

**The Orion Project**  
**- documenting a real case of Alien contact**  
**May 5/6 2013**

This is an excerpt of the May 05/06 2013 notes of telepathic communication, images and experiences with Aliens and humans of the Draconian Agenda. I am a valued egg donor. My eggs are harvested by the Aliens, and fertilized either by men having sex with me – such men are called “pimps”, or me being used for that purpose I am then called a “pimp” (they mean prostitute) – or fertilized by injecting semen into me with a syringe.

Hamish is my resident red Dragon Turtle. He guards my eggs. White one is an Alien character who came over from other alien contactee Ken Bakeman’s team and is the same one as his “Albino Lizard Pope”. The “white one” first appeared the night before, and has now returned this night again for my eggs. The US military try to restrict Alien activity with agreements, but the Aliens act threatening toward the military men. Military men such as General Patton and Jeff in this story are coerced by the Aliens to provide with semen for my eggs. Captain Swansea is another member of the US military team. I have gotten him in trouble for him having been intimate with an underaged hybrid girl called Charon.

This has been a relatively mild and unshocking night. The notes below are excerpts as the story continued before and after these pages. None of the below has been censored out.

Warning for mildly adult content. The full story will be found in the Orion Project books, completely uncensored and unedited. Most of the story is too graphic to post online. Here is a story I want to share with you all as it was rather decent compared to most nights and shows an interesting and authentic case example of what it means to have Alien contact, and the Draconian Agenda here on Earth.

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3:22 AM

And eggs are needed! – white one returns, I have woken up, it stood in the doorway to my bedroom though my door was closed and my legs were spread my body was rolled to my back as it said that and my legs were spread wide for my ladyparts to be exposed even though my cover was on  
And then it will be placed into a cool room! – white one approximately forgot cause it took some time to write the previous

A pteradactyl! – Hamish says about the white one said pteradactyl about it

*My eyes are burning I am so tired can't keep my eyes open they burn. But white one is back, he is kinda cute it's actually nice to see him again, aside the child rape and sacrifice yesterday, just seeing the white one all by itself that is nice cause he is a delightful character and I had fallen for him too. Now back to sleep, I must sleep I am so sleepy-eyed. The light has been on all night it feels better that way.*

3:29 AM

My plate, oatmeal! – says the white one and guess what, it hollered it almost as lively as Gargoyle does in that same tone, and it spread its wings saying it, *just like Gargoyle does*

Look, this girl isn't napping.. – a military man with a moustache says, this is a new character, he's with the United States team

Yes, I know that you are friendly.. – moustache man said

What is your name Sir? Who are you? Tell me if you're a Captain or what? – me to man

Heheh, look at that. – moustache man says and shows me/sees the brown reptile (fruit tree one) sitting on the sofa with its legs pointing straight out, yes, it's done that before too

*I'm tired...* - me to man

You should see the warehouse, the stockroom. – man to me about some storage room maybe the cool room

Yeah they have got racks with your DNA on them... - man

I wonder who you are. – me almost sings it out to the man

I don't recognize you. – me

*Sorry. The man first said like a hi to me just a few lines ago like after the porridge comment in this paragraph and he said that he was here to protect me, he is protecting me from Aliens. Let me sleep.*

*No, she doesn't have a strong vagina then..* – man to white one agreeing with him about something

The man had also said that I have many children there and I had said that I know and that I also know that the children are being molested and eaten I know. And I said that Richard Swansea and Olav are pedophiles and rape the children, I told him this man

This is ceremonial magic. – says white one who in a move approaches me and spreads out his wings that are attached to the arms meaning that he spreads out his arms to do that. I was communicating to him wordlessly that I have a heart condition and that it's ok he's ok it's the Black One Basmet who does that as well as the stress of seeing child pedophilia so just don't show me, *I said to him wordlessly.*

Yes, we don't want her to cum either. – the moustache man agreeing with something the Aliens said to him

*And yes,* we have got a nursery here! \*ahem clears throat\* - the man

And I had also said to white one that it was ok. Then it spread the wings.

Yes, a pteradactyl. – says Hamish to me about the white one, or that a Thuban said but most likely Hamish

*Let me sleep, I am soo tired, soo tired. I don't dare to turn the lights out. I like the "pteradactyl" actually.*

Yes, he, she, is not a fiend. – says Hamish or someone else from my Alien team

I don't feel *hideous* around here. – says pteradactyl

It is said that you are one of those! How does it manifest? – white one

I, .. incarnate sometimes. – me

We like that, they are our friends. – white one approximately or exact, *it had shown me an image of the white Arcturians when it said the "one of those". Now my legs are spread apart wide.*

Would you like to go for a walk with us? – white one

Yes. – me

*Watch out!* – Hamish to white one

Yes. I'll bite you. – Hamish to white one

Yes. A sofa! – white one hollers about the living room sofa like Gargoyle does

Yes, I'll bite you. – Hamish to white one

A summer site, a treasure spot. – Hamish says to me

Thank you sir for protecting me. – me to the man casually

Yes, it is in the agreement. – the man thinks of some paper parchment

*I am so tired though!* – me

Please, relax when you are with them. – man to me, or to white one about Hamish

*I have got to start staying awake at nights, to sleep at day I mean.*

And I am sorry that is not cocaine. It is mescaline! – the moustached man about the white powdery drug

