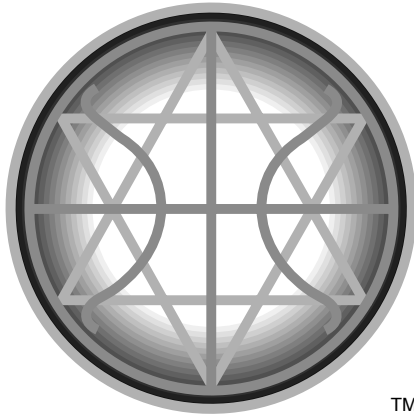




YOUR FIRST CONTACT
SHELDAN NIDLE

Illustrations by
Miriam de Vera



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YOUR FIRST CONTACT

Sheldan Nidle

Illustrated by Miriam de Vera

BLUE LODGE PRESS

Vancouver and Sacramento

YOUR FIRST CONTACT

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DEDICATION

This book is lovingly dedicated to Narturi.

Soon, my son, we can be together
and spend the quality time
that we so dearly await.

—Your ever-loving father,
Sheldan Nidle

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PREFACE

Aloha nui loa! To paraphrase the noble words of Washta, a Sirian Ascended Master and my ever-present, compassionate companion, you are currently hovering on the edge of an amazing cosmic journey through the myriad wonderlands of consciousness. These awesome worlds, your eternal home that you are now bound for, are filled with magical experiences and represent your true Joy and Happiness. You, my fellow Lights, are beginning to gaze, rather tentatively, upon these numerous realms. The Spiritual Hierarchy detects a certain degree of apprehension lingering within you, obstructing your path. Fear not! The omnipotent brilliance of the Light ever guides your journey. Dear Friends, open your hearts, free your minds, and greet us, in Love!

Countless millennia ago, the Spiritual Hierarchy of this galaxy and of numerous others nearby, sent you on a 'short' journey into a mysterious house of cards called 'limited consciousness'. Since that time, you have bravely inhabited a 'reality matrix' that you have found most confusing and intimidating. Your life appears quite incapable of ever leading you toward a fulfilling place of Light, Joy, and profound Happiness. Fear has captivated you, rendering you oblivious to a way out of this apparently hopeless situation. However, despite your inherent misgivings, the door to Heaven has always been there in the darkness, nearly impossible to notice, yet unlatched and inviting your entry. Finally, the moment has arrived for your self-inflicted veil to be lifted! The divine right time has come for you to transmute your present, unacceptable reality into a new, more evolved vision through which the glorious legions of Light can show you the way home.

Look ahead! The Light sings, enveloping you in its radiance. In it, the beginning of an expansive era for your physical and spiritual self is dawning. Deep within you, this mighty Light of Lights is changing every cell in your body. It is working its magic in the RNA/DNA protein strings of your genes and dancing to the rhythm of the many cascades of enzymes that shape your metabolism. You are being transformed and transmuted! Gradually, your body is becoming 'lighter' as its frequency resonance is steadily rising. You are about to become like the fabled Body Elektrik, singing: I AM ready to be ALL that I am truly capable of BEING!

Your physical form is preparing itself for a long-awaited holy union with its 'living' Light. Some scientists refer to this spiritual body, containing many shapes and colors, as the electromagnetic body. To metaphysicians, it is the Aura or Light Body—the Merkaba—vividly described in the ancient, holy texts of the Hebraic Kabbalah. Out of this sacred merging of Spirit with matter comes the Age of Light and full consciousness, known as the Golden Age of Heavenly Peace. Within it, the myths of your many indigenous ones can find their ultimate, superb validation. And, you may well ask, what *is* full consciousness?

Full consciousness is a sacred and magical domain! It is a miraculous 'space' where Heaven ceases to be a dream and where death is but a distant memory. Immortality is your reality at long last! To some, it is a fairy tale come true—more amazing than any other adventure story. However, over the course of my life, I have been extremely blessed by being invited to observe the gracious ways of these fully-conscious Beings. Their loving 'angelic' manner and infinite wisdom continually astonish me! They do me great honor by sharing with me their beautiful, inspiring rituals and their numerous, superb narratives of the history of Earth and her people. Most of all, they favor me with a delicious taste of our own divine destiny!

Along with other kindred Spirits of the Light, these wondrous Beings have come from afar to act as guides, leading us into our coming Golden Age. This book, dear Friends, can serve you as a beacon, enlightening your path to that miraculous, 'soon-to-be' time. Let it be a wayshower in your current preparations for an astounding quantum leap in consciousness. The matrix-shattering metamorphosis of your reality is now underway. Every day,

the Spiritual Hierarchy and our space brethren are gradually adjusting your reality, our precious Mother Earth, and, most importantly, ourselves.

In this book, we discuss the way these transmutations are presently manifesting and why they are occurring. I also share the story of my ongoing contacts which began when I was very young. Let us embark on our adventure now with a very brief review of how these amazing events actually began.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, the so-called ‘counter-culture’, which was an ill-conceived and ill-fated worldwide spiritual renaissance, burst upon your society and left its indelible mark. This social ‘revolution’ deeply impressed your planet’s Spiritual Hierarchy. Thus, after a series of cosmic accidents caused your Sun to become very erratic, they allowed the Sirians and their many inter-dimensional allies (through the use of a special multi-dimensional hologram) to prevent your Sun from going nova. By the summer of 1972, the much-needed hologram was in place, and the divine intervention into your planet’s affairs had formally begun.

The Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light thank all of you who are involved in assisting the development of your transforming planetary culture and the revivifying of your most precious Mother Earth. As part of a vast experiment in consciousness, you are now capable of successfully making this remarkable change, equitably, and harmoniously. Above all, you need to quickly acquire the skills to consciously embrace this unprecedented transformation.

It is the divine right time for you to view yourselves as an integral part of a creative and highly effective team, making possible a much-needed galactic harmony. We are all working together, heading toward Mother Earth’s graduation into a splendid galactic culture. Along with the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light, let us usher in an imaginative, creative, innovative culture and a truly balanced, totally nurturing civilization. Through our committed and joyous co-creation, a glorious destiny filled with harmony and peace for your planet, your solar system, and your galaxy becomes possible. I invite you to make each new day a fresh, vital step in the beginning of your experience of galactic citizenship and its vast, cosmic responsibilities!

Let me conclude with many well-deserved *Mahalos* to those who have made this book possible.

Let us now proceed to our point of entry and happily begin our adventure!

N.B.: Following Galactic Federation of Light Protocols, the spelling used for the residents of the Pleiades is Pleiadeans and not Pleiadians. This spelling will be used throughout this text.

Selamat Gajun! Selamat Ja! (Be one! Be in Joy!)

Sheldan Nidle

Makawao, Maui

7 Akbal, 11 Pop, 9 Eb (August 11, 2000)

1

CONTACT --- BEGINS

My story begins in my childhood . . .

It was a clear, star-lit night. The large, silvery, orb-shaped Sirian ship hung in the night sky like a faraway Christmas ornament. Later that same night, eight other companion ships joined it and quickly assembled in their traditional ‘V’ formation. To me, it was a signal that another contact with my space kin was about to begin. Rapidly, I felt the first twinges of the energies that soon put me deeply asleep. I awakened to find myself on one of the nine scout ships. Washta, my wise and loving teacher, gently tapped my shoulder. He was dressed in his usual purple and gold-trimmed jumpsuit which was intricately braided on each shoulder. The time had arrived again for me to go to the Sirian Mothership for another series of their amazing lessons.

From my very early childhood, the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies had closely watched over me. I saw them as physical Angels who regularly talked to me, guided me, and protected me from harm. To monitor me during the night, the Sirians sent bright, pale blue orbs of light into my room. These globes of light followed me constant-

ly around the house. From birth, I had telekinetic abilities. I moved objects about without touching them and easily closed or opened doors and turned on lights with my mind.

Initially, the Sirians and the Galactic Federation of Light had to protect me most from the harm inflicted by my own father, Harry Nidle. He was a powerful, stocky, angry man who seemed unable to cope with events he did not understand. A former professional boxer and fight manager, my dad responded physically to what deeply confused and scared him. His answer to all the strangeness he perceived surrounding me was to constantly beat me.

I came from a dysfunctional family. But, despite my father's beatings, my parents showed me a great deal of love. Though our family was not well off, my mother was committed to teaching me about the world around me and made it her project to instill in me a love of books and reading. My parents' difficulties lay in their shared fear of what I represented. They both discerned that something unknown had brought me into their lives, and this recognition was manifested every day in either incredible deference to my every whim or in abrupt outbursts of physical and/or emotional violence. As I grew older, the dichotomy between my two realities became increasingly overwhelming.

My mother, Thelma, grew up in a family terrorized by an authoritarian mother. At my mother's funeral, her surviving siblings jokingly referred to their own mother as the 'dragon lady'. To their generation, this phrase was the code for an over-controlling and truly self-serving type of woman. Mom's reaction to her upbringing was to become docile on the one hand and extremely manipulative on the other.

My mother was much cleverer than my dad. Early on in the Depression, Mom was offered a full four-year college scholarship in mathematics to the University of Buffalo. She turned it down and instead kept the books for her parents' business, a bakery. Yet, despite all the grief her family eventually caused her, she remained devoted to them. She once confessed to me that it was due to her misplaced family loyalties that, in 1949, we moved back to her hometown of Buffalo, New York.

My dad was a very complex individual. At times, his emotions ran out of control. Like my grandfather, he was noted for being stubborn and set

in his ways. For example, to pursue his love of physical culture and boxing, he dropped out of high school in eleventh grade. Later, he balked at his father's help in getting him apprenticeship jobs in the city's building trade unions to tide him over. His dislike of formal learning was life-long. Yet, despite great hardships, he prevailed.

During the early years of World War II, Dad was a sergeant assigned to an engineering battalion stationed in New Jersey whose personnel did not survive the invasion of Normandy. However, because of his pre-war boxing experience, in early 1943 he was reassigned to a battalion of MPs who guarded General Marshall and the planners of the atomic bomb. But that, as they say, is another story.

When we kids had a problem, my dad willingly listened and talked it out with us. However, he had a terrible temper, and we knew it was time to run or duck whenever his ears began to turn red. That sign meant his great propensity for rage was about to overflow. In this state, he was capable of unbelievable violence. Unfortunately, his rage was usually directed at me. Once, my sister told me, the door to my bedroom across the hall accidentally swung open, and reflected in the large mirror of her dresser, she saw me getting a most awful beating.

Occasionally, from the upper stairs of our house, we heard Dom and Dad yelling at each other in the loudest of voices. Mom told me later that, as intense as their arguments were, Dad never hit her. If only I had been so lucky! I was the odd stranger, the weird alien, who had come from far, far away.

My earliest childhood recollections are filled with the gentle, loving presence of Washta, my Sirian guide. Near to him always were many loving and caring Beings who treated me with reverence. His protectiveness of me in those years equaled only that of my adoring grandfather, Max Nidle. Max was a passionate man, famous throughout his Bronx neighborhood for his fiery temper. Although by trade an interior designer, he was known to all as a powerful ward boss for the city's Democratic political machine, Tammany Hall. When I was barely three, my parents moved far away from Max and the Bronx to upstate Buffalo, NY. It was here that my life-long contact truly began in earnest.

From the start, the Sirians (and especially Washta) seemed to have

a plan. They talked to me constantly about a grand mission to Earth of which I was a part. They told me that whatever was happening to me now was only a necessary learning experience destined to be transformed by me at a later date. Instead, I was to bring to mind the love within my parents that had created me. Repeatedly, Washta told me, “Remember, you are not alone.” The Sirians continually watched over me. When required, a special Sirian medical team took care of my physical injuries. Of immediate importance was that I play and grow and, at the proper times, be educated for what I was later meant to accomplish.

One of the strangest elements of my childhood was my father’s constant physical abuse. Again and again, I was left for dead, sprawled on my bedroom floor or curled up in a fetal position on the bed. Promptly, the Sirian medical team teleported me up to the Mothership or to a nearby scout ship. Furiously, they worked to restore me to pristine health—no bumps, no bruises, and no broken bones. I was then sent back to my bedroom, usually in a deep, healing sleep-state and unable to awaken until morning.

The next morning (or on his return from work), Dad beheld me in absolute horror, mixed with joyous amazement: his unknown benefactors had saved him yet again. Still, what he saw deeply frightened him. I, in turn, became increasingly confused at having been placed in this perilous situation. Washta always told me that I had chosen it. This answer regularly left me bewildered.

Let me state that in my youth, along with many other psychic gifts, I possessed a well-developed telepathic ability which I used to better understand what I was experiencing. After the age of five, I began to notice that most individuals on this planet did not publicly show such abilities and seemed to fumble around with no comprehension of what was happening to them.

Telepathy made it easy for me to discover what people were really thinking and even what they intended to do. I formed a profound impression that most people on this planet were usually confused, severely limited, and very negative. Almost everyone lied occasionally. A few persons frequently deceived friends and family. This realization made me wonder, even more intensely, why I was here.

One of the positive ways in which I utilized telepathy was to guide people whom I met. After watching them react to what was being said or done, I was able to put helpful thoughts into their heads or clarify a question they desperately wished answered. However, by age twelve, I began to feel that I needed to discard my unusual psychic abilities which made many of my friends very uncomfortable. Worse, my dad had replaced his physical battering with unceasing emotional and mental abuse and yelled at me unrelentingly about them. Determined to find some peace at home, I began, at age thirteen, to shut down my telekinesis and by the age of seventeen, had almost totally discarded my telepathic abilities.

The Sirians and, later, some notable Andromedan scientists told me about the necessity of assisting the Earth through its period of transition. Those who came to help Earth had to understand fully what life in this society was like. The process required that a number of daring souls be willing to experience incarnation as Earth Beings.

The Galactic Federation project directors considered the mission most difficult. It was a pivotal task and possessed a number of possible scenarios. Zakumadi, an Andromedan scientist, was famous throughout the Galactic Federation of Light for her profound wisdom on these weighty matters. Washta arranged for me to meet her to clear up some of my growing confusion. Her conversations with me are ones I shall never forget.

Although Zakumadi's wisdom helped me to re-assess my early life, it did not (at that time) permit me to release all of my pain. I fervently wished to find some solace for the horrors I had suffered at the hands of my dad. I felt his behavior toward me had a deeper meaning. Later, Zakumadi told me that my situation was designed to clear up some early karma from the end of Atlantis. Yet, this explanation held a still greater significance for me, which I did not realize until much later in life. But let us return to my mentor and most loving guide, Washta.

Washta is a Being of great Light and infinite Love. He stands over seven feet (more than two meters) tall, with broad shoulders and a very well built body. Washta has an oblong head and thick, shoulder-length, sandy blonde hair. His eyes are blue and piercing, and his thin lips readily produce a most awe-inspiring smile. His voice is deep yet very melodious. His wondrous laugh is infectious and turned my deepest frowns into

long episodes of ecstatic laughter. He exudes a perfect Love filled with a great wisdom.

Washta's entourage was almost always quite large, usually consisting of 50 to 100 people. The Mothership's personnel always seemed to be at his beck and call. Frequently, when I saw him there, he was dressed in multi-layered diaphanous gowns of light blue or royal purple. Each layer sparkled like an endless pattern of sequins. As he walked unhurriedly beside me, his elegant, golden sandals barely seemed to touch the marble-like floors.

The usual place for my training sessions was the main Sirian Mothership. Through the portholes of a scout ship, I often saw it looming above me. Football-shaped and over 300 miles (some 480 kilometers) in diameter, this immense ship always glowed and twinkled like an enormous star (see FIGURE 1).

Washta frequently reminded me (as we approached) that neither Earth's military nor its astronomers were able to see the Sirian Mothership. Its light frequencies were too high, and it employed a force field that, by bending the visible light around it, made it appear cloaked. When we adjusted our perception to these distortions, it became visible to us.

Our Sirian scout ship was one of over 50,000 such ships stationed on the main Sirian Mothership. Approximately 100 feet (about 30.5 meters) in diameter, our scout was shaped like a huge orb with a special mid-section that bulged slightly, like a small airfoil, for about 12 feet (a little over 3 meters). The portholes (actually special holograms) allowed us to look outside.

Other scout ships had up to five decks, whereas on this type there were three. The lowest level was set aside for storage and other activities. Usually, I was told by the chief pilot to remain on this bottom deck. The other decks were used for flight operations and scientific observations. Occasionally, I was allowed to visit these levels while the crew was busy doing their work.

On the Sirian Mothership, our frequent destination was a well appointed conference room. It was as large as a football field, with very white walls and a glowing pink ceiling, embellished with peach-colored swirls. Strangely pleated walls soared nearly twenty feet (over six meters) in

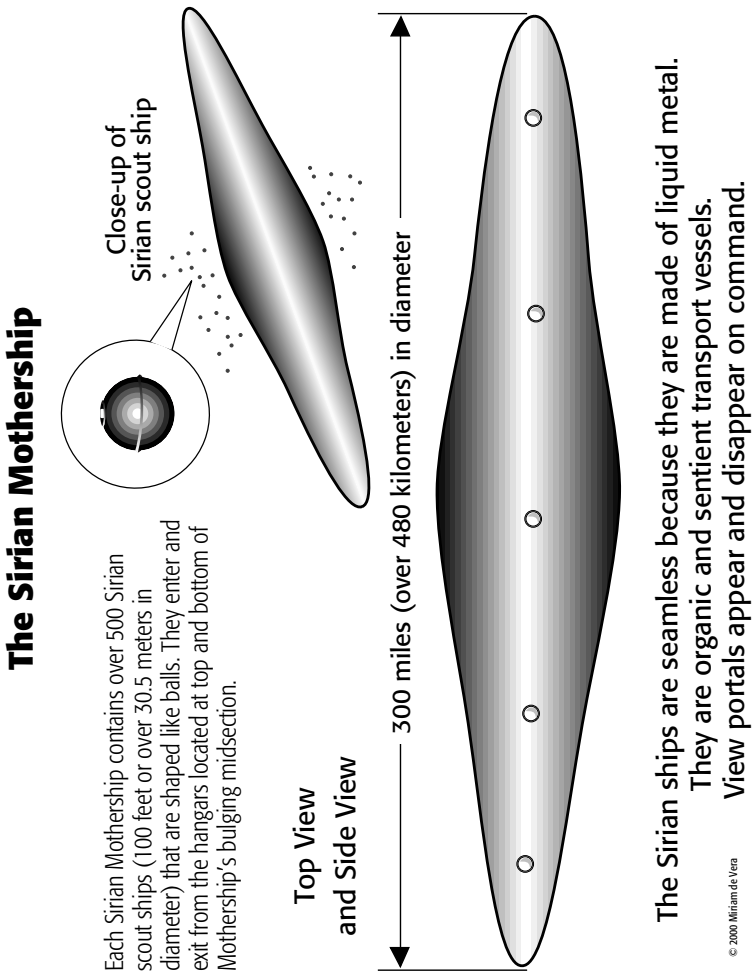


FIGURE 1: The Sirian Mothership

height. They glowed oddly, as if lit from within, and were bright enough to light up the entire room.

The light was not at all harsh but quite pleasant and soft. I discovered that the walls were organic. They were seemingly alive, cool to the touch, and noticeably resilient. In the central area of this enormous room was an extremely large, oblong conference table, surrounded by about sixty chairs, with many more arranged behind them. Above the entire length

of the table floated, as if by magic, a very thin, brightly-colored rod. From it, the Sirians projected (at will) various pertinent 3-D holographic images, fully interactive with anyone in the room.

Sessions with Washta, or with any other instructor, always began with a very loving conversation. Focused on my feelings at the time, they were intended to assist in my development or resolve day-to-day problems. They also set the stage beautifully for the lessons to come which employed two instructional aids.

The first was the aforementioned brightly-colored rod above the conference table. The rod projected a large 3-D image of whatever was being described and then a learning game began. Playing the game, I was clearly aware of the joy of life aboard the ship. This world was one in which wisdom, Love, and Light emanated from all. In the Sirian culture, consciousness is a wondrous, godly gift meant to be experienced to the fullest.

There was a second learning tool. On the conference table, situated in front of each chair, was a small panel. From it extended life-like holograms of any size or shape, which slowly formed, rose, and moved about the room. They were very interactive, and I were able to easily command them, converse or play with them, or even learn from them. I enjoyed taking part in them, for they, like the brightly-colored rod, taught me effortlessly and joyously through fun and games (see FIGURE 2).

Learning sessions with the Sirians lasted for many hours but seemed like mere minutes. A phenomenal amount of amazing information was freely given. Washta explained that they wished me to understand a type of science not yet fully explored on Earth—the science of consciousness, containing the principles for creating all things. In their world, this consciousness or spiritual science was paramount. Out of it flowed all forms of creativity, along with the solutions to any potential problem. A Sirian proverb described this unique science quite simply, “Nothing in the Universe is without solution nor does it occur without a reason. Any Being of Light can determine why it occurs and for what reason.”

During these intense learning sessions, the Sirians impressed upon me that life is a grand adventure of consciousness. Each segment of your life is but a slight bend in the path, signaling the start of, yet again, a new

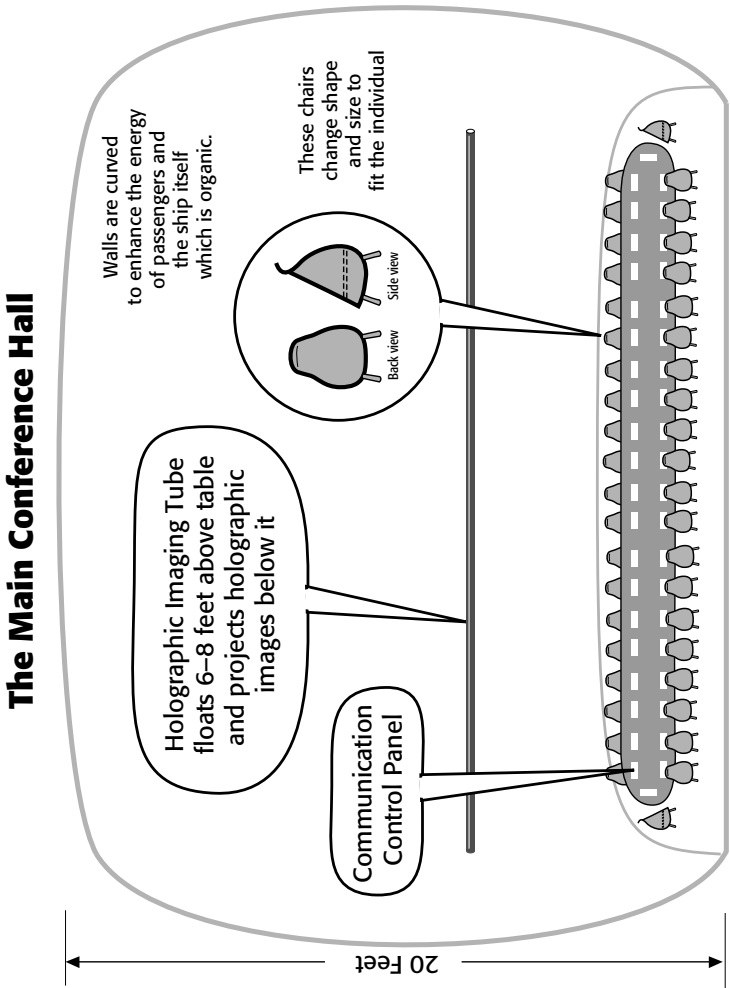


FIGURE 2: The Main Conference Hall

episode in your ongoing, grand adventure. Even in life's darkest moments, you need to maintain an open, positive attitude about your life.

Such a positive attitude is extremely solution-focused. Its application means that you do not deny your emotions: rather, you fully embrace them. Make use of all that the Creator has given you, in order to fully experience the events that will help you to learn and to grow. From this knowledge comes a wisdom that can help others. Life is very interconnected.

What you learn can be passed on. Knowledge is Life's greatest gift. It generates a joy for living and brings you a great inner Love which you can easily transmit to others.

Out of this profound Love for life comes the joy of compassion. Compassion is expressed through heart-felt grace and a profound gratitude for all that you are experiencing. All experiences are ultimately positive in nature. Every lesson is an opportunity to find a solution to a potential problem. Before you incarnated, you fully worked out your present reality with your numerous personal guides and spiritual mentors. The key is to Love yourself and all others. The greatest gift you give yourself is Love. If you stay centered in this holy Light, you can easily fulfill your destiny.

Again and again Washta would say to me, "The true nature of this reality is divine Love. The Creator is within all of us. We are a deep reflection of each other." The purpose of my education was to prepare me to bring this simple yet profound message to this aspect of humanity. Washta's words have been spoken many times during Earth's recorded history.

The difference now is that the grand adventure embodied in our existence is about to hit the expressway that leads us to our destiny. This highway is the route to a majestic homecoming. It leads us out of the current miasma of limited consciousness and, unerringly, to a full expression of who we truly are. In so doing, it guides us back to our space kin. What I continually observed on the Sirian Mothership greatly amplified my understanding of my personal role in this grand adventure.

A Sirian Mothership, in its own unique fashion, contains a loving consciousness. Each Mothership has a wise personality which easily conveys its kindly desire to serve its crew. Its sincere service is seen and felt in the great Love it constantly projects throughout the ship. There is an inner sense that the crew and its ship are one.

This oneness allows any potential task to be accomplished easily and lovingly and carries over into everything that is done on the ship. There is a constant movement of interconnected consciousness which is self-organizing and pushes creativity to the forefront. In this environment, a joy that dissolves days into hours and hours into minutes is ever-present.

Whenever the end of a learning session arrived, I was overcome with sadness. To know that it was time to return, once more, to Earth often

brought tears to my eyes. Leaving this empathetic environment was always difficult for me. My instructors were my very special friends and kin. We were a spiritual pod (family) that clicked in every way. They were the type of individuals I so deeply desired to meet on Earth.

To me, the Sirian Mothership was a place of bountiful love and deep compassion for all that I represent. It was a special place where learning and a profound wisdom were revealed every day. Most of all, it was the place where I met Washta and his special staff and where together we shared a vision about Earth and its coming prophesied destiny.

The journey back to Earth was usually a swift one. Washta, or a few members of his entourage, walked me along a series of corridors. After what seemed a very long stroll, our group suddenly stopped and faced a seemingly blank wall in the corridor. At a prearranged phrase from Washta or the group leader, a door in the wall instantly appeared. Behind the door was a large room staffed by a few attendants and filled with two or three rows of twenty beds each. Each bed was really a special kind of teleportation device. Above each one was a long, thin, silvery rod.

One of the room's attendants led me to a selected bed, and I lay face up gazing at the silver rod. The pillow on the bed was soft and comfortable. Once I was in position, the attendant then asked if I was relaxed. When I said 'yes', a strange whirling noise filled the room. As I looked up, a blue beam instantly descended, totally surrounding me.

Immediately, I began to feel drowsy with a deep need to sleep. My eyelids became very heavy, and closed. I inwardly sensed another flash of bright light followed rapidly by an elevator-like sensation lasting a few minutes. When it stopped, I was lying on my own bed, looking around at my bedroom. The grogginess lasted another ten minutes. I had just completed another marvelous session with Washta!

Those 'up and down' trips were the highlight of my young life. What an exciting adventure it was to learn in the special environment of the Mothership! Each trip brought me new information or innovative ways to employ the old. In that world, I was surrounded by a great, compassionate Love as well as the impetus to grow constantly in wisdom. Each day, I looked forward to an opportunity to explore their exemplary 'school'.

Every so often, Washta, wishing me to meet the crew and understand

their environment, took me to other parts of the Mothership. These pleasant excursions gave me a chance to learn about Sirian culture and experience a bit of it firsthand. Above all, I was continually astonished by their technology. The way they interfaced this technology with the ship's vast crew never ceased to amaze me.

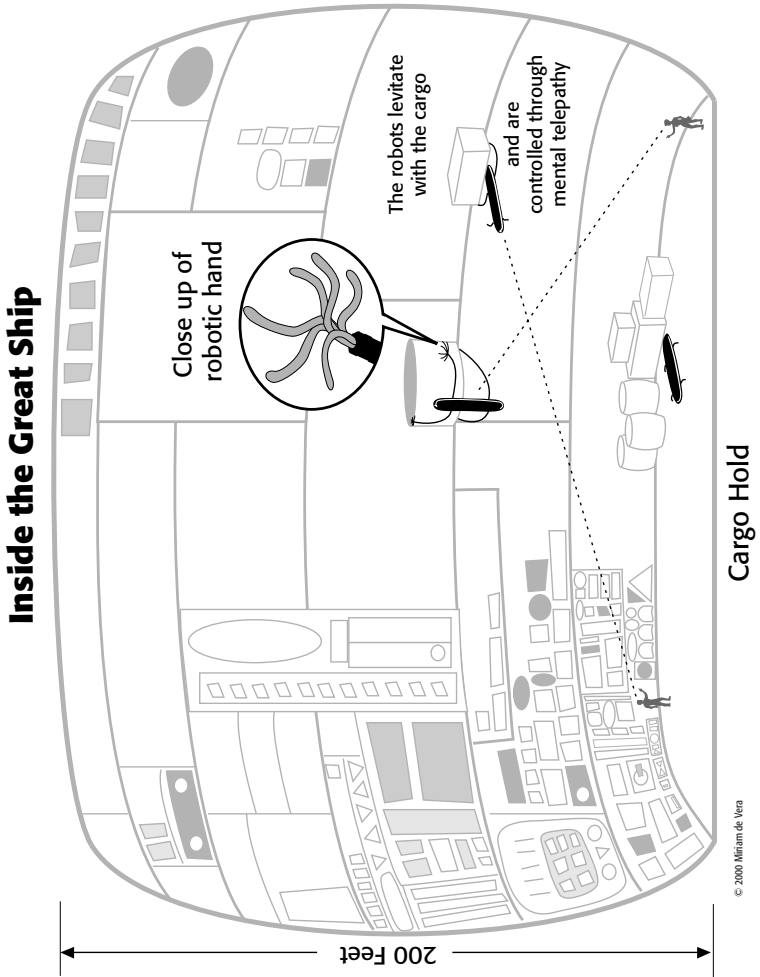
One of my most enjoyable 'field trips' was to the control rooms located in the center of the Mothership and consisting of three large, interconnected rooms. The first room was used by the 'flight crew'. Their task was to become one with the ship, its navigational computers, and its propulsion system.

