

Group Matching Target tasked by Daz Smith - GM5DS1

Remote viewed by Anita Ikonen - Method EEC

Target 1197-7652

Today April 30, 2018

Start 9:25 PM

April 30 2018. Fifth Stage 2. Target 1. 1197-7652

Start 9:25 PM.

Comment: there is music playing and a person in my apartment and that might form a distraction. I am however still prepared to go ahead with this remote viewing, and if the results of this target are good then it means I am not too sensitive to such a distraction. If the results of this target are poor, then the source of inaccuracy cannot be determined since this is only one of possible variables of distraction for this target.

Number 6 has a rather tall, spindle shaped dark object, spindle shaped meaning that it has a wider center girdle and a thin top and bottom, so this is a wonderful and brand new shape of object to work with. I will draw it. The object is symmetrical, meaning that it forms perfect round circles along a horizontal plane if you were to measure along the vertical length with circles (sorry to confuse you with that statement). The top and bottom halves are identical to each other in shape. I wonder how this object can remain standing up if it has to balance its body on that lower point tip, but that is just speculating because we do not know how this object is suspended or stays balanced yet. It is not going to fall over.

It does not form electricity. It does not make people laugh. It does not stay center (to stay as drawn I mean), it lies itself flat so that it tilts itself toward the left in the drawing to become horizontally placed. It doesn't roll once it is on the horizontal. This object is not a person, it does not have thoughts. It does not roll or go anywhere from these two placements/positions, it is not going to travel or go away. It is not rolling around itself while in place horizontally.

Nobody comes here. This is not a place where people go. It is not a place where people come to watch anything. It is not for people to go here. It is a very mellow and ordinary object, nothing feels spectacular about it. It is not going to make anyone ahh or cheer. It is nothing spectacular or out of the ordinary. Nobody comes here, this place it is not for people.

Look for a specific element, preferably an object: I find the strange object again, which has got a wider center waist than the top and the bottom of it, as drawn, it also has the circular symmetry throughout meaning circles could be drawn around any point of it along a vertical axis when it stands along the vertical axis.

Look at the very top point of this spindle: It becomes so thin that it cannot be grabbed onto, nobody could grab at the top with their hands, and that is because it becomes *infinitely* thin! So

your fingers have nothing there at the very top to grab at, it thins out to infinitely thin to where fingers could not grab a hold of it at the top.

Put your hands on the top half of the spindle: I can't, because my hands feel that the object is brushing against my hands and it almost feels like my hands are getting polished like with sandpaper almost except not that rough but it hurts a bit as if the surface were a bit grainy or sandy or of stone that is not perfectly smooth.

This object is absolutely interesting!

Put your fingertip down on the top half close to the center: Ouch! There forms a buckling reaction in the object, when my finger is there then the object bulges or lounges toward my finger, the object reacts to that, perhaps my finger unsettled the delicate balance of this object's position.

Do it again and try to see why it reacts that way: It grabs toward my finger almost like an animal that doesn't want to be touched, and I even hear a strange sound this time and the first time when it lounges toward me. Or actually, the object reacts to my fingertip pressed on it, by leaning its upper part toward me a bit, the bottom tip stays where it was, this is all in its vertical position by the way, the object makes a strange sound as it leans toward me and then it goes back to its vertical position unharmed. The sound is very strange and I fail to find words to describe the sound it makes. The object is black but with a strange dark gray hue to its color, the color is not perfectly uniformly distributed but more like black with parts that are dark gray, those dark gray parts are not spots for instance nor are they dots against the black but more like stripes that blend in well against the black, the gray does not form a striking contrast against the black color but still it can be seen that it is there.

Why does the spindle react like a monster that lounges (leans) toward me when I press my fingertip down onto it?

Let me press my fingertip down on it again and keep my finger there. The monster spindle becomes concerned and it feels under stress and concerned, I am causing it pain by pressing my finger there and keeping my finger on it and it stays in a vertical position, the object feels discomfort and concern and I am disrupting its entire state of mind! I say to it that I am sorry and I remove my finger from it, "I want you to feel ok" I say to the object and I hope that it can recover from my intrusion and go back to normal.

The object is definitely active with something and it does not want to be disturbed. But nobody goes here, nobody comes to this place, it is not a place where people go.

I hope I did not hurt it.

Investigate the bottom half or bottom point of the spindle and see what visuals you can gather: It

smells bad there, something is forming a smoke! So it is like an item that you rub round round to cause a fire when a person makes a fire into a wooden log by rubbing an item between their hands round and round, that kind of a smoke is appearing on the bottom when it is vertical! And it smells like from friction, from rubbing the bottom tip around and around in a circular fashion where that circle of motion is along the horizontal plane, when the spindle stands vertical.

The spindle wants to lie flat as drawn, it doesn't want to stay vertical for all time.

Do a taste test on it (if you dare): It tastes like people's hands have been all over it, it has that salty taste of people's hands.

But nothing goes up here, but something would (go up).

Look at the spindle from above: I can't, because somebody is standing over it.

