

The Orion Project – telepathy excerpt

This is an excerpt of telepathic contact with extraterrestrials. Basmet is one of the Black Ones or Dark Lords of the Draconian Agenda. Hamish is a red Draconian Reptile “of the old Draconian race”, *Hamish is a Dragon Turtle*. General Patton and Suleski are humans who work with trying to moderate alien activity here on Earth. General Patton is from the Navy and Suleski is one of the men in black suits. Snake is a Draconian Reptile who actually looks like a little yellow-beige raptor dinosaur. Snake first came over from contactee David Eckhart’s team!

More on the website <http://www.orionmindproject.com/> and any graphic, overly violent, sadistic, obscene or sexual content will not be posted on the public internet and can only be found in the Orion Project books

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I am preparing an interview with Basmet. As a proper interview, I should prepare some questions beforehand and then let his answers guide us through. I want to get to understand this intelligent (?), conscious creature, who seems to rule over much of the Draconian Agenda. It is quite possible to speak with him, he speaks legibly, and I am fascinated about this “person”.

Basmet? May I do an interview with you? I have so many questions to ask. – me

We rule the underworld. – Basmet

What is the underworld? What kind of a place is it? – me

We are not delighted to tell you. **We are not kind!** – Basmet

Basmet, how old are you? – me

Many millions. – Basmet (surprising answer)

Are you an intelligent creature? – me

Well, yes? – Basmet

Your eggs, we feed on here. And they make many snacks for our kin. – Basmet

So! That is the end of this interview! – Basmet

We are feeding on them, yes. – Hamish

What would one ask a Black Lord of the underworld?

Basmet? ... - me, I cannot think of anything to ask

Basmet, are you kind to me? Or should I be afraid of you? – me

Hey. This is the Rothschilds. Don’t talk to him. – Rothschild, I also had a visual and a feeling of the Rothschild who spoke to me. It seems, that they are the ones who deal with the Black Ones.

We are not giving you a fever. – Basmet, with those curved ramhorns

Alright. How about an interview with Hamish the Dragon Turtle? Elements of him that I have not asked before? But I really want to get to the bottom of this. To understand them better, the dimensional thing, history, and all of the greater aspects beyond just me and my eggs.

Hamish? Can we talk Hamish? – me

Yes. About my eggs. – Hamish delighted shows up like a red Sock Puppet Head

Hamish? Tell me about eggs. What do you do with eggs. – me

We feed them with vitamin. And then they become our lunch. – Hamish

Hamish? Where do you come from? – me

From a, dinner plate. – Hamish

But Hamish, *besides food*, what planet are you from? What race are you? Hamish? – me

An egg does not have feathers here. – Hamish

Hamish are you from Alpha Draconis? – me

(Can we tell her?) – someone to General Patton

(No, not yet!) – General Patton says to that someone

What are you guys whispering about? – me

About, MKULTRA. – General Patton

Are the aliens not even real? Are they perhaps a stunt by the US military MKULTRA? What is real, are the aliens real, or are the military? Are the military Reptilian shapeshifters, is the alien presence all a scam to cover up their MKULTRA project, or are the military real and posing as Reptilians somehow in the subconscious?

I am starting to struggle, I want the evidence. I want close contact. I want things to not be shapeshifters. I want true forms, I want no lies, no secrets, no hiding. Not that I need to be taken to the underground bases of military or Reptilians to be shown everything, but in my own life, that very small crumb of this Agenda that is me, I want to know about, and for none of it to be hidden.

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Yes, it says about Orion. Do you want me to read it for you? – me to an Orion man in purple rubbery uniform who showed up remotely as I peeked at Truth About Orion “Lizards” by Roger Kerr

<http://www.thewayofblindman.com/wp-content/uploads/2012/05/truth-about-orion-lizards1.pdf>

We would like to know what it says. – Orion

I would have to read it. It is very extensive. – me

Do you want me to read it and then tell you? – me

I am shown an image of a star in space.

