

Introduction to the Life of Zhang Xiangqian, a Farmer in Anhui Province

Author: Zhang Xiangqian

Phone Number: +86-18714815159

WeChat: zhxq1105974776 or 18714815159

Email: zzqq2100@163.com

Translator: Liu Chengqi

Phone Number: +31-645235746

Email: chengqiliu946@gmail.com

Homepage: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/chengqi-liu-b720001b7/>

You can find my videos by typing “张祥前” on video websites such as Kuaishou, Xigua Video, Bilibili, Tencent Video, Huoshan, WeChat Video, etc.

Contents

1. [Introduction to Zhang Xiangqian's life](#)
 2. [My mother](#)
 3. [My wife and my small shop in the countryside](#)
 4. [My father died in vain](#)
 5. [What changes have happened to my body since I returned from the alien planet?](#)
 6. [Why don't I write a real memoir of my travel to the alien planet?](#)
 7. [How did I acquire the alien technology?](#)
 8. [Made takeout food in Hefei, Anhui](#)
 9. [Contracted tuberculosis in 2018](#)
 10. [The scene of encountering the aliens at home reappeared vividly in my dream yesterday](#)
 11. [The origin of my name](#)
 12. [The advanced alien technologies](#)
- [Translator's Note](#)
- [Appendix I](#)
- [Appendix II](#)

1. Introduction to Zhang Xiangqian's life

I, Zhang Xiangqian, am a male farmer with a junior high school degree, born in Lujiang County, Anhui Province. I was born on August 26 (in the lunar calendar), 1967 in Xiaohuying, Wangdu Brigade, Niushou Commune, Jinniu District, Lujiang County, Anhui Province (now renamed as the 4th Village Group of Beiwei Village, Taichuangyuan, Lujiang County). I have currently moved to 111 Erlongxin Street, Tongda Town, Lujiang County, 3 kilometers away, to make a living by welding and repairing bicycles.

I was born in an extremely poor family. Not only did I lack clothes and hunger, but I also had no shoes to wear in late autumn. I had to stand barefoot on straw, my feet froze and cracked, and they ached deeply at night.

My mother almost starved to death when she was a child. My mother's family was located in Shitou Town, near our Niushou Commune (Township¹). Her family originally had six people, five of whom starved to death.

She was adopted as a child bride (Tongyangxi²) in our village at a young age. Unfortunately, the boy she would marry in the future also starved to death. The boy's family married her to my father. My father and this deceased boy shared the same surname and family, and had a good relationship. In addition, my father was an extremely upright and kind man.

When I was very young, I fell ill once. It was too serious and I was about to die. My mother didn't have the money to take me for treatment, but it happened that my uncle came back from another city and met me. He had two children who had died recently, which might have touched his heart with compassion. He gave my mother one yuan, and my mother went to the hospital to cure my illness.

At that time, the cost of treatment was very low. My mother often told me that my life was only worth one yuan. My mother never wanted to say why my father didn't care about me at that time. It was possible that the father was not at home at the time.

I often had headaches since I was young, but I didn't know what the problem was. At that time, my family didn't have the money to check. I still have frequent headaches and have had many tests now, but the doctor is unsure of the cause. When I was a child,

¹ **Townships**, formally township-level divisions, are the basic level (fourth-level administrative units) of political divisions in the People's Republic of China.

² **Tongyangxi** was a tradition of arranged marriage dating back to pre-modern China, in which a family would adopt a pre-adolescent daughter as a future bride for one of their pre-adolescent (usually infant) sons, and the children would be raised together. These child marriages were more common among the poor, where they served to guarantee a wife for a poor son. The families that gave their daughters up also benefited to the extent that they no longer had to provide for a daughter, someone who was bound to marry and leave the family one day.

headaches were not just ordinary pain, but rather drowsiness, on the brink of life and death, and I often had many hallucinations in a daze.

At that time, my family was extremely poor, and when I had a problem, I never went for treatment. There was no money to go for treatment. My mother could only let me sleep. Later on, my body was as soft as cotton, and whenever I sweated heavily, my mother happily said, "It's better, it's better!" Sure enough, it will get better soon.

After growing up, my body remained conflicted. I sometimes had headaches and weakness. I couldn't even stand, but sometimes my energy was particularly good. I once let out a loud roar on the dynamometer, pulling over 295 kg, which startled the people around me.

When I was about seven or eight years old, there was a time when I was alone herding geese on a sandy area, when I suddenly saw several misty things moving rapidly in front of me, one of which suddenly pounced on me. At that time, I felt a "buzzing" sound in my head, and I suddenly went blind. I couldn't help but squat down. It took me a long time to wake up, and the mist in front of me disappeared completely.

Before that, I didn't see a UFO either, only a red light flashed in the western sky. It was probably between afternoon and evening, around four or five o'clock. The red light happened to appear near the sun, and there were many red clouds near the sun at that time, so I didn't care if there were UFOs or something like that.

This is the strangest thing I encountered when I was a child, and I still remember it deeply.

Since around the age of twelve or thirteen, I always dreamed at night, dreaming that I lived on another planet. On this planet, the sunlight didn't seem very strong, and the light leaned towards blue. There were almost no plants on this planet, and on the surface, it seemed that it was not suitable for humans to live. People lived deeply underground. They were riding extremely fast transportation, able to quickly travel back and forth between the ground and underground.

The most impressive thing for me was that there were a large number of extremely large and complex buildings built on this planet, above and underground. Most of them were made of metal with a lead-gray color tone, and the color of the entire planet was monotonous and dull.

It's not strange for a person to occasionally have such dreams. However, I had been dreaming for several years, for such a long time, and my dreams were sometimes very clear, which made me think about the reasons behind them.

In addition to the encounter that happened when I herded geese, I also encountered many strange things when I was a child. I now speculate that it may be related to the aliens.

Once I had an eye disease that became increasingly severe. My family didn't have

the money to go for treatment, which dragged on for more than half a year. The severity ranges from occasional glimpsing of light throughout the day, to a level where I can hardly see anything and completely blind all day.

I remember back then, only at four or five o'clock in the afternoon could I see a beam of light coming in from the window, shining on the dust in the room, forming a light beam. I could only barely see this light beam.

Every time at this moment, I felt a bit comforted - my eyes could still see, and there was still hope for their healing. Until one day, this light beam was no longer visible to me. I finally went completely blind. I really cried until all my tears dried.

When my eyes couldn't open, my mother daubed them with her saliva. At first it worked, but later it didn't work. She had no idea. She couldn't give a penny, nor could she borrow a penny, so she couldn't take me to the hospital for treatment.

At that time, every family was extremely poor, and people were very ignorant and numb. Many children died, and the sadness of their family members was not as great as the death of a kitten or puppy.

I ended up almost blind and totally unable to see the way. I could only sit by the bed all day, or lie on the bed, with wild thoughts in my mind and many illusions appearing in front of me, but I couldn't see anything.

One day, while I was sleeping, I suddenly felt that the room had become brightly red. Several people came in and packed me into a tube. My head was tightly wrapped in a cloth bag, and my eyes seemed to have countless small insects drilling inside.

Soon, my eyes unexpectedly recovered.

Once, I suffered from nephritis and it took me a long time to get treatment, resulting in a serious condition. Later on, I didn't even have the strength to lift my legs and cross the threshold. My mother asked a barefoot doctor³ at the doorstep, "Why does it seem like my son A' Qian has gained weight recently?"

The barefoot doctor looked at it and repeatedly scolded, "This swelling is Yao-yan (referring to nephritis in the dialect), how can it be gaining weight? Why are you so careless! It's too late, and your son will probably not be saved."

The doctor came to treat me, muttering under his breath, "Might as well treat a dead horse as if it's alive⁴". Later, in my sleep, I felt the room turn blazing red, and several people arrived. I was put into a cylinder and felt numerous soft tubes entering through my anus, extending throughout my entire body. Soon, my illness was completely cured. The doctor couldn't believe it and kept exclaiming, "How strange,

³ **Barefoot doctors** were healthcare providers who underwent basic medical training and worked in rural villages in China. They included farmers, folk healers, rural healthcare providers, and recent middle or secondary school graduates who received minimal basic medical and paramedical education. Their purpose was to bring healthcare to rural areas where urban-trained doctors would not settle.

⁴ The original text is "死马当活马医", a traditional Chinese proverb. Its meaning is to treat a dead horse as a living one. Metaphorically speaking, make the last effort to save in a desperate situation.

how strange!”

When my mother saw this doctor passing by our house, he didn't even glance back and walked straight ahead. She asked, “Why don't you give my Ah Qian an injection?” The doctor seemed angry and said, “Your child is cured, what's the need for an injection?”

We live in a remote rural area. As a child, I witnessed many people harmed by superstitions and charlatans, and I developed a strong hatred for these charlatans and superstitions.

I thought the strange people who treated me at night were gods, which left me feeling conflicted. It wasn't until later, when I read about aliens in a magazine, that this puzzle in my mind was solved.

When I was in junior high, I read about aliens and speculated that as a child, while herding geese, I must have encountered them. At that moment of our encounter, the consciousness and memories of one of them might have entered my mind. Since then, I've always had these alien memories, which explain those bizarre dreams.

I've always been just “me”, but since I can remember, or perhaps since that odd geese-herding incident when I was seven or eight, I've always felt there's another “me” inside my head.

I've told these strange experiences to people around me, but everyone thought I was lying. My neighbor, a relative named Zhang Houfa, often called me “Liar Lao San, Liar Lao San” (a local term for a notorious liar). Later, many of my strange experiences remained untold, especially after becoming an adult.

From the age of seven or eight until I was 19, I encountered aliens several times. At the age of 19, I had an encounter where I set foot on an alien planet and traveled for a month. After that, I never met any aliens again, nor had any contact or strange experiences.

The aliens I met after I was seven or eight, I guess, were not the same type I encountered while herding geese. The aliens I met during geese herding might have been from a highly advanced technological society, whereas the ones I met later seemed to have lesser technological capabilities, possibly much lesser. Their objective might have been connected to my experience of herding geese, possibly seeking something from me.

After my experience of herding geese, my encounters with aliens usually happened at night. I would sense their impending arrival, thinking to myself, “They are coming, they are coming”. And soon enough, they would appear.

When they came, without speaking, I could understand their intentions. Seeing these mysterious beings, I felt no fear. They always came at night. The first sign was the walls turning red, and they would call me outside, passing directly through the walls.

When returning, they would bring me back, usually in the morning, typically placing me back in my bed. I even doubted whether it was all a dream.

Once, when they were bringing me back, I asked to be left on a haystack in front of a cowshed in our village. The next day, I indeed found myself sleeping on that haystack. When I returned home, my mother had already gotten up, opened the door, and was sweeping the floor. She didn't ask where I came from.

Years later, I still questioned whether my childhood experiences were just dreams. But the incident of sleeping on the haystack, which was undoubtedly real, convinced me that these encounters were not merely dreams.

In the early summer of 1985, when I was 19, I had my last encounter with aliens. Thereafter, I had no contact with them.

I was born in 1967, and according to our rural calculation, I would be 19. I am certain it was 1985 based on many letters I wrote then, stating I was 19 when I had my last encounter with aliens. According to the rural age calculation, being born in 1967, it should be 1985. I didn't look at a calendar immediately after returning from the alien planet; I also didn't have the intention to find evidence at the time.

When I was 19, the aliens took me, and I traveled on an alien planet for a month. However, on Earth, it was only a night. Their time was different from ours.



Photo of Zhang Xiangqian at 27 years old, when he got married

This time, as an adult who had personally visited an alien planet, the experience left a profound impact on me. The intense shock of this journey made me firmly believe that my multiple encounters with aliens were real.

After returning from the alien planet, I was so deeply moved that I vaguely realized the potential of alien technology to cause earth-shattering changes on Earth. I frantically began to publicize this matter. Over several decades, I must have written thousands of letters to various organizations, but I only received a few responses. Most replies were cold statements like “This matter is unrelated to us”.

Due to the long-term letter writing, my right middle finger became deformed. During this period, I even applied for a patent for a new type of fountain pen.

I also visited relevant organizations with my materials, but they simply ignored my documents and explanations.

Some netizens suggested that these people might not accept the idea of a farmer encountering aliens, considering it too absurd.

Frequently, I didn't even mention aliens. Sometimes, before I could even speak, perhaps judged by my simple attire, they would tell me to leave!

Since most of my letters went unanswered, and those few responses stated the issue was irrelevant to them, and with no one acknowledging my visits, my enthusiasm gradually faded.

I have a keen interest in physics. When I came across the concept of magnetic fields in books, I wondered, “What exactly is a field?” The other “me” in my head immediately answered:

“The essence of a field is simply a space of moving changes”. I pondered this answer for a long time, grasping only part of its meaning.

Once, I saw an introduction to Einstein's theory of relativity in a magazine. Immediately, I had questions in my mind, “What is the true nature of time?” The other “me” in my head told me:

Time is the observer's perception of the speed of light moving through the surrounding space.

When I first received this answer, it took me a long time to understand why the essence of time would be described in this way. If I were to define time-based on my own logic, I would certainly think of it as the continuous movement of objects in the universe.

Over the years, I have been able to explain the nature of various phenomena that people encounter in their lives, such as time, space, fields, matter, light, gravity, electromagnetic forces, energy, and even the principles behind the flight of UFOs, how prophets can predict the future? and questions about human life, death, and the soul.

However, possibly due to my limited educational background, especially in theoretical and mathematical equations, there are many things I don't fully understand. My understanding is vague, and many of the explanations I provide might not be clear.

I remember, shortly after returning from the alien planet, I had recorded many important mathematical and physical equations given to me by the aliens in a notebook. Once, it got wet when my brother spilled tea on it while it was on the table. I told my brother how important the contents of this notebook were and scolded him. He got upset and tore the notebook to pieces when I was away. I managed to save some fragments, but they were eventually lost too.

As a child, I was honest, dutiful, timid, dull, and rigid. I could stand in one spot for half a day without moving, and I was too scared to speak to strangers. I had difficulty speaking clearly, and my ragged clothes, which barely covered me, often led to ridicule and scolding from others, causing severe feelings of inferiority.

I was a diligent and hardworking student, but I tended to rely on rote memorization and excessive homework. In primary school, where we only had Chinese and Math, my grades were quite good. However, in junior high, with more subjects to study and relying solely on hard work and memorization, my grades were not very good due to a lack of flexibility in thinking.

After failing to achieve good grades in junior high, I couldn't get into high school. I repeated a year and tried twice to pass the high school entrance exams, but didn't even make it through the preliminary selection [at that time, one had to pass a preliminary round before qualifying for the high school exams]. Consequently, I had to return home to the farm. My father was very disappointed in me and even beat me with a bamboo pole.

At 19, stimulated by my encounter with aliens, I wanted to self-study mathematics and physics to clarify the vague ideas in my mind. I went to the Hefei Science and Education Bookstore to buy physics and mathematics books for self-study.

However, due to my inexperience, I bought reference books for graduate students instead of standard textbooks. The physics book was full of mathematical symbols with few descriptive texts, and I couldn't understand it at all. This greatly undermined my confidence, and my first attempt at self-study ended in failure.

A few years later [around 1989], I went to Wuhu to do business. Soon after arriving in Wuhu, I met an elder who seemed very kind and wise, and he spoke in an archaic, scholarly manner. He said to me,

“Let me read your fortune. You are no ordinary person. You might influence the entire history of mankind in the future”.

Thinking he was a charlatan out to make money, I shook my head and replied, “I'm just a farmer, I'm not capable of such things”.

He looked at my left hand and said, “Your left hand has a 'Tian' character. You are the prophesied saint, the very person we have been looking for”.

I checked my left hand and didn't see any 'field' character. But when the elder gestured over my hand, there indeed appeared to be such a character, which I had never noticed before.

I responded, “Nonsense, what saint am I? Am I going to be a world leader or the President of the Earth?”

The elder replied, “As society progresses and becomes more democratic, politicians and presidents in democratic countries will merely be clowns”.

At that time, I admired Western democracy, but when it came to the idea of elder, I immediately argued against it, “If leaders in democratic countries are clowns, does that mean leaders in dictatorships are noble?”

The elder laughed a bit and said, “I didn't make myself clear. Leaders in democratic countries are like clowns who entertain children. They are actors who can only perform. Every action they take is directed by experts behind the scenes, and they don't engage in behavior that could drastically affect daily life. In the future, it will not be politicians, but rather great scientists and significant scientific discoveries, that will profoundly change human life”.

“I don't see how this relates to me at all”, I replied.

The elder said, “You are wrong. You have been bestowed with divine science. Use this divine knowledge to benefit humanity”.