Return to the start and go to the landscape: There is something going on here, some sort of activity. Something is being done. Something is being made. Someone is very active with doing it. But I don't want to describe a person, I want to stick to the object, meaning that the object or objects being made are central to the target and the people creating these objects are not central to the target.

But this is not a place where people go to.

Nothing makes any people happy here, this is not a place for joy or entertainment. It is not a place where people go.

Look around the spindle to see the surrounding area, can you see the ground or the floor: Yes, I can see it, and it appears to be made out of rock. Solid rock, rock made and formed by nature and not made by man. I am on a rocky place, it is rather beautiful with black and red colored stone, we appear to be on a ledge which has a vertical drop down, I will draw it.

But, this is not a place where people go. Nobody has been here. And nobody goes here, nobody travels to this place, this place is left alone by people.

Go to the target landscape and focus on a visual of the ground: The ground is rock solid, but not flat smooth but has those natural fluctuations to the surface as natural rock would have, rather flat but with some bulky wavy fluctuations as drawn. It smells funny here, a strange musky kind of smell like the smell of a man or the smell of rock, a cave kind of smell, a smell of frizzy hair, like a man whose hair is frizzy the hairs pointing in all directions and very zig-zag shaped hairs, the color of the hairs is dark gray and he has been holding the object. By now the collective of my impressions so far have seemed to be a caveman with an artifact that is a stone tool used for rotating between the hands to make smoke out of friction.

The sun doesn't shine bright here, and that is because we are so high up that the sun rises lower on the horizon as it makes its curve on the sky the sun doesn't come all the way up here, I will draw the path of the sun in the sky.

Go to the landscape and see what you can see: It smells really bad here, like in a cave, that musky smell of a closed space and the smell of rock and grime and dark gray clay-mud and I see that caveman again. It is a caveman who is wearing bits of fur that are not a symmetrical or fully covering garment but patches here and there and the fur pieces are very thick with brown fur and they still have some fat on the undersides where the hide has that white skin layer it is still greasy from the fat of the animal.

Go to the landscape: But the item being made is what is important here, not the caveman or the grime or the landscape.

The landscape can provide clues as to the identity of the central object, look at the landscape to obtain visuals: The beautiful coloration across the stone is beautiful. It makes tiger stripe patterns of dark gray rock against a paler gray rock, and that is considered very beautiful. It is actually not as dark as originally seen and drawn, I will draw another updated lighter version to show the colors.

It is being grinded, the spindle, and they are pouring water from between their fingertips (a strange way to pour water down) so that it will not form the smoke. This is not being used to make fire from the smoke, instead the smoke forms due to this object being constructed and they pour some water, a little bit of water at a time, from between fingertips down from above the object so that the water runs down and cools it down and puts out any fire from forming, maybe the water also washes away any stone-dust that is being formed off from the object. The skin color of the caveman is Caucasian with a tone of beige and light orange, and his fingertips are not like on modern humans because his outermost phalange on the fingers can bend A LOT more than on modern humans, he can press the outermost phalange and bend it it is very flexible my fingers definitely cannot even do a small bit of that flexing, also the fingertips are more spatula-shaped mine are more streamlined fingertips, he has fingernails on the fingers. The fingertips are not normal to modern humans.

He has strange lips also, his chin points forward and his lips form a permanent pout and his lips are very wide and pronounced, not chubby but wide and thinner than they would be for that width on modern humans. His face looks strange, it must be a caveman I am seeing. He is building this object. Also his heart is different from modern humans, he has adapted to where he can withstand the cold climate better for his heart, a modern human heart needs to stay warm but his can survive well in a cold climate even if he wears only these clothes of fur that cover him sporadically here and there.

I am witnessing a caveman who is crafting a spindle-shaped object out of stone that has natural tiger-shape pattern in it. He puts out the smoke that forms by letting water pour down from his fingertips, he presses his fingertips of one hand together and the water was there pressed between the fingertips that is how he had lifted the water up to above the upper tip of the spindle, and this is where I can also see the spatula shaped fingertips and how much he can flex the fingertips, I will draw his hand and his mouth.

It is a man and not a woman. He is very different from modern humans. He has a big hair and the hairs are thick and frizzy and dark gray with some gray hairs in it. He smells musky but he does not smell bad.

Look at the caveman: He wants to eat, and that is why he is building a candle. He is going to eat with it, and so he builds candles and then he quickly puts the fires out and away. He needs to know that the fires are not going anywhere (spreading out of hand), and so that is why he built his home here really high up on that hill (so high that even the sun doesn't make its arch all the way up above and over this place). He wants to eat something that he is going to cook, it is straps of meat, I see the red meat that has white areas of fat on it, it is not chopped into nice butcher shop cuts of meat but rather a long hanging straps of hanging bits.

Start all over again just in case this all would be a false lead (not the coach questioning this lead because the coach cannot know, but me having logic telling me to question it): The sun does not come really high up here, it does not come all the way up above and over this hill.

