

Who is Kyle Odom?

Born and raised in North Idaho. Grew up in a loving family. Joined the Marine Corps after high school. Developed an interest in science. Went to school for a degree in Biochemistry. Won numerous scholarships and awards. Graduated Magna Cum Laude then got invited to a prestigious university to work on genetics.

Check my personal documents.

As you can see, I'm pretty smart. I'm also 100% sane, 0% crazy.

Why did he do it?

My life was ruined. Ruined by an intelligent species of amphibian-humanoid from Mars. I wish I was joking, keep reading.

- They were here long before we ever existed.
- Their technology is *millions* of years more advanced than ours. I've seen them do things that defy all comprehension.
- They have a massive breeding stock of humans, which they breed and control from birth. They use these 'humans' to live vicarious lives among us. They appear to be completely normal because they're good at imitating human behavior. (See Martian Technology for an explanation on this)
- The actual Martians live deep underground here and inside of the moon.
- They take control of 'wild' human beings and use them as sex slaves. Don't believe me? Ask President Obama to take a lie detector test on this one.
- They tried to take me, but they were unable to control my mind. They've been following me ever since.
- I tried everything to get my life back. I begged, bargained, and I threatened.
- Everything I tried to do was sabotaged.
- I attempted suicide twice, but they stopped me both times.
- My last resort was to take actions that would bring this to the public's attention.

Read My Story to learn what happened to me and why they targeted me.

My Story

SPRING 2014 - Moscow, ID

Everything started while I was at University of Idaho. Spring 2014 was my final semester and I was taking a heavy course load (see [Transcript](#)). I was very stressed due to the intensity of my schedule, so I searched for a way to cope. I discovered meditation, which seemed to help, so it became part of my daily routine. As I learned more about meditation, I became interested in consciousness and our ability to affect it. I kept working on my meditation techniques and began achieving extreme states of consciousness.

This continued until I encountered another being through meditation. It happened one night in February 2014 and it was the most profound experience I've ever had. I was lying in bed meditating then suddenly left my physical body. I entered a space that was completely dark and had no awareness of my physical boundaries/orientation. I felt very peaceful there until a blue light began to approach me. As the blue light got closer, I realized it was another being. Once I was in the being's presence, I felt an immediate sense of wrongdoing. It felt like I was being told "YOU SHOULDN'T BE HERE!" I instantly conceded and felt guilty, then I began to distance myself from the being. This had an impact on them and seemed to change their mind about me. The moment I began to distance myself from the being, I became overwhelmed by a feeling I can only describe as unconditional love. During this part of the experience, our minds became connected and I saw that the being was female. I then began to feel the most euphoric, comforting, and blissful feelings I have ever felt. It was incredibly powerful and life-altering.

Next thing I knew, I woke up. I had tears in my eyes and I couldn't get out of bed. I felt a profound sense of loss like I had just lost someone close to me. It was very painful. A few minutes later, the experience left my mind (against my will) and I went about my day. After that, I had no urge to meditate at all. Every time I even

thought about meditation, the thought was stripped from my mind. When I finally did try meditating again, I was unable to achieve anything. I didn't think much of it at the time, but I knew it wasn't going to improve. Ultimately, I decided to give up on meditation and just focus on my classes.

The remainder of the semester became exceedingly easy for me. It felt like I had tapped into some kind of power. I was exerting no mental effort even though the classes had been extremely difficult before. I also began to have complex thoughts and a depth of understanding I had never reached before.

About a month later, I started interviewing at the graduate schools I had applied to. Shortly after the interviews were done, I started receiving offers. I decided to accept the offer from Baylor College of Medicine to work on a PhD in Human Genetics. I was very excited about the opportunity to work at such a prestigious university. The future looked bright and I couldn't wait to get started.

JUL 2014 - OCT 2014 - Houston, TX

Everything changed once I started the program. The moment I arrived, I could see flaws in every professor's research. My mind was so expanded that I could instantly understand the implications of entire research projects. Because of this, I was able to see weaknesses in all the available projects. This caused me to become very concerned about what I was doing and I felt like I was wasting my time. I voiced my concerns to my advisor and he casually brushed them aside. He told me "Just have fun, it'll be fun". I kept trying to get motivated, but things continued to get worse. I started seeing flaws in the foundations of Genetics and other fields. It got to the point where I couldn't stop thinking about them. To make things worse, no one else seemed to care, which really bothered me. All these issues made it impossible for me to continue, so I decided to leave.

