisoners* type. I needed to match her intensity.

“I’ve waited for this moment all my life,” I said.

“All right, hotshot, I have some things to tell you. You need to listen carefully and decide if you want to play. You have one chance with me. If you answer the questions correctly, you and I have a future, one wrong answer and you never see me again. Capisce?”

The gentle flower had disappeared. I was now conversing with the Warrior Princess. She had my attention, and I liked the intensity. And with the way she looked, I had to see where this would lead. “Okay, I’m in. What’s the question?”

“There’s more than one question, and we’re not going to do it here. It’s too noisy. Meet me at this address in thirty minutes.”

She handed me a manila business card with just her name, address and telephone number. *Sophia Forlani* was in gold script. The card seemed a little unusual. This couldn’t be her business card. Or maybe it was. Maybe she didn’t need to say what she did on her card. If you had met her, she’s not someone you were going to forget!

“Can I drive you?” I offered.

“Thanks, but that won’t work. What’s your cell number?”

“310-555-1212.”

She punched the number into her phone. “Do you have GPS?”

“I do.”

“Use it. Don’t be late. Thirty minutes starting now.”

I started to think about all the things that could go wrong with this...

“How long will it take me to get there?”

“Fifteen minutes, tops,” she said.

“And you promise me you’re going to be there?” I was looking for a confirmation I wasn’t on a wild goose chase.

She gave me the *You’re gonna have to learn to keep up* look. “What does that intuition of yours tell you?” she said.

“Okay, good answer. I’ll see you shortly.”

“Ciao.” She flashed her teeth into a smile and winked at me. That was all it took. I was committed.

As I was walking toward the door, I realized there was the possibility that this was all some kind of practical joke and I’d never see her again. Or that I was about to get ambushed and mugged in some remote parking lot. But that felt more like my protective, analytical mind trying to keep me from another disaster than an intuitive warning to stay away. Intuitively, this all felt right in a way I could not explain. I guess that was the real fun of it all. It felt right.

When I opened the door to the outside, the fresh coastal air and the quiet of the parking lot were a welcome transition from the noisy bar. All those people talking, laughing, yelling...and all of that on top of the music. I always found having a conversation in a noisy club difficult. But that was an amazing conversation I just had with Sophia from Heaven. Maybe that’s why we were headed to a new location. She did say she wanted a quieter place to talk.

I got in my car and punched the address into the GPS. Looked easy enough. Steely Dan came on the satellite radio playing *Aja*, a favorite. That felt like a good omen. We shall see, I thought, we shall see.

## 2. The Challenge...

The address on the card read *520 Main Street, Venice Beach, California*. The number was above the door. It was a two-story Victorian mansion on the corner of Main Street and Windward. Someone was keeping the building and the surrounding area in good repair. Lights were on inside. There were a few steps and then an expansive porch in front of the main door. No doorbell. There was a welcome mat, nice touch for a business.

I pushed on the door. It opened into a majestic reception area with a twelve-foot ceiling and dark walnut crown molding that circled the room. There were four big retro brown leather chairs, an oversized antique coffee table, and a few magazines. In the back of the room was a wide enclosed counter. A high-tech Herman Miller office chair was ready for a receptionist behind the counter and a bank of filing cabinets filled up the back wall. The feel of the room was part hotel lobby and part dentist office.

“Anybody home?” I said. I really wanted someone to answer.

“Be right there. Make yourself comfortable.” I recognized her voice coming from down the hall. I felt better. So far so good.

I sat and grabbed a copy of *National Geographic*, a timeless waiting room classic. I could catch up on what was happening in remote areas around the world. This edition was a couple years old, but it would be news to me. I didn’t keep up with current events like I used to.

“Hey, you made it.” She was catching her breath like she had hurried to get there. “Come on back.” She motioned for me to follow her.

I was excited to be with her again. “So is this your business?”

“It’s a lot of things,” she said.

“What do you do here?”

“The company is called ASC, as in *ask* a question, except it’s spelled A-S-C. It stands for Advanced Sales and Communication. We are a training company.”

