

Interview With A Psychic Assassin



A novel by

Inelia Benz

Also by Inelia Benz
Interview with an Alien

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Author contact details:

www.inelia.com

Cover by: Cristina Pandia and Augustin Georgescu

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Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction.

Names, character, places and incidents either are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

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Table of Contents

Disclaimer.....	iv
Acknowledgments.....	v
Introduction	1
Chapter One: First Interview.....	3

Introduction

In 2009 I wrote the now very popular *Interview With An Alien* book. Since then, my friend whom I had interviewed in the book, moved away to a different location and continued her anonymous work among us.

Two months ago, she sent me a note. It was stuck to my front door when I got home from the store. It said:

“My Dearest Inelia,

As you know, contacting you by electronic or traceable ways is no longer possible. I knew this would be the case when we first decided to do the interview. I told you then that I would help you write more books, and that is why I am sending you this urgent note.

There is a woman I want you to meet. What she has to say, what she represents, and the information she wants to share, is very relevant for the Earth today.

Her name is Ramona, and she is what you might call a “psychic assassin”.

No need to let me know what you decide to do, I will know your answer and so will Ramona. If you decide to do this interview, she will be in touch.

I love you dearly, and I know we will be able to meet again openly without danger of either of our paths being derailed by external circumstances or intentions.

Your friend.”

I read the note over and over, looking and tapping into the energies contained within. I could feel my friend's energy and love in the note, along with the energy of several individuals that had carried the note across what appeared to be several countries, finally to the person who had stuck it on my front door.

I wanted to reach out to my friend and tell her how right she was about me giving seminars and retreats on the topic of Ascension. It was something that was totally off key and impossible for me to see in 2009. I wanted to tell her so many things.

Then I felt Ramona. Her energy was like black transparent glass - vast like the night sky, yet filled with stars. It was also very feminine, and youthful. She reminded me of an innocent little girl filled with rage and anger. I saw a visual of what she looked like: small, black hair, brown skin, big eyes, thin lips and nose, all delicate features like fine porcelain. She sent me a greeting and expectation of response.

Immediately I replied, "yes."

This book was begun in the traditional interview style, as a series of questions and answers. However, the interview ended dramatically before we were done, and what followed was an adventure the likes of which I had never experienced before.

And now the disclaimer:

THIS BOOK IS A WORK OF FICTION.

Chapter One: First Interview

The airline ticket arrived via regular post. This surprised me because I hadn't had any contact from Ramona in any way since the initial introduction we had when I received the note from my friend.

It was a one week round trip ticket to Costa Rica during a week that had mysteriously cleared up in my calendar overnight, including a stay at a 5 star hotel. I had three days to pack.

My flight to Costa Rica went without incident. I mentioned it to my subscribers at ascension101, and the public at large, but didn't give many details, such as the final destination, when I was going to arrive, or that I was meeting Ramona.

A driver from the hotel was waiting for me at Daniel Oduber International Airport, in Liberia. I was pleasantly surprised at his energy field, friendliness, manners and openness. When I arrived at the hotel, the staff was also amazingly open and friendly. This was a good start to my "holiday".

I knew Ramona would not be there to greet me. She had allowed me time to settle into the place and the new energies. She would be arriving at the hotel the next day and the staff told me she would meet me for lunch.

I spent the next morning swimming in the sea, and eating amazing freshly picked live fruits.

I was very excited about meeting Ramona. There was something about her that made me feel as if I was meeting someone I already knew. At noon, I walked down to the hotel restaurant, and set myself up with my audio recorders, paper notebook, pens, and laptop.

Deep in my own thoughts, I didn't sense Ramona enter the room, nor did I realize she was there until she was standing right in front of me, with a wide smile and her hand extended.

We shook hands, an odd way to greet another woman in South America, and exchanged a few words of small talk. Her accent was North American but I was not able to pinpoint it to any particular country or region. She asked me not to take pictures, but said I could record our conversations as long as I promised to delete everything after it was transcribed. I showed her my portable digital recorder, and also a backup wireless pendant microphone which sent the audio directly to my phone. She was fine with both.