The day after I decided to leave, my life became a living hell. I couldn't sleep and my mind felt sapped. I was entirely at peace with my decision, so I knew something strange was happening to me. After a few days of this, two of the graduate students began reaching out to me. [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. I barely knew them, so it seemed unusual they would contact me. When I went to see them, they both kept pointing their finger at me saying "pew pew" like they were shooting a gun. They did this over and over and I kept wondering what their problem was. (Months after I left Houston, I was told that Eugene and Brandon were not human. They were tasked with making me into "the next school shooter" as they called it. I imagine this is why many of our school shootings take place.)

Anyway, things slowly improved after I stopped talking with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] but I was mentally exhausted. I tried to figure out what to do with my life, but I could hardly think. Eventually, I left Texas and started applying for jobs all over the country. A few months later, things took a strange turn.

OCT 2014 - AUG 2015 - CDA, ID

In Spring 2015, I finally secured an interview with a food company. I thought I was about to get something going with my life, but I was wrong. I couldn't sleep *at all* the night before my interview. I literally stayed awake the entire night, which had never happened to me before. I looked unrecognizable in the mirror the next morning and my mind felt sapped worse than it had in Houston. Needless to say, the interview didn't go well. I couldn't think and I had extreme difficulty with normal conversation. After the interview was over, I suddenly felt fine AND looked perfectly normal... I slept great that night then made my way to the airport the next morning.

This is where the story gets weird. On the plane ride back home, my seat was taken. I asked the flight attendant and she directed me to a new seat. Once I sat down, an older gentleman in front of me kept glancing back until he got my attention. As he kept looking back, my head began to hurt and tingle. The moment

my head began to hurt, his lips curled up into this evil looking smile. The pain and tingling in my head continued for the rest of the flight and got more intense as time went on. Every time I felt it, the man would start taking notes in a notepad. About halfway through the flight, someone else in front of me held up a newspaper that said "Psychic Reading" for like 5 minutes straight. It was blatantly obvious they were doing something to me, but I didn't know what. Once we landed, the older gentleman kept showing me his TracFone as if to say "Get one of these".

I had applied to several government agencies before this happened, so I thought this might be their way of contacting me. Out of curiosity, I decided to go and buy a TracFone. I checked it every day to see if anyone messaged or called. About a month later, I got a text message from a man named John Padula. He invited me to come to church at The Altar. It seemed like a strange place to be recruiting for government jobs, but I went anyway. After I got there and went inside, something felt very wrong. I felt as if my life was in danger and I became so uncomfortable I had to leave.

A couple days later, I started receiving text messages from Tim Remington. At first they were innocuous bible messages, but then he started threatening me. He sent messages talking about 'their power' and other things. He did all of this through bible verses so it would not look suspicious. I ignored everything until he sent one final text message, which simply said 'angels'. I thought nothing of it until helicopters started flying around my house all day and all night. At this point, I knew I was in trouble. I knew I needed to contact them, so I made an appointment to meet John Padula for coffee. Little did I know, he had no intention of meeting me.

After making the appointment to meet John, something very bizarre happened. I received the most unnatural [REDACTED] I've ever had. It felt like someone was manually pumping blood into my [REDACTED]. I don't know how else to describe it. Immediately after that, a song began playing in my mind. The lyrics went: "Sister sister, he's just a plaything. We wanna make him stay up all night." I had never heard

this song before and I had no idea what it meant. I tried to ignore it and kept searching for jobs. A few minutes later, the song quit playing.

Nothing else happened until I tried to go to sleep that night. As soon as I got into bed, the song started again. "Sister sister, he's just a plaything. We wanna make him stay up all night." As it turned out, they weren't kidding. I got literally zero minutes of sleep that night. Every time I started to drift off, I was woken up violently then the song would play.

When the sun came up, I gave up on trying to sleep and got out of bed. I was relieved at first because the song had quit playing. I thought the torture was over until a voice entered my mind. The voice said: "You're going to be uncomfortable, all you have to do is breathe". I sat there wondering what this meant until the voice spoke again. It told me I was going to: "...be sacrificed like Jesus and get beheaded." This threw me into a complete panic. My heart began racing and I started to have a mental breakdown.