“Sounds interesting.” There was a shift in the energy between us. Things had cooled a little. I suspected that I might be more excited than she was about the potential of what could happen that evening. This was feeling more like a job interview than the next phase of a romantic interlude. I decided not to jump to conclusions. Like she said, the night was young.

As we walked into a large conference room, she said, “Have a seat.” She pointed to the chair she wanted me to take and sat at the end of the table next to me. “We can talk here. Everyone’s gone home. It’s just us.”

I liked the sound of that. I found it pleasing and promising that she had no reservation about being alone with me. After all, we had only known each other for an hour.

“How was the drive?” she asked.

“Easy. I know the area. I live near here.”

“Oh, that’s right.” She was thinking about something else. Then she looked at me more intently for a second with those

cheerful chocolate-brown eyes. I was putty in her hands. “So where were we?”

“Great question.” I was eager to pick up where we had left off. “Well, I said I had a feeling that you and I were supposed to talk. You said ‘About what?’ I said, ‘The future.’”

“That’s right, you get these feelings, but you’re not sure where they come from.”

“You challenged the source of my feelings. I said I could feel it in my heart.” I stopped to watch her reaction.

“It’s all coming back to me now,” she said, nodding. “The last thing I remember asking you was if you were ready to put your intuition to the test and prove to me that you’re worth my time and energy. Then I said you have one chance with me. If you answer the questions correctly, you and I have a future, but one wrong answer and you never see me again. Do you remember that part?”

“I do.” I maintained my composure even though her directness caught me by surprise this time. I still liked it.

“Are you still up for this?” Her radar for what I was feeling was as good as any I had ever witnessed.

“I am,” I said.

“One thing I would like to make very clear: I’m counting on you to trust your intuitive instincts in your interactions with me no matter what. I don’t want you to ever do anything that doesn’t feel right, regardless of what I say or how I feel. Will you promise me you’ll do that?”

“I think I can do that.” Her request seemed a little unusual.

“And you always have a way out with me. If at any point you start to feel this is too weird or you find yourself saying ‘I don’t want to do this anymore,’ you can pull the plug without any explanation or discussion.”

“If you decide to bail on *me*, can I ask for an explanation?” I asked.

“Sure, but I have the option not to give one.” She paused and watched me for a second. “We good so far?”

“We’re good,” I said.

“How are you feeling about this conversation?” she asked.

I was careful not to give my answer too quickly. I could tell she was looking to see how accurate I could be. “I’m intrigued,” I said after taking a second to check in with how I really felt.

“That’s it, you’re intrigued?”

“Yep. That’s it for now,” I said.

“You’re a smart, confident guy. I like that. There is a lot I like about you. I actually know a lot about you. I’m sure that sounds ominous since we just met, but I want to be straight with you.”

“I like straight.” My mind raced. How does she know a lot about me? *Why* would she know a lot about me? What was there to know? I was a manager at a nightclub and dabbled in life insurance sales. I was not a Russian spy!

“I need to ask you for a favor before we go any farther,” she said.

“Sure, fire away.” No matter where this conversation went, my feelings for this gorgeous creature were already such that she could ask me for almost anything and I would probably say yes.

“I can’t tell you much more unless you promise me you can keep certain things to yourself. What I’m about to tell you is actually classified at the highest level. You can’t tell anyone. If you ever did tell anyone, I would deny that I ever told you anything. I would say you were crazy, and I would also get in a lot of trouble with my superiors. I have an identity that I have to maintain. If someone blows my cover, it takes an enormous amount of time and energy to regroup, and the potential for problems and losses is larger than you can imagine.”

“Classified information? You have a cover? I feel like one of us has watched too many spy movies! Is this some kind of test to see how I will react?”

“Well, yes and no. There are a lot of tests coming your way. This is a test of whether you believe me or not. I swear to you, I’m not making this up.”

“You promise?” The only words I heard in my head at this point were *Candid Camera!* Stay cool, I told myself, next question. “So what happens to me if I spill the beans? Not that I would. But you make it sound like maybe this might be out of my league.” I wanted to know what I was getting into.

“Fair question. I’ll answer it. Here’s a yellow pad.” She pushed the pad of paper toward me. “I can see you have a pen. Purple ink, is it?” She was teasing me.