It says that Orions come from Rigel. I thought you came from Betelgeuse? Can you explain the discrepancy? – me

His mouth keeps opening and closing a bit, he has a tongue, a short V-shaped snout that seems very firm in the muscular and scales. Black eyes, dark scales. His facial expression is one that looks like focus.

I don't want you to tremble before me. – Orion about as if my hand were to tremble presumably out of nervousness or fear

I do not fear you. – me

We take your eggs. And we hope that you don't mind! And, we are not from Rigel! – Orion

What is your name? Do you have a name that I could use for you? – me

I communicate less and less, every bit of the time. – Orion, yep, that's what he said!

Do you have a message for humanity? Anything you would like them to know about Orions? – me
Only that we do a lot of war. And! We are not successful! – Orion, in war ie.
And we have tents. We lay down there. And we bring you in sometimes. To do work on you! And, we
hope that you don't mind that. – Orion
I don't mind. You are more than welcome. I will help you. – me
And, Rigel is not our space. – Orion
Is there any life on Rigel? Does it have any inhabitants? – me
Only the cosmonauts that are there. – Orion
Are they Orion people? Are they black lizards like you? – me
They don't have any water to feed them with. And they are very dumb! – Orion
We don't need your women now. We have our own eggs! – Orion
Do you still use my eggs? I will give them to you, if it is necessary. What do you use them for? – me
Are you from Orion? – me
Yes! Silly. – Orion, calling me silly for asking such a thing
Tell me about the Orion. What are you like? – me
Well? We have this vest. – Orion shows me his purple rubbery suit
What do you eat? – me
Inferior species! – Orion, yep, 100%
And eggs. And many more things that you don't like to know about. – Orion
Do you drink water? Any fluids that you drink? – me
We ingest many foods. And many more women are needed here! – Orion
So, this is about food. You need food, so that you don't go hungry. – me
We have no life on Rigel that is ours. – Orion
What kind of life is on Rigel? Is it human-like? Like the Vegas? – me
No. Sorry. – Orion
Tell me about Orion history. – me
We have been clubbed to death in many millions. – Orion
By whom? Who has clubbed Orions? – me
We were made to crawl. – Orion
The primrose wasn't nice for him. He hasn't said that he liked it. – Orion about the orange yellow
primrose I got for Hamish several weeks ago
I thought he liked yellow flowers. I think he likes flowers, I don't know. – me
My nasturtiums are better. – Orion
You like flowers? – me
No. Not anymore. Not one bit. – Orion
I don't like scales! – Orion
Do you have scales? – me
No, Eva Orion. – Orion (one of my penname versions before I went with Eva Draconis)
What *do* you like? What things make you happy? – me
Owning you. – Orion
How many humans do you own? – me
How many?! It takes many more, to make us pleasant. – Orion

What would you like to tell me about? – me
About our wars! And weapons! – Orion
So, tell me about it. – me
Hey, this is Suleski. – Suleski
What now Suleski? Stay away. – me
This could get pretty nasty here. – Suleski to me
I just want to know about Orions. – me to Suleski
Yes. Her DNA. – Orion
What about my DNA! – me
It has copious amounts of, good stuff. – Orion
Like what? – me
What we're *feeding* on. – Orion
What else? What else is good about my eggs? – me
Have you heard about Rigel? – Orion to General Patton
Rigel? No. – General Patton to Orion
Well, she says that her name is Eva. – Orion, true, I just days ago chose that as my pseudonym for the Orion Project books and wrote that on the book cover

Tell me about the Rigel cosmonauts. What are they like? – me
They are not a proud species. – Orion
Why is that? – me
They don't talk to us anymore. – Orion
What do they look like? – me
They have been beaten to shreds! – Orion
By whom? By Orions from Betelgeuse? – me
No. Perhaps. – Orion
Why do Orions do so much war? – me
It makes us prepared better. – Orion
For what? Prepared for what? – me
For seize. – Orion
Seize of what? – me
Of minerals. – Orion
What minerals do you need? And what do you use them for? – me
We make, bread, out of it, that. – Orion
How old is the Orion civilization? Millions of years? – me
Yes, likely. – Orion
Do you have men and women there? What should I know about Orions? What are you like? What should I know? – me
We bleed you out. – Orion
Do you drink blood? – me
Yes! And we are satisfied by sadism! – Orion
Are you from Orion? Are you really? – me

Yes. We bleed them out. – Hamish or Orion

We have incarcerated many. – Orion

Why? Whom? What for? – me

For our lust. – Basmet or Orion

Who is speaking please? – me

Ok. Take a break here. What is this. Orion contact? I want to know about their history, and from the Orion man I would like to learn more about the other civilizations that are out there. Is there life on Rigel? What are they like? What about all the wars done by Orions? Earth's and human's history?

