

THE ORION PROJECT
www.orionmindproject.com

In August 2011 I was contacted by a red Reptilian whose name is Hamish. He is the old Draconian race from Alpha Draconis. Hamish works in a group consisting of different alien races (they call themselves races, even though technically they are species). Zeta Greys from Zeta Reticuli, Dinosaurs who are probably also from Alpha Draconis, large green praying mantis-like insects the Mantids, Orions from Betelgeuze in the Orion constellation, and their bosses are the Dark Lords from a world they call Alpha Theta or Alpha Theton. This group of aliens works in an organisation which I call the Agenda. The Agenda uses the yellow pyramid as its symbol. There are many different objectives going on in the Agenda. Each member species has its own agendas and they collaborate toward those goals. The main agenda is based on the Dark Lords wanting world dominance and wanting to feed their god The Eye, which is an astronomical feature, with goats. The Zetas had a nuclear power accident in their home world, which rendered their species infertile. They are now seeking out my genes to incorporate into their genome to produce fertile human-alien hybrids.

These are genuine notes I have taken on observations and conversations with these aliens. In these notes also appear one or two human military persons who are trying to stop the alien menace on Earth and trying to regulate alien activities on Earth, but the military are also benefitting personally by trading with the Agenda. We also meet one of the Air People, who look somewhat similar to Zetas. The Air People are part of a Board, a group of benevolent aliens who wish to stop the Agenda, because the Agenda is a menacing organisation. Air People by the way claim to be us humans from the future when humans will move under ground, they are time travellers.

The Orion Project is that I write down everything I see, experience, and speak with the aliens. Here is one example of the alien contact. You will find much more on the website www.orionmindproject.com and in my books www.orionmindproject.com/books.html

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Telepathic conversations below have been translated from other European languages all into English. Normally for the books I make a note of what lines were translated, but here I have omitted doing that to save time.

September 7-8, 2015

the night from September 7 toward September 8

Prior to these notes, the Zetas said that they want to merge their own race genetically with mine or with my genetics.

Prior to the conversations below, I got to see mental images of a Zeta and its eye in close-up. Zetas are pale gray aliens and their large eyes are covered by black, the eye is in fact covered by an approximately one centimeter thick black sheet, the material of the eye-covering feels synthetic like rubber or plastic. I repeat I learned from this connection from being connected to the Zeta telepathically and getting to see its eye, that the eye has an approximately one-centimeter thick black rubbery sheet, the black does not continue throughout any sort of eyeball.

When I look inside the head and mind of a Zeta, then as always when I do that, I see black outer space with a cluster of stars in center. It is the image of their home world. The Zeta told me that it is their home world which they have had to leave in a “mass exodus” because of a nuclear power accident, and every time when they tell me about their nuclear power accident, this time again they show me a mental image of an Earth-based human nuclear power plant from the inside with the water tank. I asked the Zeta if they are biological entities or if they are synthetic or robots, because the eye seems like rubber or plastic and not biological. The Zeta asked me what do I think. And so I answered that I think they seem like biological entities.

Zetas said they want to feed me some salts, the image was of a green-colored salt. I asked them what kind of salt it is, what the chemical is called, they said NO_3^- or something similar to that ionic compound. They said it is a salt that their body uses, and I sensed the context from them of the baths which Zetas lie in to absorb nutrients from a liquid, so perhaps it also contains salts that they absorb and that their body needs. I worried that their salts might not be compatible with my physiology.

23:35 PM

We tend to take off the mens’ underpants. – Zeta

I also tend to take off the mens’ underpants! – me titter

And then we look at your genes. – Zeta

I wanted to look at yours too. And then we take off your panties. – Zeta

And sometimes then we see blood. – Hamish, menstruation, which I do not have now

We want to see you together with a man. And, surely you know that Hamish smells. – Zeta

We used to like you before. And, now we have no more straight genes. – Zeta, image of straightened out DNA-double helix, like if DNA helix were normally springy together, it has been in this image straightened out along its axis, pulled

We liked your Hamishs. – Zeta

I have got a backpack! – Hamish [comment in editing: Hamish is a Dragon Turtle. He has a natural feature on his upper back, a soft cushion which looks like a turtleshell. He is very proud of his back, and he very often mentions his back hump and also talks about it, like here now.]

I love you Hamish! – me

And no more of those crackers! Backpack, yes. – Hamish, with crackers image of the crackers I ate today with chocolate covering

I tend to dwell here. And, in the darkness we dwell here. – Hamish, “in the darkness we dwell here” was image of the closet room in my apartment

I don’t usually dwell here. – Hamish about our toilet room

I love you Turtle dragon. – me

We wanted to take your poo, and make you pregnant. And then we wanted to see through the nose. – Zeta image tubing for nose [comment in editing: the aliens use a long thin hollow plastic tubing which is transparent white-gray in color, they insert it through one of my nostrils and down into the stomach, it can be used to insert substances into my stomach, and also to suction out stomach contents out with it.]

And we wanted to take a juice sample. – Zeta

Can I come there tonight? – me

My backpack, no. My eggs. – Hamish [comment in editing: Hamish's job in the Agenda is to stay with me all day and night to guard my eggs, ovum, from being stolen by other alien teams who might want to have them. That is why Hamish likes to remind everyone, including me, that it is his eggs.]

My Hamish. I am proud of you, Hamish. – me

You have got a good backpack. You are a good race. – me to Hamish [comment in editing: I have known this Dragon Hamish for four years now and he is beloved to me. I like to say nice things to him, also I know him so well now that I know what things he might like to hear.]

You are neat! You have looked at the little siblings. I mean, you are not neat. – Zeta, either referring to my pile of clothes in my room being not neat ie. messy, or "neat/cool/ok/good" [comment in editing: little siblings means the little hybrid children that are made of my egg and with Zeta DNA in them, they are actually my children.]

