

The Orion Project
Ithaca
June 4 2013
Telepathic conversations with the white dragon of Guatemala

8:04 PM

I tend to get the shits. – the non-bat from yesterday

Hello again. Welcome. Could we talk English instead? So. Where are you located? – me

On a farm! – non-bat with the thought of a fresh human heart still in the body

It sits squatting down on a forest floor, the forest floor is covered in dead leaves. He is white and frail, skinnier than the Gargoyle ever was, and his eyes gloom in a dark red color. He sure looks ominous, and if it were not that we were talking, I don't know how I would have reacted.

Darling, I am very curious about you. I would love to meet you one day. – me

You will not be curious one day after that. – non-bat still squatting, as if it were my last day alive? or? huh?

I don't enjoy your post. – bat, let's call him bat for simplicity's sake

What post? – me

.. Are you alright? – me

No one has ever asked me that before. – bat, and my heart just melted, is he not ok? Does nobody love him? Does he need something from me? (besides my heart)

I am covered in my feces. – bat

But, *why are you?* – me

No. This is Nolan. – Nolan interrupts and sounds urged about it

.. Do you need help with personal hygiene? Can I bring you soap and water? And a fresh towel for you? – me

And a sandwich. – bat, thinks about gnawing on a sandwich

And no lettuce on it please! – bat hollers, but it is not the same kind of fun holler that the Gargoyle always had

Are you hungry, Sir? – me

Look at me, I can swing from the trees. – bat, he grabs a tree branch by one hand and hangs from it swinging like a monkey. Hey! With one arm only!

I am not disgusted by myself, but you probably are! – bat

No Sir. It's ok. – me

I am not a bat, tell them that. – bat, he is squatting again

I just don't know what to call you. – me

I would like for a friendship to come out of this. I would like to go see him. To photograph him, to document him, to learn more about this fantastic creature. I am also concerned and would like to help him over there. Does he need help with hygiene? Some fresh blankets? Food? Can I plan an expedition to go see him?

Sir...? – me, as I have nothing else to call him

Sir are you alright? – me

No. I have not had a mouse to trap. – bat is squatting on the forest floor again

Have you ever, killed a human? – me

No. But we have trapped plenty. – bat

And what is done with the trapped human? – me

We play with them. – bat, seemed somewhat joyous about it

And would it be safe for me to come see you down there in the forest? – me

Are you alone then? – bat

Yes Sir. – me

Then no. – bat

I might, molest you or something. – bat, or General Patton? Huh?

This could get interesting. This creature is really good to talk to. He is talkative. He answers questions.

What if I could go see him, down there in the forest? Undoubtedly though he would be in another dimension, so my eyes and camera would not see him. But I would like to try.

We don't want you to see our feces. – the bat, I got an image of his feet on the ground. The knees, as always, are bent softly, giving him a constant squatting down posture. I got a very close look at his foot.

The foot, as the rest of the body, is a white

I haven't cleaned myself. – bat

That is ok. I promise you. It is alright. – me

His foot had five toes on it I think. The thumb of the foot pointed inward at an angle away from the other toes. Each toe on the foot had a white sharp medium-sized claw on it, not large, not small. It looked like a predator's feet, like something to grab with. Its foot was pressed a bit into soft brown mud on the forest floor.

Darling? I would like to see you some time. May I come and visit you there? May I bring you something to eat? – me, and this is, how I befriended the Gargoyle Dragon. With food. But I really want to go see them both.

I won't expect you to bring me a cow. But what else is there! – bat, his eyebrows give the look of a constant frown, the type of a frown that looks like a focused intellectual, and as he said, he spread his wings and stood a bit taller, but still knees slightly bent

Why did you contact me? I am just wondering. – me

I don't want you to leave me. – bat, squatting again, and wings wrapped around his body a bit, and that ever frown of his eyebrows on the forehead

Where do you live? – me

They haven't trapped me yet! – bat

Who? – me

The NASA, the military. – bat

Have they tried? .. I won't trap you either. I just want to be friends with you. – me

I once knew another white dragon as yourself. Very similar in fact.. And I made plans to go see him. – me
... Would you let me bring soap and water and wash you? – me

Never. – bat

Why not? If it bothers you so? – me

He stands up in the ceremonial magic, his wings spread out to the sides, chin pointing up, and beak open.

