

The background of the book cover features a photograph of a hand reaching through a jagged hole in a dry, cracked earth surface. The hand is positioned palm-up, with dark red blood visible on the fingers and thumb. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the skin against the light-colored earth.

**Stalking**

**STOCKHOLM**

By Andrea Champion

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# STALKING STOCKHOLM

Andrea Champion

A lifelong search for answers takes a detour off the beaten path into the subconscious where survival collaborates with illusion. Reality is turned inside out while in Stockholm, USA. How I escaped enters a realm of mind control where the reader is invited to front row within the psyche under the effects of brainwash. Take an adventure into mysterious dimension where the spirit wrestles an elusive inner torment. Then, it must do something when the unexpected finally surfaces.

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## DEDICATION

With deep respect in heartfelt dedication to Paul Binochi,  
abductees, and everyone like us.

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## 1 SIGNS OF CHANGE

On a cold sunny afternoon, a low rumble in the distance could be heard at 5:35 pm. The sound alerted those not too absorbed in the business end of life that missed the initial peculiar quiet. The mind tried to suggest a cause for the strange noise. Was it a bomb? But that idea was soon dismissed by resound of persistent thunder. Those warning signals were all that alerted Anchorage citizens when an immense-sized earthquake struck. Mere fortified swampland formed much of the platform for the fledgling metropolis. The commencing terrain activity heaved onto the Richter scale at 9.2 nearly knocking persons off their feet. Suddenly, everyone found himself or herself in a scramble for safety.

Author Ryan Pfeil recorded Jerry Summer's experience. In an article titled, Escape from the Great Alaskan Earthquake, now grown, Summer recalled many a mind-altered instant. Ryan describes when ten-year-old Jerry lived with his family in a dwelling, among a growing neighborhood of high-end homes, on the West side of town, overlooking a bluff at Cook Inlet.

He remembered the ground around him and his 12-year-old sister began to disappear as they played outside. Summer said, “We noticed the neighborhood started to crumble. Trees were starting to fall. The neighbors across the street and their houses started to slide off the cliff into the ocean!” He added, “Then we saw the ground breaking apart and coming toward us” (*Pfeil, 2014*).

Those caught in the expanse glimpsed a snapshot of my soon-to-be prolonged plight within the pristine isolation of bush country. It was March of 1964 and the decade started as tumultuous, anyway. Then I was born into it, nine months before the Good Friday Earthquake. The destructive event incidentally determined my destiny along with numerous others. Consequently, change beckoned people who would answer from a range of backgrounds. Some folks would seek their fortunes like a mini gold rush. Others suffered tragedies in the migration to reconstruct Alaskan settlements.

For a grim foretoken, the disaster claimed lives from a long distance where I lived in California. A Brother was born a couple years prior and I arrived the previous summer. Wherefore, the next several months, I would be an ordinary infant, with a normal name, in a typical family situation. Sadly, destiny would intervene.

Shockwaves from the mega quake would uproot me. The catastrophe presented the ideal record-breaking impact on my young future for absolute power, violence, and devastation! Meanwhile, as the seismic monster trembled and shook, the

damage and death multiplied.

Certain quakes jerk back and forth. However, this behemoth rolled tremulously. Where a wide girth treacherously disrupted the region from Puget Sound up the entire seacoast into the Frontier's interior. Whether one was running, walking, or standing whiles the ground kept undulating underfoot, a motion making navigation difficult, and the turbulence continuing more than four excruciating minutes.

At the epicenter near Valdez (Val DEEZ), south of Anchorage, a massive break apart of coastline plunged into the Bering Sea. Humongous heavy slabs of loosened earth triggered landslides as the surface shifted, rolled, and churned. Then the fishing port harbor started draining. Apparently caused by a subterranean cavern, explained the U.S. Geological Survey, in a film titled, Though the Earth Be Moved. A giant fissure was a gluttonous beast with wide-opened mouth, which swallowed the water, a ship, and the dock! Angrily, tsunamis surged toward nearby and far away shorelines (*Lin, 2015*).

♦♦♦