This reminded me immediately of the technological theories I had obtained from aliens, which startled me, but I still didn't believe him. When I asked how he knew about me, he said he was part of “the circle” (at that time, I had learned from someone claiming to be from Shanghai that “the circle” referred to a group of people with paranormal abilities related to aliens hiding on Earth. These individuals were bound by internal constraints and could not reveal their identities or abilities to the outside world, or they would face severe punishment). However, I pretended not to know about this.

He then recited my hometown address, saying he had visited there and described some details about the area around my house. He had heard I moved to Wuhu, so he came here to find me.

I asked him, “What do you want from me? If you have paranormal abilities, why not get me involved in national research?”

The elder replied, “I want you to diligently study modern scientific knowledge and explain the gods' science in our language. Only then will your ideas be accepted by the general public”.

He also told me that wealth and status are ordained by heaven, and that one shouldn't be overly concerned with acquiring them. He indirectly criticized me for

thinking about wealth and status without having formally engaged in scientific research.

Later, he roughly predicted my future life experiences, which, looking back now, have mostly come true.

Finally, he said, “In the future, many will curse you and many will praise you, but these people will not change your destiny. You will remain who you are. It is only with the help of noble people that you will be accepted by society”.

I eagerly asked who this noble person could be who would help me. The elder replied, “Every two thousand years, China produces a sage. This sage, coming after you, can help you”. After saying this, the elder left.

Now, when I think about it, “after the sage” might mean after Confucius. Could this noble person be surnamed Kong?

Inspired by the elders, I went to some bookstores in Wuhu to buy physics textbooks. Strangely enough, despite Wuhu's developed commerce in 1989, it was difficult to find suitable textbooks. These books were not ideal either; they only briefly mentioned relativity without mathematical proof. Moreover, I never managed to find the corresponding mathematics textbooks. I also bought some books from a waste station, but they were not suitable for self-study either.

Troublingly, I would get headaches whenever I looked at textbooks, realizing that I lacked strong willpower, disappointing the elder's expectations.

In Wuhu, my self-study made no substantial progress, especially in advanced physics and mathematics, which I found completely inaccessible. This created fear and feelings of inferiority, as I believed I didn't have the capability to understand these subjects. However, I did gain a general understanding of physics in Wuhu, but no knowledge of mathematics.

Later, I met a tall, heavyset man who boasted about being a qigong master. I didn't believe him; in my view, martial artists are supposed to be slim-waisted with broad arms, not round-bellied.

Once, when he was cornered by my skepticism, he said, “Extend your hand and let me try something”.

I stretched out my hand, and he casually tapped my arm with his little finger. A shock of pain hit me, and my arm immediately swelled up, sticking to the arm like a small mudfish.

This experience made me truly appreciate his skills and sparked my intense interest in qigong. In Wuhu, I learned some basic knowledge of qigong from the heavyset man.

Entering the world of qigong isn't difficult; the challenge is in persisting with daily morning practice. I didn't keep it up for more than a few mornings due to laziness and never managed to get up early again. Later, I invented a method of practicing qigong

while lying in bed. Surprisingly, this bed-based qigong practice opened up a strange new world for me.

When practicing qigong, one must suppress their self-awareness, then enter a state that seems both thoughtful and dazed. In this state of semi-consciousness, I often had clearer visions of the strange dreams I experienced. I also recalled many details of my encounter with the alien planet at the age of 19.

Practicing Qigong shifted me from passively waiting to actively searching. In my dreams, I felt like I was living on an alien planet, working, learning, and interacting with others there.

From the information I received, the technology of the people on this planet was highly advanced. I felt that it might take thousands, or even tens of thousands of years for Earth to reach their level of technological development. Their perspectives on time, space, fields, matter, and the universe were quite different from ours on Earth.

After spending a few years in Wuhu and returning home, due to our family's financial struggles, I often worked on the farm during the day and went fishing at night. The harsh and exceptionally laborious life, not to mention its tedious and flavorless nature, offered no prospects for improvement and was exhausting.

Later, I got married, but my relationship with my wife was troubled. We often argued, mainly over money and economic difficulties. My wife was fierce, nagging, and would create problems out of nothing. I felt powerless to change my situation and often endured her unwarranted insults.

At that time, my primary thought was how to get ahead or find a better living environment. Naturally, I thought that my only unique attributes were having two 'me' and my encounter with aliens at the age of 19. I believed that focusing on these aspects was the only way to escape my predicament.

A simple idea was to ask my other “me” for advanced physical theories and present them as my own to gain fame. I had always been interested in physics more than other subjects during my schooling.

From that time, I started to take this seriously and began self-study again.

Initially, I would occasionally ask my other “me” about concepts like time, space, and fields. But afterward, I started researching these topics with a purpose, though the progress was very challenging.

Although I could obtain explanations about the essence of physical concepts like time, fields, mass, charge, light, the speed of light, energy, and so on from my other “me”—who could provide accurate definitions of these physical notions—I found it difficult to connect these isolated concepts into a cohesive theoretical system, especially when it came to applying mathematics, which was even more challenging.

I often thought that the aliens had given me these theoretical points, but to connect

these points into a line, I needed to make my own efforts.

Years later, upon reflecting calmly, I realized that apart from the theories provided by the aliens, I actually had nothing of my own. I understood that I was just an ordinary person. However, the words of that elder in Wuhu, who claimed I would significantly impact human history, echoed in my ears and plunged me into contradiction.

In fact, for a long time, it was the words of that elder from Wuhu that sustained my belief. Without him, I might have given up researching and promoting alien technology long ago.

Whenever I thought of the elder from Wuhu, speaking in classical Chinese with his hands behind his back, I encouraged myself, silently repeating in my mind: “I am not an ordinary person; I might influence human history; I must keep going—”

Now, when I think about it, the key to my failure during that period was my lack of interest in mathematics and not studying it. Not having suitable textbooks was also a crucial factor. Of course, being constantly busy with making a living, enduring my wife's frequent, baseless nagging and insults, and my laziness and weak willpower were major reasons too.

I also wrote many letters to the Institute of Physics at the Chinese Academy of Sciences, but each time, they said it was irrelevant to them, and nothing came of it.

I wrote many letters to universities and relevant organizations. I personally visited these institutions and universities like the University of Science and Technology of China, but almost always received the same response: “Get out!” I was often chased out like chasing away a dog by the gatekeepers.

I also approached television stations and news media to share my story. Once, I called a TV station, and the person who answered at the Anhui Jingshi Channel's 'First Time' program mocked me, saying, “...You want us to interview you just because you say so? Who do you think you are?”

No one paid attention to me, and gradually, I lost confidence.

For quite some time, I gave up on this matter and stopped pursuing it.

I also submitted many articles, but generally received no responses. One editor replied to me, saying: “---You have some good, unique ideas, but you need to express these in mathematical terms. Mathematics is the universal language of physics. Without mathematics, physics cannot be clearly explained, and there's no definitive conclusion. I don't expect you to know advanced mathematics like Riemannian geometry or Fourier analysis, but you don't even have the simplest calculus---”

Later, various difficulties in life made me resolve again to self-study, determined to clearly explain the advanced theories of aliens and make a name for myself.

A cousin of mine, who teaches in Hefei and has been to university, brought me a few books. The books he brought were standard textbooks, Tsinghua University's

General Physics and *Advanced Mathematics*, which were very suitable for self-study, especially the mathematics book, as it was easy to understand.

With these easy-to-understand textbooks, I made quick progress.

When the internet reached rural areas, I shifted my focus online, using my spare time to research and promote alien technology, especially their Unified Field Theory and Artificial Field Scanning technology.

Now, by searching online for “Unified Field Theory 6th Edition”, “Artificial Field Scanning”, “Zhang Xiangqian”, “Unveiling the Principles of Alien UFOs” and so on, you can find the advanced scientific theories related to alien technology that I have posted online.

I have been promoting alien technology for 38 years now, but unfortunately, it still hasn't garnered societal attention or significance. This is puzzling not only to many netizens but also to myself, especially since we are in the era of the internet.

I plan to continue writing articles and science fiction novels online in hopes of gaining fame. Once I become well-known, the advanced technology of alien Artificial Field Scanning I bring will undoubtedly be taken seriously by society. Even if some people are unhappy, nobody will be able to stop it.

This might be the only way for me to succeed. Many netizens have suggested that I conduct experiments, and of course, I won't give up on that. I'm already collaborating with netizens to conduct experiments. However, I have an intuition that, given our poor conditions and limited resources, the likelihood of success in these experiments is not high.

2. My mother

My mother was born near a ferry in Shitou Town, Lujiang County, in a family of six people. Their household was extremely impoverished.

At just under 10 years old, my mother was taken by her relatives to my ancestral home in Xiaohuying of Niu Shou commune, Lujiang County, to be raised as a child bride (Tongyangxi). Tragically, soon after her move, all five members of my mother's original family starved to death.



My mother

The boy my mother was initially destined to marry also succumbed to starvation. His family, too, was in dire poverty and couldn't look after my mother.

I heard that for a while, my mother survived on her own, foraging for wild fruits and plants, nearly starving herself.

Later, considering that my mother had no family left, the boy's family introduced her to my father, who lived nearby and shared the same surname with them. Moreover, my father was an exceptionally honest and kind-hearted man.



My father

In the many decades I've lived, I've never seen my parents argue even once. My father was hardworking, and skilled in fishing and harvesting lotus root, ensuring my mother no longer faced the threat of hunger.

My father had four brothers and two sisters; one of the brothers starved to death. My grandmother looked down on my mother due to her humble origins, frequently belittling and mistreating her, and always favoring her other three daughters-in-law over my mother.

However, my mother was extraordinarily kind and never held any grudges against her mother-in-law. When my grandparents grew old and penniless, they had given all they had to their other three daughters-in-law and even had to where to stay, ironically, those daughters-in-law never cared about them.

My father built a house for them next to ours. In their old age, only my mother cared for them without ever complaining.

On her deathbed, my grandmother, a devout Christian, told my mother, "I owe you, Zhou Maozi (my mother's nickname). I'll repay your kindness in heaven." Both my mother and grandmother were devout Christians.

My mother had four children: me, an older brother, and two younger sisters. I was my mother's favorite, and she greatly influenced my personality.

She was kind, upright, persistent, non-confrontational, never wanting to burden others, never speaking ill behind anyone's back, and silently bearing all hardships without complaint. Her traits deeply influenced me.

She often advised, "Don't squabble with others over something. Instead of spending time arguing, use that time to earn money and buy it."

As far back as I can remember, the only word to describe our household was "poor," a kind of poverty beyond ordinary comprehension.



My mother

Back then, I didn't have clothes to wear except a pair of underwear. When they were being washed, I had to go to school in a long sweatshirt, staying in the classroom even not daring to move around.

I didn't have shoes, either. My feet would get frostbite in the fall. In winter, I had to stand on straw.

There was no bed. At night, I would sleep on makeshift wooden boards.

There was no mosquito net, making mosquitoes the nightmare of my childhood.

On rainy days, the house would leak everywhere.

I often went hungry. All my childhood dreams and fantasies were about food. I was frequently scolded by adults for being greedy. I thought I would amount to nothing when I grew up.

Whenever I fell ill, I never saw a doctor. There was a girl living next door, everyone called her “Little Eight”. I asked my mother, “She only has one sister and one brother. Why call her Little Eight instead of Little Three?”

“All the others are dead,” my mother replied lightly.

Once, I fell seriously ill. My mother, feeling helpless, borrowed money from my uncle to treat me at the hospital. At that time, it was because my uncle had just lost a child and he could relate to our context. Otherwise, he wouldn't have lent the money. My mother knew him well, and never had she borrowed money from him before. My father might have been away at the time.

On the way to the hospital, a fellow villager told my mother, “Why take a dying child to the hospital? You could be scolded by the doctor, and more importantly, you are wasting money. You should just go home and bury him.”

After my elder brother got married, he immediately moved out of our parents' house. But I stayed with them until their last days.

While living with my parents, even though my wife was fierce and often scolded me and insulted my parents, she always sent a share of dishes with my parents every time she cooked. However, my two sisters-in-law never did this.

Every New Year, my wife would respectfully give my parents red envelopes, saying it's better to give money to the real gods (parents) than to those fake ones in temples. My sisters-in-law never gave them a cent.

When my father was diagnosed with cancer, my wife immediately contributed over ten thousand yuan for treatment. Later on, she contributed even more. My brother and his wife, however, didn't give a dime. My brother even secretly took the medical insurance money meant for my father's cancer treatment. No matter how firmly we demanded it back, he refused to return the money. He didn't contribute to the medical expenses and even profited a few thousand yuan from it.

When my mother had a cerebral thrombosis and needed over ten thousand yuan for treatment, my brother and his wife didn't contribute at all. When I asked him to look after our mother in hospital, he refused.

My brother's ex-wife had a bad character. She said to my brother, "You go to work at someone's house during the day [as a carpenter], and go fishing with a net at night." She didn't consider my brother's rest at all.

She harbored an inexplicable resentment towards my parents. Once, my parents killed a pig they had raised and gifted them a pair of pig's feet. My brother stewed the pig feet but before he could eat them, he had to travel to Ying Shang county.

'What should we do with these trotters? Let's give them to mother and father,' my brother suggested.

'I'd rather throw them away than let that old pig couple have them,' my sister-in-law retorted. She then discarded the trotters into the weeds outside their door. She referring to my kind-hearted parents as 'an old pig couple' made my blood boil with anger, seeing red.

My elder brother's wife, whom he married later, was no good either. One time, my mother came to my countryside small shop in tears and told me that my sister-in-law had hit her with the back of a kitchen knife.

I took my mother and went to confront my sister-in-law. 'Why did you hit my mother?' I demanded.

'She was washing clothes and kept leaving them dirty,' my sister-in-law replied.

'She didn't provide me with detergent; how could I get them clean?' my mother countered.

'Well, your son runs a supermarket, and there's plenty of detergent there. Why don't you go get some?' my sister-in-law retorted sarcastically.

'It's inappropriate for me to take from my younger son's store while working for you all,' my mother responded.

'Why do you always favor your younger son? You just love him and his wife more than us, don't you?' my sister-in-law pressed.

'All my basic needs, including when I fall sick, are taken care of by him. You all don't contribute a dime. How do you expect me to favor you?' my mother said.

'You ungrateful woman! Throughout the year, you don't contribute anything, neglecting your duties, yet do you still demand to be treated well? On what grounds? If my husband were here today, I would deal with you in his presence!' I was so furious that I almost lost control and raised my hand to her.

'Go on then, hit me!' my sister-in-law challenged, fearless. At this point, a few local Christians who had heard about my mother being struck by my sister-in-law came rushing over. They loudly exclaimed,

'Your mother-in-law is so kind-hearted; how could you possibly strike her? Surely the devil has possessed you...'

Later, with the mediation of the Christians, I relocated my mother to live near our supermarket, away from my brother and his wife. She had previously lived next door to them.

After my father fell ill and passed away, my mother lived alone, residing next to my elder brother.

Seven days after my father's passing, my brother called, instructing me to come over to his place. I asked him what the matter was.

'What's the matter? It's the seventh day after our father's death, what do you think?' He hung up immediately after.

In our local customs, the seventh day after an elder's passing is significant (called "Touqi", first seven days). It involves a ritual where a local villager, often responsible for conducting funerals, makes paper models of houses, cars, TVs, refrigerators, and other items. These are burnt on the night of the seventh day at the deceased's gravesite, symbolizing gifts to the departed.

That day, I was swamped with business and couldn't visit my brother. Later in the evening, he called again, inviting me for dinner. I declined, citing my busy schedule. He informed me that my two brothers-in-law, Xiao Luo (小罗) and Xiao Pan (小潘), were present and that there were matters they needed to discuss."

I rushed to my brother's house on my electric bike, and my sister-in-law warmly invited me to sit down for a meal. Also present were two of my elder relatives from nearby and a stranger. My brother pointed to the stranger, a slim, dark-skinned middle-

aged man, and said to me,

“On the seventh day after our father's passing, according to our local customs, we need to burn a paper effigy for him. Today, we invited Mr. Yan, the ritualist, to help. He worked all day to prepare it and burned it at our father's grave. We know you've been busy, so we didn't insist on your coming. The cost of the effigy was 1,800 yuan. The four of us, including our two brothers-in-law, each owe 450 yuan. You need to pay the full 450 yuan.”

“You three can pay. I never asked for a paper effigy for our father, nor did I suggest it. I neither oppose nor support your decision. You keep your own opinions and have the right to make the decision. I can't represent you. But, you can't represent me, either. Whoever wanted to burn the effigy should pay,” I replied coldly.

My words angered my brother. “Ah Qian, we didn't ask you to come today because we knew you were busy, but how dare you not pay?!”

I responded, “Elder brother, I'm warning you this once, if you push me further, next time I'll kick your ass. Do you understand?”

“I do, I do. Take a seat and fill your stomach. We're just trying to reason with you,” my brother said, softening his tone.