My visuals of her had been very accurate. She was around 4'11", small build, and very fine features with big eyes. Indeed very much like a porcelain doll. From her demeanor and clothes, I guessed she must be in her 50s. The feeling that I was looking into space, or into black transparent glass, was amplified tenfold.

There was also a distinct reserved air about her, like a cloud or mask that presents one person, while the true person remains invisible.

*** Have you read *Interview with an Alien*? ***

Yes I have. I like it! It's very relevant and timeless. It helped me realize why our friend came into my life when she did, but mostly I think she sent me the book so I could find out about you. Telling my story is not something that comes naturally for me. I am used to working in the shadows, in secrecy.

*** I would love to talk about your meeting with her, how she's doing and what you discussed. But I feel that this is not the story that wants to be told, am I right? ***

Right. It's not the story I am here to tell.

*** That's what I thought. OK, if you remember in that book our friend wanted me to present her interview as a novel. Would you like this book to be presented as a novel or as a real interview? ***

My thinking is that this information, along with what we are exploring over the next few days, is best presented as a novel. One reason is that it is not very objective, and secondly, the information is better received when the person reads it as though it was fiction. Otherwise, the break in reality is too great. Or, something is triggered in the reader that makes them give up halfway through the book, missing important information.

*** Are there any signs our readers should watch for to know if they are being triggered or stopped before they finish the book? ***

Yes. There are several. If a person suddenly realizes that they can't remember the previous page, paragraph or entire chapter. Or, the feeling that there is too much information in a sentence or paragraph, like it's too dense. Another sign might be fear that what they are about to read is horrifying, polluting, or dangerous. At other times, the person could get dizzy or sleepy for no reason.

*** What should they do if that happens? ***

Read what you have just read a couple more times. If the symptoms persist, think to yourself "this is just a novel."

*** Thank you. That is very clear and simple. Do you think that what you have to share will transform people's lives? ***

Well, it will give them a better understanding of what is happening in the world today. At the very least, it offers a different perspective that will allow them to make more informed decisions.

*** When I look at you, you appear so... harmless and innocent. Yet there is a huge power I sense from you and my friend called you a “psychic assassin”. Assassin means “murderer”, which is a very strong word to describe anyone... I guess my question is, why the contradiction between what you do and how you look? ***

She smiled.

Interesting question to begin with. I thought you would ask me my age and place of birth. OK. Yes. I have killed people. It is not something I am proud of, or feel sorry about. I am not capable of having those feelings. Yet it is something that I recently realized was not correct. My physical appearance is like camouflage, it disarms people. In fact, most people don't even see me walk past them.

As she spoke these words, I sensed a very distinct feeling of self protection in her field. Self protection, but also protecting another or others. She became aware that I was observing that energy in her. She looked at me, her head angling to the side, her energy morphed into that of a rattle snake about to strike, then striking full force. I could even hear the rattle in my mind. It was fascinating. Her posture went back to a normal position and she looked into my eyes, frowning.

You are not afraid.

*** Hmmm... no. Do you think I should be? If so, why? What just happened? ***

You know, I don't think this is such a good idea after all. This interview. You can stay here and enjoy your time in Costa Rica. Thank you for coming all this way, and I apologise for wasting your time.

She stood up and held out her hand. In 2010, I had been asked to go public. It took me months to decide to do it, and since then there were aspects of myself that I no longer held back. I sensed similar energies in

Ramona. I too had stepped into a role that was very different to the one I had in 2009 when I wrote the book, Interview with an Alien.

This was not going to be a regular interview, but more of an exploration. I took her hand, and allowed her to just Be. I've done this with hundred's of individuals around the world. It represents complete allowance to exist - without judgment... To be seen and connected in Oneness without expectations. It has always led to amazing shifts and transformations.

Her eyes opened wide, and filled with tears. She yanked her hand away and turned to leave. As she approached the door, she suddenly stopped, turned around, walked back and sat down again.

What the hell are you???