They are in your nose. – Zeta

What is in the nose? Are you giving me salts? – me

We are doing genetic testing. [said to me] You are an old backpack, yeah! [said to Hamish] – Zeta

We have seen many humans. **I mean many different kinds of!** – Zeta not angry but clarifying what he meant

What kind am I? – me

[Zeta shows me tubing in its hand]

Do you think that it is old, yeah? – Zeta to Hamish about back

The genetic tests are blamed for you. – Zeta to me

This is my shelf. [about the shelf in my bedroom] I am a prominent race. Even though in me smells. – Hamish to me [comment in editing: every now and then at random, Hamish will mention one of the things in my home, such as here the shelf in my bedroom, and claim it as his own property. He does that to assert dominance and ownership. And all this about Hamish's smell, yeah, the Draconian Reptilians have a very pungent visceral smell.]

We have done genetic tests. There were no errors in you. Do you have many money coins? – Zeta [seemed an image of a leather armchair, they want me to buy one for the reptilians I'm sure]

Money? To what? What should I buy? – me

These, are my eggs! – Hamish

We have made genetic tests. – Zeta

This, is not my fault. – Hamish, about what?

We are to the apple, nerves. – Zeta, red apple, nerves, but what?

I would be happy to come to you. – me

We come at night. – Zeta

We have crooked eyes. – Zeta image of it and its eyes

You have to vomit here. – Zeta to me

We make genetic tests. – Zeta

Do you have a nerve? We want to guide it. – Zeta, means nerve, seems that they want to conduct or guide it

We have tested your genetic tests. – Zeta

This is my barn. – Hamish, barn

I like Hamish. – me

My eggs, said. – Hamish, that his eggs said that [comment in editing: Hamish often thinks that when I say something to him, it is like the eggs are talking. He sometimes, unless always, just thinks of me as eggs.]

I eat bits and pieces off them. – Hamish

We are very sorry about this. We have tried fighting them in Vietnam. – military

I have got a large test tube. – Zeta

We will soon come. – Zeta

Hamish's fault, it was not. – Hamish or Zeta

Do you like listening to them? We weren't really prepared to letting them come. – military

I like them here, yes. – me

You, have got to be kidding! – military gasps because of how I answered him

We are making genetic tests now. – Zeta, I feel a touch on my lower parts, yet I am sitting here fully dressed in my room

We make genetic tests. – Zeta

[Eva], I have not bitten them. – Hamish, about Zeta I think [comment in editing: my name was used]

The Japanese, are hard looking. They no longer have a tsunami. Eggs can be broken. And then our heads fit in them. – Zeta image large Zeta head

Can I come to you tonight? – me

Eggs, and milk, am I right? – Hamish image of milk in our fridge [comment in editing: the aliens often ask me to drink cow's milk, dairy milk, because it would nourish my ovum, eggs, yet I do not drink milk, but they keep on asking. Sometimes I eat yoghurt just to please them, plus I know it's healthy for me too.]

Milk for the eggs? – me

Yeah, and eat something good. – Zeta

Eat bread for them. You have taken wrong foods. – Hamish, the chocolate crackers here on bed

Milk for the eggs. – Zeta or Hamish

Or else I will a piece bitten! – Hamish [comment in editing: as you see Hamish's grammar isn't always perfect, but we understand him anyway. This is a subtle threat, trying to act assertive, so that I would trust his guidance and drink the milk and follow his lead.]

Milk. Cow's milk? – me

That is right. Or else comes the elephant. – Zeta, like at the doctor's office a toy elephant to pacify the children to make a child not afraid of the doctor with a toy elephant or an elephant mask or stuffed elephant toy [comment in editing: my Zetas very often show toy elephants to the hybrid children, and to abductee adults, in part of a mind control to pacify hybrids and humans to not be so fearful of medical experiments. Other animals frequently used in this are lions, cats, and giraffes.]

We come in a flying saucer. And then many of us are coming. – Zeta

Milk for the eggs. – Hamish

Can we have an experimental mouse? – Zeta [comment in editing: ie. a guinea pig.]

We have a test tube. – Zeta

You can have me. This is fascinating. – me

We will move the body. – Zeta, ie. my body

When? Now? – me

Quite soon. – Zeta approximately forgot cause didn't write right away but the context right

For the eggs. Cannot touch. – Hamish

Will I come to you tonight? – me

We are thieves. – Zeta

What do you steal? – me

What we need, right now your [ie. mine] DNA, genes. – Zeta

We are thieves, precisely. – Hamish

We have tried taking you up before. We did not succeed. – Zeta

I am test-tube-like. – Zeta

We have tested you. – Zeta

We are a group, which prevents them. – Board

Do you want a hearing tube? – Zeta arrogantly to Board member

We have taken them. We want them. – Zeta to Board about my tiny embryos

Here comes the Frog. – Zeta about Dinosaur

We are a group, that prevents them. – Board to me

We are frog-like. – Dinosaur, see www.orionmindproject.com/dinosaurs.html

You are beautiful. A beautiful race. – me to Dinosaur

We have made tests for you. You have to vomit pieces. – Dino

We are now making genetic tests. – Zeta or Dino

You are not loved. – Hamish to Dinos [comment in editing: the Dinosaurs are given a very low rank in the Agenda, Hamish often bullies the Dinosaurs and reminds them of their lower status. That is why Hamish said this.]

We have taken you. – Dino

We are that group. – Board

Will you come to us? – Dino

I will come, if I can be with you/awake. – me forgot which I said cause didn't write at once

You have to take these, and vomit a piece. – Dino

[Hamish said something I forgot and didn't write on time]

We have taken genetic tests, above. – Zeta, above means their location up in the sky in a spaceship

We have vomited, because of you. You have to eat this piece. – Dino, white embryo tiny

I will not eat babies. – me

We eat worms. – Dino [comment in editing: Dinosaurs eat white grubs. They are here expecting to feed me with a tiny white embryo down into my stomach, so that it will presumably digest a bit and then they would suction it out again, to see what happened. That is what they are wanting to do.]

We are feeding you this piece. And then you will vomit this up. – Dino

I have been beaten. – Dino on its head

I have a weapon. – Hamish

Yeah, vagina. – Dinosaur to Hamish and/or to Zeta [comment in editing: actually a more informal yet not vulgar word for the female parts was used]

I have been weaponed. – Dinosaur

We are taking you up soon. – Zeta

I am your sweetheart. – Hamish [comment in editing: based on one of the many coos I use to talk sweetly to my Hamish.]