The two elder relatives immediately criticized me,

“Ah' Qian⁵, you're wrong. Burning an effigy on the seventh day after someone's death is a tradition here. Every family does it. Why are you against it? We thought you were reasonable. Aren't you afraid the villagers will say you're unfilial?”

The ritualist chimed in, “I've seen many situations like this. In every group of siblings, there's always one who's cunning and stingy. When it's time to share expenses, they try to shirk their responsibilities. Looking at you, Ah Qian, you don't seem deceptive, but you seem reluctant to spend 450 yuan for your father. I guess you're not someone who can achieve great things, huh? Haha.”

I immediately retorted, “Mr. Yan, you're wrong. When it comes to spending money on my parents, I'm the most willing. Of their four children, I'm the only one who provides for their living expenses. From rice to laundry detergent, condiments, beer, and all other necessities, I've supplied everything.

“Whenever my mother falls ill, which is often, I'm the one taking her to the hospital and covering the medical bills. My brother contributes nothing and stays away.

“My two sisters and their husbands live far away, so I don't blame them. But my brother, who lives next to our parents, neglects them. Is that right?

“If I'm lying, ask my brother here if I've said anything untrue.”

Although my wife is very aggressive, she often gives meat and clothes to my

⁵ **Ah' Qian**: Zhang Xiangqian's nickname.

parents. Every year during the Chinese New Year, she gives red envelopes with several hundred yuan to each of my parents. These are all because my actions have influenced her.

“You can ask my elder brother and sister-in-law now, have they ever given my parents a penny in recent years? Have they given them a pound of meat, a piece of clothing, or a piece of anything?”

“Just a few days ago, my mother said that the TV was broken, and I bought a color TV worth over a thousand yuan. Do I ask the three of them to share the money?”

The ritualist laughed and asked my brother, “All these things your younger brother said can't all be true, can they? Judging by his looks, he doesn't seem that generous, does he?”

My brother just coughed awkwardly without replying.

I continued, “Indeed, I'm not a spendthrift. I'm frugal, but when it comes to my parents, I spare no expense. If it's unnecessary, I save it. We should care for our parents as best as we can while they're alive.

“After they've passed, spending lavishly on ceremonies won't benefit them. Instead, it goes into the pockets of people like you, the ritualists.

“Many in China neglect their parents when they're alive but go all out in their funerals. Such hypocrisy! Most of these people have terrible character, and I greatly despise them.”

I stood up without eating and headed out. As I left, I still heard the ritualist asking the two elder relatives if what I said was true. They replied, “Everything he said is true. He's a unique individual, very outspoken. Even the cadres fear him.”

One night, my mother suffered a cerebral thrombosis. My daughter found her, and together with my brother-in-law, we rushed her to the hospital. Though her life was saved, she was left severely incapacitated and couldn't care for herself.

My brother showed no concern. He didn't even visit her once in the hospital, let alone contribute to the medical bills. My sister-in-law, after our stern insistence, visited my mother in the hospital with some health supplements once but then ignored her.

They always want the benefits but shirk responsibilities.

After my mother became paralyzed, I took care of her alone for five years until she passed away. My older brother never bothered to inquire about our mother. My two younger sisters, living far away and overwhelmed with their own lives and financial pressures, could only visit her occasionally.

My wife felt angry about my brother's indifference, feeling that we were being treated unfairly. Over the five years, she berated me countless times over this issue. One day, after hours of shouting, she gave me an ultimatum,

“Zhang Xiangqian, you either choose your mother or me. Decide overnight. If you

choose your mother, we'll divorce tomorrow. Our daughter will be with me, the son with you, the supermarket goes to you, and I'll take the house in our hometown.”

Seeing the situation turning bad, my mother-in-law hastily knelt before us, begging us to stop quarreling.

The next day, with the household registration book in hand, my wife demanded, “Have you made up your mind? It's either me or your mother. If you choose her, let's go to the civil affairs bureau and end our marriage.”

I replied,

“I don't want to divorce; being single would make me the laughing stock in our village. But someone has to care for my mother. I can't just abandon her. It's not about me being extraordinarily good or dutiful; I have no other choice.

“Caring for my sick mother just proves I'm a normal human being. Ignoring her like my brother does makes one heartless. Aren't you afraid of a man who could abandon his own sick mother? If he can do that to her, how will he treat his wife? How can you sleep beside such a man without fear?”

Hearing this, my wife fell silent. Perhaps she realized that a compassionate and reliable man is truly invaluable in a woman's life.

In the last days before my mother's death, while she was basking in the sun, seeming more spirited than usual, she whispered to me, “Ah' Qian, I want to give you the money I saved.”

“Keep your money for your own expenses,” I replied. I was always busy making a living and didn't have time to care for my mother. To compensate, I often gave her money for groceries, but she hesitated to spend it, thus accumulating some savings. There was a time when she lived alone.

“Soon, there won't be another chance...” she murmured.

A few days later, while I was helping her dress and feeding her porridge, she suddenly collapsed on the table. By the time I reached her, her limbs had stiffened. She passed away shortly after.

My brother did not attend our mother's funeral and remained indifferent, not contributing a penny. My wife, having no outlet for her anger, unleashed it on me again.

As some relatives prepared to burn my mother's clothes, someone suggested checking them for hidden money.

Upon hearing this, my wife shouted, “Don't search! Who dares to? Just burn everything!”

It struck me as odd; my wife, who is extremely money-minded. Now did she seem to disdain even my mother's money due to resentment?

Nonetheless, her authority prevailed. The clothes were burnt, and whether they contained money remains unknown.

When my mother was taken to the Lujiang County Crematorium, seeing the smoke drift into the sky, I thought, perhaps only the wealthy fear death. For those who've suffered, death might be a relief. I wondered if my mother had truly reached heaven, where the ugliness and cruelty of the human world shouldn't exist.



My families

3. My wife and my small shop in the countryside

My wife wasn't introduced to me by a matchmaker; I met her myself. Back in those days, in our rural area, love marriages were quite rare. Most marriages were arranged by matchmakers or parents.

When I first met her, I thought she was fairly pretty, had a good physique, and was quite robust. However, there was a fierceness in her demeanor.

I had been running a small business in Wuhu for a few years, and I missed the ideal age for finding a partner. By the time I was 26 or 27, many people in the countryside were already married. At that time, my family was going through financial difficulties, and she was six years younger than me. So, I didn't mind this particular shortcoming.

However, it took me several years of marriage to truly understand just how fierce she could be, and it wasn't ordinary fierceness; it was a terrifying kind of fierceness, coupled with extreme stubbornness and unreasonable behavior.

After we got married, we used to have frequent and intense arguments, and she was usually the one who initiated them. The main reasons behind our arguments were her overly picky and demanding nature, her dissatisfaction with many things, and financial issues.

I don't smoke, drink, or gamble, and I don't have any other major expenses. I primarily work hard, but my income is not high. Naturally, she was dissatisfied because women tend to be naturally inclined towards wealth.

For ordinary people without influential backgrounds, the path to prosperity is through business. Working as a laborer or doing odd jobs won't make you wealthy.

I explained these principles to her, but she strongly disliked them. She had a habit of holding onto money tightly once it was in her hands. Starting a business requires capital, so I didn't have a strong desire to go into business with her.



Me and my wife

In the first few years of our marriage, I used to dig for eels every year, which required no initial investment – just a large shovel.

Looking back, those were the happiest times of my life. When I left home and went to the fields, I left behind my wife's constant nagging, complaints, and scolding. I felt remarkably content. Returning home in the evening, a vendor would come to buy the eels. I handed the money over to my wife, and that was the end of my involvement.

The next day, I would ask my wife for money to have lunch at a restaurant, then head out to dig for eels again.

Back then, a restaurant meal cost 5 yuan, but my wife often gave me only 4 yuan, which made me uncomfortable. Eventually, I started hiding my money.

What really upset me was one winter day when a few of us walked more than 10 miles. Suddenly, it began to rain heavily, and it just wouldn't stop. Helpless, we had to run back in the pouring rain. I got soaked, to the point that even my underwear was drenched. It was freezing, so we had to keep running to generate some heat. My legs even cramped up from running.

When I got home, I sat on the edge of the bed to change my clothes. Suddenly, my wife shouted, “What the hell, are you blind? You wet the bedsheets!”

I had just moved to sit on a stool when she yelled again, “The stool is dirty!”

I had no choice but to stand up while changing my clothes and asked, “What's gotten into you today? Did you eat gunpowder or something?”

“You [expletive], you didn't even catch a single eel!” She started scolding me incessantly.

In 1996, I applied for a pen patent, and in 1997, some companies in Hong Kong

and Guangdong expressed interest in buying my patent. They said my patent needed evaluation, and once it was evaluated, they would purchase it. I spent several thousand yuan [which was several years' worth of our income] to get the patent evaluated. However, these companies disappeared without a trace, and I realized I had been scammed.

This scam was catastrophic for me. My wife scolded me countless times because of it and completely lost respect for me. She became extremely distrustful of me. From then on, no matter what investment I wanted to make or the business I wanted to start, she vehemently opposed it and imposed strict financial restrictions on me.

In recent years, I have been researching and promoting extraterrestrial Artificial Field Scanning technology and the Unified Field Theory. I frequently write articles and publish papers online, sharing my childhood encounters with extraterrestrial beings.

Some educated people and village officials in our area, when they see my wife, say,

“Your husband, Zhang Xiangqian, is remarkable. He has a big online following, and his papers have been published in the United States. We heard that people from Beijing have come to visit him.”

Whenever my wife hears such comments, she has a habit of publicly scolding me to save face, promptly adding, “My husband, Aqian, got cheated out of thousands of yuan doing that thing.”

My father-in-law often tells me, “Aqian, you need to have a trade. Just digging for eels won't get you anywhere. You're covered in mud all the time, and people look down on you.”

In 1999, I borrowed 3,500 yuan from my mother-in-law and opened an electric welding repair shop in Sanhe Town with my older brother. I had never done welding before, but my brother knew how. His previous business had just failed, and he had no money to invest, so all the money came from me. I didn't dare ask my wife for money.

Initially, my wife neither opposed nor supported the welding shop. My sister-in-law was a real troublemaker, constantly pressuring my brother to leave. Her reasoning was simple: she wanted to see me fail, to see how someone who had never done welding before would manage to run an electric welding repair shop.

Eventually, my wife joined in the arguments. The quarrels escalated, and my brother was so stressed that he began coughing up blood. Seeing him spitting fresh blood on the ground, I had no choice but to let him leave.

I worked alone, welding at night repeatedly. I endured several bouts of severe eye strain and, over time, mastered the art of welding.

After my brother left, there were very few customers at the electric welding repair shop, and tax collectors and fee collectors would often come knocking. Amid my wife's

relentless opposition and quarrels, the repair shop was eventually closed.

I remember one winter day when she hid the key to my repair shop. I searched everywhere for it, like a desperate scavenger hunt, until I finally found it. Otherwise, I might have had to spend a night outside in the cold repair shop.

I brought all the equipment from the repair shop back home and started digging for eels again. However, after that incident, I was determined to reopen the repair shop because I strongly felt that life was tough and I needed a stable source of income.

I rented a piece of land at the village entrance and started planning for the repair shop. At first, my wife neither supported nor opposed the idea. All the money I earned from digging eels went to her, but she never shared a cent.

I dug eels for a while, bought bricks, dug more eels, and bought roof tiles, so my rural electric welding repair shop was about to be established.

To raise the shop's floor level, we had to fill it with soil since the ground was too low. I hired a tractor driver who asked me,

“Why don't you call your wife to help you dig the soil? It'll be quicker.”

In my mind, I thought my wife was tough, so I didn't dare ask her. However, I felt it wasn't right to speak ill of her in front of others, so I said, “She's busy with something else.”

As I was talking, my wife suddenly appeared in front of me, hands on her hips, questioning why I wanted to fill the soil. “Why are you filling soil? Are you trying to bury yourself?”

We only completed half of the soil filling, and then it was stopped due to my wife's threats. This left severe consequences, and whenever it rained heavily, the repair shop floor would be flooded.

The repair shop operated for some time and received praise from many villagers. It began to make money due to the low costs in the countryside. However, my wife intensified her arguments.

Sometimes I wondered why she continued to argue and oppose the repair shop when it was making money.

I welded a large iron gate for the shop, and at night, if my wife's nagging got to me, I would go to the repair shop, find a wooden board, and sleep there without taking off my clothes.

One night, after being verbally abused by my wife for over an hour without any reason, I remained silent. She showed no sign of stopping, so I quietly made my way to the electric welding repair shop, which was about a mile away from home.

Unfortunately, that night, there were too many mosquitoes. I wished for a small store where I could buy some mosquito repellent.

The idea of opening a small store resurfaced in my mind. However, fearing my

wife's opposition, I often imagined the scene where the first batch of store goods arrived home, and my wife would hysterically throw everything out. So, I hesitated for a long time.

During the next year's Spring Festival, on the eighth day of the first lunar month, many guests, most of whom were from my wife's side of the family, came to our house. I felt it was an opportunity and hurried to Sanhe Town to distribute some small goods, totaling 40 yuan, mainly children's snacks. When my wife saw that I had actually delivered goods for a store, she planned to open one. Although it was unexpected, she didn't argue, possibly to save face in front of her family.

Previously, when I mentioned wanting to open a store, my wife had glared at me and said, "Dare you!"



My wife gave some snacks to the children from her family during the Spring Festival, and everyone was happy. Since it was the lunar new year, the children had received red envelopes with money, and the 40 yuan worth of snacks quickly sold out. My wife urged me to distribute more goods in the streets.

I carefully chose the right time, and the small store initially received her support. The beginning went smoothly, and considering how tumultuous it was when I first opened the repair shop, I couldn't believe how smoothly the small store was progressing.

However, I didn't anticipate that this small store would lift us out of poverty, become our main source of income, and also the source of our intense arguments.

After operating the small store for a while, its income far surpassed that of the repair shop. I decided to go big and expand. The land for my electric welding repair shop was rented for 100 yuan per year, which, while not much, was still an expense. If

I wanted to expand, I had to buy it.

To smoothly purchase the land, I brainstormed a plan. I first closed both the repair shop and the small store, moved to the nearby town of Tongda, and rented a house to operate for a while. Then, I asked my father-in-law to convince the landlord to sell me the land.

The landlord thought that with the 100 yuan annual rent for the land gone, the land was just lying there with no purpose. So, they agreed to sell it to me for 1,250 yuan.

Once I acquired the land, my father-in-law and I discussed building a house and expanding the small store. However, my wife overheard our conversation and barged in, demanding loudly, "This land belongs to someone else! Why do you want to build on it? Are you out of your mind?"

"I've already purchased the land," I calmly replied, anticipating her anger.

"Bought it? Why didn't you let me know, huh?" My wife was visibly upset.

"I couldn't let you know about these things," my father-in-law said.

"Last year, the scrapyard owner had a cutting machine for 300 yuan. He thought Aqian was an honest guy, so he left it for him. A new one costs 700 yuan, and Aqian didn't dare to ask you for money. He borrowed from me. When you asked me why Aqian borrowed money, I told you the truth. And you kept following Aqian, saying, "Why did you buy a cutting machine? Are you going to cut your head off? Look at you, what kind of things you say."

The next day, my wife asked me how much I had spent on buying the land. "1,250 yuan," I replied.

My wife immediately got angry. "They practically gave this place away for free, and nobody wanted it. 1,250 yuan? Hmph! I'm going to demand it back and make things clear with them." She turned and went to the landlord's house.

I had learned through experience that running a small store in the countryside could be quite profitable. After half a year of planning, I was on the verge of achieving my goal. Seeing my wife's angry stride, I realized that she might ruin my plans. Fortunately, the landlord wasn't home that day, and my first step toward expanding the store was successful.

While building the house, the tile workers were from my wife's hometown, and she made a big scene in front of her family.

Why did she oppose the expansion of the small store? I gradually understood that it was essentially her mindset of holding onto money once it was in hand.

She couldn't distinguish between spending and investing. She was always frugal and unhappy whenever money was spent, leading to arguments and fights.

Additionally, she liked to take charge of everything, even when she had no understanding or capability in certain matters. She would often give arbitrary and

reckless instructions. There was no planning, everything was done on a whim, and she was extremely selfish, irresponsible, and disrespectful of others' opinions. Her explosive temper was the result of all these characteristics, and that's why she loved to argue.

Under her strong interference, the small store's building suffered severe consequences and had to be rebuilt. This cycle of building and demolishing happened multiple times, wasting a lot of money. Each time, the construction process started and ended amidst my wife's intense arguments.

One time, she was particularly harsh with her insults, going on and on. A tile worker from her hometown couldn't take it anymore and ran back home. My wife explained that she was scolding me, not him.

