

This is a censored version of my accounts of being taken to a mansion in another dimension inhabited by lizard people whose blood is in our royalty and aristocrats. These lizards need to steal energy from children of Crystals, Crystals like me have extra strong energy for them to take. So we are brought into baby factories. Here is what happened, with the adult things edited out.

You will find the full version in a future book and lots of other stories on www.orionmindproject.com

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1:07 PM I just finished with getting out of bed, having my shower and getting dressed, and catching some quick breakfast some of which I am having here. I've had quite a journey last night and in the morning hours as I slept.

I was led through a corridor to a small room. In that room I was with two adult human men. The men were dressed in transparent plastic overalls and had their own clothes underneath. So for that reason, the way that your mind likes to fill in the gaps when you are dreaming, I dreamt that I too was wearing one of those overalls and that I was one of them. I wasn't fully awake so the dream was drifting me away with impressions and the way that when you are dreaming, you'd believe anything. You just take what you see and go with it and you even forget the real(?) world you came from. But then I was undressing all of my clothes, I remember being ok with it. Also I'm an adult so if I'm asked and if it's some kind of formal situation that seems to make sense, say what if it were a doctor's office (this was not), and actually since I was in the dream I was willing to believe that this kind of behavior makes sense, so I took all of my clothes off.

Then I noticed that water was being poured over my head and the man told me not to breathe through my nose for a while, so that the water that was pouring right under my nose would not get into my nose. I expected myself to feel uncomfortable with the water pouring across my face, it was a very thorough showering, I never ever let my face get wet in the bath or shower I just very carefully wash it with some water but I would panic if I had to let a shower hose spray directly on my face or have a steady stream of water pouring down over my face from atop of my head! But I was surprisingly calm, I felt comfortable and safe enough to let this happen. You find yourself in kind of a gullible mood when you are partially awake in another world in the dream world. The man had a water hose that was held with a stick and he could shower me that way. The water was perfectly lukewarm and it was a soft stream. He was washing me.

When you see yourself with two men who are wearing plastic overalls then it is only natural that your mind, while trying to make sense out of it, thinks that you too are one of those and that you too are wearing plastic overalls and that the three of you are going to be doing something together. Instead of having to figure out *who you are* and *what you are doing* and *what you are wearing*, if you see two men who are already doing something, who already are something, and are already wearing something, it is a quickest shortcut for the mind to assume that you are the same as what you see around you. But I wasn't one of them. They were the two men who were washing me in that room.

Next I find myself in a huge lavish mansion and they ask me if I have seen the Biltmore house? I say I was there once and that I wasn't there when it was Christmas when they have a Christmas tree in every room. I felt a bit out of place being in this mansion, yet at the same time I felt completely comfortable and welcome. I wasn't scared and I didn't feel stressed in any way. There were people around me, residents of this house, and although I could read from the situation and atmosphere that I myself didn't live there, it was clear that I felt that these residents had welcomed me and that I was not in the wrong place in any way. The residents were very calm and casual and they were very at home there. But I was starting to wake up. I was becoming completely awake. I realized myself in this other place, I was fully me, and I started to take notes in my mind because I knew this was an abduction scenario into the other dimension and I wanted to make sure I would remember everything and write this down for my readers. (I guess, always writing these things down and posting it for my readers it gives me a way of pushing this away from myself, *and letting you all readers deal with it*. As if I feel confidence that my readers will be able to figure this out, and then I don't have to do it. Then it's not just me.)

You were not our butterflies. But we wanted you to be. – says a very tired old White Lizard man
I don't want to be. Go somewhere else. – me

I was brought to the man who is like the patriarch of this residence. He was having people killed on a whim. Someone was pulling a cart away, as he had requested them to, but the cart was making too much noise, so he was going to have that man killed. I was feeling somewhat anxious that maybe I too would be doing something a bit wrong and get killed for that reason, but I didn't let that stop me from interacting in the house and with the people.

By the way, while I was being showered I had woken up completely. I was completely aware and myself, and I did what I would have done had I been awake. I realized that I was somewhere else, and the marvel of the adventure of finding oneself in another dimension makes it more fascinating and exciting than anything scary. I can't seem to recall a single time when I've woken up in an abduction with human figures when I wasn't completely excited about the adventure, as well as so tremendously relieved that something that could have been an unconscious abduction that steals memories from me, was now being a conscious encounter, and that feeling is kind of like jumping toward a ledge and actually making it instead of falling down to your death. A kind of feeling of relief, accomplishment, and you cherish that you are awake because you might as well have not been, and you want to know what happens to you.