“Yes, I got tired of getting black and blue.” I watched for her response.

“I’ll want to hear more about that later.” She returned to a more serious tone. “Write down your questions as we go. I will answer them, but I have to do it in a certain order or this will take forever. You okay with that?”

“Sure, why not?”

“Write down the question you just had or you will lose track. I’m about to give you a lot to think about.”

“Let’s see, my question was?” My mind went blank.

“What happens to you if you ‘spill the beans’?”

There was nothing wrong with her memory. I had better pay attention if I was going to keep up with this one!

“I made some coffee. Do you want some?”

“Sure, black.” I wanted to keep it simple for her.

“You write down your questions, and I’ll get the coffee. Be right back.” She pushed herself away from the conference table and started for the door.

She said to write down your questions, plural, which implied more than one. I wrote down *What happens if I spill the beans?* And don’t forget *How does she know so much about me?* Write that down. How about *What kind of gun does she carry?* Or maybe it’s a phaser! Nothing would surprise me at this point. What I really wanted to know was her favorite position in the sheets. I had better not put that on the list just

yet. I will want to carefully imagine the options, and I'm sure that will lead to more questions.

She was back with the coffee. I had to get my brain back in the conversation!

"One coffee, black." She glided into the room as the consummate hostess and carefully set the coffee down next to my yellow pad. "I see you thought of some more questions for me."

"I did indeed." I gazed at her alluring silhouette and quickly imagined some of the possible answers to my more intimate questions. She approached the whiteboard at the head of the room. She found a marker and then turned toward me. "What I'm about to tell you will shock and amaze you. You won't want to believe certain things. You will question how I could know what I know. I don't expect you to believe everything you hear right away. It takes time to develop trust. My hope is that you eventually find what I'm about to tell you becomes a source of inspiration. Shall we begin?"

"Umm...I've already felt some of those things you just mentioned and it sounds like there's more on the way."

"Lots more, and relax. There's more good news than bad news. Do I have your undivided attention?"

I nodded.

"I came to the bar to see if I could pick *you* up." She paused to make sure I understood what she had just said and for me to let it in.

"Un-be-lievable." The whole evening flashed through my mind.

"I knew you would be at *The Back Door*. My job was to see if I could get you to approach me and start a conversation. Phase two was to have you feel strongly enough about me that you would meet me here so we could continue a more serious conversation without the distractions of the bar.

"You passed the first test. Your timing was impeccable waiting for the right moment with the two guys I was talking to. You trusted your intuitive instincts to find a way to

approach me. You were gentle, charming and sincere. You were good.” She had a twinkle in her eye like she was proud of me somehow.

I faked a smile and shook my head in amazement. I realized this dish had a lot more going on than I’d anticipated. I could tell she had more to say but wanted to make sure I was ready for the next round. It felt like we were dancing for the first time. She didn’t want to move without me. I had many questions, but I was sure of one thing—it was a rush being with her.

“Then you trusted your intuitive instincts to come here even though I gave you a slim chance of succeeding with me,” she continued. “I said, ‘Give me the wrong answer to one question, and you’ll never see me again.’ Those are not good odds, but you didn’t give that a second thought. You were up for the challenge. You decided I was worth the risk. So far you’ve been making me look good and you get big points for that.”

I slowly bowed my head and smiled in silent response to her compliment.

“Something else important...I put out a signal that I wanted to connect with *you*. Not everyone feels that signal. Actually, most guys don’t feel it. You do. You passed another important test. You don’t qualify for what we need you to do if you can’t get those telepathic messages from me. You and I need to be highly connected.”

“Wait, did you say what *we* need to do?”

“I said I know a lot about you. Our recruiting team has been studying you for some time to determine if you qualify to work with us on a top secret project. You have shown aptitudes in the past that made us keep track of you and watch your progress. You impressed enough people that you got an invitation to the party. There’s nothing evil or sinister about any of this, which you will see as you learn more. It’s just the most effective way to find the right candidates for demanding and important work. Everybody wins in the long run, and you

could potentially have a major role if you decide this is a path you want to pursue.” She looked at me like it was my turn to speak.

“Can we push the Pause button and have a couple shots of tequila just to loosen up a little?”