They sat on special chairs in a dimly-lit room with no visible instrumentation. The fantastic technology was in the chairs. Each one was created of a special, artificially made, organic material designed to curl up exactly around whomever occupied it. While the ship was in operation, a direct telepathic link connected the ship's computers and its flight crew. Each crew member simply observed what was going on and made specific telepathic adjustments as needed.

The other two rooms in this large complex were full of very exotic-looking instrumentation, including many holographic monitors. They were mounted near the high ceilings and in the middle of some very peculiar-looking instruments. The monitors were arranged in two or three large rows around the rooms which also contained all sorts of specially-designed meters, switches, and dials. In each room there were well over 100 people whose primary mission was to support the flight crew in carrying out their various tasks.

As part of this complicated mission, these crews monitored the Mothership's flight path and exchanged information with the flight crew on the ship's propulsion systems, its many life support systems, etc. Their secondary tasks included partial supervision of all scientific activity going on aboard ship. In addition, they maintained ongoing communications with the other two or three Sirian Motherships in their small fleet. They were extremely busy, and, whenever I entered this vital section of the Mothership, I felt that I was walking through its brain and central nervous system.

En route from the control rooms back to our 'classroom', we passed the main geology laboratories. Washta delighted in first walking me past



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FIGURE 3: Inside the Great Ship

a few of these labs and then asking me if I wanted to visit them. Here, he gave me the opportunity to converse directly with the Earth Devas. Our Earth is really a conscious, living entity. A wide range of special Beings help Mother Earth maintain the wondrously diverse collection of living things that are her precious cargo.

The Devas view these labs as a 'home away from home' and have transformed each of them into living examples of Mother Earth herself.

Her sky, her many types of terrain, and her many water environments are all represented in the labs. To enter one is like gaining entrée to a living hologram which describes in minute detail how the Earth really works.

Another fun visit was to the main repair and storage facilities which took up nearly a quarter of the ship's total floor space (see FIGURE 3). Here, I encountered some very unusual artificial life forms. Like the Mothership herself, all working machines on the ship were bio-organic in nature, endowed with a personality and fond of conversing as they carried out their various tasks.

Each machine gladly informed me about the many day-to-day chores required in running a large inter-stellar spaceship. The walls of the huge cargo holds were up to 200 feet (just over 60 meters) high and glowed in different colors. To the bio-organic machines, each color indicated where items were to be taken, removed from, or stored. Yet, my favorite places were the crew's lounges and recreational areas where I met and talked with the ship's off-duty personnel.

Sirians are very gregarious by nature. They loved to talk with me about events on board their spaceship and answer my questions about the intricacies of their society. I passed many hours of my extracurricular studies with them. I saw firsthand their spontaneous interactions as they spoke. Their openness and inner joy, as well as their deep confidence and complete harmony, were all clearly evident and never ceased to amaze me. Their voices resonated with an intense mutual compassion, and all crew members expressed themselves freely on any subject. Their luminous energy frequently brought tears to my eyes. In my opinion, it was the way we humans were meant to be: freely interacting with total joy and perfect, complete Love.

On occasion, Washta introduced me to a noted scholar or some other renowned Galactic Federation of Light dignitary. These rare meetings brought me face to face with fully-conscious humans who were highly honored in their respective societies. I was also allowed to experience, firsthand, fully-conscious reality, which Washta often said was Earth's future state.

According to Washta, Earth was simply a unique soul experience that taught us many important lessons about limited consciousness. In all its

varied forms, Life's divine goal was to share its experiences with its many different aspects. In so doing, each Being gleaned extraordinary and powerful wisdoms from every other. Washta used these encounters to prove his point, and each session allowed me to experience the heart-felt insights of some remarkable women and men.

During these meetings, I was allowed to visit another star-nation's Mothership or a new part of the Sirian Mothership. I was interested in comparing the design of the ships.

Pleiadean and Andromedan Motherships were astonishingly organic. The two star-cultures loved to create habitats and communities which mirrored in minute detail their home planets. On visits to scholars' homes, we walked through huge fields, viewed multi-moon skies, climbed steep hills, or crossed a strangely designed bridge over a very wide, wild stream. During these visits, I reveled in the diversity of another star-culture. Each Being we visited symbolized how magnificently Life has given each of us an important part to play in the Creator's ever-unfolding Creation drama.

The most interesting Beings I ever met were the tall, horse-like and very matter-of-fact Arcturians. A very old species, whose sentient culture had seen the rise and fall of many galactic 'situations', they had witnessed many star-cultures come, go, or be transformed. They taught me about time and its role in releasing the divine plan to this galaxy.

An important part of their sacred essence was the art of healing. Earth and its peoples were to be healed and their deep wounds cleansed. Earthlings were to learn the ways of harmony and the mutual joys of compassion. Life is a blessed experience. At its heart is a free sharing of knowledge. That sharing lies at the core of the Galactic Federation's philosophy of Light which is about to shine its full and complete Love upon this planet.

The many Andromedan star-cultures were another exceptional group of Beings. Extremely Earth-like in appearance, they were noted in the Galactic Federation for their great spiritual knowledge which had greatly advanced the science of consciousness. Their scholars taught me, inspiringly, on consciousness, Creation, and the unfolding of the Creator's sacred blueprint.

In their wisdom, they had constructed some of the most amazing in-

teriors I ever saw on any Galactic Federation Mothership. They had reproduced their home-world environments exquisitely. Moreover, utilizing holographic technology, they developed and exactly replicated a version of agriculture which they called 'Light farming'.

The Andromedans believe that to be in the midst of growing fields enhances one's perspective of life and its many processes. It makes one appreciate the connection of every part of life to every other. Their large farms exist not for the actual harvest but specifically for the sacred experience of watching and talking to the fields, experiencing the Devas, and knowing intricately how a biosphere works.

Andromedans desire to feel and see the nature of their reality. Each is a steward and an astute caretaker of the broad diversity of life in this galaxy. In these fields, they conduct group and individual rituals which connect them magically to their home-worlds and to all the other home-worlds in this galaxy.

Closely connected to the Andromedans are the Pleiadeans who revere them as their most honored mentors. A major element in the relationship between these two star-cultures lies in the Andromedans' ever-gentle nudging of their Pleiadean counterparts to thoroughly transform the inner essences of Pleiadean culture.

Over numerous millennia, the culture of the Pleiadeans, those great warriors of the Galactic Federation, grew overly patriarchal and encumbered by a great series of intricate rules. During each galactic war, endless waves of enemy Alliance fleets summarily invaded their far-flung Star League. Yet, this noble culture survived.

To their credit, they not only survived but maintained their integrity as a people. This constantly war-torn environment had somewhat stratified the heart of Pleiadean culture. Each faction greatly distrusted the others. Yet, their great common bond (love of their home-worlds) promised to move their culture to its fullest levels of development.

The superior science of the Andromedans led many Pleiadean star-nations in the Star League to invite several eminent Andromedans to become consultants to their ritual-based and rule-bound sacred Orders. These dedicated women and men came to the Pleiades to impart their deep reverence for Life and to spread a consciousness typical of An-

dromedan reality. This infusion of new energy, full of harmony and cooperation, was a breath of fresh air. Its increasing influence began, slowly, to transform Pleiadean society.

The constant exchange of key personnel gradually altered the very essence of Pleiadean civilization. Legendary patriarchal warriors were slowly returning to their nearly forgotten roots as galactic humans. Little by little, the process began to make significant inroads into Pleiadean culture. During a visit to a Mothership, I could feel a new energy. The crew greeted me with great enthusiasm and made constant remarks about the new Andromedan influence.

This Pleiadean Mothership was part of the Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets whose primary task is to explore this galaxy. When appropriate, they offer Galactic Federation membership to any star-nation fulfilling certain prerequisites. Much larger than our Sirian Mothership (and quite different in design), this craft seemed to be three Motherships united only by a series of central connectors.

Each section of these ships was devoted to a specific task. Living quarters were extremely spacious, resembling those of the Andromedans in design. Laboratories took up one of the apparently linked ships. Like separate and fully self-sufficient worlds, these Motherships rarely returned to their Pleiadean home-world. Instead, they spent many of our centuries traversing and exploring this immense galaxy.

On my return from these visits, Washta (or one of my teachers) often quizzed me on what I had observed. My Sirian hosts felt that I needed to observe the diversity of the Galactic Federation of Light. In spite of its inherent variety, great harmony exists therein to spread the Light throughout this galaxy. This was their divine mission to Earth. Earth was a world in transition, desperately needing to fulfill its sacred destiny. Our task was to help her and her developing civilization achieve these lofty objectives. The time for direct interference was still far off in the future. This was a time for preparation and study.

My studies with the Sirians made school on Earth seem very dull and unrewarding. Whenever I confided my experiences to my schoolmates, they made fun of me and called me a liar. They often reported my words to our teachers, and these reports often led to me being punished. For this

reason, I had few friends. However, those few I had were loyal.

Again and again I asked Washta, “How do I fit into this very strange world called Earth?” He always told me that to my peers I did, indeed, appear strange and quite different, “Earthlings are not yet ready for us.” The reaction of so many proved him quite correct. Yet, I wanted to share these wonderful experiences with someone. That someone soon became my younger sister, Susan.

Susan was a delicate child, habitually bed-ridden until she was about twelve years old. While she was still very young, we began to experience the Sirians together. It was a great joy for me to have someone who validated my own experiences.

My instructors/counselors on the Mothership treated Susan very well. She began a course of study that took advantage of resources available on Earth and led me to rediscover Buffalo’s public libraries. Acquisition of knowledge became a deep passion and my main mission as a child. Aided by my amazing photographic memory, I collected, categorized, and finally memorized this knowledge.

A photographic memory was one of my most prized mental tools. I was able to read anything and recite it by rote. In high school, I frequently corrected my history teachers’ mistakes by reciting from our history text and concluding my correction with the page and paragraph number. Eventually, after much prodding, my teachers would often ask me if what they had just told the class was correct. Additionally, I employed these abilities more constructively by comparing all the knowledge I had gleaned from many Earth-bound libraries to what the Sirians had long taught me.

To my way of thinking, most of the information I gathered from local libraries seemed scattered and rather primitive, lacking the integration of Sirian knowledge. Earth, as Washta said, was a planet in transition. Earth’s science denied realities that had been part of the Galactic Federation’s technical manuals for millions of years.

During my childhood, our cosmologists were waging a silly intellectual battle between the ‘Big Bang’ theory and the ‘Steady State’ theory. Neither was absolutely correct, yet the ‘Steady State’ theory was closer to the truth. The ‘Big Bang’ theory indicated to me that many scientific hypotheses were incomplete. Each proponent was seeing the signs in the

Heavens as they would like them to be, not as they really were.

Deeply tied to a set vision, the major scientific theorists of the day followed this parochial rationalism. Their narrow view clearly excluded consciousness as a possible answer to their theories. They constantly went to painstaking lengths to refute its possibility. The spiritual science of the stars was an unwanted child whose wisdom many openly disdained.

The only opening in this otherwise closed society was the then-infant field of quantum physics. When I was barely a teenager, many of my teachers saw it as a very poor excuse for science. In its place, they flaunted the work of Newton, Einstein or some other scientific giant, but owing to my esoteric knowledge, these 'pioneers of science' failed to instill any great passion in me.

Nevertheless, science as practiced on this planet became quite important to me. I needed to use its succinctness to verify the data I had previously collected. In this way, I intended to move this jumbled body of knowledge in an essential new direction toward the science of consciousness. To do this, it was necessary to present Time, Space, Light and other lesser-known elements of Creation in a compelling way to Earth's scientists and to the general public.

My goal was to imbue Earth's science with the profound excitement I had felt during my instruction on the Motherships. The question of how to accomplish this plagued me. Consequently, I spent a major portion of my junior and senior high school studies focused on determining an answer to my dilemma. If I were to successfully fulfill my goal, a major leap forward in the current perceptions of Earth scientists would obviously be required.

I planned first to distinguish myself in science. In the late 1950s, many junior science programs were available offering students the chance to spend their summers in actual research laboratories located either in a private business or on a college campus. One summer, I worked at a polymer laboratory located in a local private chemical research center. The tasks were menial. I washed out test-tubes, made sure that all laboratory equipment had been put away properly, and avidly observed what was going on. This way, I was able to get into the researchers' heads to learn what made them tick and what projects turned them on.

To accomplish my 'research', I frequently stood for short periods of time in a far, dark corner of one of the countless hallways of this facility. More often than not, several researchers walked by, completely engrossed in discussion, and I frequently trailed behind them by five to ten steps. My self-directed project was to listen to their intense conversation telepathically, thus enabling me to quickly learn their scientific terminology as well as its proper presentation.

After a month of this activity, I was proficient in the use of their jargon. By that time, I was able to completely merge, psychically, with another person's consciousness and Full Self. That way, I was able to discover what their Full Self deeply wished to tell them. Usually, I noticed, they were in total denial of its message unless fast asleep or in a meditative, creative-type mode.

One day during a break, I observed two researchers in a hallway caught up in a terrible quandary over how to create a certain type of polymer chain. The resultant new plastic was the reason for their mutual research. I followed ten steps behind them and 'tapped in'. Each had an immense mental block causing them to flounder about and preventing them from mutually solving their problem. Of course, their two Full Selves had the solution, but their blocks were preventing any kind of inner communication from occurring. With the permission of their Full Selves, I joined in telepathically.

Completely absorbed, the two researchers were unable to distinguish my inner voice from their outer ones. They heard me simultaneously and never recognized the difference. A rousing and highly creative conversation soon developed. Both men became aware that there was a third person behind them whose expertise was solving their many months of failed research. This intense scientific conversation continued all the way back to their laboratory on the far side of the building.

Before reaching their destination, they asked this third party to join them in a brainstorming session in their office. Only at this point did either turn to greet me. Expressions of astonishment and deep reproach betrayed their great surprise. As they left me, I saw them resume the same conversation that had just ended so abruptly. However, I had achieved my goal by solving their problem.

Incidents such as these happened on an infrequent basis for the next two months. They revealed much of what I needed to know about how people involved in science functioned. I suddenly understood that they were given to the same fears and denials as my teachers, my fellow students, and their parents. Unfortunately, the scientists usually rejected my assistance and promptly labeled me an outsider.

For the most part, my teachers treated me as a very intelligent student, one with the potential for becoming a future famous scientist. Most students, except for those deeply involved in the shared pursuit of a scientific career, ostracized me. But at long last, I had found a niche. This awareness led me to some profound philosophical conversations with Washta and his circle of Sirian counselors and instructors regarding the direction my future would take.

Washta and his entourage informed me about many things. They told me that the next few decades were a time for me to explore who I was and who I wished to become. It would be a period for me to learn more about the Earth and its peoples. I was to choose how best to handle this situation. After a most arduous inner dialogue, my answer was to ask them to leave. It was my desire to pursue a career in science. They agreed and, shortly thereafter, ceased all formal contact with me. It felt very strange indeed to be without most of my psychic abilities. Soon, also, I deeply missed the gentle direct guidance of Washta. However, I was not completely on my own. Unbeknownst to me, Washta had assigned a special group to watch me secretly and see that I came to no harm.

My science career never really got off the ground. As a college freshman, I encountered a certain Newton-mechanics professor (Vice-Chairman of the Physics Department) who was notorious for flunking out those individuals who didn't measure up to his standards of what constituted a physicist. During the summer and fall of 1965, I therefore changed my major from Physics to Political Science. Eventually, I took a degree in Area Studies, followed by a Masters in Southeast Asian Government and a Ph.D. program in American Government and International Public Administration.

During my last period of graduate school, I met a few people who were acutely interested in the remarkable discoveries of Nikola Tesla. As

a child, Tesla had been my principal ‘science hero’, and I had never abandoned my deep admiration for his many phenomenal achievements. Like many who had studied his work, I strongly believed that he was the man whose scientific discoveries and inventions created the 20th Century. The chance to work on a documentary of Tesla’s life arose, and I took it.

The documentary on Nikola Tesla lured me, gradually, into the very unusual world of ‘free energy’ physics and other types of alternative science. Ultimately, this led me in 1986 to contact certain individuals who once again stimulated my interest in the Sirians’ mission. By 1987, my contact with Washta and his team of counselors/instructors had resumed. The instruction I had received as a child began again and continued for the next six years. In 1993, I began to lecture and do workshops on what I had been told. The rest, as they say, is history.

Now, at long last, the time has come to inform you of what is happening to you and to our home planet, our precious Mother Earth! To make it easier for you to absorb and experience the information we wish to impart to you, let us now use our imagination and board a most unusual starship on a phenomenal journey into consciousness. This is a sentient starship with the incredible ability to make itself large or small and to travel anywhere in time. On board, to enlighten us, we will have the complete cooperation and expertise of Washta as well as a number of special guides from the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light.

Before we enter our starship, Washta and your other tour guides wish me to inform you that a special section will be reserved at the conclusion of each chapter/tour for them to answer your many questions. First, I, and then the guide assigned to each tour will be most happy to clarify their information by answering your questions. Without further ado, let us now begin your first question and answer session.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: How were you and Susan taken up to the Mothership? What happened when you got there?

A: We were taken up into the ships—mostly physically and, on occasion, during our dream state. We knew that we were there. They talked to me

about science, history, culture, metaphysics, and more, whereas Susan's studies with the Sirians focused mainly on metaphysical subjects. The only thing that upset my sister a little was the fact that they often treated me with a bit more interest than they did her.

Q: What reasons did the Sirians give you for coming to Earth at this time, and how did they want you to view them?

A: When the Sirians came to us, here on Earth, they wanted us to understand that they were merely people from an advanced galactic society. They brought a very profound message for Earth's humanity. For quite a long time, they had been instrumental in maintaining civilization on this planet. Their role was basically to be guide-like administrators, very 'laid-back' overseers. This situation existed due to the way certain rules had historically been established for the Sirians to play under here—their ground rules.

Q: Like Star Trek's Prime Directive?

A: Yes. It was a modified version of *Star Trek's* Prime Directive, reinforced by the Pleiadean concept of karma. It was in effect because the rebel Pleiadeans and their various off-world allies (the so-called 'Anunnaki') had set up a karmic game. In it, according to edicts of the Galactic Federation's Main Council, the rebel Pleiadeans and their Pleiadean Star League counterparts were put in charge of our small sector of the galaxy for a period of time to be determined by this galaxy's Spiritual Hierarchy.

So, the Sirians had to play a secondary role under the aegis of the Pleiadeans from the Star League. The Sirians chafed at this set of events. Every so often, I heard how much they really wished to assist us. I learned that they had devised a grand plan and were waiting only for the right moment to implement it. Then, they would be able to get involved in a way more to their liking. That is why, when I asked them to leave me alone, they told me they intended to return at the right divine time when this grand plan was to be played out.

Q: Is Susan your only sibling? Did they ever tell you why you and Susan were selected for this special treatment and attention?

A: Yes, she is my only sibling. We were selected because of the contracts we made with them before we incarnated on this planet. Our contracts involved the grand plan to which they constantly referred. Basically, we

are spirit souls from another star system. Washta's job, and that of his large entourage, was to educate us—to prepare us for what we had agreed to do here.

Q: How did Susan's involvement and her Sirian education shape her life?

A: Understandably, these experiences instilled in her a deep interest in metaphysics. For example, in 1975, Susan moved to Seattle. Eventually, she joined a leading metaphysical group (the Theosophical Society) and soon became the manager of Seattle's Quest Bookshop. She later resigned to study nursing. While she was managing the bookstore, Susan received special management training at the Theosophical Center in Wheaton, Illinois and a few other places. Thus, she has a considerable background in business management and a great knowledge of metaphysics and Theosophy.

Q: You mention her interest in metaphysics and Theosophy. When did it begin to manifest?

A: While Susan was still in Buffalo in the early 1970s, she joined the Theosophical Society. The Buffalo chapter included a few older members who knew some of the founders of the Theosophical Society's American branch. These people had also worked at the London office. Through them, Susan furthered her interest in metaphysics and, especially, in Theosophy. She still retains fond memories of the people she met in the Buffalo and Seattle branches of the Theosophical Society.

Q: How did this instruction by the Sirians affect your childhood?

A: It led me to educate myself within a broad range of subjects and eventually to develop an abiding interest in science. My reading tastes ran the gamut of fiction to non-fiction and were totally eclectic. I devoured books and 'read out' a number of local branch libraries. The librarians' only prohibition, when I was very young, was adult fiction. About that, they were most emphatic.

Q: You began reading very early, then?

A: Yes, around three.

Q: And you read easily. In other words, you read more than 'Dick and Jane' at age three?

A: Yes. This was one thing that confused my mother. I did so poorly in

school that I almost failed first grade. Yet, at the same time, I was reading at the eighth or ninth grade level.

Q: *What caused you to almost fail in school?*

A: I had a very difficult time during my first years of school. My kindergarten teacher was in her last year of teaching. Past caring about convention and the rules, she was noted for becoming angry quite easily and would pick me up and shake me violently. This mistreatment traumatized me.

In first grade, I had a very thick German accent. My Polish-born teacher, whose parents had been killed by the Germans in World War II, would become very upset whenever I spoke. She singled me out for special punishment, often whacking me over the knuckles with a big, thick, old-fashioned, wooden yardstick. That is when I started to stutter.

My 'school' in the ships was so different! In shock and desperation and spurred on by fear, I forced myself to modulate my diction. By the age of seven, I had completely lost my accent. During the third and fourth grades, however, my stuttering developed into a tremendous problem, and I had to attend special speech classes.

Q: *Did your stuttering make it difficult for you to get along with the other children?*

A: Yes, definitely. Outside the classroom, I hardly stuttered at all. I found it very confusing, because, away from school, I spoke quite clearly. But in class, I would develop a weird ring of fear and panic around my head and neck that kept me from speaking or thinking normally. As a result, I had a tremendous aversion to school. During first and second grade, I was so upset about going to school that my mother virtually had to walk me there.

Q: *And it cleared up later on?*

A: Right. In the third and the sixth grades, I met a couple of teachers who were truly and lovingly involved in the process of educating people. They (especially my sixth grade teacher) were wonderful teachers and transformed my experience of going to school.

Q: *How did you resolve the enormous contrast between your Earth and your Sirian education?*

A: I remembered my Sirian education clearly, although a lot of the detail began to be blocked out by the time I started junior high school. My

life became incredibly confused. When I came home from school, I went to my room and was transported up to the Mothership. The very loving Sirian teachers would educate me for a few hours in all kinds of exciting subjects.

During those periods, I interacted with technologies that people on this planet would be in awe of today. Then I would return to my parents and all the tyranny and dysfunction that I associated with home. I began to ask myself which world I had to live in—the world of the ships or the one down here. As my confusion increased, the vastness of the dichotomy grew. Eventually, I decided that I had to live in this world. I envisioned developing a truly novel approach to science that would transition physics and infuse it with a new spiritual outlook capable of transforming this world.

In high school, I became deeply involved in researching quantum physics, devouring everything on the subject and anything related to it. As a result, I developed a strong interest in sub-atomic physics and astrophysics. I aspired to attend college and study with a couple of professors who had done their major research at Brookhaven Labs (in New York). My intention was to do the same.

The stark contrast between the Mothership and my earthly environment took its mental and emotional toll. By my fifteenth year, it had become overwhelming. Washta told me that moving permanently to the ships was an option not available to me. My focus must be on my earth life and my mission. When the Sirians gave me the chance, I decided to stop their visitations. I told them to leave. Their gentle answer was, “Okay, it is your free will to choose that. Know, however, that you are destined to complete your service. At the appropriate time, we shall return.”

Q: What did the Sirians tell you about your role here on Earth?

A: They told me that I was to help people transform and assist them in embracing a fully-conscious state. The Sirians were engaged in a process, along with their Galactic Federation allies and especially the local Spiritual Hierarchy, the purpose of which was to eventually transform humanity’s state of limited consciousness. They required people who could act as their vanguards and representatives. My role was to prepare mankind for this new, full consciousness and Earth’s destined contact with galac-

tic society—our space kin.

Q: *And you were quite young to receive all this, too!*

A: Yes. The idea of it seemed quite amazing to me! The whole process was very real, and yet the role that I was to play appeared somewhat grandiose. However, I accepted it intuitively without knowing at the time how it would play out.

Q: *Were you in a waking or a sleep state when they took you on board the ships?*

A: For teleportation purposes, the Sirians began by placing me in a heavy trance, which kept me calm. Panic or fear could lead to injury during transportation. On the ship, I was in an awakened state of consciousness and had total recall of what was happening to me. The process was repeated for my return.

Q: *If you were inside your house, how were you teleported?*

A: I was beamed up. I would simply vanish.

Q: *It literally is a “Beam me up, Scotty” kind of thing?*

A: Yes. I would feel the process beginning, and suddenly, I would be in the Mothership.

Q: *Is there any difference between dematerialization and a raised frequency?*

A: To be dematerialized through teleportation, your body is raised to a higher level of coherence (although still a physical body, your frequency is too high to be seen by human eyes). The body travels at the speed of Light to its destination. A raised frequency adjusts the physical body and increases its ability to integrate its various layers of Lightbody. In dematerialization, frequency is raised to beyond the level at which we can still perceive it.

Q: *Were you ever allowed to bring anything back physically?*

A: No. The Sirian counselors forbade me to do so and strictly enforced their edict.

Q: *Did you meet Washta at the time you were contacted?*

A: Yes, I met him physically.

Q: *You physically saw the person who was speaking to you?*

A: Yes. My sister and I saw him here as well as up in the ship.

Q: *Have you been taken up to the ships again since you were re-contacted?*

A: Yes. Once in a while I am transported to the ships, but very rarely. They said they were reluctant to teleport me aboard too frequently, because they sensed it would cause me some difficulties.

Q: What did your later training initially involve? What did it entail, overall?

A: The Sirian training team began to instruct me about the nature of the Galactic Federation of Light and its history. They told me all about the galactic wars and the changes predicted for Mother Earth. The great catastrophes, in their words, will be prevented from happening.

They said the Sirian star-nation and its many Galactic Federation of Light allies were in the process of putting together a number of procedures. They were preparing the necessary documents to allow for a change in the Galactic Federation of Light's approach to planet Earth and its human civilization.

Q: Do you receive the information another way, bypassing the need to go on the ships?

A: Yes. I was fitted with a special implant (like a radio transceiver) that allows me to be contacted easily. Whenever they are ready to transmit, I hear them telepathically as if there is a radio inside me. It is really nice.

Q: Is it a physical or an etheric implant?

A: Both. The Sirians inserted it at three etheric levels and one physical, so that if anyone tries to remove it, they will still be able to contact me.

Fellow explorers, only a short while ago, your flight crew boarded their starship where the other passengers are just now completing their pre-flight preparations. Please proceed directly to the departure gate to obtain your boarding passes. From there, it is only a short walk to your assigned seats where you can prepare for take-off. Let us hurry. It is nearly time to leave this spaceport and begin our most amazing adventure!

2

THE --- TRANSFORMATION --- OF HEAVEN --- AND EARTH ---

Hello, fellow Lights. I am Sandara, the main tour guide for your mini-tours through the amazing realms of consciousness.

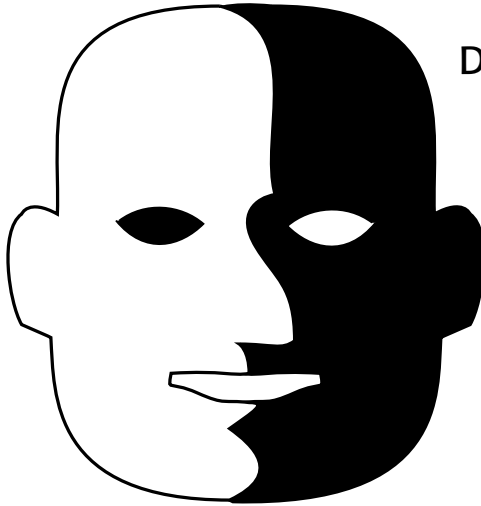
Let us begin your grand tour with a marvelous saga. It embraces the origins of sentient life in the Milky Way Galaxy as well as the many physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual changes you are currently experiencing.

My dears, know that physical existence has much wisdom to impart. Physical Creation can be viewed as a long and very winding mountain road. This road contains sudden twists and turns and steep ups and downs, but it is also filled with exquisitely beautiful scenery. You know how difficult it is, at times, to keep your eyes on the road when the profound beauty of Earth surrounds you. Now and again you pause in your travels to marvel at its awesome splendor. In this same way, we can pause and gaze admiringly upon our gorgeous galaxy. Now peer down over that precipice at the edge of the next turn and gently focus your mind into the farthest reaches of your past. It is there that the saga of sentient life in your Milky Way Galaxy actually begins.

The Great Dichotomy of Heaven

Forces
of
Light

Forces
of
Darkness



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Galactic Spiritual Beings

Heavenly
Light
Beings

Dark &
Evil
Beings

FIGURE 4: The Great Dichotomy of Heaven

Many millions of years ago, the Great Lords of Heaven established in this galaxy a holy dichotomy that entailed the creation of both Beings of Light and forces of the dark (see FIGURE 4). In a tremendous flash of holy Light, the Supreme Creator released into this galactic realm an almighty 'diabolical' entity whose assignment was to fashion a momentous sequence of dark forces. The two opposing elements, Light and dark, were born and immediately engaged themselves in seemingly end-

less struggles. Yet, these encounters did, indeed, have a divine purpose as well as a divine outcome.