So I was talking a lot to these men, I was polite and friendly and talking away. I even looked at them close, I put my hand on one of them's face and talked to him and looked him right in the eye. Oh how I loved the fact that I was awake! It makes me so pleased. I guess it's kind of like imagine if your body was in a coma in a hospital and just for a moment you were able to wake up and live and just be yourself and exist! Just for those brief moments of consciousness where you can claim your own life! It is very precious, no matter what seems to be happening, and when you wake up in the other place you just want to do everything you can to cherish your mind's awareness and to stay awake.

So now I was in the lavish mansion with these people who lived there. These people were humans and

they were dressed very nicely. Then a young woman in her late 20's or in her 30's took me away with her. She was dressed nicely and clearly an upper class girl. She took me to the kitchen and gave me a slice of lemon bread that she herself had baked. We were in a small old kitchen which had very old fashioned stoves and things, which made me realize that this mansion must be several hundreds of years old, even though kept in great shape. The kitchen had not been modernized entirely, but the other side of the kitchen counter where there were tables (though by no means a dining room) was upgraded and lavish with marble counters and such. I ate some of that lemon bread and it was good. It had swirls of thin slivers of lemon peel around the center. (It was probably a lemon coffee cake but she said bread so I was expecting something as odd as savoury bread with lemon. I wouldn't call it bread but maybe they do.)

I was dressed in a cute dress that is totally not my style. Someone had dressed me into it, presumably after the shower. It was a short dress,

Yes, it hides your bottoms. – the tired Lizard man says

Why do you say that? Did I actually go there? And who are you? – me

Have you heard of the Elisabethans? We are with them, don't be angry. – the Lizard says very tiredly

Who are the Elisabethans? Do you mean royalty? But you're a Lizard? And you're very tired too! *Why are you so tired?* Are you ok? I think you don't feel good. I'm worried about you. – me

They keep us here in chains! – the man says sadly and tired

I'm sorry to hear that. I hope that you catch a break. I worry about you. – me

The man is crying now, sobbing.

I'm sorry babes. – me

It was a short dress with lots of ruffles and layers at the bottom of it, layers that stood out and were all in the same fabric as the dress itself. I don't know if I would wear a dress that short, I mean, someone might see my underwear if I lean down or sit the wrong way, but nonetheless it was a great dress to wear. It had a flowery pattern of black and warm pink orange splotches all across, and no sleeves.

It was made to get you pregnant in. – the tired man says

... Why? Why do you do this? – me

We are with the Hillocks. – he says, they mean prostitute men

What is a Hillocks? – me

He just sobs some more.

Are you ok? Who are you? Why are you crying? – me

They tell me they will beat me if I don't come here! – he says and is sad

I wish I could save you. Who are the Elisabethans? – me

Cat-nip! – Hamish shows up as a bright fire engine red figure, the cutest sock puppet head and bright yellow eyes like light bulbs and says in a fashion that makes me delighted, he sure is a cutie

Hello Hamish! My Hamish Turtle Sock Feet! – me

Yes-*No*, me. – Hamish

Why not you? Why not Hamish. – me

Hamish just looks at me with that fabulous tiny red reptile head and his head tilts one way then the other.

And I was wearing some shoes that felt unlike anything I had ever had on my feet, good shoes though, and also a bit more lavish than what I would normally ever feel ok to put on. I was dressed in something more lavish than my usual self, comfortable for sure, but totally not from my own wardrobe.

I think I must've exited through a door adjacent to the kitchen or that I was looking out through a window in the kitchen because I saw the courtyard at the back. I could see that this house as well as a low wall that followed along the farther away side of the road at the back, were made out of the same old dark stone brick. These bricks must've been cut out of stone and were by no means level, by no means were they perfect rectangular bricks. It seemed a bit foggy out there. The road that led to the back kitchen entrance was not paved, it was an old dusty road, seemed a bit damp, and it had a steep uphill and the road was by no means straight but a little bit windy, and it truly looked like a very old road that had been allowed to naturally take shape along the natural turns and bends on the ground that appeared as people would deliver things to the back kitchen entrance. I thought about fleeing out through the back. I can't say why I was thinking of escaping, I mean, here we were eating lemon cake in the kitchen me and that young woman, but I knew that I was awake and I knew that I was someplace.