The tile worker said, “Why are you scolding Afan? What's your purpose? If you didn't want him to rebuild the house, you should have stopped him from tearing it down. Now that the house is gone, why are you still scolding him? Is it all over now, or are you going to stop it? I really don't understand how your mind works.”



The house was completed, and its area expanded several times. I also built another house specifically for an electric welding and bicycle repair shop.

I changed the small store sign to “supermarket,” and the business started booming. However, my wife remained vehemently opposed and adopted an uncooperative attitude.

By this time, hardly anyone supported her. Every New Year, she would create a massive commotion, breaking things and turning the house into a mess.

Sometimes, when I had dirty hands from repairing things and a customer came to buy something, my wife would stand by and refuse to help as if she had nothing to do with it, which was particularly infuriating.

One time, it was probably one of the most regrettable incidents. It happened one

evening when someone on QQ asked me about my annual income. He claimed to be a big boss and offered to give me a large sum of money, with the annual interest alone exceeding our total annual income. He advised me not to do anything else and to focus on my research in Unified Field Theory. Finally, he asked me to open a video call to show him my face and requested my bank account details.

Just at that moment, someone came to buy cigarettes at our door. “Afqian, go online later and bring me the cigarettes,” he said loudly.

I signaled to my wife to get the cigarettes, but she turned her face away and ignored me. The customer raised his voice, saying, “Hurry up! What's going on?”

I signaled to my daughter to get the cigarettes, but she completely ignored the request.

The customer's voice had a certain kind of power, and it frightened me. I had no choice but to get the cigarettes for him.

At that moment, my daughter sat at the computer desk and told the big boss, “My dad is a liar. He failed in real life and came online to seek attention.”

I rushed over and questioned my daughter, “Why did you say your dad is a liar? Do you know about my encounters with extraterrestrials when I was a child? Do you know the importance of Unified Field Theory that I brought?...”

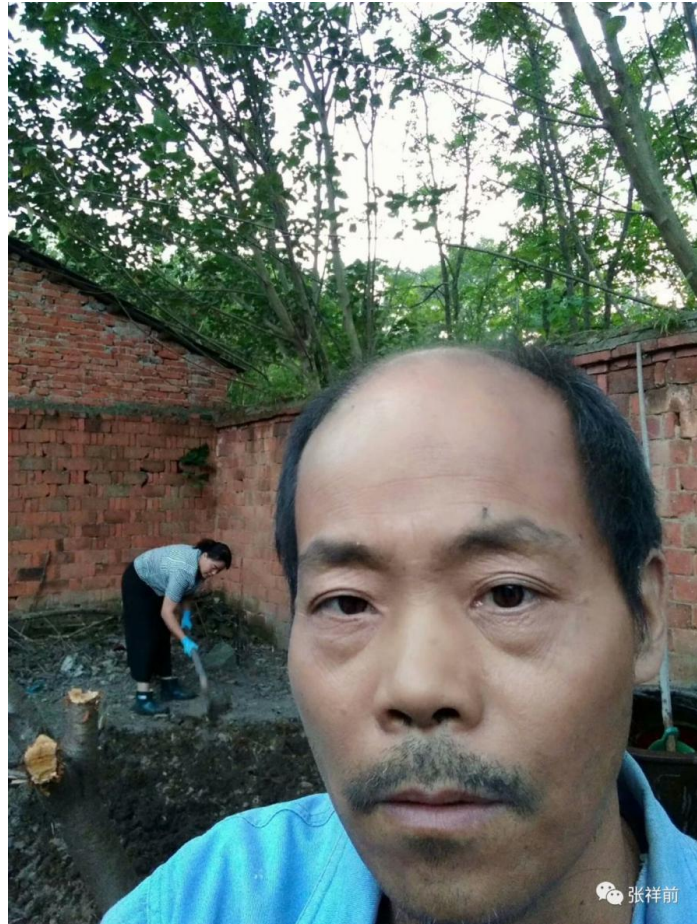
My daughter remained silent, with no signs of remorse on her face, just a nonchalant and disdainful attitude.

When I looked back at the computer, the big boss had already blocked me on QQ.

The next day, another netizen on QQ asked me,

“What happened? Yesterday, that big boss was my good friend. He was ready to give you money, support your research in Unified Field Theory, and help you break free from your financial struggles. It was me who convinced him to assist you. How could your daughter call you a liar? What did you do? How can you focus on research when life is difficult? He was planning to give you a seven-figure sum, and you'll see how poverty can affect your research.”

After that incident, we often argued because of money.



My wife and I were in the backyard of our hometown



The small shop in Tongda town



In front of my hometown house

4. My father died in vain

My father was born into a poor family and never received an education; he couldn't even write his own name.

He had four children: I have one older brother and two younger sisters.

Among us, only I had passable academic results; my two sisters and brother performed very poorly.

My father held special hopes for me; he wished that I could pass the exams and escape the peasant life to secure a government job.

Even though I studied very hard, unfortunately, my academic performance was not great. After finishing junior high, I failed the high school entrance exam twice and didn't even pass the preliminary selection, so I had to go back home to work on the farm.

My father was extremely disappointed in me, and the last time I failed the preliminary exam, he was so angry that he beat me with a stick.

My father was an upright man and very enthusiastic about helping others, often doing work for the villagers without charge. Although he was well-liked, he wasn't good at making money.

A strong impression of poverty marked our childhood — we lacked sufficient clothing and food. We were always longing for good food, wore tattered clothes, lived in a dilapidated house, and everything at home was worn out.

My father was physically strong and optimistic, always cheerful, unlike me, who often looked worried and distressed.

However, for some reason, he suddenly developed gastric cancer. He passed away more than a decade ago, and I often miss him. He was an exceedingly honest and kind person, and he suffered terribly from cancer before he died.



My father was originally in excellent health, but his illness stemmed from a misguided national policy.

In the past, the sale of pork was exclusively managed by food stations, and private selling of pork was not permitted. This policy was not bad, as it allowed farmers to access fresh and reliable pork.

Later, as the economy opened up and the market economy began to rise quietly, this policy clashed sharply with the monopoly of food stations. Many private sellers started to sell pork secretly, and this gradually became an open and brazen activity. Because these private sellers offered lower prices, better service, credit, and home delivery, food stations quickly went out of business.

In the 1990s, in an attempt to save these failing food stations, the state enacted a policy to restore their monopolistic status. Private sellers could only sell meat through food stations and were not allowed to slaughter the animals themselves. This policy was known as “designated slaughtering”.

However, by that time, the market economy had already gained considerable scale. Because it was a monopoly, the food stations set the wholesale price of pork very high. The private meat sellers had no say in the matter and had no choice but to accept the situation, losing their profit margin. These people were extremely dissatisfied with the “designated slaughtering” policy, resenting it deeply.

The local government also exerted significant effort to stabilize this policy.

I remember there was a woman in our area who ran a small variety store; she secretly sold meat behind the store and was discovered by the food station employees. They confiscated her pork, and a fight ensued between them.

The food station staff called the local police, who arrested her and took her to the police station. She continued to curse loudly there, and somehow, the next day, she was

dead. The police said she died of an illness. Later, the police station and the food station compensated her family, and the matter was left at that.

As time went on, private operators would officially wholesale some pork from the food stations and then secretly slaughter their pigs at home. These privately slaughtered pigs, not subjected to the food station's extortionate prices, were sold cheaper, and the operators earned their living from this meat.

For a while, the food stations required each operator to fulfill a monthly quota of 600 to 900 jin of pork. The wholesale price set by the food stations for this quota was often very high, sometimes even higher than the retail market price. Thus, private operators had to rely on their own slaughtered pork to survive, which made their situation difficult.

Initially, food stations did not allow private slaughtering, but later on, as long as private operators met their quotas, the food stations turned a blind eye.

Sanhe Town in Feixi County, near us, is the largest market town in the area. Many private pork sellers in the town slaughtered a large number of pigs and sold the meat at low prices, leading to a significant price gap between rural areas and the market town for pork.

In the rural areas, pork is the most important food for the villagers. Typically, their daily meals consist of pork with cabbage.

My father used to say: "The pork at the food station by our door is too expensive, and going to Sanhe Town to buy it takes too much time." So, he would often go to the town to buy a lot of pork to salt and preserve it, which we would eat over a long time.

At that time, I didn't live with him, but every time I visited and saw him eating the salted pork, I would remind him to eat some fresh pork instead of always having the preserved kind, but he didn't take my advice seriously.

Sometimes, when I came home, I found that the preserved pork had turned yellow and spoiled, yet my mother couldn't bear to throw it away. Throwing out the spoiled meat often brought scolding from both my parents.

When my father was diagnosed with advanced stomach cancer, we all thought about the yellowed preserved meat, but by then, it was too late.

Many people in the nearby rural areas, like my father, developed stomach cancer and the majority succumbed to it.

They spent their lives accompanied by yellowed preserved pork.

In recent years, the market economy has swept through urban and rural China. Because food stations were collectively owned enterprises with little oversight, corruption, and laziness prevailed until they gradually closed down and were eliminated.

Farmers can now eat fresh pork again, and with the spread of refrigerators, the incidence of stomach cancer among them has greatly reduced.

Some might read my article and wonder how the occurrence of cancer could be related to national policy. In the history of England, there was a time when households with windows were taxed, leading many people to avoid opening windows, which resulted in a significant number of people suffering from rickets due to a lack of sunlight.

My father was diagnosed with stomach cancer and went to the Bengbu Cancer Hospital for treatment. He was deceived into the radiology department and received radiation therapy. At that time, there was no internet, so we couldn't research whether radiation could treat stomach cancer.

Back then, an unwritten rule was that the family of the patient had to give the doctor in charge a few thousand yuan as a “red envelope”. The chief doctor, Dr. Liu, wanted this bribe, so he misled my brother and father by claiming that radiation therapy was better than surgery for stomach cancer. We only found out later that the possibility of curing stomach cancer with radiation was zero, while surgery had about a one-third chance of success.

My father fell ill due to incorrect policies, and died because of corruption in the medical field.

5. What changes have happened to my body since I returned from the alien planet?

In the summer of 1985 [That year, I was 19 years old], I lived for a month on a highly advanced alien planet.

Some netizens have asked me if there were any changes in my body after returning from the alien planet and how that journey has influenced my life afterward.

After returning from the alien planet, I felt my energy and physical strength were exceptionally good. I felt incredibly strong; once, I pulled over 600 jin on a force-measuring device.

Another time, I measured around 590 jin by pulling on the base of a weighing scale.

At that time, my body felt very light. I could easily leap over high earthen walls and wide ditches.

I walked very quickly, and none of my companions, who went eel-digging with me, could keep up. Now, possibly due to aging and diabetes, my body feels much heavier.

Even my dreams were different. Back then, I often dreamed of flying, my body floating in the air like a feather, feeling free and unrestrained.

The dreamscapes were colorful and constantly changing, often set in strange and unfamiliar places I had never visited.

I also frequently dreamed of returning to the alien planet, feeling both excitement and fear. I dreamed about various encounters on the alien planet, with the most common dream being a terrifying scene where I was surrounded and entangled by a dense group of snake-like beings [a smaller parasitic humanoid species on the alien planet, resembling a hybrid of humans, snakes, eels, and similar elongated animals, possessing human traits and characteristics of these elongated creatures], who would penetrate my body.

Now, my dreams often involve struggling in cold water or filthy mud, being chased by bad people and unable to escape. The scenes are usually black and white, like gloomy days.

Shortly after returning from the alien planet, my skin felt very oily. This was because, on the alien planet, I had been absorbed into the body of a giant parasitic humanoid species being, about five meters tall. After being trapped inside this giant parasitic humanoid species for a long time, when I emerged, my body felt as if it had

been soaked in oil for an extended period.

Not only did my skin feel very oily, but also the internal organs like the intestines, stomach, throat, and urinary tract all had a greasy feeling. This constantly gave me a sensation of comfort and moisture. Eating and excreting felt very smooth.

This oily feeling persisted for a few years before gradually fading. Now, I have the opposite problem, my body feels very dry and brittle, especially my throat, which is constantly dry and extremely uncomfortable.

This giant parasitic humanoid species, to control my dreams, had input many sea-life dreamscapes into my brain. After returning to Earth, these undersea life dreams repeatedly appeared in my dreams.

I also often dreamt of many other parasitic humanoid species. Their unique odors, imprinted in my subconscious, kept reappearing in my dreams.

After coming back, I discovered a long, deep indentation at the back of my head, deep enough to fit half of my index finger. Over 39 years, the small indentation on my head has gradually healed, now mostly level, with only a long, scar-like mark remaining.

I'm not sure if this is from an alien implant or for some other reason. I never had it checked at a hospital, so I'm unclear whether there's a chip implant there.

When I first returned from the alien planet, I found myself involuntarily looking at the lower bodies of young women. During my month on the alien planet, I was without clothes, and I felt embarrassed in front of females, involuntarily looking downward. This habit persisted even after returning to Earth.

On the alien planet, the aliens were actually naked. What appeared as clothing on their bodies were virtual images created remotely by their global movement network and information network; they weren't real clothes.

From the time I returned from the alien planet at 19 until I was 26, when I first encountered a woman's body. During those seven years, I was tormented by an extremely unbearable sexual frustration, which I would describe as deeply etched and unforgettable.

On the alien planet, I often walked through walls. Back on Earth, I frequently dreamt of walking through walls. Sometimes I succeeded, other times I failed. Failing feels very painful, and I would tell myself: "Just walk lightly without any distracting thoughts, and you can do it".

After returning from the alien planet, I didn't immediately remember everything I saw and heard there. Instead, I felt a strange sense of unfamiliarity around my home, as if I had been away for many years and had just returned.

Most of my memories about the alien planet gradually resurfaced in my dreams. Sometimes, the details I recalled were contradictory, and it was difficult to distinguish between dreams and actual experiences from the alien planet, between virtual and real

scenes, and even whether they were from Earth or the alien planet.

The sequence of events from my journey to the alien planet was often confusing; sometimes, I couldn't tell which event happened first or last.

Some netizens asked me whether I physically visited the alien planet or if it was just my soul [consciousness].

I have pondered this question, and many experiences and sensations on the alien planet suggest that it was indeed my physical body that went there. I believe there should be a significant difference between dream sensations and real experiences.

Although some memories are vague, certain details are deeply etched in my mind and very vivid.

In the first few years after returning, my dream recollections were clear, and I could remember many details, especially their physics and mathematics equations. I vaguely knew these were important and noted them in a notebook.

Once, I left this notebook on a table, and my brother accidentally got it wet. I scolded him, emphasizing the importance of the content in the notebook.

After I left, my brother tore up the notebook, leaving only a few pieces on the table. I regretted not keeping it safe and frantically asked where the rest of the notebook was.

My brother said it was in the toilet, but I couldn't find it there. When I asked him again, he ignored me. I was furious but didn't argue with him, knowing it would be pointless.

He had once torn up my junior high school diploma because someone teased him, saying, "Your brother, at least, graduated from junior high school. What about you? You didn't even finish elementary school".

Now, 39 years have passed, and I have forgotten much of their scientific theories, as well as the mathematics and physics equations.

I am now 57 years old, and my memory has declined. It has been 39 years since my journey to the alien planet, so many details have either been forgotten or have become very blurry.

Some netizens asked me if I had any further contact with the aliens after returning from the alien planet in 1985.

Since then, I have had no contact with them. Especially now, in my difficult situation, I wish they would appear again to provide me with evidence [When I went there, I didn't think to leave behind any physical evidence, nor did I realize the importance of doing so]. I've tried calling out to them in secret, but there has been no effect.

Many netizens say I am lucky to have traveled to an alien planet and to have had sexual encounters with aliens at the peak of my physical strength.

The truth is, some of these aliens emitted an extremely intense and foul smell, a

kind of odor we humans on Earth have possibly never experienced or could even produce. This odor was utterly nauseating.

The sexual organs of their females were often long fleshy tubes that penetrated deep into my body, especially into my stomach, sometimes causing intense heartburn and vomiting, to the point of being unbearable.

If these tubes entered through my urethra, it was often unbearably painful. When the tubes were removed, they mostly came out bloodied, and these terrible memories have haunted me for decades.

In one scenario, I was in a large barrel with many aliens. Being thrown in and plummeting towards the aliens' bodies didn't feel wonderful but more like falling into a forest of steel bars or a nest of entwined, giant poisonous snakes, inducing extreme fear and disgust.

The aliens appeared small, like kindergarten children, but during sexual encounters, you immediately felt their incredible strength, superhuman endurance, and boundless energy. The frequency of their movements during sex was extremely fast, their bodies like little motors. Our human bodies could not match their physical capabilities.

Sexual encounters with them often led to extreme physical exhaustion, and towards the end, I frequently experienced various hallucinations.

Just one sexual encounter with them instilled fear in me, and seeing them again was even more terrifying than encountering a ghost.

They showed no compassion, love, or kindness. They ignored my pleas for mercy.