Captain Swansea uses

They want to look at your vagina, your eggs. – man

Yes, they may. – me

(And) I am sorry that this happened (to you), first off. – man forgot if said those otherwise exact

*Nearly turned the lights off but can't if Basmet returns.*

I am not here with Jeff anymore. He resigned. – man

And who are you? Your name please? – me

I am not saying that you are lying. Yes, yes, take her to your carriage. – man says to white one

A white one, does not have scales. – Hamish says about the white one, which is true it didn't have scales yesterday did it

They bleed out your blood you see, and they give it to me to drink. – moustache man

Do they really. – me, I wanna sleep

Yes, and they wanted me to make use of it, like a great mystic. – man, not sure if he said this?

*The veranda*, has been used. – white one about our balcony

Yes you may use it. What do you use it for? – me

*white one is there on the balcony green rug squatting down*

Yes, he does not want to be like your pimp. – white one about moustache man

No, she just has to get used to me first. – man to white one

White one thinks something about a goat

No, we won't take her to the fair. – man with image of the red and white fair grounds that Charon goes to yuck no thanks pedophile children

No, we won't take her up for some shit. – man says to white one about taking me up to the spaceship for well, fecal samples

I don't mind. I want to meet them up close. – me

Like I said I have a wife. – man

Yes that's ok. – me

*Aren't you even, intimidated by them?* – man to me

Nope. Not at all. What do you think of me, take me for I mean? – me

They are my aliens. Especially Hamish is. – me

And my Frogs, she should say! – Hamish says to the man and me

We needed to take some iron, and it made him sad. – white one, about taking some of my blood I gather

I didn't sign up for this duty, I know. – the man to the Aliens, ie. when he signed up to be a military You're with the military aren't you. – me

United States enlisted. – man

Yes. I know that. You're welcome here too. Hi nice to meet you. – me

It is not a nice salary. – man

Hey, don't mind my Dragon Hamish the red one! He is a sweetheart! He is the love of my life! *You know the big red one?* – me to man

Now you should shut your mouth/shut up. – Hamish says from the bathroom rug in the bathroom, he kinda said both words

3:57 AM

True or false, you like the aliens. Yes? – man to me

I like them yes. And I like most of my military guys too. – me

*Just as I had rolled around to sleep and was thinking that the one who takes this the worst is the man. And that the worst thing for me right now is that I am so tired. I also thought to myself that dang these encounters are not real since he reminds me of a tv character I had seen on tv like yesterday or the day before. But then I wondered about all the details, such as the eggs, the agreement, and such. So I don't know. But what if I am hallucinating this? Because I had seen the white one in Ken Bakeman's report, and now the man reminds me of the man I had seen on television?*

*Ahh, let me get up to go pee, and get some very early breakfast. It is 3:59 AM and it is not like I am getting any more sleep.*

*We are making your sons here.* – white one says to me

*For a while there I was fine. I was fine with these beings my nightly visitors. Fine with Hamish the Dragon Turtle of course, and fine with white one. Fine with the military man and that storage room. Fine with being made babies and "sons" out of. Then I remembered what those sons are used for.*

*Let's do this discretely so that the man doesn't have to see me naked when I get out of bed, him having a wife and all.*

Yes, discotheque. – Hamish says about something

No, music, Hamish. No music. – I say to Dragon

Yes! This women is remarkable! – man says to them, I hate it when people say "women" about a "woman", I just hate it

Look, that dragon wants to see you crap. – says military man about white one as I pull an arm into the bathrobe

I don't care about *that*, I just care about the pedophilia. That is all I care about. They can see everything else but not that. – me says to the military but also the white one, well everybody hears what everybody does (says, I mean)

Yes, it is not *your* bed, it is mine..! – Hamish says to me about my bed

Yes, Dragon. I am yours. *You have my eggs, Hamish. And I love you Dragon.* – me to Hamish

Yes! My bed! – Hamish says for the white one to hear

*They are fighting over me. Fighting over ownership and use of my eggs, I gather. But I want Hamish to stay. And I am glad that*

He is, with the two star general. – someone or the man approximately about the man or about white one, I was shown the two shoulder stars of the US military (two stars each shoulder) and saw the moustached man

Are you a two star general? – me ask the man I am sleepy

*What are you doing with this? \*Man they look like comic book characters..\* - man said to white one then thought to himself about the white one*

*.. Can I pee now? Can I really, really pee now?*

My eggs are here! My vagina! – Hamish says right as soon as I get up from bed and tie the bathrobe around my waist to go to the bathroom. Then sit down here again to write this down.

