

**The Orion Project**  
**www.orionmindproject.com**

**Reading “An Open Letter to Alien Lurkers” by David Brin to the Aliens**

<http://www.ieti.org/articles/brin.htm>

July 18, 2013

8:25 PM

Reading David Brin’s article <http://www.ieti.org/articles/brin.htm> with the Aliens

I want to read this with the Orion man mostly as he gives the best answers.

Dear Orion man. I have something I wish to read with you. Are you available for that? – me

I don’t want to talk about another planet. – OR

Why not? There is a long letter that I wish to read together with you and see what your comments are. – me

I don’t want to do it. – OR

Please? For me? I would like that. Why won’t you? – me

Because we want your eggs, that is why. – OR

But I have given you my eggs! Now, please do this one thing with me in return. Please? Let’s read this together you and me. – me

We are not nice. – OR

I *know* that! But I want to read something with you! – me

We are here until the end of July. – OR

Please, extend your stay beyond July. You are more than welcome here with me. I want to continue to learn about you more things. – me

We are visiting. – Hamish

Hello Hamish. How are you. – me

We don’t like the garlic. – Hamish, about the garlic in our kitchen

I know, Hamish. I know you don’t like it. – me

*We don’t like it, I said!* – Hamish

Yes Hamish, I know. I won’t eat garlic today I promise. – me

We are visiting until July ends. – OR

Then, can you extend your stay with me? Please? I want you to stay with me here. – me

We don’t like lamps. – Hamish, he doesn’t like the lamp in my bedroom, the night light, his thought image revealed

Hamish? No lamps here in the kitchen now. It is getting nice and dark here in the evening. Now, gentlemen. There is a long article written by a man whose name is David Brin. It is called: “An Open Letter to Alien Lurkers”! – me

They don’t want to know about our DNA. – OR or Hamish

Let’s just read and see what it says. It is written to you, to Alien life. He wanted Alien life to read it from him, so please let’s just read it together. – me

We eat flesh. – OR

I know that! You eat flesh! It is ok, humans do it also! Humans eat pigs and cows – me, interrupted  
And, this is our farm. – OR

Let's read. It says: "First, a message for you humans out there, who happen to be reading this right now. As many of you know, I approach the topic of non-human intelligent life from two perspectives. As an author using fiction to explore notions beyond today's science, I explore the forms and motivations that alien beings might assume, from outlandish to eerily familiar. I am also involved in the same subject at the scientific end, participating in the International Astronomical Union's Subcommittee on Bioastronomy.", he says. – me

David further writes, and please listen to me dear Aliens: "SETI -- the Search For Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence" – me interrupted

Tell him that you are not our woman! – Hamish or Orion says

What? What did you say? – me

So it reads: " – me, interrupted

Who wrote it? – OR

A man named David Brin. He doesn't think that Aliens are real. – me

And does he wrote for SETI? – Hamish, [sic]

No, he wrote this one to all of you Aliens. – me

Yes, and he called us Lurkers. – OR a bit hissy

Yes. He called you Lurkers. – me

And we are not Satan! – OR angry

No, I never accused you of that. – me

We want your eggs, that is why. – OR

You are welcome to my eggs, I have told that to you. *Now*, can we please resume to reading the article?

It is very long. – me

It continues as follows: " – me interrupted

It was not written to us, it was written to SETI. – Hamish

*No*, ... - me interrupted

We just want our eggs. – Hamish

.. It was written to you guys! Now let me read! "SETI – the Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence – can be a difficult and confusing topic, straddling the concerns of everyone from sober researchers to politicians" – me interrupted

We don't want to talk to SETI. – Hamish

Why not? – me

Because they don't have our ampoules here. – OR, the ampoules the aliens have contain semen

Ok. "... politicians to dreamers hoping that alien contact may somehow save humanity "from ourselves"." – me

Tell them that we are here for our DNA. – Hamish

And that we have guns that are better than theirs. – OR

Ok. "The good news? This widely-shared interest seems to reflect an eager expansiveness of spirit and willingness to entertain fresh ideas far beyond our mundane lives. The bad news is that our imaginations have forged so far beyond the sparse data on hand that things can get rather silly at times. Take those paranoid rumors that the U.S. Government has kept an alien spaceship" – me interrupted