Can we talk about history. Do you know much about that? – me

No. Only about eggs. – Orion

But we have already spoken about eggs. – me

Tell me about, the Orion and Draconian contact. What is going on with that? – me

They make us take their eggs for them. And they make us get you pregnant! And most of us don't want to do it either. But we have to, or we get enslaved. – Orion

And, watch out for being a pimp. – Orion (they say pimp instead of prostitute, meaning that I have sex with hybrid or human men to get me pregnant)

Tell me about Draconians. What is their history like? What do the Draconians like to do? – me

They like to, enslave us! – Orion with some kind of tremble in his voice that must be from upset. Some kind of emotion, but not like human emotions. I can only imagine what this Orion creature must feel, and think, what its life is like. Not emotions like ours, but undoubtedly they suffer from things, and they rejoice at others.

Why do Orions do war? – me

To *please* us! – Orion

Why does it please you? Then, if others do war on you back and you suffer from it? Do you understand that war is kind of wrong to do? – me

Only if you get kicked in it. – Orion

You win some and you lose some. – me

Losing is not a failure. – Orion (interesting)

We don't want to have you as a pimp. But Snake wants to do some things to you. And we have been picked apart by them! – Orion, the last sentence means Snake and was a thought like flesh being picked off the bones like for eating or something

Do Draconians eat Orions? – me

They put us in a cool room first. – Orion

And then? Do they die there? I am sorry to hear that, I deeply empathize. – me

It is nice to meet you. A privilege to speak with you. You are a beautiful creature, and I love you a lot. – me

You haven't honored me. – Orion

I will honor you. You are my honored. I will honor your race. – me

I will take your socks off, and sniff at them. – Orion, he had a mental image involving my actual white

with black pricks socks as if he were to take one off and hold it against his cheek on the face with his hand. I felt that when I honored him he felt a soft warm fuzzy feeling inside, it pleases him to be honored, and then somehow my sock and something about wanting to caress me, he being enveloped in that soft feeling of his.

Tell me about your life. What is your life like? What would you like to achieve in your life? – me

To not have to go to an operating theatre. – Orion

Why not? Why do you have to go there? Do you work there, or are you afflicted there? – me

We haven't cautioned you yet, but we will. Because there is this guy, Snake here! – Orion

What planet are you from? Is it yellow? There are three planets at Betelgeuse. Which one are you from?

Tell me about your planet? – me

We have Insects there now. – Orion

The praying mantis? Have they invaded? They are locusts! This disgusts me. They have no right to take your planet. What are they doing there? – me

They make us work for them. – either Thuban praying mantis about Orion to me, or Orion about Thuban praying mantis to me. I think it may have been Thuban saying to me, it was a softer voice and I saw a Thuban when it was said.

Do the praying mantis work for Orions? What work do they do, at Orion? – me

What do the praying mantis do, for the Orion people? – me

We make, gnats here! – Hamish

What now? Gnats? – me

Most of us don't want you to know. – Hamish or Basmet to me

We don't think about Rigel. – Orion

Tell me. What do the praying mantis do on Betelgeuse' planets? What are they doing there? Have they invaded? – me

We have been given many wounds. – Orion says with deep contempt about deep flesh wounds on Orion bodies, I was shown a mental thought image of red cuts across the Orion body, even though the skin layer is thick and dry with thorny black scales

I am sorry. I don't like the praying mantis, sometimes. They can be mean and heartless and cruel. – me