I guess the feeling of wanting to escape this mansion comes from the knowing that my awareness is something not to be taken for granted and that it is something I have to protect. I guess I knew that these people, whoever they were, they had taken me here and they might make me unconscious again, that if they can kidnap someone then they can also take my awareness away if they choose to, and if I were to escape through that back entrance then I could find my way someplace away from these abductors where no one would want to take my awareness away. That sort of thing. A kind of not trusting these people who had brought me here. Yet I wasn't afraid of them. I wasn't even suspicious of them. They were good enough hosts. I was free to roam about the mansion almost as much as I wanted. No one was obsessively attached to me, everything was free and casual almost as if I were a guest. No one was staring at me or talking to me forcibly. We were eating lemon bread in the kitchen, me and that girl, and it was all so casual.

Now, either before we went to the kitchen, or after if I returned back to the main hall, that same main hall where the patriarch had been, then there was an episode when one of the Lizard men hugged me real tight and for a long time, cuddling me very emphatically, saying something to the effects of, "Please I need it to survive! Please don't let me die!" This man was part Lizard and part man, they look very strange. They are the Lizards to be sure, the ones with concentric "rings" of tightly packed scales like shingles of a gingerbread house roof. The Lizards are bottom-heavy, with thick chunky legs, and a thick long limp tail. Their eyes have an expression somewhat of a fish, somewhat of some insect, with something of a look of a creature of the night who does not deal with the things of the human world. A creature whose life cycle is not like ours. And he wore a black suit. He was alit with an offensively bright white light, this light I know that they steal from the children that they either molest or murder, and they can also steal the light by touching Crystals. I am a Crystal, and hopefully that light didn't come

from me.

He and a woman Lizardly explained that they are very old, and they can be immortal and live forever as long as they have that something, presumably from the children and from Crystals. I also saw a woman who looked like an old woman's face with glasses, but her light shone so bright that it was almost hard to see her face through that light. They are lizards, but they are also human forms. And they are either brightly lit by an ecstatic white light that is excessive and offensively too much, that they steal from children or Crystals, or if you find them at times without that light, they are exceedingly tired, weak and frail, like remember the Rothschild Lizard who came to talk and he was so very weak and old I worried that he might drop dead at any moment? They feed themselves with the energy from children from Crystals. They are energy vampires and they live in some other dimension and they are wealthy and they live in lavish mansions and castles and they mingle with all the rich families and royalty.

I found my way to the main hall. The main entrance is a set of double doors that are large. They were closed but they lead into the first entrance hall which is rather small and is covered in red carpet. I made sure to remember the red carpet, because I was taking notes in my head as if I were already formulating what to write for these pages. Of course I no longer remember the notes I was running through my head so I am having to rewrite them again best I can. This first hallway with the red carpet had an open doorway to the left and another to the right, and those had some small rooms. The one to the left if you just entered is probably the coatroom and the one to the right is probably lavatories. If you step forward from this small entrance hall with the red carpeting, you have a large door opening archway which looks lavish and if you walk through it you would come into a tremendously wide and long hallway which already had another long lavish carpet and furniture in it. It looks very luxurious. (So I know this isn't the Biltmore house. I've been in the Biltmore house and the entrance isn't like this. Maybe they were just comparing and asked if I had seen it?)

I hurried along the hall I was in where the lizard man had cuddled me to light up his bright white light

I was not with animosity. – the lizard man speaks

Yes you were. If you steal my light. You are not allowed to touch me. – me

I hurried along the hallway and came to a 90 degree bend. I mean, these hallways are huge, they are very wide and furnished on both walls and have windows and expensive carpets that look like Persian rugs but huge. At the bend I see that if I turn left I am in the main hallway and right ahead is what looks to be the main entrance. I hurried along and found a few pairs of woman's shoes left by the door on my left side. I started trying some on, probably I assumed that some would be mine. As I got to the main door and stood in the first part of the hall where the red carpeting was, none other than Prince Charles stood at the other far side of the hallway and he was saying things to the effect of wanting me to stay or asking if I would please stay. I must've said something like "Prince Charles? Is that really you?" I always treat people all the same, I don't feel like someone is royalty. I mean, I am sure that even a royal person would appreciate being treated