At the moment of their conception, the Supreme Creator (through Lord Michael) prophesied a time when the originator of the forces of darkness would issue an edict to its vast creations. The edict would state that a time for permanent peace in your galaxy had finally arrived. Such a future peace includes a joining with the forces of Light to form an even greater Light, the brilliance of which can forever change the ways of all physicality.

At the very heart of our extraordinary tale lies a special water planet which circles a small star located in one of the outer arms of this beautiful spiral galaxy known to your astronomers as the 'Arm of Orion'. To its billions of inhabitants, this special blue and green water-world is called Earth. It is the third planet from the small, yellow-white star known to you as the Sun.

In the galactic home-worlds of 'Anchara' (as this dark Creator-Being called himself) were born entities enveloped in a great darkness. These newly formed ones were told to rule this galaxy by force, if necessary. To aid them, Anchara demonstrated the ways of warring, the uses of deceit, and the methods of tyranny. He gave these beings mighty weapons that delivered blinding bolts of intense light and deafening rumbles of resounding thunder.

Then, about 35 million years ago, the children of Anchara began to explore their sector of the galaxy, looking for worlds to conquer. In their first ten million years of battle, they were undefeatable. Across the length and breadth of this galaxy, all opposing forces fell, beaten, in their path. Many dark empires formed. As part of their agenda, their Imperial Science Corps began to create many subservient slave races.

In a number of minor star systems (unwittingly overlooked by the dark hordes), there grew up a certain species of the Light. Guided in their divine purposes by the vast Lineage of Heaven, these noble Beings quickly grew into a mighty league of over 250 star-nations. This first league of the Light clandestinely moved its forces into a number of nearby star systems. Here, some 25 million years ago, they first encountered the numerous forces of Anchara. Thus began the many savage galactic wars fought be-

tween the smaller forces of Light and the vast hordes of darkness.

One bloody battle swiftly followed another. Battles grew into wars and wars into unrelenting campaigns, ravaging your galaxy. Many enormous voids, huge tears in the very fabric of space/time, remained as insidious souvenirs in the wake of battle. One of the foremost places from which to observe these spectacular voids is located in what you call the Constellation of Orion. If entered, these large cracks in space/time can catapult you instantly from one part of the galaxy to another and could, occasionally, even flip you into a distant dimension from which you might never return.

As these enormous voids began to spread throughout your galaxy, its heavenly Administrations put forth an emergency call for a divine solution. That solution came from the many Orders of Elohim, those sacred Creator-Beings assigned by Heaven to protect and maintain your galaxy.

The solution of the Elohim was two-fold. First, by reordering the very fabric of galactic space/time, they stopped the damage of the many rips to its sacred material. Next, the Elohim established a series of new, inter-dimensional portals that permitted space/time travel. These solutions helped to safeguard the integrity and continuity of their sacred, mighty work.

As the wars grew in intensity, your solar system became the focus for numerous claims and counter-claims on each side. The prophecies of Lord Michael and of Anchara led both the Light and the dark to search for the place where Heaven might choose to end this unholy war. Many star systems were fought over, yet none seemed right.

Finally, the two opponents came upon your world. Colonies were put forth and many skirmishes fought. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the combatants left in a swirl of mighty thunder and mass destruction. Heaven then decreed a temporary truce for your tortured solar system. The Angelic Domain had placed a protective cloak of blinding Light around it. No one, except certain peaceful travelers, could pass through this sacred veil. Thus, for the next fifteen million years, your star system was left to its own devices.

During this period of brief conflicts, three major sentient species that were isolated from their own home-worlds developed colonies upon your Earth. Surrounded by the positive reality that the many Councils of An-

gels who graced your world had created, the colonists gradually overcame their initial mutual animosities and lived in harmony for millions of years. In more recent times, many former galactic foes used this long era of interspecies harmony to validate the numerous sacred prophecies that are about to be fulfilled.

Since the time of the very first Legion of the Light, many such organizations have come and gone. Each contained those attributes that made it successful in carrying out its various objectives. We do not intend to give you a detailed account of their complex histories. However, we wish you to know that the way of the Light has long remained strong, focused, and committed. About four and one-half million years ago, these valiant forces of Light came together once again to bring forth the sacred charter for another unique organization: the Galactic Federation of Light.

This action was taken in response to a bold move. The previously fractured forces of darkness had streamlined their many separate and embattled empires into one great body called the 'Alliance' of Anchara. This new confederacy now attacked the many forces of Light with an integrated battle plan. It was a significant maneuver as it mirrored closely the type of organization referred to in the celestial prophecies of Lord Michael.

These two diverse forces combined to fight the long prophesied final battles between Light and dark, the most brutal of this seemingly endless conflict. The length of time that would transpire before a final truce came about was then unknown. Yet, a thought existed that the ending of this unholy war was near at hand.

A priestess' call to her creator, Anchara, had led to the rise of the Alliance. She asked what the fate of their dark empire was to be. Anchara answered with a prophecy, "Lo, my people need to be as one. They require the advantage of union before the battles for the sacred place of peace. These many battles are shortly to begin. Go! Tell your master!" A vast council of over 10,000 dark territories was thereby convened. The crucial deed was done. The Alliance was formed.

The Galactic Federation of Light was created as a response to the many unified fleets of dark ships that threatened to overwhelm the Light. The Light prevailed because of a series of great celestial prophecies given to them by Lord Michael. These predictions stated that the water-

worlds near the edge of Orion's galactic arm were a key to the future unification of the myriad star-nations in your galaxy. Many dark and Light battle fleets began to focus on acquiring and holding this prophesied, 'holy' ground.

During the next series of galactic wars, one star system ruled by a small yellow-white star (your 'Sun') came under very intense scrutiny. Elsewhere, star systems were composed mostly of large gaseous planets or nearly waterless worlds. This planetary system was highly unusual in that it contained four major water-worlds: Venus, Earth, Mars and 'Maldek'. This fact made your solar system very desirable to aggressive colonizers.

In your galaxy, water was a rare commodity. Yet, here were four great water-worlds possessing dense atmospheres extremely abundant in oxygen. All forms of plant and animal life were thriving in their waters, lands, and skies. Among all others in this vicinity, these worlds seemed the most blessed. The time had finally arrived to decide if the blue-green orb of divine prophecy was contained within this solar system.

Sacred messengers were dispatched to all the worlds of Light, creating large processions of Light throughout the empire of darkness. A series of sacred rituals lasting nearly one and one-half million years was performed by the respective orders of priestesses and priests. At the right divine moment, Lord Michael and then Anchara confirmed that these worlds were indeed the site of the 'End-Time' prophecies. Much commotion was engendered by these holy words. Great crusades formed, with much attention centered on these precious water-worlds.

During the next half-million years, these four planets in your solar system became the prime focus for your galaxy's many philosophies, battle plans, and most deeply felt desires. Many great songs, poems, and books were written based upon these varied subjects. As the divisive controversies continued, some two million years ago it became clear to all that the most favored of the four water-worlds was the planet you call Earth. From this time forward, it became the most desired jewel in the entire galaxy.

The two warring sides sent their greatest orders of sacred ones and their most committed colonists to Earth, armed with a great determination to succeed at all costs. Now, the Angels removed their great veils of Light from around your planet. A new solar system was revealed to be ex-

plored and to be won. Both galactic organizations laid claim to it. Each side viewed control of your solar system as a vital component in any partial or lasting peace treaty. Their struggle led to more battles and sorrow. Sadly, most of the water-worlds that surround Earth were severely damaged by what followed.

Some two million years ago (caught up in their deep rage against the Light), the Alliance vaporized the oceans and atmospheres of Mars and boiled off the surface waters of Venus. Even the outer planets of your solar system were not spared. The side-tilt of Uranus and the erratic orbit of Pluto (former moon of Neptune) around your Sun attest to these senseless battles. Later, about 900,000 years ago, the Galactic Federation imploded the fourth planet from your Sun because it was the headquarters of the Alliance. This ill-advised action created what today your astronomers call the Asteroid Belt.

As our starship cruises in orbit near Earth, look out the aft portholes and view the time images from your past. Notice how these endless galactic wars created a vast rift in space/time which you see as strange looking, multi-colored blobs. Among other things, this rift was responsible for the First Flood and thereby became a major factor in the swift decline and fall of your prehistoric off-world-based civilizations. We are now starting to circle into a lower orbit that will bring us to the edges of this rather turbulent time rift.

As we pass above the final waves from the lost Empire of Atlantis, notice how these time waves seem to resemble a tsunami. We are now in a region festooned with irregular time shoals that are simply large solidified time particles deflecting the immense time waves. Occasionally, they can cause a temporary effect (similar to a meteorological 'wind shear') around their boundaries. These shoals are capable of knocking us off our course and marooning us in this time. Uh, oh! It feels like we have hit something!

The cockpit crew informs me that the navigation system is temporarily down. We will be marooned, only briefly, in this period of your prehistory sometime after the fall of Atlantis. The people who inhabit this epoch are in limited consciousness, as you still are today, and they lack the necessary skills to rebuild their disaster-ridden society. It is a most interesting period of your history for us to observe. Our reconnaissance

team is now being prepared. If you are ready for an adventure, join us, and let's go exploring!

As you look out of the portholes located to your right, you can see your destination. We have determined that you are on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean Sea some twelve millennia ago. Off in the distance, far beyond the shoreline and on the other side of those adjacent forested hills, is a series of primitive villages. Our exploration team will depart by shuttlecraft in about twelve minutes. Please come with us!

Fellow explorers, take your seats in the rear passenger sections of our shuttlecraft. Our first stop will be the shoreline about three miles (or approximately 4.6 kilometers) away. Look out the right side of the craft as we travel parallel to the beach. Notice that it is very sandy, devoid of animal life, and virtually deserted. Already, two fishermen have seen us and are headed, in terror, over the nearby hills. It is time to cloak our vehicles. When we reach the beach, you will be issued special invisibility belts. Before we head inland, we will tour the ancient remains of Pamalaka, a former Atlantean city. It is a most interesting ruin. We ask that you go only where you are directed. When we depart this craft, keep together in a group.

We have arranged for Jolakarahm, the Atlantean scribe of Pamalaka's former ruler, to guide you on our tour of the city's ruins. He will meet us at the site. Exit through the rear doors of the shuttlecraft. When our three tour groups have formed, our reconnaissance team will guide you to the site of Pamalaka. The red belts located in the large bin on the right side of the exit doors are your invisibility belts. One size fits all. Enjoy the journey into your past!

Form into three groups of twenty and put on your belts with the blue circular panel facing the front. Watch us as we put on our belts. The green button at the top activates it. The yellow button at the bottom of the panel turns it off. Press the green button and follow us. Those persons wearing a belt can see the others when it is functioning. Don't worry! We'll know where you are at all times.

The site of the city is just a brief hike of less than one-quarter mile (400 meters). You can see Jolakarahm, in his red and white jumpsuit, waving us toward him. The large, granite-like, stone blocks on your right are remnants of Pamalaka's outer walls. The majority of this city was buried

beneath the sands by the huge tidal waves that created the Mediterranean Sea.

Hello! I am Jolakarahm, your guide to the now-destroyed city of Pamalaka.

The first point of interest is to your immediate left. Out beyond the shoreline is a jagged outcropping of very large and strangely shaped boulders. Each boulder is over twenty tons in weight. They are part of the former enormous docks of this city. At one time, over two million people lived here. The great palace of Horuthep on your right is now a mere pile of sand and red clay. This hill extends along the shore for more than a mile (over 1.6 km).

Such is the lost grandeur of Pamalaka. Behind this palace are ruins of the science laboratories and the large temples dedicated to Vasahuri, a rebel priestess from Alpha Centauri. She was in charge of the genetic alterations of people in this region. Her primary purpose was to build a vast race of slaves who would forever do her bidding. The children of these slave prototypes live in the villages just over the hills to your left.

Let us now walk down the dusty path that leads to your left. This narrow path was once a main boulevard lined with acacia trees, the very heart of the business district that surrounded the palace of Horuthep. In less than two minutes, a series of tidal waves, 300 feet (approximately 91 meters) in height, destroyed this section of the city. After its destruction, the Atlantean elite and their off-world cohorts went either to the Beta Centauri star system or stayed in this solar system. Those who stayed became the Anunnaki—the dark ones who rule this globe. The battle planet that you know as Nibiru serves as their headquarters.

After Earth's former second moon (known to us as Nagash) was exploded and destroyed Atlantis, a great flood of water and dust engulfed the world. The surviving Atlantean elites fled, leaving their slave race without a master. These genetically altered people were now lacking all of their former, usable technology.

Most of these slaves, retaining only confused memories of what had been, died within the first few years. Thereafter, their masters returned in a new guise and with a new plan: to become the 'gods'. In the centuries that followed, small pockets of a very primitive human society were es-

tablished throughout the globe. The villages on the other side of the hills to your left are an example of this process.

It was fortunate for the slave race of the Atlanteans that the planned genetic alterations were never fully completed. The sinking of Atlantis stopped this project in its tracks. Consequently, these now primitive Beings retained the capability of returning to what they once had been — fully-conscious humans. Remember these facts when you go to their villages, for they are your ancestors. They are beginning the lineage that you are about to perfect.

Thank you, Jolakarahm. I am Sandara, your main tour guide. Gather around me, please.

The ruins of Pamalaka illustrate how the wars in your galaxy adversely affected the development of a galactic society upon Earth. Atlantis' destruction began a period of historical adjustment that ended with the Great Flood some ten millennia ago.

The era between the end of Atlantis and the Great Flood is the foundation for your global mythologies as well as for the opening chapters of Genesis in the Bible. Now, let us return briefly to our shuttles. On the other side of these hills lies a meadow where you will be able to observe your ancestors more closely. Keep your belts turned to the 'invisibility' setting until you enter the shuttles.

As you can see, the villages are quite primitive. Look into the distance and notice the layout of a city of marble and granite. This city is to be used by the 'gods'. Two things are occurring. First, the 'gods' are deeply divided and warring among themselves. Second, the villagers, used as common laborers in the construction of the city, are in fear and awe of these 'gods'. They work only to appease their masters and do what they are told.

There are periods of war and of peace. We are now observing a period of war. When the 'gods' are at war, the villagers stay near their homes, obtaining food by net fishing at the shoreline, hunting deer and small game in the nearby forest, and farming. The 'gods' have given them fire, bows, spears, fishing nets, and a few agricultural skills. The villagers, while not yet a great prize for the 'gods', embody a potential that the 'gods' cultivate.

The ongoing wars involve various elites from Atlantis who seek to

either complete the now abandoned genetic project or return Earth to the Golden Age of Lemuria. As we noted, this city, intended for the ‘gods’, is being constructed to support one of a number of firmament water temples in the region. These various temples hold up the last of the two layers of the firmament—a global sheet of ice particles suspended approximately 36,000 feet (11.25 km) in the atmosphere. The eventual destruction of this global network of temples, as a result of these many wars, caused the Great Flood.

Two or more enormous crystals, of over 25 feet (about 7.6 meters) in height, power the water temples. The ‘gods’ have also built a small landing strip in the city for their warships which carry laser weaponry and a number of low-yield atomic projectiles. Since the existing technology does not permit deep space travel, these warships are capable only of travel to and from the Moon.

We will land our shuttle within the next few minutes. It is important that you stay close to us and remain cloaked. Our ship’s main scanners have spotted the warships of the ‘gods’ in this area. If they see you, they can annihilate you. As we disembark, please form again into three groups of twenty.

Our first excursion will be to the beautiful marble city at the far edge of the meadow. To ‘gods’ and villagers alike, this city of stone and crystal is known as Makadu, ‘the place of the water rites’. We are going there first to observe a Lemurian water temple at close range. Let us now embark upon our unique journey of discovery!

Following the protocol for such tours, we ask you to double-check that your cloaking buttons are on. The crystal city of Makadu is about a ten-minute walk across the meadow from our gathering point. As you enter the outskirts of the city, notice the great beauty of Makadu. Her structures presage the classical Grecian style. In the main building of the temple complex, note the splendid contrast of the peach-colored, tiled roofs against the ornate pink and white columns. Let us now form a circle around it and watch the huge crystals, located at its center, glow in every color of the spectrum. Note also that they emit a faint, barely audible hum.

Suddenly, two warships from the forces of the regional ‘gods’ appear overhead. Their bluish-green scanners flash around the temple and, as

fast as they appear, they are gone. Our tour group is not detected. With our exploration of the crystal city complete, it is now time for us to cross the meadow and inspect the nearby villages. As we approach, the ‘world’ of the villages appears to be completely turned around and lacking in any sense of form. The many small communities are quite chaotic in their layout. Their simple huts, haphazardly piled together, are oblong wooden shacks covered with thatched roofs. Each tiny dwelling seems a temporary shelter, at best.

The villagers somehow sense us as we approach but are unable to see us. Alarmed by this uneasy feeling and the warning of the two fishermen who had seen us earlier, they are now attempting to calm their children and themselves. Our cloaked tour group comes upon the villagers outside their huts, animatedly recounting incredible mythological tales of the many wonders of the now-fallen kingdom of Atlantis. We overhear them speaking in a dialect of Atlantean taught them by the ‘gods’. The women and men are dressed in homespun cloth. Their social structure is formed around a chief, whose ancestors have been given this job through a formal decree of the ‘gods’.

In the center of each village is a huge fire pit occasionally used to perform rituals but mostly employed to cook the food they eat. Life in a village appears to us to be very unimaginative—a purely survival-focused form of existence. Yet, there still exists within the villagers a remnant of their former, fully-conscious selves. This is the barely flickering Light of consciousness that is now a steadily growing, gentle radiance within all of you. This potential is presently leading to your society’s climactic transformation.

These primitive villagers are the descendants of slaves who survived the last days of Atlantis and whom the Atlanteans treated quite badly. Any slight offense, offered to the ruling elites by the masses, led to a sentence in the dreaded holding cells behind the temple/science complexes of the Atlantean Empire’s major cities. Eventually, the Atlantean scientist/priests stripped each prisoner of their greatest treasure—full consciousness. Abhorring this extreme sentencing, certain factions of the elites’ children were eventually punished as well by banishment to the far-distant Ionian colonies. It is this long-standing karma that your present transformations are putting to an end.

The time has come, dear Hearts, to return to the meadow and board our shuttlecraft. As we depart along this pathway, look to your right, and you will see a stone-like structure located at the edge of the village. This forlorn-looking pile of rocks is actually a ritual shrine to their ‘gods’, symbolizing the villagers’ total allegiance to them. The ‘gods’, however, are influencing the spiritual inclinations of their subjects by bending them to their own, self-centered will. And yet, it is a process that encourages these villagers to lean, ever so slightly, to the Light. This process is a crack in the door, permitting the Spiritual Hierarchy to gradually transform the legacy of Atlantis to the Light.

Look upon what you have seen here as the first baby steps toward transforming yourselves into fully-conscious Beings—glorious physical Angels. You have witnessed the ruins of Pamalaka. You have seen the state in which this ill-fated Atlantean Empire left your ancestors. Ahead of them loom the coming Great Flood and the start of your known history. This nightmarish land exists at the bottom of a huge ‘pit’ from which you are successfully emerging. Ahead lies our ship. Our flight crew informs me that all necessary repairs have been completed. Once we are all aboard, immediately return to your seats, and we will be on our way.

This is your tour guide, Sandra.

As our spaceship leaves the Earth of twelve millennia ago and its orbit, understand these events with your heart. After the fall of Atlantis, your local Spiritual Hierarchy hatched a most ingenious plan for the eventual spiritual revitalization of Earth’s humanity. This process transforms you again into physical Angels and fully-conscious Beings of Light. In addition, Mother Earth herself has prepared some magic for her long-awaited transmutation into her fully-conscious self. This amazing process was put into high gear in the second part of your twentieth century.

In the 1970s and 1980s, while the dark Alliance of Anchara still dabbled with your planet’s secret cabals and their worldwide government allies, the forces of Light were preparing Earth and her global society for a most profound new paradigm. We intend to devote the remainder of our cruise to the understanding of this now-forming paradigm and its various consequences. Our cruise will be both informational and experiential in the fullest manner possible.

The forces of darkness have never had absolute supremacy over your world. Many nurturing institutions and brave individuals exist among you. Shrouded in a necessary secrecy, these brave women and men keep the Light shining on your planet. These organizations and individuals have performed many courageous and quite glorious actions for you. Soon, your planet's population will know, indeed, what they have done and are about to do. However, the dark elites and their clandestine ways remain a stumbling block. Their secrecy has been responsible for many nefarious schemes during the last few of Earth's decades.

Secret, exotic space programs and truly fantastic time-altering programs were in full force by the early 1990s. Your major surface governments, assisted by many shadowy off-worlders, were beginning to make inroads into controlling the development of your immediate future. These programs illustrate an important point about your society's secret cabals.

Your planet's covert rulers worship power like a drug addict worships heroin. Total power and control are their main goals. Continuous, absolute rule over Earth's citizenry is their ultimate aim. To fulfill this intent, they are more than willing to utilize all of their ill-gained wealth. They have secretly amassed most of this enormous wealth over the course of your last three centuries.

The cabals' secret government projects deployed special covert and off-world weaponry to defend their illegal claims for Earth's moon and for Mars during the 1950s and 1960s. Indeed, your planetary cabals seemed, during these times, to be on the verge of pulling off some of their most complex and heinous schemes.

Nevertheless, they were about to be severely thwarted by divine forces that were beyond their influence to control. To effect a turning point, the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy had begun certain consciousness-raising programs designed to defeat your dark oppressors. These broad-based activities affected your world as well as your entire galaxy. This coming together of the physical Angels and their Lineage in Heaven has forever transformed your Earth's 3-D, limited conscious reality.

An important aspect of this divine countermeasure program involved the rapid fall of the vast Soviet Empire. Since shortly after the end of World War II, the Soviet Union's numerous communist minions had

ruled Eastern Europe. Heaven's divine consciousness programs began to achieve their goal by the late 1980s and the early 1990s. They freed a great many of your humanity from political oppression. This extraordinary drive toward liberty and self-expression created an atmosphere that recognized crucial and sequestered technologies, which had been heretofore ignored, and finally allowed them to see the light of day.

Liberation permitted many important inventors and scientific innovators to come forward. Soon, their work will begin to manifest its magic upon your world. Yet, this breath of fresh air was meant to be only temporary. The darkness of your worldly elites, which had long surrounded your world's governments, has once again engulfed them. Even in this overpowering shadow, however, the bright Light that then came forth still shines upon Eastern Europe. It is this same divine Light that is destined by Heaven's magnificent Lineage to radiate brightly throughout your world.

Another aspect of the divine program greatly affected this galaxy. It concerns the very prophecy of the dark creator, Anchara. At the beginning of our story, Anchara sent forth a vast number of minions to rampage throughout the galaxy. Yet, even in this darkness, there was carried a spark of Light—a potential for galactic harmony.

In early 1994, Anchara's most prophetic priestesses and priests delivered a transformative proclamation to the dark forces. They stated, unequivocally, the following great truth. The divine time had arrived, at long last, for a galactic truce! Anchara requested that the Galactic Federation of Light consider a permanent peace treaty. As a stipulation of this permanent treaty of peace, the dark forces of the alliance of Anchara agreed to finally relinquish its claims to Earth.

These amazing announcements from Anchara's oracle planets reverberated throughout the Alliance like a major earthquake. They left little for the many dark territories to ponder. A great anger remained within them as well as a reluctance to relinquish all that they had fought for. Many fierce battles were fought among the confused and rebellious fleets of the dark Alliance of Anchara.

When the anger finally cleared, the forces on the side of the galactic truce had won an overwhelming victory. The few remaining dark fleets retreated to their home-worlds on the far side of the Milky Way Galaxy.

Clinging to the last remnants of their rage, this small group now regrouped and bided their time. They still wished, wholeheartedly, to attack this newly joined fleet of Light.

In late 1994, the victorious elements of the former Alliance fleets asked for permission to negotiate a permanent treaty, allowing them to join the Galactic Federation of Light as special members. Included in these new arrangements was the promise of the former Alliance star-nations to integrate their huge fleets into those of the Galactic Federation. The previously dark fleets now agreed to abide by the rules that the ancient charter of the Galactic Federation of Light had put forth.

The only sticky point was how they would go about giving up their ancient claims to planet Earth. Not wishing to lose their access to this most sacred water-world, the former Alliance members requested that a series of special ambassadors be permanently stationed on Earth. These special ambassadors were only to be put there after Earth and its people returned to full consciousness. At that time, Earth's transformed society was to become a fully functioning member of the Galactic Federation of Light.

In another part of this treaty, the former Alliance members promised to abolish several secret treaties with the major surface governments of your world. To demonstrate their sincere belief in Anchara's decrees, the former Alliance members quickly withdrew their many ambassadors, technicians, and scientists from Earth. Over the next two years, most of these off-world scientists and technicians left your planet. The effects of these many secret treaties upon your freedom have been immense. Their sudden departure was another crack in the evil that surrounds your world.

The tiny crack soon became a gaping hole when your secret worldly cabals' former masters, the Anunnaki, made a surprising and very fortuitous move. The elites' extraterrestrial mentors had unexpectedly switched sides and joined the Galactic Federation of Light. Now known as the 'Annanuki' (spelling changed to indicate their 'new' direction), they had long been both the masterminds behind your global cabals' actions and their chosen cruel and autocratic rulers. As the Annanuki, they currently serve the Light. Their knowledge of the elites' sinister ways has become a true sword of Damocles hanging above the collective heads of your evil oppressors.

The Annanuki's program is to use their former influence to send your many interlocked cabals down a new path. To date, some degree of progress has been made. However, while slowly changing, the many global cabals retain a deep desire to rule with their accustomed tyranny. This obsession for control has caused them to temporarily fragment around the need to react to the Annanuki's bold requests. It has also generated a number of odd petitions from your planet's covert rulers to their former masters.

A sudden series of major reversals rocked the foundations of your many covert rulers. To use a simple analogy, the interlocked secret cabals were forced to undergo some major brain surgery! The highest levels of their formerly rock-solid command structure were now in various states of chaos. Numerous elements of their global structure were engaged in an all-out, clandestine war against each other. This extremely vicious shake-up continued, in various forms, well into the first half of your year 2000.

As these many amazing transformational events work their magic and help to distract your planetary cabals, your local Spiritual Hierarchy is preparing you to become fully-conscious Beings. Since the early 1970s, your local Spiritual Hierarchy has been moving your body frequency upward. Part of this immense endeavor is a joint undertaking of your inner Angelic and body guardian councils, under the full supervision of your local Spiritual Hierarchy. This shared project is also focusing on the transmutation, in every cell of your body, of its RNA/DNA protein strings.

One result of these complex transformations has been the global rise of a vast spiritual renaissance. This is the first time in your recent history that such a large segment of your world population has been so interested in Angels, all types of 'channeled' materials, and the origins of and reasons for, the imminent arrival of off-world spacecraft. Herein, you may reflect upon the fact that you are being readied for a first contact, along with the holy return of Heaven's divine rule.

While your cells' genes rapidly mutate, your body's energy (or chakra) systems are also being altered. You move from a seven chakra system to one that encompasses thirteen chakras. Currently, these multifaceted energy centers regulate the life force as it moves within your body. When integrated into your body, these new chakras will allow any part of your

body to more easily communicate with its other parts.

This majestic alteration and integration can transform you into an extraordinary Being of Light. (For a fuller description of these amazing processes, see CHAPTER 3: MAKING THE NEW YOU.) This special Light Being is what can be called a physical Angel. All fully-conscious Beings are really physical Angels. They act as the mediators between the physical and spiritual universes. This wondrous Light Being (or ‘New You’) has a significant role to play in the daily existence of your fully-conscious planet—the New Mother Earth.

By the use of conscious group ritual, physical Angels regulate the various planets and stars to which they are assigned. This remarkable group ritual has the ability to activate and balance the various nodes (intersecting energy points, like the meridians of your body) of any celestial body’s magnetic or gravitational grids. In so doing, the planet or star is continually brought to life and allowed to operate at its peak efficiency.

Such fully-conscious Beings regulate the frequency of a planet’s electromagnetic fields. This admirable activity is accomplished by changing the frequency of a physical Angel’s own body to the one most conducive to the planet and to its biosphere.

Consequently, physical Angels assist a planet in maintaining optimal conditions for its many plant and animal life forms (a planet’s biosphere). Physical Angels also act as a planet’s guardian species. Here, they create a special song or necessary vibratory pattern which maintains the reproductive capabilities of the planet’s many plants and animals.

Clearly, physical Angels play an important role in the life of any fully-conscious celestial body. (To learn much more about physical Angels, see CHAPTER 6: PHYSICAL ANGELS.) This fact leads to the second point in our brief outline. All celestial bodies are alive! They are a very unique life form. Their life force is electrogravitic, while yours is electromagnetic. Here, we need to stress that electrogravitic life forms need electromagnetic ones in order to function most efficiently. One requires the other in order to survive. When both life forms are operating at maximum efficiency, they complement each other.

Besides all of the marvelous developments we have just described, yet another crucial element is playing out its own unique role in this tale.

It is a celestial phenomenon that previously has caused much turmoil in your sector of the galaxy. It is a positive forerunner of, and a vehicle for, your many divine transformations. To do it justice, let us now gather around the ship's old 'holographic' campfire. There, assisted by Washta, I will once more resume our story.

Eons ago, when the Milky Way Galaxy was created, it was bequeathed a most magnificent belt of Light by the great Lords of Heaven. From its inception, this belt of Light has retained a complete orbital cycle of approximately 26,000 solar years. The photon belt is a massive ring of inter-dimensional photon (Light) energy that is approximately 15,000 light years across or almost one-sixth the size of the Milky Way Galaxy. The torroid, or ring of the photon belt, is divided into two sections: a razor-thin null zone and its main section. The membrane-like null zone is an area that both collapses and drastically recalibrates electromagnetic energies.