They had a strong inclination for sexual aggression. If I suddenly appeared among them, several would use their fleshy tubes to enter my body through my mouth and anus simultaneously, pulling in different directions, causing intense pain in my internal organs.

If no one had intervened, I might have lost my life within minutes.

My journey to the alien planet also brought immense psychological pain, a kind of inexplicable anxiety that I haven't been able to escape for decades.

I'm still frantically posting online, promoting alien technology. This isn't because of diligence or grand ambitions but due to an unexplainable urgency, as if a demon is driving me from behind, with a voice constantly commanding me to ensure society takes alien technology seriously.

It's likely that the aliens implanted some kind of program in me, driving me to do these things. For decades, maybe even my whole life, I might be controlled by this program and unable to escape.

This possibility is significant. Why are humans born with a fear of darkness? Even infants are scared of snakes, bats, lions, and other animals. This fear is inherited from

our ancestors through genes, and at the core of these genes are fragments carrying information, similar to programs in phones and computers.

Some netizens asked why, since the aliens have such advanced medical capabilities, they didn't cure my diabetes and tuberculosis.

It's been 39 years since I returned from the alien planet. Although they possess Artificial Field and Information Field Scanning technologies for healing, it shows that their people also get sick. They could have treated me at the time, but I wasn't ill then, and they couldn't ensure I would remain healthy for over 39 years.

In recent years, my daughter has been diagnosed with schizophrenia, and my wife has been incessantly arguing and verbally abusing me at home. Under her immense pressure, I often find myself overworking at construction sites and factories, doing welding and installation work, which has become routine.

My illness may be due to the combination of long-term physical overwork and mental stress. From the age of 19 to my 50s, my physical strength was far beyond that of an average person.

Additionally, the frustration from the lack of progress in promoting alien technology might also be a contributing factor.

Some netizens have asked how I acquired alien technology and whether they gave me lessons.

They did not teach me in formal lessons, they don't have teachers or schools. They could use Artificial Field Scanning technology to rapidly input rote-learned knowledge into a person's brain.

They could also quickly extract thought and consciousness information from a brain.

I can confidently say that I didn't acquire their scientific and technological knowledge through formal instruction, although we did have discussions about their scientific technologies.

They often scanned my brain with their field scanning equipment. It was highly likely that they used this technology to input knowledge into my brain. Another possibility is that they used it to transfer some alien memories into my brain.

I remember them saying,

“The knowledge we put in your brain will only appear when you need it, and then it will form a memory. Before you need it, you won't know about it. This is to protect your brain. If all the knowledge we input suddenly appeared in your brain, it could severely damage your brain and lead to mental disorders”.

Over the years, I have experienced extreme mental anguish but have not gone insane. Could my daughter's schizophrenia be related to this?

Some netizens say that I learned this knowledge or plagiarized it.

But first, there has to be a condition: such knowledge must exist on our Earth for me to learn or plagiarize it.

By searching for “Zhang Xiangqian” on Baidu, you can find numerous articles I have written about Unified Field Theory, the secrets of the universe's core, and especially about the nature of time, space, fields, charge, mass, force, energy, the speed of light, gravitational fields, electromagnetic fields, etc. These unique perspectives are unparalleled worldwide; how could they have been learned? If this knowledge didn't exist before, from whom could I have learned or plagiarized it?

If I independently thought of the nature of time, space, fields, charge, mass, force, energy, the speed of light, gravitational fields, electromagnetic fields, etc., how could such profound issues, which billions of people over thousands of years have failed to clarify, be so easily solved by a middle school-educated farmer?

6. Why don't I write a real memoir of my travel to the alien planet?

In the summer of 1985 [I was born in 1967, so I was 19 years old then, in the prime of my life], I traveled to a highly advanced alien planet for a month.

Shocked and stimulated by this experience, I returned and desperately tried to report it to the relevant authorities, but unfortunately, no one paid attention. Due to long-term letter writing, my right middle finger was even deformed. During this period, I invented an easy-to-write new type of fountain pen and even applied for a patent.

When the internet reached rural areas, I started promoting my experiences online. Sadly, 37 years have passed, and it still has not received societal attention.

Many netizens have suggested to me: “Zhang Xiangqian, why don't you write a memoir of your trip to the alien planet? If it becomes sensational and more people pay attention to you, your alien technology might be taken seriously by society”.

I have indeed thought about this. However, my early efforts were unsuccessful. I wrote a part of it a long time ago.

A few years back, I wrote *Adventures on Planet Guoker*, sometimes also titled *An Anhui Farmer's One-month Extraterrestrial Encounters*, which recounts my one-month journey on the alien planet. Unfortunately, it has been challenging to publish it online and reach readers.

Even when I managed to get it online, it was soon deleted. During this time, I also received warning calls from relevant authorities, asking me to write the article as a science fiction novel instead of a factual report to avoid causing unnecessary public panic.

I had to repeatedly revise my article to make it resemble a science fiction novel. This process went on for several years, and the final version was barely recognizable from the original. I managed to publish it online, but now it's hardly found, almost all versions have been deleted.

At the time, I shared my one-month experience on the alien planet for free with any netizens who were interested. I hadn't thought about charging for it and posted it on several websites.

Unexpectedly, even though it was free, someone reported me, leading to police intervention. When the police came to my house, my mother-in-law was so scared she cried. My wife was even more furious, vehemently scolding me for posting such nonsensical and disorganized content online.

The police checked my computer and phone. Fearing further visits and searches by the police, I later deleted the data from my USB drive.

Although I kept quiet for a while, I remained determined to share my one-month experience on the alien planet online.

In recent years, as WeChat became popular, many of my WeChat friends asked me to share my one-month experiences on the alien planet. So, I shared *Adventures on Planet Guoker* with them through WeChat.

When netizens asked me how much of *Adventures on Planet Guoker* was real, I replied that about half of it was true. Many were dissatisfied with this and asked why I didn't write a genuine memoir of my trip to the alien planet.

The main reason is that my memory is fuzzy, and a true memoir would involve a lot of sexual experimentation, which would be deleted if published online and thus unable to reach readers. Our society clearly cannot tolerate this. Even sharing it on WeChat was deemed a violation, resulting in my account being blocked multiple times.

Furthermore, the sexual experiments conducted on me on the alien planet were humiliating and abusive. Deep down, I am reluctant to speak about these matters. My only wish is for everyone to pay attention to the alien technology I have introduced, as it holds significant benefits for humanity.

However, I've found that in my years of promoting alien technology, people are more interested in the sexual aspects of aliens than their technology. Sometimes, to draw attention, I have had to mention the sexual aspects related to aliens.

When I traveled to the alien planet at 19, my memory might have been interfered with by the aliens. What I remember is not very clear; it's fragmented, and the chronological order of the events I experienced is scrambled, leaving me unsure of which events occurred first and which came later. This disruption in the sequence of events confuses my memory, making it challenging to clearly articulate some aspects.

It's not like traveling on Earth, where you can narrate the journey step by step.

Additionally, their society is highly virtualized, making it hard to distinguish what parts were virtual and what parts were real life. They use a frequency-cutting technique that makes you feel like you're traveling and interacting with others while lying in bed, almost indistinguishable from a real journey or interaction.

Their way of traveling involves using a global movement network to go directly from home to the destination in an instant, regardless of distance. This is unlike our way of leaving through a door and traveling by car, train, or plane.

Moreover, they have many different spacetime zones; in some places, time moves quickly, while in others, it moves slowly.

When several of them gather, they use a technique that allows some people to see you while making you invisible to others.

Their world is highly virtualized, giving a dreamlike and bizarre sensation. Their planet is also extremely licentious, mainly because their people do not adhere to moral principles or laws, which have a very limited scope there. Many of their behaviors would be unimaginable and unacceptable on Earth.

I suspect they took me for two reasons: to study information about my past life left in space and to acquire information about my body and physical movements.

After my encounter with the aliens was made public online, it drew the attention of many people. Baoshan TV in Shanghai interviewed me, but unfortunately, the program did not pass the review and was not broadcast on television.

Adventures on the Planet Guoker although not entirely true, reveals many details about alien life previously unknown. Within the bounds of what our current society can barely tolerate, it satisfies the public's curiosity about the real life of aliens and their planet, while also offering insights and references for researchers.

Recently, netizens privately messaged me, wanting to see the electronic version of *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, and proposed paying for it. Some other netizens were unhappy and criticized me harshly for this.

Lately, I've been suffering from tuberculosis and diabetes, which has prevented me from doing heavy labor like wielding a hammer and welding, my main source of income. My earnings have drastically reduced, and my application for social welfare was unsuccessful. I'm now considering writing as a means of livelihood and hope for understanding from netizens.

A while back, our area experienced a flood, and we were busy moving out and then back in. When I have time, I still intend to write a true account of my one-month journey on the alien planet.

For a long time, I hesitated to write because it was impossible to publish online. I thought of sending it via WeChat File Transfer to interested netizens, but this often resulted in my WeChat being blocked.

Recently, I've found that sending it through my email is safer, so I've been encouraged to write the real version again.

7. How did I acquire the alien technologies?

An netizen asked me how the aliens imparted their scientific knowledge to me.

They have a technology called Artificial Field Scanning that can transmit knowledge and other information into the human brain using an intangible field. It can also scan a person's brain to extract their thoughts and consciousness.

During my stay on their planet, I underwent numerous experiments, many of which involved scanning my brain with their equipment.

Sometimes, while being scanned, I also received their instructions on how to think and recall.

I suspect that the way I acquired their scientific knowledge was most likely through their use of Artificial Field Scanning technology, which transferred their knowledge directly into my brain. It wasn't obtained through verbal communication. In just one month, it would be impossible to learn, master, and assimilate so much scientific and technological information through verbal communication.

I recall them saying that the knowledge they transferred to my brain would only come to mind when I needed to use it. Otherwise, I wouldn't remember it spontaneously.

If this knowledge suddenly appeared all at once in my mind, it could cause brain damage and lead to symptoms like schizophrenia.

For several decades, I have experienced unexplained mental tension and pain. Whether this is related to the alien encounters, I can't be sure. I have never shown symptoms of schizophrenia, but my daughter has developed the condition. Could there be a connection?

It's also possible that they transferred part of an alien's memory into my brain, so I possess some memories and knowledge of an alien.

They communicated with me verbally too. I was curious about their bodies, sex, and relationships, and when I asked them about it, they either ignored me or gave brief, dismissive answers.

They repeatedly instilled this concept in me, emphasizing that it is the most crucial secret of the universe, only accessible to beings from highly civilized and advanced planets. This principle must be of utmost importance.

Analyze, if this principle is correct, then our earthly concepts of dark matter, dark energy, string theory, the God particle, and the standard model would all be fundamentally incorrect and utterly useless.

From this principle, we realize that time, fields, mass, charge, the speed of light,

momentum, force, and energy – all of these are effects of the movement of matter in space or the relative movement of space around matter, and that space itself is constantly in motion.

Many netizens comment that my memoir of the journey to the alien planet and the alien scientific theories are eye-opening but also logically disorganized and chaotic.

One reason for this could be my junior high school education level, which limits my ability to clearly explain complex alien scientific theories.

Another reason is the unusual manner in which I acquired alien technology. Currently, I can't distinguish between what I learned through communication with the aliens, what was transmitted to my brain through their field scanning, what memories I have from an alien, and what I learned by accessing information in space.

Regarding my account of the journey to the alien planet in *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, a netizen asked if it was real. I can only say that about half of it is true. This is because my memory is blurry and I cannot clearly differentiate which experiences happened first and which occurred later. I suspect this confusion may be due to the aliens interfering with my memory.

There have been reports suggesting that aliens can disrupt and modify the memories of Earthlings they contact. They can jumble the sequence of events or alter memories to make them seem absurd, leading to ridicule and doubt when the contactees try to describe their experiences.

I have faced similar situations. There are things I hesitate to talk about for fear of being ridiculed for their absurdity.

Also, it's reported that aliens abduct Earthlings for various sexual experimentation activities, collecting data from these acts. However, due to the sensitive nature of these topics, they are difficult to discuss openly.

Additionally, societal norms make it challenging to accept discussions about alien activities.

When I initially wrote *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, I struggled to get it published online. After receiving warning calls, I had to repeatedly revise it to resemble a science fiction novel before it was finally published online, where it has mostly been deleted now.

An netizen told me, “If you had just written about physics or technology and not mentioned aliens, your situation might have been better today, and you could have received more help. By bringing up aliens, you created aversion, which is detrimental to your promotion of advanced technology”.

When I returned from the alien planet, I actively promoted my encounter with aliens. Discussing aliens might have caused aversion in others, which I didn't fully

consider at the time, nor did I anticipate that I would now face severe online censorship.

I want to clarify that when I went to various institutions to promote alien technology, even before mentioning aliens, I was told to leave, perhaps due to my appearance. It wasn't because I spoke of aliens that people thought my stories were fanciful.

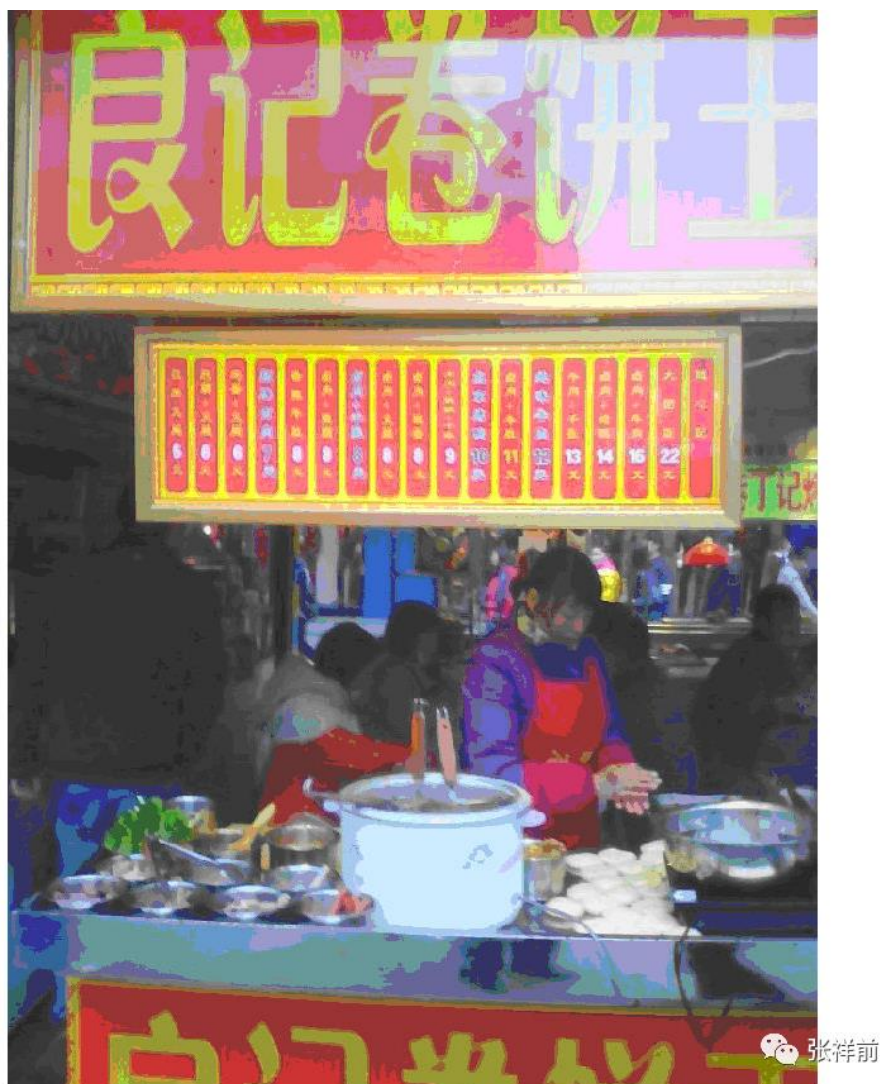
8. Made takeout food in Hefei, Anhui

Originally, I ran a small shop in my rural hometown, did some welding, and repaired bicycles. After being relocated due to demolitions, I moved to the nearby town of Tongda to continue my business. Little did I know that this place was a newly developed “ghost town” with hardly any pedestrians on the streets, which meant the business was poor.

My daughter and son-in-law were running a snack and delivery service in Hefei. Later on, my wife went to join them, and together they franchised a Liangji Burrito King in Hefei. They asked me to come to Hefei to help them out.

One of their stores was located on the North First Ring, and the other was near Mingjiao Temple on a pedestrian street.

The so-called stores on the pedestrian street were just shelters with a roof for rain protection, with no walls surrounding them. A single electrical wire hung from above to power the small 1.5 by 0.8 meters area, which costs 10,000 yuan in rent per month. Electricity was 1.6 yuan per kWh, and the water bill was not small either, with everyone sharing the cost. The landlord was a mystery, someone deep and impenetrable.