“Absolutely not!” she said through a big smile that turned into a laugh. Her laughing at my irreverence made the whole evening worth the time and effort no matter what happened after that.

“Maybe later. We have a long way to go before we can break out the champagne! And I can guarantee you I won’t be drinking tequila. I have gotten into way too much mischief drinking that stuff. We can take a break in a little while. Let’s keep going for now.”

“Okay,” I agreed with a tone of fake disappointment.

She smiled and then turned to the whiteboard. I made an important entry on my yellow pad: *Tequila, mischief, get details.*

Sophia was deep in thought. I decided to honor her silence. I suspected she was strategizing how she was going to tell me as much as possible in the shortest amount of time. I could tell she was a good coach. She knew how to tell me just enough to get the important points without overwhelming me with details.

“So here’s the short version of what’s happening. The Universe is much larger than most humans realize. There are more galaxies and planets than we can begin to comprehend.

“In our Milky Way alone, which is a relatively small galaxy, there are 400 billion stars. What people don’t know is that over one hundred of those stars are planets just like ours that are inhabited by intelligent beings. Some are similar to humans, some are way more advanced. We don’t have the technology to see them, let alone visit them.”

“Time-out.” I formed a *T* with my hands. “Sorry to interrupt, but I wouldn’t be paying attention if I didn’t ask.

How do you know this?" I pleaded with a hint of *please don't turn out to be an escaped mental patient!*

"That's an important question. Let me keep going and this will make more sense."

"All right."

"Space travel and all the power that goes with it is a privilege in the Universe, not a right. There is an evolutionary challenge before a species can have significant space travel, and it can be taken away. You have to prove that your kind can consistently operate from a peaceful, positive perspective. In other words, they don't give space travel to violent beings.

"Planets that have earned space travel don't have wars, poverty, crime or hunger, for starters. Disease is rare. It's a whole different reality when negativity and the survival mentality have almost no effect. Living in abundance while serving your community becomes a way of life, which is much easier if you're not consumed with trying to survive in a cruel world.

"There is a name for the jump or leap to the positive context and all the power that goes with it. They call it *lightspace*. When you reach a state of critical mass of the most positive human qualities, you become exponentially more capable of all kinds of things that would otherwise be impossible.

"You are familiar with *Star Wars*. That is what would happen if we gave space travel to just anyone. They would all be fighting each other for dominance of the Universe. The planets that have achieved lightspace decided that the less evolved planets would be isolated so they could not hurt anyone but themselves. Earth is a lower-level, isolated planet."

I really wanted to believe her but there was a voice screaming in my head, "This is a trap!" They could be trying to lure gullible young men into a lifetime of hard labor in a Russian gulag. I decided to cautiously go along for now. She was so hot.

"The part that amazes me the most is that so many planets are inhabited." I didn't want her to know I was having my

doubts. “I always felt that was true. When I would look up at the stars on a clear night, I knew there was no way we were the only ones. I have always suspected we were on the lower end of the evolutionary curve. I heard someone describe Earth as the ‘armpit’ of the Universe. It made me angry, but I suspected it was probably true.”

“So here’s the deal,” she said. “We are at a critical point, and time is running out. The folks in charge are saying 50,000 years is enough. If we can’t achieve the shift to lightspace in the relatively near future, we get the final flush. Humans on planet Earth become extinct.” She paused and looked at me intently before she continued. “The 7 billion souls who are alive on Earth right now—all die.

“We are not going to let it get to that point if I have anything to say about it!”

There was major *don’t mess with me* energy in her words. I liked it. I couldn’t think of anything I didn’t like about her. Besides that, this story was getting more interesting by the minute. It was far-fetched, but there was a possibility that everything she had said was true.

Had we been brainwashed by well-meaning but clueless people who actually believed everything was fine? This wouldn’t be the first time that had happened. Again, I decided to play along. “Okay. So how do we do it? How do we make the shift to lightspace?”

“Primarily by quieting your mind so you can hear the guidance of your more evolved, more intelligent self. Some call it your Higher Self, and it usually communicates through intuitive promptings. Some call it being guided by your soul rather than your intellect. Some describe it as being guided by an intelligence that comes from a connection with God rather than getting your directions from your survival-oriented ego. My favorite is simply you *go with your heart instead of your head.*”

“I get intuitive visions about all kinds of things,” I said, trying to figure out where I fit in all of this.