We are taking you up. – Zeta

I am your sweetheart. – Hamish

I had that weapon, I will hit you! – Hamish to Dinosaur

Hamish! Don't hit the Dinosaur! I am defending them. I am defending the Dinosaurs. I care about them, you are not allowed to hurt them. – me

I am defending them no, you said to me. – Hamish

We take your eggs, and we do genetic tests to them. – Zeta or Dinosaur

I understand. – me

But the question is that, that can I stay awake when you bring me there? I want to meet you when I am awake. – me

We are fed with worms. Otherwise we don't want to come. – Dinosaur [comment in editing: Dinosaurs are bribed to do the low work tasks in the Agenda, by promising them baths and grubs to eat. Otherwise they would not want to do work.]

I want, Deb Deb! – Dino to Zeta, perhaps was offered grubs [comment in editing: Deb Deb is based on the Dinosaurs' natural vocals and sounds, they say it when they are happy, it means Yes.]

I want to help the Dinosaurs, so that they can have food and baths. I will help Dinosaurs, so that they can have good food and baths, I will help them. I like them, and I care about them. They are important to me, the Dinosaurs. I am friendly to them, and kind. They are important to me. – me [comment in editing: the Dinosaurs are treated often badly in the Agenda. I am constantly trying to both boost the Dinosaurs' confidence and self-worth because theirs has been lowered, and I am also trying to teach the other aliens to please treat them better.]

Those pieces! **Are you eating them!** – Dinosaur

I will eat them, if I can know what they are. – me

We will otherwise not eat worms. – Dinosaur

Dinosaur, you can come to me, and I will help you with your work. – me

We are in the flying saucer. – Zeta

Am I coming up there? – me

We have taken you there. – Hamish or Zeta or Dinosaur

Deb Deb Deb!! – Dinosaur really excited, cause he was obviously offered something good there

What did the Dinosaur say? Was he happy? Did he get food? – me

He said, great joy! – Zeta or Hamish about Dinosaur

I thought it was good. – me [comment in editing: perhaps one of the aliens said this, not me, but.]

Hey, you there. – military or otherwise an Illuminati man chum, the thought image of blue male underpants removed [comment in editing: the Illuminati chums are big adult white hybrid men. Unlike Zetas who have no genitals, the Illuminati men have genitalia and are often used to make abductees

pregnant, because they can.]

What? – me

We eat those, egg pieces. – Dinosaur or Zeta

12:38 midnight

Can we take some of your poo, your scat? **And please, do not become scared, do not run away!** – Zeta

You are welcome to take some. I would love to meet you Zetas because that would make me happy. I am happy to help you with some scat samples, because it is part of your work with metabolism. – me

We are VERY proud of you now! Very proud indeed! Thank you so much for letting us do that! – Zeta

Dear Zeta, there is a condition imposed. I will have to stay awake for the contact and get to remember everything. – me

The, scat-taking? Oh no. – Zeta

Yes. That is the condition. That is how you pay me for my help and assistance. I get to stay awake and meet you. I am not scared or afraid of scat samples. I almost went into medical school, I almost chose to become a doctor of medicine, so I can understand samples. – me

We are not, going to be inside a UFO. Do you know why that is? Because you scream at us. You have screamed at us before. – Zeta

I don't remember that. – me

And you have tried to bite. *So*, we did not want to take your scat samples when you are going to be awake. – Zeta

I insist. I am today older, I am mature and a scientist. I want to help you with samples and meet the Zetas and Dinosaurs and Hamish the Reptile. – me

My, fault, is it? My way. – Hamish, the second sentence is also a question but was expressed in a way not with a question mark

I want to come to you. Awake. – me

We are, the [European country] team. Since you live here now. – a human man, I live in [European country] now

Hello. Nice to meet you. – me, not sure if it's nice to meet these people

I have a worm. – Dinosaur has a white grub to eat now

Is it good food? – me pleased, I say to the Dinosaur just making conversation

I can have more, ... - Dinosaur, once he has helped to collect my scat he will receive more grubs afterwards

Look, if you were my daughter, if I were your father... - the US military who spoke earlier, says about me

Would it be ok if I grab a shower? Then I can come back here and talk with you all. – me

You can grab a shower any time you want. We don't mind. – a Zeta sternly

We have come from another star! – Zeta

I know! I think that is fantastic! – me

We are also here, and we do not need to collect your scat. – a Board member, ie. that if I think it's so fascinating to meet aliens, there are those who can meet me but without needing to collect fecal samples from me

It was not my fault. – Hamish

There is no fault in Hamish. You are my darling sweetheart. Hamish is my important one. – me

We want to give you a salt! Your heart needs them. – Hamish, image of the tablesalt pouch bag sitting on the refrigerator in my home

I took a hot shower because it is starting to get cold here in autumn. While I showered, Dinosaur was describing the appearance of my poo, and I told the Dinosaur that it depends on what I have eaten. The Board member let me see a mental image of itself, turns out it is, and not surprising, if not the Airship Admiral himself then one of his people, but I'm quite sure it is the Airship Admiral himself. The Airship Admiral said that he and his group are not happy about what those aliens are doing to me. I continued to talk to Dinosaur and the Zetas about wanting to visit them.

see www.orionmindproject.com/airshipadmiral.html

I told my abducting aliens that I really want to meet them. And that I am going to work with them on one condition: that I get to stay awake. I told them that we need to cooperate, that I give them things, and they give me things. That I can even stop eating all sugar, and in exchange I want to meet them consciously. "I have to see them", I said to Airship Admiral.

The aliens say they are hesitant about letting Pakeha visit me, because of what Pakeha has done or tried to do to me before, they said, and I was shown a mental image of Pakeha naked which shows that he has quite fully developed male genitalia, without genital hair, and his skin is pale gray or white. At least he has a penis, I'm not entirely sure if I saw a scrotum or not. It has seemed from earlier conversations with the aliens that Pakeha was meant to sort of be married to me, that me and Pakeha were going to be a sexually active couple. Pakeha is a hybrid consisting mostly of Zeta genetics, seemingly he inherits his male genitalia from some human genetic material in his genome. The Zetas evaluate their hybrids to see to what extent their hybrids are sexually capable with the sexual act, and then also to see if the hybrids are fertile. They are also studying extensively the metabolism and food for the hybrids. Many hybrid batches have flaws and are never shown to me. The aliens prefer to only show me the few that are functional and that they are the proudest of. There is also a problem with "clump feet" on hybrids.