Go to the landscape and describe it: I am sitting in the arms of a caveman. He is sitting on the ground on crossed legs but he sits on a patch of fur that is under his bottom, the fur forms a cushion of red-brown fur that makes a round outline along the horizontal plane. I find myself sitting in his lap. His lips are very wide and they are pouting forward but they are proportionally thin. His forehead makes an inward curve whereas my modern human forehead is more like a vertical flat. His face looks not like modern humans. His cheeks are sunken in a lot, but his cheekbones are well defined. He is getting ready to eat something, that he has cooked, it is meat. The meat has the torso, and all four limbs, of meat with white areas of fat all in one hanging piece and the fur and entrails have been removed. He is eating it now, he chews it very slowly. Aha, his molar teeth are not as well developed as modern human molar teeth are. If I were eating meat whether raw or cooked I would be eating and chewing it much more effectively. His teeth are not as good at chewing food as mine are because he is a different Hominid species.

He swallows a chewed up piece of meat slowly and he is conscious about it and therefore he takes a moment before he starts on the next piece. He is like a slow and retarded person (sorry!) who has to take the time to be aware of the fact that he has swallowed meat, he wants to know that he has finished swallowing it all the way down before he can start on the next piece, and he is in no hurry to eat all of it up. He is eating dog meat from a dog. They kept dogs in this cave, and

then they can eat the dog meat. The dogs sometimes bite his arm, but then he can slap it on its nose and it whines and stops and goes away to hide in the corner. Sometimes their dogs growl and show teeth to their humans and raise their back hairs. The dogs consider these caves as their own homes, the humans are somewhat of an intruder, but the humans bring water and essentials to the dogs, and sometimes they sit together and the human will pat the dogs, so it is a mixed relationship. The dog would most of all like to bite into the heart of the human, but there is something about the strange intermixed relationship between the dog and the human because of the smell, the human wears dog hides so that he smells like the dog and the dog therefore smells that the human smells like a dog and the dog accepts the human, also because the human pets the dog nicely the dog feels soothed and reassured, but at the same time this dog still growls. The dog experiences mixed emotions about having the human there, it is like the smell and the petting is confusing the dog from wanting to chase away or to eat the human, the dog is not sure, but the dog is willing to settle with it for now. The dog does not like or love the human, but the human masks its human scent by wearing the dog hide, whether the human realizes this effect or not. But the human eats dog meat, and the human feeds dog meat also to the other dogs, who cannibalize it. So they get along. The human will pull a dog close to him at night to stay warm with its fur next to him, so the human and the dog are sleeping next to each other, this also helps to ensure family bonds, but the human just needs to stay warm. The human does not mind having the dog in its cave. The dog is dark gray or almost black or other dogs are red brown fur, the hairs on the dog are fine. The dog is short and stocky and has short legs that are set wide apart, the snout of the dog is long and pointy, there are no dogs that look like this today. It also does not look like a wolf. The dog does not like to smell the smell of the human pee in or around the cave, so they have a conflict and a dispute about territory, the dog does not like the human.

But! The human was making this very interesting artifact, and it was important that the sun never set high up above this cave.

The human likes to sing to himself. He lives alone, so he remembers his elders the elderly that he has seen before by singing songs about them. Each part of his song remembers something about the elderly person, the elderly person he remembers was his father.

When the stars come out, the other wild wolves howl outside, the ones that are down below from this high top of the rock. The man throws the bones of the eaten dog down below the hill so that they do not rot or attract flies or maggots here in the cave. He likes to keep things clean here. He also sweeps away any poo left of the dogs (or possibly of his own too) down the rock wall, the wall with a vertical drop that I drew.

Return to the landscape, sit at the edge and see what you see: I see blood, murder. And a dog growling and exposing its teeth. The dog is shivering and shaking, because it has seen one of its fellow dog members of its pack killed and left for dead here on the rock, but, the dog does not

want to venture away from this cave because the cave keeps him dry from the rain and warm from the cold winds. Also, the man pets him, the dog will lie on its back and expose its belly and fold its front paws and let the man pat him on the stomach and it gives the dog a good feeling. And so, therefore that is why the dog protects his human from other roaming dogs that might come here. The man's dog also makes sure to pee on all the corners so that other dogs know to stay away. He protects his human, he guards his human from other wild dogs.

The man is somewhat afraid to go below to where the top of the sun's path on the sky as it makes an arch would meet. He wants to stay up here, down below is something scary, but, he throws his meat bones down the ledge. He tries to remember all of the music that he has heard, and, he sometimes tries to compose music on his own too. But he has a slow mind, humans today would consider him retarded for processing things so slowly, but, he is rather actually a slow and methodic kind of guy who likes to think things through slowly and rationally before he acts, like how he did with the swallowing.

The man doesn't like the sun making an arch above over his head, he doesn't want to go beneath the sun's arch, so he stays here.

Ok, look for central elements for this target from the target number: It is a central element that is an object being crafted. A tool of sorts, or an item, made for decorative purposes, but it is used as a tool also.