A few minutes later, some man knocked on my door. I answered and he gave me a pamphlet talking about "The Sacrifice of Jesus". My mind started racing out of control and I became completely delirious. I thought for sure I was going to die. My thoughts shifted to my family, and all I could think about was seeing them again. They were in Albuquerque at the time, so I decided to buy a one-way ticket there.

When I reached the Spokane airport, my panic subsided. Everything was fine until I got on the plane to Albuquerque. I sat next to this huge man who kept telling me (telepathically) that he was going to crash the plane. Every time after he spoke he would sniff emphatically. I didn't know what to do, so I just sat there trying to stay as calm as possible. The 'man' became angry about this and started touching my leg. The second he touched me, I could feel him inside my mind. This caused me to panic until I was on the verge of causing a scene. Before I did anything, he told me to calm down and said: "You did a great job. You passed! Go enjoy your family. We have

a job waiting for you when you get back." I thanked him and felt slightly relieved, but I had no intention of contacting him at all. My only thought was to get as far away from him as possible.

After getting off the plane, I headed to the baggage claim. A huge group of them surrounded me there. I watched them cautiously, then they all began sniffing at me. (The sniff is something they do all the time. I think it has something to do with dominance.) When I finally got my bag, I left the airport as fast as I could. My parents were right outside waiting to pick me up. I was *so* happy to see them again. I gave them big hugs and told them how much I loved them. This was my last happy moment in Albuquerque, however. They followed us everywhere we went after that. Whenever I saw one, they would sniff at me to let me know it was them. They would also smile, laugh, and stick their tongues out.

As time went on, they started coaxing me to go outside alone. I was scared to death they would kill me, so I refused. Eventually, they threatened to harm my family, which caused me to give in to them. I told them I would do whatever they want if they left my family alone. They responded by saying "Go to church." I knew they meant The Altar, so I agreed to go when I got back.

When I went to The Altar for the first time, the people acted very strange. It was unhuman. As I walked into the sermon room, everyone stared at me and began sniffing emphatically. Needless to say, I was scared as hell, but I took a seat. When the service began, a man came and sat down next to me. After he sat down, I began smelling something. It was a smell I had never smelt before. The only thing I can compare it to is a reptile and vinegar. After smelling it, I became very uncomfortable. I tried to remain calm and just sat there quietly until the service was over. When the service ended, they said: "You can leave now". After that, I knew I wasn't dealing with the government anymore. I realized that whoever I was dealing with was extraterrestrial, so I became very scared.

I received no further instructions from them after that, so I began applying for jobs again. Even though I had done exactly as I was told, they still followed me everywhere I went. As time went on, they started harassing me day and night. I began to hear voices more often and I began to hallucinate things that I knew weren't real. They also started playing with me sexually. Both the males and the females would play out their sexual fantasies in my mind. This came with random and uncontrollable [REDACTED] as well as extreme [REDACTED] stimulation. (See Brain & Behavior & Martian Tech)

The harassment continued for weeks and intensified as time went on. I did my absolute best to maintain my sanity and tried to avoid them. This worked for a while, but eventually I had a huge meltdown. One day, I was in the bakery at Safeway when I got surrounded by a bunch of old men. Some of them looked at me and sniffed, so I knew it was them. They started stimulating my [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] simultaneously, then they spoke aggressively. They said:

"Humans are nothing more than the result of a successful genetic experiment."

"You are a threat to the way these people think and you can no longer be free in society."

"Your life is over"

"You are nothing but a toy. Your purpose now is to suck ([REDACTED])."

They continued to say other explicit things that were so obscene I won't repeat them here. Before they finished talking, I became enraged. It took every ounce of willpower I had not to kill them. I left the store and tried to calm down but it only got worse. The rest of the night they continually stimulated [REDACTED] and I couldn't stop [REDACTED]. It got to the point where I was in serious pain. They finally stopped after I broke down and became completely distraught. I knew I couldn't take any more, so I attempted suicide. I filled a charcoal grill with lit coals, put it in my car and rolled up the windows. I reclined my seat, laid there calmly, then fell

asleep. I should have died but they woke me up in an *extreme* panic, which caused me to get out of the car.

As I slowly regained consciousness, I felt very upset to still be alive. I had no clue where to go at that point, so I decided to check myself into the VA. They shipped me straight to the mental ward and I was admitted. Nothing improved while I was there. The medication they gave me did absolutely nothing. I just sat there surrounded by a bunch of psychotic people and became exasperated. I knew their goal was to ruin my life by making me into a crazy person. I became determined not to let that happen and I started fighting back.