*... I smile. My Dragon Turtle is here. What a precious gift it is to have... now he is thinking about biting into the white one and making a roar, just a thought of his. How ever charming. I love my Dragon Turtle. My Hamish Dragon. My Turtle Hamish, I love him so.*

He had wanted to break my neck. – says military moustache man about Hamish, sounds like him alright! Yes Hamish has a throat fetish. He likes strangulation to show power. Hamish is in charge here. Hamish has the power. He is my Dragon Turtle. – me

He is? He just comes here for your eggs. – man to me he was pleasantly surprised when he said “He is?” *I had said to the man but wanting Hamish to hear also of course.*

My food. My race also has penis hunger. – Hamish says

Well, *no*, I don't have a crush on her. – man says to one of the aliens maybe even to Hamish, as I sit here on the bed wearing my bathrobe and I lean my chin into my hand with the elbow against my lap and close my eyes to sleep and wondering if I should go to pee and maybe have some early breakfast to eat Yes, I want to have that man's penis! – Hamish says to me about the moustached man

I now see the man is in an underground base, where the storage room with all the racks was, that looked like a baker's room where bakers put kneaded buns of loaves of bread to rise on trays on racks, it looks just like that with racks of trays in a storage cool room. He was in the hallway with the many rectangular lights on both sides of the ceiling

*I have also got this.* – the moustache man says to me as almost in a whisper and reveals to me the gun he has on his holster or belt. It looks to be a good gun, at least I felt from him that he thinks of it as reliable, he is a military man alright! It looked to be a very modern gun, I don't know beats me. Rather big, bigger than you see people shooting each other with on television. A heavy dependable gun I would say.

What is the make and model of that gun? – me asks the man

This piece? – the man says

What is it called? Don't shoot my Dragon though! But don't let him grab your throat either. I guess, if you Honor my Dragon, ... - me, and I realize who am I to tell a military man to honor someone. This is just a game between me and Hamish. I wouldn't expect a military man

So, you are [European]? – man says while feeling out his gun on his belt

Yes Sir I am [European]! And you? American? US team? Military? – me

Well, the *channel, funnel*... - man starts to say or to think something

Well! \*ahem, clears his throat\* We have got your sons here! – man says to me

I know I know... I know that. – me, [sic] with that

*Can I go to pee now? Without anything awesomely exciting happening? No. Not a chance. But pee I must anyways.*

Will you poo? – asks white one as I went to the bathroom and before turning the lights on I had said that please any dragons that may be here I must use the bathroom if I may, then waited a few seconds (*cause they like to use the bathroom as their meeting room and hangout*) and turned the lights on, then turned the lights back out so that the man wouldn't have to see me peeing (I do that sometimes with the military that I am not *too* familiar with). The white one then said this, and I said that no I wasn't going to (which was true of course or otherwise I would have said something, or said nothing about it at all), that I was only going to pee.

Yes, she is searching for snacks. – Hamish said as I went to the kitchen after peeing and I was thinking of something small to snack on before I go back to bed. I opted for a little rye cracker and just as I reach my fingers into the package Hamish says this. And I thought it was so delightful.

No, it is not dangerous. – white one to the man, the man holds his hand on his gun like ready to take it out. This must be triggering a military man's instincts and setting off some alarms in him. Feeling the gun must be making him feel safe, *a kind of false safety I would imagine, as the Dragons could all harm him if they wanted to.*

I hope that you are safe Sir. – me, and it feels awkward calling him Sir when I don't know him

Well, I am with General Patton. – man says

And we wanted you to be able to rest.. – man says

*Man! I need some of that medical marijuana.* – man thinks to himself

And then to get myself down to Tijuana. – man says, beats me?

Yeah, I like to go down there. – the man thinks about Tijuana and him wearing a short sleeve vacation shirt that is purple with some white flowers

What do you do there? – me

Gun trades! – man gets all excited like only a young boy about trucks and tractors would

.. That's.. cool. – me

4:25 AM So. Where does that leave us now? The sun has gone up now, so I turned my night lamp off, worrying of course whether Basmet would come charging at me from the dark, *but he did not*. It will soon be morning here, and I am tired. I have now lost another hour or so of sleep again, and not just lying awake *but typing this, and it is exhausting at 3 AM in the morning*. The 4th hour of the night has almost passed, or is about to, and that is the magic abduction hour.

It was nice to meet you. Thank you for protecting me. Please, make friends with the big red Dragon. He is my Dragon Turtle, I love him more than anything. – me to the man

Yes, my eggs! – Hamish says wide-eyed to the man

Hamish is, a very sweet gentle person. He can sometimes be threatening and imposing, but he's my Dragon Turtle. Don't ever pull your gun at him. He means more to me than anyone has before in my life.

– I say to the man

Hamish is welcome to my eggs. I have given them to him. – me

So, *this is Assistant Carlisle*. – Carlisle but it was as if spelled that way, he seemed to have some urgency as if something pressing to say, but didn't say it. Not yet anyways.