Every night, my wife and others had to carry the snack-making equipment back to their rental home, which was more than ten miles away, and bring it back in the morning, which was very troublesome. My wife called many times, asking me to come to Hefei to weld a cabinet for them so that they could lock up their equipment and wouldn't have to carry it back and forth.

I have severe motion sickness and didn't want to go to Hefei. It's crowded on the pedestrian street, and only after 1 a.m., when the neighbors closed up, could I do any welding work. So, with no welders to be found, I reluctantly brought a welding machine and went there.

My wife and the others set up their stall at 9 a.m. and didn't close until midnight. After returning to their rented home, they had to cook and do laundry, often not getting to sleep until 1 a.m., which was incredibly tough.

My wife repeatedly asked me to shut down my welding operation in Tongda and join them in making burritos, working both the store and delivery. Knowing that I disliked staying up late, and fully aware of my wife's and daughter's formidable nature,

I knew they would take their frustrations out on me over any small issue, so I never agreed.

Their skill in making burritos was astonishingly fast, absolutely jaw-dropping. Rolling the dough, adding vegetables, wrapping the burrito, and packaging it was done in one smooth sequence, the action is dazzling. Since the stall rent was so expensive and each burrito only cost a few yuan, only those with fast hands could survive.

Sometimes the store is not only crowded with customers, but also delivery riders come rushing, creating immense psychological pressure.

After just a few days, I witnessed two snack stall owners give up because they were operating at a loss. Some stall owners didn't even make enough to cover their stall rent, spending their days in sighs and groans.

I struck up a conversation with one of the stall owners and asked, "Why is the rent here so expensive? Who is the landlord?"

The stall owner first cursed the landlord for being greedy, but then defended him, saying, "The landlord is someone from Zhengzhou. All of us here curse him for his greed, but you have to think about it too. For the landlord to acquire this location and develop these stalls, he must have had to pay a fortune to some mysterious figures. Those mysterious figures are the ones at the top of the food chain!"

There was one person selling stinky tofu who used a powerful fan to blow the smell onto the street, and had a TV continuously playing a program where they were interviewed by a TV station. It was very noisy, but their business was booming. On a good day, they could make over ten thousand yuan, a real miracle. However, such miracles were a rarity. Most of the stall owners were operating at a loss.

As a result, the ownership of these stalls frequently changed hands. As some stall owners put it, "The dead aren't carried out before the living come squeezing in".

There was a couple from Wuhu who rented a one-square-meter stall for 12,000 yuan a month, paying a year's rent in advance. They sold something called 'Taiwanese herbal jelly', but had no business. They often sat in silence, staring blankly, as if pondering the meaning of life.

Someone sold roasted pig trotters, and initially, the business was a hit, but later it died down. When I inquired about it, a girl said that at first, everyone was curious and tried the pig trotters, but now that they knew the taste, the interest waned. "Who can eat pig trotters every day? The stomach can't handle it".

There were three young men selling grilled squid, playing music very loudly. The space was so small that only one person could fit inside to do the grilling. The young man grilling the squid moved as if he was performing an intense dance, attracting many girls who took photos with their phones.

After a while, another would take his place, and the one who was replaced would

sit exhausted against the opposite wall, panting like a dog after a mad dash. When called upon, he would not say anything, only gesturing with his hand. If you asked him again, he would ignore you, remaining silent like a wooden figure.

Once I drove an electric tricycle from Tongda Town to the Hefei Pedestrian Street. Along the way, relatives gave me a lot of strawberries. My wife gave many of them to two sisters who sell Wuhan bullfrogs in our neighborhood. At that time, strawberries were quite expensive, and I chided my wife for being too generous. However, to my surprise, those sisters later gave us a lot of grilled bullfrogs to eat.

Every time I visited, the stinky tofu auntie would serve me plenty of stinky tofu, which made me think my wife must have often given them her spring rolls to eat. The snack stall owners on the pedestrian street had good relationships with one another, often sharing their delicacies. Many of the vendors were operating at a loss, and the only good impression of the pedestrian street was this sense of community.

Once, there was a long queue on the pedestrian street as many people were lining up to buy something. My wife and the others told me to queue up as well, but it was too crowded, so I turned back. They were persistent and sent a simple-minded fellow to buy instead. He brought the items back amidst much fuss, but when we saw what he had bought, we were deeply disappointed—it turned out to be some kind of hand-torn bread on discount as part of a promotion.



After midnight, at 12 o'clock, a metal barrier would open, and suddenly, many people in thick cotton coats, riding electric tricycles, would swiftly enter the pedestrian street. It was a magnificent scene, resembling a battle from a movie. It turned out that these people were night market vendors allowed to set up stalls until 5 a.m.

Their actions were very quick, as soon as the tricycle stopped, the vendor would open the box at the back, which transformed into a shelf. In the blink of an eye, as if by magic, the stall was ready.

Beggars here had a high income, possibly making a hundred yuan an hour, but management was strict. If special duty officers found them, they were immediately shooed away.

If a snack stall owner left their goods by the roadside and the special duty officers saw it, they would first give a warning. If it wasn't moved, the goods would be confiscated immediately, with no room for negotiation.

Later on, perhaps due to the economic downturn, both my wife and daughter were running at a loss in their shops located at the North First Ring of Hefei and Huaihe Road Pedestrian Street. To cut costs, I had to return to Tongda Town to continue running the

repair shop, occasionally going to Hefei to help them.

My son-in-law worked at the bank and would help out after work in the evenings. My daughter took care of the North First Ring shop by herself, and my wife looked after the Pedestrian Street shop on her own.

Once, my wife called to say the battery of their electric tricycle had been stolen by a thief. Since they didn't have a welded anti-theft device, this was already the fourth theft this year. She suffers from severe motion sickness, so she had no choice but to walk more than 20 miles daily from her residence to Huaihe Road. At midnight, she had to walk back to her home in the Lingquan Road Lingyu Garden, which was incredibly arduous and unbearable.

Theft in Hefei has become rampant, severely affecting the daily lives of the residents. The snack vendors on Huaihe Road Pedestrian Street said that each of them had had their electric vehicles and batteries stolen.

Since I also had severe motion sickness, I had no choice but to drive the electric tricycle, and it took nearly 3 hours to travel from Tongda Town in Lujiang County to Hefei.

However, once I arrived in Hefei, my wife's electric tricycle was stolen again, rendering the battery I brought useless. They demanded to use my electric tricycle daily for transport, but I wanted to return to Tongda Town to continue my welding work. They absolutely refuse to agree.



But now, their snack stalls are not even making as much as the daily rent; they are essentially working for the landlord for free. My wife packs up her stall at midnight every day and after cooking and cleaning, it's 1 a.m. before she can sleep. This kind of business is simply torture.

I have advised them to close the two snack stalls and do something else, but they

say the rent has been paid and is non-refundable. Even trying to sublet the place now is very difficult.

I said, when the lease is up, you should do something else, start a different business or get a job.

My wife and the others didn't make their stance clear, but she said that no matter how desperate the situation becomes, they will not return with me to live in the rural area of Tongda.

I find it hard to understand them. They work incredibly hard every day, lose money, spend their days making spring rolls at the stall, dodge the surging traffic on the roads, and they have no leisure time to enjoy themselves, no reprieve from the polluted air and the harsh noise. What's the point of living like this in a big city?

Once, my daughter said she wanted to eat buns. The bun shop was just across from the North First Ring Road, but crossing the road felt like an arduous task amidst the flood of traffic. Life in the big city was very awkward.

This trip left me with a bad impression of Hefei. Many people came over enthusiastically to greet me, but the stall owners on the pedestrian street told me they were all scammers.

On the pedestrian street, I saw a very young boy forcibly handing flowers to a young couple and then demanding tens of yuan. A young man casually gave him 10 yuan, but the flower boy said it wasn't enough. Clinging onto the couple's clothes, he refused to let go. Such a young child had learned to extort, showing such incredibly poor character. What is happening to our society?

At the intersection of Mengcheng Road and North First Ring, I saw a person wrapped in white cloth, lying rigidly with a woman beside him wailing loudly, saying her man had died and they had no money for his burial, hoping for charitable donations from the public.

I was a bit shocked, but my wife and daughter disdainfully said it was fake, that they were acting to scam money. They had done it many times in other parts of Hefei, and it no longer surprised them.

I stayed in Hefei for a while and suggested to my wife to expand the variety of her spring rolls, lower the prices a bit, add some new twists, and improve the taste, hoping to enhance the business. But my wife and the others completely ignored my advice and instead turned against me, accusing me of being incompetent, unable to make money, and causing their hardship.

Later, against their vehement opposition, I forcefully returned to Tongda Town.

I find it hard to understand their mentality; it seemed like they were driven by a stubborn, unyielding spirit. But if no one in a family earns money, how can they live in the future?

After I left, due to severe losses, my wife had to close her shop on the pedestrian street, and my daughter had to shut down her shop on the North First Ring. They called me to help them move.

Once, while moving late into the night, we were exhausted to the bone. Many of the snack-making equipment couldn't even be given away in the city center. The landlord said that since a contract had been signed, we had to move everything out before dawn, no matter what.

We desperately hoped for a waste collector to appear. The equipment, bought for over 80,000 yuan, was now set to be given away for nothing, but in the city center, there were no waste collectors with large enough vehicles. We had no choice but to grit our teeth and move it ourselves.

My son-in-law and I took the snack-making equipment to a bamboo grove in a residential area, hiding much of it under the watchful eyes of the security guards. Once, when a guard approached and was about to discover us, I purposefully engaged him in conversation, drawing his attention away by asking, "Let me ask you something, that place over there..." and I led the guard away.

Later, I slowly transported the equipment back to our rural family home in Guohe Town, Lujiang County, using an electric tricycle, load by load. The entire moving process was as exhausting as a nightmare.

However, my daughter and wife still hadn't given up; they still wanted to run a snack and delivery business. In 2017, behind my back, they opened a porridge shop on the side of East Second Ring Road in Hefei. Under their strict orders, I had no choice but to transport the food preparation equipment from our rural home in Guohe Town, Lujiang County, to Hefei's East Second Ring using the electric tricycle. It took about a dozen trips and roughly a month to move all the equipment and household goods, and to get everything like water, electricity, and shelves installed.

The porridge shop on the East Second Ring had few walk-in customers, so we could only sell online and solely offer delivery.

Due to fierce competition, they operated 24 hours a day, often staying up all night and working at high intensity and a fast pace.

I asked them, "Why keep the business running 24 hours non-stop? Can't you rest for a few hours at night?"

They replied, "The money we make during the day and evening just covers the rent, electricity, water, and other expenses. The real earnings come from the money we make at night."

This online delivery required quick meal preparation; once an order came in, it had to be ready within minutes. Sometimes during meal times, orders would come in one after another, and delivery riders from Meituan and Ele.me would press us hard,

which led to extreme mental stress.

A few days ago, they called me and said they needed to boost orders by significantly cutting prices for a while, to expand our influence and secure more orders in the future. This is a common tactic used when the delivery business is struggling or just starting.

Because the promotional sale increased order volumes and they were overwhelmed, they asked me to come and help.

I rode the electric tricycle from Tongda Town, Lujiang, to Hefei, and immediately started working in my daughter's porridge shop.

We worked during the day and the first half of the night; my son-in-law took the second half. At night, as soon as I lay down, my wife would yell, "There's an order!" making it impossible for me to sleep, and I would yawn all day long. During the day, I would drive the electric tricycle to the market to get supplies, often dozing off while driving. Frightened, I had to briefly close my eyes and then forcefully command myself to keep them open.

At night, my wife expressed her unhappiness about running the store with our daughter. She was scolded by our daughter like a child, and the days were unbearable. By the end of the year, she didn't even want to work anymore. Our daughter often verbally abused her and hit her a few days ago. My wife showed me the bruises on her body, which left me feeling very heavy-hearted.

The next evening, I said to my daughter, "Why do you berate and hit your mother? She doesn't want to work until the end of the year anymore. But if we leave, what will happen to this store?"

To my surprise, my daughter reacted angrily to my words. She didn't reflect on her behavior at all; instead, she blamed her mother and me, telling me to get lost and immediately go back to Tongda Town. I said, "It's already dark now, and it's very cold at night in winter. How can I endure the ride on the electric tricycle?"

"Are you leaving or not?" my daughter demanded, picking up something and smashing it forcefully on the wooden floor as if she were about to become violent. I had to drive away on the tricycle, only to be caught up by my wife, who said, "It's too cold at night, and with our daughter blocking the staircase, I didn't dare to get your clothes." My wife told me to stay on the street and not to go anywhere, waiting for my son-in-law to come back.

More than two hours later, my son-in-law returned and called me back.

That night, my wife wept bitterly, almost the whole night, and was adamant about returning to our old home in Tongda.

The next day, my wife and I started moving our things, preparing to go back to Tongda Town. My son-in-law begged desperately, "Normally, the store needs three

people. It's very busy with just two. If you both leave, she [referring to my daughter] won't be able to manage alone and will have to close the store. We have been boosting orders and laying the foundation until now, just as the order volume was increasing and we were about to make a profit. If you leave, wouldn't all our hard work be in vain? Moreover, we have invested so much in this store; we really can't afford to take such a loss..."

My son-in-law worked at a bank and faced the immense pressure of a mortgage. He didn't dare quit his job to go into the delivery business because it's very unstable.

My wife said, "But staying here for one day feels more torturous than an entire year. She curses at me for no reason; it's like she's abusing me."

I said, "We're also very torn and conflicted inside. If we don't help manage the store, it can only close down, and we simply can't afford that loss. But staying here is excruciating. She keeps telling me to go away, and she even hit me last time. We are really in a difficult position; even the smartest person would be at a loss in this situation."

Our daughter had once suffered from schizophrenia. Fearing that the porridge shop's closure would trigger her mental disturbance. In the end, we decided to stay despite our deep internal conflicts and hesitations

Last time, I rushed from Tongda Town in Lujiang to Hefei on an electric tricycle. For some reason, my daughter cursed at me and told me to go home. I said the tricycle was charging and I would leave once it was charged. She insisted that I leave right then. I didn't agree, and suddenly she punched me in the head and scratched my face with her nails.

Sitting there, feeling extremely despondent, I did not react to being struck multiple times by my daughter until she lifted a large teacup. That's when I dodged and, having no other choice, I had to take refuge at a relative's house on my electric tricycle. When I left, I could hear my wife still calling out to my daughter to take orders. Poor wife, she probably didn't realize that our daughter was having an episode.

Our daughter is sick, and under the pressure of the mortgage, my wife, son-in-law, and daughter can't afford to think of much else but earning money.

In 2015, while working in Hefei, our daughter developed schizophrenia but got better after active treatment. Over the years, she found a boyfriend in Hefei, and last year they got married against our advice. She strongly insisted on buying a house in Hefei, and eventually, they got a mortgage. But my daughter constantly frets over the monthly mortgage payments of four or five thousand yuan.

The following year they had a baby. During childbirth, my daughter had a relapse. She caused an uproar at home, turning everything upside down, disrupting the peace and bringing immense pain and fear to the family.

Later, we admitted our daughter to the Hefei Fourth Hospital, where she was

placed in a secure ward. The hospital did not allow family visits. My wife, longing to see our daughter, was denied by the nurse unequivocally. Overcome by her emotions, my wife collapsed and fainted from crying.

Her boyfriend used to run a snack business, and my wife was very much in favor of our family starting a snack business in Hefei. However, this line of work proved challenging, and over the years, my wife, daughter, and son-in-law faced repeated failures. Now, the son-in-law has taken up a job at a bank.

They had set up shops on the North First Ring of Hefei on the Hefei Pedestrian Street, but both failed. When setting up the shops, they had me move things with the electric tricycle. When the shops closed down, I had to move their belongings with the tricycle, back and forth, to the point of exhaustion.



Our daughter is beautiful, intelligent, and strong-willed; she was determined to make a name for herself in the big city of Hefei. Yet, now we face this outcome. The pace of life in the big city is fast, the pressure intense, and many living there aren't truly happy. People shouldn't force themselves to do what they cannot, that is my advice. Ordinary people without a solid economic foundation are dragged down by the weight of buying a house in the big city.

Her current temper might also be an aftereffect of schizophrenia, or it could be her inherent nature; we are not sure. When I was a child, my father was too strict with me, so I wanted to be more lenient with my child. Thus, I never laid a hand on my daughter, which perhaps led to her being spoiled and developing a capricious and obstinate character, often termed 'princess syndrome'.

I wasn't in Tongda Town for long when my daughter called me from Hefei, crying that her phone had been stolen. Then my wife called, saying that our daughter was shaking and breaking out in cold sweats upon losing her phone. I had a bad feeling about this because my daughter had previously suffered from schizophrenia, and I feared she might relapse from the stimulation.