“I know.” There was a tone in her voice that suggested she knew a lot about my intuitive ability. I decided to let that go for now. I had too many other questions that I hoped she would answer.

“Remember, I said you’re going to have to make some big decisions in about an hour. We’re getting close. But first let’s take a short break. I need to pee and check my messages.”

Sophia disappeared down the hall. I was having great fun with an eye on the prize. Her story was way out there, but people have crazy ideas about how we got here and why we are here. Whatever the story, I couldn’t take my eyes off her! I wanted to see if I could get her into a more relaxed conversation that could lead in an intimate direction.

Then I heard a noise toward the front door. I went out into the hallway. “Is someone there?” I said. Strange, I thought I heard footsteps. I moved to check it out. As I got to the reception area, I saw the front door slowly closing. Someone had been in the office. What were they doing? Did they have a key? Were they stealing something? Or maybe they were watching us and listening to our conversation? Something didn’t feel right.

### 3. Your Mission...

Ten minutes had passed. She walked back into the conference room with her cell phone to her ear saying goodbye to someone she obviously cared about.

Then all her attention was on me again. I was excited just to be in the same room with this dreamboat. Yeah, she was gorgeous, but there was something else. I couldn't quite put my finger on it. Maybe she *was* a little nuts and that's what made her so irresistible. A romantic savant built to seduce unwitting guys starving for female companionship. I hoped that wasn't the case. Oh well, I couldn't think of any place I would rather be!

"Okay, you ready for round three?" she said.

"Bring it!"

"This is where it gets a little more intense, because you get to choose if you want to be involved and at what level you want to play with us. Keep writing down your questions. We may have to answer some of them before you can make a final decision. Now let me ask *you* a couple of questions."

"Shoot."

"Have you ever felt like you had a calling?" she asked.

“Yes, I probably should have been a singer. I tell people I didn’t want to live that lifestyle. I was actually too unsure of myself to take that risk so I chose something easier.”

“How did you know you had a calling to be a singer?”

“My first memory of being noticed for my musical ability was about age thirteen. I had taken piano lessons for a few years. I could listen to the popular songs and figure out how to play them without any sheet music. I could play the keyboard parts to some of the more challenging songs. So I got invited to practice with the most popular rock band in my town and played the keyboard parts that I knew. Those were magical days.

“I kept at it and played in a couple of rock bands in high school. I have vivid memories of being on stage in front of packed gymnasiums pounding out my favorite songs. Being the center of attention as the lead singer was a rush I will never forget. The power of my voice and the impact it had on the audience astounded me. Looking back, I didn’t understand how profound that experience was for me. Unfortunately, I was too scared of my own shadow to pursue a creative career.”

“How would you describe the best feeling you can remember about being on stage singing your heart out?” she asked.

“It felt like I was home. And that was confusing because it didn’t match who I thought I was supposed to be at the time.”

“Describe the feeling of being home. Forget about the confusion.”

“I can feel it right now sitting here. It was amazing.”

“How did it feel? Give me more words.”

“Let’s see...home, power, impact, sound, loud, harmony, fun, friends, laughter, creative, special, popular, attention, pretty girls, and you know where that goes.”

“Hmmm, I do. Your words are good. What were you thinking about when you were singing?”

“Not much. It was more about feeling and listening. I was focused on making the sound that was coming out of me match what I was feeling. I could hear what I wanted to sound like and just did it. It was fun, yet there was a challenge to it. The challenge was to really zero in on the feeling and nail it. I vowed to myself that no one was ever going to say, ‘Can you do it one more time with feeling?’ I tried to nail it the first time, every time.”

“I can hear you nailing it. I can tell you have that ability to hear something and then perform it the way you hear it. That’s a gift. Did you have stage fright?”

“Yes. I was always really nervous at the beginning of a performance. Most of that fear would go away after a few minutes. The music was so loud and penetrating, the sound and the rhythm took over and swept you away. Then once I started to sing, that was an addictive rush I couldn’t get enough of.”