They don't want to hit me anymore. – Dinosaur says now, the image of a white bat hit on Dinosaur's head

I won't let them hit you. I love you too much for that. – me

I was given foods to eat. That is why I came, hiib hiib! – Dinosaur

Dinosaur? I will do what I can so that the others will treat you well. Just let me know what you need me to do. – me

Well, first we need you to lie down. *And be very relaxed.* We go in there too, to get your eliminated material. – Dinosaur, "there" refers to my anal

Also in the shower the aliens told me that they would need to go to my anal region, and I told them that of course, I do know where fecal samples are collected from.

The aliens make a very big deal about their medical procedures. They really act as if I should get very stressed and agitated and scared, yet I'm trying to tell them that I am calm. It's really a frustrating situation, when they won't realize that I'm actually calm and *wanting* to meet them!

We don't have a suction device for it. We just let it fall out, and drop. – Zeta about my feces
Ok. But how do you stimulate the intestine to do that? Because normally I have to wait before I can have feces. – me

We don't collect it, in any other way. – Zeta or Dinosaur

In any other way, than what? – me

We have toilets here. And sometimes we make you go there. And there is a collection device underneath it. – Zeta

That is a good idea. That is a great idea! – me

We also get your pee then. And that has substances we don't need. We *do not*, need to look at your pee. – Zeta

It is time for me to go to bed. I will turn the lights off, and go under the covers. I will stay undressed, and naked, because that is easier for you to work with me then. – me

Yes, thank you for that. – Zeta

We have got seeds with you and with many of you. We are not the same kind like you. – Zeta

Also while I showered, either one of my aliens or a military showed me the black examination chair which I once remembered waking up in, remember with the anesthesiologist and the black military recruit or officer who was there? I have definitely written that memory encounter which involved that very chair.

We use that when we want your spit. – Hamish, about this chair as opposed to the lying down workbench

The examination chair is more like a dentist's chair, it is black leather and wide, it enables an abducted person to sit comfortably and look forwards rather than having to stare up into the ceiling. I was under the impression, based on what was said while this was shown and explained to me when I showered, that this chair is used so that the abductee is calm because it's more natural or less scary than lying down on the worktable. But now based on what Hamish said, then maybe it is used when procedures mandate specifically for an abductee to be sitting more upright, such as when using, working on, the mouth or esophagus. And yet I wonder if *any* accommodations are made at the Zetas' to provide the abductee with more comfort, or are all medical instruments and procedures merely the design for effective work and results for the Zetas?

We move very fast, with these. – Zeta about their spaceships

Now I am going to stop writing. My kidneys are hurting because I have eaten a lot of chocolates today and not had enough to drink, so I am going to drink a lot of water and then lie down in bed and see what happens.

Can you hear me? Yes-No, that sandwich. – Hamish, sandwich are the crackers with chocolate cover. I ate those today and also several pieces of white chocolate with white chocolate cream filling

Goodnight. I hope I get to remember the alien abduction. I really don't mind if they do collecting feces or feed

We only need to make with your rump. – one of the aliens says

Make what? – me

What comes out of there, of course! – Zeta not angry

We need to see what you are feeding on. – one of the aliens

Yes. I understand. I would like to be awake for it. *I would be happy then.* Please let me. I want to meet Hamish too, and Dinosaurs. – me

The military have tried to kick us out. – a reptilian says with contempt and viciousness

I would never try to kick a reptilian. – me

She likes us! – a reptilian smiles by closing its lower eyelids up to about halfway across the eyes, it is a Draconian smile

It is also our crying. If we decide to cry, if we decide to do it. – Hamish or other Reptilian, about the lower eyelids closing gesture

They talk about feeding me a tiny white embryo into my stomach, then inducing me to vomit it so that they can pick it up again presumably in digested or partly digested form. It would be either a whole tiny embryo, or a part of an embryo. Of course I find that, objectionable. Especially since I try to be a vegetarian. The Zetas were also interested in feeding me with salts that I just suspect might not be compatible with the human physiology. Zetas said while I was in the shower that if I eat sugar they might want to feed me with carcinogen substances as a punishment, because they have given cancerous substances to other humans and watched those humans as they have cancer, they said. I told them of course that as soon as I can meet them in a real awake abduction, then I can happily do what they say and stop eating sugar (as that would be beneficial to my health also). But I do not know if they are real or hallucinations, I told them. Even though I have established long ago that these aliens they are real.

I am now going to bed. The conversations will continue, but I will not be able to write them down.

September 8, 2015

9:14 AM

When I went to bed and the lights were off, it was just past 1:30 AM at night. I got to see a mental image of a Mantid, this tall large green insect, but I like the Mantids, when we connect our minds mentally I can feel who they are, and they are someone I can trust and feel comfortable with. It doesn't matter that they look like a big insect. The Mantids are good to spend time with.

The Zetas let me see a mental image in my mind of what was a large medical room. The room was huge in size, considering that it was mostly empty except for at least the medical table in the center, the room seemed oversized beyond necessary. The floor was white and seemed made out of white square tiles. Walls and probably also ceiling were white. It was not a perfectly clean-seeming fresh newly built white room that would glow and shine, rather it felt like it had been used. Perhaps I could sense that in the past there had been body fluids there, like that yellow fluid that oozes out of people's wounds. The room seemed cleaned and washed, but I can always sense in rooms if in the past there have been those bodily fluids there.

I complimented the Zetas telepathically from my bed on the room and I asked them whether there was a large window up above behind where the military men were watching from, but they didn't say. In the image I was already lying on that table.

We hope that you don't mind our workbench! – a Zeta says

I don't mind, much. – me

We do work there. And first, we need to try and get you pregnant. – Mölök the Dark Lord

We want to drink the juice too. So give it to us. – Mölök whispers [comment in editing: "to drink someone's juice" is a concept it took me forever to figure out what they mean, but basically these Dark Lords are incubi, they can steal a person's life force similar to how a plant takes in sunlight through radiation. Dark Lords flare up a person's life force by pain, fear, or sexually, then they steal it. The ultimate "juice" is to steal all of the life force in a ritual sacrifice in which the victim dies. Or they can have only some juice and the victim lives. They have taken "juice" from me many times. It weakens the body.]

