

The Orion Project
June 3 2013

This is an excerpt from notes of telepathic contact with alien beings and the US military who try to keep them at bay. The notes continue before and after this excerpt. Find lots more in the Orion Project books, where I post the material that is too graphic to post on the internet. Some minor parts were translated from another language. Most of this was in English as it appears here.

12:09 noon

Don't shoot my Dragons!! – I yell at a military man who made contact with me remotely, or perhaps more likely that an Alien let me see him, and the man was standing there in the military quarters and he lifted his shirt or jacket to show me that he had a gun sitting tucked in with its nozzle on the waist of the pants. I sensed from the context that it was to protect him, me, from Aliens. Just prior to this the man was sending me a mental image of a large bee's head, telling me that the Aliens look like bees, and I said that I guess that they do, the Thuban ones sort of do look like bees. *If he shoots at my Dragons, I will, go after him.*

MY HAMISH!!! And I nearly want to break down and fall down on my knees and place my hands over my eyes and just sob and cry so deeply, because the thought of someone hurting my Dragon would kill me! The Japanese when Hamish first showed up there at the Komi Saki coastal hangars they had shot at my Dragon! Oh Hamish! My Hamish!

Look at me! I look like a bat! And I can even fly! – a bat-winged reptoid makes its presence known, it even gave me a mental image of a deep cavern that has a straight down vertical drop in the jungles somewhere, and bats living down there in the cave. It showed me its wings, I can't tell in the dark image of him whether his body was black or a shade of gray.

Hello who are you? – me

I am visiting! – he says and spreads his winged arms in what the pteradactyl had called "ceremonial magic". Gargoyle of North Port does that too.

You are beautiful to see. Welcome. – me, and at that the bat reptoid thinks about sucking blood, it had the thought of blood in its mouth. *My god, are these the real life Vampires?* Just think that such creatures would exist in this God's graced universe! Real life bat-winged creatures that are human-sized and talk and *actually like to drink blood.*

We also like to see your feces. – it speaks

Why is that? Why? How does it benefit you? – me

We are studying, and making marks. – it speaks

What is your name? What should I call you? – me

The heart-eater! – it speaks and its eyes glow with red

Are you... a gargoyle. – me, I want to ask, and I guess I already said it, but I don't expect it to know whom I dubbed as Gargoyle

We are not friendly creatures. – it speaks

But, can you and I be friends? – me

I doubt it, unlikely. – bat

Why are you mean to me? – me

Because we collect you for evidence. – bat
You are a handsome sight. Your body is beautiful. – me
Yes, we are also called the Dragons. We are here with our group. – bat, he kind of “smiled” when he said the 2nd sentence
Well it is nice to meet you, Dear Bat Dragon. – me
I would like to, know you. It is a privilege to speak with you. What kind of species are you? Where do you come from? – me
I am not a bat. – bat
Then what are you? A Draconian? – me
Yes! Indeed, Miss! – bat approximately I didn’t quite hear, or maybe I did
Can I ask, do you live in another dimension than I? – me
What are you, a fool? – bat
I like to suck women’s blood. – bat
Hmm. How to respond to that.
It is what we have on our dinner plate, dinner table! – bat
I see. That is ok. It has lots of nutrition, and it is easy to, assimilate. – me
How do you know so much about us? – bat
I have been curious and learned a lot. I appreciate knowing you. *Just don’t kill me or anything.* - me
You see, the grand thing is that a human can offer to *donate* blood, without it having to be killed! – me
Yes, we also eat goats. – bat, he reminds us about a certain other Gargoyle now doesn’t he? But this is not the Gargoyle himself, this is a different individual
Please, do not let them call us a bat. – bat
Then what should you be called? *Please don’t make me have to call you the “Heart Eater”?* – me
How about, not-bats? – bat
I suppose. I would like to call you... *a Gargoyle. Because you look like one.* It is a distinguished name, enough. *Are you here to feed on me?* – me
No, we have trapped mice. – bat
Have you? How did you trap them? – me
They are living here in the cave with me. And we drink their juice! – the bat says the underlined and its eyes are glowing red in the dark cave. I now see that the bat creature is the same chalk white as the Gargoyle was. It has no scales.
You know, we are not dumb. So we know that/why you are speaking. And we don’t like it! – bat
And. We have trapped a mouse, here. – bat
Dear, Creature. I would love to get to know you better. – me
Yes, just shove her in the trap. – bat
I don’t want to be eaten! Although, if you and I become great friends, the best of friends, then I shall offer you to drink *some* of my blood. *But only little.* - me
Yes, it won’t be a fiest then. And I am not a Gargoyle. – bat
What are you? – me
Look at me? I have got a throat. – bat, it shows me
Yes? You do have a throat. – me
And it is not a Gargoyle. It is not a bat either! – bat