Can I ask you a question? – me

The Indians didn't like it, when I did that. – bat answers my question he knew I was gonna ask about the posture, he meant of course Native Americans

Now this is interesting. The Indians would know about this creature!

.. I want to know why you do that? – me

It is part of my family. We do that a lot! – bat, not angry

What does it mean? – me

It means I am being territorial. I am showing my bat wings. For you to see! – bat

That is interesting. Does it mean that you are angry at me? – me

We also eat dogs, and canines. – bat

Well, Sir, if I bring you some things to eat, would you promise that you would not kill me? – me

Now Hamish is involved. But I don't know how yet. I don't know how Hamish is reacting yet.

Wow. I have so much to talk to him about! This is great!

I am so lonely. – bat says, just as I was about to ask him something, but didn't know yet, what to ask

Do you know what country you are living in? – me

Guatemala. – bat, WOW!!!

Guatemala. – me, and immediately my mind is thinking vaccines and everything tricky for going down there to see him. Guatemala. Guess I am going. Whoa! Hey guys, I am going to Guatemala!

Sweetie, are you sure that you are in Guatemala? Are you absolutely certain of this? How do you know?
– me

I don't have many feet left, but these. – bat, shows his white feet with little white claws on them

Have you been here a long time? – me

Yes. Perhaps. – bat, he has his wings wrapped around his body, he sits squatted on the muddy ground

Are you living there all alone? – me

Yes! We have traps! – bat, and he gets excited and rises up to spread his wings a little again. I guess they want to trap me, as much as I want to see him.

What would you do, or say, if I went down there to Guatemala and came to see you in person? What do you think? Can we do it? Can I come see you? – me

Don't bring a blanket for me. – bat with mental image as if I would have spread a pink blanket for him down there on the ground

I want to come see you. – me, and now I think that the "Indians" he had said

Sasquatchewan. Those were the ones I meant. – bat, ... I had thought he had meant the North American Native Americans, but now I was thinking with Guatemala that he meant South American Indians. Wow. This is all real. No way would my mind have produced "Guatemala" or "Sasquatchewan".

Now I have got to pee. Hopefully he will be quiet when I do, so that I don't miss anything that has to be written down.

I don't want you to pee now. – bat

Please, just for a moment. Then I will be back to speak with you! – me

I don't want to talk to your Dragon Turtle. – bat, aha, Hamish

He has inflicted some injuries on me. – bat

HAMISH! NO, HAMISH! – me

No. He is not my bat. – Hamish

And he is not dissimilar to me! – Hamish in that sudden rage that always makes him nearly jump

Ok. Back from peeing. That only took a minute.

Sweetheart. If I come down there to see you in Guatemala – me

Don't. It is a trap! – he says and stands up and spreads his wings again

Why would you trap me? Are you going to kill and eat me? *Please don't.* I just wanna be your friend. – me

We don't make friends here. Only good, and better traps. – bat

Where did you come from? Where are you from? Another planet? – me

Yes, Miss. – bat

What planet? Are you from Alpha Draconis? Where were you born? – me

In an alien facility. Where I was made! – bat says and stands up and spread his wings and points chin up at the second sentence

Who made you? – me

I was genetically puzzled together. And my mother and father were mixed breeds too. – bat

Did... Who made you? – me

My grandfathers were proud races. They were the Ithaca! – bat says and stands tall and spreads his wings at Ithaca

Wow. Yet another word I have not heard before. Ithaca! There is so much here in this contact for me to find out! I think this is great!