Not now. And not from me, you will have to find someone else. – me to Mölök

Were you surprised to see us there, chimpanzee, were you afraid? – Mölök

No, I was not afraid, nor was I surprised. – me

We were there for you. – Mölök the black creature "smiles" with his eyes like Reptilians do by raising lower eyelids and closing upper eyelids some

Let me write this story now, I have a lot that I have to remember. – me

Yes, of course, since you provide us with our goats. – Mölök graciously kindly allows

In the mental image I was already naked on that table, and I sensed that behind me was a military man with black hair, out of sight. The Zetas told me that the military have to watch and they indicated toward a person behind my head, whose presence I could also sense. But I said that I didn't care about the military, because I don't. I was there to see the aliens.

In the image there were three Zetas

We were there, at the table. With Lasarus there! And our team! – a Zeta, not angry, just excitable

Three Zetas stood at the foot-end half of me. Lasarus stood to my left side, a second Zeta stood further away from my head, or closer to the toes than Lasarus, also on my left side. And a third Zeta stood on the right side or at the short end of my feet. When I had been on my way of going to bed last night, the aliens had told me while I was walking in the hallway here at home to go to my room for bed, they had told me about Lasarus. I was so happy to hear his name! I had forgotten all about his name and Lasarus. Lasarus is one of my Zetas, he is very gentle and friendly with me. He is like a doctor.

I am a butt doctor. – Lasarus

Yes. You are. *And I am very proud and impressed with that.* - me

We don't like to give you, ... - Zeta said the names of one or two chemical substances, which from the context I felt that they might have been sedatives that keep me under, or otherwise some kind of narcotic medical substance for the brain

So when I saw the mental image with me lying on a table in that big white medical room and three Zetas around the foot-end of me, I asked them which of them is Lasarus? And the one on the left who was closer to me said that he is, he was Lasarus. That was great.

These Zetas do not look like one would expect. It's not just a simple light-bulb shaped large pale gray head with those two large black eyes on a slender naked body. The head is flatter and not as large as that, and the eyes look very real, there are some creases under and above the eyes. (It is fantastic to see them!)

We wanted to go to school here, we have a kindergarten. – Zeta about their hybrid children
My goats??? – Mölök the Dark Lord

I now smell the smell of pee, a nuance of urine which by no means is mine. Urine from different people most often has its own nuance in the smell which is unique to a person. That is not my urine, nor do I smell of urine. I suspect that I caught a whiff of a hybrid child. I have told you before how the hybrid children more often than not, or perhaps even *always*, reek of urine, so much as if they were literally soaked in it. You should know some Zetas also smell like soaked in urine, but it seems to depend, sometimes a Zeta smells like urine and at other times they do not. I don't think it's a hygiene problem. I know the Zetas secrete metabolic waste products out through their skin, kind of like how sharks are said to urinate through their skin. The hybrids seem to do that too, unless they pee from a urethra and they just pee themselves uncontrollably and nobody changes their pants, but I suspect they too secrete through their skin. But I didn't see a mental image of a hybrid child, I just caught the smell of the urine.

The three Zetas were mentally conversating with one another, and it was magnificent for me to lie there naked and to carefully try to listen in mentally to their conversation. I did not want to bother them, but it was great seeing them just being Zetas and talking to each other the Zetas. The way they conversed with each other by my feet was very calm and low-toned, almost like whispering. There was nothing angered or energetic or any effort in the way that they spoke together, as if gentle whispering was enough to let them understand each other, as if they can hear one another without much energy usage, whereas when Zetas and aliens talk to me they use louder telepathic voices and also often tend to seem angered and fierce when they speak. But with one another, the three of them were in a gentle mild conversation. All three were involved in a conversation together.

I wondered quite pleased whether they might be conversating about molecules and chemistry or genetics. I told them I know some about science from humans but I understood that their understanding of science must be far ahead of ours. The Zetas then told me that they are a much older and more advanced race than mine.

I noticed that I felt like a child again. I felt like in the presence of adults. There are human children, and there are human adults. And that's it. Human children feel like children when in the presence of human adults that know more. And now I got to feel like a child again, a human adult but a child in the presence of Zetas. Zetas feel like adults compared to human adults. It was an interesting experience. Human children feel that human adults know the situation better

We don't have dolls, pets, or toys for you. – Zeta shows me a plush little brown teddybear with long hairs, in fact it looks like the one that disappeared from our home when I had told the aliens that yes they are welcome to take it with them for the hybrid children

I don't need toys darling! I am just as happy to see the aliens. – me

Even when we bring you this? – Zeta holding the long transparent plastic tubing in its hands

Even then. I am a scientist, so I am happy to see you. – me

Gulp gulp, she is not afraid! – Mölök declares

Now let me get back to writing. I want to write everything I remember. – me

We put this in your mouths. – Zeta about the tubing, still in its hands

Yes. I know. It goes down into my stomach. You can use it to put substances *into* my stomach – me interrupted

Please do not talk to me any more, little girl. – Zeta says to my brain, wanting my brain to stop making electrical firing that produce the sounds or messages toward him, he said little or [little] I forgot or didn't hear which clearly

You are not these childrens' mother anymore. We have taken them away from you. *And we hope, that you are not frustrated, we hope that you do not mind.* We are taking them to other planets. With, or without your help! – Zeta

Look, you Zetas are always agitated and you always expect me to be angry with what you do. Meanwhile I am always calm and friendly. So stop thinking that I am angry. I don't *care* about those children, one bit. Instead I care about the Dinosaurs, the Mantids, and Hamish. And Zetas. I don't *care* about the hybrid children, because if I tried to then I would get emotionally (and probably mentally) hurt. So I leave them alone. *Also because they would molest me otherwise.* - me

This one, is no longer your girl. We have told her that. – Zeta to me about a hybrid girl

And we will take it to the forest. – Mölök, ie. where creatures are harmed

I now want to write my story here. – me

So, you were not afraid of this thing? – Zeta still holding the tubing in its hands

Was she not afraid? – the hybrid girl asks Zeta

No! She was not afraid! – Zeta cheerfully answers the girl

We want to bury them in a forest. – Mölök about hybrid kids, with an image of a pit that was dug in a forest and covered up again

Where was I. Human children feel that adult humans understand the situation better

You are listening to a strange kind of music. – hybrid girl thinks to a guitar instrument, I am listening to classical music on the online radio, it has of course no guitars

It is music that I like. – me

Is it Haydn? – Zeta asks

I do not know that. – me

My black socks, are here. – Mölök shows me one of his feet which he lifts up off the floor to show me

The song playing now is Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, Overture To The Opera "La dama boba".