The moustache man is still in that underground tunnel with those rectangular flat lights, still holding his hand on the gun ready to pull it out, finger on the trigger even almost. He was riding on a type of cart buggy down there and still stands next to it. *He doesn't feel afraid*,

Yes, thanks to General Patton I am here. – man

What did you, say... I mean what made you say yes to this kind of job? – me

The money. – man says without hesitation

So, is it ok over there? Are you doing ok? Let me know if you need any help! – me

\*Man, Aulis Greenshaw didn't say it was going to be like this!\* - man thinks to himself, probably about how friendly I am

It's nice to meet you anyways. Nice to meet you. Thank you for protecting me. – me

Don't come any closer. – man says to the white one whose clawed hawk paw was about to lift off the floor to take a footstep closer to the man, he said without changing demeanor he still keeps his hand on the gun and his neck, body and head are completely rigid in that posture of his that he chose, he is completely alert and looking around just like on a battle scene in war. But I am amazed at how *calm* he is throughout all of this

Yeah, I really need to smoke my pipe! – man thinks about his marijuana again and I saw the thought image of his pipe

*Yuck. If he knew that I am totally against that stuff, I don't like it I mean. Not that I ever tried. But he stands there completely rigid having assumed the ready position, he doesn't move an inch. Only his eyes move, as he looks around the place. But I am amazed at how calm he is. Perfectly calm*

He has said that you are not our cattle. – white one says to me about what the man has said

Well, ... I belong to Hamish. I am Hamish cattle. – me

White one looks at the man, almost as if the man were an annoying bug to be taken out. But he stands there, just looking, calm, more flexible and moving, is the white one, and the man is perfectly rigid. So calm, such a well-trained professional to stay perfectly calm in the situation. I would never have thought to see anyone who is ready for battle and with their hand on the gun on the belt who at the same time manages to stay so calm. The way that he is ready one would be panicking, worrying, alarmed, crying, and so forth. But he is perfectly calm.

Are you ok over there? Can I help? – me, I holler to the man

Please be safe. It's ok. – me

You have twelve strands they said to me. – the man, thinking about white one

Don't be afraid, it's ok. I won't let them hurt you. I can't let them hurt you. – me

Well. Your vagina belongs to them then. – the man relaxes and leans back took his hand off the gun and smiled after saying "well"

Sure! Is *that* what you were defending? It already belongs to Hamish! – me

\*Oh my God\* You guys... - me to the man, about the men

You know, I *don't* have a boner for you. – man says to me

I don't care if you do or don't. Don't worry about it, you're gonna see naked humans on this job. *Don't worry about it*. – me

I wasn't enlisted as a specialist. – man, no, he is still – or is again

My pyy-pyy!! – Hamish is heard his telepathy echoing across the tunnels, or that I saw the white one but I'm sure Hamish said this

*No, the man is still or is again in that rigid posture, aha! Now he has taken the gun out and squats downward quite a lot and has his both hands on the gun aiming it at the white one.*

Please, pteradactyl. Leave the poor man alone. – me to white one

I wasn't going to let you go to an insane asylum, (he said). – white one

It's ok! I don't mind alien contact! I don't mind having eggs taken! I'm ok! – me

So? You see? Her egg yolks are mine! – white one says to the man

Her pyy-pyy belongs to me. – Hamish wants to add

Yeah, yes, you know, I am from Canada. – man says, come to think of it he does look Canadian, *whatever that looks like*

Alright gentlemen. Are we ready? Is it done for tonight? – me

Not by long shot. – white one who is approaching the man

Gentlemen stop arguing! Aliens, you are welcome to my eggs, so long as Hamish the Red Dragon allows you to. And *you, sir*, please relax a little. Why are you afraid of him? Aliens, don't hurt the man! – me, trying to fix this mess. He is still pointing the gun at the white one, in that posture squatting down His hair is black, his skin is unusually tan, like the kind of man who goes out a lot to forests, and I guess Tijuana.

Yeah, I am part Mexican. – man says

Hey! Well that shows! That's awesome! – me

Yeah, my mother was.. – he says

Is that why you go to Tijuana? – me, and I think is Tijuana in Mexico? And then I realize I shouldn't be chitchatting smalltalk when this man is in a position aiming the gun at the aliens. *Should I help him?*

Yeah, they tell me that you have got twelve strands. – man says, still squatting ie. leaning his back down and pointing his gun at the white one with both hands on the gun and arms perfectly straight. Wow, look at his arm muscle, a very muscular man. He is a very dark tan color. His hair is very black. But his eyes are blue.

*Is this my battle to do? Should I be supposed to help him somehow?*

Yes, she has got twelve strands for you. – man calmly says as the white one places its white one hands on top of the gun softly to want to persuade him to put the gun down, and the man relaxes a bit and puts the gun down a bit, the white one had said something about this to him

Please, don't kill each other. I want both of you alive. We can work this out, we can all be friends. – me

We want to snack on him! – says white one delighted

You cannot eat that man. Or I will not give you my eggs. Don't eat humans, especially not humans like that. He needs to live, he has an important life. Some people need to live. We are not cattle you see. We value our lives, and each others'. – me to white one, but wanting the man to also hear

Way to go. – the man thinks to say to me

He is not food. He is a man. – me

Yes, *shushhh!* – white one shushes me because of what I said, but said yes too

Do you remember me? – Queen Reptile [from last night]

*Ok this is all too much, if she comes around here too. I still need to go to sleep. I have felt better having Hamish here, Hamish my Dragon he protects me. I am always safe with Hamish near. My body*



*completely relaxes knowing that Hamish is here.*

*The white one is talking to the man, still pushing down his gun with its white hands on it. They talk about my DNA strands, and all of this. The man had wanted to protect me. I am wanting to protect the man.*

*And I want to go to sleep, this is his shift, my shift right now is to sleep, as that is all I can do.*

Yes, she *doesn't* want any chocolate.. – the man says to the white one, obviously cause I am not allowed to eat any sugar..