Yes, they are working with us. – OR or other Alien

And they have *our keys here!* – Malik

But. We want our hunnun first. – Hamish

And! We wish to eat! – says Hamish and opens his mouth

“stashed away, studying it for decades. (Hmm... so it’s been studied incessantly by three generations of our brightest engineers... without any of them blowing the whistle by now? Right.)”, he says. “Nearly all SETI researchers agree that the public should be told right away, after any radio contact is confirmed. Most have initialed or signed a “protocol”, agreeing in advanced to principles of openness – e.g. that the contents of any message must not be kept secret.” See? That is why I think I need to share you guys with the world! *Are you still listening? Orion man?* – me

Yes, my sheep? – OR

Are you listening when I read to you this letter that was addressed to “Alien Lurkers”? – me

Yes, Miss. – Malik or OR

And we don’t have any ears to listen with. – OR shows me the sides of his head that have no external ears

But you can hear me? – me

**Yes!**, my monkeys! – OR

So, will you listen to this letter I am reading to you? – me

Let’s continue: “Still, there is disagreement over details.” – me

We need your women. Tell them that. – Hamish

“For example; though no signal from an interstellar civilization has ever been confirmed, controversy rages over whether or not we should reply,” see, Aliens? I always reply to you when you ask me things.

The SETI thinks that maybe we shouldn’t be talking to each other. – me

We only talk about the eggs. Tell them that. – OR

He is not a good astronomer. – OR about David Brin, cause I just wrote the title of this document

Why not? – me

He doesn’t even look at the stars with me. That is what I thought astronomers do. – OR

Would you *like* to look at the stars with David? – me

No. We only want our ovum. And first! We wanted to talk with him. *Where is he? This man who has written this letter?* And. Was it a difficult topic to bring forth to us? – OR

I don’t know whether it was a difficult topic or not. Let’s see what more he writes, as there is plenty more that he wanted “Alien Lurkers” to read. – me

Yes, it was very fascinating. To us at least. – OR

“when and if someone does pick up such a message.” – me

Is he talking about us? – OR

Yes. Alien Lurkers, that means *you*. – me

We are not the best ones to talk to here. – Malik

Why not? – me

We have not been with SETI. – Malik

Why not? Why haven’t you contacted the SETI who wish to talk to you? – me

**We don’t like radio scientists!!** – Malik

Why don’t you like them? Then why do you talk to me? Why am I so blessed? Why me why me why me?

– me

You are good for contact. – Malik

Why? How so? – me

You have eggs, with sugar. – Hamish, I ate sponge cake just now and it puts sugar into my eggs and ruins the DNA for their work, *it places carbohydrate markers on the DNA they say*

“Should our openness policy extend to announcing the exact sky coordinates of the signal sources, and the frequency extraterrestrials are using?” Guys, they never thought about telepathy! “Many SETI researchers think any confirmed signal will automatically result in a cacophony of replies, sent at once by any nation or interest group with the technology to shape a radio signal. Everyone from Ayatollahs to the Mafia, from science fiction fans and Klingon language scholars to recently-discovered Amazon tribes will begin beaming appeals and tracts at a particular point in space, almost the very next day.” How do you say about that? – me

We don’t want to talk to them. *Not unless*, they give us something first. – OR

What would you want from them as gifts? – me

We want you. – Malik

Me? Ok you can have me. So let’s continue reading this letter shall we. David has written a lot that he wants you “Alien Lurkers” to read. – me

There are masochistic societies out there. And we don’t know, if they are prepared to find that out. – OR  
I think for a *real* scientist, it would not matter how you live your lives. We would just want to know that there is life in space. Don’t you think? Well? – me

We are masochistic! – Malik

*I know that, Dear Malik.* But you cannot help it, you are *that kind of creature*, aren’t you. So, let’s continue reading. – me