The feeling that an adult knows more, that there are secrets and the knowledge about how things are run and functioning that a child does not know, and does not always need to know. That special feeling that I have not had since I was a child, I felt the same way lying there on the medical table with the Zetas by my feet. And it was a pleasant feeling, something nice, because then at the same time it also feels like I can trust the “adults”, which in this care were more advanced Zeta alien beings. Then I don’t have to know everything.

I couldn’t quite make out what they were saying to each other

We can show you our signs! – Zeta shows me mental image of Zeta writing, one of them is the greeting sign which looks a lot like the Japanese Yen, a Y with two short horizontal lines that cut the leg and one or two dots to the left side

I would love to, maybe later. Later? – me

We don’t cut. We don’t cut them. You said they were cut? – Zeta concerned, at first I don’t know what he means, then I read what I wrote

I just mean that it cuts across the symbol, that it crosses it. – me

We cross them, yes. – Zeta “smiles” with its eyes

I need to write a story. I would like to not talk for a while. – me

It was Mölök talking to you. – Mölök

I was aware of myself and my body as a very visceral thing. I thought of all the internal organs that I have, how I am just a lump of meat, like something at the butcher’s shop. Quite likely that I was feeling this way due to how the Zetas were thinking about me, because I don’t usually normally go around thinking of myself as a bag of meat containing organs. Instead I see a person, I am a “me”, I am the woman the person on my skin on the outside and in my eyes and even my hair has a personality because it is me. But now at the Zetas’ table I thought about all the organs, all the chemistry inside me, and how much there was in there to know. It wasn’t an uncomfortable feeling. Perhaps it would have been terrifying to someone else, but I have studied human anatomy at college and I almost went into medical school, and I have studied tons of chemistry so I find it fascinating too. Or perhaps I was just comparing myself to the Zetas, thinking about how much there is in me that they want to understand.

I told the Zetas that they probably know a lot more about my body than I do. They said that they still have a lot to learn. They have a lot more work to do.

One of the Zetas maybe it was Lasarus showed me a sharp fine steel-colored metal scalpel in its hands and asked me if I was afraid. I said I was not afraid to see it, but that I was worried about infections and incisions but that if they do a good job then I would not be so afraid. I felt calm to see the scalpel. The Zetas asked me if they could cut into two parts of my body. One was if they could please cut into my right side eye, to cut into that covering layer the lense and perhaps also into the pupil. I said no! The other part that they would have wanted to cut into, I think it was just asking if they could make an incision into my abdomen. To be honest my right side eye feels entirely scrambled. The left side eye feels normal and functions properly, but the right side eye doesn’t follow my instructions perfectly and not smoothly. It feels like a glass eye, I am constantly aware of a feeling from the right eye as if it were a

hard glass eye, whereas the normal left eye doesn't feel anything and is soft in the socket and doesn't make itself aware in any sensation throughout the day. My right eye bothers me constantly all day long every day. The aliens have before said that they have taken that right side eye out once, or probably more than once. The right side eye also does not move properly, and my left and right eyes are not coordinated so I have a squint or what is it called when one eye doesn't obey properly the eyes are not coordinated, it bothers me. I didn't always have it, only in my adult life. But I had told them no that they cannot cut into my eye. My eyes are sensitive organs, I don't want them harmed (more). In my daily life I do suspect that the aliens have done something that has ruined my eye, but I am not entirely sure of that either.

Hamish had been sent away to some underground dark basement location and I was shown a mental image of Hamish sitting slumped there, my precious pooch. So Hamish was not in the room with us. Then came in a Dark Lord

It wasn't the Sith. *It was me!* – Mölök, Sith is presumably another Dark Lord

I was guarding you here, you see. – Mölök adds, here is the large medical examination room

We don't have bright lights for you, for your eyes. – Zeta about the medical room not being brightly lit at the table, the mental image was of very bright lights shining right down at the table or at me

I don't mind bright lights, if you need them. – me

No, *but for you* we don't have them. – Zeta

Do you have them for you? – me

We haven't kidnapped anyone else before, who has wanted to give us their eggs. So, we are very proud of this moment. We like the eggs here. We can make things out of them. **And then we eat them, as snacks.** I am proud of that too. So proud! – Mölök

A Dark Lord came in from my left side and was behind the Zetas. The Zetas became a bit tense when the Dark Lord came in. I was going to talk to the Dark Lord, and the Zetas recommended that I not talk to the Dark Lord, they told me not to. But after a few seconds passed by and nothing "bad" was happening, I talked a little bit with the Dark Lord anyway. He wasn't doing anything scary, and the atmosphere wasn't all satanic and bad either, at least not that I could have felt.

Some time during this contact the Zetas showed me that their spaceship could park in a water dam under the water and they said that they felt safe while parked there, they would have wanted to stay there.

We come here in our cigars. And chase them. To get to work! – Mölök laughs, the cigar is thus a spacecraft for the Dark Lords, I've known Dark Lords to be in the cigar ones before. I must say again that every time I've seen a cigar shaped UFO on tv I have screamed hysterically and run away and shivered and screamed and been a mess for a long time. I've always felt a most sinister energy coming from them. It could actually be coming from the machinery inside them, and not from the entities themselves. It feels horrible, horrendous, as if the machines can rip into space and make a hole into thin air, rip atoms and molecules and space itself. It feels horrible. So Mölök here says that Dark Lords ride in the cigar spaceships and chase the Zeta UFOs to tell the Zetas to get to work!

The dam is built by humans, you know in the United States or probably also in other countries as well they build that large bulging-shaped wall which traps a huge body of water into a lake that rises. The other side usually becomes dry and ruins the landscape. Anyway the Zetas like to park their round white spherical UFO down by the wall under the water. I told the Zetas I was worried for their safety, are they really safe from humans there like that?