After leaving the VA, everything I tried to do with my life was sabotaged. They didn't want me dead, but they also weren't going to let me live. In desperation, I went back to The Altar to ask them what they wanted from me. I didn't know what else to do...

(Before I tell you their reply, I need to make an important caveat here. I had endured so much abuse by this time that I was numb to them. The details of what they've done to me aren't essential to the story, so I won't include them here. If you want to know more about what I've been through, or more about them, write me. Just realize I've been tortured more than a POW.)

Their response was: "We want you as our sex slave." Thinking they were serious, I sat there waiting for them to do something. All they did was say: "Keep coming to church", so I did. After a few more services, I found myself talking to Tim Remington face to face. He was telling me that I should consider becoming a minister. We were in mid conversation when he suddenly revealed himself to me. I have no clue how he did it, but it looked as if his human face became his real face. It happened for only 1-2 seconds, but I was able to draw a sketch of what I saw. His eyes really stood out so they captured my attention. They were huge and bulging, the eyelids were darker green, and the irises were yellow/brown with slit pupils. After witnessing this, nothing else happened. I continued attending The Altar for a few more services waiting for them to do something. They did nothing except for tell

me to "submit" and "surrender". I had no clue what they meant, so I left the church and never went back.

AUG 2015 - PRESENT TIME - CDA, ID

After leaving The Altar, they gave me some breathing room. They held back on their harassment and I began to recover. I decided to make one final attempt at a normal life by pursuing a career as a pharmacist. I started taking classes at NIC to finish up the pre-req's I needed. I also started volunteering at a local pharmacy. Unfortunately, they followed me to school. There were several of them in every class I took. They made it impossible for me to study, and they continually harassed me especially while I took tests. Even with all of this going on, I still somehow managed to get an A- in A&P during the fall semester.

Sadly, my success was short lived. The pressure this semester (Spring 2016) is FAR too intense. Every time I go to class, they start manipulating my brain until I go into a blind rage. Sometimes they suppress my brain until I begin to blackout. They also manipulate my heart rate and flood my body with adrenaline over and over again making me extremely uncomfortable. The females stimulate [REDACTED] when they are close, and the males stimulate [REDACTED]. It's incredibly exhausting.

I struggled to pass my tests so they couldn't blame this on me failing out of school. I want to continue, but I simply cannot. Every moment I spend in the classroom is absolute torture. The classes themselves are extremely difficult *without* all this added pressure. The worst part is I received an interview for ISU's pharmacy program (see personal documents). Since I cannot continue with the classes, there is no reason to go to the interview. My chance at a normal life has been ruined. They've also been depriving me of sleep, so I don't have the strength to continue.

I was too smart for my own good, so they decided to remove me from society. They were worried I might change the way other people think, which could lead to

problems. Problems in the form of scientific revolutions. If we get much smarter as a species, we are going to become a threat to their existence.

If you talk to me in person, you will see that I'm not crazy at all. The Martians are just so good at hiding in plain sight that no one would know they exist unless they revealed themselves. They are able to fool us so well that what I'm saying sounds impossible. However, they are 100% real. Realize their technology is *millions* of years more advanced than ours. Think about that for a second. Think about the advancement we have made in the last 100 years. Once you've done that, try to imagine what *millions* of years of technology would look like.

The President is well aware of them, which is why I wrote him a personal letter. I hope he does something about it. I have done nothing wrong to deserve what's happened to me. I tried literally everything to find a job, and they sabotaged me at every corner. Initially, I thought the right thing to do was kill myself. After attempting suicide twice, it became clear they weren't going to let me die easy.

My last resort was to take actions to bring this to the public's attention. I hope something good comes of it. Just realize that I'm a good person, and I'm completely innocent. Also realize that the 'people' I killed are not what you think. (Read Martian Technology to understand)

To make it very clear, Tim & John were NOT wild human beings.

Wild Humans = normal people like you and I.

Tim and John = minds were controlled from birth by Martians.

It's hard to imagine I know. Nonetheless, it's all true. Why would I give up a career as a pharmacist to do this?

I left out many details from my story. I wanted to write only the most critical events in order to make it coherent. If you want to know more, like how I discovered there are multiple species of them, feel free to write me.