This *David* isn’t interesting to Malik. I don’t want to read this. – Malik

But Malik. He spent a great deal of time writing to you all Alien Lurkers this magnificent letter. So let’s read what he says! – me

*There are no eggs here, and vitamins.* – Hamish with image of the sponge cake I baked still sitting on the stove top

“A minority in the SETI community thinks it would make better sense not to reply right away.” How did I do, guys, when you spoke to me the first day? I spoke back and we had a great conversation. It was wonderful to talk to you all. But let’s read: “Waiting a decade or so”, whoa! I could never have waited a decade let alone a year or a month before we spoke! I guess I have ruined SETI protocols. – me

No. You haven’t ruined anything with me. – OR

Hysh Hysh!, they say about it. – Thuban

I know. But let’s read: “to gather data and discuss the ramifications, might seem more prudent than instantly hollering into the unknown.” Me and you guys holler every day don’t we? All day long we just chat and talk about this and that, *don’t we?* – me

Yes. We chit-chat a lot. – OR

We are specialists in this. – OR or Malik

Yes? In what now exactly? – me

David, he writes: “Just look at the history of contact between human cultures, in our recent past. The less technologically advanced nearly always suffered.” – me

We are not talking with this “Brin”. – Malik or other ET

Why not? Let’s just read his letter to you Lurkers. “True, aliens may be a lot nicer than 18th Century European colonists were. But would you bet our future on it? Our limited experience suggests that it’s sensible for the weaker party to be cautious, and concentrate on listening before shouting.” What do you say so far? – me

We are given eggs here. – Hamish

Orions? What do you say so far, about alien contact? – me

We don’t mind being called “lurking”, because we are doing that. And! We have the greatest weapons here! So, *David need not know, David need not worry..* – OR

“As I’ve written elsewhere”, David says, “the apparent emptiness of the cosmos seems to suggest that something may be dangerous about our galaxy.” Guys? Is the galaxy dangerous? – me

No. There is mostly empty space. Tell that to your David Brin. The galaxy is mostly empty space. – OR

Ok. “But in fact, it seems that a message to aliens is about to be sent, whether we like it or not! This one doesn’t involve expensive transmitters or engravings on a space probe. There won’t be any extravagant shouting into interstellar space, because this message will go out swiftly and cheaply... on the Internet.

Toronto academic Allen Tough and 80 colleagues plan to issue an appeal via the World Wide Web” – me

Tell him, that we don’t think of you as tribesmen. – OR, about the previous mention of Amazon natives

Ok. Noted. “inviting extraterrestrial intelligent life-forms to please say hello. Professor Tough’s operating assumption – and hope – is that a smart probe from some advanced civilization” – me interrupted

Tell them that we only want eggs. – Hamish

“may already be monitoring our telecommunications. Perhaps it has resided in our solar system for centuries or longer. Or maybe it was drawn in recently, by radio signals emanating from our little world.

Either way, if it has kept up with the increasing sophistication of our signals, it may be monitoring the

Web right now.” Are you guys on the internet? Do you read the internet? – me

We don’t watch our sheep that way. – OR

Why not? Why are you not interested in our internet pages? – me

We watch bombs. That is why. – OR

Ok. – me

And we are not a *hostile* race. – Malik or OR

Let’s continue. “In other words “they” may already be here, in a manner of speaking. They just haven’t chosen to speak up. Dr. Tough hopes to do something about this possibility. His web site is designed to draw the attention of any alien “lurker” (or lurkers) out there. He hopes the content of the hello page will persuade the alien to abandon its present policy of silence.” Do you have a policy of silence toward the humans? – me

We only want our eggs. – OR

So you don’t care about talking with humans? – me

No, you silly ape. – OR

Ok. – me

And we like math. – a Zeta-type Alien

Hello! Who are you? – me

I am Pakeha. – Pakeha

Pakeha! Thanks for joining in! I am reading a letter to you “Alien Lurkers”! It is great fun to see what

David Brin has written to you! – me

“Perhaps the right kind of invitation will sway ET (or ET’s probe) to phone us. All right, let’s go along with this assumption”, he writes. – me