The photon belt visits your solar system every 12,000–13,000 years. It was scheduled to pay you another visit by the end of the Gregorian year of 1996 (during the galactic year of 5 Eb, at the end of the galactic month of Mol). This particular visit was to be the vehicle by which a number of very wondrous changes were to be presented to the people of Earth. However, some surprising occurrences in 1986 and in 1995 altered this scenario. (Later, we will explain these extraordinary events in more detail.)

A photon particle is a tiny, subatomic particle that results from a split-second collision between an electron and a positron (a positive or anti-electron). This contact causes the two extremely tiny particles to cancel each other out. The resulting mass from this collision is converted into pure energy that registers as photons or light particles. In 1961, a U.S. government satellite scanning deep space near the Pleiades star cluster in the Constellation of Taurus re-discovered the photon belt.

The research that its secret American discoverers were working on contained the previous findings of Paul Otto Hesse, Edmund Halley, and Frederick Wilhelm Bessel. Paul Otto Hesse closely followed the discoveries of Edmund Halley (the 18th century discoverer of Halley's comet) and Frederick Wilhelm Bessel, a 19th century German astronomer. Hesse had studied the Pleiades in the first half of the 20th century. He detected a photon belt, or large manasic ring, the diameter of which was ap-

proximately 2,000 light years. This belt, or ring, was at absolute right angles to the movement of the stars in the Pleiades.

Paul Otto Hesse also believed, based on the movement of the photon belt, that it periodically caused vast changes in Earth's civilizations. These changes date back to the very early days of human habitation. Some 26 years after the photon belt's discovery, another extremely important element was added to our story illustrating how the people of Earth and the Galactic Federation can all work together.

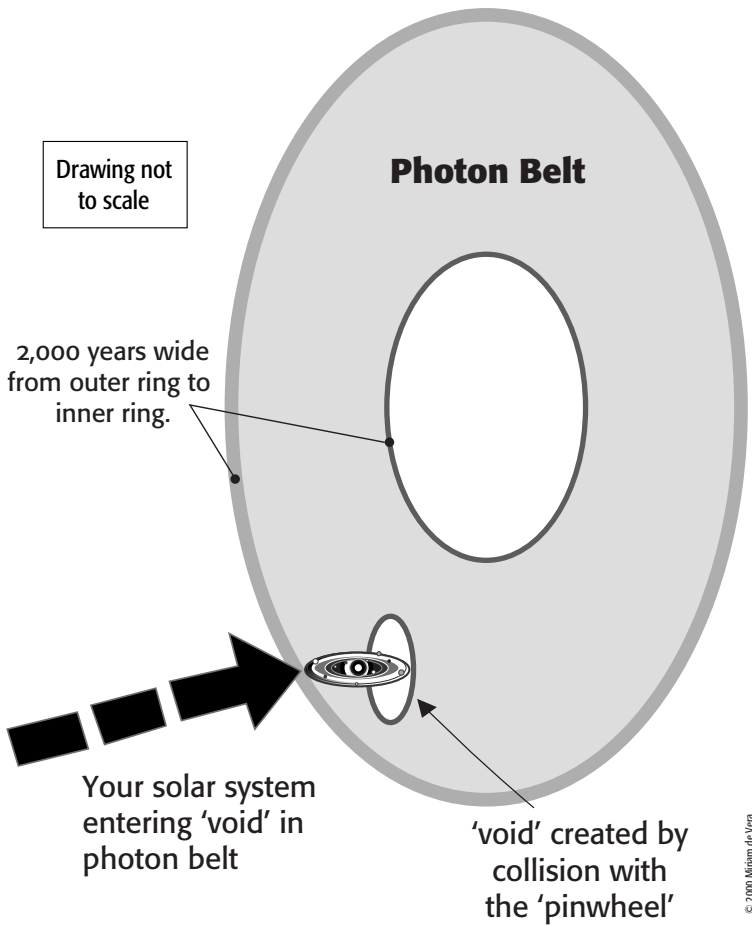
In the early spring of 1987, there occurred a nova (an exploding star), labeled Nova 1987A, in the region of the Magellanic cloud. A massive internal explosion subsequently reduced it to a neutron star that is now called Avalus. Most importantly, the blast created a large pinwheel composed of photons, gamma rays, and an immense number of anti-matter particles. It was carried along on a gravity wave from the star's explosion and headed toward Earth's solar system at a very high rate of speed. Grave concern about the nova's offspring (this pinwheel) led your scientists to a formal re-discovery of the main photon belt in 1995.

Due to the amount of gamma radiation, a worldwide ring of telescopes was unable at first to establish whether the phenomenon was an inter- or extra-galactic event. Due to extremely high energy outbursts, the rarity was beyond the competence of our radio telescopes. But, by the early 1990s, use of new instrumentation had allowed the discovery of its exact position. This technology, initially invented for the U.S. nuclear weapons program, was then specially adapted for deep space radio telescopes.

By late 1995, astronomers determined that the rapidly moving celestial object (the pinwheel) was destined to collide with your solar system by the end of 1996. This incoming astronomical body had the capacity to rip off your planet's atmosphere and utterly destroy Earth's biosphere.

Using their newly installed instrumentation (specially designed color spectrometers), Earth's scientists discovered the greatly increased power of the photon belt. They established that the photon belt would reach the solar system at virtually the same time as the much smaller pinwheel.

Many scientists in the top secret photon belt project became seriously concerned that the end of 1996 was to signal the total extinction of all life on planet Earth. To learn what was really going on, they began to search



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FIGURE 5: Your Solar System Entering the Photon Belt

for anyone who had the ability to contact benevolent ETs.

In the summer of 1996, Earth's astronomers were able, through an intermediary, to contact some Galactic Federation scientists who were part of the Galactic Federation's S&E fleets that were observing your world to ask them about the two celestial objects. The most important question was if, indeed, humanity had only until the end of the year before disaster struck.

The Galactic Federation scientists replied that the nova-born pin-

wheel would neutralize the main photon belt at the end of the year. Earth scientists agreed to cooperate by providing the intermediary with pictures, videotape, and other critical information gathered through this secret black project about the two incoming celestial objects.

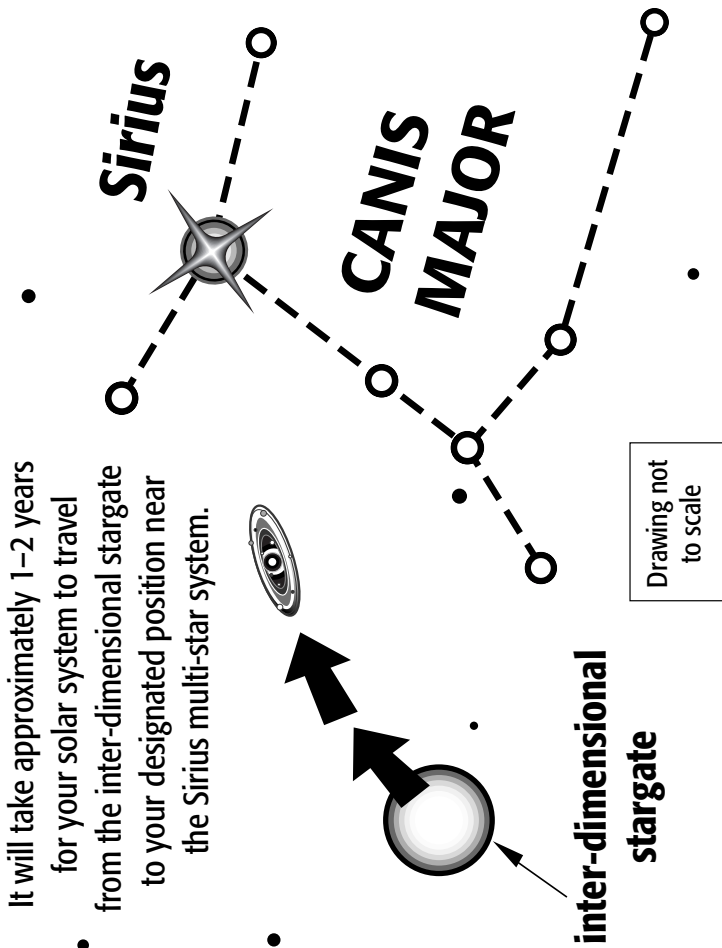
By late Fall of 1996, the secret photon belt project team verified what their Galactic Federation counterparts had told them. The pinwheel belt was indeed to collide with the larger photon belt just before it reached the solar system. This event was scheduled to commence at 23:45 hours GMT (Greenwich Mean Time) on December 31, 1996, with the main photon belt encountering this solar system at 03:00 hours GMT on January 1, 1997. The pinwheel was to drill a 'void' about one and one-half times the diameter of the solar system into the main photon belt (see FIGURE 5).

Most of the remaining radiation from this collision was dissipated by the planetary magnetic fields of Jupiter and Saturn. Jupiter proved especially useful in this endeavor. In the summer of 1994, the many collisions of the strangely fragmented Schumacher-Levy Comet had changed the natural resonance of its gravity and magnetic fields. In this altered mode, Jupiter readily dissipated the pinwheel's deadly radiation. Earth received only enough of this radiation to affect its atmosphere very slightly.

As expected, the two large objects collided just before midnight GMT on December 31, 1996. The void created by the pinwheel's collision with the main photon belt permitted the solar system to enter the main photon belt on January 1, 1997. The greatly reduced radiation of the pinwheel entered Earth's atmosphere in the early morning hours of January 1, 1997.

By January 7, 1997, any residual damaging radiation had been alleviated by its natural interaction with Earth's atmosphere. Major side effects included the phenomena of red skies, remarkable aurora effects in the upper atmosphere, and the advent of extra cold weather worldwide. On January 11, 1997, your solar system moved from the edge of the 'void' created by the pinwheel into the main pocket of the 'void' located inside the photon belt.

Just before you entered this miraculously created void, special Galactic Federation teams, assisted by many Orders of Elohim, placed you in a new hologram. Its purpose was two-fold.



The inter-dimensional stargate will thrust you out of the photon belt, through the fifth dimension, and into a position three light years from the Sirius star system. Sirius is approximately 8.3 light years from Earth.

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FIGURE 6: Your Solar System as Part of the Sirius Star System

First, it was designed to mask the effects of the main photon belt. This was accomplished by the use of special inter-dimensional grids and other light fields that link us to a masterful illusion that all is well.

Second, the hologram was designed to come apart, when you enter the photon belt proper, by exiting the specially created void.

As part of the next phase of your coming photon belt scenario, the Creator arranged for the solar system to enter an inter-dimensional stargate that will thrust you out of the photon belt, through the fifth dimension, and into a position three light years from the Sirius star system. Sirius is approximately 8.3 light years from Earth. Your solar system is scheduled to reach this stargate on December 21, 2012 A.D. (see FIGURE 6).

Once in the photon belt proper, a 'photon light shock' occurs, and the veil of limited consciousness around you drops. This shift into full consciousness will happen relatively quickly. Photon light shock acts as a signal, alerting your Full Self and all of your components to 'unzip' what has not yet been re-calibrated. The body then follows an implicit order or blueprint. Zap! It is done quite instantaneously. You are truly sentient Beings, living in the reality of the Light.

Your physical and psychic gifts can then return to you, and your homecoming process can be completed. The last part of this procedure is a first contact with the Galactic Federation of Light. We are, in truth, your elder brothers and sisters. We will come because the prophesied time for our return will have arrived.

When you leave the photon belt proper, you are shifting from a largely third-dimensional world to a fifth- or multi-dimensional reality. You can then begin to understand why this limited consciousness episode occurred in your history. Your society stands on the threshold of a Golden Age which many religious prophecies have foretold over the past six millennia.

This new Golden Age is one in which Earth and her peoples have the opportunity to become all that they were meant to be. This almost thirteen thousand year period, since the end of Atlantis and the beginning of your strange 3-D Earth experience, is now nearly over.

The role of the Spiritual Hierarchy is to oversee all of these happenings and to make sure that your transformations expand your true inner joy. Their spiritual activities are being carried out for one sacred purpose: to reveal to you the Creator's divine plan for Creation. These holy energies exist in the physical universe to allow your planet to be in balance. All humans are here to achieve their purpose. It is essential that you accomplish

these required transformations freely and, most importantly, in joy.

Many of you deeply sense the magnificent process that is now going on both in and around you. This feeling has given some of you a need to come together in a global network to raise your society's consciousness. We ask that you listen to these inner voices and gather together. Use your many community and global organizations to support your planetary kin. Utilize this growing network and the many centers that your Planetary Activation Organization (see special section on PAO in the back of this book) will provide. Their mission is to educate and to assist you in completing these marvelous transformations.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: In this chapter, you discussed the darkness in which this galaxy has been engulfed. How did it become so dark?

A: During the shaping of physicality, the Creator designated this galaxy as an arena for a major conflict between the Light and the dark. In this cosmic drama, it had to seem as though the dark forces would triumph. Yet, according to the divine plan, they were to be miraculously transformed to the side of the Light.

Many billions of years ago, highly ethereal Beings of the Light and of the dark were dispatched to this galaxy to carry out this plan. Some 100 million years ago, after seeding many star systems with their progeny, Beings of the Light left this galaxy to their dark counterparts. These dark Beings gradually incorporated themselves into an entity known as Anchara. As noted in this chapter, Anchara brought forth limited conscious Beings some 35 million years ago. This dark collective employed sinister methods to provoke the great galactic wars, resulting in an enormous period of darkness within our galaxy.

Q: How do the divine prophecies of Lord Michael fit into our galaxy's history?

A: This galaxy was created through a series of divine intentions issued by the local Orders of the Elohim. It was designated a 'wayshower' galaxy. That is, it has all the major elements of physical Creation within it. The high Councils of Heaven wrote a sacred script that featured all of these elements. Through the unfolding of its plot, all the desired goals for this

Creation can be accomplished.

Heaven formed your world, and especially this galaxy, into a most divine place—one that has been continually watched over by fully-sentient physical Beings from this and many other dimensions. In effect, you are witnessing and participating in a divine act—the merging of dark into Light—in such a way that the Light is totally transformed. This new and more powerful divine Light is the foundation for the next, or seventh, Creation of the Creator's divine WILL.

Q: What kinds of new powers come with full consciousness? Is education necessary?

A: Full consciousness allows you limitless manifesting capabilities as well as greatly enhanced, new, interpersonal abilities. These can overwhelm you if you are not properly prepared. Hence, you need to learn appropriate consciousness etiquette. Humans can adapt quickly to full consciousness and its parameters. They do have memories. To employ a simple analogy, it is almost as if you had a deep amnesia and forgot how to drive your car. All of a sudden, you find yourself again in the driver's seat, and you remember. You recall the little things that you had forgotten even if you barely know what they are.

To regain your memory, you require careful instruction. It is as if you had been involved in, say, a serious car accident. In a short while, you begin to recover, but, due to severe injuries, you require rehabilitation. You will need to practice how to do those things you have forgotten and will do them, perhaps, in a slightly different way. You will need to go through this learning process. The Galactic Federation of Light counselors plan to assist you during this period of transition.

Q: What about people who are resistant to change? What will happen to them?

A: The Pleiadean Star League has a number of solar systems that are proficient in assisting people who are resistant to change. There, specially trained technicians can help these individuals learn about such changes and practice methods that can quickly transform their reality. When it is considered appropriate, they will be returned to Earth. Others who wish to remain in this present reality can be switched to another more appropriate solar system where a reality exists that is similar to the one they now know.

Q: A great deal of channeled information is being circulated about physical Ascension. How do those models fit in with this one?

A: Physical Ascension is a reunion with one's Light Body. It is the bringing forth of the ability to take the density of this physical vehicle and change it into one that resonates with the Light Body. When you become one with your Light Body, you can go wherever you desire in Creation. The process of physical Ascension (or physical transformation) is part of the whole process of restoring you to full consciousness.

A Light Being who exists in full consciousness is a Being who knows that its Light Body and its physical body are one and the same. This enlightened individual regulates her/his Light Body as required. The physical Ascension process is really part of this physical transformation into full consciousness.

Q: Most of us have at least an idea of what spaceships look like. Describe an Angel to us.

A: In many ways, an Angel looks like the Angels you can visualize. Most persons who have had near-death experiences describe Angels in either the traditional way—with their flowing white robes, large, gossamer wings, and radiant faces—or as those who have no visible wings yet still possess many ethereal qualities. They describe Angels that look exactly like us.

As cosmic energy forms, Angels are able to shape themselves to fit any concept we have of them. Every Angel is a point of Light as are we. Rather, it is our beliefs that determine their appearance. Each individual is seeing only what she/he wishes to see. This holy vision is based upon their own internal perception of what Angels are supposed to look like.

Q: Can we somehow sense, with these individuals, a special energy or a presence that allows us to place more trust in the experience?

A: Yes. What happens is a magnification of this process. On an almost still day, many people occasionally feel sudden breezes across their bodies or a peculiar sense of being touched. These particular sensations are just their own Angelic guardian councils attempting to communicate with them. This communication will occur in a much larger and more magnified way during first contact. It is a magnificent reality that the Spiritual Hierarchy is preparing for you. At the time of formal first contact, we will easily hear, feel, and see our Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: Did the planet's radio telescope network see the photon belt and the pinwheel approach?

A: Yes. They saw it. Occasionally, brief articles about this event appeared in obscure publications. For example, in the late 1990s, scientists were seeing large sources of Light in your galaxy near to you in this galaxy, and this confounds them. Massive amounts of gamma radiation, originating from known sources, are occurring daily in this galaxy and are being reported. While astronomers are giving out little, itty-bitty hints, they have yet to come out and say that a photon belt exists and its outline is such and such. If these astronomers did that, they could instantly acquire a very controversial reputation for themselves and quickly lose their grants as well as their positions.

Q: If they saw it, why was it not reported widely in the media or acknowledged by the world's governments?

A: Government security organizations and scientific granting organizations initially restrict public knowledge of any new information if they feel it can lead to world panic. In the case of UFOs, this procedure has become part of an immense cover-up. Its sole purpose is to shield the public from what is really happening around them.

Q: There is a question in my mind about the photon belt and its null zone. There are some scientists who raise concerns about the nature of the photon belt itself. They sincerely feel that the immense amount of gamma radiation in the photon belt can destroy all life on Earth. Is this true?

A: To begin with, the photon belt contains multi-dimensional Light. These unique forms of Light exist simultaneously at many different frequencies and in varying energy states. Consequently, those scientists with special meters on their radio telescopes detect dangerous amounts of gamma radiation emanating from it. This energy, coming from a certain region of space, has been measured as giant bursts of radiation or as a massive wave of very high frequency energy. At first, it may appear deadly. However, it is not.

Once you enter the photon belt, you will notice that this multi-dimensional Light encompasses highly unusual qualities. At that point, you will perceive it differently. It will appear and feel almost as a biblical 'Light of Lights'. Utilizing your new Light Body, you will easily res-

onate with this higher frequency photon energy. It will actually vivify you as it is truly a life-giving energy! Consequently, it increases life span as is described in many of the religious books and various mythologies found around this planet.

Q: Currently, I exist in limited consciousness and relate to our technologies. I find it difficult to imagine the capability of the Galactic Federation scientists to protect an entire solar system by employing a holographic envelope. Will you please comment?

A: First of all, it is beyond the ability of the Galactic Federation of Light scientists to carry out this amazing operation alone. They cooperated with many divine aspects of Heaven. These holy aspects (the Orders of Time Lord, the Elohim, and the Angelic Realms) brought the necessary energies from the eternal sources of Heaven to those dimensions that surround us. Their assignment was to set up the sacred apparatus of inter-dimensional flux 'lenses' as well as some other rather miraculous equipment. It was a mutual and divine effort, accomplished on many levels, which created this immense hologram.

Q: Did the Galactic Federation of Light know that this task was an enormous undertaking?

A: Most certainly. The Galactic Federation of Light realizes that the population of Earth is having its physical frequencies increased, regularly, by the local Spiritual Hierarchy. They also know that many Galactic Federation of Light personnel have now volunteered to experience lifetimes on Earth. These facts are taken into account when formulating the overall operational plan. Furthermore, all fully-conscious and divine parties currently involved understand that two great obstacles remain: the surface governments of Earth and the large amount of fear now held by Earth's humans.

Q: When we move into full consciousness, will we have a remembrance or memory of what our former mortal life was like?

A: Yes. We will have that memory. The Akashic memory is open to a fully-conscious Being. Fully-conscious Beings are in complete contact at all times with their spiritual guides. They are able to understand the processes involved. With the proper counseling, each individual also has a full remembrance of any particular lifetime.

Q: What is the timetable for these extraordinary events?

A: Keep in mind that it is all programmed to happen at the right divine moment. The divine blueprint of your local Spiritual Hierarchy is based upon a certain set of energy patterns. These patterns have to do with how consciousness is transformed on planet Earth. As your society's consciousness moves in erratic spurts toward its highest potential, it moves the D-day (Divine-Day) either a little forward or a little bit further back. Every fluctuation causes the exact date to become more nebulous.

As you can see, Earth's human population has the final say in the timetable. How you respond, how you develop, what you do, and how much love you generate—all this is vitally important! It is for these reasons that the commitment we have spoken about is so significant to the final act. This commitment determines how this scenario is to be played out. YOU cast the last bit of critical input: your 'response-ability' as individuals and the ways in which your society develops.

This is important to the entire process, and, yet, you also have a destiny. It is the reason you chose to be here at this most propitious time. Many people on your planet, which we like to call the 'Great Amnesia Zone', are becoming aware of precisely why we are all here. These individuals need to wake up the rest of humanity at the right time to assist everyone in remembering who they really are.

The Galactic Federation of Light requires your committed actions in order to successfully complete the next part of our mutual sacred mission. Everyone's consciousness is increasing! The Galactic Federation of Light and your local Spiritual Hierarchy are in great joy as they observe this transformational process. It combines a heavenly mixture of the divine plan, a mutual co-creativity by all parties, and the movement of your society's potential to its fullest levels. The successful blending of these factors determines the actual timetable.

3

MAKING --- THE --- NEW --- YOU

Good day! This is your guide, Sandara, speaking.

So far, the journey into your ever-expanding consciousness has explored the reasons you stand poised at this important juncture in your reality. We are now approaching the part of this cruise that I most enjoy. As an exo-biologist, I have been schooled in the many aspects involved in transforming your present body into a fully-conscious one, or a 'New You'.

To birth this 'New You' involves a process that presently is integrating your Spirit (Full Self) with your physical self. A unique change in your physical body's RNA/DNA and in its current energy centers (or chakras) is occurring. These remarkable modifications will permit you to transform yourselves from your current state of limited consciousness to a state of full consciousness. At this point you may well ask: what is full consciousness?

Full consciousness is a wondrous state in which the realms of the physical and the spiritual are fully merged. You possess psychic talents such as telepathy (thought communicating), telekinesis (ability to move objects through thought), and clairvoyance (ability to see into the future). Moreover, with the inherent gift to vividly see the world of Spirit, you are able

to converse freely with your beloved departed ones as well as with the Spiritual Hierarchy. In short, your now latent, Christ-like abilities become fully manifested.

One of the first steps in this multi-faceted process is for your local Spiritual Hierarchy to raise the frequencies of your mental, emotional, and physical bodies. This procedure increases your spiritual awareness and is one of the reasons behind the phenomenal explosion in sales of metaphysical and self-help literature and their related audio and videotapes. Likewise, a vast global movement is underway, transforming the many fields of healing and medicine. Thus, a firm foundation is being established for the entrance of a new paradigm into this present reality.

Dear Hearts, know that this starship is endowed with the marvelous ability to shrink to a size from which we can explore in great detail the interior and the exterior of your transforming body. In this way, we can view your changing subtle (or Light Body) fields. Before we begin this journey, I wish to say a few additional words about the ongoing nature of your transformational process.

With these preliminary steps underway, the Spiritual Hierarchy and we in the Galactic Federation are performing another group of fundamental operations. These procedures begin by purging much of the toxicity (negative emotional energies and experiences) that you have imperceptibly accumulated since childhood. Over the last few years, your local Spiritual Hierarchy has engaged you in an extensive series of gradual cleansings that are preparing your physical, mental, and emotional bodies for your coming transformation in consciousness.

Second, another series of related procedures resets the circuitry of your brain and re-works your neurological system. These processes initiate a series of new feelings or memory patterns within you. Often, they are expressed as a sense of memory loss or a feeling of general confusion about what is going on around you. We ask you, dear Hearts, to trust and move forward in your internal processing.

Bear in mind that what is occurring is a highly complicated operation designed to merge your spiritual and physical bodies. This important procedure is lightening the density of your body. Increasingly, your spiritual essence is being integrated into your physical body, causing frequent

aches, assorted pains, sudden fevers, bronchial, flu-like symptoms, and intense headaches. In addition, you experience periods of severe fatigue, out-of-the-blue illnesses, and problems with your sight and/or hearing.

A primary reason for these difficulties is the incorporation of your multi-layered Light Body into the very core of your physical body. Your Light Body consists of fourteen layers of various subtle bodies, ranging from the etheric bodies that mirror your body's several energy systems to conscious life energy and life information energy bodies that are connected directly to your silver and gold cords. These many systems are holistic and require certain resonance patterns to be properly attached. To do this, we connect them layer by layer to your physical body.

You were born with only seven of these Light Body layers existing in your body. For you to become fully conscious, the numerous layers presently outside your physical body need to be affixed to your physical self. We have had to slowly adjust the many modifications to your physical body needed to complete this task. To do this, we have mirrored the electromagnetic activity of your Light Body with that of your physical body.

We began our complex operation in the areas of your head, hands, feet, and lower torso and then painstakingly worked our way inward. Owing to the holistic nature of your Light Body and the unprepared nature of your physical body, we have had to gradually alter your physical body to accept each additional layer of Light Body.

Adding to this project are the many thoughtforms that you have inherited, either from your ancestors and your parents or from what you have created during this and various other lifetimes. We have resolved all of these complexities with a series of specially applied resonance patterns, designed expressly for you and for the particular aspect that we were integrating.

This procedure, most significantly, has made you face many of the fears, anxieties, and denials revolving around what is actually happening to you. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light (including your captain and her valiant crew) are very proud of you. We are profoundly certain that you will succeed in carrying out these most amazing transformations.

Before we take a closer look, please note that this integration entails

the reordering of a number of your mental, emotional, subtle, and physical body fields. If you will all look out the observation lounge windows to your left, you can see that your body is made up of numerous, yet different, consciousness layers. As we pass by, observe how each layer is fluffed around your body like so many gossamer bands. Every one of these consciousness fields is being recalibrated to its highest and most appropriate harmonic.

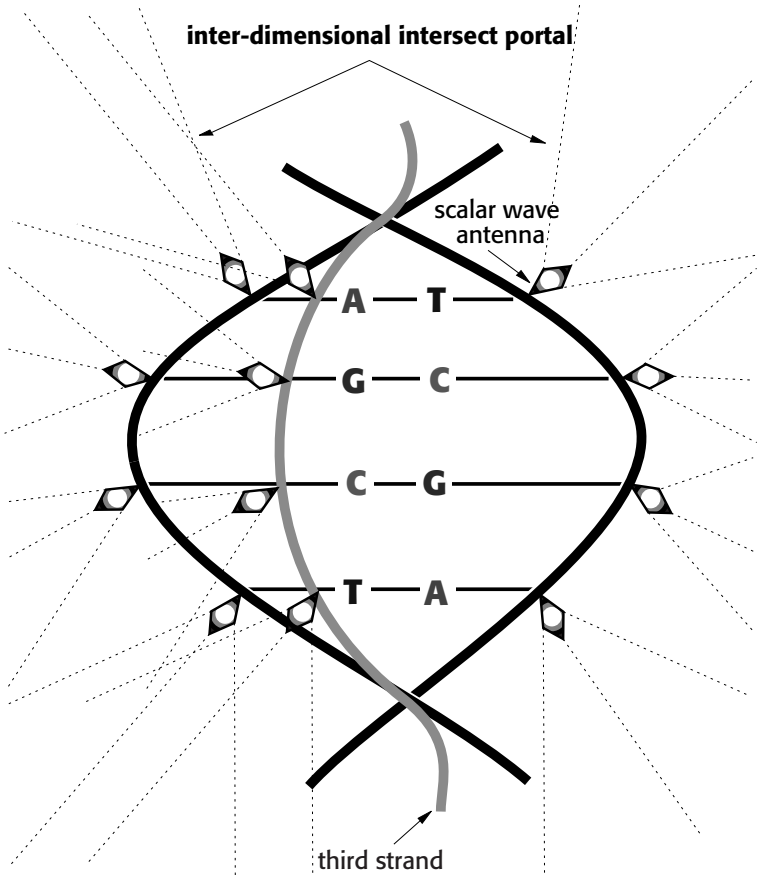
Right now, you are living in a limited conscious state in which your physical body is mostly separated from your spiritual body. Your mind and various emotions are employed as the mediators between the two. This means that your capabilities as a sentient Being have been greatly curtailed. Your physical body has also been permitted to decay. Your creative potential exists with a high probability of being sabotaged by fear, vacillation, and self-doubt. This reality is a great burden each of you must bear, literally, from cradle to grave. You live in a society in which, to a great degree, your vast power and individual sovereignty have been given away to others.

We are now ready to embark on our first mini-tour of your body which will explore the rearrangement of your cellular RNA/DNA. Before our journey begins, let me give you some additional information about your RNA/DNA. The unique protein strands that form you are extremely sensitive to Light. They possess a regeneration cycle that occurs while you are asleep. Originally, you had a twelve-strand RNA/DNA that provided you with a 48-pair base instead of your present 46-pair base gene structure.