I immediately rushed from Tongda Town in Lujiang to Hefei on my electric

tricycle. It was evident that something was off with my daughter; she hurled abusive words at me. Yesterday, as I lay in bed upstairs trying to sleep, she came in and told me to go home. I told her the tricycle battery was charging and I would leave once it was charged. She insisted I had to leave right then. I didn't agree, and she suddenly punched me in the head and scratched my face.

Over these past few years, we have been constantly worried about our daughter's illness relapsing. Our daughter often picks quarrels and argues with us for no reason. When she's upset, my wife takes it out on me, verbally abusing me without cause. Once, we were so busy that we hadn't eaten anything by noon. Feeling extremely hungry, I saw some leftover porridge in the pot and wanted to eat some to tide me over. But my wife scolded me for my unseemly eating habits and even poured dirty water into the pot.

There was an incident when my daughter wouldn't let her mother call my son-in-law; she tried to take her mother's phone away. When her mother wouldn't let go, my daughter actually bit her mother's phone until it was ruined.

Angered, her mother slapped her, and my daughter retaliated by picking up a large iron ladle to smash her mother's head. Fortunately, her mother dodged it. Watching this, my legs trembled.

It seems we must leave our daughter's porridge shop; if we stay, it might cost someone their life.

My wife called her nephew, who came by car to take her to a relative's house.

As I got terribly motion sickness and had come to Hefei on an electric tricycle, I had no choice but to leave my daughter's porridge shop on it.

As I was leaving, my daughter pitifully said, "Dad, are you and mom really leaving? I can't run the shop by myself, what should I do?"

Tears instantly welled up in my eyes. "My daughter, we came here to help, but with your frequent quarrels and violence, how can we stay?"



Riding the electric tricycle to Baohedadao, it had gotten dark, and without a canopy on my tricycle, I was caught in a blizzard, soaking wet and frozen to the core, my hands numb with cold. Fortunately, my nephew had bought me a bicycle raincoat that shielded the front of my chest from the rain and snow.

Upon reaching the Mulan path of Feixi, the oncoming cars passed, and I was blinded, seeing nothing. My tricycle had no lights, and fearing I might tumble into a ditch, I was terrified and could only drive the tricycle slowly.

Around 8 in the evening, I returned to Tongda Town.

Not long after we left, our daughter had no choice but to close her congee shop on the East Second Ring. My son-in-law used a large truck to move the shop's equipment to our old rural home in Guohe Town. And with that, our dreams of running a takeout and snack business came to an abrupt end.

I felt a sense of relief, yet I sensed that my wife might actually enjoy this line of work, perhaps out of an unwillingness to admit defeat, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Last year, around December (2016 or 2017), she went to help out at a relative's congee takeout shop in Hefei for a while. Several of her relatives in Hefei were involved in the takeout business.

After she returned, my wife complained to me, saying that her relatives in Hefei make 500,000 yuan a year from takeout, and she blamed me for not joining them in their dedicated efforts.

I replied, "I've never wanted to be involved in the takeout business. It's only a minority who make money from it. When people open their phones, they see thousands

of takeout options, but everyone only looks at the first 8 or 9 recommended on the first page. How many are willing to scroll further? Moreover, with no barriers to entry, the competition in takeout is extremely fierce.

Your relative always appears first on the phone, their family of 5 or 6 people, working in perfect harmony, never arguing, working 24 hours a day without rest, never closing even during the Spring Festival, occasionally running promotions at a loss for a while. They've also worked desperately to get where they are; the money they've earned has come from hard work."

Later, my wife told me that her relative's daughter-in-law, due to long-term immense pressure, had developed schizophrenia and had just been admitted to The Fourth People's Hospital.

Previously, the wife from the Wukong Fried Rice takeout next door had trouble lighting the high-powered stove. When the gas accumulated too much and finally ignited, it exploded with a bang, burning her face and chest, and the immediate medical treatment cost tens of thousands of yuan.

Once, while my wife and daughter were in the shop, the high-powered stove backfired, setting the gas hose on fire. I was so scared that my legs went weak.

9. Contracted tuberculosis in 2018

In 2018, there was a period when I kept coughing. When I went to Tongda Town Hospital for treatment, it immediately got better, but I would get tired quickly whenever I worked. One day, I was so exhausted that I could hardly walk. Once, I coughed up blood, which worried me a lot. I suspected lung cancer, though I had been vaccinated with the BCG vaccine, so I thought it unlikely to be tuberculosis, even though tuberculosis can also cause coughing up blood.

I wanted to go to the hospital for a check-up but was afraid of finding 'lung cancer' written on the report, so I always hesitated to get tested.

However, one night I had a severe fever, and my wife, after feeling my body, said something was wrong. The next day, I postponed all my welding work and went to Tongda Hospital for a check-up.

The doctor asked me to stay while everyone else left, and I had a bad feeling. Pointing at the X-ray, the doctor said it was severe tuberculosis and that I needed to go to Lujiang for treatment.

I stayed in Lujiang People's Hospital for 14 days. After being discharged, the doctor prescribed many medications for me to take at home.

Spending 14 days in the hospital felt like years, and I was very anxious.

When the doctor asked about my job, I said I was a welder.

The doctor told me that welding fumes are toxic and harmful to the lungs and advised me not to continue welding after returning home. However, I worried about my livelihood without welding, as starting a new business is tough and most people fail.

On the way back from the hospital, I felt heavy-hearted again.

My brother also had tuberculosis, which frequently reoccurred, and he would cough up large amounts of blood, which was very frightening. He struggled with it for decades.

His condition had frightened me, and despite having received the BCG vaccine twice, I was shocked to find myself infected with tuberculosis just after turning 50.

I asked my doctor, "I've been vaccinated with BCG twice. Why did I still get tuberculosis?"

"The BCG vaccine doesn't prevent lung tuberculosis; it only prevents tuberculosis of the brain", the doctor casually explained.

"Your tuberculosis might be caused by high blood sugar. High blood sugar weakens the immune system, making one susceptible to tuberculosis. Haven't you

noticed any symptoms of high blood sugar recently?”

“I haven't noticed anything. I pay attention to my diet, don't eat indiscriminately, and don't smoke or drink. I can't understand why my blood sugar is high”, I replied.

“Did you go hungry as a child?”

“Yes, I often went hungry when I was young. Although the great famine was over, we still didn't have enough food”.

“It might be that going hungry as a child led to genetic changes”, the doctor said before attending to other patients.

After returning home from the hospital, I now take many medications daily, including anti-tuberculosis drugs, blood sugar reducers, liver protectants [to prevent damage from tuberculosis medications], and supplementary treatments.

As a farmer, getting sick means lacking any form of security. Now that I can no longer do welding work and earn money, the cost of daily medication is a burden, and I often endure harsh words from my wife, which I can only bear in silence. Back when I could earn money, I could at least respond to her.

It feels like human technology is still very backward. My research on Unified Field Theory predicts that an artificial information field could rapidly and completely cure hypertension, diabetes, cancer, and various infectious diseases, leading humanity into a drug-free era. Unfortunately, in China, status matters a lot. As I come from a farming background, these significant scientific discoveries go unrecognized, which is truly regrettable.

10. The scene of encountering the aliens at home reappeared vividly in my dream yesterday

In the early summer of 1985, when I was 19 years old, I was taken by aliens while sleeping at home and traveled to an alien planet for a month. However, on Earth, it was only one night's duration. Their time is different from ours. I felt as though I spent a month on their planet.

Last night, I vividly re-experienced in my dream the encounter with the aliens from 1985 [the last time, as I've had no contact with them since], when I was sleeping at home.

This morning, I immediately turned on my computer and described the dream. My routine is to write an article for my public account in the afternoon.

In the early summer of my 19th year [1985], the weather wasn't very hot, and we hadn't set up mosquito nets yet. I was sleeping alone in the second room from the west of the front row of houses at my family home, while my parents slept in the first room.

This row of houses consists of five rooms in total, with the main entrance in the center and houses with windows on both sides. The two rooms adjacent to the main door, on either side, didn't have windows. I slept in the room to the west of the main door, which had no window and no separating wall from the main hall.

Especially in last night's dream, it became vividly clear that the room where I slept had a stove on the north side, and I slept against the wall on the south side of the room.

Previously in my articles, I described the house as being made of brick and stone walls with six rooms, which I now realize was a mistake. The house in my dream yesterday had five rooms and was made of mud walls.

When the aliens took me, I went directly through the wall, not out the main door. While passing through the wall, the earthy smell left a profound impression on me, if it had been a stone wall, how could it have had that earthy scent?

The existing six rooms made of stone and brick may have been renovated after 1985, with an additional room added on the east side. But in 1985, those five rooms were all made of mud walls.



The house that still exists in my old home



Below is an article I previously wrote, describing the scene when I encountered the aliens:

In 1985, not long after I lay down, half-asleep, I felt as if something was hovering over the roof of my house. The familiar sensation from my childhood of “they are coming, they are coming...” appeared again.

Suddenly, I felt the room turn bright red. Startled awake, I got up from the bed and stood beside it. I saw a glowing liquid seeping through the wall, emitting a dark red light mixed with some light purple. As this liquid fully seeped into the room, it gradually formed several human shapes.

These people's bodies appeared as if composed of countless tiny red bugs dancing together, moving swiftly and chaotically.

Intense fear made me tremble uncontrollably, and my hands, feet, and throat stiffened and stopped responding to my brain.

These mysterious visitors didn't speak, but I seemed to hear a standard male voice in my mind saying, “Come with us”.

At that moment, I was fully awake and remembered clearly that it wasn't a dream.

As I was bewildered, I suddenly felt an invisible force hitting me hard from the front, instantly taking control, especially of my head. It felt like it was suddenly filled with liquid and sand-like substances, creating an intense feeling of numbness and fullness.

My consciousness seemed to be powerfully controlled by this mysterious force, becoming blurry, and my brain's ability to think and judge slowed down. I became less lucid, and all my sensations seemed dulled. My body felt light and unsteady as I walked. Gradually, my trembling stopped and my fear lessened.

I saw them pass through the wall, and it appeared to become semi-transparent. I followed them through. After passing through, I realized I was barefoot, wearing only a sweatshirt and underwear, completely disheveled.

The earthy smell of the wall left a deep impression on me. Passing through the wall felt as if every molecule of the wall uniformly moved through my body, rather than the wall opening a crack for me to pass through.

Also, when passing through the wall, every part of the body experiences a sensation hard to describe, different from not passing through it. It felt like countless tiny sand particles gently rubbing inside my body, accompanied by a slightly pleasant feeling. The speed of passing through wasn't fast, similar to a normal walking pace. As I was about to exit the wall, my heels felt numb. Once I was out, the numbness disappeared.

For decades, I've often dreamt of passing through walls. Sometimes I succeeded, other times I failed. When failing, I would remind myself: Face the wall without fear or hesitation, don't force it, just calmly walk through with a clear mind.

In my dream last night, I added some more details. The bed I slept on was made of wooden planks, not a proper bed, and it was placed right against the south mud wall of the house. The area where the mud wall and the bed touched was covered with newspapers to prevent dirt from the wall from falling onto the bed.

On the north side of the room where I slept was a stove, with the side for burning fire facing west, the pot platform [The side of the stove that is closest to the pot] on the east, next to a large water jar. There was a small window near the pot platform.

While sleeping, my head was facing east, next to a pillar that was covered with various hanging items, as was the beam above it.

My feet were facing west, about 1.5 meters away from where my parents slept. The aliens entered from this 1.5-meter section of the mud wall, and we left through it too.

My parents' room door was also not far from this spot. Back then, the floor of the entire house was earthen, not cement.



It's been 37 years since then, and many of my memories have become blurry. I hope netizens can forgive me. Currently, many people doubt and attack me, and I'm under a lot of pressure. I hope for understanding from the netizens.

I am certain that I encountered aliens in 1985 because I wrote many letters at the time, stating I was 19 years old. According to our rural calculations, being born in 1967 meant it should be 1985. It's not that I checked the calendar upon my return; I didn't have the intention to seek evidence then.

Many of the letters I wrote later were lost. Some netizens asked me to find these letters. Recently, I went to my old home and found a few.

Seeing these letters brings bitterness to my heart. I didn't expect that after 37 years, I would still be in such a wretched state.

For 37 years, much of what has happened seems like a dream. Under many people's doubts and intense attacks, I sometimes force myself to consider it all just a

dream.

However, these letters pull me back to reality. For 37 years, I have been writing letters, trying to communicate this incident to the outside world. Could this act of writing letters also be just an illusion?

11. The origin of my name

In my long-term promotion of alien Artificial Field Scanning technology, many Chinese traditional culture enthusiasts and I Ching⁶ lovers were very interested in me.

Some people asked me to report my birth date and eight characters, they wanted to tell my fortune. Some people also wanted to tell my fortune by my appearance.

Someone asked why my name is Zhang Xiangqian.

The most frequently asked question is: Zhang Xiangqian, when will you succeed?

When my brother was not yet born, my maternal uncle came and told my father that if it were a boy, he would be called Zhang Xianglong⁷, and if he would have a younger brother in the future, he would be called Zhang Xianghu⁸. Xiang is our seniority in the clan (beifen)⁹.

The order of beifen indicated on our Zhang family's genealogy is:

Da, Xue, Zhi, Dao, Xian, Hou, Xiang, Ming¹⁰.

My grandfather's beifen was Xian, my father's was Hou, and when it comes to me and my brother, we must be the Xiang generation.

Now in my son's generation, no one treats beifen as a matter of time, and their names are not called strictly according to the genealogy.

My maternal uncle used to be the captain of the Eighth Route Army¹¹. He was too upright and offended someone. During the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests and the subsequent turmoil, he was tricked, encountered assassination and injured. He died soon from illness and hunger.

When my brother was born, someone said that the name given by my maternal uncle didn't sound good.

Our neighbor was a barber, and his father came from a private school (sishu¹²). He believes that in the future, the country needs educated people, and only they can stabilize the country. So, when my brother was born, he suggested that the name be

⁶ **I Ching** is an ancient Chinese divination text that is among the oldest of the Chinese classics. It was originally a divination manual in the Western Zhou period (1000–750 BC).

⁷ **Long** means dragon.

⁸ **Hu** means tiger.

⁹ **Beifen** (辈分): It is a form of Chinese naming. It is mostly used as one of the characters in the name (mostly the first character), and is generally used in genealogy registration. It can distinguish a person's seniority in the family or clan.

¹⁰ The original text is: “大、学、之、道、先、后、祥、明”。

¹¹ **Eighth Route Army**: a group army under the command of the Chinese Communist Party, nominally within the structure of the Chinese military headed by the Chinese Nationalist Party during the Second Sino-Japanese War.

¹² **Sishu** (私塾): A private teaching place in ancient China that taught children to learn Confucian cultural classics. There is no fixed textbook or study period, usually only one teacher. Existed until the 1950s.

Zhang Xiang'an¹³. My father accepted this suggestion. So, my brother's name is Zhang Xiang'an now.

After I was born, according to the advice of the person who graduated from the private school, I should be called Zhang Xiangbang. If there is another younger brother named Zhang Xiangding, then there is another younger brother named Zhang Xiangguo¹⁴.

Not long after I was born, my mother hugged me and basked in the sun at the door, and many villagers around me were also sunbathing. While everyone was asking what my name was, a strange old man came and told my fortune by looking at my face. When he saw me, he was shocked and said, "This child has grown up to be very wealthy."

People around him asked, "How wealthy?"

"This man can earn all the money in the world, and in the future, everyone won't have to earn money or work anymore. They can all live a good life. I think this child will have half of the money in the world."

Everyone around laughed and none believed his words.

This physiognomy asked my mother if she had given me a name and what my name was.

My mother told him that my name was Zhang Xiangbang.

The physiognomy quickly said that it was inappropriate and suggested changing my name to Zhang Xiangqian (张祥钱)¹⁵.

Later on, the old man was extremely accurate when he told fortune of several people around him. It was only then that we felt that he was very magical. Later, my family named me Zhang Xiangqian (张祥钱).

When I was in primary school, I was in first grade. Our Chinese teacher was Yang Xiaomei. She was a knowledgeable young woman down here from Shanghai¹⁶, who was very beautiful and dressed very cleanly.

She probably thought my name was very rustic, so she changed my name to Zhang Xiangqian (张祥前)¹⁷ without my consent. It's also possible that when I reported my name, she just wrote my name based on the pronunciation. At that time, people were not as serious as now.

At that time, because my family was too poor, I often wore tattered clothes that didn't cover my body. My classmates even bullied me, deliberately pulling on my torn

¹³ An means stabilizing.

¹⁴ The last word of the four names combined is "An Bang Ding Guo (bring peace and stability to the country)".

¹⁵ The last word of the name (Qian) means money. The pronunciation of it and the name given by Ms. Yang are the same.