We just want our eggs. Now. – Hamish

Ok. “Before crafting any such message, we should ask – what do we already know? The one clear fact about any purported lurking space alien or probe is that most of us are presently unaware of its existence. It’s been silent, so far. At least to a majority of human beings. The most likely conclusion to draw from this sole fact? Why, that such a lurker probably doesn’t exist!” Do you Aliens exist? Are you really here and do you exist? – me

We want you to eat more calcium than that. – Pakeha who thinks about the sponge cake on the stove

Yes, but sponge cake is just a treat, it is not meant to nourish... *Do I need more calcium?* – me

“Still, that’s not the only possible explanation. My 1983 short story – “Lungfish” – explored this very situation, coming up with a number of possible alternatives”, David writes. “I admit, the subject fascinates me. So let’s stretch our imaginations!” – me

We don’t want you to eat that cake with coffee. – Pakeha about the sponge cake. I didn’t have coffee but he must know I nearly made some and that I told mom I would make her some coffee with it, but she didn’t want coffee either.

“In drafting my contribution to Dr. Tough’s site, committed to electronic form and cast into space, here’s what I came up with, so far –”, David has written. – me

*Pakeha thinks about the smoked salmon I had earlier. I see his thought images when he is connected and close. I also see a remote image of his appearance in his whereabouts. He is a pale gray creature with slender body and long arms and legs, a very big head, dark eyes.*

We wanted you to throw it out. – Pakeha concludes about the sponge cake

I can’t. My mother and sister will want to eat it. I can opt to not have any more, if you really like. – me

Yes, opt that. – Pakeha

Ok. – me

Because, you are these children’s mother. – Pakeha about the little hybrid children

“To any alien lurkers prowling or waiting out there – if you are reading this, perusing the electronic communications network of our lonely little planet, please pick whichever of the following applies to you, and ignore the rest”. So here let’s see what the options are: “1. If you’ve spent years monitoring our radio, our television” – me interrupted

Tell him that we have not done that. – Pakeha

Why haven’t you? Why don’t you look at our television and radio broadcasting out into space? – me

Why? – Pakeha

Why? Because...? Humans are doing that activity? – me

It has no messages for us yet. – Hamish

I thought it did? – me

We are not prowling. We are conducting a genetics study. So, *tell him*, that we are not prowling. – Pakeha

And tell him, not to think of us as idiots! – Malik about David

“and now our internet – and the reason you haven’t answered is that you are afraid of the rash or violent behavior you see depicted in our media... please be reassured!”, ok, Aliens, I’ve got to laugh now.

Because *you* are the guys who are very violent! I've seen so much atrocities done by you toward others, that you would surely not be afraid of any human wrongdoings! Let's just skip his number 1 because it does not apply to you, he told you to ignore the ones that don't apply. Because you *haven't* been monitoring human television and internet and also because you are clearly not afraid of human wrongdoings, are you? – me

No, we are here for the eggs. – Hamish

We are not prowling! – Pakeha upset

It's ok. I know you are not, *although honestly, my English isn't good enough so I don't know what that word means.* – me

They are making our snacks. – says red Hamish pleased

*I love you Hamish. You are a cutie-pie. You are my Dragon Turtle.* – me

Don't say, Kissy Feet. – Hamish

I haven't. – me

*I wasn't red for you before?* – Hamish

You are *always* red. – me

That is because I was made that way. – Hamish

And we are not prowling, anyway. –Hamish or Pakeha says

We don't want you to eat that spongecake! – Pakeha

Ok. Let's continue with this article he has written to you Aliens. "2. If you've monitored our TV, radio..."