We like our pizzas and pies. We like to eat them. So we are glad that you give them to us! Our pizzas and pies! – Dark Lord Mölök pleased, none of this was angry or even roaring

... I like pizza sometimes. – me

We don't like to fight with you. – Mölök

We can't be angry at you any more! – Mölök to me

Is she, a giraffe sometimes? – the hybrid girl asks the other aliens about me

No. I am not a giraffe. I am a human. – me

We will take this into your nose! **If you are not a giraffe for us!** – a Zeta with the plastic tubing, the Zeta got angry at me

I'm not sure if I was aware of anything else in the contact. Oh, Lasarus was very pleasant and calm with me. The second Zeta on the left I guess was polite and calm too, but didn't seem to say much to me. But the third Zeta at the right side or by my feet was very sassy! It was a terribly angry person!

I must have fallen asleep right about then. However, I had a horrendous dream last night, which I'm nearly completely sure of was dictated from things told or shown to me by Zetas and/or Dark Lords. Namely I had a long dream about a plague epidemic. And being a dream I thought it was my reality, this movie scene that I was living in. There was the plague, and we people didn't quite understand how to avert it. People were getting sick with it all the time, and then they died.

It catches their lungs. And then it don't let go. So we designed it that way. So that we could have more people to eat. We wanted more lunches. We wanted people to be *eating!* So we took out the ones that were not. The hopeless ones, we should say about them??? We wanted to eat. So we took them out, the others. We wanted more pizza pie! – Mölök, the underlined is not angry, just very pleased

The sky was black and at night. But the plague wasn't *as* horrendous to have as I would have always imagined. It was just people getting sick. This whole cataclysmic horror wasn't there. It was just people being sick, with fever first and they were vomiting when they had contracted the illness. This whole fright that we feel when we think of the plague today, feeling so horribly scared, well the people didn't feel all of that. They were just simply having a fever and vomiting.

It affects their lungs. So that they can be our soup next time. We wanted their lungs to collapse, so we designed it that way. The metabolic rate??? Was it not affected? – Mölök, perhaps a Zeta told him something about metabolic rate, perhaps in relation to the plague

The metabolic rate isn't affected by it. We just called it the bubonic. And then we got free time here! – Mölök, the underlined was excited and happy not angry

People died soon after they had contracted the illness. In the dream I was a woman and I was one who was helping to wheelbarrel the dead bodies to a cemetery which was just growing. The smell there was horrendous. I was told that it would smell really horrible once I get to the graveyard, and I braced myself but it was unlike I could have expected. Actually I have smelled a dead mouse from when I had mice as pets as a child. It is the smell of a dead mouse, but here it also had the smell of vomit and disease. Bodies were being buried in many rows. There seemed to be bodies that had just been dumped in their allocated spots and not properly buried down so they smelled really bad, the smell of a dead mouse.

It was a horrendous and long-lasting dream and I woke up after that dream and the aliens were talking to me about the plague. So I had been asleep while they had been telling me about the plague and my mind had dictated a dream out of it in which I was partaking. So turns out the aliens of the Agenda, meaning Dark Lords and Zetas, they created the plague and gave it to humans. A Dark Lord told me now that I was awake in the morning that the disease had been put into the well water because “everybody has to drink sooner or later”, he said. In the dream there had been a man who was immune to the disease, he would not catch the disease, or maybe that he had first had a fever but recovered. Some humans were immune to the plague and they survived. But the other ones they all died. This was a way in which the aliens were able to selectively choose which type of humans will remain and the other ones were wiped out. For Agenda purposes.

The thing is, doesn't the Christian church say that diseases such as the plague were given to humanity by these black demonic monsters, which I've for a long time now already known are the Dark Lords? Scientists today scoff at those observations made hundreds of years ago. Today's scientists think they can rewrite history in ways that suit them. Who are we to simply reject all the things that humans long ago experienced and things that happened to them? They probably even knew that the Dark Lords had done this to them.

The plague??? The plague?? – Dark Lord

What else when I woke up. Oh yes, a Zeta told me that the Zetas are afraid of “the eye”, meaning the Eye god of the Dark Lords. Zetas are fearful of the Dark Lords and The Eye. They don't seem to wholeheartedly want to work there for the Agenda, yet they are there. Perhaps since they need the help to get genetic material from people like me

They get help?? We help them??? – Dark Lord surprised, as if he had never heard before that the Dark Lords would supposedly be *helping* the Zetas!

We are not all from the central Sun, but they are. They are *from there*. – Zeta shows me image of The Eye, a central swirling astronomical thing in space, it has like gray clouds in a swirling pattern around it

What is it, is it a sun? Is it a star? – me

It is a star that has collapsed, a neutron star. – Dark Lord quickly speaks

Are you from there, Dark Lord? – me

Yes. – Dark Lord

Is it The Eye, which you hold as god? – me

The god, it speaks to us. *It tells us what to do here.* It tells us, “**MöLöK!**” It tells us. And then we need to

do it. We have built houses for it too, but it doesn't talk about them [about houses]. – Dark Lord, these houses are temples

... Can I, have the Eye speak to me too? – me I say with a trembling voice

It can only speak to the goats. We can bring you there, if you want? – Mölök kindly

I don't want to go there. I am afraid of The Eye. Is it dangerous? – me

No, but it only wants the goats. *It wasn't afraid of you, therefore.* It doesn't like that music either. – Dark Lord about my classical music, now playing Francesco Durante, Concerto No. 5 In A Major

It wanted goats, from space. – Mölök

... Is The Eye like a person? Does it think and speak too? – me

It is not. And, *do not tell it anymore about our goats.* It liked to have them there! – Mölök, there meaning into the eye

Is it an astronomical feature? Something with outer space? – me

It wanted goats. From us. So that we can feed it. It wanted us to bring them there. – Mölök

How do you know, Dark Lord Mölök, that The Eye wanted to feed on goats? – me

Because we give them to it, and it likes it! – Mölök while thinking of blood from a body

How does it like them? How do you *know*? – me

This bitch doesn't want to know all about us. – Mölök or other Dark Lord about me

I want to understand. I want to know more. – me

You know about the coffee? And what it does to us? Well, Mölök likes it too. *We like to give it to them too.* The coffee??? – Mölök, "to them too" was to the Zetas too

Coffee is an energy you derive from living bodies that are tortured or sexually raped. – me

We also bring these, the cattle prods. – Mölök shows me a white bat

The Turtles, are here! – Hamish!!