“Sounds like you *were* really home!” she said.

“I was, but I didn’t understand that at the time.”

“You knew something special was happening. You just didn’t realize how special it was.”

“Right on.” I was moved by the way she got what I was talking about. There was something indescribably sublime about performing in front of an audience that loved what you were doing.

“So here’s the deal, sugar.” Her voice was soft. Then she paused and looked directly into my eyes. She wanted my undivided attention. “There is so much to know about what we are doing here, it’s almost endless. I don’t have time to give you all the facts. I don’t have time to give you a tiny fraction of the information your analytical mind wants before you make a decision to work with us. To some degree that’s by design.

“We need people who can accurately access and follow their intuitive instincts, as if their life depended on it. If you don’t think you can do that, or you’re afraid you can’t do that,

we need to know that now. There is no dishonor in saying this is not for you. You would be helping us out by turning us down if this isn't right for you.

“Our experience has been that applicants who can't make the intuitive leap with some confidence at this stage don't make it in the program anyway. It is better to opt out now before we invest a ton of time and resources in you and then have you bail out. That really puts us behind, and we want to avoid that scenario at all costs.

“That being said, you know enough to be able to decide if you want to be one of the Knights of the Round Table. Let me give you the parameters of the offer so you can decide what you want to do. Listen carefully...”

She stopped talking and set her notes down. She looked at me for what seemed like a long time before speaking. “We want to help you achieve lightspace as quickly as possible so you can show others how to make the jump. We need a certain percentage of the population to break through to lightspace by a certain time in order for the whole planet to make the jump. Our goals are ambitious. Some would call them unachievable. But I think you are already getting a sense of how we like to play here.”

I didn't know what to say, so I just nodded occasionally to let her know I was listening.

“We need you full-time as soon as possible. We will give you time to phase out your current employment, but we are under pressure to keep that short. You will be spending all your free time training.

“We pay well. Show us what you made last year and what you are averaging now per month. We have a formula that will almost double your current income the day you start. Once you make it to lightspace, you get a substantial raise and some other perks that I'm sure you'll like.

“You will answer to me as well as act as my partner. And here's the real meat of the commitment: you must be willing to trust me with your life and do whatever I ask you to do.

That level of commitment is standard procedure in the military. There is no difference here. We are not a division of the military, but it's the same commitment with the following stipulation, which is somewhat unusual.

"I will never expect you to do anything that does not feel right to you. However, if I ask you to do something and you *don't* do it, that is the end of the dance. You are instantly fired and returned to civilian status. There will be no discussion. We will not hear each other out and argue who is right or wrong. There will be no appeal hearing. We don't have time for any of that. If we don't make this work, what happens along the way is insignificant if we aren't going to be around to talk about it.

"We have no interest in trying to make this job feel right to you. It either feels right or it doesn't. You can pretend it feels right. You can delude yourself into thinking it feels right. You can rationalize that this is right for you. We emphatically request that you only take the job if it feels right at the deepest level.

"How are you doing with all this?" she said.

"It's a lot all at once. I have some concerns."

"One more thing. Not only does this offer need to feel right, I need the guy on the stage singing his heart out. I need you to give this everything you've got and then find some more to give after that. Are you capable of that level of commitment?"

"Sure, I'm willing to give it everything I've got. What's the downside?" I asked.

"You mean other than you could be mistaken for a government spy and be tortured or killed or put in some remote prison until they find out you really don't know anything!?"

"Could that really happen?"

"Actually, once you reach lightspace, the chances of you having any kind of horrible future disappear. Once you hit lightspace, you are protected in ways you can't imagine. And, we will do our best to keep you safe until then."

“I like the sound of that. But let’s say I have to quit or get fired, what happens then?”

“Your memories of the program get erased,” she said.

“That’s somewhat radical. Am I a drooling idiot for the rest of my life?”

“That depends,” she said more seriously. “Having your memories erased is an unpredictable process. We never know how that’s going to turn out. You might not be able to go back to your old job if you don’t remember anything about it. You might not remember important people in your life. Getting your memories erased should be considered a last resort. You most likely won’t be able to go back to the life you had before.”