It was not for courtship. – says the very tired Lizard who is wearing a black suit, his body is all slumped

Why are you so tired? Are you weak? – me

No, but my DNA is falling apart. – Lizard

Why? Why does it fall apart on you? And what is the remedy? – me

The pizza time! – he lights up and his eyes look crazy and bewildered

Pizza time. You mean food keeps you alive? – me

That is not what I said. – Lizard

Whatevs. – me

You were not our flower, he said. Buttercups. – Hamish lights up bright fire engine red

I love you Hamish. You are my Hamish. My red Dragon Turtle. – me, I love this Dragon Sock

I am sure that even a royal person would appreciate being treated as a person and not as a “thing”. It is my way of courtesy to treat even famous people as a someone. It is not to detract from any titles, but all this fuss about “what they are” diminishes them as a person, and is silly foolishness if you ask me. It doesn’t mean that I disrespect, but I just see through to the person that they are. So I was talking to him as if he was just the person that he is. But I never made it out through the door.

Two children sat down on a bench that is on the right side of this small red-carpeted hallway (right side if you just came in). A little blond boy and a girl, the girl probably had brown hair. They sat politely and they were happy and cheerful in the way that only children can be. The boy sat there and his eyes were large and bright and he kept looking at me. He was too small for the bench so his legs stood out straight forward because otherwise he would have had to hop down to sit on the very edge of the bench if he would have wanted his knees to fold at the edge, but then his feet would not have made it all the way to the floor anyway, and he probably wanted to sit with leaning his back against the back of it like he was, so his legs were pointing straight forward. I sat down next to him. “Is he mine? Is he my child?”, I asked and looked toward Prince Charles who was still standing over there in the hallway. I was told that these were not my children, but I asked a few more times anyway, and I looked at these children. Of course I remembered all the abduction things and I knew that they have my children over there somewhere. So I guess that is what kept me from running through the doors, I calmly sat down with the children on the bench and looked at them, wondering if they were mine.

Either before I was shown the children sitting on the bench or after, because I was going to go through the doors I was shown **[find out who I saw]** and they were dunking him into water as if to almost drown him and they wanted him to say that “No, he is not the King”, and he did say that. Then I was shown a blonde human man who was strapped on his back and completely naked and he had been tortured. The Lizards were showing me these things in order to threaten me so that I would not leave. I went up to the man who had appeared right here in the small first entrance hallway and he was still on a thing strapped on his back and there was a solid rigid transparent glass or plastic cover box over him as if to keep people from touching him. I went up to him and very gently (somehow through the cover, or that the cover was now gone, or maybe the cover was never there in the first place) I placed my hands on his head and comforted him and I spoke softly words of encouragement and support to him. I lingered that way by his side for as long as he was there and I comforted him. I walked around him and touched his

hands with mine. I knew that he was naked and I made sure that I would not see his privates, out of respect because I was sure that he would not want to be there naked. I just looked at his head and hands and elsewhere, I comforted him and spoke softly to him. He didn't do or say anything, he seemed tired.

The man was gone from the hallway again and then I was sitting on another bench which was closer to the main doors. The two kids still sat on their own bench which was against the wall which leads to what I suspect might be the lavatories. Now sitting next to me on both sides were other women. I think two women sat on my left side and three or more sat to my right. We were all dressed in similar lavish dresses, not like ballgowns or anything, but dresses that only rich women would wear. And I think we all had makeup and hair done. I felt like I was out of place with the women. These were upper class women and I was not.

A line of young men walked into the hall. The first in the line was blonde, the second had black hair, and all the others had blonde hair, three or four more of them. The men were all especially handsome I noted, in their 20's, muscular and in great shape. They were all naked. The line of men stopped in front of us, with us women on one or two benches and the two kids sitting on the other bench. I was worried that the kids were here watching naked people and things like this, I would have wanted to send the kids away. **[added note: I am not attracted to young men, had I dreamt about handsome men it would have been men older than that, I'm not into the young muscular kind, they were not my type]**

Don't worry, they were brought up for this. – Lizard man **[he is referring to the children]**

It's insane! – me

Wait till you read what we do about them. – Lizard man **[referring to the children]**

Go away. Please go to hell and leave me alone, or I will kill myself. – me **[not really, just saying to add some spice]**

The man with black hair was going to choose one of the women. He came up to me and stroked me with his hand **[censored]** "I choose you", he said or something like that, and then he stood back in the line. I kind of ignored it and remained there sitting ignorant. Someone in the background was explaining to me that he had just chosen me but I still wasn't following. The man did it again, stroked me **[censored]** and said that he chooses me, **[censored]**. I was shocked. I looked around at the other girls who were all more beautiful than I. I mean, I have deliberately cut my hair very short and ugly and completely not feminine so that Olav Vetti would leave me alone (it seemed to have worked with him). Why would this man choose me?