Look. You have got some mental capabilities. – the man crosses his arms now and frowns a bit saying this, he said either to the white one or to me

*I want quiet.*

**No!! I am not a dog!!** – the man yells at white one and says, he is ready to shoot. The white one had told him

**And no!! I will not wear a collar!** – man yells at white one

He had been shown a mental image of a dog or that he himself thought of the chihuahua, and then he was shown a mental image of a collar

He had instantly stretched out his arms again and pointing the gun back at the white one, adopting that same squatting down position. *Is this all really happening? How naïve of me to think that it wouldn't. I have got an obligation to save these men, to help them out. They are humans of my same species, of planet Earth. Fellow human beings, and although I do not know that man I must save him somehow.*

We want those, from you. – white one indicates to the man's scrotum, testes, and sperm with a mental image and said to him

*Can I go to sleep now? Can I really, really, go to sleep now?* I want him to be ok. I need him to be safe. I need his life to be ok. I don't want his life to be ruined over this. I want him to enjoy his life, his guns, his Tijuana, his medical marijuana. His life, just being alive and being human and figuring out who he is and how to be happy. Whatever that means to him. I need him to stay safe. And he has wanted me to be safe, *well because it's his job and he gets paid obviously a lot of money*, and I don't get paid a penny but I still want him to be safe.

How helpless the military are. Our strong men and leaders, like little twigs so easily snapped, and eaten. They are under constant threats there with the Aliens.

*Suuure* we are. – man says to me

What now? Is this all a trick somehow? – me

I am gonna go home and get drunk. – man with mental image of home-made drinks

That sounds like a plan. I should do that myself, only I don't drink. – me

*My homestead* does! – man says like with a relief

What is..? – me, and I don't wanna ask what ever he means with a "homestead"

Just, me and my wife that is. – man says

.. I want you to be safe ok? You hear? Be safe. Be perfectly safe. *Please.* – me to the man

Yeah, and I am gonna eat me some nachos. – the man with a mental image that I saw *and I could also feel the taste that he felt in his thoughts*, he thought of those crisp corn tacos with some ground beef inside and red sauce

Well. Thank you *so much* for your.. good work tonight. – me

Yes, the guys thank me also. – he says and thinks to his coworkers, he again or still has that cold sweat on his forehead he has relaxed a bit

When do you get to go home? – me

When we have finished guarding your eggs! – man says with a frown and turns his attention again  
Look. These are not your Lizards. – Hamish probably who says, haha, his way of saying “These are not your Dragons”, he thought of the white one

*I want to go to sleep now. I don't want to do this anymore. Let them have my eggs, just don't turn them into pedophilia. 4:55 AM.*

The white one is handling the man on his scrotum and is inspecting his privates. He is after the semen. I guess allowing them to do so

Allowing?! I don't want them to take my sons! – man says

*Is the world really this un-beautiful? But we must remind ourselves of the many atrocities that humans do to our cattle, to our dogs, our cats, cows, pigs, sheep and chicken.*

And to the fish, there. – Hamish thinks to his Japanese carp fish

The fish are doing fine Hamish. – me

*Hamish thinks about how the fish open their mouth. He likes that their mouth looks like Hamish's. He has spent long times just watching them, he loves those fish.*

You are my Dragon. – I smile to Dragon, as the man is being molested over there.

*I don't know what gives. This is my life now. But the thing is, this is what the world has been like.*

Yeah I *really* need a fag after this.. – the man thinks about having a cigarette

No. I don't like her cause she is blonde. – the man says to the white one about me, the aliens are like trying to have him look at me or maybe even offering me to him, they must have said that doesn't he like me cause I am blonde

No. Cause I have got a wife. – he says to white one again

Yeah. And my name is Jeff. – man says

*I really need to get to sleep soon. Now, I mean.*

I am going to pawn *all my gold* and get rid of this shit. – says the man who is still being molested by the white one who inspects his privates

Ok. To respect his privacy I am not going to even want to see any more. And I want to go to sleep. This has been another night, with the Aliens. But this night didn't have any childhood pedophilia, no ritual sacrifice, no bloodshed, no Black One Basmet groping around my heart. It has been an unusually peaceful and calm, wonderful night. I really need to go get my sleep now.