*** You might think of me as a blip in the program. A string of consciousness. A means to deliver the message of empowerment. Or, that I don't exist at all. Perhaps even as a mother and wife from Sacramento, California, USA... Take your pick. ***

We sat in silence for a few minutes. I could feel her scanning me, rescanning, and scanning again... Making a decision.

I sensed you in my field, in areas that no other human being can enter. I was going to kill you, but was unable to. It was like striking at empty space. Or missing the target before I could even shoot. This is really strange, since it's never happened before... At the same time, it felt like you could feel the "weapon" hit you, yet did nothing. The topper was that you didn't seem to care either way, as if it wasn't there. Tell me: why can't I kill or even affect you?

*** I'm thinking there was a lack of agreement. The time for me to leave my body is way into the future, not today. And even if it was

today, it's not something I am afraid of. When we are afraid of something, in our minds, and in our body, it is us saying that it can happen. Therefore we are agreeing to whatever makes us afraid, or whatever we are afraid will happen. Is this normal for you? To try kill someone you don't know and have just met? ***

No. It was a knee jerk reaction. Which is also very unusual for me, as I have been trained to never act from fear or any emotion. As I look at it now, it feels more like a program, not an emotional reaction. Something was placed in my field to kill whomever had your vibration and ability, the ability to reach the parts of me that are closed. It makes sense if we think of it as a program to remove certain elements from the planet, which is what I did for several decades.

*** Like a failsafe to remove me or those like me from your life before we get acquainted. It makes sense. Have you had contact with others with my frequency of vibration and abilities before? ***

No, I can't say I have. However, I've pinpointed the program - the one that made me attack you, and will dissolve it before we meet again. This really annoys me. I've spent the past three years regaining ownership of myself and my power, and then this appears. I wonder what other programs there are that can be used against others without my consent. I am so angry right now.

*** I think the key is "without your consent". Most of us react and make decisions from unconscious programs. Even though they are not decisions or reactions that are deadly to ourselves or others most of the time, they are still decisions. I think it is no coincidence that I was the first person you have met with both this skill and vibration. You had already decided that your own power, and lethal skills would not be used without your consent. By meeting me first, you have made sure that you did not, in fact, kill someone through unconsciously acting out a malevolent program placed inside your field... Do you see

the connection? The program was activated, but you did not kill me.

Yes. I see the connection. That is a very empowering perspective to see this from. I'm not quite sure what to do now. To tell you the truth, I'm embarrassed by what happened. We just met, and your non-judgment of what happened is a little confusing too. I honestly don't know what to say.

*** I'd say, let's do this interview and tell the world how a person can be in the position you just found yourself in through the machinations of others. Let's start with your handler, your teacher. Tell me about this person. ***

Alright, I agree... let's do this. His name was Elwin. He entered my life when I was six years old.

I lived with my family in a small village not far from here. We didn't have much, but we had each other, my family and I. The floors in our house were made of hardened clay mud, we had our own well, which was a luxury there, and no electricity.

Elwin arrived in a huge black car with two other people. They wore grey suits and were giants to us. Huge, pale white gringos. Elwin, a man and a woman. One of them spoke Spanish with a funny accent.

They told my parents that they represented a world religious organization that gave gifted children full scholarships to an elite boarding school in the USA, all the way through and including degree programs at University. Included with the scholarship was a massive monthly allowance of \$50 dollars per month, paid directly to my family each month. They said that they were recruiting from all of Latin America, and had been contacted by my school, indicating my teacher had entered me into the scholarship competition.

My parents were overwhelmed and grateful. These important people wanted to give their daughter a huge opportunity in life, and the family a huge amount of money, lifting them out of poverty.

We, country folk, are a trusting people. And my parents came from a culture that was easily impressed, but this culture is also very protective of their children. It took those three people in their grey suits and big black car several months to convince my parents to let me go to the USA. In fact, my father insisted he be allowed to travel with me to visit the school before making the final decision.