The man took my hand and walked me up some stairs. The stairs were curved and followed a smooth curve up and to the right. There were windows on the left wall by the stairs. Upstairs was a narrow hallway lined by the railing and two doors were visible right there and other rooms would be further out here upstairs. All the doors were open or even that there were no doors there to be closed. He led me through to the first room.

To my horror there was a couple who were having sex in one of the beds to the right. I remember, I don't want to talk about it. I was going to describe the way that he was having sex but I just feel uncomfortable. Anyways. And near the door in the room was another man who was dressing his woman after they had already had sex. I was appalled, I mean I had figured that we were going to have sex but this room was already taken! I felt very uncomfortable with not having privacy. He took me to the other bed and he laid himself down on the bed naked on his back and did a gesture for me to take my clothes off.

Again, when you find yourself in a strange place and you don't know how you got there and it's another dimension, sometimes you just go with what is happening. So I was undressing myself, I took all my clothes off [censored]. I was disappointed that he was expecting me to be doing all the work. [censored]

Some other guy was [censored] right behind me to the left, [censored]. [censored]

"Five more minutes", said a man with brown hair who had been standing by the wall of the room watching us. He was authoritative like a guard, and there was also a woman in the room who was like a helper, I mean this woman felt as if she was there to help people get dressed or like just poke at people, not a sexual helper by any means. [censored]. [censored], I went over to the man. "Please, help, can you get me out of here? I need to escape. Could you help me do it?", I was completely awake and I was asking the man to help me escape.

When I woke up and returned back to my home, I told them that they could bring me back if I fall asleep. I asked them, am I always there or only there when I fall asleep, they didn't say. In fact I was directing my questions to the Prince Charles figure, who kept correcting me that he is the future King, because I was not addressing him properly. I just told him I don't have time for that, I have some questions. Prince Charles said to me, and I wrote this down, "We all have jobs to do. Yours is as heir.", he said to me, meaning that I was the heir. "A heir of what?", I asked, but he didn't say.

Then they asked me if I remembered the drink I had been given. I vaguely remembered having been given a drink maybe after the shower. They said it was "allotropefan", let me write that again: ALLOTROPEFAN. I wrote that down too. (A quick internet search now does not reveal anything for that name. But remember that other time when I was being given a cup of pills and then when I returned from that they said that one of them had been Rohypnol and I had never heard of that before? Allotropefan sounds vaguely realistic as a chemical, maybe we humans don't have it but only they do. They have lots of chemicals over there.)

And then they showed me a quick mental visual of none other than actor Tom Cruise and I wrote down the conversation around that, which was:

"Do you know about that one?" – they

"No?" – me

"Why we use him so much?" – they

"Why do you use him so much?" – me

“Because he has got Dragon’s blood.” – they

And that’s verbatim! And then I went into a long Hamish Dragon Turtle adoration where I hoped that I had some of Hamish’s Dragon blood in me and that I wish I was just like my Hamish. I love Hamish. I stayed in bed for a while calling for Hamish to come to me. I said that if Hamish comes to me then I would feel safe. Last night Hamish was scared because while he was on the bathroom rug in the bathroom, one of the Dark Lords was pestering him, so I had told Hamish to come into my room and I made space for him next to me on the bed so that he could be beside the wall. I told him that he could climb over me and stay in my bed next to me and I would guard him. I would have done that too, but he didn’t take me up on my offer. I love my Sock Turtle so much.