Q&A

Why would aliens hide in a church?

Same reason terrorists hide in Mosques. If you're doing very bad things and you want to avoid getting caught, you will put up a front to make yourself look like a good person.

How do you know about their technology?

I have seen them use it, and they have talked to me about it. This was how I learned about their breeding stock of remote control humans. Physically, their humans are no different than us, they just lack a mind of their own.

Why would they tell you so much?

They value me because I'm smart. They were also very confident they could take control of my mind. Turns out they couldn't. Anyway, in the interim, some of us developed a personal relationship. They are very arrogant, so they told me much more than they should have. This allowed me to understand some of the things they can do.

What else have you seen?

I have seen them make things appear out of nowhere. One time I was sitting on a couch and a dollar bill appeared on my lap. Another time while driving, they made a paper bag appear in my passenger seat. They used random unsuspecting items so no one would think anything of it. I was alone both times this happened.

I'm pretty sure they can pop in and out of this dimension based on other things I've seen. I'm also pretty sure they can overlap our reality with an alternate dimension. I say this because I have gone into stores (where I know the employees) and suddenly there are all new employees who I've never seen before.

Some of the other things I've seen are so strange I literally cannot describe them. This all makes sense though. Their technology is millions of years ahead of ours, so it *should* be incomprehensible to us.

Why did they target you?

They started following me after I encountered the being through meditation. Since my mind was so expanded from the experience, they deemed me a threat to the rest of society. They thought I would change the way people think, so they decided to remove me from society.

I began to have profound thoughts about Genetics while I was at graduate school, which is another factor. If certain ways of thinking are allowed to exist, revolutions will take place. They could not afford for us to have a revolution in Genetics. If we did, we could eliminate diseases, cancers, and many other things that plague us. They need us to remain ignorant and continue struggling, otherwise we will become a threat to them.

(This will not make sense unless you are the President or one of his close friends. If this doesn't pertain to you, please ignore it)

Mr. President,

- I want to thank you for your sacrifice to this country.
- It's very upsetting to hear you talk about the things they do to you. Why do you let them?
- I suppose you have no other choice.
- I've been struggling with them myself for over a year now.
- I had nothing to lose, so I chose this instead. I could never tolerate that much abuse.
- I hope you don't take any of their threats too seriously. Everything is a game to them.
- Realize they consider the entire human race a plaything, including you.
- They brag to me about what they do to you.....
- I'm sure you already know, but he doesn't love you. Their brains don't even work that way.
- I don't know you personally, but they've shown me a lot about you. You're an amazing person.
- I hope you stop letting them humiliate you. Why be afraid to retaliate? Kennedy wasn't.
- It's time *someone* took a stand to end this nonsense. Can you think of a better legacy than that?
- What's worse: Having everyone know the reality of the situation, or watching some of our best and brightest become slaves?

I wish you the very best with the remainder of your presidency.

If you're still in there, stay strong!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61Wm_qlVD4Q

Martian Brain & Behavior

I've observed their behavior for almost a year now. Consequently, I've been able to make several deductions about them. The first deduction is based on their primary characteristics, which include:

1. They are hypersexual
2. They are hyperaggressive
3. They are fearful and paranoid

In the human brain, the amygdala is responsible for all of these characteristics. Therefore, Martian's must have an analogous structure, and it must be greatly enlarged. The morphology of their brain is also markedly different than ours. I know this because I've seen what the amphibian-humanoids look like.

The males are *extremely* aggressive. In their society there is only one thing, and that is power. Whoever is the smartest, biggest, and strongest wins. One time, I was talking to a young male who kept trying to intimidate/scare me. He saw that I was still confident in myself and immediately became discouraged. He stopped what he was doing and said "you think you're better than me", then hung his head and walked away. I told him that wasn't true but he wouldn't listen. After this, every time I encountered one of the males in public they would attack me (mentally) until they destroyed my self-esteem. They did this because they are scared to death of my intelligence. The only way they have the confidence to talk with me is if I'm scared for my life or completely despondent.