The tool is being built, and so it makes smoke as it is being circled or rubbed round and round, twisted I think first one way then the other, clockwise, anti-clockwise, clockwise, and so forth, between the man's hands, whose fingertips can flex so much backward like our modern human fingertips cannot do. He is getting ready to prepare a meal, of dogmeat, but, he has to eat it quickly before flies and maggots form, he knows that, from previous past experiences. And also, he has to feed not too much to the pregnant female dog that is going to give him puppies, because if she eats too much, then she lies down. (Strange, right?)

The smell in this cave is unbearable, yet I can somehow tolerate it by not being too aware of it. He makes tools, that he can craft new items out of.

Focus on the central tool: It is being made, in between fingertips, of the man who cooked the dog meat over by the fire. He made shoes too, out of stone, once, but they proved heavy and difficult to lift. So he is always building and crafting things, he also takes care of the two dogs that he has got in that cave. He pats them, or he gives them slaps, and he feeds them, and he brushes their feces off down off the cliff.

The smell is unbearable here, but luckily I cannot smell it I can only describe it. The smoke forms as he rubs that spindle shaped object. I see his face again, he has got a very strange looking face. The outer part of the cheekbones protrude out, very marked cheekbones. The inner side of the

cheekbones goes inward into the face sunken in very much. The forehead has a very protruding brow ridge but above the brows the forehead is inward sunken a lot. The lips are thick and very wide but not bulging lips, they are like drawn. He is always hungry for some more meat. And he drinks the rain water, sometimes, he doesn't drink for days, and then he grows so hungry that he goes out looking for meat. But there is something dangerous below the valley.

What danger is down below: That is where he throws the meat bones, so it attracts a lot of schakals (translate?) [Comment August 2023: jackals] and vultures down there. So the dogs have to protect him and the meat that he has. He was trying to building a fire, and he succeeded! And first, there was light, from the fire that he made to cook the meat with. He holds the meat that is one piece from the whole carcass, over the fire, and he turns it carefully, and his mouth starts to salivate, and he has a smile he is getting ready to eat. The dog's eyes shine in the dark corner of the room and the dog carefully steps forward a bit but the dog holds a low hunching posture out of its insecurity, it knows to fear the man, but he also protects him, the dog has a lot of mixed feelings toward this man.

Go into the home of this caveman and just look around, try to collect visuals: There is a pile of old bones in one corner, the bones have been picked clean and they are just lying and resting there. Long bones such as femurs, these bones they do not stink. The cave has been colored black from the soot of cooking fire on the roof and walls of the cave. There is a wild dog lurking in a dark corner of the cave, it always faces forward so that it never turns its back on the man that he fears and hates at the same time, hates for trespassing into his (the dog's) territory. The dog wants to pee outdoors of the cave on the corners to mark the periphery, the dog does that the dog does not pee indoors in here. The dog doesn't like the cooking smoke, but he doesn't leave the cave when that happens. This cave is dry and snug when it rains, and the man sometimes pets him so that makes him feel reassured. The dog gets petted on his lower belly when he lies down on his back.

The man goes in here when it rains, also when the wind blows cold at night. And he doesn't go out unless he has to. They have got not enough to eat here, but, he knows that he has to sweep the feces out of here, or otherwise it starts to rot and attracts insects. He tries to keep it clean here. Sometimes he hits the dog, so that it will stop whining, or so that it stops showing its teeth at him ready to bite, the dog will otherwise sneak up toward him with teeth exposed and growling and bite him in the arm, that has happened a few times, so he has to keep hitting the dog on its snout to keep that from happening, so that the dog fears him, but they are best of buddies too, sometimes they sleep together but the dog has got bed bugs that bite the man in the night when they sleep, but they protect each other, and they are both together alone in this world.

The man thinks very slowly. He is like a retard who has to think things through slowly. He knows to throw the bones down the ledge so that it does not attract vermin, sometimes the dog bites him



into the arm, so he has to keep hitting him on the nose to keep that from happening. The man has also started peeing outdoors, because he has seen the dog do that, and so they pee on almost the same places. He looks at the dog and doesn't trust him, so he raises his arm as if ready to strike, and the dog backs off into his corner but without ever turning its back to the man and without taking his eyes off of the man.

It smells funny here, of half roasted meat and of furry animals, and sometimes it smells of dog feces, the dog makes black and very dry feces.

The sun never rises high up here, and that is important for keeping this cave level and above water, the water runs down below deep, and sometimes, the water rises, and so it was important to come here up above the sun level to keep the water from rising up above over his head, down below is the danger, and so he drops the dog meat bones down there, and he doesn't *ever* venture down there! Not even, to make the better tools!

The thunder bolt is not dangerous, because the thunder comes from the sun and the sun is always kept lower below the hilltop where he is, and so that is the specific and only reason why he does not fear the thunder lightning bolts that happen up in the sky, because they are rays of the sun that is why, and the sun it does not reach up here, because it builds its arch down below in the valley beneath.

The man was making a fire, and sometimes, he succeeded! And then he could cook the meat! But the dog that he has sometimes it bites into his arm! And then his arm bleeds in many places, and so he kicks the dog in his rear bum! And he slaps the dog on his nose to keep him from making him bleeding (to prevent the dog from making the man bleed again). But sometimes, they curl up together, and the man pulls the dog into his arms as he sits on the ground in the cave, it is only just that, the dog it contains those lice.