Please don't take her eggs. – Hamish kindly says to the bat

No, Hamish. We won't take eggs here. I promise. – me to Hamish Dragon

Could I, perhaps, name you Ithaca? – me

Yes, my grandfather's name was that. And it was a proud race. – bat, let me call him "Ithaca" from now on

I have to have a name for you. – me

You see all our stool here? It is made by us. – Ithaca about the poo again

That is alright. *Does it bother you, that you have, .. poo there?* – me

No! – Ithaca does the ceremonial magic again, he wasn't angry, but he emphasizes when he speaks sometimes

Tell me about the Ithaca. What were they like? Did they come from another planet? – me

You are making puzzle pieces with them I said. – bat says and came to me closely when he said that, the image of his head, rather than the image of his body overall

Were the Ithaca scaled Reptilians? – me

No! They were feathered! – bat

And we were put into cooling. – bat shows me a facility with

And now we are covered in dung. – bat, he showed me a facility with containers that were somewhat oval shaped and blue with dark glass and in them were human-size entities contained in a fluid

This is very interesting. I am so pleased that you are talking to me, I can't even tell you. – me

So you are in Guatemala? What is it like there? – me

Sometimes there is a rainbow. – bat, he showed me the image of a rainbow sprayed in the mist hanging

in the air over a vast landscape of wild jungle forest covering a mountaineous region. Beautiful, serene, an image from the mind of a creature.

And, do you like rainbows? – me

Yes, they are better than math. – bat

Do you live all alone by yourself? Or do you have any friends there who live with you? – me

I am not getting a mat from you am I? – bat with image of some kind of woven rough mat to place over the mud, or on second thought that mud might be his latrine poo

I would like a mat to place over it. And then I won't be so covered in it. – bat, in the second sentence he turns around and shows me his bum, the white bum has some of that mud on it. He has a tail.

I will bring you a mat. I certainly will. I plan to do it! – me

He watches me, looks into my eyes with his red eyes, peeking at me curiously.

I haven't given you an invite. – bat

Well. Would you let me visit you in the Guatemalan forest? – me

He is thinking.

Obviously you are not afraid of being trapped? – bat

What trap? Why? What for? – me

Let me take a brief moment of pause to internet search Guatemala.

I am making you a trap. – bat

What trap? – me

You will see it when we get there. – bat

Oh scheisse. Looks like Guatemala is where they have some of those Mayan temples. It is the first thing that comes up on an internet search. I did not know. I would have guessed Brazil, the only South American country I knew anything about. I am going there. Going there to see the .. Ithaca. And I can't wait to search on the word Ithaca! But I will save that for later. Let's see what more he can tell me about it first.

Sweetie? Tell me more about the Ithaca. *Your grandparents?* Did you get to meet them? Did you ever see them alive? – me

They were not remembered by me anymore. – bat

I love it when it rains! – bat, he picked up that I was gonna ask if he likes it in Guatemala, if it is warm weather there for him, and he said

Do you ever feel cold and freezing? – me

Yes. A lot. Now what are these questions, are you stupid? – bat says

What is your race called? – me

I am not the pooer or the crapper! – bat concerned

No, of course not. – me

I am not very gentle with you. But you have decided to stay with me. – bat

I don't want you to leave me! Ever! And. Here is the mouse trap. – bat, connivingly said the last

Sweetie, *dear Ithaca*, you are living in another dimension are you not? Is – me

Yes, so that they don't catch me, so that they don't trap me! – bat thought of an image of native jungle men throwing spears, the wooden spears had red painted on them and some like leather or feather ornamentation just a bit of shreds of those on it

How does it work with different dimensions? Do you know? – me

I don't want you to listen to it. – bat with some disgust I haven't seen in his expressions before, I guess he doesn't like the topic, or for me to know

Can I ask how you found me? – me

Yes! We all know! It has been posted! – bat

Why am I so known by .. non-human persons? – me, almost said "aliens" to him

Why am I known? For what? What am I known for, and why? – me

I almost felt as if someone was talking with him. A strange kind of fast-paced mumble of thought, gushing like a river between him and someone else. Their telepathy is faster, and they can speak a much more complex intricate language than my mere and humble English.