“In the meantime, you’re going to protect me so I’m not tortured or killed as a spy until I reach lightspace. Once I reach lightspace, I am protected somehow.” I repeated her vow of protection to let her know that was important to me. “How long will it take?”

“That depends on you and your process, which we cannot predict.”

“What if I give it 110 percent and I can’t get to lightspace? Then what?”

“We know you have the aptitude to do it. You have more mental capability than most of those who have already made it. But with that big brain of yours comes baggage. Everybody has barriers. You may also have more barriers to contend with than the others.

“It’s *possible* that you could *not* reach lightspace but not *probable*. If you have done your best and you are of value to the program, you will have a job. We are not going to fire you because you don’t make lightspace. You just won’t be able to be in the leadership position we are planning for you.”

“How much time do I have to make the decision?”

“We want you to sleep on it. If you are who we think you are, we already know your answer, and so do you. But we still

want you to sleep on it. If you wake up tomorrow and it feels right, you're a go."

"Will you answer more questions?" My folder of questions was getting to be the size of a small phone book.

"That depends on the questions."

"Can I ask you why you are doing this work?"

"This is what feels intuitively right to me at the deepest level. This is what I am called to do. This is what I was born to do."

"How do you know that with such certainty?"

"You just know, honey. It's not something you figure out."

"Tell me again why lightspace is so important," I asked.

"Lightspace is a higher, positive reality. In our current reality, our attachment to negativity keeps us stuck. We can't grow beyond a certain point. There are over one hundred wars in progress right now as we speak. More than 50 million will die this year from disease. More than 25,000 died today from starvation, and it'll happen again tomorrow. We are destroying our ecosystem. The day is coming when you'll have to wear a mask and protective suit just to go outside!"

I knew all that was true. My life was challenging enough without thinking about all the things that didn't work about this world. I wanted to make a difference. I wanted to lessen the suffering of people. But I didn't feel like I had the power to do anything about any of it.

Then her eyes lit up and a big grin appeared on that pretty face. "And the good news is—*drum roll please*—all that negative stuff goes away when we jump to lightspace. No more wars, no more starvation, most diseases disappear, and Earth is restored to its pristine state in a relatively short amount of time. Most importantly, we find ways to care for our people and our planet that we could only dream about before lightspace!

"Also extremely important is the physical transformation. Traveling through space at the speed of light is very demanding on the physical body and requires the ability to

maintain a higher cellular vibration. If you repeatedly travel at lightspeed without achieving the higher vibration of lightspace, you age much faster and have increased health problems. So there is major motivation for achieving lightspace and maintaining it from both a universal travel perspective and your own personal health and well-being. The benefits of lightspace both physically and mentally are sensational and a favorite topic of mine, which we will have to continue at another time.”

She was deep in thought for a few seconds and then smiled again. “The most amazing part is when you can travel at lightspeed, you can go anywhere in the Universe you want to go. The Universe is so beautiful and so diverse and so much damn bigger than you ever imagined. There are so many choices that you have to be in a transformed state just to maintain your sanity. We like to say, ‘It’s bigger than big.’ You can’t really describe it to anyone. You have to see it to believe it.”

“So you have traveled to other planets?” I had to ask.

“I can’t answer that question until you have a clearance level. I could get in a lot of trouble.”

“Come on, I can keep a secret.”

She thought for a second.

“There is so much I want to tell you, but I can’t yet.”

“Are you human?”

“Don’t I look human?”

“You look *out of this world* to me, babe. How about sex?”

“Easy there, big fella.”

“I mean, how is the sex once you reach lightspace?”

Her face flushed for a second then she quickly recovered. She had an impish smile that revealed I had touched a nerve, but she didn’t want me to know. “That is definitely a discussion for *later*.”

“Come on, I’m a healthy, horny guy. Give me something to look forward to!”

She stood up from her chair and raised her arms into a big stretch. “It’s getting late. You’ve had quite a day. Can you find your way home?”

That stretch was an inspiration. There was something about a voluptuous woman with her arms in the air that put me in the mood for love. But I didn’t want to blow it either. She was saying good night. “So what’s next?”

“Meet me here for coffee, 8 a.m. sharp.”