I can see the lice now, as I did earlier, very clearly. They are notably flat and large bed bug lice, they have a pale blue gray color and those large grabbing hooks on the front, I will draw one. Notably there are ridges running along the back of the louse, not straight lines they make a bulge in the center, three such lines are on the back.

Focus on locating the central target element: The central element is something, a tool, made to build fire, and it makes smoke first, but the man pours water down from between his pressed fingertips to extinguish the fire.

Look at this spindle object to see it more clearly: It is made to draw furs as well also. It is used in hide making, this spindle is a crafted and very old archaeological item. He has built and crafted this item, all on his own. He likes the smells here, because to him it smells of home. And he fears the thunder and lightning, but he knows that it cannot hurt him because the sun makes its arch down below in the valley, and so he feels safe here, and he also won't go down into the valley

because the flood waters can rise up there, and he doesn't want to drown. And his dog growling in the corner wants to bite him, but he lives with the dog, and they pee together into the same corners, so that their pees are intermixed, the man thinks that that means that they are friends.

The smells here, are of cooking roasted meat. I can see the red raw carcass, it has got all of the meat of the entire body attached in one flappy piece with the skin and entrails and all the bones removed, the outline follows the back meat and all the four limbs meat in four floppy flaps of meat. He feeds the dog one raw small square piece that has got extra much fat on it, he knows that the fat is a good piece, and so he wants to feed it. He knows that the female dog is going to give puppies soon, so it is important not to feed her too much (strange heh?) because otherwise she won't lie down to feed (nurse) the children (puppies) (strange logic from the caveman here?).

He knows that the thunder can give lighting, but he feels better remaining that the lighting stays down below beneath in the valley, so that it doesn't come here. The dog bites him sometimes on the arm and the dog it also gives him bed bugs lice. But he gives the dog food, for keeping him safe, and also for providing him with hides that help keep him warm and feeling safe. He defecates outside, the man, and not inside of the cave. And sometimes he slaps the dog on its nose, to keep him quiet and to stop it from growling at him, then the dog whines and goes away feeling offended but at least it stops staring at the man with those intent eyes. The dog gives him lice, and the man does not like that. The dog also leaves its feces indoors so the man has to sweep them out, he sweeps them down into the valley where the rising river waters will wash them all away. He could have *drowned* down there in the valley, had he not sought refuge higher up ground, to where the sun also does not reach to or set.

All of this so far has pretty much come all at once. I will now take a moment just to look at the numbers and to give it some time for me to anchor myself into the numbers rather than to just be swept along by the impressions. Yes, I see the raw dog meat that is in one piece and has all the four limbs there still intact. The dog meat has been cut into little dice cube shaped pieces that have got the most fat on them, because, the fat is the most important, so that is why he is feeding it to the dog who is going to have children and baby puppies, he knows that the dog needs it to form breast milk. Then they can eat the puppies, to form breast milk is important, and also, he fears the thunder and sunshine so he retreated to up here.

The impressions flow very quickly and are perfectly consistent with themselves reappearing many times without changing the story or the landscape or the elements, but I feel I need to focus to locate the central item.

The man's fingertips are strange, because, they can flex a lot and ours can't now on modern man.

I need to focus, I get these impressions and then it takes time and distracts me from the central elements. These are periphery and I have explored them already, so now we are getting into

repetition, so I need to locate the central item. He tries to stay warm here, in the cave, and he knows, that the other dogs down beneath in the valley he cannot beat them down, and so he relies on his dog friend to provide him with the only kind of protection he has got. At least, he has got the thunderbolts covered, because they (the thunderbolts) cannot come up here into the cave. It smells of roasted meat, and the dog is growling and showing its teeth.

The tool being made, is the central item. It is made out of stone, not metal, and it is a smooth and polished surface, but the shape puzzles me. It is made out of pouring water over it so that it does not stink (not sure why I said that, probably what the man would have said).

The man has an arched back that arches or bulges backward, he does not have a perfect upright standing posture like modern human does. His teeth are also different, they cannot chew or grind really well, but he does it anyway, and he takes his time.

He makes, and builds a fire out of this item. And he hangs the fur hides up to dry, they are just straps and pieces, he cannot wear it all of the time, because sometimes it gets too hot, so he hangs it up above. He doesn't lay it down on the ground because then the dog would come and play on it and he takes it away from the dog. Oh I saw the caveman picking his nose with his finger.

The caveman scrapes with a thin flint stone blade across his bare abdomen when he is sitting, from down to up, to remove his belly hairs and also the lice that attach to there. He likes to have it done. And then he wipes the blade clean by jabbing it into the sand on the ground next to him in the cave so that all of the hairs and lice get buried in the sand and the blade re-emerges from the sand clean again.