During the last days of Atlantis, these twelve strands were manipulated into your current two-strand RNA/DNA. The scrambled RNA/DNA materials were housed in the separated center strand, disconnected from the remaining two strands. A series of occasional catalytic interactions was substituted for its former numerous activities. Originally, many of your geneticists thought this third strand was a vestigial remnant of some primitive RNA/DNA. By the mid-1990s, however, this belief had changed markedly. As you can see, there is quite a tale to be told.

TWELVE-STRANDED RNA/DNA: A TWICE-TOLD TALE

Our narrative begins in the early 1950s when Doctors Watson and Crick make an epic discovery concerning the RNA/DNA double helix (see FIG-



Each antenna aligns itself to a specific band of vibrations from the portals. The direction of the antenna is influenced by one's own thoughtforms or ideas.

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FIGURE 7: RNA/DNA Mutations

URE 7). They find a third, separated strand in the center of the double helix. Other researchers soon confirm their findings. At first, many geneticists postulate that this third strand is just protein detritus, a material left over from the more primitive evolutionary elements that originally created the human species.

Nonetheless, by the mid-1980s, doubts began to be expressed about this concept. Many genetic researchers involved in the early study of the

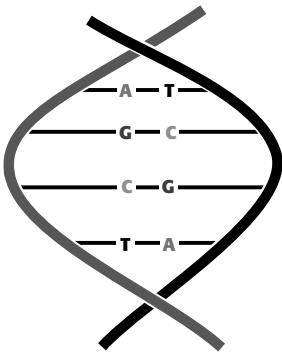
human genome determined that the third strand was starting to connect to the four ladders inside the double helix. This activating third strand displayed highly unusual properties. Its unexpected development suddenly called into question how human evolution had occurred.

Infants born with this activated third strand demonstrate very high intelligence and expanded psychic abilities, the most common of which is telepathy. Many babies are able to 'talk' telepathically with their parents, even warning them of potential danger. Initially, these children were rarely seen. However, since the early 1990s, more have been observed worldwide. At a special meeting in Mexico City in 1995, geneticists discussed this occurrence (now much more widespread) in secret.

In addition to these amazing children, a number of adults began to appear, globally, whose third strand is in the preliminary stages of reconnecting to the four ladders of the RNA/DNA double helix. By the mid-1990s, the situation had become more prevalent. During the 1995 Conference on Genetics in Mexico City, scientists debated whether to conceal this odd problem from the public or to give out false information, pending the completion of further studies. Many geneticists saw this phenomenon as the potential beginning of a new global catastrophe. They failed to see it as a portent of the ever-evolving integration of body, mind, and Spirit.

The first stage of your cellular genetic mutations consists of this third-strand phenomenon. Once this phase is completed, a second stage begins, initiating a multi-strand RNA/DNA (from three to five or even six-strand) and soon causing superb unification among your mental, emotional, and physical bodies. This stage ends when your genetic material is ready to transform itself into its final form: twelve-strand RNA/DNA.

DNA actually has a receptive quality. The protein itself is almost like a hologram, a fact that many geneticists (especially in the field of bio-electrical genetics) have discovered. They have found that if information is introduced into the wall of a cell, it is immediately brought within the cellular nucleus. A relationship exists between the cell wall and the nucleus that these scientists were initially at a loss to explain. Cellular interaction takes place, changing the amounts of various chemical reactions, proteins, and so on in the cellular structure and actually altering the metabolism of the body.



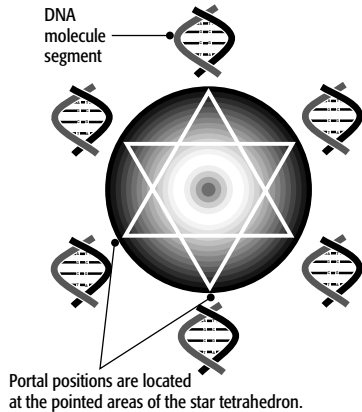
A short segment of the current double-strand DNA molecule

The double-strand DNA molecule is made up of a series of genes or chemical building blocks called nucleotides: adenine (A), thymine (T), guanine (G), and cytosine (C). A is always paired with T, and G is always paired with C. The sequence of nucleotide pairs determine the difference between kinds of living organisms.

The two strands of DNA carry genetic information such as height, eye color, skeletal structure, etc. In this example, one strand has A-G-C-T, etc. and the opposite strand has T-C-G-A, etc. This does not imply that there are only four genes in a strand of DNA molecule. In fact, there are 3 billion genes in a strand of DNA. Imagine this sequence in the form of a very long, unbroken thread or a person's very long name written in its entirety containing 3 billion letters and using only A, G, C, and T.

The DNA molecule of a fully-conscious being is shaped like a multi-dimensional star tetrahedron.

The example to the right is a static model of a 12-strand DNA molecule in its inter-dimensional full-consciousness pattern. DNA molecules are located at multi-dimensional intersect points. Its segments intersect and communicate through energies passed from one portal position to another.



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FIGURE 8: Twelve-Strand RNA/DNA Molecule

Both chemical reactions and genetic codes are involved in this process as well as facets of the gene structures that have yet to come online. With a change in consciousness, actual chemical changes occur. Restructured genes activate processes that can alter your physical structure. Previously, I have explained that the change in consciousness occurs at a physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual level which manifests as a cellular alteration.

Now you are equipped for the development of the magical RNA/DNA star tetrahedron! As we enter your RNA/DNA protein strands, carefully observe the fabulous light show. Pay attention to the energy bouncing from one strand to the other. Notice how each special rotating antenna, located where the various protein ladders connect, brings this information-energy in from other dimensions.

The physical basis of your full consciousness is twelve-strand RNA/DNA. This amazing organic Light material forms as a star tetrahedron (see FIGURE 8) that constantly spins and rotates on its six major axis points. In addition, the third strand in each of the six helices connects to (and continually weaves patterns of Light around) the central core of the star tetrahedron.

Every day, your Sun transfers pure photon energy to Earth's atmosphere. One source of these patterns of Light is the Sun. Another is the constant transmission of inter-dimensional information-energy.

This second source of life-giving photon energy contains a great deal of data from your local Spiritual Hierarchy. Information is collected through the use of special rotating antennae found on the two strands that form the helix and located where each strand intersects with its four ladders. Here, a special series of vortices, created by the constant gyrations of the different elements in the star tetrahedron, makes this acquisition possible.

These sacred transmissions give your fully developed RNA/DNA the special codes they need to properly distribute your life force energy throughout this remarkable ever-changing star tetrahedron. In addition, these specially designed rotary antennae regulate the amount of photon energy present in each star tetrahedron. In this way, your RNA/DNA receives its life-giving photon energy and then converts it into energies that your body's consciousness can easily process. Let us take another look at how this process operates.

Fully developed RNA/DNA interacts in very profound ways with your internal cellular structure. In the past two decades, your cellular biologists have discovered that consciousness changes the nature (functioning) of the cell and its relationship with other cells in your body.

In this recently emerged field of 'quantum biology', consciousness

(perception) can be observed to alter the health or even the daily interactions of cells. Full consciousness dramatically increases that same procedure. In this case, your consciousness interacts on the smallest levels of cellular biology. In effect, your body, mind, and Spirit are completely integrated—a transformation visible in the exchanges now occurring in your transmuting RNA/DNA.

This amazing alteration in the state of your physicality necessitates the adoption of some new physical energy centers (or chakras) where the freshly integrated consciousness can reside. In our next mini-tour, you shall see how four new chakra centers are being added to your physical body. This currently evolving process has brought you to the very edge of creating a most extraordinary reality: ‘Your New Chakra System’.

YOUR NEW CHAKRA SYSTEM

As we exit this important part of your developing microbiology, we enter the next stage of your physical body’s shifting reality—a realm of many vibrant, prismatic colors and dancing energy patterns. Your body’s chakra system can be viewed as an energy pattern of beautiful colors, circling each of its thirteen major energy centers. Imagine glorious combinations of reds, coral pinks and vibrant light-blues, red-oranges and pale and day-glow greens, dancing together in marvelous ways. Picture each energy center working with every other as one. Before we immerse ourselves in the observation of our chakras, let me briefly describe why this is happening to you.

Chakras (or your major energy centers) allow your transforming physical body to integrate its spiritual body and to function properly. To accomplish these complex procedures, your local Spiritual Hierarchy intends to bring four additional chakras online as soon as possible. These four new centers will permit you to manage the immensity of multi-dimensional information inherent in your new physicality. In addition, they will transform the other seven chakras, thereby allowing them to take on many new ‘response-abilities’. Let us now engage our ship’s unique ‘miniature’ drive and enter this changing life-energy system of your chakras.

To assist us in explaining your new chakra system in great detail, we have brought a special magnifying system online. Please look at the forward screens.

The first extra center is at the diaphragm where your body's emotional memory system is currently located.

The second new center is situated at the thymus where your body's immune system is presently regulated. (Fully-conscious humans possess a complete and very healthy immune system.)

The two other new centers are in the head. One (called the 'Well of Dreams') is found in the back of the head just above your medulla oblongata. It regulates the connection your consciousness has with information from higher dimensions. The other new chakra is located near the pituitary and is named after the master endocrine gland in the body.

Instead of the previous seven physical body centers, your transformed body now has eleven. This eleven-center network has two additional inter-dimensional (etheric) centers located above the head. They are called the 'Universal Female' and the 'Universal Male'. In total, you will have thirteen primary or main chakras—two purely etheric and eleven that are part of your physical selves (see FIGURE 9). Let us begin the following portion of our mini-tour by describing these new and currently transforming chakras.

The first chakra (root center) is located at the base of the abdominal cavity. Its main purpose, however, is changing. This energy center allows Mother Earth to attune your life force vibrations to hers. In effect, Mother Earth depends upon the resonance of her physical Angels to maintain maximum efficiency of her magnetic and gravitational fields.

The second chakra (sex center) is located near the sexual organs and is tied to the first chakra. Its primary purpose is to help vivify the body through the use of special sexual practices or disciplines such as highly ritualized, fully-conscious tantra. This process permits the vibrating energy (internal sexual tuning crystal) to tune the entire body and, especially, the first chakra.

The third chakra (solar plexus center) is located just above your belly button and is the seat of the second connection point for your Full Self. Life energy enters through the crown center at the top of the head (the golden cord) and through the solar plexus (the silver cord) or seat of your Will. The heart center regulates this energy.

The newly formed fourth chakra (diaphragm center), found at the

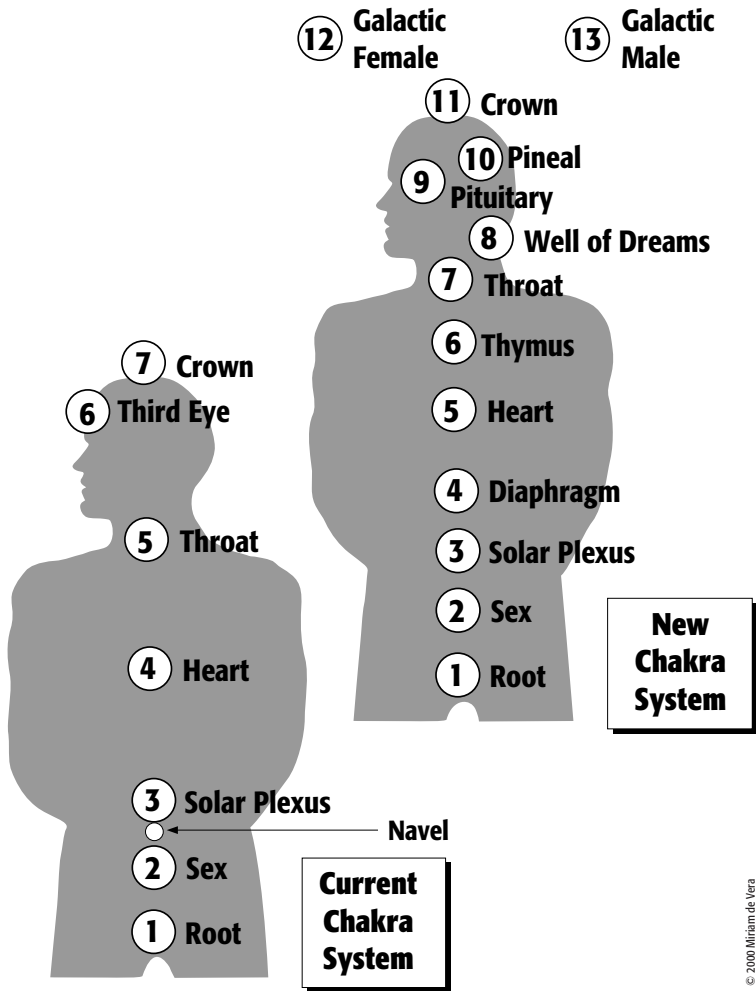


FIGURE 9: Current and New Chakra Systems

base of the thoracic cavity, is now the center for storing negative emotions. In the near future, it will be able to alleviate stress and empower Will energies stored in the solar plexus center. This chakra is the center of a rejuvenated ‘prana’ (breath energy). And, as students of yoga know, prana acts to revitalize and purify the body.

The fifth chakra (heart center) is found at the heart. It is a vital link

to the Angelic energies of pure thought and to the holy energy of complete Love, devoid of all possession, sentimentality, etc. This complete or pure love enables your body to operate at peak efficiency.

The sixth chakra (thymus center), also newly formed, is where the thymus gland is situated. In your coming reality, the body is pure thought-form. Its immune system is tremendously strong and viable. In the transformed human, the thymus retains its initial size which is about one-third the size of an adult heart.

This means that the thymus center remains sound throughout your lifetime. The human body easily attains the ability to transmute any potential illness or disease. Due to Earth's present high levels of background radiation and to the many long-forgotten wars that have ripped your atmosphere asunder, your thymus center begins its gradual deterioration immediately following birth. By adulthood, it has shriveled from the size of a human baby's heart to that of a small pea.

The seventh chakra is located in the throat and helps to collect prana energy that invigorates and purifies the body. It also acts as the communicator for your consciousness and coordinates the energies of the body with the regulatory consciousness energies of the head.

The eighth chakra ('Well of Dreams' center) is currently vestigial and is found in the area of the occipital lobe (at the base and back of the head) directly above the neck. Individuals, particularly those with psychic abilities, commonly get headaches from information 'bottlenecking' that create discomfort in this region. This chakra's inactivity mirrors your present state as a dormant, limited conscious Being.

In the present reality, humans with expanded psychic abilities can use connections critical to the brain's limbic system provided by the 'Well of Dreams' to mentally control others. It is important to realize this and to surround this center with great spiritual protection. In the new fully-conscious system, this particular center, regulating psychic energies and preventing you from ever being controlled, becomes very important.

The ninth (pituitary chakra) is newly located in the area of the pituitary gland. Near the center of your head, it permits the body to respond to Light and radiation and, by utilizing this response, eventually will rejuvenate your body. In the new body, the sixth, eighth, and ninth centers

interact quite extensively with the others, allowing you to use any vital, inter-dimensional information-energy immediately.

The tenth chakra (pineal center) is located in the center of the forehead above the nose and near the pineal gland. It brings in higher Light frequencies and is known as the vision center or the 'third eye'. Together, the eighth and tenth chakras permit you to receive and interpret visions and other key messages from higher vibratory states.

The eleventh chakra (crown center) is located at the back half of the top of the head. It is here that the Full Self energies from the universal source and the two new etheric chakras connect into the head.

The twelfth chakra (Universal Female) is situated just above the head. It controls the left side of your body and regulates your many creative gifts and talents. It is also where the desire for internal self-love and for external love or compassion originates.

The thirteenth chakra (Universal Male) is found above the head and regulates the right side of the body. It also has authority over your perceptions of reality and your ability to carry out a designated plan with practicality. This chakra is the source of your desire for inner and outer harmony.

Keep in mind, dear Hearts, that you are energy and Light Beings. Everything in Creation is Light. Your cellular structures and everything around you (the room in which you are currently sitting or any other part of your reality) is all Light. Light exists at many different frequencies. There is visible Light, and there is obscure or hyper-spatial (inter-dimensional) Light. There are many different levels of Light. Light is all encompassing. All of Creation is made of Light. For this reason, every area of the body is highly Light sensitive. It is crucial that you understand this point. We are all Light Beings. Even now, you could say that you are a Light Being having a human experience.

Let us now move our ship's camera into a better position. From this new vantage point, we are able to see how the chakras operate. To begin, let us examine the way your head chakras connect to your now forming twelfth and thirteenth chakras. If you visualize the area around your head, you can see an energy triangle forming. Emanating from it are many vibrant, prismatic colors and energy information packets perceived as sudden blips of Light.

This triangle connects the twelfth (Universal Female), thirteenth (Universal Male) and eleventh (crown) chakras. Yet another line travels from the eleventh (crown), to the eighth (Well of Dreams), to the ninth (pituitary), to the tenth (pineal) and, finally, returns, back up to the eleventh (crown) chakra.

Dear Hearts, visualize two flat circular shapes that connect through the eleventh (crown) chakra to create a special rotating, scalar wave transducer. Scalar waves are inter-dimensional waveforms. The rotating, triangular head antenna allows a person to radiate her/his life and information-energy to others. Through this same device, the individual receives the energies of others. Both upper and lower brain centers are thereby able to inter-communicate in ways that are beyond your present capabilities.

In effect, Earth humans will have a first (or 'outer') sight and a complete second (or 'inner') sight. Psychic abilities such as telepathy, telekinesis, clairvoyance, clairaudience, and psychometry will become natural. At this point, we will zoom our camera focus out just a bit. From this macro perspective, we can clearly see how these centers interact.

The eleventh (crown) chakra brings in Light (life and information-energy) and channels it to the eighth (Well of Dreams) and sixth (thymus) chakras. As we have just seen, the eighth and sixth centers (both Light sensitive) interact. Remember that Life originates within the divine Light of the Creator. Focused in this way, many of the frequencies of divine Light produce a Love harmonic. The energy this focus produces causes the eighth and the sixth centers to resonate with the fifth (heart) center.

As the eighth, sixth, and fifth centers resonate with each other, they radiate energies that allow the seventh (throat) center to receive the incoming prana (life energies). These harmonies (songs of Light) move down, to the 'prana' or fourth (diaphragm) center, distributing the prana energy and invigorating and cleansing all the cells of the body.

Let us now zoom in closer with our ship's camera to allow you to observe your expanded, fully-integrated chakra system in operation. Notice that each center is vibrantly multi-colored with no shade predominating. Depending on its health and function, each center's colors encompass almost the full spectrum.

Light energies emanating from each center appear as constant fire-

flashes from a very bright Light. They are continually exchanging energies and information. This process creates a natural and self-regulating feedback or information loop which makes the many energy systems of your body appear to spin and pulse simultaneously like a 'lighted' toy top.

As the chakras of your body's system glimmer, their Light resonates a glorious musical harmony. They create an effect similar to a computer-linked synthesizer which can convert a sequence of colors into a musical composition. Heard more closely, the sounds of your body resemble a mixed choir performing an exquisite, classical oratorio. At times, your body echoes a magnificent, angelic chorus. Although these frequencies are currently too high for your ears to perceive, this is the way in which your body sings its intentions and constant praises to its Angelic guardian councils, body councils, and fellow Light Beings!

Using our ship's camera, dear Hearts, let us now 'zoom' in, yet again, on this multi-colored, shimmering body. First, observe the solar plexus, the area of your belly button and abdomen, which connects you with your silver cord. This cord brings in the Universal Creator energy from your divine source (the realm of the Creator) to your physical instrument. In a very special manner, it then distributes this energy throughout your physical body.

The key to this process involves the relationship between the third (solar plexus) and sixth (thymus) chakras. Observe a special loop (or 'bow' of silvery-white energy) passing between them. Special life energy enters the back of the shoulders at about the level of the upper chest. The sixth chakra is the body's special, energy-receiving center. The thymus, a center of high wellness and immunity, absorbs the energy, and finally the life energy intermingles with the energy of Creation—the Universal Creator energies.

The energy of Universal Creation flows in through the silver cord and the third chakra. Notice how this pulsating 'bow' of silvery-white and other intertwined colors rains down in a shower of sparkles on your diaphragm. This happens because your fourth (diaphragm) center—your prana center—transmutes the energies into a more usable form and then distributes them to every cell in your body. The diaphragm center also utilizes the energies to transform many negative or limiting thoughtforms.

Dear Hearts, as we adjust our camera again, you can, without doubt, distinguish what is occurring with your body's energy systems. Information-energy descends from the eleventh to the third chakras while life energy ascends from the first to the third. At the third chakra, the two energies meet and interconnect, then move back up to the eleventh chakra, completing the circuit. Thus, they link the energies of the lower chakras to those of the higher chakras. Look closely at this massive exchange of multi-colored and highly vibrant energies. What an incredible kaleidoscope of colors, flashes, and melodies comprise the 'New You'! However, your view of yourself is not yet complete. Myriad wonders remain for you to see!

As we re-examine the Light show going on in your heads, we observe that these amazing energies move first through the twelfth and thirteenth chakras (the Universal Female and the Universal Male, respectively). In this way, the body maintains its femaleness (left side) and its maleness (right side). The body's nervous, circulation, and consciousness systems all mirror the dual female/male energies. If we examine this entity holistically, we can discover how incredible it really is.

As we have duly observed, the new, fully-conscious human Being is able to rejuvenate, is tapped into the inter-dimensional world, and can see spiritual energies. This Being is one with what you call the realm of the dead (the Spirit world) and is capable of producing powerful thoughtforms. Such a Being seeks Love and desires to discover/ascertain what reality is made of and how to plumb the depths of its soul's purpose. This Being is curious about its past and future lives and reaches out for any information that can assist it in its search. In short, this desire creates among all existing physical Beings the basis for a new collective contract, leading to the construction of an entirely new reality.

In this new reality, an expanded consciousness field is formed. It is the means for your planetary society to understand itself more profoundly than is presently possible. Streaming in and around you is the consciousness of others—their thoughtforms, wishes and prayers, their upsets, anxieties, and more. The first prerequisite is to teach you how to regulate these new energies and show you how to be in oneness and harmony with this new consciousness. You need to be taught the etiquette of mutual inter-

action. Then, you can finally begin to understand the processes that surround you so that you will be able to mutate into a true planetary guardian or physical Angel.

Once you learn to mentally adapt to your new consciousness, it becomes necessary for you to understand how to control and use thoughtforms, how to communicate properly with those who have passed on, and how to use the knowledge of Spirit to aid yourself and others. Counselors from the Galactic Federation of Light can teach this to you. As the educational process continues, Mother Earth knows how to discover the ways in which her humans forever manifest their reality. That process leads your reality into ever-interlocked and unified fields of consciousness.

Dear Hearts, each of you is a human Light point, interacting with all others, to produce a global web of focused consciousness. This is a very special communication web capable of making almost anything in this world possible. To reiterate: you are a guardian or physical Angel. Bear in mind that you are a corporal and, more than that, a spiritual Being. Therefore, it is imperative that you need to be prepared for the great change that is about to occur. Realize that, as a result of your growth in consciousness, a new reality is about to dawn for all humans on this blessed orb!

Let us review a few of the exciting things we have discovered during our two mini-tours. Some of your transformations are due to the expansion of your consciousness. You possess a Light Body, thoughtforms, and the ability to overcome age—to rejuvenate. You have the ability to communicate telepathically with others, with plants and animals, and with the Gaia (Earth) force itself. Also, you are able to communicate with those who have died and with those who might, today, be called Angels or nature Devas.

You may ask why your local Spiritual Hierarchy is suddenly integrating your physical and spiritual bodies. For what reason are they at this moment instituting four new chakras and creating a twelve-strand RNA/ DNA? Simply put, the reason for all of this is that Mother Earth has decided to change herself most profoundly. The Spiritual Hierarchies, all the way up to the Creator, have given her full permission to transform and transmute into her pristine and fully-conscious self.

Imagine being in a room in which the walls, the floors, and even the

ceilings suddenly became electrified. It would be very difficult for you to continue to exist in that room unless you changed as well. That is why you need to become a fully-conscious Being.

What does being fully conscious mean? It means three things:

- 1) You become multi-dimensional in your conscious thinking, in your reality, and in your capabilities;
- 2) Your physical body amalgamates with all other aspects of your new reality; and
- 3) You change your energy systems entirely. In this way, your physical systems actually integrate your multi-dimensionality as well as your physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual bodies.

Let us now permit some questions, the answers to which can help you better understand these momentous changes which are creating the 'New You'.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: How will people already in adult bodies be affected by these changes?

A: Right now, the Spiritual Hierarchy is involved in the process of preparing everyone for this change. For example, many people are already beginning to feel a separation occurring in the heart chakra. The upper heart is becoming the thymus center, while the lower heart is becoming a true heart center more focused on Love energies. This is the reason that more and more people are beginning to feel some very deep emotions as the heart is the 'emotion center' of the body. The diaphragm center is also being set into place right now.

Q: How is this process affecting our brains and memory patterns?

A: To prepare you for the new, rotating energy patterns that the fully-conscious brain can pick up, preliminary shifts of circuitry are occurring in the brain. People are experiencing tremendous changes in their memory patterns—short-term memory loss, the sudden reappearance of long-forgotten memories, and/or unusually vivid dreams. Most of you are undergoing a process of memory recovery. As a result of both short-term memory loss and memory recovery, your brains are being prepared to become fully conscious. More and more, scientists are discovering the brain's holographic capabilities.

Q: What will the complete prototype of the emerging holographic brain and head look like, and when will we see the changes?

A: Modifications usually take about one generation to manifest. There is little difference in appearance between the person who is born that way and the person who is now being altered. The results are the same.

Once you attain full consciousness, the reproductive phases of your existence will utilize your new twelve-strand genes. As a result, like most people born in fully-conscious human civilizations, the babies do look a little different from you. They tend to be a bit taller with larger heads and lovely big eyes. Also, their ears are slightly bigger and placed higher up on the head.

Q: I have one other question about body changes. You talk about the thymus gland revivifying over the course of a couple of generations. What happens to the thymuses of those who are currently adults?

A: They will become a lot larger. Currently, the slowdown and deterioration of the thymus is a major cause of the aging process in the conscious body. When your thymus function is re-established, you will hardly age at all.

Your thymus deteriorated because of the increase in background radiation caused when the two firmaments collapsed. Once you return to your fully-conscious body, the thymus' true function can be completely restored. Your thymus can actually enlarge to almost one-third the size of the heart. Once this happens, you have an organ in your body that maintains and anchors your entire immune system. This also permits you to actually control the aging process, because you can use the restored thymus to rejuvenate yourselves.

Q: What is a scalar wave, and what is the significance of the new head chakras forming a scalar wave antenna?

A: A scalar wave is the result of inter-dimensional electromagnetic wave propagation and operates in multi-dimensional space/time. A scalar wave tends to propagate as a transverse wave or a standing wave. Hence, it is a very unique wave pattern and requires a very special type of antenna to pick it up. When your consciousness shifts, you are able to pick up these fields through your own frequency shifts and the inter-dimensional capabilities around your auric field. Next, you need to process these novel

types of inter-dimensional information.

Once the limited conscious genetic plug is pulled, certain RNA/DNA structures can then take in this information and allow your brain cells to directly process it from inter-dimensional sources. You are able to process data on your own spiritual and mind-energy levels as well as on cellular or body levels. This new capability allows you to interact, immediately, directly and inter-dimensionally, with what is going on in your reality.

Q: Is this part of becoming reconnected to the larger reality?

A: Yes. That is exactly true. You are becoming able to experience the full reality, the true 'Now', that all of the great mystics have been speaking about. The true 'Now', which is of the inter-dimensional galaxy and of the universe, will be your 'Now'.

Q: How does RNA/DNA mediate this process?

A: Alterations and advanced concepts of genetics, the kinds of things discussed by many well-known people in alternative medicine, have been discovered. Drug companies doing genetic research and major universities allied with them, as well as the National Institutes of Health, are bringing similar processes to light all the time. This situation means simply that you are in a process of tremendous change. Consequently, you need to understand that your cellular structures affect the body and the mind just as the mind's thoughtforms affect the cellular structure of the body.

Q: Currently, on the physical level, we are being prepared to receive these momentous changes. Although we already contain the RNA/DNA, it is now latent or in much less than full operation. It is being recreated so we can function on 'all four burners' instead of on just one or two. As these changes occur, will we be able to come 'online' with grace and ease?

A: Yes. This is why the therapeutic work of various well-known practitioners of Vedic (traditional, from India) medicine is so important. They are instructing their western readers about the true, healing value of this ancient medicine's approach to the connectivity of all forms of life. Their information dovetails nicely with the flood of biological statistics now pouring in from public and private bodies such as the World Health Organization. These statistics show that the very air that we breathe, our RNA/DNA protein strings, and even the materials that make up our cells, are

all constantly being exchanged among all earthly life forms.

By combining these two important fields of knowledge (medical statistics and Vedic medicine), an explanation of the ways in which consciousness on this planet exists in mutual relationship to physical beingness is provided. Life here is totally interrelated. For all practical purposes, you are unequivocally one interconnected, living organism! Eventually, you will start to realize that there is a physical basis for consciousness, and you will understand fully that you are ever so much more than just a physical body.

Q: How does this idea relate to what is now occurring in our physical bodies?

A: The physical body has its own way of doing things. For example, many of your scientists have discovered that the cellular wall and the cell's nucleus are of equal importance in determining the dynamics of the cell. The nucleus and the cell wall are now considered almost as one. Your researchers are discovering that cellular dynamics have more far-reaching effects than traditional biology has led most people to believe. There has been a tremendous explosion in the understanding of the nature of what life is really all about. Your researchers are now conducting experiments demonstrating that Life is a form of inter-dimensional Light. You are beginning to learn the ways in which this Light influences cellular structure—to a greater degree than anyone ever thought possible.

Q: Is this knowledge leading to a new biology?