Let's just skip that again because *you haven't* been monitoring human television, have you? – me

We don't want to say that we have. – OR

Have you? – me

We have listened to them. – OR

You have? – me

We listen to them all the time. – OR

To whom? – me

To monkeys! – OR

Ok. "3. If you've monitored our TV, radio..." But again, you said that you haven't. "4. If you've monitored..." Ok, let's skip *all the way down* to ten. Because you haven't been monitoring human television and internet. – me

We wanted to say something. What do they think about us? Do they think that we are great? – Pakeha

I don't know what they think about you. – me

Do they like that we take their women? – Pakeha

Probably not. – me

Then we don't want to be known. – Pakeha feels sad

I'm ok with it. I will be your woman. You can take me all the time and I will help you with your eggs and DNA. It's ok, Pakeha. I'm here for you. I love you guys. – me

We have taken you into an operating theatre! – Pakeha

I like going there. Because sometimes I get to wake up and meet everybody. It is the best thing there is.

And I want to go again and see you there! – me

You are *my* monkeys. – OR

Now, let's read: "10. All right, let's suppose you", Aliens, "haven't answered because the universe is

horribly dangerous. For instance, perhaps radio transmissions tend to be picked up by “berserker” world-destroyers, sent to wreck burgeoning civilizations, as soon as they rear up and speak. Well, you could have warned us, no? But then, any warning might expose you, and besides, by now we must have already poured out so much bad radio and television that it’s already too late. Is a great big bomb already headed our way, to punish us for broadcasting Mister Ed? In that case, maybe you could spare us some battlecruiser blueprints and disintegrator-ray plans? Some spin-dizzies and Alderson Field generators would come in handy. Do try to hurry, please.” So now David Brin is asking you Aliens for some weapons. – me

We like sitting on your sofa. – says Pakeha and sits down gently on our sofa, on the middle seat of the three-seat

Yes, you are welcome to sit there my Love. – me

We are made by Birds. – OR or Malik

I know! The Bird Race! – me

I thought they might like to know that. *If* they want weapons from us. – Malik

Ok, Malik. I think David Brin has written a **horrible** and **irresponsible god damned** letter. HOW DARE HE solicit Aliens for weapons, without regarding the god-damned consequences? What an idiot, *pardon my French*. This is serious. The Draconians have serious weapons and you are not supposed to go asking Aliens anything related to **weapons!** – me

He didn’t ask me. – Hamish

No, *not you* Hamish. Not *you*, Dear. – me

Ok. I’m a bit upset here now, because the topic of weapons is really serious and David here should not be speaking to any Aliens out there. Especially not to Draconians. – me

We don’t want them to know that we eat them. – OR

If humans eat cows and pigs then this is God’s way of showing us that we need to care about the animals or that someone will do the same to us. You are carnivores, and I don’t think your eating habits disqualify you from being considered a wonderful discovery of alien life. We humans accept and learn about all kinds of living creatures here on the planet, so why would we not accept that some aliens might be willing to eat us? But answer me, why do you eat *humans* instead of more primitive animals? – me

You are the best, for that. – OR

Why so? Why can’t you eat something that is less sentient and alive? Like fish? – me

But, let’s carry on with this stupid article that is already enticing our dear Malik here to get all carried away about weapons. This kind of articles can do real damage with alien contact! Especially if it assumes to be representing humanity and Earth! How dare he! But let’s go on. “11. I guess we could have stopped at ten options.” *Really*, David? How about the Aliens *are not* monitoring the internet at all? Then how would they receive the article, I guess. But here is someone *reading* it to them. “11. I guess we could have stopped at ten options. But that would have been terribly parochial” what does parochial mean? – me

We are not the insects, tell them that. – someone with green Thuban goggle eyes

Hello! – me

We are here for eggs. – the goggle-eyed one

Nice to see you. Nice to meet you Darling. – me



*We are here for your eggs.* And I wanted to see bowel movements. – goggle-eyed, all else has been in English but “bowel movements” was in my other language

Ok. But we are having great fun reading a letter to Aliens here. So let’s finish this and then we can have a conversation. About eggs and sponge cake. – me

If they think that we are not better, we won’t talk to them. – the goggle-eyed speaks

“Parochial and narrow minded, revealing a chauvinistic cultural bias in favor of beings with five digits on each of merely two hands. So, for all you lurkers out there” and that is you! “who use base eleven math and such, here’s a final hypothesis – that you’ve monitored our TV, radio – and now our internet – and the reason you haven’t answered” – me