He doesn't shave so under his throat, because his throat can begin to cut and bleed easily (smart move, to not put any blades against his throat). But he shaves his belly, and the chest, and the rest of it, under his arms too he cuts the hairs away and sometimes it stings and hurts and then he cries. But he wants to get the hairs away. He sometimes grinds his body in with the fat from the carcass, so that he can remain clean. It keeps him clean and keeps away the wet as well. He likes to smear the fat of the meat on his skin like a body lotion, it smells good to him then too, but he doesn't smear it underneath his throat.

He sleeps there next to the dogs, he can hear the wild dogs outside howling so he pulls his own dogs near to him, they will protect him all through the night. And so if he hides himself in dog hides the dogs will think that he is one of their own. And so they live together in this way, the man and the dog, in symbiosis in this cave. If only the dogs would stop pooing inside of the cave, because then he has to get up sometimes in the night to poo himself outdoors. But the dogs leave it indoors in the cave. The flies come otherwise, if he does not clean and keep things cleared out. The rainwaters do not come in here, the rain only falls down beneath the valley where they

swamp the rising tidal waves and the waters rise high, so that is why it was important to come up here. He now has to pat the dog on its snout to keep it from growling. He grinds himself in with fat, and so that will keep the ashes off from staying on his body. There are flakes of gray ashes blowing around in the air in the wind in this cave, the air lifts them up from the firepit and these gray flakes of ashes dance in the air and they land on him, and in his hair too, and that is why part of his hairs looked gray earlier, it is from the ashes from the cooking fire. And he gets them into his nose too, he inhales these flakes of gray ashes when he is sitting or standing next to the fire, but he covers himself, grinds himself, with the meat fat to keep these ashes away.

The object being created, is a spindle. It creates a fire. It is used for grinding with, and it is a very old prehistoric artifact, found and not know what it was used for. It is created, by grinding, repeatedly, by using the friction that is formed with water, and that is also why he has let water pour down onto the object while it was being made. The friction causes fire, and so the water it also puts out the fire from being formed. The meat that is being cooked, is dog meat. And it attracts flies, if he isn't careful.

This target is found at a high elevation, it is elevated high off ground on this stone cliff. It was used for shaving his beard with too, the blade that was made out of flint. And then he would rub the meat wax (fat) on his face too (after shaving), it keeps the dirt off of him.

Go above this site and look down from above from the sky: The man lived here, he paced in and out of the cave spending day after day of his life here, his thoughts were formed here, he lived here.

I now look at my first impressions at the start of this page, those are usually what to go back to if I have strayed (I don't think I tend to stray into other directions). The spindle, plus that nobody comes here to this place were the first things that I noted.

Locate the target: The target was an object that was located here, and it was not before moved from this place. The waters rose high down below, but not up into this cave. This cave is at a high elevation. There were dogs and man living here, side by side, and the dogs were being eaten by both man and dog. Insects swarmed here, especially in the summer, these places were insects swarmed, and at summers it got really hot here, but they did not succumb to the rain water floods down below.

The target might be the spindle. Look at the spindle some more, but do not mention this time anything that has been mentioned before, so, look for new details: The spindle moves around, it is being spun around its central vertical axis when it stands upright and vertically aligned. It is made out of stone, and its surface is still granular and therefore rough like sandpaper, and the man is smoothing it out by using water that he drops down onto it from above from between his fingertips, he brings in the water by pinching water between his fingertips and then releasing it

down over the spindle being spun.

It smells weird here. A mixture of the smell of food and filth. But not particularly a bad smell. Over where he hits the dog on its head with a rock to kill it the stone is covered in blood. He also makes sure to keep, to save, the teeth of the dog so he pulls them out. He wants to keep them, and so he stored the dog's teeth over to the right in the cave, right from the entrance when coming in. He particularly liked the tiger stripe pattern on the spindle stone, this time I saw it as black with red stripes, the black and red is the color of the stone on the ground outside at the cliff that has the vertical drop.

Focus on this spindle, what do you learn about it that hasn't already been mentioned: It was not made by any woman, this man he built it. And he doesn't ever throw any spindle down over the rock! These things are not thrown away. He tries to remember the music, and so he repeats it for himself in his mind. He wants to remember his father that way, by playing the music in his mind that represents the memories he has of him. He can remember him that way, his father was a great man. But his father died one day. But then he didn't have his father's spindles. His father didn't tell him much, but he used to follow his father around to see what he was doing, and he copied everything that his father's fingers did, and so he learned the tool art of making these spindles by watching every movement that his father made. And so these dogs were not here then, he brought the dogs in from below, from other people's caves, and so he settled here. The other people down below have grains, they eat the hard-shelled grass seeds, and he doesn't eat them or seek out them (the grass seeds). He eats the dogs' meat.

This place goes high up, higher up than where the sun rises on its arch across the sky. He fears to see the sun above him in the sky, because he knows, that the sun it emits lightning bolts. And then the rain waters come, but the rain it can settle down beneath in the valley, so that he can live safe here with his dogs. He pulverizes the dog bones sometimes, and tries to eat them, but that has not been successful yet. But he knows that there are edible bits *inside* of the bone, but he needs to get to them first before the flies do (bone marrow is edible and highly nutritious).