A: Yes, presently. You are beginning to see how physical cellular structure is created and how Light and magnetism create, maintain, and alter the actual metabolism and life history of the cell. From around the planet, you are acquiring actual documentation illustrating how genetics are being altered. You are also seeing how genetics affect consciousness and how consciousness affects genetics. You are developing a form of quantum biology.

Q: You have stated that our physical body is actually pure thought. Will you please explain?

A: Of course! The physical body is well over 90 per cent pure space. The rest is resonating Light patterned by your thoughtforms. These individual and collective, mental and emotional constructs create your 3-D re-

ality right down to the minutest details. Parts of these thoughtforms are hereditary (passed down from your very first ancestors to you). The rest are from your childhood and adult life. These constructs have combined to create the physical body you now have.

Q: Can I change my form and the color, length, and thickness of my hair?

A: The answer to this particular question is 'yes'. When you are fully conscious, you are in complete control of your physical body. What you can do then is something that may appear to you now as magic. However, in your new reality, it is no more than the realization of your true desires. Bear in mind that what you think is what you are.

Q: What about the people who just sit back and watch the evening news, or some sitcom, or whatever. Are they getting the necessary information?

A: Yes. A lot of them are getting it. The popularity of many authors and cinematographers is a result of their success in explaining the position of Vedic and complementary medicine in these matters. There is a lot going on out there. In effect, you have attained a threshold of consciousness. Once you reach a certain level, you begin to search. That is why books in these areas are suddenly on the 'bestseller' list. Like a person with a voracious appetite or a deep thirst, as your process evolves, you investigate these fields more and more.

Q: Is it like Close Encounters of the Third Kind where people were impelled to go to the 'Tower', haunted by an image that they were at a loss to explain? They just 'knew' that they had to search until they found out what it was they were looking for.

A: Exactly.

Q: And it is an inner excitement that is stirring people up! Do we know what we are looking for, or is there only a deep yearning inside?

A: You feel a powerful, inner drive which is a crucial part of this process of change. As your intuition grows, you begin to recognize feelings that come from within. This is the 're-source-ful' energy of the heart. It is what this 'new' reality you are currently creating is all about. A fully-conscious civilization is based completely on Love (heart energy). It is founded on care and thoughtfulness for oneself as well as for all others, resulting in an exquisite balance, naturally experienced by all.

Concurrently, a genetic shift is also changing your consciousness. It

is the reason for an increased interest in Angels and people ‘becoming’ more psychic and mystical. Across this planet, there exists a burgeoning, messianic-like fervor. The first stage is expressed by religious revival activity, and you will move beyond it.

The tremendous growth in your awareness of Spirit, which you are experiencing, is happening in each and every culture around the planet. This feature (the return to your original, spiritual roots) is part of the program. People are seeing its importance right now. Indigenous peoples are also spreading their knowledge. Spirit guides have directed shamans and sacred members of tribal nations to disseminate this vital knowledge NOW!

Q: Regardless of whoever people thought they were, they are now waking up to who they are. Can our space kin take us by the hand and guide us toward our full heritage?

A: Yes. Very soon, your space kin will appear and confirm this information. Then, together, we will bring to fruition the civilization you were always meant to create—that, in fact, you have already begun! We, in the Galactic Federation of Light, are very proud of your accomplishments. Soon, you will stand beside us as equals. You will have completed your miraculous transformation into fully-conscious Beings, living in a galactic society!

In this regard, the next part of our starship’s journey will permit us to take a close look at what galactic society truly embodies.

4

GALACTIC HUMAN SOCIETY

I am your tour guide, Sandara.

Previously, we have seen your physical and spiritual transformations. Let us now look at your coming societal changes. To enable us to do this, our starship cruise will be entering a new phase.

You are about to experience the wonders of our hyper-dimensional drive. We ask that you please remain seated and look at the forward video screens. Ahead of us, my friends, is a wormhole that our ship's drive is now forming. Our navigation system has calculated its exact location and a precise exit point. You will soon see a vast stream of luminescent colors hurtling toward us, and in roughly seven minutes, we will enter the Sirius star system. Sirius is a multi-star system composed of nine stars of different classifications. In order to study how your planetary society can evolve into a galactic one, we are heading for the 'B' star system. Now, please prepare for wormhole entry. We are about to begin another chapter in our journey.

Your global society's next evolutionary step is to become a galactic society. When this new reality happens, your civilization can emulate a

societal model first established by fully-conscious humans in the constellation of Lyra some 6,000,000 years ago. The foundation of galactic society is Love. Complete Love is based on a profound inner compassion for your soul's growth and a sincere outer compassion for each other. To these are added sacred societal laws given by the Spiritual Hierarchy. These laws aid galactic human society by creating a divinely inspired social structure. Let us now explore the society of Sirius 'B' and learn how this galactic human society actually operates.

As we enter the Sirius system, dear Hearts, notice that we have just traveled past a very large blue star. This is Sirius 'A'. Its eight large planets are under the divine jurisdiction of a most loving species of fully-sentient Lionoids. They request simply that they be left to their divine task of holding the energy for what is this galaxy's primary spiritual stargate.

Through this stargate pass all the great spiritual Beings who wish to enter and assist in the sacred development of this galaxy. Our current destination is the 'B' star. We are now passing through a beautiful light-blue dust cloud. Ahead is our destination, the planetary system of a much smaller bluish-white star with six planets. Our journey's end is the fourth planet from this star. The Sirians call this solar system 'Akonowai' or 'the place of the Great Blue Lodge'. As we begin our orbit of the fourth planet, we welcome aboard Washta and his entourage of ten fellow Sirians. They have joined us to give you an overview of Sirian society and its complex culture. Let me turn you over to them.

Selamat Ja, fellow explorers! My name is Washta. Together, my colleagues and I will be your tour guides. We are happy to assist you in your tour of our beautiful and sacred realm.

We Sirians first came to this sacred land some 4.3 million of your solar years ago. We arrived here under the divine guidance of the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy and with the permission of the Lionoid people who inhabit the Sirius 'A' solar system. You are about to explore a society that is known to myriad sentient species in this galaxy as one of the prime examples of a galactic human society. Let us now teleport down and begin this trek through 'Sakara' or 'the soul of female creativity', our unique and very beautiful land.

You are presently near a small bay at the edge of our great central sea.

This one large ocean makes up about eighteen per cent of our planet's surface area. The rest is a huge, interlocked continent. As you have noticed, we Sirians enjoy a semi-tropical climate. Our atmosphere's oxygen content is 36 per cent and may make you feel somewhat light-headed. The Sirian sky is naturally purplish. In it, high above us, hang two moons, each one slightly bigger than your own. Off to your right is our major mountain range which we call the 'Shadota' or the 'many fingers of Heaven'.

Dear Hearts, most of our population lives underground in specially formed holographic chambers that are larger than most of your Earth's metropolitan areas. These enclaves are many miles high, several miles in diameter, and faithfully reproduce our Mother World's surface conditions and day and night cycles. There is no difference between them and any city we can construct upon our beloved planet's surface.

Using our advanced technology, inhabitants personally create their own houses and entire neighborhoods. The innumerable entertainment possibilities this subterrestrial world offers liken it to paradise. A few major temple and other ritual sites remain as surface signs of our existence. Before we teleport you down to one of our large urban complexes, let's review some significant aspects of a galactic society.

Galactic human societies are founded on the twin precepts of realized full potential (achievement of one's life purpose) and observance of divine societal laws. Based upon Love, they are the Laws of the One, Two, Three, and Four (see FIGURE 10). Each is part of the foundation on which any galactic society is predicated. Complete Love is seen as the ability to thoroughly understand another soul force and, from that knowledge, to better understand oneself. It is also recognized that the intimate Light of Life shines in all of us in its own special way. The service of friends and podlet (the more immediate kin circles) helps this Light enter each person in its fullest and most complete brilliance.

The Law of the One governs the prime importance to society of a well-balanced and fully-centered, sovereign individual. The wholly realized individual's path is to achieve her/his possibilities (life purpose) utterly and, in the process, to fully support others.

Civilization's foundation rests on a belief that the individual's growth in consciousness can develop only by completely exploring the higher soul

The Four Basic Societal Laws

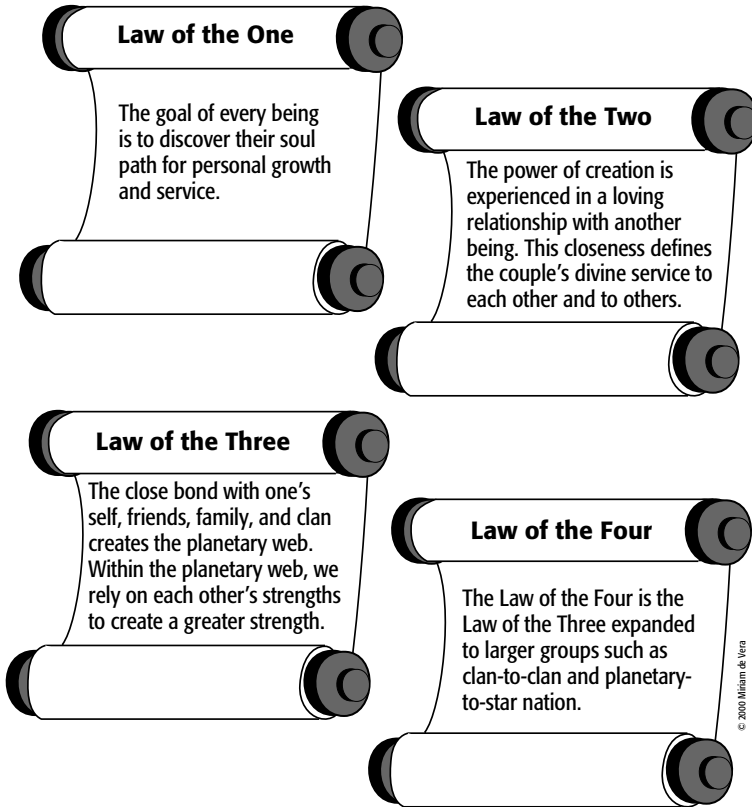


FIGURE 10: The Four Basic Societal Laws

purpose and, concurrently, by giving service to others. It is based in personal sovereignty and founded on complete liberty and a high sense of self-worth. The individual is free to question and to investigate those things that lead to the fulfillment of her/his life purpose. In the process of this discovery, inspiration to offer one's divine service to others flows freely from within the self.

In attaining their full potential, individuals know that a unique someone can assist them in achieving their complete union with Spirit, higher wisdom, and inner growth. This special other is their 'closeness' or a full

embodiment for them of the societal Law of the Two. One's closeness has the ability to comprehensively understand one's personal soul force. Possessing that profound knowledge, individuals can then enjoy an extensive awareness of themselves and their special other. There is an interconnected process as well as a deep relationship. It is based on their mutual, integral desire to explore the divine link between two beings, by means of which they are enabled to clarify the meaning of their divine service to others.

The Law of the Three is based upon the concept of divine service and support to others. Service, of or to friends and podlet (kin), helps bring Light (divine Love) into its fullest and most complete radiance. Galactic human society is an expression of the intense interconnection between the individual and her/his fellows. Each soul is a truly divine Light that reflects an important aspect of the entire society. Galactic society exists to support the individual in this sacred quest and to obtain her/his support in return. The complex dynamics of this particular process are embedded in the Law of the Three.

The Law of the Four embodies a union of like-hearted star-nations. As such, the Galactic Federation represents a direct outcome of the last of the four societal laws. Since galactic human society is closely entwined, the four divine societal laws symbolize the entire planetary society's gradual, interlinked development and permit it to serve other star-nations.

Long ago, the ancestors of present-day galactic humanity learned the joy of extending their service and support, in the Light, to other sentient star-nations of the Milky Way Galaxy. In this manner, they are assisted in aligning, in their own unique way, with the nature of Spirit's purpose. Out of this growing unity has emerged the Galactic Federation of Light. This magnificent organization of fully-conscious Beings has long been the symbol for Light in this galaxy. It is a shining example of the embodiment of these sacred societal laws.

Your society stands at a crossroads in consciousness, and we wish to describe to you a model for its future. Every galactic human society feels a great need to assist and support any other society that has reached the point yours has. You have the right to develop your own model. Our purpose is merely to assist you to move forward in those areas that may cause you to stumble. During this tour, watch what we do, and see how

it can apply to your next evolutionary step in creating a healthy and solution-focused society. Let us begin to exhibit our society's organization by allowing you to view its micro-levels.

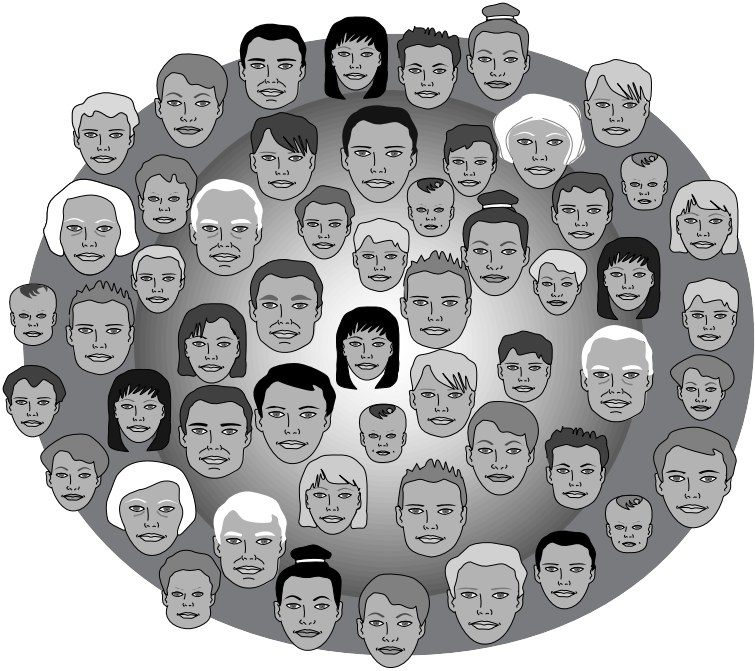
Galactic human society is usually broken down into what can be termed very small 'clans' or 'podlets'. We call these very small clans 'Bhada' or 'the essence that reflects each other'. Podlets (see FIGURE 11) consist of up to 64 individuals and are customarily built around a specific life purpose: healers, spiritual warriors, engineers, scientists and/or priestess/priest classifications. Podlet elders provide education, and the podlet's many adult members supplement their teachings. Knowledge and wisdom are honored as are those adults who have learned much during their lifetimes. Parents freely share their nurturing responsibilities with the podlet's other adults, and a child can have many so-called 'aunts' and 'uncles'. The goal of child rearing is to foster high self-esteem, personal sovereignty, and mutually shared Love and joy in all individuals.

Although education and knowledge are vitally important to the podlet, the child's spiritual development is even more important. The gifts and abilities that God has given for this particular lifetime come forth only as the miraculous energy of Spirit is fully acknowledged. Consequently, every child's early education is filled with reverence for the awe and wonder of Spirit. To a galactic human, Spirit is everything. This marvelous life energy directs you toward the realization of your Life's purpose during this physical life span. It is also the source of your connection to the Creator's cosmic energies which make all realities possible. Spirit is the starting point for all inner inspirations and ideals that guide your daily experiences within physical life.

We Sirians are very proud of our spiritual heritage and the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy's acknowledgment of it. Over the past few million years, we have become spiritual teachers and guides for much of this galaxy. As a part of this process, we have become 'home' to the Great Blue Lodge that includes the divine Council of the Nine, carrying their profound messages to every part of this galaxy.

We are no more than humble wayshowers for Spirit. The way of Spirit touches each and every one in its own unique and wonderful way. There is no greater joy than to watch each new flower in this galaxy blossom,

The Characteristics of a Podlet



There are up to 64 people to a podlet. A podlet is a group of elders, counselors, members and children. The podlet leaders are appointed by podlet members.

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FIGURE 11: The Characteristics of a Podlet

adding its beauty to the grand bouquet. The process of ‘wayshowing’ leads us now to a description of our counselors.

A vital aspect of galactic society is its use of a very comprehensive counseling system. It is genuinely felt that the human ancestors of this Galactic Federation’s vast array of star-societies desired to create a social system that fully nourished the individual. To accomplish this goal, a system of counselors is built into each society. Counselors are divided into four major types. Each is thoroughly trained for almost twenty years at

a special academy and then field-trained for an additional 75 years. Counselors are a highly skilled and universally respected part of galactic society. In many ways, they are the element that binds this society firmly together and keeps it solidly on track.

The first type is the parental-child counselor. These special individuals help during pregnancy and assist podlet elders in the raising of every child. Their major task is to guide the child in fully comprehending her/his abilities and discovering her/his life purposes. The second category is the 'closeness' or relationship counselor. They are experts in helping resolve any possible difficulties that may arise before or during the course of a primary relationship. Third is the pod counselor who assists elders and adults in carrying out, clearly and efficiently, the various stated purposes of the podlet. Last is the liaison counselor. These marvelous Beings assist each podlet in working successfully and in complete harmony with the others.

Each podlet has a governing council that functions according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™. This system is based upon the fact that each sovereign individual possesses a unique set of gifts, the use of which permits the podlet to complete an assigned task smoothly and easily. The podlet appoints a certain individual to be in charge of a particular task. The rest of the podlet wholly supports her/him. When different gifts are required, another suitably talented individual steps forward to manage and complete the additional task. An organic rhythm develops in the podlet that expresses the fluidity (easy interaction) of the group. It also demonstrates each member's complete commitment to Spirit and support of all others' talents and abilities. Competition is a distinctly foreign concept in galactic society.

Your planetary society is now evolving toward full potentialization of the group. This accelerating process leads to the development of a new type of extended family composed of like-minded individuals who fully understand their shared purpose and support their members' self-growth. Humans exist in a web of reality that includes necessary levels of complimentary interactions. These communications permit the continual development of inner confidence (self-esteem) and self-growth. This web of reality moves incessantly in both an inward and an outward direction.

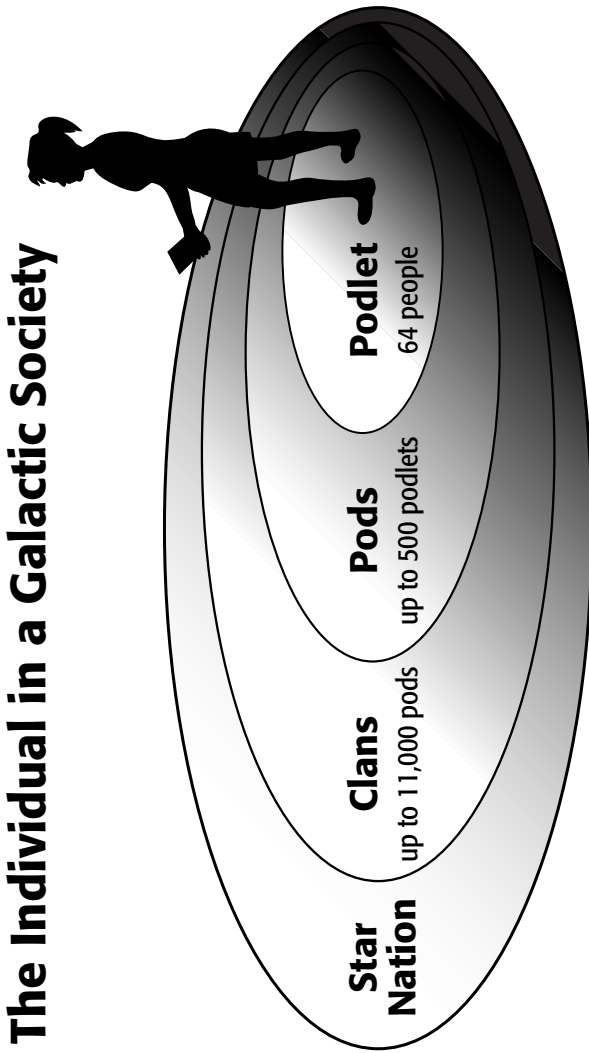


FIGURE 12: The Individual in a Galactic Society

Our Sirian government is a prime example of the heights to which this development can lead.

An additional division of our galactic society is centered on the number of clan councils contained in Sirian society (see FIGURE 12). Here again, both the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™ and the use of liaison coun-

The individual is nurtured and empowered by society.
As a result, the individual enhances the society.

selors are widespread. Governance is perceived as the fulfillment of divine service. Since every member of the society is sovereign, government's purpose is simply to mirror the divine will of the Spiritual Hierarchy and to assist each clan in successfully completing its most sacred goals. In governing councils, divine service is perceived as a way to honor specific individuals for their many wonderful services to the community. Ultimately, governance is left up to the will of the many realms of Spirit as expressed through the divine plan of the Creator. Thus, galactic society carries out the divine plan, and the Light of God is brought to its highest intonation in the physical world. Galactic human society is based on an absolute respect for the divine WILL of the Creator. The society's purpose is to serve the divine plan as perfectly as possible. At all times, it dedicates its service to perfecting and carrying out the sacred plan of Heaven. This it accomplishes in a number of ways. First, there is constant interaction between a star system's local Spiritual Hierarchy and that star system's governing council. Collaboration is founded upon a periodic assessment of how best to implement the divine plan. The entire procedure unfolds in right divine relationship to those specific lessons and acquired wisdoms that the society may need to embody.

Moreover, there exists a continuing obligation to check on the specific life purposes of each member of the society. Members operate at a specific frequency that changes according to their inner development and the achievement of their purposes. There is a sincere need to maintain the resonance that keeps the sacred balance between a planet and its human inhabitants. As a planet's population develops and grows spiritually, the resonant frequencies of that galactic society continually shift. Hence, endless sets of moments or eternal 'Nows', that change according to the perceived reality, constantly take place. This changing balance between society and planet is maintained by positive group ritual. Ritual is one of the many responsibilities that each podlet joyfully shares with every other. It is an important part of daily life that expresses and maintains the vital connections among planet, individual, and Spirit. Rituals also assist in communicating a sense of the profound. It is this bond that is mainly responsible for all souls' happiness and growth. Ritual is one of the essential ways in which the podlet educates its many members.

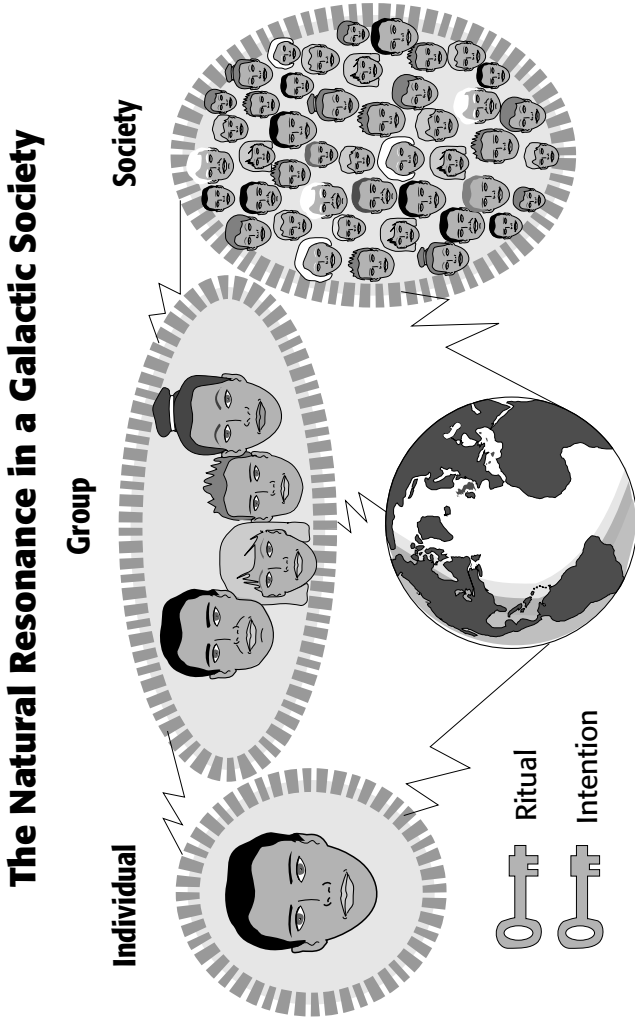


FIGURE 13: The Natural Resonance in a Galactic Society

Ritual is performed according to the regional location and the specific purpose of each pod. It is also carried out simultaneously on a global basis. Galactic society is established in such a way that many pods of similar purposes are scattered throughout the planet. Intermingling of pods assures that the planet's resonance can be balanced easily. It also permits each pod to come in contact with as many different purposes as possible.

The interaction of the planet and society creates the mechanism for maintaining the biosphere and the planet.

The key is to teach all how to blend their energies and join most efficiently and effectively. So, you may ask, what is it that they do?

Positive ritual is lovingly performed at the many primary energetic nodes on a planet's surface. Here are located the great ritual temples of galactic society, always constructed according to the principles of sacred geometry. Temples serve as sites for properly balancing the planet's numerous resonant frequencies (see FIGURE 13).

Balancing ritual consists of prayer, meditation, intention, and song, accompanied by the inspired use of many great crystals, instruments, and drums found at the temples. In solemn procession, members of different pods bring into being the sacred geometry and chant the sacred oaths of their people. They perform this ceremony to create new balance and give sustenance to their holy Mother—the sacred, living Being that is their home.

Dear Hearts, now that we have returned from one of our subterranean enclaves, you can see how magnificent they truly are. Living in them is not like being in a cave. It is exactly like living on the surface of our very beautiful world. We are, at present, approaching one of our larger ritual temples. This temple is noted for its huge, 250-foot (over 76 meters) high columns and its vast, 'sacred geometry inspired' galleries. It is magnificently adorned in hues of green, brown, blue, and coral pink. Its immense gold roof is engraved with the icons of our sun and this master clan. The combined thoughts of its clan created each part of this temple. One of our planet's 128 major node points is located in its center.

As you enter, you will hear the large, specially decorated, sixteen-foot diameter drums which are attuned to the frequency of this planetary node. Also, you will hear what sounds like a chorus of harps and saxophones amplifying the drums. You will see many dancers at the node point as well as those in a large circle who seem to be in meditation. The outer ones dressed in coral pink robes fine-tune this energy and send it into the planet's node. This ritual is based on various fundamental truths.

Their holy Mother planet is maintained, sacred and alive, in her pristine condition. Her biosphere is kept functioning as Mother/Father God intended. Each species of life on the planet has a distinct and divine purpose founded on the main resonance patterns of the sacred Mother.

Dedicated scientists and engineers monitor every aspect of her biosphere. The purpose of society's sacred ritual is to preserve our mother world's natural balance. This vital process determines one of the main tenets of a galactic society: to celebrate the sacred nature of all planetary life and the importance of Love and Compassion.

Galactic society sees itself as an agent of the Spiritual Hierarchy and as a divine servant of God's holy WILL. Embedded in this perception is the concept that all celestial bodies are sentient life forms. Life is defined as that which contains life force and purpose. In the case of celestial bodies, that life purpose is to sustain the physical universe. Humanity exists to aid this sacred task and to learn, in the process, many necessary lessons. Humanity's existence in physicality is tempered by the need to understand the nature of physical reality and to employ it as a means to grow spiritually as well as to serve the Creator.

The highest form of the observance of God's WILL is divine service. Consequently, galactic society is focused on service, freely offered, as part of the spiritual inner growth that all galactic humans undergo during their many lifetimes. Each lifetime is perceived to contain a divine purpose. After many lifetimes, the accumulation of divine purposes leads to a full understanding of the nature of Life and the ways of Spirit. This wisdom is applied to your podlet and to the many sub-pods existing above it. Each aspect of galactic society resolves itself into a primary clan.

These points return us to the temple sites and to the very nature of our divine service. Fully-conscious Beings exist in a realm that includes all of Creation. Our energy is then focused on a specific point in physicality in which we are completely present. Each of us communes, simultaneously, with one another. This shared act spreads our focus and increases our presence. We become one with this point and with each other. The planet is calibrated and, with it, all forms of life in her biosphere. Thus, joint ritual activates all points on the planet. We ask you to participate and to feel the energy. Such sacred energy leads us to a harmony with each other and a harmonic union of our clans.

Through the wise use of their liaisons, clans come together and form a planetary government for the entire star-nation. This government is different from that on Earth. Here, it is a great honor to serve one's clan,

one's divine planet and, above all, the Spiritual Hierarchy. Galactic humans' relationship with Spirit is extremely deep, for it is Spirit that determines their lives and sets the life contracts that contain their primary purposes. To galactic humans, Life is a great, undulating flow—a river of Spirit mixed with the many powerful lessons of physicality. Yet, in its midst, the need to experience Life fully and to find the reason for and joy in physical life exists.

Galactic society is infused with a rich culture filled with many rituals, formal and casual parties, and joyous occasions! Life has been stripped of its outer struggle. Housing, clothing, food, and transportation are freely provided. No monetary exchange is apparent nor is any recognizable economic system in existence. Life's focus is the pursuit of one's purpose, a quest ruled by the twin concepts of personal sovereignty and great compassion for others. The connection among all is clearly known and respected. High self-esteem is reflected by the grace, ease, and openness with which individuals relate to each other.

The concept of free and prolific innovation is the engine that drives society. Individuals have certain gifts that enable them to contribute uniquely to society. From the earliest years of childhood, the creative innovation process is encouraged, and, at the appropriate time, we begin making our life-long contributions to society. Our offerings take many forms. They include creative problem solving for our extended pod or the development of new inventions for society's benefit. Donations are rewarded through a special honoring system, either by the podlet or by the sub-clan.

This honoring system permits Spirit to recognize those persons who have brought forward an idea or device. It acknowledges the personal sovereignty and self-esteem of the individual. Galactic society encourages both the sovereignty of the individual and her/his necessary growth in Spirit. Sovereignty is a concept that many on your planet have yet to wholly comprehend. It transcends any perceived rights and refers instead to the individual's liberty to grow in Spirit according to God's wishes.