Yes! You can go! – white one says to the man who gets back on the trolley cart that is in the underground hallway

I turn my attention mildly to the white one. I am kind of curious

Yeas! – the white one hears my writing about him and spread his wings and says. *Just like the Gargoyle does.* Ceremonial magic, he says? Huh. Go figure.

I am going to have a big glass of margarita. – the man with a mental image of the big bulgy glass with a green margarita and that salt sprinkled all around the rim

Goodnight. – I say to the man as I first have to think what is the timezone over there  
Yes we wanted to take him without his underwear. He said that we could. – white one says to me  
I got to take you without underpants also! – white one to me  
What a pity that I was asleep then. I had wanted to meet with you. – me  
Then you will do *like that*. – white one as if white one wore a white shirt and lifts the shirt to show me  
how I would lift my clothes for him for that inspection, doesn't he know I sleep naked most of the time  
lately for the aliens?  
*No*, I don't want her to be abducted again. – the man says about me to the white one  
We don't have any that kind of scales. – Hamish tells me and shows me the white one's belly  
Hamish does an exhale that communicates something some of his thoughts about the white one but I  
don't know what.

5:07 AM. *I want to sleep now.*

Yes. She calls him the white one. Jeff calls him the dick head. – someone maybe even the man Jeff  
*As I thought about how I can burrow myself into Hamish's red scales, knowing that Hamish is near with  
me I am safe and can completely rely on him. Hamish is my all. I will go back to sleep resting against the  
thought of Hamish's scales.*

Yes, but they smell. – Hamish about his scales

I don't mind Dragon smell. I love Dragons. – me to Hamish Turtle

*I love you Hamish. Thank you for being here with me Hamish.* – me

Yes. – Hamish says with a grunt-purr

She says that he has a throat fetush, fetish. She really knows that alien well. – the man about me and  
Hamish

I can't wait to get back home with my wife. – man

She is not gonna *believe* this! First I had to go to a cave, then I had to take my clothes off..! – man thinks  
to himself

Yeah, he has got a fetush. – man about Hamish

I am guarding my eggs. Here. – Hamish says to the man

5:15 AM

*As I think about how embarrassing it would be for the man Jeff to see my naked underparts, my thoughts  
then go to that my eggs belong to Hamish and not really to the white one (or something like that), it  
catches my quiet thinking and then says,*

No, my dog. I own the same rights to you as the entire lineage does. – white one says

*As I comfortably drift asleep, this has been a relatively wonderful night that went by well in spite of my  
worries of otherwise as things had been escalating to far worse night by night lately, I think to Hamish's  
red scales and want to be with him. I am always safe with my Hamish Dragon. Always safe with his  
scales.*

This reptile is not a pteradactyl. Say it, or I will bite him. – Hamish says to me

5:19 AM

We want to drink your juice, *before* we give you the poison! – white one to me about the green poison like yesterday, and juice being my blood or juice not sure of which, and not gonna ask  
So you see, we are not pope lizards! – white one says with reference to Bakeman’s article

5:22 AM

So. Don’t let him call me a pope lizard. – white one says

5:30 AM

This is not Swansea’s team anymore. – Jeff I think who says

5:35 AM

I wanna grow my own haschish! And my own tobacco. – Jeff with a thought image of him as if next to cannabis plants

These guys are night owls. Don’t worry about them. They were told to stay up all night with you. –

General Patton I think said, about Jeff

Yeah, I’m taking this money into the bank! – Jeff about his salary

*White one shows Jeff the racks in the cool room. On the trays are lined up many cups with water and tiny embryos. White one then wants Jeff to take his pants and underwear off again, white one wants to like caress him across his thigh and white one is really keen on doing the genetics project and seems to prize Jeff a lot. White one says,*

We wanted you to fertilize her DNA. – white one to Jeff

No. I can’t. – Jeff to white one

I haven’t paved those roads, no. – Jeff to white one about the tunnel

Then why do you walk on them? – white one to Jeff, they talk about the tunnels they were in, I saw the mental image

You have a shopping bag close to my territory. – Hamish shows me mental image of the shopping bag that is near his pink bathroom snug rug

I will remove it. – me, Hamish had said just as I was thinking of maybe getting some sleep finally and I thought about how comforting it was to have Hamish near, and how it used to be just about me and Hamish, not all this other stuff. It used to be just me and Dragon Turtle in the mornings, and my Aliens and Hamish never woke me up.

I am so sorry that we did! They had told me that you wanted to be awake! – white one

Yes I had thought I would wake up *over there!* – me

Yes, there is no more feces in this cat trap! – General Patton

Yes, poor Annie! – Jeff sincerely so

That is like gold! – white one spotted some shedded scales of Hamish on the pink bathroom snug rug here on my bedroom floor.