The stone objects were set down against the ground (when the spindles lay down flat). They were being placed there. The spindle or spindles are lying down flat against the sand that covers the floor of this cave. They were made by human thumbs that were different, thumbs that can flex a very wide spatula-like outermost phalange. Water was laid down over these spindles, to prevent them from forming too much smoke, because smoke appears when they are being used.

They are beautiful, they shine like marble, and, they have also got a very agreeable pattern of that tiger striped coloration across the stone. The tiger stripes occur naturally in the rock. These objects were never broken or clubbed to break them apart. They were preserved.

There is dog's blood here elsewhere in the cave, from a dog that was smashed to bits by the man.

He then sings to it, and tries to eat from it while it is still bleeding and is alive.

It is spun around, the spindle. Clockwise a bit, then counter-clockwise, and clockwise again, and so forth, back and forth, by use of hands.

Do an exploration, a long lasting continuous visit to that place, instead of always being woken up from one visual moment by being surprised or overwhelmed by impressions or distracted from starting to write, go to the target landscape and stay there for a long lasting visual: There are lice here, and they sometimes lie closer to the fire to stay warm. The dogs have them too, but as soon as you begin to approach the dog it lifts its lips up to show the teeth and growls, if you try to pick the dog up it will go into a frenzy and whine like crazy and kick its body around like a flapping crazy fish while whining until you let it go.

There are bare bones piled up in a pile over there. They appear to be picked clean, with no meat or other edible stuff such as tendons or ligaments on them, even that white sheer tendons or ligaments tissue has been scraped and eaten off, the bones are bare. There are lice in this cave, and a man sings his songs. He knows the songs well, because they were once sung by his own father, and so he remembers them well, and here he is preparing and cooking the meat off the bones. He especially likes to work with the raw hides, that have got the white sheets of elastic tissue on them on the undersides, he likes to prepare the meat, while he sings his songs. The rain stays outside, and does not come indoors, and therefore this is a good place to be. Sometimes it gets so dark that he cannot see anything, and then he grabs his feeling stick so that if something moves at night he can jab the stick into them to feel around in the dark. He grasps his hand firm around the feeling stick in the night so that if he wakes up from a sound he can jab the stick toward it in that direction to feel in the dark.

The cave smells of musky odors, and many dead animals have been laid here. He doesn't venture outside, unless he has to, the only thing that he does not like here, are the lice and the ticks.

He wouldn't have hit me over the head to kill me had he seen me (interaction, he sees me when I go to the cave anew this time!), because he would have seen in my eyes that I am another one just like he. He would have welcomed me into the cave. He would have then wanted to know, if I can work with the beads. There are small beads here, that they can thread. The beads are made out of dog teeth to preserve them. There is no way to preserve the meat, to refrigerate it. So it all needs to be eaten, otherwise it will rot and go bad and the flesh will have to be thrown over the ledge down below to the wild dogs that live down there but that do not come up. He likes to climb up here, here to be safe from the rising water.

Look at the spindle and see what you see around the spindle: There are animals in this cave, a wild dog with fur.

Locate the walls if there are any walls: The walls are warm to the touch.

How thick are the walls in this room: Not thick at all, and quickly there is the entrance into this cave, the air is fresh and the light is bright outside.

Sit next to the spindle, what do you see or experience: The musky smell, that is here, of wild animals, fur, and animal feces.

The man is pouring water over the rotating spindle.

There are wild canine teeth here, canine meaning from dogs. There are meat and bones here.

The bottom point of the spindle turns very sharp and thin and pointy, it is ever so thin.

Just a thought, from the logical part of my brain, rising waters and wild animals, could this be the Noah's Ark? But that is speculating and use of logic and speculating is not allowed and the findings of speculating are never valid, because the best they can do is to be guesses, even if they were correct they are not a measure of remote viewing skill but of random guessing, logic can only guess in these things because logic cannot derive accurate information from just looking at numbers, so this note is ignored, but still worthwhile to mention.

The target is a small item found on the bottom, meaning floor, of a cave. It was made by man hands. The spindle was spun around. There are wild dogs here. Wild and feral dogs. The dogs are protecting something, and, sometimes they are biting into the man's arm.

The smell is very musky here. And there has been blood here. The water never rose up here.

Ok, investigate the rising water, go down into the valley and explore the water that can rise: It is a ravine or a canyon which has a creek or small river down below, this water isn't typically risen so much, and also, it will never rise higher up to come over to the top of this place.

Stay with the water and investigate it: There were many tool users down below in the rock crevices in the canyon. Many small caves that had many settlements of these people living there, some of them were women too. They felt safe from the wild animals - predators - that could not navigate these steep hill cliffs. These people they also wore garments that cover parts of them sporadically. I can smell a woman of this people. She also has the strange forward facing chin and the wide pouting but narrow lips but her hair is red, her hair is also very frizzy. I see that she is very emotional just like modern human women are today, she can have a lot of mood swings and she forms emotional bonds to other humans more so than the man does and she can experience mood swings because it is part of forming emotional bonds to children and to other humans but especially to children, the ups and downs of melancholy and rages and sadness and insecurities.