Then what *are* you, exactly? – me

I am not going to meet. I don't want you to see me like this. – bat

But Darling I am very aware of your image right now as we speak. – me

We won't rip her apart. – either bat to Hamish or Hamish to bat, Hamish is involved now! But this was said calmly

Dear Creature. *Do you have a name for me?* – me

The non-bat, that lives in a cave. – bat

Alright. Where? What country are you in? But Darling! You look so emaciated! You look so frail and skinny! *Do you have enough to eat?* Are you starving, my Love? – me

We don't have chocolate buttons to eat. – bat

No, I don't expect you to eat chocolate my Dear. – me

We want dominance. – bat

And you shall have it. Because I don't care for it. I let Hamish rule and decide here. – me

Who is that? – bat

The red Dragon Turtle. He is my best friend. – me

Dear non-bat. I am graced to meet you. – me

I haven't washed myself yet. And I am covered in my own dung, my feces! – bat says kind of miserable in the second sentence

That is alright. I am not offended. In fact, I offer to wash you. I would be glad to come there to see you and to wash you. If you want to be washed. – me

The Lieutenant or whoever it was with that gun on his belt is now aware and listening in and watching. I don't want him to interfere, lest to protect me from getting eaten by the creature.

Don't worry about dung. I am not offended. – me

I don't want to be trapped, like a reptile! – bat

I will never trap you! – me

No, but he is going to! – bat indicates to the military man

I won't let him! Stay away from this creature! – me, I say the first one to bat, the second one to the military man

They are asking us to leave. – bat tells me what the military had said to him just now

I don't want you to leave me. I was getting to know you just now. – me

We are being made to leave. – bat

Well then. It was great to know you, Darling. And I hope to see you again. – me

Little girls are not goats. – military man to the bat

No she is not our goat. – the bat sadly declares back to the military man

But Darling. You look famined. Are you eating properly? Do you have enough to eat? – me

We cannot eat fruits. – the bat with mental image as if biting into a soft juicy fruit kind of like a papaya or something or a mango type of thing, it spoke at the same time as when I said my last sentence

You know, *non-bat*, I would offer you a bag of my fresh blood to eat. – me

I am covered in my feces. – bat sits hunched in the cave

So. Here's what we're gonna do, *you and me*. We can be friends to each other. And you will promise me that you won't attack me – me

I don't harbor any that kind of love for you. – bat interrupts me as I was about to say more

But you see, when you have got friends that means that they will do things for you. And if you let your friends *live*, then they shall continue offering you great gifts. I could come to your cave, and wash you.

And then I would give you – me

But I am soaked. In urine. In feces. – bat

But it is ok? I would wash you I said. Did you know that I have worked in a nursing home where I have washed human patients who were also covered in feces and their own urine? So it would not bother me at all to come there and wash you. I am not offended one bit. Besides. I am a woman, and one day I will be a mother, and my children will need to be washed all the time! So I could wash you as if you were my own child! It is motherly love. My human species has lots of it. – me

But we don't want you to see it. – bat

Does it embarrass you? It shouldn't. I don't feel that way about you. – me

But next, you were going to bring us something to eat? – bat anxiously anticipating for me to tell him, it was like a mouth-watering thought for him, it even stimulated his throat for wanting to eat and drink and to swallow (we humans don't have the same

Yes. She is a great telepath. – the military man sighs, about me

We humans don't have the same response to hunger and eating stimuli in our throats, but he did!

So. I could come see you in your cave. – me

We want to feel lust! – the bat says and feels all mellow and calm and does the ceremonial magic where he stands up taller, even though his knees are always softly bent even when he stands tall, and he spreads his wings and lifts his chin up a bit as he says

If I come there, I can wash you so that you don't have to worry about your feces anymore. And then I will give to you a bag containing my fresh blood. And you can drink it and eat it. – me

But then we get more dung. – bat says

Right away? Immediately? But that is alright. You seem to be feeling concerned and self-conscious about your dung. – me

Yes, we are filling it. – bat, mental imagery indicates he has dug out a pit in the ground that he puts most of his dung into, like a toilet

We don't want to have a bath. – bat

Then I won't give you one. – me

And, also! Don't bring a fork! – bat

I won't bring a fork. – me

Because that is not how we eat it. – bat, he reminds me so much of the North Port Gargoyle, only this one, is in a cave, and it feels like South America. I can establish that this is the same species as the North Port Gargoyle, and I have only to figure out whether this is the same *individual* or not.

We don't want to sleep with you. – bat, with the image of me sleeping in my bed

No! – bat does the ceremonial magic in response to the military saying that he would shoot the bat, I didn't hear what the military man said to him, but it was a threat and a warning, and the bat went into ceremonial magic posture and calmly said

Is your intent to kill me? – me

No! – bat, and then it puts its hand into its mouth, just like the Gargoyle does

Are you the friend I have spoken to before? – me

It goes into a strong ceremonial magic, its belly filled with a tingle.