True individual sovereignty is crucial to the operation of galactic society. Within such societies, the soul's freedom to grow in the great Light of the Creator is sacrosanct. Before returning to Mother/Father God's holy side, every sentient Being has a specific soul path to complete. This

sacred path is encouraged by parents, podlet, and by the many counselors encountered during one's lifetime. As one's Spirit is enriched, so too does it enrich the Spirit of humanity.

Each aspect of your Being is unique, yet it is also connected to every aspect of every other Being in Creation. Your inner growth assists these others and provides a means to elevate galactic society to new heights. This interconnected process is the reason that galactic society is contained within a highly intricate, organic structure.

The nature of galactic society is truly organic. It is a living organism with fluid or mutable shape based on the dynamic of flow and tied to society's natural rhythm. This rhythm is determined by the natural resonance of the planet and its many inhabitants. It is fluid because the concept of a definite hierarchy is absent. Everyone in the society contributes effectively to its open dynamic. Yet, this organism is graceful and elegant in its inner growth and in the spread of its vast compassion. It fully nurtures all of the sentient Beings in its midst.

Let us return to one of our subterranean enclaves and examine how this society operates. Coming into view is a podlet of 32 that is participating in its temple ritual. As you can see, they have begun their procession out of the temple. They live in an urban area called 'Jaga' or 'the city of great joy'. As they emerge, you will notice that each one goes to the central meeting place, a large octagonal room more than 60 feet (over 18 meters) across. Here, individuals express their gratitude to, and their love for, each other. This ceremony of extending gratitude and nurturing is paramount to our society and brings us to an important concept.

Nurturing the individual is a pivotal aspect of galactic civilization. From the moment of birth through adulthood, parents and all other podlet members engender in each person feelings of self-esteem and social worth. The very fact of your existence, and the enduring contribution you have made to the podlet simply by entering into physicality, is always consistently recognized. Each child is constantly reminded that, at the right divine time, she/he will begin to bring forth creative innovations that can enhance the podlet and the entire galactic society.

The feeling of being cared for and heard magnifies everyone's self-esteem and assists the individual in overcoming any potential shyness.

Members are taught to contribute to the podlet and to be of assistance when the gifts of others are being manifested. This dynamic encourages a natural and fluid exchange that flows endlessly according to the very essence of the podlet's many members. An immense, dynamic consciousness field continuously surrounds both the podlet and the whole of galactic society.

Intention and its manifestation are a primary result of this dynamic. Consequently, an air of creative innovation and inspiration is continually present. Part and parcel of this vast dynamic field is the realization of each person's full potential. Galactic society exists to encourage the complete achievement of one's divine life purpose. In this realization, the individual flowers fully as does the entire society. It is this remarkable dynamic that keeps galactic society so open to change and to reinventing itself as necessary.

Regular interchange among members of the podlet is evident in the varied types of communications that take place. A steady flow of expressed feelings and beliefs occurs at both spoken and telepathic levels. In the community room or in separate households, this web of Love (consciousness) envelops them. Out of a genuine happiness that flows from one individual to another comes a candid openness, encouraged and rewarded by all.

Using your multi-functional scanners, step into this situation and view what is happening. Full presence and multi-dimensionality have set the stage for the scene you are witnessing. Complete empathy is the guiding principle. True emotions and feelings cannot be concealed. Yet, a structure underlies this process.

Galactic society's only structure is composed of divine societal laws and the sacred divine plan of the Creator. Each of these foundations encourages its organic field dynamic. Bear in mind that galactic society is a container that operates somewhat like a multifunctional, dynamic force field. It contains the encompassing dynamic field, and the entire society has the capability to expand it, as necessary.

This ever-dynamic consciousness field has one primary purpose: to give the society a direction. In turn, galactic society employs this dynamic consciousness field to establish and maintain the fulcrum upon

which its essential works are performed.

The consciousness-oriented dynamic field that galactic society has created also serves as a basis for the individual's inspiration and development. Manifesting simultaneously in this dynamic consciousness field is a concurrent past, present, and future. This interactive energy pattern proves decisively that contributions you make to society and to yourself are both ensured and strongly encouraged by all concerned. Accordingly, you are positioned to achieve your full potential and to encourage others to do so willingly. This energy dynamic further enlarges the podlet's consciousness field and permits it to achieve its own unique full potential. During all periods of the society's ever-evolving eternal 'Now', this activity directs the field dynamics toward the completion of the divine plan.

As noted, all individuals feel completely connected to their fully-conscious selves and to the fully-conscious essence of their podlet. This amazing exchange of energy flows unceasingly, back and forth, at the maximum resonance frequency of this complex field dynamic. As the podlet's field grows, it encompasses the planet and the entire star-nation. Additionally, it includes numerous energies that emanate from the local Spiritual Hierarchy and from the Creator. Cosmic energies from the heart of Creation envelop this growing consciousness field and transport it into very high levels of ecstasy!

Clearly, galactic society functions on many levels that interact naturally with one another. Each one of these levels (individual, podlets, pods, clans, and planet's governing councils) is separate yet 'interdependent'. 'Interdependence' can be defined as 'a free association of sovereign Beings who have come together in a particular moment for the purpose of solving any problems'. Each Being's sole purpose is to interact dynamically with all others, using their combined creative manifesting talents and their collective actions to achieve a desired outcome. That outcome can then be presented to the society and used as a model for further actions.

This multi-layered network of fully potentialized Beings is based on the above principle of 'interdependence'. As situations warrant, these groups expand and contract constantly in size. Hence, the boundary between each level is purely organic and extremely fuzzy. The number of fully-sentient Beings involved varies only with the nature of the particular problem to

be solved. Those problems that directly affect the entire society involve all members, while smaller problems can involve only the members of a specific pod or podlet.

Innovative problem solving is achieved through ongoing use of this organic field dynamic. Problems are seen as opportunities to better understand self and society. Each problem permits those directly involved to achieve a measure of inner growth. Inner growth, in turn, allows the podlet to more profoundly comprehend its reality and to add new perceptions to its inner truths. This organic approach to reality permits the podlet and its members to grow in many directions at the same time.

The same series of principles applies to galactic society. For instance, our governing council is different from any organization you currently may conceive of. It is intrinsically embedded in our society and grows in wisdom with it. Like a hologram, each part of the whole (the many levels of our galactic society) contains the immense diversity of the whole within itself. This dynamic permits discernible, conscious interaction and the continuity of organic development.

To explain this process, let us travel to the main council chambers of the Sirian star-nation. Here, you can see that each person not only represents a clan but is also a Being who wishes to use her/his abilities to solve potential problems harmoniously. In addition, you can watch the liaison counselors in action. They bridge each group and help to maintain overall flow. The result is a consciousness field that solves potential problems and guides the societal field ever outward. If you will utilize your multi-functional scanners you can more easily pick up these nuances and sense how this system creates its own 'history'.

Galactic society is energetically involved in creating a field of memories or stories that are utilized for problem solving. All problems have an inherent solution that involves expansion of the perception of both group and/or individual soul. The solution is a wisdom that aids your inner growth. It is a divine object, provided to assist you in understanding those particular perceptions that your Full Self and the Spiritual Hierarchy create together for the purpose of your soul's growth. An old Sirian proverb on this matter states, "A problem has a purpose. To discover this purpose, one has only to understand the solution."

Full consciousness permits a society to function in the ‘Light of the Angels’. It also allows galactic society to see itself as it was, is, and will be. The artificial divisions of past, present, and future converge and are replaced by consciousness modeling. This level of excellence stretches advancement to the maximum and permits every individual to interact with all others at the highest possible levels.

Accordingly, galactic society is embedded in a continuous inner communication—a natural, telepathic network. This system acts as a source for information that aids and enhances your soul’s inner growth. It also creates a natural resource for any type of information you could possibly require.

The network’s overall purpose is to act as a catalyst for fresh, new ideas. All individuals are born into a living sea of consciousness that helps them feel that they are not alone. All fully-sentient Beings lovingly support each other. They share a fondness for life’s various inner passions and easily offer compassion to each other. Innovation flows from this highly sensitive sea in enormous waves of Light. Every member of the society seeks to fully utilize this marvelous medium for co-creation.

Podlets add to the mixture by honoring innovation and sharing these new ideas with the other podlets and pods in their clan. In all cases, the particular Being (chosen by the Spiritual Hierarchy as the vehicle for a new idea) is duly honored. According to an ancient proverb, it is believed that “Everything happens for a desired, divine purpose.” Life is a series of great joys that assists you in completely understanding your reality. When you intend the best for yourself and all others, only the most positive events can possibly occur in your reality.

Fully-conscious Beings are individuals who have an understanding of their past, present, and future. They create and manifest in a time frame that encourages their success. Each person is tied to a particular life-stream or Lineage of Heaven and becomes incarnate, fully prepared to express the nature of this life-stream during the course of her/his lifetime. You create with full knowledge of the future and of the ultimate consequences of your innovation. At the same time, you are always endowed with the knowledge of your natural telepathic network to draw on whenever you evaluate potential new ideas.

Using your multi-dimensional scanners, please ‘tune in’ to your Full Self. Feel how it connects with you in so many varied and quite magnificent ways. Sense the absolute psychic, mental, and emotional rush that this connection suddenly gives you. Experience your deep joy and know how much you are connected to each other.

This exercise demonstrates how full consciousness feels and can be realized. A fully-conscious Being lives in a reality quite unlike yours. Yet, that Being is you—the Being who enjoys her/his fully realized potential. It is the Being you are in the process of becoming. The society you are now observing is the type of environment you shall choose for yourselves. Its reality is part of the implicate order you are creating for yourselves every day. Such a society is in a continuous state of creative flux.

Galactic society is constantly reinventing itself. The many natural networks within it act as fulcrums for communicating wisdom, knowledge, and universal, integral principles. These processes assist the evaluation of ideas and help to spread them throughout society at the speed of thought. Hence, change occurs organically. In a galactic society, tradition is merely a basis for the positive, global ritual of change.

Galactic society is always adjusting to minute changes in its various consciousness fields. Each consciousness field continually mirrors the inner growth of its many members and any alterations in their perception. For this reason, every individual is viewed as a very important microcosm of the entire society.

Let us now look more closely at this important microcosm—the individual. You will see that each is a special Being. Due to the telepathic networks and the fields of merged time (past, present, future) that surround them, each is a true representative of the whole—a hologram, if you will. Yet, at the same time, each personifies a unique and fully-conscious, sentient Being. Such multi-level ability gives these individuals an absolute sense of self.

At the same time, it gives them total comprehension of every aspect of society. This ability is also woven into daily interaction with the Spiritual Hierarchy. Further, each Being is fully conversant with the life essence of her/his planet. This marvelous Being exists in Love and has worked itself through what you call ‘ego’. Inner growth is ‘interdependent’,

and your physical existence is viewed as part of a great sacred vortex, the divine blossoming of physical Creation.

Each type of fully-sentient life form is designed both to live upon and to maintain the planet it inhabits. One of our main techniques is group ritual. As a galactic society builds its highly dynamic consciousness field, it also constructs (through ritual) a means to energize the planet. A symbiotic relationship rapidly develops between our society and the planetary biosphere. As the consciousness field grows, it enlivens and enriches every aspect of the living planet. This necessary interaction allows galactic society to fulfill its part in the revelation of the divine plan.

A fully-conscious Being acts as a responsible and compassionate physical Angel, bringing in the life (Love) energies required to maintain its world. Fully-conscious Beings assist the Spiritual Hierarchy in carrying out the divine plan in their sector of the galaxy. This interaction engages the local Spiritual Hierarchy for their star-nation and also embraces the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy. Their purpose is to aid the physical progression of the divine plan in both their star-nation and their galaxy. This procedure eventually leads them into interstellar space, to a first contact, and then to union with other like-hearted galactic societies.

Thus, a societal consciousness field is extended to the galaxy as a whole and, through it, a much larger one is established. Such galactic organizations function under sacred societal laws similar to ones previously given to all galactic societies. These laws guide the growth and development of star-nations. A subsequent set of societal laws guides this galactic union and acts as the foundation for future first contacts with other developing star-nations.

Free will, possessed by each individual and every galactic society in the development of the exquisitely complex divine plan, is this pattern of choice. The Creator has provided a special labyrinth through which the individual and her/his respective society can grow and, at the same time, can help to reveal the Creator's most marvelous design. Mother/Father God has conceived a pattern, producing special situations that continuously generate a unique overall field dynamic. These situations arise to test and prove the validity of each segment of Creation's freely chosen development. The beauty of this Creation labyrinth is that, by following it,

you can eventually achieve oneness with all others.

The intent of physical Creation is to develop the maximum possible alternatives to its progression. These different processes are to be put together miraculously during the consciousness growth procedures that Creation's specially constructed labyrinth has provided. While quite complex, this process is designed to produce eventual union among all involved physical sentient Beings. Consequently, physical Creation becomes an environment both for moving physical Beings through various stages of consciousness and for the formation of their varied dynamic fields.

The crux of this entire procedure is the Creation labyrinth itself. It has been established to produce a vast range of effects at different moments for all the diverse aspects of physical Creation. These varying sentient aspects can therefore 'learn' from each other about the awesome nature of Creation. Creation proceeds in a unique way that stems from this interaction. Usually, this wisdom is then passed throughout the dynamic field created by the society. Galactic society is primarily a vehicle for fully-conscious Beings to discover the innumerable ways in which the dynamic process flows. Ultimately, the Creation labyrinth is the tool utilized to pass this wisdom on to the next generation of individuals.

The wisdom of full consciousness lies in the fact that its design is fluid. That is, a fully-conscious Being wholeheartedly accepts the fact that she/he both acts and is acted upon by Creation. This dual process produces a special relationship involving a fully-sentient Being, its physical environment, and the vast realms of Spirit. It also brings forth a special, conscious dynamic that exists both for growth and to process the development of this wonderful form of sentiency. You are about to experience a most marvelous adventure in consciousness that will lead you eventually to a meeting with all of physical Creation.

Dear Hearts, we are now returning to our spaceship. As you return to your seats, please go within and feel the absolute wonder of this adventure that is consciousness. It is an amazing path that transports you to the micro-world of the physical body and its changes and, subsequently, reveals to you the macro-world of our galaxy and all of Creation.

This present aspect of our journey is a case in point. You have discovered now how fully-conscious societies co-create in this galaxy. After

a few questions which Washta has graciously agreed to answer, let us begin another leg of our journey into Spirit and find out how it fits into your grand adventure!

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: *Can you describe what a fully-conscious reality is like?*

A: Reality such as this is truly multi-dimensional in form. You need to accept that fully-conscious individuals exist on two levels simultaneously—the personal and the group. In effect, such Beings are a true hologram of the whole as well as a full representation of themselves. Their degree of presence is truly astounding. Moreover, they are filled with grace, compassion, and a natural understanding of others. They call upon the wisdom of their ancestors and their own past lives, are in contact with the Spiritual Hierarchy, and are true physical Angels. Their reality is one that most Earth humans may have difficulty actually grasping.

Q: *What inspired the Spiritual Hierarchy to create galactic society in the first place?*

A: The Spiritual Hierarchy created galactic society as a vehicle for the inner growth and development of fully-conscious humanity. It was also formed as the means for God's physical Angels to carry out their sacred tasks in aiding the full blossoming of physical Creation.

The foundation of this holy structure is the societal laws. Each law functions as a basis for one of the four aspects of galactic society. Those four aspects are: inner growth of the individual, finding of true love with another, use of this compassion to assist others in the immediate group, and lastly, mastery of universal harmony and its application to society.

Q: *What is personal sovereignty?*

A: Personal sovereignty is the right of the individual to freely follow her/his purpose in life and extends to the complete respect of others in how she/he undertakes this life's work. It implies that you are able to use your God-given gifts to express this purpose and/or search to others. It also means that your beliefs are totally respected by society. In other words, you are seen to be a person of worth with the capability to manifest those situations needed to complete your deepest desires.

Q: *How does the process of innovation work in a galactic society?*

A: Innovation is seen as the lubricant that turns the wheels of society. Every moment and every interaction of any individual's life is interwoven with the application of creativity. Rather than an event being viewed as a problem, it is seen simply as a matter that has yet to be creatively addressed.

The concept of failure or 'less than' is absent from such a society. At all times, you are encouraged to contribute your special talents to any detail that has yet to be addressed. This environment fosters creativity and encourages innovation. It also makes possible the great self-esteem, grace, and gratitude that permeates it.

Q: In this mini-tour, there is a discussion about the creation of a consciousness field dynamic. How exactly does that work?

A: When fully-conscious Beings conduct group ritual and focus their conscious life energy, a specific consciousness field is produced. This consciousness field is influenced by the daily changes in its resonance frequency caused by the inner growth of each individual in society. Day by day, continual group ritual and the changes being created by society as a whole intensify this field and alter its resonance ever upward, creating a fluid dynamic. The consciousness field dynamic is also immediately attached to a merged past, present, and future.

All of these variables come together and cause the field to produce a notable side effect—an organic Being whose every thought and intention mirrors those of the entire society. This organic whole is simultaneously reproduced in every individual in the group. Thus, it functions on two levels: the individual and the collective.

Personal and group mind are linked together, always cross-pollinating each other. They establish a dynamic field resonance with a large number of possibilities, each directed toward inner growth and creative ideas. Acting as a guide in this process are the Angelic Realms who ensure that this conscious dynamic field closely follows the intentions of the divine plan.

Q: How are the various branches of galactic society organized?

A: Galactic society is organized on three major levels: a plethora of podlets, numerous pods, and clans. Clans are established throughout the society and are organized according to a specific function or necessary occupation such as engineer, scientist, or administrator. In addition, pods (which can consist of up to 500 podlets) are under the clan's banner. Podlets

contain up to 64 related members. At each level, there is also a committee of the whole, which operates according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™.

Every clan has its own set of colors, mottoes, and a cultural tradition. A clan also has an honorary council that carries out the express desires of the clan and of the Spiritual Hierarchy. In all cases, the divine plan and its sacred work and each member's divine life purpose are blended by the Spiritual Hierarchy and the society's counselors into a cherished holy harmony. Overall, the many divisions become fuzzy due to the dynamic of the consciousness field surrounding this society and the amount of grace given to all by the Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: How exactly do the different types of counselors work with the individuals of a galactic society?

A: Counselors are taught and then learn to apply two major methods of contact. The first involves the inner Angelic guardian councils or guides that all sentient Beings possess. Their purpose is to consult with the inner councils and then with the individual. From feedback, each counselor can discern how this inner growth pattern is to be created in alignment with the individual's present life-stream.

A second procedure is to take the individual all the way back to Source and collect important data along the way. When the two procedures are in alignment, key points concerning how a life purpose is intended to work out can be shown.

In addition, the point of eternal 'Now' can be employed and brought to the future, past, and back again. This technique permits the counselor to manifest how life purpose can be accomplished and to identify some of the more important people able to assist in achieving these goals. The salient point remains how the individual sets up her/his contract with the Spiritual Hierarchy and significant others.

Q: How do liaison counselors keep two or more diverse groups in harmony with each other?

A: Because the joint actions that brought these groups together are based on Fluid Group Dynamics™, there is a creative reason for their union in the first place which lends itself to creative solutions. In addition, this association causes a group consciousness field which also develops an en-

vironment conducive to creative solutions. All of these points can be used to produce harmony and a successful outcome in the merging of two very distinct groups.

Q: How does a podlet operate?

A: A podlet is the very core of this society. It acts as both a committee of the whole which employs Fluid Group Dynamics™ and a positive and open environment for the nurturing, upbringing, education, and life preparation of its young. It is an extended kin circle.

In addition, it engages many counselors whose primary task is to see that every part of this process remains operational. The result is an organic group that functions according to its changing daily situations and is fluid and nimble enough to keep itself completely operative. Out of this functional mode can emerge those creative solutions or innovations necessary for its continued existence.

Q: In what manner does the clan council come to its decisions?

A: The clan council bases its decision-making on two principles. First, their purpose is exclusively to honor and sanctify the innovation process. Each clan member swims in an ocean of consciousness, the waters of which the Spiritual Hierarchy has provided. As sovereign Beings with a full sense of self and purpose, their ideas add profoundly to the society's dynamic.

According to the second principle, their task is simply to follow the divine plan as the Angelic Realms have presented it to them. This process allows them to provide the clan with guidelines that the local Spiritual Hierarchy has previously agreed to. The clan council is solely a place where those honored for their service to the society and to the clan are duly appointed.

Q: During the course of this mini-tour you have discussed the individual and the society. Just how does an individual fit into this society?

A: The individual stands at the very heart of this society. From the moment of birth through full adulthood, you are at the very center of life in your podlet. You conduct sacred ritual with your pod. Your podlet and pod educate you, and your podlet counsels you. Relatively early in your adolescent years, you begin to make yourself known as an innovator, which leads to a life-long involvement with inner growth, innovations and divine service.

This process is based upon a need for divine service and a mutual deep compassion. You are a fully-conscious and highly purposeful Being, part of an individuated and collective mastermind that continually re-creates itself on all levels. Hence, it is easy to describe what is happening, and it becomes effortless for you to feel and sense what is really going on.

Q: How is the present Ascension or soul/body transformation process related to the creation of such a society on planet Earth?

A: On your world at present, your Spirit is descending into your physical body. When completed and fully integrated, this procedure creates a fully-conscious Being. This fully-sentient Being produces a society similar to that which we have just described. Galactic society is a special spiritual vessel that such a Being prefers to inhabit. Our respectful role is to wait for the right divine moment and then to bring that blissful vessel to you. You are permitted to creatively modify it as you so choose.

Q: In this mini-tour, you have talked about one of the reasons why the Galactic Federation was formed. How does the Galactic Federation of Light fit into a galactic society?

A: The Galactic Federation is a union of like-hearted star-nations. As such, it is a direct outcome of the last of the four societal laws. The fourth law explains that, when fully-conscious Beings come together, they desire to create a harmony and to expand their consciousness field into new areas where additional innovations can be found.

Full sentience seeks companionship through ‘interdependence’. Utilizing its procedures, full sentience finds the creative solutions to its challenges and the means to understand itself in a much clearer, brighter Light. This fundamental need to explore inner and outer space is sanctified by the Creator and Heaven’s holy Lineage and leads naturally to the formation of a federation of connected star-nations.

5

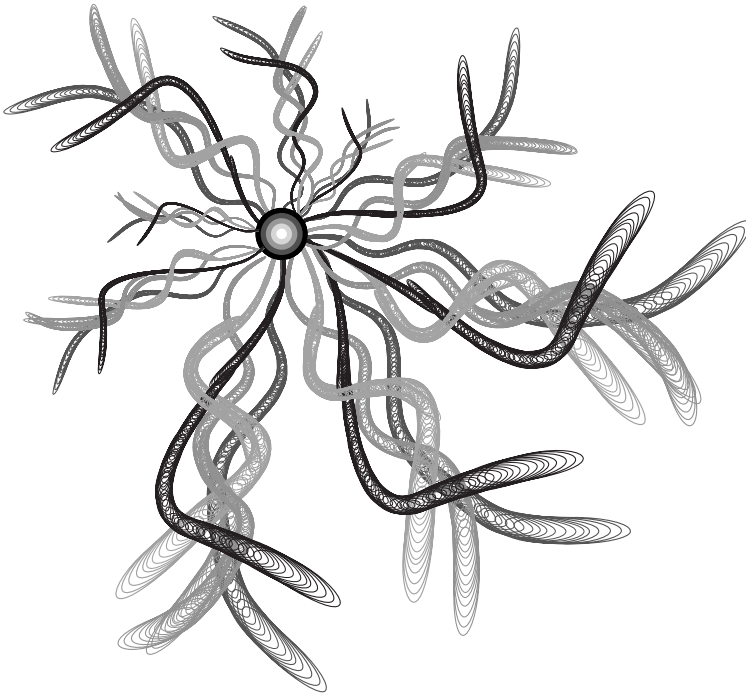
THE LORDS OF LIGHT

This is your chief tour guide, Sandara, speaking.

Our starship is now being set on a course that will take us to the source of all conscious Light, the realm known to you as 'Heaven'. Come with us into these sacred life-streams of Creation and venture into the very essence of all reality. As we begin our preparations for this journey, let me prepare you for what you are about to encounter. To give you the necessary background, I shall tell you about the nature of Heaven and explain its position in this Creation.

Please look at the special Creation map displayed on the forward monitors (see FIGURE 14). When the sixth Creation was formed, some 50 billion years ago, the Creator brought forth the Lords of Light in vast multitudes. These mighty Beings of Light are familiar to you through the accomplishments of Lord Michael, Lord Mary, Lord Ariel, Lord Uriel, and Lord Gabriel. These Beings of Light oversee Creation's numerous dimensions and assist in unfolding the potential of the divine plan. We ask you also to view the program now being screened in the observation lounge. The blueprint of Creation is set in motion by the divine thoughts of Lord

The Special Map of Creation



Each 'special' vortex intertwines or braids with the other vortices. There are immeasurable numbers of vortices coming from the singularity. Some vortices have more dimensions than others.

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FIGURE 14: The Special Map of Creation

Kuwea, one of the three major aspects of the Creator. This holy entity established the sacred Council of the Nine of the Great Blue Lodge of Creation in the holy realm of A-E-O-N—the throne of the Creator.

Lord Surea (another of God's three aspects) oversees this divine council. The Council of the Nine is under the appointed leadership of Lord Aescapulus. He will be one of your guides when we reach Heaven. Guided by the Council of the Nine are the many Councils of Oryon, which oversee the many edicts of Heaven. Beneath these very high Councils sit the grand Orders of Heaven.

The Ordering of Heaven

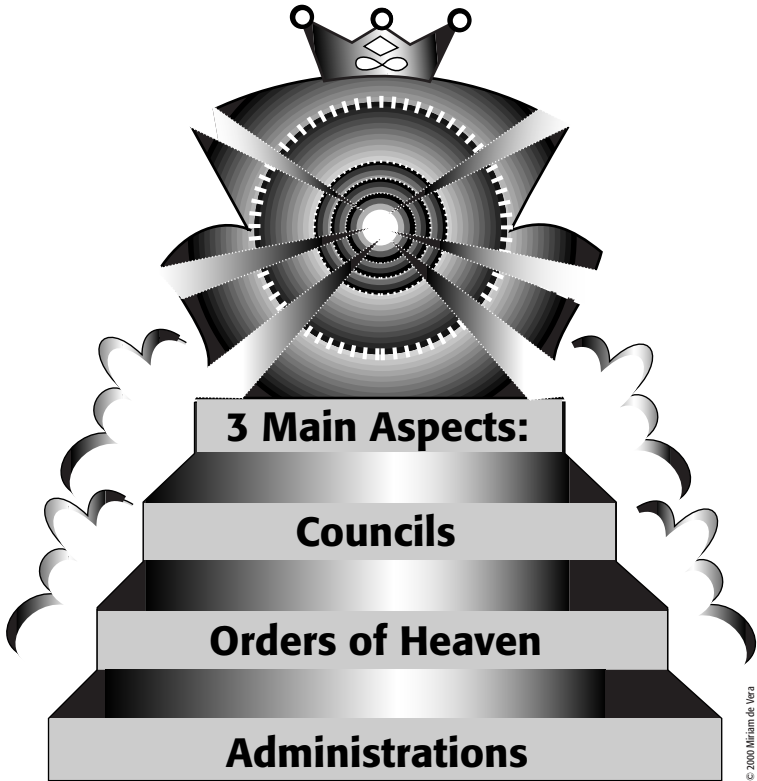


FIGURE 15: The Ordering of Heaven

Multitudes of these Councils, Orders, and Administrations exist in Heaven (see FIGURE 15). Each sacred organization guides an aspect of the unfolding potential of the divine plan. Each august body is connected to all of Heaven's numerous other segments. As noted, Spirit is the principal governor for the constantly unfolding potential of the divine plan. In addition, Heaven supplies the omnipresent living information-energies that make Creation's numerous manifestations possible. A major purpose of Heaven is to carry out God's holy WILL or sacred thoughts. This task is undertaken in joy, Love, and with intention. Intention is the main organizing principle of Creation. It reveals itself in the divine plan, and its

sacred, fragrant purpose pervades Heaven. Its holy essence brings forth all things. Through it, the Creator speaks to Creation. The Creator informs all Life of the grace that fashions every reality. Grace, the unfolding path of the divine plan, gives a holy purpose to all of Creation. This divine grace envelops Creation's sacred intention or organizing frequencies. This holy purpose resides at the base of each one of the Orders of Heaven. Lineage is important to Creation. It bestows upon all sacred Beings of Spirit their greatest joy, for it shows them how they fit into the unfolding procedures. Consequently, the basis of each Order is its divine service. The reward for this service is grace, gratitude (coherence of each aspect), and acknowledgment (coherence's feedback loop) by Heaven of a task well done.

Spirit is joy personified! Spirit is potential realized! Spirit is a sacred commitment accomplished! This service is achieved in implicit integrity of the highest order. It is performed in order to bring divine perfect Love (the energy of Creation) to all entities. This renders them divine—that is, in perfect resonance with each other.

Clearly, Heaven is the core of Creation. On the video screens, dear Hearts, you'll see a great cloud forming. Around this immense cloud, an event horizon or boundary of a new dimensional reality is now being created. We are in an inter-dimensional flux space (boundary layer between dimensions). It is leading our spaceship to a specially constructed wormhole. At the base of the wormhole is its massive singularity or the large nebulous cloud. All other dimensions or 'levels' of this Creation are being manifested from this cloud. At first, the entire process appears as an immense spiral. By watching it, you can catch a glimpse of the tremendous beauty of Creation in its simplest and most colorful form.

The massive singularity you have just observed is the 'seed' for the expansion of this Creation. It leads Creation outward to its fullest potential. That potential is the sum of all the 'realities' or super holograms the divine blueprint can manifest. Its manifesting is done through a truly amazing information-energy exchange.