“I’ll be here.”

“You understand you can’t talk about any of this with anyone,” she warned. “If you do, they won’t let you keep your memories of me. I know that sounds hard to believe, but you have to trust me. This is the big leagues. They can do almost anything at the push of a button. Besides, no one would believe you anyway!

“I want you to make the right decision for yourself. I don’t want you to do this if it doesn’t feel right down to your toes.

“I want you to be able to look at me and smile no matter what happens. In one version of the story, when you see me again and you try to pick me up like before, I will gently turn you down. In the other version of the story—the one I’m rooting for by the way—the next time you see me, I am the greatest partner you will ever know in the biggest game ever played.”

“That’s an intriguing perspective. How about a hug?” I really wanted to touch her.

She put her arms around my neck. “You’re dangerously cute.”

I felt love, warmth, tenderness, and power all at the same time. The only thing I could think to say was, “Thank you for tonight.”

“You’re welcome. I understand how you feel. I’ve been where you are.” She gave me a gentle squeeze then slowly pulled away.

As we walked down the hall toward the front door together, she said, “Don’t worry about thanking me. This is the most

demanding work you will ever do. You will earn whatever you get out of this deal. And if you make the choice to do it, I guarantee it will be beyond anything you have ever imagined.

“You have to look inside to see what your heart really wants. There’s the life you thought you would live with an occasional adventure. Now there’s a new option on the table where adventure and the unknown become a way of life.”

She opened the front door and stepped outside. “Nice night.”

“Looking at the stars will never be the same,” I said, acknowledging her story. The look I got back was a reserved smile that said *you have no idea*. I was intrigued.

“See you at eight,” she said. “Get some sleep.”

“Hasta mañana.” I waved goodbye to Miss Universe as I walked to my car. I had met the most dazzling woman I had ever seen and she liked me. She told the most outrageous story about the world coming to an end if we don’t obtain this positive state of mind called lightspace. And that there is intelligent life on other planets in our galaxy that have space travel. Was it possibly true that only a privileged few were aware of what was really going on? Was I about to become one of the few who knew?

Or was she delusional? She said so many things that would qualify her as committable, yet she spoke with such clarity and conviction. What do I do now? Do I disappear into the night and try not to think about her? Good luck with that. Or do I go back tomorrow and see what’s next? I needed sleep.

When I got to my car the passenger door was unlocked. I was obsessive about locking my car since I had my stereo stolen last year. Not that locking the car was going to keep out a good thief, but it kept out the lazy ones. I looked around inside the car and nothing seemed to be missing. Why would someone break into my car and not take anything? What were they looking for? That was the second time tonight I had the unsettling feeling that something dark was watching me.

## About the Author



**Sidney C. Walker**

Sid Walker is a pioneer, an innovator, and a seeker of empowering solutions to the challenges we face in sales and spiritual evolution.

By age twenty-eight, Sid had several Fortune 500 clients as an executive outplacement coach. Hearing a call to expand his coaching skills, Sid found *New York Times* best-selling author Dr. Cherie Carter Scott, who is considered the mother of coaching. Sid was certified as a coach by her training company, Motivation Management Service (theMMS.com), in 1982.

In 1988, Sid wrote his first book, *Trusting Yourself* (updated to *Trust Your Gut* in 2004). He then focused exclusively on the financial services industry as a coach. To date, Sid has coached more than 2,000 advisors. He is the founder of

SellingWithoutWrestling.com, an extensive training site for advisors who are advocates of the low-key or no sales pressure approach. A large percentage of Sid's coaching clients have become sales production leaders in their industry.

Sid has written a collection of nonfiction softcover books, ebooks and hundreds of articles. His best-selling book is ***How to Double Your Sales by Asking a Few More Questions.***

The passion that now drives Sid is to help people move away from the restrictions of the selfish ego and develop a stronger relationship with their intuitive spirit. After rising to the leadership level of many contemporary training programs and thousands of hours as a personal coach to many talented and gifted people, Sid found the message he wants to share in *The LightSpace Ultimatum.*

Sid currently has an individual coaching practice and does periodic tele-webinars and limited speaking engagements. **For current contact information,** go to SidWalker.com.

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