

**This is an excerpt from the May 01 2013 notes of telepathic conversations, images, experiences and observations between me and the Aliens and humans of the Draconian Agenda. This is a true story and not fiction. Here are two and a half pages out of the 13 pages written today so far. Find them all in The Orion Project books, uncensored, and totally unedited. Shocking, atrocious, too graphic to post online.**

11:07 AM

A Japanese man is watching me. I feel us so close *via the Thuban-established Skype connection a la telepathy* that I even feel how he feels being just he in his body, the Japanese crooked eyes, the glossy black hair, his mood, his mind.

Yes, they are dolphins. – the Japanese man says, [sic]

*And I am very sorry about what happened.* – the Japanese man about the purple-clad incident, and his head drops straight down like if you just unplugged a metal bar that held the head up and now it just plummets, in a typical gesture like how the Japanese do it. Ahahaa! That was just so typical, his gesture! Hihi! \*I giggle, at his gesture of course not the lady incident\*

Everybody at Komi Saki is sad. Because that man, he turned her into a burger. – Japanese man says, “Hamish” being the “man”

I am sorry that my Dragon likes to eat. – me

It is because we didn’t take her to bed. – Japanese

Well I hope you never turn down my offers. Offers of me I mean. – me

I didn’t want to give her my dick. And now! Look what has happened! – Japanese man, he was calm when he said the first, then he thought of the dead or injured lady in the otherwise empty cargo container lying on the floor on her right side and it made him put his hands up to cover his eyes and face, arms vertically, and he went all sad

It smells like piss in there. – says Hamish and transmits to me a smell from the cargo container, yes it smells like urine, but who cares

Is she alive? – me

No. I have dominated her. – Hamish says

Hamish! Why! – me

She had no eggs for me. She wasn’t doing her duty. – Hamish

But Hamish! Some women are born infertile! They are allowed to live out their lives anyway! – me

No. Not at Komi Saki. *So I did my duty.* – Hamish, while looking at that hybrid

She could not give us a child! – Hamish

Yes. Usch. – Thuban

She wasn’t, *pregnant*, with me. – Hamish

So she was taken out! – Hamish

At the Komi Saki, we would like to tell you. So! Watch out for that! Aahh! – the Japanese man starts to tell me something and at first he is calm and with his hands behind his back casually. Then he sees Hamish and goes all berserk and puts his hands in front of him and his eyes went all big and he got scared. Of my Hamish. Who would never hurt anyone, I was about to say. I don’t fear my Dragon. Over

here in my bedroom he is the “Sock Puppet”, who cheers me up with the little things that he says and does. Over there? Hamish is something else. A Dragon. Not a Sock Kissy Feet.

No. We don’t want trouble with you. – Hamish says to the Japanese man

I needed to eat! – Hamish, while acting imposing against the Japanese man who is still petrified of him

We wanted to give him a test subject. – Hamish tells me and “him” is the Japanese man

If he can say Yes to us, about power. – Hamish continues

And *yes!* – Hamish he thinks about when I bought him the yellow primrose flower, he was pleased with the thought of that and pleased with me

Yes. I buy my Dragon flowers. – me, Hamish looks at me with his sock puppet head

That is because you have the right strands. And twelve of them too! – Hamish says

11:30 AM

Hamish possesses me so that we move together. He hunches down and exposes his back hump (that has no black thorns on it at the moment). He is showing me his back hump, his power I imagine.

Hamish! – I say delighted at the sight of my Dragon

My Honored back hump! – me to Hamish, he has got something in his mouth, shread of tissue that look like pulled barbeque pork and soaked in blood

*Yes it is juicy.* – says my Dragon

11:37 AM

Hamish shows me his back hump again with the back arching that makes me do it too in sync with him and I see him over there somewhere in a darker room in the hangar buildings.

Hamish! – the sight makes me say delighted. I love my Dragon

My Honored Scales! – me

I will give you my pyy-pyy, you should say. – Hamish

I will give you my pyy-pyy. And my hunnun. And you the power! *And I will drink juice with you. My Honored Scales.* – me, my last comment of “my honored scales” makes him twitch his body posture a little, and his back hump moved about a little bit, and the scales rustled about like needles on a porcupine

His eyelids are closing. He is in Komi Saki, hiding out at that empty hangar building where it is calm and quiet. He thinks back to the area outdoors with the containers.

What are you going to do Hamish? – me

They have said that I have made hamburger out of it! – Hamish

What *have* you done Hamish? – me

My power we will feel at. – Hamish

*Hamish is a creature, caught trapped in a body. His big red scaly body*

I wanted to seeeee pooower I said! – Hamish roars from the hangar in Komi Saki

Yes. Come now. With your pyy-pyy. Or else there will be juice and beatings. – Hamish says

His eyelids are closing. He sits there all alone in that Japanese hangar in Komi Saki. He looks just like a pigeon that is sleepy-eyed. *What is he thinking? What goes on in the mind of a red Dragon at Komi Saki?* My Dragon Turtle. Still, there he watches me, guards his hunnun. He is still and always will be my Kissy

Turtle. My Dragon Feet. My Sock Puppet Head that cheers me up all day. My Turtle. My Dragon Turtle Hamish, who I cannot live without.

Yes *yees*. – Hamish says a pleased Yes

He has taken a dump there! – a Japanese man points and says appalled about Hamish

Then, ... I offer myself to come there and clean it up. – me

He has said that she peed, and here he has taken a dump! – Japanese man is upset, *you know? Japanese customs of hygiene and cleanliness?* Oh Hamish. You silly Dragon.

Hamish is napping. His eyes are closing. He stands there in his camel posture. His eyes are closing, *sleepy Dragon*. He keeps thinking back to the container,

Yes, Hush! – Thuban interverts here

Hamish thinks back to the container in between his eyes closing sleepy-eyed. This is a Dragon's world.

This is what Hamish does. He lives that way. And he lives with me. He is my Dragon. He will come back to me soon, and then we will watch a Harry Potter movie, and he will stomp his Kissy Feet on my woven bathroom rug again, shedding his scales all over.

*He is sleeping now. I have never seen Hamish sleep before. He sleeps. His eyes are closed and he is almost snoring, his breathing sounds different.*

*Sshh, let's let Dragon sleep.*