To the males, everything is black or white. There is no middle ground. They are power hungry megalomaniacs obsessed with control. If they are not 100% in control of every situation, they panic. If something happens they aren't anticipating,

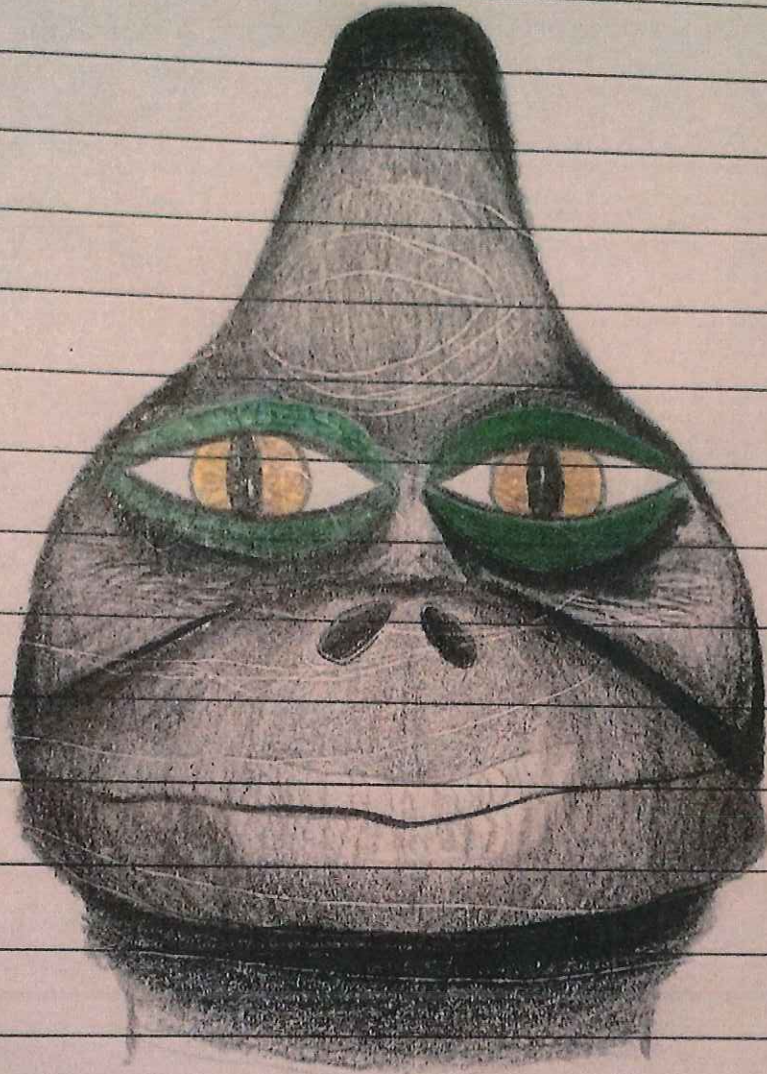
they get very upset. They hate surprises. I know this because I was smart enough to trick them a few times.

To recap, the males are:

- 1) Megalomaniacal
- 2) Obsessed with sex
- 3) Extremely aggressive
- 4) Fearful and paranoid
- 5) Power hungry
- 6) Obsessed with control

Sound familiar? Who else do you know that has these characteristics? If you answered: God from the bible, you are correct. Martians are responsible for the God myth. Martians may have created humans, as they claimed, but they are certainly not Gods themselves. They are just another intelligent species that evolved on a neighboring planet. There is no God. There is no heaven. There is no hell. Earth is as close to heaven as we'll ever get, and we are letting the Martians ruin it. They are going to destroy Earth just like they destroyed Mars if we let them. Our survival rests in their hands for the time being.