There were plenty more conversations both during the encounters in that mansion and afterwards when I returned, but I can’t remember what those are anymore. So the gist of this is, that, somehow there is another version of me in another dimension, where energy vampiric lizards live. These lizards, from what I understand, have their own blood and DNA in the humans who are our royalty and aristocrats. In the other dimension, these lizard versions of these humans live in these mansions and royal castles and are very wealthy indeed. The lizards are very old and they try to stay alive and immortal and they also experience a sexual lust when they ingest life force from children and Crystals. A Crystal is a human who literally has small crystals in their body which enable them to carry a bright white light (Dark Lord taught me that yesterday, as he said that he was, quote, “breaking my crystals”). If you think it is weird that someone would have crystals in their body, remember from chemistry that even sodium chloride the regular table salt is a crystal. Ionic compounds can pair up and become crystals if they are not in a liquid solvent. The human body contains heaps of ionic compounds, calcium, chloride, sodium, magnesium, tons of different kinds. Just that we are so fluid filled that our ions tend to stay separated and dissolved, and not in crystal form. It is not impossible to imagine that the body contains places where crystals can form. For instance, think of gall stones and kidney stones as crystalline aggregations, so it can happen.

Anyhow, Crystals are abducted and they put us into a baby factory. Someone washed me to prepare me for the sex. I was also told in the morning (or actually I woke up past noon) that the Prince Charles that we have in this dimension of ours he does not know about these things that happen in the other dimension so we should not tell him.

Also when I woke up one of the CIA men came to talk to me. I told him I would like to come back to see him there in the other dimension so that we could talk this through and he could tell me what I need to do and I would trust his judgement. One of the things he said is that he likes to go golfing. That is how he deals with the stresses of this. I told him that I like to dance to do the same, it takes all my stresses away and I get to forget about everything else. He is a nice blonde U.S. man with a black suit. He has to oversee these alien things. From what he said, if we (humanity) don’t give these Lizards their babies and sacrifices and things, then the Lizards would go after the general public, and that would be far worse. At least, this way the problem is contained. Also the Lizards place serious threats if they are not allowed to do these things and helped.

There was one more thing, what was it? Oh yes. The Lizard talked about how they put “butterflies” under their dining table. In this mansion I was in, the Lizard people have a long dining table where they eat and they keep a few, two or so, toddler Crystal children under the table. These kids have the potential for a huge soul energy to be released either by hugging or rubbing or sexual molestation or even from murder and sacrifice. They are called butterflies because of this. (Yes, it is the same as the “butterfly” reference in MKULTRA situations.) The Lizard said that I was not good enough or something like that, to be one of their butterflies under their dining table, and I was grateful for that. They also offered me food and meals in their dining halls, once I had returned back here. I said no thanks, that I am a vegetarian and I don’t want to eat with people who drink blood and sacrifice children. (I have many abduction memories of being taken to dining areas. It seems customary whether in the United States, Russia, or Japan, that they always cater me with meals first. The Japanese are especially good at always serving me a meal before anything else, and the Japanese are also good at making sure I get to a bathroom. Because I usually have to pee when I’m abducted.) **[P.S. The Disney movie Alice in Wonderland is used heavily in MKULTRA and these kids are brainwashed with these cartoons. The scene where Alice has a teaparty by the dining table with all those crazy characters helps the children to accept when they have to be under the dining table. Also, the Queen Elisabeth White Lizard who is called Queen Mother she has teaparties in her garden with some of my little Crystal hybrid kids under the table.]**

Hamish didn’t come to comfort or cuddle me after all of these ordeals, but having him to call for made me feel relieved after a few minutes of waiting for him and then I went to have a shower because I figured I had to start with my day. I had some breakfast and now, two hours later, I have finished writing down what I cannot completely accept. I know that it happened. I know that I am being raped in another dimension and they are eating my children. I also know that they energy-molest me all the time, that my light would be so much stronger if they would just leave me alone, *these filthy parasites*. (Of course I told them in the morning that they don’t deserve to live, that they are meant to die.)

I put on a fire engine red shirt today. I told Hamish that I wear it because I love him and that I am *not* showing power by wearing the shirt. I love my Sock Turtle, it is just that he takes me places where I don’t want to go. I don’t want to give them any more eggs. I don’t want to be a part of something sinister and satanic and ultimately evil. It is so draining, all of it. I want to live in a world where this isn’t happening, like everybody else who doesn’t know. I don’t want to know these things. I want to get back to how things used to be, before there were vampiric lizard people living in Rothschilds and royalty. At least I’ve matured to the point where I no longer resort to questioning myself whether this even happened or was real. I know by now that that is not an option, and I’m fine with that. It can be real, and I can go on with my day.

Find the uncensored version in a future book and lots more stories at www.orionmindproject.com