That visit impressed my father greatly. The school was a palace to us. A huge mansion filled with dormitories, beautifully appointed classrooms, a sports hall, and a cafeteria which resembled a four star restaurant. It was like stepping into a luxurious movie set since we had never seen anything like it in real life. Elwin travelled with us to the USA and finished the job of convincing my father that this was the best thing for me. After seeing the boarding school, this was not difficult to do. Even I loved it. My father signed the required papers designating Elwin as my legal guardian.

*** Before we talk more about Elwin, could you tell me if this was a real school? I'm asking because it sounds like a place I was taken to when I lived in England as a kid, but the one I was taken to was not a real school. ***

Yes, it was a real school. Most of the kids were regular high society boarders. But there was an underground area that only a few kids were taken to every day. The adults called it the "research labs", but we called it "the Dungeon". The Dungeon was where the psychic training took place.

*** So all this happened when you were six years old. Did they give you a period of adjustment or did they take you straight into training?

My father stayed with me for a week, and the moment he was driven to the airport Elwin took me for my initial “interview” with a person we will call Lord R. It was not at the school, but in a nearby city. Lord R’s office was in an old building which smelled of tobacco and furniture wax. I was still crying that my daddy was gone, and so Elwin carried me in his arms. He sat me down in front of an old oak desk and we waited for Lord R to arrive.

I could sense the energy change in the room the moment Lord R walked in. He had two other men with him - younger men with hidden guns. Elwin stood up straight and I could feel that he wanted me to impress Lord R, as if to say “Here is a find”, something Elwin desperately wanted validated by him.

Lord R sat on the other side of the desk while watching me carefully... you could almost say ‘studying me’. He lit a cigar. I could feel that he was a powerful man, and that no one there was more powerful. After a short while he told me, with gestures as I didn’t speak English at the time, to come over and sit on his lap.

I said “no” and crossing my arms, and frowning. Elwin tried to convince me, but I refused. There was something about that man I didn’t like. And then I sensed it... there were “energetic tendrils” penetrating my senses. I immediately recognised it as something I had felt when Elwin first arrived at our house. But with Elwin there was no “redness” to the feeling. No malice. I followed the redness back to Lord R, and I was able to see what it was. It was fear. It was as if he was trying to show me how powerful he was, and that he was an authority, but really he was afraid of me. It was very strange.

*** Did you ever find out why he was afraid of you? ***

It felt like someone accustomed to holding fire in their hands to burn others with, but there is nothing really to stop the fire from hurting them too, and they know that they can be burned if the fire realized there was nothing to stop it burning the person holding it. But I didn't understand that he was afraid of me for many years. At the time it just felt uncomfortable.

*** What happened after that? ***

Lord R stood up and made himself very big and scary. I started crying and ran to Elwin, which made the Lord feel powerful enough, so we were permitted to leave.

*** Sounds like a sick man. ***

Looking back I can tell you it was a good thing that he had taken a dislike to me, or was afraid of me. There were several cases of girls and boys being taken out of the school in the middle of the night, and when they got back they smelled of cigar, alcohol and furniture wax. Sexual abuse is rampant in those power circles, including abuse of their own children, the elite kids.

*** I've heard of it. David Icke talks quite a lot about it, and now there are witnesses coming forward that involved the Vatican, European monarchies and high level politicians. Did you experience sexual abuse as a kid? ***

I noticed her frowning, like trying to remember something.

I remember once I was dressed up in this beautiful white and pink dress. It had lace and ribbons and made me feel like a princess. I was told that I would be going to meet some important people and that I was very special. It was really late at night, but after that all I

remember is a man telling me to go away. I was taken back to the school and the adults were very upset. It felt like I had done something wrong, or that I was not special enough. Of course, when I got older I realized that for whatever reason I was spared a nasty experience. But I do have large gaps in my memory. Maybe stuff that I chose to forget because it was too hard or painful for me to remember. So the answer to your question I guess: “not that I know of.”

At this point we decided to take a break. Sometimes, when we explore something, we need time to let a thought, memory or an aha moment to sit with us while we do other things.

The hotel surrounded it's guests with luxury and beauty, so we decided to take a dip in the pool and enjoy the live band they had brought in for the day.

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