We don’t want to tell you what parochial means. – one of the ETs, maybe Malik or the goggle-eyed

*What does it mean?* – me

We are not their guests. – Malik or other ET

Let’s continue, guys. We are almost done with this stupid letter that talks to Aliens about weapons and could do a lot of **god-damned harm!** Sorry. “is that you are weird.” *What the fuck?* David what are you writing here, you idiot? Sorry but I get so carried away because this was supposed to be a useful document to read for the Aliens and turns out it is entirely stupid. I have known Aliens for two years – me

Tell them that we are collecting your eggs. And don’t tell them to be mad at you. – Pakeha

I’m just sad that people won’t believe that you Aliens are real. They think that the way you are described by my encounters *and by these very conversations* it makes you seem not real. – me

We are not intelligent to them. – Malik or other ET

Well, it’s not that, I guess. – me

We are not *parochial*. – Malik

What does it mean? – me

Phew. “Are you waiting until the Earth evolves a more physically attractive sapient race, more like cockroaches? Do you stare down at our extravagant road systems and imagine that automobiles are the dominant life form?” Ok what the hell David are you writing to Aliens. Are you even qualified to write to Alien life forms? What the hell have you done and littered the internet with, *no god-damned offense intended?* What the fuck is this? Why have you spent my time and the time of my precious aliens whom you refuse to believe are real and whom you have described as childish and evil (yes they are that, but not childish) ... *what kind of rubbish are you writing to my Aliens?* – me

Dear Sapient... - Pakeha begins

We are not idiots. – Pakeha

Oh, *Pakeha dear*. This man who wrote this letter to you is an absolute moron. Look at the crap he writes! – me

We are not insects. *But we are Mantids.* – the goggle-eyed speaks

Tell him not to talk to our woman. – Hamish about David

No, we haven’t been talking... it’s just that I thought I had to read this letter of his to you. This letter is so stupid I feel so embarrassed having read this garbage to you beautiful alien life-forms! – me

This is Pakeha. Don’t tell him any more about our eggs. – Pakeha

I won’t. The eggs are between me and you. – me

But let’s see what more crap he writes to you! I am so upset I can’t even tell you about it! No, I’m sorry

dear Aliens, *I refuse* to read this letter to you. It ends here and now. Quickly skimming through it there is no real content. Dear David Brin, your letter to the Aliens is crap and is a total insult to sentient alien life of any forms. You have no qualifications to address the alien life or visitors on behalf of humanity. You are welcome to put your rude and patronizing scribbles on your own private forum, from which I will discourage alien life, but you should not have written this here or enticed me to read this to my Alien friends. And with this said, my Alien friends are far more intelligent than your letter purports you to being. I mean you no harm, David, I only wished to share my Aliens with you. But please don't write this kind of garbage to them ever again! – me

So, this is Pakeha. *What was this garbage he had written?* – Pakeha

I was reading it to you guys here. It wasn't any good, I am sorry I bothered you with it. I won't read you any more letters from human monkeys and apes. – me

It wasn't *that* bad. He just thought we weren't real. And he needed to address our instruments! –

Pakeha

You're sweet, Pakeha. You always are. – me

We want you to lie down there. – Pakeha shows me image of my bed

I will, I will do that later and then you get to take some more eggs from my body. I am yours to take, Pakeha, and I love working with you all. – me

And then we give you a gas. – Pakeha

Yes. Thank you. – me

We are, me. – the goggle-eyed Thuban Mantid says

Here is, very briefly and quickly how I would address the Aliens using the same topic and theme as David Brin's article here.

12. If you are alien sentient life originating from another planet and you are able to receive this message from me on behalf of humanity, we wish to welcome you to Earth and we understand that humans are primitive. We also suspect that you are far more advanced than we are. If you are able to monitor our technological means of communication here on Earth, as they are emanating into space and into your reach, we wish to reach out to you a friendly hello. We know that it should remain at your sole discretion, not ours, whether you choose to seek out contact with our people. We humbly accept that we are understood by you and by your intelligence in ways that exceed and do not tangent our own understanding of ourselves. That is why we cannot ask you to contact us, and it would be better to leave contact at your discretion.