5:44 AM. *Meanwhile, I have got to get some sleep.*

5:48 AM

My Honored Scales. – me

Yes, the dog race likes it. – white one delighted, cause he likes the scales too

*Hamish had a thought image in which I would have been rubbing one of his sheets of shedded scales between my ankles, the way that he had a few days ago with the apple pie thing. And so I affectionately said to my Dragon Turtle. And white one heard it and said.*

I had never parked that cart before. It went well. – Jeff about the trolley cart he was driving down there in the underground tunnel

We have one of these here. – white one shows me a UFO in the sky

We thought we would take you there next. – white one

I would be happy to go there. Would love to. – me

.. Won't that make you angry? – white one

No. Not angry. – me

No. Angry. Jeff. – white one or Hamish to Jeff

She wants to come into our spacerocket. – white one

They don't want to shoot at us any longer. Now that we got to go inside of our spacerocket. – white one, I guess he feels safe being up in his "space rocket" now

*We have a syringe.* – white one shows me a mental image of him with one in his hand

*I want to sleep. 5:54 AM*

I wanted to give it to you. – white one

*And I am not in love with some monkey!* – white one

*Jeff is thinking that he had never expected this while being in the military academy. The aliens he means, the white one.*

We have taken semen from them from their bum. – white one

*This one* will be thrown in the trash it was not a good one. Now then. And so the semen was prepared.

Now then! If you would just lean forward! – white one now wants me to pull my butt up or something so that he can inject the semen into me with the syringe

*Is that how you do it?* That simple? – me

Yes, it is like how it is done with bovine. – white one about cows and cattle

.. Will that make me pregnant? – me

Yes, with Jeff. And that semen has already been prepared! – white one

Yes yes, I will come to see you in the space.. rocket. I'll come there. – me

Hey. This is Aulis Greenshaw. – Aulis Greenshaw

Hey Aulis Greenshaw. How are you doing today. – me

Thanks for being nice to our man Jeff. – Aulis

Yeah. He was protecting me. He's a great guy. – me

He was saying, that this was a lot easier with you. – Aulis

Yes. You others take me for granted. I'm really nice person. – me, [sic]

So you really like the Dragons, huh? – General Patton

Yes. My Hamish Dragon. And also the white one, the new white one! – me, and when the white one hears that I like him he immediately spreads his wings, just like Gargoyle does when he is pleased  
Yeah. This went great. This went well – Jeff says

6:00 AM. *Can I sleep now, can I sleep now. I should turn that into a song and sing it to them.*

Cut the crap. She doesn't like it. – Jeff to white one, as white one wants to give me the syringe full of cum, the white one holds the loaded syringe with both hands

6:03 AM

She doesn't need to be your Queen, you only need to like her. – white one to Jeff, white one is trying to persuade Jeff to sleep with me, he doesn't want to do it he isn't too keen on me

What is that! – Jeff

I cut myself with the razor. I swear that's all it is. I bought these new razorblades. – me

[Added: what this is, is that I had a bad cut on my lady parts after a shaving accident. I had bought these new razorblades that were ultra sharp. I saw from Jeff's thought images that he saw it and I had to explain what it was. *Aren't you glad I tell you everything?*]

I am gonna need a bottle of gin! – Jeff

This is Aulis Greenshaw. You don't look that bad. – Aulis

Thanks, man. – me to Aulis Greenshaw

Yeah, even if you *are* a potato head. – Aulis

6:06 AM

Yes! She is our cattle! More now! – white one still holding the syringe it resting on both palms of its hands, says to the men team

She is our sheep. In our pen. – white one with mental image of a pen filled with sheep

This is like gold! – white one wide-eyed about Hamish's shedded scales on the pink bathroom rug

Hey. This is me. – white one shows me a mental image of himself from straight front view

Hello. – me

We want you to get prepared. – white one

Yes! Get ready to get naked! And for this one to be milked! – white one the last one is about Jeff

*Sleep now? Sleep? It is ten past six in the morning.*

*No, there won't be a cacophony.* – says my Thuban to the white one

Just, *relax.* – General Patton says to me

Yes. We are training you, Hon. – General Patton says

*And with that, this is my cue to go to sleep. I don't wanna know if this is just the military, without any aliens involved. Or how could I think that? But what is General Patton? And what fucking training?*

I am looking for it. I have put it somewhere. – white one

My scales, will not be trampled on. – Hamish, white one had stepped on his scales by accident on the pink rug

*I apologise I did not write down, I am really exhausted, but here's all the verbatim in an account instead: white one shows me Jeff masturbating, I say that's fine and that I want to get to sleep. White one shows*

*me that he comes in a spaceship with red flashing lights. White one is appalled to see a piece of dust on the bedroom floor. I apologise, and my apology makes him feel all better. White one then looks behind the PC hardware case. I ask what he is looking for. He is looking for his "ball", the white scepter. He has misplaced it here somewhere. So now we are up to date again, and nothing missed.*

*I really need to get to sleep.*

I really don't wanna give her my baby. – says Jeff about me

Wait till you hear them crying, you are going to be glad that you did. – white one to Jeff

No. There won't be a cacophony. With this red one. – Thuban says about Hamish on the rug

Hamish! – me delighted at the mere thought of Hamish

*I was not the one who was King. So I took it. – Hamish about the scepter, aha so Hamish had taken it!*

I wasn't bad. So I thought that was unnecessary. – white one to Hamish about having had his scepter taken away

*Where is it Hamish? – me ask Hamish about the scepter, aha, Hamish thinks of it being placed in the laundry basket in the bathroom. I can't believe this. This is unbelievable!*

No. It was first in the sink. Because I wanted to wash it down. – Hamish with image of the scepter having been placed in the bathroom sink. Hamish now a quick thought without words that he wanted to find out if it was magic like Harry Potter's wand.