The water never rose up here, to the target. So that is why this target was found. The water never

rose up here to this cave, but down below, all was flooded. The man wanted to eat the dog meat, but he couldn't. Not until all of the other flies and their maggots had been cleared out. And the smells were swept out.

Look at the spindle: The man takes his feces out. He doesn't want to leave it here in this cave. The man has spun the spindle around. The spindle it was made out of rock, and water was poured down over it to balance it.

Ok so the target must be highly related to the spindle, take the spindle into your hands: I am not allowed to, because the man takes it back to him. He doesn't want me to take it, he grabs it out of my hands.

Taste test on the spindle: I cannot, because it is too rough, or coarse. But it smells like smoke.

Let your finger run up along the spindle toward the top: I cannot, because it is being moved a lot, the spindle it is very active. It is moving, it is being rotated. And it has got those tiger stripe patterns. The spindle smells of smoke, and I cannot touch it, because it is being moved, it is being rotated.

Imagine that you magically create a perfect copy of the spindle that you place here next to you (a new tool or trick that I just came up with), that way the original spindle stays with the man and the copy you can inspect undisturbed and without disturbing the man who keeps the original: This spindle was not made by women, it was not touched by women's hands before. I say that, because this spindle has been touched *a lot*. It was made or crafted by the hands of a man, and one man alone has made it. The spindle is made to look as drawn, and it is a crafting tool or item. And it is used for carving meat as well, but it forms a smoke if it is spun too fast.

I just keep thinking what if this target is the Noah's Ark. I need to investigate the cave/room to answer this question.

Number 6 has got the central item of the target. The cave has got no windows, and also it does not float. It is a place of high elevation, and no other people had come up here. It does not get so cold here, so this was a good place to live. It is dark inside. There are no people here, just the spindles. And none of the dog bones are left. And none of the dog's blood is left here. Just the spindles remain, just the spindles that were crafted by that one man's hands and made with water.

There are no airplanes here, it does not go that high up, so we are not floating in the sky. The water came down below it has risen. The musky smell is here. The sun that does not rise up above the horizon, that was very important to this man. He never shaved his head, but he shaved the underside of his body, and he tried to make friends with his dog, but that dog once bit into his arm, and there were lice here, lice that could walk across the ground, and then they would sit on him, but the lice came from the dog. The thunderbolts could not climb high up enough in the sky



to come here. The water has risen down below.

Look at the moment in time when the water rose: Some people drowned there down below, the whole village of people living in the crevices in the canyon wall, on one side of the canyon on one of the walls there was a village of people living there. They could not seek up higher ground, but this one man was here.

The ones who lived down below, especially the women or woman, liked to pick the seashells that were on the shore of that river, small pink colored shells. The woman had a fragrance.

The spindle was also used for carving bone marrow meat out with from the bone, that is why it has that pointy upper end. It was a carving tool as well.

How do I proceed in verifying what the target is? The spindle is the key, I guess so focus on the spindle to obtain more and new details:

I think that is all I can do for now.

Before I end this remote viewing, I need to think of some way to "close" it, so that it does not reveal information in the upcoming targets. How do I close a target when I am finished with it? I have to invent a method now on my own. I pretend that I leave the information landscape which has the colors and the shapes, and as I move further out I am doing a reverse of what I did before: before I got the images and the shapes and I made them gradually clearer and found more details, now I pretend I go backwards out again and I return into a field that is entirely just white light and light pixels (I saw this light pixel place so I did not invent it).

I choose to focus on the light pixel field for a moment to strengthen and enforce it. It seems to work, because now over the target numbers is not the landscape anymore that I had built but the field of white light pixels. I hope this worked, I have a feeling it did. Easy.

12:10 midnight. End. But yes, the target seems to be a tool. This time a flint tool with a sharp blade. And that it too was made with fingertips that flex a lot backward, and the target seems to have been found in a cave, a cave that was so high up that it was never affected by water, and that is central because that is why this object was retrieved, it was not washed away like the other artifacts that were further below from this cave. This was up above. (The target did not close after all but started all over again when I was about to leave.)

I attempt to close it again. I see that the object was placed into a metal box that was painted blue colored on the outside. The object was retrieved by archaeologists it seems. There were also teeth found in this cave, and a hacking object. The dog bones were all left from here, they were no longer there, but the dogs once lived here and watching things with their eyes here. The man's fingertips have touched across this object, and that is why this thing was special. It was left here,

but his scent and all the smells of the cave were long lost and gone. And none of these items were washed away, by the rain waters, because *this* cave was placed high above. The other ones of the other settlements were submerged by the water, and all of their artifacts were washed away, and not even bones remained in those ones.

Attempting to close the target did instead that the target emerges again but from a slightly different angle, much more visually vivid than the first RV approach was, and reveals the same story but with different visuals and elements that are though however depicting the same. So closing the target did not close it at all. I will go to sleep now and think about how to close this tomorrow.

12:14 midnight End.

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