There are many of us here on Earth who look at the stars and we look at ourselves and each other, and on life on Earth and on the fossilized remnants of life as it has been on Earth, *and we wonder, is this it?* What are you, out there in space? Do you look like us? Will you let us see ourselves in your eyes, when you look at us? I am one who thinks that I wish to make contact with you, but I have to leave it at your discretion whether you will or not. If your technology has surpassed our own, it is my expectation or suspicion that your intelligence, in your own mind, also surpasses mine, and that is why I leave it up to you whether you see me fit for contact with you or not. I welcome you to visit me, but I do not know what to expect.

Eva Draconis, Pakeha, the Orion man, Malik, Thuban goggle-eyed Mantid, Hamish the Dragon Turtle, and all my other Aliens who are already here

Who is Allen Tough? – Pakeha or other ET

He is a man who used to work with the concept of finding aliens in space. He has passed away now so he is no longer here with us. But he built this website from which I read this letter. And he thought a lot about finding extraterrestrial life. – me

Tell him that we only need eggs. – Hamish or Malik

But, I said that the man had passed away now. – me

Tomatoes are red! – Hamish

Yes, Hamish. Tomatoes are red. Because they have seen you. – me

My tomatoes! – Hamish

I will give you all the tomatoes in the world, Hamish. – me

They are not my Sock Feet. – says Hamish and shows me his flat red duck feet

*For those of you who don't know, Hamish is colored bright red and he and his species have acute visual color recognition. Hamish reacts strongly to seeing anything of red color, undoubtedly as a behavior stemming from his own species recognition of self and others of his kin. It is also related, in another secondary function, in his sense of identity and self, in his ability to look at himself and his body and recognize himself as the body that he sees. Hamish, unlike humans, thinks of himself as a body. We humans have created minds that we often see as something "distinct" and "separate" from our bodies. We think of ourselves as "spirit", as "me", in a body that is human. Hamish on the other hand thinks of himself as his "scales", his "red color", and other features that he watches on his body. So we are dissimilar in that regard.*

*Humans have colored features on our faces, our lips namely, and also our eyes are mostly white and with colored irises because we are wired for facial recognition. Hamish has a similar strong recognition of color. He is a very brightly colored fire engine red, and anything red of his color also triggers a strong reaction in him. He often expresses thoughts that things that are red "would have the same DNA as he", and he feels concerned that they would be part Reptilian. He is sad when I cut into tomatoes or red bell peppers, or when I throw old tomatoes away in the trash, or when I eat red fruit. He tells me, that "tomatoes are red because they saw" him.*

*Hamish is not a "stupid" animal, but his thoughts and expressions are much more "simple" than perhaps the more intellectual races. Or, perhaps we should say that Hamish thinks on different things, and in different ways, than other more "intellectual" races do. Race, racial identity, DNA, and his heritage occupy much of his thoughts.*

Tell them that I don't like Spiderman either. – Hamish

Why don't you like him? Is it because he is red? – me

I am not an *idiot*, tell them that. – Hamish

*I know, Dragon.* I really love you so much. \*You are the smartest man I know.\* - me, and I don't know if I've ever called Hamish "man" before, he really isn't a man, he is a... Dragon Turtle.

Anyhow, I just wanted to read this letter to the Aliens. I thought there might be something intelligent in

there, that it would be well-thought through, but it wasn't. It could do real damage to entice aliens about weapons. The Draconians and Orions have a strong background in interracial wars. The Orions talk more about war than anything else, *besides talk about their work assignments with genetics and bacteria*. And, as they say, they are "masochistic". Violence and war are not foreign concepts to them. Do not ever ask Aliens for weapons. I think David meant it as a joke, but how dare he write a letter such as this and make it out to be a joke? It could do more harm than he realizes.

I love my Aliens. I know I have no real evidence that I can share that proves to the world, *or to David*, that they are real. But I have when they toss me. When Hamish threw me across the coffee table when he found out that the tv had lied, when I told him that the episode of Grey's Anatomy wasn't real with the patient on the operating table in need of multiple organ transplants. Hamish got upset that the tv had lied and that made him toss me across the coffee table.