*Babies I can believe. But Dragons hiding scepters? My God.*

I see the white one. Clearly. I smile. He is a cutie.

*Yeah, just relax. – General Patton*

Yeah, there won't be a cacophony with the red one. – Thuban

*Aha. General Patton is, just as I thought in his "yeah just relax" comment, he too is masturbating.*

*Perhaps asked to leave a sample. I'm glad I don't have to masturbate, to procreate. As that would be offensive.*

Yeah, we don't eat any fruits. – white one says to someone else, made me think of the brown reptilian but I haven't seen him since last night

I just think about my wife when I'm doing it, not you Dall. – General Patton said Doll but he pronounced it like Dall, about his masturbating

*Sleep? Can I sleep? Are we done yet? Could you guys hurry up? It is 6:22 AM and I haven't slept since 3 AM or so, and last night*

No, and there won't be a cacophony with the red. – Thuban again as it watches Hamish on the pink rug

*\*Hamish! Oh my God I love my Dragon!\* – me coo over Dragon Turtle*

Yes, my scales have been honored. – Hamish about his scales on the pink rug

Hamish! – me whisper delighted at Dragon

It has honored my scales. – Hamish approximately I forgot or exact about the white one appreciating Hamish's scales on the rug

Here it is! I have found it! – white one with scepter in his hand

Yay! You found the scepter! – me faking an excitement, cause all I wanna do is go to sleep

Yes. You were righteous! You have said that you will help us with our samples, and you have. – Dinosaur to white one

There. Now he has been ejaculated. – white one about Jeff or General Patton probably Jeff

He did not want to be your pimp *so he got to do it that way!* – white one shows me image of Jeff holding

his hand on, well

So, she doesn't need psychiatry she is doing fine with us. – white one to General Patton, it pronounced psychiatry in such a different way t... I was gonna say "this has got to be real", but we established that a long time ago, even if I cannot still comprehend it fully it has to settle in

He has looked, at our dong. – white one about someone and someone

My scales are not to be dusted. – Hamish who stands on the pink bathroom rug says with the thought image of the dust on the floor and that I should not take his scales off the rug when I remove the dust  
No, Hamish. Your scales will stay right there on the rug. – me, and with that, Hamish shifts one of his feet lifting it on the rug and then placing it back down. *How I love my Kissy Turtle.*

Yes, No, samples. – Hamish says

Yes No samples. – me

Hi, this is Captain Swansea. What ever you say, I wasn't guilty of it. – Swansea

You are a pedophile. I've seen you. They showed me. You and Charon. – me

I don't have any bacteria on my scales. I've checked. So it is ok if they stay here. – Hamish approximately the last sentence but that's what he said

Captain Swansea is upset with me for saying, but he is always upset with me anyways. He doesn't like me, he never did. And I don't want him to ruin this morning. I want to go to sleep.

So, I am placing you under arrest. – General Patton says to Swansea and there is the image of handcuffs  
What's going on, guys. – me

This guy, has made love to a child. – General Patton says

Yes, he did. With Charon. And the Aliens made me watch. It nearly killed me to suicide. – me

What do you mean they made you watch?! – Swansea

Leave me alone. – me

So? A general ordinary prostitute won't do? – General Patton approximately to Swansea but that's the context of what he said

That's what I said! That he doesn't have the decency to rape normal women! – me approximately at the end forgot how exactly I said it, and then I thought that wait a minute, *it was General Patton* I said that to! About being a decent rapist who rapes only women.

OK NOW TO SLEEP! IF I DON'T GET SOME SLEEP NOW I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN!

Yes. I am lying here on my scales. – Hamish nesting standing on the pink rug with his feet on the rug and white shedded scales all around his feet, the bubblewrap kind mostly individual bubbles

*Whoo, Captain Swansea just got a look at my boobs through the massive cleavage on my bathrobe.*

*From seeing his thought image of it it made me look down and sure enough, it looked like he had seen!*

I have got to get some sleep. I really have got to. Or else I don't know what I'm gonna do. 6:37 AM

We have our own prison systems. So don't worry about, pedophiles getting killed and beaten. – says General Patton to me about putting Swansea in a prison on military grounds, a military jail. *Will he really?*

*No, you won't get out in a while. You're looking at a maximum of five years for the exploitation of the*



young. – General Patton says to Swansea

No, because, you see, this really ruined her heart. – General Patton, said ruined or hurt I forgot

She didn't have to see it. – Swansea to General Patton

.. We fly away now! – white one in a spaceship, bye bye white one! Safe travels!

And we did not need to undress you. – white one thinks about how I didn't have underpants needing to be taken off, yep! I slept naked all for you Alien guys!