Can I come see you down there in Guatemala? I would like to visit with you. To sit with you, and get to spend time with you. I would bring you gifts from human society, that you would require. I would bring you a blanket, and other things that you need. – me

The contact seems to have tapered off. Something happened. If I were making this up, I mean inventing this in my mind, I could have re-established the link. Especially now that I really wanted to speak with him.

What is this cacophony? – Thuban or someone, or the bat perhaps mimicking what a Thuban had said to him, it was said almost like jokingly, like mocking the sentence, in a way that I have not heard the Thubans say before, *especially because they love their word 'cacophony'*, so perhaps it was the Ithaca non-bat who had said.

Now it is quiet, and I will just listen. I really want to go to Guatemala and meet with him. If it is a trap, I do not know. My Hamish and ETs would surely protect me. I just want to meet with him, and take some pictures. And I don't care about his dung, it doesn't bother me one bit.

He is gone, for now, and I will not try to make an attempt to contact him again.

I just wanted to rest, that is why. – bat

That is alright. Rest nicely. Dear. Until we meet again. *I love you.* – me

Yes, even though we are covered in feces! – bat, about the love you part that just came over me, it is so easy for me to love these creatures, when you get to know them for who they are, talking to them and so closely feeling them

Will you speak with me again? – me

Yes. We want you in our trap. – bat

What trap is that? What kind of trap? – me

I don't know what to make of this. But I will start planning on a trip to Guatemala, and look up more about those Sasquatchewan (spelling?) and the Ithaca.

We just wanted you to give us bread. – bat

What kind of bread do you eat? – me

We make our own soups here. So do not bring us that.. – bat

What kind of soup do you eat. – me

.. I would be happy to come see you down in Guatemala and I would bring you a picnic basket of nice treats for you to eat. And anything else you desire. – me

Don't bring honey, we don't eat that. – bat with clear image of fresh honey comb with honey running down still on the tree as human natives have found it. He must have been watching humans, and knowing how much we humans prize that.

Do you eat meat? I can bring you meat. Oh, I am sorry, I will not disturb you on your nap. – me, the bat has curled down on the muddy floor and he lies on his left side with wings somewhat wrapped around his body. Just like that. Not on a makeshift bed of any kind. Like an animal, not particular about things like a human would. He seems sleepy, yes. He is resting and he needs to sleep.

I don't want you to look at my butt hole. – bat says just a short while after, I was searching on Ithaca. He is still napping on the ground. I wasn't looking at him.

Sleep well. Sweet dreams Honey. *I love you.* – me

Yes! You are making me relaxed! – if a non-bat could smile..

10:02 PM

If you don't forget me then that is good. – Ithaca is back. I am working on a website about him, at <http://www.orionmindproject.com/Ithaca/Ithaca.html>

We have drunk the juice there. – black reptilian about the image of the temple with the black door up the stairs on the logo picture to the left. Yes, I sensed it there. I sense it, even though an image. *I am afraid to go there for the things of human past I will uncover and have to see and feel.*

They are not going to be taking you away. – says my black reptilian about the non-bat team (if they are a team or not)

Thank you. – me to black reptilian

Thank you so much. – me to black reptilian, he bows his head a little down as a gentle gesture, never seen a reptilian do that before

Are you Orion or Draconian? – me

10:22 PM

This is my nest. And my eggs. – Hamish emphasizes with regard to the non-bat when I begin to write about it on the website

Yes Hamish. I have given my eggs to you. – me, and with that, Hamish has a thought image of one of those floppy dead white hybrid babies in its mouth like a dog carries a limp glove, its arms and legs hanging on either side of the mouth of Hamish. Like a cat carrying a fish.