Tell him I don't like Santa either. – Hamish

Or music. – Hamish

I know, Hamish. You don't like Santa or music. – me

Hamish doesn't like Santa because it is red. He thinks it is another fellow red Dragon Turtle and he instantly associates that as a threat and a challenge. I can only assume that when bright fire engine red Dragon Turtles see one another, they always fight for dominance. Seeing another red Dragon Turtle must make him furious and start to fight. The Dragon Turtles, *or Hamish at least*, is very territorial. And he doesn't like music, because his hearing is very sensitive. Music is like listening to a lot of talk. You see, we humans can enjoy music because we can tone it out, we can hear it as a "feeling", an "emotion", and also we can zone out other things that would normally be in our attention. That is why a lot of humans We want eggs. – Hamish

You can have my eggs. – me

That is why a lot of humans listen to music so that they can forget about other things, or forget about stress. Hamish on the other hand doesn't have selective attention span. He takes it all in. He has very keen sight and hearing, and he notices everything that he hears and sees around me. Even the little things. So music to him means he is listening to many details, he is overwhelmed with so much in his senses.

I love you Hamish and I know you are real. When you lay on top of me real close, and when I have your breath over me that smells of old cheese and vomit, yes a sulfur kind of smell of a Dragon breath. When you toss me around and show me your power, I love when you do that because then I get to know that you are real, and see you and I get to feel you. My Dragon Turtle, I have lived with you for nearly two years.

I have my *scales* here. – Hamish shows me

Yes, Hamish. I have seen your red scales. – me

And I have *tomatoes* here. – Hamish

*Where do you have them?* Where are the tomatoes? – me

The Aliens are real, and with that, I live in a bubble. Where they are real and they are mine, a part of my

reality and my world. My extended family, with all of the quirky and weird things I have to get used to. I have been let into their world. They have let me learn about their culture, their way of life. And I have caught on. I understand them better perhaps than I now understand humanity.

I sail off, on a lonely raft, and leave humanity and scientists behind. I sail away from our time and place in the universe, and find that my raft bumps into their alien spaceship where I am not left alone at all. I am in a place where I secretly know that Aliens are real. I am sorry I cannot share that with humanity. And frankly, I don't know if humanity is ready. I know David Brin isn't ready, judging from what he writes to the Aliens. I don't know if I was ready, when it happened. But I am ready now. I have been enveloped into their world. And Hamish is here with me all the way. It is my private contact. I set humanity aside.

Eva Draconis

July 18, 2013

9:53 PM

P.S. I apologise for my harsh reaction to reading the letter. Nothing personal is intended against Mr. Brin. I responded to the words written on a page, and as an article posted on the internet, it is like much other literature especially on a controversial topic such as this bound to entice a variety of reactions both positive and negative. Like politics does, or like watching movies. I just didn't particularly like this article written. I was not happy with Mr. Brin soliciting aliens for weapons, and the article did not consider a wide enough span of possibilities regarding alien life and contact to make it applicable to the aliens I know. I had other issues with the article as well, but point being that no personal offense was intended, only my disagreement with the opinions and the way they were phrased to alien life.

Please don't send me to David Brin. – says Pakeha

Trust me, I won't. You don't have to meet him. There are other people to contact. He doesn't seem to understand. I mean, *why would he ask aliens to give him, humanity I mean, weapons?* – me

Are you going to be sad about it for a long time? – Pakeha

Sad about what? I'm not sad? I am fine. – me

I would perhaps feel obligated to edit out some of my comments written on these pages, but as this is a documentary I am not allowed to edit anything. I present my case of alien contact precisely as it is. To edit anything out, *even if it were done out of courtesy*, would in turn be unethical and unscientific. As an alien contactee I am factored into the documentary project myself and am not allowed to correct or alter anything I say or write. Nothing gets edited, nothing gets left out. I write everything down, and I publish everything.

NO Santa!! – Hamish

No Santa. – me

/END