Where do you live? – me

Hi, this is General Patton. – General Patton

What is it, General? How are you doing? – me

Please don't talk to them. Just rest. – GP

Why? Why can't I talk to him? What is the problem here? – me

You are perhaps, going to be felt lust with. – GP says to me while holding his hand on his chin like in a pondering pose, and he was pondering

I don't want to feel lust, with him! – bat says and rises up into another ceremonial magic, he meant General Patton

She is one of the Cristals. – General Patton says about me, me being one of the Crystals whatever that means, but I think it has got to do with me having that strong Ida Pingala and Shushumna like they always say. That I am capable of giving a perpetrator a whole lot of juice, as they call it. The lust sensation that they feel. Somehow also connected to my blood.

I remember when North Port Gargoyle had watched me

About our dung, our feces. Don't worry about it. – bat

Gargoyle had watched me for several months, before he carefully approached me for the sexual rape that is feeding on the juice, a tantric kind of rape that involves the sexual energy that these otherdimensional aliens thrive on

We don't want you to be our snacks. – says the bat in the cave, that thin skinny creature

We only want to do it with goats. *And we suck their blood too!* – bat, he says mischevously the second sentence and its thought image was of it sucking blood, I saw that it has a little red tongue that drinks it, the whole image of it drinking with its tongue the tongue goes up and down into the mouth and it reminds me of how insects drink

Can you tell me where you have come from? Are you from this planet or are you from outer space? – me

I am from *that*. – bat says when I said outer space

That is interesting. Welcome. What planet have you come from? – me

Don't bring a fork! – bat, not angry, with image as if he were holding a fork in his hands

I won't bring a fork. *Or shoes.* - me, remembering what Gargoyle used to say, about shoes

And don't worry about your dung! It doesn't bother me at all! – me

But you would laugh at me? – bat

Not at all, Sir! – me

Then, the dung is ok? – bat

Yes. It is ok. I am more thrilled to be speaking with you, to worry about something such as the dung. – me

We have washed it. – bat with image he shows me the hole dug into the cave floor again that they use as a toilet

That is a good idea. Just make sure that you are comfortable there. Don't worry about me. – me

Yes, we are listing her. – the blonde military who had the gun, or General Patton, they are talking to one another so one of them said to the other, about me being put on some list, he who said sighed they find this whole thing sad, meanwhile whereas I am thrilled about alien contact! Albeit a little bit scared that he might eat me... But I don't worry about his dung.

Darling? Where do you live? – me

In a cave! – bat says and gets real excited and stands up tall again doing the ceremonial magic of spreading its wings

I am pleased to meet you! I could, in reality, give you a bag of my blood. – me

But don't worry about our feces. – bat says quickly to that

That is alright. I do not worry about your feces. – me

It is a trap! Shush! Quick! – bat says to someone else there but it was said so loud and clear that I heard it too

So, listen to me. Humans can donate blood once every month or three months or so. – me

We don't want you to speak to them like that. – GP says to me

.. And I have – me

We have throats that are soft. – the bat says this time in a very suave voice almost like a romantic invite, just that it is not *that* kind of romance that he is after

... I have always wanted to be a blood donor. – me

I am covered in my feces. – bat

That is alright. – me

And this is a mouse trap for you. – bat

That is... *not* alright. – me

Well? – bat

And he rises into another posture of ceremonial magic, spreading his winged arms, chin pointing up, and back standing taller, although his legs are always bent softly at the knees

.. I could bring you a bag – me

Yes, but we litter. – bat about his poo again, I was gonna say a bag of my blood

This is not a woman for you. – GP says to the bat, and the bat carefully rises into ceremonial magic

I am not for you, he says. – bat tells me

Our entire group wanted to warn you about that one. – Hamish says

Yes, Hamish. *He wanted to drink my blood.* – me

So? He wanted to drink the juice? – Hamish

Yes, Hamish. – me

He may not eat my eggs. – Hamish says to me

No, Hamish. – me

He will not have any bacteria in my mouth! – Hamish, huh?

There are no friendly lizards there. – Hamish shows me the bat in the cave, and in Hamish's image I see that it has those few spines close to the end of the tail like Gargoyle had. They are the same species, him and Gargoyle. Very much the same, even the eyes being red. It is wonderful to see that it is the same species, because now I am keeping somewhat track of them all. I can learn more about this species.

Hamish, where do they come from? – me

From a bat place. – Hamish thinks to the cave perhaps

But Hamish, are they from outer space? Are they Draconians? – me

Hamish touches the bat on its belly, feeling how soft it is, Hamish pinched the bat gently with his fingers across the belly. I know how soft they are, I have sensed it so well from contact with Gargoyle in the past.