

What If It Was A Hoax From The Start?

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Let's imagine for a moment that when the Billy Meier Contacts were introduced to us it wasn't as a UFO case at all, but as a giant, self-confessed hoax. It might have gone something like this.

"Hi, my name's Eduard Albert Meier and I live on a farm in rural Switzerland. I've got a challenge for you folks that I hope you'll accept. In the last four years or so I've made a bunch of photographs, a total of about 1,200 actually, of what I call my "UFOs", which are really just big models that I made myself. I also made eight 8mm movie film segments with up to three of my models in them, a very convincing video (if I don't say so myself), some amazing sound recordings (that fooled 15 people who were there when I did them) and I knocked out some pretty little metal alloy samples in the big kitchen stove here on our farm that you'll never be able to reproduce. I even put thulium in them which, even though it's more expensive than platinum, isn't such a big deal because I keep a bag of it in the barn next to the tractor.

Now I'll bet that none of you smart city slickers can ever figure out how I did all this and even who helped me, no matter if you spend years, and lots of money, trying to do it. I'll even bet that the best scientists will think my evidence is real and the most famous magicians won't be able to figure out my tricks either, even though they should be the ones to see through my hoax the easiest of all.

By the way, not only did I do all of that, but I also wrote and published a whole lot of information about many different things before they happened or were discovered by anybody else. That should really get you guys scratching your heads! I'll even bet that some of the things that I wrote down years ago will happen during, or after, the time you're here trying to figure out how I hoaxed all of this. By the way, I wrote all of it down in the form of my having conversations with imaginary people from outer space and you'll find all my predictions mingled into the story. I've already got a few thousand pages done, come take a look.

I should tell you a couple of things since I've invited you to come on over. I live on a farm here with my wife and three kids and a couple of friends. We recently took to renovating this old ramshackle place with dirt floors, no lights or plumbing, etc. I've been supporting myself mainly as a night watchman and doing all my work and family raising, as well as making all my hoaxes, so I'm very busy here. I'm also even busier because, for some reason, there are people who try to kill me since I started showing all my hoaxed pictures. I never thought so many people would get so upset with me that they'd start shooting at me. Thank goodness my imaginary space people protect me!

I should mention that I actually started doing the hoaxing of the UFOs when I was in India in 1964. I didn't have a lot to work with over there, and not a lot of time either, but I did manage to make a bunch of pictures with as many as eight UFOs in them hovering over buildings. There's even a story in a newspaper from then about me where I lie about meeting with space people and I've convinced quite a few other people since then that the UFOs and space people are actually real. I did this a long time ago because I wanted to make a really good hoax that people would never be able to figure out.

Oh yes, one more thing, my left arm was ripped off of my body a few years ago but since then I really got even better with my hoaxing and that's when I made all of the pictures and things I mentioned above. I don't know why people who get handicapped or disabled should be unhappy, look at what a great new career I created for myself since I lost my arm!

So, why don't you get yourself a team of experts over here, spend a few years trying to figure it all out and, to top it all off, while you're here, I'll even make more of these photos right under your noses and I'll guarantee you still won't be able to catch me or figure out how I did it. I'll even let you watch me as I type out the stories about future things that I make up. I really get going with it and can now type 60 words per minute with my one hand.

Now, because of the accident, I can't say that I'd bet my left arm you can't figure how I did all this, or even duplicate any of it, but I will say that I'll bet the farm that you can't.

By the way, since I'm willing to bet the farm you can't, I think it's only fair that somebody should put up a reward if I win the bet, like around \$1,000,000 or so. Maybe the skeptics and magicians would agree to put up the money because it would be impossible to fool them.

Well, I hope that this reaches you in good health and that I'll be seeing you soon (and fooling the heck out of you)!

Gotta go now, there's a lot to do around this farm and I still have more hoaxing to get done in my spare time.

Yours truly,

Eduard Albert Meier

P.S. My friends call me Billy"