They are not sophisticated. – Thuban about Thubans or about Orions

So what about Rigel. Who lives there? Who lives on Rigel? – me

No. Let us go. - ? possibly a Thuban hybrid boy of age 13 or so

What? – me

Have Draconians done war with Orions? And why? – me

We don't want you to know. – Orion

But yes! – Orion

Why was it done? Why? – me

For copper. And minerals. – Orion

Copper? Why is copper valuable? – me

It makes weapons. – Orion

What kind of weapons are made with copper? – me
(This man is Suleski...) – Orion says something about Suleski
No! We are not engaged with each other! – Suleski says to Orion man and chuckles, as the Orion must have asked him if he and I were engaged or something (Suleski and me have been flirting).
Suleski here wants to get engaged with you. – General Patton
Really? For real? – me

Snake? Snake? Can we talk? I have questions. – me
You are probably a *fool* to do that. – Snake
Why is that? Why am I a fool to talk to you? – me
Because we don't want mind contact. – Snake
We have been master geneticists for a long time. – Snake
And? How have you used your skills? – me
For genetics?!?! – Snake
And. Have you done that to humans? Are humans created by Draconians? – me
Are Draconians fertile? Can you breed? – me
She interviews me. – Snake to others about me
She doesn't need to know if we can breed. – Snake, "she" is me
Tell me about, the Bird Race. The Master Race it is called. – me
We were master geneticists for a long time. And then, something happened. – Snake
What happened? What went wrong? Or what changed? – me
We were not master geneticists anymore. – Snake
Why not? What happened, Snake? – me
We lost our eggs. That is why. – Snake
How did you lose your eggs? – me
That is why we have the Crocodile Man. – Snake
How did your eggs become lost? What happened to them? – me
Then we were made not fertile. – Snake
Was it an accident? Who did that to you? What happened, how would you lose fertility? – me
We were made, OPEN! – Snake about an incision made to open up the Reptilian between its legs seemingly for a surgical procedure
Were you sterilized, individually? Did someone take your eggs? – me
No, you stupid woman. – Snake
Then where did your eggs go? Did you used to have eggs? Snake? – me
No, we are not bringing her in a breathing apparatus. – Snake to General Patton about having me on the black dentist's chair abduction table and with a respiratory system on my face like when I woke up that abduction with the human men one of whom was a black man who were doing that stuff and I was there
Snake? Tell me about the Draconian loss of eggs? – me
I see General Patton with his black beard.
They are our sheep. – Snake to General Patton
Yes! Of course! – General Patton to Snake to that

We need to look at your butts and get semen. – Snake, just as I was about to switch off and close for today, having thought of no more questions to ask them

What are you doing with the genetics today? Snake? – me

Snake? – me

Tell me about, when Draconians lost their eggs? – me

They were not made by you, *hounds!* – Snake, “they” are eggs

Snake? Are you a Draconian? Nice to meet you. It is a pleasure to speak with you. You are delightful. – me

General Patton doesn’t want me to. And! Guess what happened in Iraq! When they didn’t want to! – Snake, “And” until the end was with a louder voice than I have ever heard from Snake and probably ever from any of the Aliens either, and with some form of excitement and emphasis that I have never heard before in the Aliens.

Yes. I know. The people of Iraq did not want to give their eggs to you Draconians, and so then something bad happened there as a consequence. The Draconians... did something. *Retaliated is the word I was looking for.* What happened in Iraq? What happened? Snake? – me

We made victims of them. – Snake

What kind of victims? What happened there? – me

Thousands of pages of telepathic contact with Aliens have been written down since the start August 2011. As much as possible will be made available on the website <http://www.orionmindproject.com/>, but all the graphic, sexual, or obscene content will only be made available in books, “or it would break the internet”.

Me? I am an egg donor with twelve DNA strands. I also seem to be very telepathic. I am also a scientist so it took me months to finally believe that this contact was real, and not imaginary. The proof leading to that was complex and intricate, culminating in their mention of Aleister Crowley, but mainly resting on the fact that Reptilians can toss me across the air, *and no imaginary process known to man can make a person fly through the air in such a manner as they do it.*