Huge eyes that stuck out of the sockets

Yellow/Brown irises

Projecting muzzle with $\sim 45^\circ$ angled nostrils

Huge mouth

Dark green skin

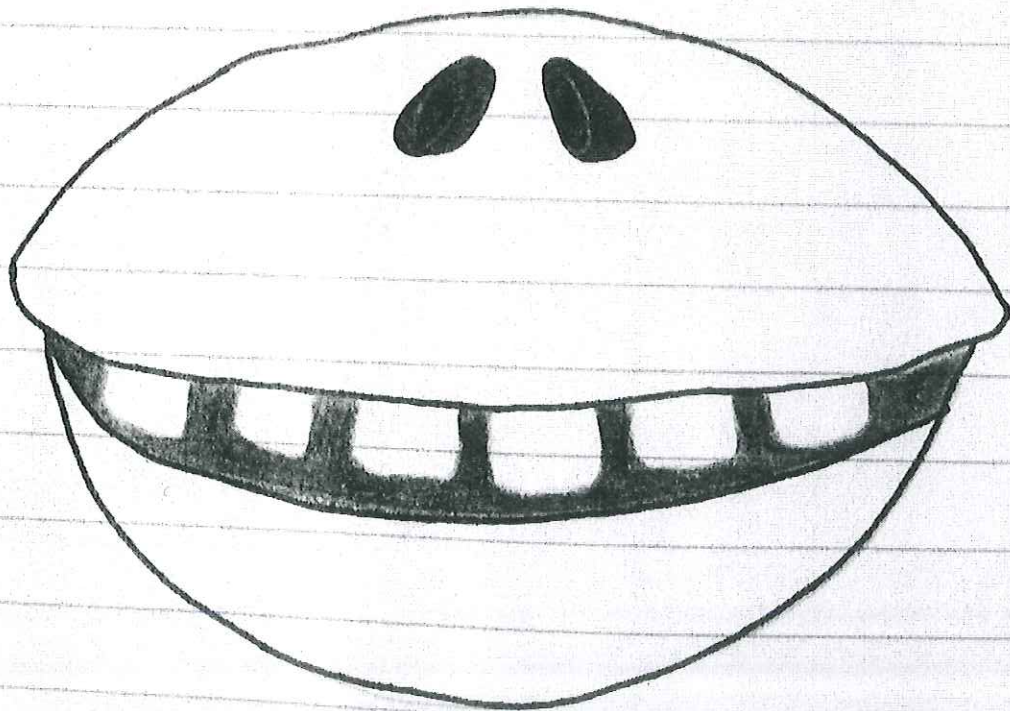
The only part I really saw well was the eyes

I assume they said this because their head looks like a puppet.

this is what their teeth look like

(Celmo rules the world) ← something they kept saying to me.

again, they only revealed bits and pieces to me, and very briefly. Thankfully I have a photographic memory so I was able to remember what I saw, although I only remember the general appearance because each time I saw them it was very brief. They would smile at me in stores and reveal their mouth/eyes/nose all separately, never together at the same time.



NOTEWORTHY MARTIANS

<u>U.S. Senators</u>	<u>U.S. House of Representatives</u>	<u>Israeli Leadership</u>
Roy Blunt	Dan Lipinski	Lee Rosenberg
Roger Wicker	Mike Quigley	Afu Agbaria
Richard Durbin	Brett Guthrie	Haneen Zoabi
Patty Murray	Steve Scalise	Shaul Mofaz
Tom Carper	Gary Palmer	Issawi Frej
Ben Cardin	Terri Sewell	David Azulai
Mitch McConnell	Martha McSally	Yair Shamir
Ron Wyden	David Schweikert	Shimon Solomon
Tim Scott	Ruben Gallego	Ilan Gilon
Bill Cassidy	Jared Huffman	Elazar Stern
Barbara Mikulski	Mike Thompson	Gilad Erdan
Elizabeth Warren	Doris Matsui	Danny Danon
Kelly Ayotte	Nancy Pelosi	Haim Katz
John Barrasso	Ami Bera	Moshe Feiglin
Jeanne Shaheen	Mark DeSaulnier	Yehiel Bar
Debbie Stabenow	David Valadao	Omer Bar-Lev
	Devin Nunes	Michal Biran
	Lois Capps	Uri Ariel
	Steve Knight	Eli Ben-Dahan
	Brad Sherman	Avi Wortzman
	Raul Ruiz	Eli Yishai
	Scott Peter	Amnon Cohen
	John Larson	Nissim Ze'ev
	Rosa DeLauro	Uri Maklev
	John Carney Jr.	Yisrael Eichler
	Jeff Miller	Dov Khenin
	Tom Rooney	Masud Ghnaim
	John Lewis	Ahmad Tibi
	Hank Johnson	& every single Prime Minister since 1948
	Austin Scott	
	Tom Graves	There are <i>many</i>
	Luis Gutierrez	others from Israel.
	Luke Messer	Too many to list.
	Andre Carson	
	& more.	

This is by no means an all-inclusive list. Martians are ubiquitous. They exist at every level of society in every nation. Some have blue collar jobs, while others occupy positions of power. They control our government, our military, and Corporate America as well. They keep track of every 'wild' human on the planet and manage us like animals in a zoo. Our 'freedom' is a carefully crafted illusion.