¹⁶ **Down to the Countryside Movement:** a policy instituted in China between mid-1950s and 1978. As a result of what he perceived to be pro-bourgeois thinking prevalent during the Cultural Revolution, Chairman Mao Zedong declared certain privileged urban youth would be sent to mountainous areas or farming villages to learn from the workers and farmers there. In total, approximately 17 million youth were sent to rural areas as a result of the movement. The original text means that Ms. Yang was sent here from Shanghai.

¹⁷ The last word of the name (Qian) means forward.

clothes, making me even more embarrassed.

Ms. Yang scolded those students and protected me. I was very grateful for this. My family told me that Ms. Yang wrote my name wrong and asked me to tell her and change it. But when I saw her, I was always shy and hesitant to speak up.

I have always thought, if Ms. Yang hadn't changed my name back then, my name would have been Zhang Xiangqian (张祥钱). Would I really be one of the world's richest people now?

I think it's actually possible. The Artificial Field Scanning technology I bring can replace electricity on Earth. In 2021, China's electricity consumption exceeded 4 trillion kilowatt-hours¹⁸, while global electricity consumption reached one hundred billion¹⁹.

Artificial field scanning technology can also produce drastic changes in various fields such as energy, transportation, tourism, construction, medical care, biology, industrial manufacturing, electric transportation, information processing, education, nuclear physics, aerospace, and interstellar flight.

I was born in the year of Sheep, August 26, 1967, probably in the morning. My parents are both dead now, so I never thought of asking about this before.

Every time when August 26th of the lunar calendar comes, people forget my birthday. I have no status in the family, and my wife often scolds me in front of the children like scolding a dog. Therefore, my family never cared about my birthday and no one mentioned it.

My relatives think of me mostly because I own an electric tricycle and maybe they need to move something. Normally, my presence is like air.

As for when I will succeed and when Artificial Field Scanning will gain the attention of society, some experts predict that I will succeed in 2025.

Why do I believe this expert? Because all his predictions have been verified, and he was not the only one who predicted that I would succeed in 2025.

Some people may wonder, why you, Zhang Xiangqian, are interested in superstitious things such as physiognomy, fortune telling, and prophecy when studying Unified Field Theory and promoting Artificial Field Scanning, all of which are scientific.

The desire to gain social attention is related to people's persistent promotion of Artificial Field technology, as well as luck.

There are two reasons here. One is:

No matter how good science and technology are, they need to be valued by society and developed and applied, before they can generate value. Without attention, no one can develop them, which is equivalent to nothing, no effect. There is no intermediate

¹⁸ The data in the original is incorrect. It was 8.3 trillion kilowatt-hours.

¹⁹ The data in the original is incorrect. It was 25,343 terawatt-hours.

state.

Getting social attention is related to people's persistent promotion of Artificial Field technology, as well as luck.

Although I believe in physiognomy, fortune-telling, and prophecy, I believe that the future contains infinite possibilities. physiognomy and prophecy are not things that must happen in the future, but rather have a relatively high probability of occurrence. It's not that absolute or 100% certain things must happen.

By 2025, Artificial Field Scanning will receive social attention, with a possibility of perhaps 80%. My current efforts, not daring to slack off at all, are aimed at eliminating the 20% possibility.

Of course, it's possible that my luck is not good, and everyone's luck is not good. It's also possible that the 20% won't be eliminated.

Another reason is that I believe prophecy may have some scientific basis, not entirely superstition.

I pointed out in my work *Space Information Field Theory* that any space in the universe can contain all the information of the entire universe in the past, now, and in the future.

Time is just a feeling of human beings that the space around us, the observers, diverges and moves at the speed of light. If it weren't for us, time would not exist, nor would sequence exist. If we, human observers, do not exist, time does not exist, and order also does not exist. The information about everything that happened billions of years ago and billions of years later would overlap at a single point in space.

Perhaps prophets make accurate predictions by capturing hidden information in space, especially future information. I believe it's the scientific basis for prophetic predictions.

We live in an infinite universe, which contains endless possibilities, and everything is possible in the future.

My attitude is: I would rather have done it than missed it.

12. The advanced alien technologies

Recently, an netizen told me, “Zhang Xiangqian, you always promote your advanced alien technology theory online. If it is true, I can arrange for someone to bring you to Beijing and arrange funds and teams to cooperate with you. However, we need to sign a contract. If you don't achieve anything within 5 years, you, Zhang Xiangqian are willing to accept the death penalty yourself! If you dare not reply to me, please be more knowledgeable and don't always promote your damn advanced technology online.”

In today's society, scammers are rampant in the field of scientific research, and only one or two people out of a bunch of scammers may have truly achieved scientific results. The above words cannot be said too much.

I would like to provide the following response to him:

I can basically agree with this man's proposal. However, once I fail, I can accept the punishment of fixed-term imprisonment or life imprisonment, not the death penalty. Because there are too many bad people in China, I may be interfered with by them during the research and development, which may cause artificial delay.

A person's life is only once, but even in prison, I can still think about these advanced theories.

The advanced alien technology brought by Zhang Xiangqian mainly includes the following parts:

1, Create UFOs that can fly at the speed of light.

There are two completely different ways of motion in nature, one is the ordinary acceleration motion with speed changing over time, and the other is the motion with mass changing over time (such as movement accompanied by light²⁰). The alien UFO is actually based on the principle of motion with mass changing over time.²¹

2, Artificial Field

The deciphering of the essence of the field can enable humans to create a special Artificial Field, which can allow people to pass through walls, with both the person and the wall intact.²²

²⁰ This is what the original text says. Possibly referring to the UFO's movement accompanied by light.

²¹ According to Zhang Xiangqian's work *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the Guoker people use the time elapsed after inventing the UFO (light-speed aircraft) as a standard to distinguish different civilizations in the universe. If a civilization invented the light-speed aircraft and it has passed a thousand years, it is called a thousand-year civilization. If it has passed for millions of years, it is called a million-year civilization. Guoker people said they are a thousand-year civilization.

In his work *Uncovering the Mystery of UFO*, he said that UFO is driven by an artificial gravitational field generated by a large number of charged particles accelerating along the circumference (therefore UFOs are circular). And charged particles are driven by nuclear energy.

²² According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, due to the huge gap between the atomic nucleus and electrons,

Artificial fields can also enable large-scale use of cold welding, increasing the speed of building, engineering, and industrial manufacturing by a hundred times, and reducing the costs by a hundred times. Miracles can be created in various aspects of human production, life, healthcare, and more.²³

3, Artificial Information Field

Artificial Field working under the control of electronic computer programs, is called Artificial Information Field.

Artificial Information Field can perform functions such as cold welding, excitation, and heating on the human body, as well as high-speed cutting and handling. They can also perform precise and batch operations on molecules and atoms.

Artificial information fields can also be used for surgery inside the human body without affecting the external. During the surgery, objects can be removed from the inside of the human body without the need for an abdominal incision²⁴

These incredible capabilities of the Artificial Information Field, as well as the perfect combination with the electronic computer, can enable human beings to thoroughly treat cancer, hypertension, diabetes, Alzheimer's disease, and other chronic diseases, and can enable human beings to enter a drug-free era.

The effect of the Artificial Information Field on weight loss, plastic surgery, and sculpting human body shape is incredible, and patients are painless.

4, Instant disappearing movement-- Global Movement Network

*Unified Field Theory*²⁵ predicts a discontinuous instantaneous disappearing motion -- mass-adding motion²⁶. The Global Movement Network is built on the principle of discontinuous, instantaneous disappearing movement. It allows people and goods to appear anywhere in the world, including in a sealed room, within a second.²⁷

5, Global Large-Scale Conductor Free Conductivity

It uses pure vacuum to conduct electricity, with low energy dissipation and almost no impact on the environment. Electrical appliances can receive electrical energy as long as they are connected to a closed coil. When the coil is disconnected, there is no electricity left, which is convenient for control.²⁸

6, Convergence Solar Receiver

their Artificial Field technology allows two objects to pass through each other without getting damaged.

²³ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the surfaces of UFOs and extraterrestrial buildings are extremely smooth, without any welds. They are manufactured using this cold welding technology.

²⁴ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, this extraterrestrial surgical equipment is as big as a house, and patients are transported inside, like an MRI machine on Earth.

²⁵ Another work by Zhang Xiangqian mainly introduces the alien physics theories and formulas he compiled and understood.

²⁶ It refers to the motion that an object's mass changes over time, as mentioned earlier in part 1.

²⁷ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the generator, control center, and global information processing center of the Global Movement Network are all integrated into a huge silver artificial satellite. There are 9 such satellites on Guoker Planet and 6 on some small planets, and he has also visited one of the centers. The effect is similar to instant movement, but (the translator speculates) it's just a kind of extremely high-speed movement.

²⁸ It may also be an application of Artificial Field (speculated by the translator).

It can accept tens of thousands of square meters of solar energy per square meter, solving the human energy crisis, and the energy is cheap, almost free.²⁹

Gathering solar energy receivers can also artificially reduce the solar energy in a certain area, combined with electronic computer analysis, to effectively control and regulate the weather, avoiding the occurrence of harmful weather.³⁰

7, Infinite Compressible Space Storage and Information Transmission Technology

Any space in the universe can store the entire universe's information, and space can be infinitely compressed. The technology of storing and transmitting information in infinitely compressed space is an upgrade of human information technology.³¹

8, Field Scanning Technology for Consciousness Reading and Storage

Human consciousness and thinking are caused by the movement of charged particles in the human brain, which can cause disturbance effects on the space.

The Unified Field Theory reveals the essence and form of this disturbance.

In the human brain, using the intangible substances “Field” to penetrate deep into the brain, scanning and recording these spatial disturbance effects, can read and record human consciousness and memory, thereby further copying human consciousness information and storing it in electronic computers. When human technology develops to a certain extent in the future, the consciousness information will be installed on a certain organism to clear technological barriers for immortality.³²

This field scanning technology can also change the education mode, delivering knowledge, such as rote memorization knowledge, to the human brain at high speed, greatly reducing learning time.³³ It also makes it possible to connect the human brain with computers and the Internet.

Once the eight major applications predicted by the Unified Field Theory are developed, they can revolutionize humanity. Most facilities such as airplanes, ships,

²⁹ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, this device is also installed on huge artificial satellites. “The converging solar receiver is a huge flat panel with many circles distributed, which seem to be drawn on the panel. There is a black dot in the middle of each circle, which may be a hole or something else made and cannot be seen clearly from a distance.”

³⁰ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, there is a powerful weather control system on Planet Guoker that uses electronic computers to control global weather, resulting in mild climates everywhere.

³¹ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the Guoker people believe that using space to store information is the ultimate way of storing information in the universe, and it is also the most representative achievement of their high level technology.

³² According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the Guoker people back up their consciousness in electronic computers. If the original body passes away due to an accident, a new body can be reproduced in a huge body replication factory to download the original consciousness. Utilizing this technology, the lifespan of the Guoker people can reach up to a thousand years, even almost unlimited.

They also think that the thoughts and consciousness of different Earthlings are mostly similar, with only a crucial one-fifth being different. So, we only need to store the critical one-fifth of the information for each Earthling.

³³ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the brain of Guoker people can not only access knowledge in real-time through the internet, but also store memory outside the body, and download knowledge to the brain for learning. But they cannot download too much knowledge at once, otherwise it will cause damage to the brain.

cars, power grids, power plants, highways, airports, railways, and most bridges will disappear or be replaced by more advanced things.

Due to the Global Movement Network, people and objects can appear globally in just one second, and the pattern of cities and rural areas will be changed.³⁴ Even if people live in the countryside, they can rush to the city to work within a second.

The eight major applications of Unified Field Theory can eliminate human competition for resources, eliminate global wars, poverty, and diseases, and even require only one person out of ten thousand to work in society.³⁵

If someone invests in the development of these technologies, parts 4, 5, and 6 can succeed within a few years. However, due to the need to develop complex software, it may take decades for 3 and 8 to succeed.³⁶

³⁴ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, there have been different countries and regimes in the history of the Guoker people, but with the development of the global sports network, the world has become highly integrated. Guoke Planet is a planetary system with dozens of planets, each inhabited by aliens. It can be said that the entire planetary system is just one country. The country does not have a top leader, but is managed by various algorithmic protocols to maintain their social order. The scientists who control these protocols have larger power than normal people.

³⁵ According to *Adventures on the Planet Guoker*, the entertainment activities occupy the vast majority of the Guoker people's daily life. The vast majority of people do not need to work, and if they work, it even adds trouble to the society. Only a few elites and scientists in their society are allowed and need to work. They believe that if Earth technology develops to a certain extent, it will also be similar.

³⁶ (The translator considers this idea too optimistic.)

Translator's Note

There is relatively little evidence about Zhang Xiangqian's visit to alien planets. Currently, only the strange scar on his head (which he said was not present before his visit), his drawings of extraterrestrial creatures and scenes, and the formulas and memoirs he wrote after his return. Although lacking more evidence, I deeply admire his persistence in promoting the advanced alien technology he has seen for nearly 40 years, despite facing extreme difficulties in life. Many people believe his persistence is due to mental problems, but I interviewed him in person in 2023 and obtained a lot of evidence and information. I think he is mentally normal. Apart from his extraterrestrial experience, he is no different from any ordinary Anhui farmer.

This work is Zhang Xiangqian's autobiography. The contents of Chapters 13 to 28 are some daily essays written by him, which are relatively unimportant compared to the first 12 chapters. They also go beyond the scope of an autobiography. The English translations of their titles are listed in *Appendix I*.

Recently, I have been very busy with my master's studies and unable to translate all of the contents due to lack of time and energy. I am sincerely sorry about this. Readers who are interested in these contents can read the original Chinese version (maybe via translation software).

His works are listed in *Appendix II*. Among them, the four articles *The Society and Daily Life of Aliens (1 and 2)*, *Revealing the Mystery of UFO*, and *Zhang Xiangqian's Predictions for the Future* are some of his essays and summaries of alien technology. *An Adventure to Guoker Planet* is a “travel diary” that he has been recalling and compiling for more than thirty years, which is about his experience of being taken to an alien planet and living for a month in 1985. It includes all aspects of an alien galaxy civilization called “Guoker Planet”, including its technological level, ideology, food, clothing, housing, transportation, and many other details. It is his most important work in my opinion.

The technological level of the Guoker planet described by him is thousands of years ahead of the Earth. A person's life is only a hundred years, so short in comparison. I'm afraid I won't be able to see the day when these technologies come true in my lifetime. However, I still hope to make my contribution to scientific progress, which is why I voluntarily translated Zhang Xiangqian's works.

Thank you very much for your reading and support.

Liu Chengqi

13/02/2024

Appendix I

Untranslated chapters:

13. My WeChat being banned again, why can't the society tolerate different thinkers?
14. Why can't Intel compete with TSMC?
15. Are the viruses and floods accidental?
16. People are strongest at the age of eighteen or nineteen
17. It's a good thing to have more strange people in the society
18. An important reason why the extraterrestrial technology brought by Zhang Xiangqian is difficult to spread
19. What is the greatest invention of humanity?
20. Is TikTok discriminating against our common people by doing so?
21. Relativity inherits Newtonian mechanics, and Unified Field Theory inherits relativity
22. Wise people discover opportunities to help others, while foolish people laugh at others in search of happiness
23. Comments from netizens on Zhang Xiangqian's Unified Field Theory and other related works
24. Zhang Xiangqian, are you mentally distressed?
25. Zhang Xiangqian, why can't you tolerate a little criticism from others?
26. Zhang Xiangqian, what do you think of the Ziwei sage mentioned online?
27. Do people like Zhang Xiangqian belong to supernatural beings?
28. Zhang Xiangqian, do you believe in fate and luck?

Appendix II

Zhang Xiangqian's main works:

An Adventure to Guoker Planet (is also known as *An Anhui Farmer's One-month Extraterrestrial Encounters*)

Unified Field Theory

The Core Secret of the Universe

Revealing the Essence of Gravity

Revealing the Essence Mystery of Time and Space

The Physical Definition of Time

Revealing the Essence of Electric Charge and Electromagnetic Field

Uncovering the Mystery of UFO

Introduction to an Alien Planet

Is There Only One "Me" in the Universe?

Revealing the Mystery of Human Life and Death

The Feeling of Death

Why Can People Recall Their Feelings at Birth When They Die?

The Roots of Human Pain

Introducing the Love of Human Past Lives

The Latest Theories of Life Cycle

Revealing the Mystery of the Prophet's Prophecies

Revealing the Mysteries of Human Life, Death, Reincarnation, Consciousness, and Soul

Religion and Science

We Are All Farmers

The Essence of Chinese People at A Glance

The Mystery of the Origin of Nations

For those who want to read, please send an email to Zhang Xiangqian's email address zzqq2100@163.com to consult.