10:25 PM

It causes them *pains*. And we don't like that. – non-bat about the human sacrifice of taking its heart out, it was as if the non-bat could *feel* the pain, and he seemed sincere about not liking it.

Then don't do it. – me

Huh? It was destined by those with feathers. – non-bat about the feathered Bird People

Why? – me

Why? – me

He turns around, letting me see him from behind, his back and tail and bum, and he thinks about how there “would have been”, or perhaps “used to be” feathers on his back. He gave me this same image previously too when he said the feathers sentence too.

We wanted to drink your juice. We were very interested in that. – bat

What exactly is juice? Is it blood, or energy? – me

We haven't destined that. – bat

Would you need my consent before you could do that? – me

No. It was not *destined that*. – bat

.. So you are not allowed. – me

... They *scream* at us. – bat says about the native human victims, yes scream elongated

Why do they scream? – me

He turns around letting me see his back and tail and bum and thinking that there used to be feathers there.

What about those feathers? What about those feathers? – me

10:32 PM

We don't want her eggs, like someone collects nuts. – bat says probably to Hamish, about my eggs, and with the thought of some brown possibly brazil nuts with hard not round casing that he has probably seen the natives collecting

Yes! Pthui! – bat with the image as if he were to spit one of those nuts away from his mouth, *clearly inappropriate feed*

10:42 PM

The bat thinks about its mouth being filled with blood and blood running down the sides of its mouth.

I don't want you to think that we are nice, or that we are lovers. – bat

10:50 PM

This is not love what we are doing. We plan on eating your heart! – bat says while I am in the bathroom.

On the second sentence he rises up in the ceremonial posture and spreads his wings.

We don't have a tarp for you. – someone seems to say to the bat with the mental image of a blue plastic tarp. Maybe he had asked them for a tarp, *as he was asking for a blanket earlier.*

Don't let them look at my butt, see my butt. – the bat is squatting down on the ground there again

And don't let them bring me a basket! As it isn't something they haven't already tried. – bat, with image of native woman putting a woven basket down on the ground, I was going to say he was squatting down on the muddy forest floor again and he faced with his backside to me. *I don't see any poo on his rear end though.*

Seems like he had his short nap, and is up and at it again.

10:57 PM

I have pooped. – bat says casually as if stating a fact

That is alright, my Dear. It is alright if you pooped. No reason to worry. – me

But it is not a nice color for me. – the white bat turns around showing me its backside again, its back and tail and butt all white, knees bent as usual

What do you usually do about this? – me

Nothing! About the latrine? – bat

About the latrine. What would you normally do with it. Do you wash yourself? – me

Hey, this is the Pentagon. – says a blonde human man

Hello Pentagon. What can I do for you today. – me

We are wanting to have that creature under arrest. – Pentagon man

Why is that? What for? – me

What do you want me to do? What would Pentagon have me do right now? – me

I don't mind speaking with you? – me to the Pentagon man

11:10 PM

Hunch. – guess who? Thuban. About what? Only Thuban knows.

11:14 PM

Please be careful. – me

Oh don't worry. I have got this! – bat turns around shows me his bum

But please be careful. Humans might try to capture you. – me

Not thinking of Pentagon per se.

It is so nice and pretty here. – bat with image of golden sunshine in the forested region

I am glad you like it there. What do you eat on a typical day? What do you eat? Are you finding things to eat? – me

Once I got caught of a horse. – bat thinks of brown horse that looked simple and primitive, not some breed horse looked more simple like a donkey

What, and? You ate the horse? – me

Yes, and hid the remains. – bat

What parts of a horse do you eat? – me, I don't really want to ask

Look at me, I need diapers! – bat miserable

Well. Do you always have this same problem with your.. – me, what did he call it? *thinking* I know / call it poo, but he? Let me check the records.