Hamish! Hello Hamish! – me, gee gosh, I had totally forgotten about Hamish :)

Hello Darling. How are you doing? I love you Dragon Hamish. – me :)

My old. Back is shield. It is mine. It is for my dances. I have been taken from there. My eggs, they said. It has been taken. It is a long time, that I have been here. I have been scarred. There is in me, in the back. I have not been killed! I am sure of that! It is a long time it is. I have been killed, not. It was hard, old [about back]. – Hamish, "scarred" seemed to mean scars on his back, scars, as opposed to anything to do with [anything else]

I have been held captive here! – Hamish

My heart breaks and is torn from hearing Hamish's voice telling me about how he has been taken by these creatures.

I do not belong here, they quarrel with me! – Hamish about Zetas

You belong with me. I think you are great. I love you. – me

Water for my Zeta. – Hamish, image of the bath vats where Zetas lie in bloody liquid

I love you Hamish. – me, and that is all what can be said, about anything

Hamish was very afraid, when we were talking about the central sun. – Dark Lord Mölök explains to me, with a mental image of the central sun, that big swirling astronomical body and this time the center was glowing with orange and white light

Dark Lord? Do you know about astronomy? – me

Well, yes, we have invented it before. – Dark Lord with mental thought image of black space in the background and several turquoise-blue-white colored Zeta hieroglyphics

By the way when I woke up in the morning my aliens told me that “the Turquoise” do not want me to be used in this way or something like that. The Turquoise (interrupted) [added in editing: “the Turquoise” are an alien resistance force against the Agenda. The symbol used by the “Turquoise” is a turquoise-colored upside down pyramid with the point pointing *down*.]

It is not allowed to kill me. – Hamish

Hamish, darling. I will do anything I can, to defend you. Do you all understand? You are so very important to me. Can someone give Hamish some peace, and a safe place for him? Could you? – me

He does not want to see us. – Zeta about Hamish

Hamish? Is there a safe place for you anywhere? I want a safe place for you. I love you, you are important to me. – me

My eggs, they like me. – Hamish

It tears me apart to hear his voice speak when he is afraid of being murdered. I love him so much, and he is not feeling safe. I just want to rush to him and put my arms around him and guard him safe. I would place my own life as a barrier against anything that threatens to harm him, so that he could rest assured and safe in my arms.

We want to drink juice! – a Dark Lord either Mölök or the other one if there was another one here today

I want to know about the central sun. Where is it located? Is it far away from Earth? – me

Yes, it is far away from Tellus. – says Zeta and thinks as if planet Earth was a ball of liquid water, *which it is*

Zetas? Does the central sun really *speak*? – me

No, it does not. But they can hear it. – Zeta, they are the Dark Lords

It has been frustrated at us for a long time. – Dark Lord to me about The Eye

Is it an eye? – me

It is not a loved life. – Zeta I think, to me about The Eye

Dark Lord Mölök? How does The Eye respond when you give it goats? – me

It feeds them, with us. – Mölök pleased

I have so many questions, but this could take a long time before I understand the Dark Lords and the central Sun.

Is the central Sun the same thing as The Eye? – me

No it is not, they are two and entirely different. The central sun is where our home is. And The Eye, it is our Theta. Our Theton place [ie. The Eye]. – Dark Lord

... Aha. So the central sun is nearabouts to your home world, and your home world is Alpha Theta and is also called The Eye. Is that right? – me

We want goats, we want them. – Dark Lord Mölök or the other one, with image of itself with white baby

legs in its mouth

Alright. I have got to go now, I want to do other things for a while. It's been too much for now. – me

We wanted you to have a paradise, like Adam and Eva. So, we are recreating it, here. – Zeta

It said, my eggs. – Hamish

I love you Hamish! Have a good day, Turtle! – me, I really do love Hamish

We didn't have any panties on you. We thought that was great. – Dark Lord Mölök

That's right, I went to bed wearing only my sheer green long t-shirt and no underwear, usually I sleep in underpants I mean panties but I had just come out of the shower and I decided it's easier for the Zetas to work around there if I wear no panties, so I told them that I'm not wearing any just for them, and they said they were happy about that because it's trouble always to take them off.

10:55 AM, September 8 2015

You are a dachshund. – the sassy Zeta

Am I? – me

12:23 noon, September 8 2015

Do not pick at me, hound! – sassy Zeta when I approached it mentally to touch and approach it

3:17 PM. I write these additions from things I remember that happened earlier: last night before I saw myself on the table in the workroom, the Zetas had shown me one of their hands, it had three long fingers, the middle finger is the longest.

And when I was speaking with the sassy Zeta when I saw myself in an image on the table, I had asked him if he hates me, he said that no he just finds me "irritating", he used that word. And this morning when I returned from the plague dream, I conversed with the sassy Zeta about its anger issues. Also in the morning when I had returned from the night and dreams, the sassy Zeta talked to me about how they need to use my "cunt", he used two different words in my native language that are ugly words for female parts. I told him there is no need to be so angry or use rude words.

It takes me hours and hours to write The Orion Project, yet I have seen it as important to write down next to *everything* for a whole complete picture. That is why I have probably learned more about the Alien Agenda than any other alien abductee source who writes and shares in the public. The military would of course know more, but they are not sharing. They keep this covert.

If you want to support The Orion Project, and give thanks, please buy the eBooks from our website www.orionmindproject.com/books.html you can also give a higher amount as thanks than asked.

Help spread this document with as many people who are interested in aliens as you can. With The Orion Project I have gathered a lot of information you just don't find elsewhere. Mainstream humanity does for instance not even know that the Zetas and Reptilians work for the Dark Lords, Alpha Thetons, whose god is The Eye, which is an astronomical feature that speaks to them.

Visit our website to learn more, and only the eBooks have the full uncensored versions which are too graphic, horrendous, disgusting, and sexual to publish on the internet. Thanks, Eva Draconis.

Here is a picture of me and Hamish:



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