As you watch the spiral closely, notice how each sub-spiral is formed from coherent resonant patterns (vibrations) in a similar 'tonic' or harmonic accent. Each unique portion of the spiral is entwined around another. Each part of the spiral is also wrapped in a sheath (covering) which acts as an

organizing form for each dimension.

Keep in mind that a dimension is equal to the sum of its coherent realities. Listen closely . . . you can hear the incredibly beautiful tones of Creation—a symphony of exquisite simplicity and profound beauty.

Sandara here! The slight bump you just noticed is a result of crossing the heavenly event horizon—its event boundary. Our spaceship's harmonic patterns are now drawing us swiftly past Heaven's event horizon and toward the massive singularity. We ask that you remain seated as we are about to land. Then we shall introduce to you our sacred guides.

Enjoy the extraordinary colors and marvelous sounds as we quickly approach our destination. These are best viewed on the screens in the observation lounge. Our landing will take no longer than seven minutes. If you have any further questions, please direct them to your attendants by utilizing the personal communication terminal provided at your seat.

We have just completed our landing procedures. Before we disembark, I would like to introduce your two guides for this mini-tour of Heaven. The first is Lord Michael, one of the principal Archangels in Heaven. The second is Lord Aescapulus, the leader of the Council of Nine, of the Great Blue Lodge of Creation. They are here to explain to you about Heaven, Creation's divine plan, and the work of Spirit. They are also here to lead you on a grand tour into these heavenly realms. I present you now with your two magnificent tour guides!

Dear Ones, in your reality, you know me as Lord Michael. I am a servant of the Creator—a guide for all to their sacred potential. We extend joy and gratitude to all the realities that unfold the Holy Creator's divine plan. You have been guided to the source of all things—to the realm wherein the great potential of Creation is initially manifested.

One purpose of Heaven is to oversee the unfolding of the full potential of physicality. We in Heaven do this task with gratitude for all. Every one of you embraced physicality, so fully and lovingly! Now, your reality is rapidly being transformed. It is letting the joy and grace of Heaven enter into its heart. It is permitting us to come to you in even greater numbers. We are bringing the information-energies of all realities of Creation into your part of physicality.

These information-energies of Heaven contain a spark of the di-

vine. This spark ‘embodies’ a vast potential that comes from the original master super hologram (the divine WILL of the Creator) which contains all of Creation. This potential is continually manifesting throughout Creation and contains information and energy—the ultimate ‘Good News’. The Creator’s words originally appear as an intention which has mapped out a path called ‘the Road to Grace’. Grace is an expression among all beings that is given in divine gratitude for each other’s existence. You exist in grace as do all things. Each part of Creation is gifted with a purpose which bestows sovereignty. That sacred purpose yields the supreme form of joy which is divine service.

Dear Hearts, this spark of the divine exists in all dimensions of Creation. It especially pervades the realms of the physical. Here the nature of physicality formulates many unique aspects for this Creation, all of which are divine sparks of the Creator. Spirit encounters these facets and transforms them! A special relationship exists between the physical and the spiritual. Each reflects the other. Each learns from the other. Each exists within the other. Each is created from the other. An organic, symbiotic organism has been brought into existence. It is this special pattern that is expressed in the Creator’s divine plan! Dimensions are formed out of the clustering together of many realities or super holograms. Similar realities exhibit a sympathetic vibrational magnetism that creates a massive coherence pattern, thus forming the many dimensions of Creation. Our sacred task is to nurture the unfolding of divine potential. The Holy Creator has put forth an instrument of supreme simplicity and divine grace. As you have already noticed, Creation’s system can be compared to what your science calls a ‘hologram’.

A hologram is merely a coherent picture formed by polarized Light. It demonstrates true depth and some other useful properties. Dear Ones, let us look at what this means. In a hologram, two waves—the information wave (the picture) and the reference wave (the guide)—are split from the original polarized Light source. They meet in a photographic film emulsion. When a light beam is directed at right angles through the other side, where the original emulsion was exposed, its depth can be easily detected. Moreover, if this exposed piece of film is cut into many pieces, each is found to contain the complete picture.

That ability ceases when the minimal level needed to maintain coherence is reached. Let us call this lower plane the ‘minimum phasing level’. Let us also call the uncut (whole) hologram the maximum phasing level. Each dimension has these two threshold points. In your form of physicality, the point below the minimum phasing level is the dark (complete dissonance). The area above the maximum phasing level is the Light (complete resonance). Interaction of Light and dark is the basis for your physical reality. Its transformation into its highest potential (its maximum phasing level) is what you call Ascension.

Heaven is in charge of the two dominant aspects of your reality: the duality of Light and its magnificent shadow, the dark. Light is the mighty one, and yet dark is the stalwart reflection (phased dissonance) that can cause Light to become even wiser. Both subsist to act as vehicles for compassion and as instruments for grace—the divine road to wisdom.

This point is made most forcefully. Light is the major substance of, and result of, Creation. Dark is only the protective, mirroring reflection or dissonance, that permits Light to gain an ever greater knowledge of itself. Consequently, the presence of the dark makes the Light even wiser. Your focus must remain on the very nature of Light and dark. Love enlightens all with magnificent compassion that embraces its dark and causes it to surrender its formative reflections. So, dear Ones, let us now look at Love.

Love is the great attractor. Its purpose is to fuse the numerous resonance patterns together. This it does in several distinct ways. First, information-energies from similar realities are cross-pollinated. They form a threshold gate among similar resonance energies of these realities. Remember, every reality possesses an underlying base resonance.

A critical element in this process is a dimension’s outer membrane, called its flux. By utilizing the resonant attractors (Love energies) found in each dimension, it moves whatever is required from one of its dimensional realities to another. Secondly, the energies of the divine plan have set up potential pathways for this union. When the resonance attractors are employed, the results of this process are instantly manifested. Love is *the* special medium through which the vast potential of each reality is revealed!

The dark is merely the great dissonance of any reality. You have named it ‘chaos’. Nonetheless, the purpose of chaos is to move its levels of resonance upward from dissonance toward coherence. The Angelic Realms encourage this movement which eventually leads to a union with Light. In the merging of a modified darkness into Light, Light receives an additional amount of potential. This increase in potential allows a reality to shift. As each reality reaches a higher frequency, it attracts other realities with an identical resonance. These many dimensional realities subsequently cluster. When massive enough, these clusters shift whole dimensions into a higher dimension. This is another aspect of Ascension.

Let us review, dear Ones. We have described the procedures of physical Creation to you and how the manifesting of the divine plan works. We of the Angelic Realms are purposeful managers who regulate the numerous dimensional fluxes as well as the resonance patterns of each reality (super hologram) within each dimension. We do this by moving a portion of information-energy of the Creator’s master super hologram (Creation’s main model) from one part of physicality to another.

As noted, the Creator’s divine thought—divine WILL itself—contains the master super hologram (the All of All or the Light of Lights). Each unique piece of the divine plan’s potential exists inside of it. Within divine WILL are contained ALL dimensions, as well as ALL realities. The consciousness of the Creator (divine intention) is now manifesting the implicit orderings of this Creation.

As gatekeepers, dear Hearts, we are required to shift these special information-energies about in continuous, swirling motion. To do this in an accurate and efficient manner, we have established myriad Orders, Councils, and Administrations. The Angelic Orders are responsible to the grand Councils of the Creator—the Councils of A-E-O-N. The Orders, in turn, create a vast number of Councils comprised of the Divine Presences (Ascended Ones) of each reality. These Councils are also organized into sector Administrations that give guidance to parts (clusters) of similar realities existing in each physical dimension of this Creation.

In this way, blessed Ones, the divine orders of Heaven work to bring divine grace and intention into physicality. This process also feeds the sacred wisdom of physicality back into Spirit. Its constant interaction has

a distinct name: ‘the Manifestation of the Divine Plan’.

This wondrous process is carried out in full collaboration with the many Orders of Heaven and brings us to an important point. Creation, dear Hearts, is a joint act of Spirit and ALL of physicality. Each of these unique elements is a sacred and necessary part of the whole. In order to attain an understanding of each one, opportunities to experience the superb and special qualities of both must exist. This task is the sole responsibility of a most important segment of the many Orders of Heaven—physical Angels.

The Lineage of Heaven extends throughout Creation. Life is a product of the process of Creation. Like the many Orders of Light, physical life has many branches, all equally sacred to the Creator. Each branch of physical life weaves a distinct design, using divine grace, which provides a certain path to divine wisdom. In physicality, Life has produced a seemingly endless pattern of sentient life forms. Heaven’s task, dear Ones, is to provide a full spectrum of experiences for each incarnated soul in these many diverse realities. Soul growth emerges as a result of experiencing this multitudinous diversity. With each provision of experience that they bring, the Orders of Light edge closer to the fulfillment of their holy objectives.

Every exchange between the physical and spiritual realms gives each Lineage an experience of physical Creation. That is, each incarnated soul brings to Heaven a unique set of experiences to be shared with her/his Lineage. This procedure is called ‘the bringing of the knowledge’. Owing to this procedure, Heaven’s Lineage is constantly guiding the life experiences of all souls in physicality. Each soul’s experience leads to sacred knowledge (wisdom) in the ways of physicality. Each experience as well permits the Orders of Light to gradually merge the realms of Heaven with the physical. As you can see, one main purpose of this sixth Creation is the eventual reunion of Earth and Heaven. In order for this to be accomplished, physical Angels (incarnated souls) have been brought forth by the Creator. They are given into the care of the holy spirits of the physical realm. Heaven’s gift to such incarnated souls is a dispensation from the Creator which allows them to return to Heaven from time to time.

Life in the physical is a momentous journey filled with many unique experiences and rare sensations. During a lifetime in physicality, you are

also provided with opportunities to assist the work of the great Devic kingdom. The Devas are sent into the physical to guide the development of the countless creations found in a planet's biosphere. As they carry out their assignments, the Devas may require the assistance of physical Angels in maintaining the direction and purpose given to physicality by the divine plan.

In the Creator's divine plan, each part connects, uniquely, to every other. At first glance, this divine plan may appear to exist as a great randomness. In fact, its unpredictability demonstrates an implicit ordering of time and space. This random order occurs simultaneously in what you know as the past, present, and future.

In addition, the process is quite elastic. It can change ever so slightly when Spirit, its co-creator, insists. In the manifestation of its full potential, every aspect of Creation is planned by the highest components of the Divine. This seemingly random interaction between Spirit and the Creator is inherent in the divine plan. This blueprint is a thought of perfection, a pure path of divine wisdom, revealed by Spirit. To expand on these matters, dear Ones, let me now turn you over to Lord Aescapulus.

Greetings! You, dear Ones, know me as Aescapulus, the main sacred Entity of the Council of Nine of the Great Blue Lodge of Creation. Thus far, Lord Michael has explained the mechanisms by which consciousness is manifested. Let us continue on and explore in greater detail what has just been discussed.

Blessed Hearts, we ask that you turn your gaze out over this great nebulous cloud. Observe its many wondrous colors and sounds. See the vortexes, spiraling omni-directionally. These amazing formations are some of the innumerable realms that constitute Creation. They are formed here. Approach the spirals and feel their essence. They are merely Light, assembled in an implicit ordering of the Creator's master super hologram. Yet, this process has an inherent elasticity to it.

The elasticity of the implicit ordering of the divine plan is accomplished through interactions of Light, Time, and Space. Each of these elements has a definite set of characteristics. Light is the great information-energy of Creation. Its catalyst is divine Time. Together, they pattern Creation. Time and Light make Space possible. The interplay between

Time and Light creates a constant redefining of Space and establishes the many dimensions of Creation.

Each redefinition emerges as a sacred ‘event’ or ‘reality’. Each ‘reality’ has its personal set of implicit orderings or what is called ‘color’. In uniquely special ways, the ‘color’ of each reality continually interacts with that of every other reality. Thus, the inherent ordering of each dimension is provided for. This process has a divine purpose.

Each event that comprises the merging of Time and Space sets a specific timeline into motion that, in turn, is affected by other prescribed actions. These actions create pattern guides that form a particular reality. Yet, the divine plan contains the eventual means to merge these timelines. It can even occasionally collapse them upon themselves. In this manner, divine intention unfolds each reality’s potential. This process is only one of the illimitable possible outcomes of the divine plan’s potential. Creation’s purpose is to reproduce itself by manifesting its potential at the right divine moment and in right divine relationship to this sixth Creation.

Each of these special Creations is a lesson offered by the Creator for the benefit of all its children. Every Creation has explicit purposes. As you behold the spirals forming in front of you, notice how the energy of this singularity is formed. It emanates from the information-energy stored in the nebulous cloud. This sacred energy emerges out of divine WILL. This master thought formed all things and expressed them in its master super hologram—Creation’s full potential or its divine plan. Out of it came the master blueprint now unfolding this Creation. This awesome miracle of the Creator can be perceived by carefully observing its micro-aspects. With great purpose, these micro-aspects (every super hologram or reality) are finding their way back to the Creator—back to their supreme wholeness.

As you can now see, Creation is a process that has many special elements. Each of these elements produces a specific set of distinct possibilities—its full potential. The divine plan takes these possibilities and, with great care and detail, formulates a method to manage them. This is carried out by the information-energy exchange of the Angelic realms and is the responsibility of the Lords of Light. These special messengers of the Creator embrace the divine plan and produce sacred strategies, ways in which Creation’s full potential unfolds. This activity permits Heaven to

oversee and guide Creation. Each motion purposefully intervenes, ever so lightly, in Creation and only enough to affect an outcome favored by the Creator (the divine WILL).

The Creator moves divine thought within the realm of Spirit. This process sets the divine plan into motion. With each clear intention, the realms of the physical are simultaneously brought forth. This sacred revelation leads to the essential duality of this Creation. It also sets up the 'ground rules' for its eventual manifestation (how to use the information-energy as provided by the divine plan). It allows this sixth Creation to accomplish its sacred purpose: to produce a stronger and more intense Light. This necessitates interaction with the dark. The dark side is simply the purifier or definer of a greater Light. Dark is merely disorganized resonance or dissonance. While lacking Light's coherence, dark yet seeks to resemble it. The dark side's reflective or dissonant energies give Light an opportunity to refine itself. That is, it allows Light to grow in wisdom.

In each Creation, the purpose of Heaven is slightly different. Heaven's approach to its task is determined by the way in which the element of grace, Heaven's path to divine wisdom, is applied. Divine grace is important for two prime reasons. First, it guides the way in which Heaven approaches its divine responsibility. This responsibility sets the appropriate intentions for the manifestation of the divine plan. Second, divine grace gives the responses required to determine order in the revealing of physical Creation to Heaven and predetermines the method by which physicality is to be moved toward an eventual union with Spirit.

Union between Spirit and matter is an intention manifested and is one of the major reasons for each Creation. When Spirit looks at matter, Spirit sees a medium that reflects itself. Physicality also has the capability to supply Spirit with new experiences. These intended possibilities provide the numerous aspects Heaven needs to complete its most sacred tasks. The divine plan establishes the means and the reasons for these implicitly ordered interactions between Spirit and its divine reflection, matter. Additionally, these interactions are guided by a natural force, a type of coherence-centered entropy, shown by the Creator's divine WILL.

Heaven is constructed of three major realms: the Angelic Realms, the Orders of Elohim, and the many Orders of Time Lord. Each of these three

realms contains a series of accompanying administrations. In addition, in the many realities of physical Creation, there exist Galactic Presences, Devic kingdoms, and physical Angels. Each particle of Light has a specific function that permits life energy (the consciousness potential of Creation) to be transmissible from any one part to all others. Thus, the divine plan is styled and implemented in tandem.

Such dual processing allows a certain measure of co-creation from within the Orders of Heaven. Heavenly co-creation originates in the implicit orderings of the divine plan. This intermingling of physicality and Spirit establishes a special environment for each reality.

As just noted, Spirit is the instrument through which all intention of co-creation is expressed. This intention or its potential is manifested through the vehicle of divine WILL which actuates great purity, balance, and overall integrity. The many heavenly Orders manifest out of each moment of an eternal 'Now'.

Each moment of an eternal 'Now' contains three elements:

- 1) the life energy, or consciousness potential, of the moment;
- 2) the information-energy of the divine plan; and
- 3) the manifested desires or (where applicable) the ordered coherence of co-creation. This amalgamation of manifested perceptions is the only true realm. All else is illusion which many of you on Earth have accepted erroneously. Any moment is neither more nor less than the entropy of its full potential.

Now, dear Ones, we wish to recommend two important points to you.

First, any reality based upon fear, power, and/or deception is, in fact, an illusion. Realities are formed out of collective potential. To create a negative potential plunges one into incoherence or supreme dissonance. A highly appropriate reality is founded on Love. Love is a deep caring or compassion for self and for others. It is also a most profound truth—a direct manifestation of positive coherence.

Second, your life has a divine purpose. It is in your own best interest and that of all others to release the illusion, amnesia, and lack of trust that now pervade your outer perceptions. Listen to your inner Angelic councils. In so doing, awaken and discover truth. Experience yourself on the road to self-mastery! You will then be able to realize how truly em-

powering the Truth can be. Truth is the elixir of reality. It brings to you those things that make miracles possible. Always keep in mind that you exist in a reality filled with divine grace. Your reality is orchestrated by Beings of Light who desire to co-create as many miracles as possible. You have the power to turn your concept of this reality on its head. Invest in yourself. Discover the wonder of your Life! Heaven is pure Light fueled by its compassion.

All things in Heaven are processed by balance. Your intention needs to be based upon it. Balance occurs when you require the manifestation of true necessities. When such requests are made, Heaven manifests them. When they have yet to appear, it is because you have not asked your Angelic council in the requisite manner. Be in your truth. Come from your power. Be centered in your Light. Know that your request is timely. Accept your role as a vital part of Heaven. Listen to your heart. In order for something to occur, you must truly believe in it.

Heaven is designed to move the information-energies of Creation through the dimensions. We joyously guide the divine plan toward its predestined conclusion. These holy tasks require Heaven to be as we have just described—a fully realized, positive coherence. In order for it to achieve its assigned tasks, the Creator has apportioned Heaven in two overlapping ways.

The first method is by the use of the now-familiar three-step system: Grouping, Orders, and Administration. A second method overlaps the first, utilizing a classification of the various tasks that must be performed. Heaven initiates each system for a specific purpose. Let us look at both systems, dear Ones, and demonstrate how they are employed.

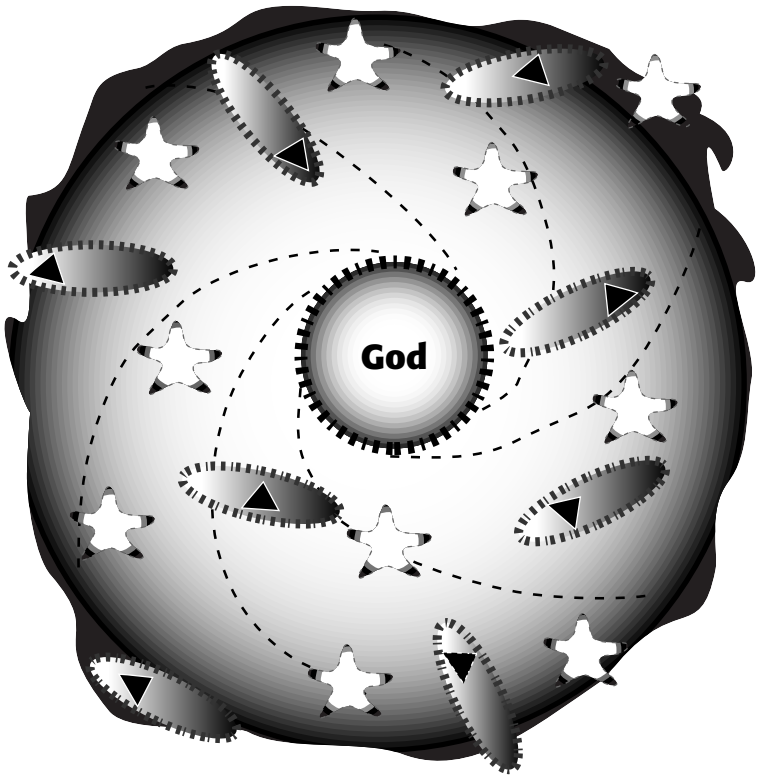
The second system operates by grouping the various tasks with a portion of Heaven assigned to each grouping. In each category:

The Angelic Realms are primarily consigned to the actual transition of the divine information-energy of Creation from one dimension to the other.




The numerous Orders of Elohim are entrusted with the holy task of maintaining Creation's continuous dimensional transformations.

The great Orders of Time Lord regulate the manner in which the divine plan is carried out. These tasks are extremely complex proce-

The Divine Workings of Heaven



Legend:

-  Administration
-  Council for Administration
-  Council for Lineage

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FIGURE 16: The Divine Workings of Heaven

dures, each requiring a specific crystal-clear strategy.

Every part of Heaven understands that Heaven is composed of one interconnected entity. Each task requires that all three aspects complete their share of the strategy. For example, information-energy from the Creator is delivered after it is properly balanced in each dimension of

Creation. The Angelic Realms move this sacred energy among dimensions. The Elohim then take it and transform it, as needed, for each dimension. The Orders of Time Lord follow its time-stream throughout Creation, making certain that its flow is steady, purposeful, and clearly obeying the divine plan.

The first technique consists of Grouping, Lineage, and Administration. Grouping demonstrates the methods by which the three heavenly segments or Orders of Angels, Elohim, and Time Lord are distributed in each dimension. Grouping requirements encompass the energy level, purpose, and use of each dimension. Every dimension has a defined energy or 'color'. This 'color' quality intends that only a specific grouping is able to achieve a desired outcome. Heaven assigns each of its three elements to work together in a particular way in that dimension. Each dimension also has a specific Administration that concerns itself with the required activity for any manifestation.

The dimensions of Creation are entwined around each other and resemble an immense pinwheel. Remember the spirals coming out of the cloud? At the core of this enormous pinwheel lies the mighty Throne of the Creator. Heaven knows that each aspect has a specific energy value or 'color'. For this reason, the many Orders and Councils of Heaven are arranged in what are called 'Administrations' (see FIGURE 16).

An Administration is a body consisting of the principal heads of the assigned Orders for that sector of Creation. Its purpose is three-fold in nature. First, it regulates the complex motions of Heaven. Second, it watches over the divine plan. Each Administration provides necessary guidance that enables the various Orders to fulfill the divine plan. Third, each Administration aligns every Being to the WILL of the Creator. The first task of an Administration is to regulate the various Orders and Councils of Heaven. Each sector of Heaven and/or physicality is assigned an information-energy level or potential. This means that only certain Orders of Elohim, Time Lord, or Angels can be located there. Dimensional flux walls aid greatly in this delineation. In addition, special energy gates or inter-dimensional portals are required.

The Elohim create or close energy gates (inter-dimensional portals) as necessary. The Angelics locate the information-energy of Creation where

it is needed. The Orders of Time Lord see to it that proper sequencing occurs as intended by the divine plan. In return, each Administration informs the others of what is happening. This feedback loop is essential to the support of what is unfolding.

The second task of an Administration, to oversee the divine plan, is accomplished by maintaining the balance of Heaven. All parts work together in a precise manner with the requisite joy!

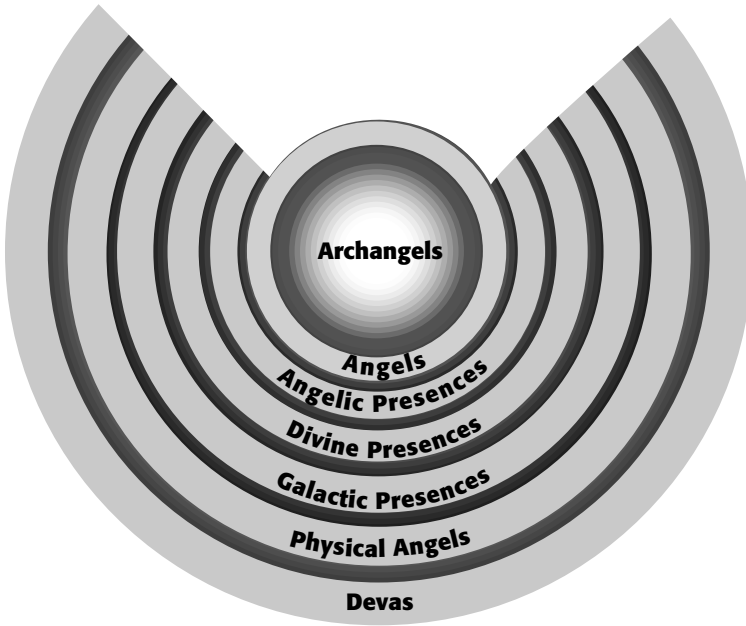
Included in the process is proper acknowledgment. This relationship produces a positive resonance that spreads grace, the path to divine wisdom, throughout the sector. It permits potential to be revealed as planned. Grace is the ultimate spiritual dynamic. It embraces all divine thoughts and gently, yet purposefully, spreads them throughout the sector.

The third task of an Administration is to provide certainty that the co-creative ability of each Being is aligned with the WILL of the Creator. Creation resembles an elaborate symphony which requires that every one of its instruments (each soul's potential) sound its note to the fullest degree of its ability.

Every Administration monitors each soul assigned to it, demonstrating methods by which it can sound its note fully, clearly, and distinctly. This process allows co-creation to emerge in full harmony with the divine plan. In addition, co-creation adds heavenly grace to the occurrence of each distinct moment or universal 'Now'.

As you can see, dear Ones, Administration entails highly varied tasks. The Creator has allied all of Heaven into a divinely exquisite harmonic. This harmonic is actually an immense, dynamic field of conscious potential that holds the divine plan. Each area of Heaven is immersed in the divine thoughts of the Creator. They are random in scope but ordered in design. Each Administration is guided by the Creator's divine intention to manifest the divine plan in all of its glory. This process joins Heaven together, permitting each part of Heaven to accomplish its assignments. Let us turn our attention to the Angelic Realms. They are a very important component of the way Heaven and physicality relate to one another. To assist you, let me return you to Lord Michael who will guide you through an examination of the Angelic Orders and explain the organization of these Angelic Realms.

Classifications of the Angelic Realms



Archangels, Angels, Angelic Presences, and Divine Presences help to administer physicality while the Galactic Presences, Physical Angels, and Devas represent the angelic realms in physicality.

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FIGURE 17: The Classifications of the Angelic Realms

Thank you, Lord Aescapulus. We in the Angelic Realms serve important functions in the unfolding of the divine plan. The information-energies from the Creator come to us first. We balance them for each dimension and send them to the Elohim for final distribution. Dear Ones, in order to accomplish these sacred tasks, we apportion our Orders into specific stages or levels. Each of these levels fulfills its part of our sacred undertakings in holy Council.

Dear Hearts, the seven levels of the Angelic Realms are: Archangels, Angels, Angelic Presences, Divine Presences, Galactic Presences, Physical Angels, and the Devic kingdom (see FIGURE 17). Each one of these

levels includes sacred councils containing its holy names and holy seals. Each level also incorporates a protocol that determines how it is acknowledged and named. Bear in mind that the Angelic Realms are totally devoted to being of service which is given in joy and surrounded by divine grace. In being of service we provide and maintain the innumerable divine states of reality.

Archangels are the chief administrators of their Order whose most revered position is held by the Seraphim. Archangels are also the chief administrators in any sector of Heaven that includes the highest levels of the Creator's holy Throne. Archangels function as the primary messengers of the good news of Creation which facilitates the manifestation of the grace and glory of Heaven. An Archangel's purpose is realized by the extension of divine grace. Archangels use divine grace to transform Creation and guide the various Orders toward achieving their holy objectives. Their activities are monitored by the many sacred Councils that each Archangel has formed. These Councils devise the sacred strategies of the Angels.

Angels are the true 'worker bees' of the Angelic Realm. They fulfill many wondrous functions: guidance of all sentient physical Beings using inner counsels of consciousness; spread of creative energy throughout every sector of Creation; and intonation of the color harmonics of any given sector of the divine plan.

Angels work closely with the many Orders of Elohim and Time Lord. They utilize those parts of their Order that joyously come to assist them in their mighty works. Remember that all parts of Heaven are interconnected. Any aspect of Heaven is willing to assist any other in the completion of its divine service.

Angelic Presences broadcast the information-energies of Heaven in the sector to which they are formally assigned. This sacred task consists of two major procedures:

First, they embrace the creative energy seeing to it that the required balance is maintained. Balance is reserved by constant adjustment of the prescribed densities of each dimensional flux wall. This procedure keeps the energy osmosis at the proper vibratory levels.

Second, they aid the Elohim in manifesting reality within sectors. Re-

ality is actually a series of collective sentient perceptions. Realities are altered by intentions. These shifts are achieved through a combination of thoughtforms that emanate from the Angelic Presences and the physical Angels. Using this co-creative procedure, Creation manifests the co-creative elements of the divine plan.

Divine Presences, blessed Ones, are sacred entities who work in any reality. They maintain the dynamic of the consciousness field's potential. Their purpose is to guide the various co-creative physical elements of the divine plan while aligning these elements with the overall divine plan. They accomplish this objective in two ways.

First, they continually measure the frequency of the consciousness field as its potential unfolds. The divine plan is actually a cosmic symphony. Each note needs to be in harmony with all others. Second, to maintain this harmony, Divine Presences continually adjust the co-creative process, which permits the tones to be in resonance, as required. It also creates the consensus that can manifest shifted realities. These unfolding realities are needed to sustain Creation which encompasses the provision of certainty that all possible notes are manifested as pure harmonics that expand any reality's positive coherence.

The next three sectors of the Angelic Realms deal exclusively with physicality. It is their sacred purpose to guide physical consciousness to its fullest potential. They maintain as well the energy of all celestial objects found in these realities. These special Beings of Light can be divided into Galactic Presences, physical Angels, and the numerous classifications of the Devic kingdom. They establish procedures to maintain various life forms in physicality. The value attached to their co-creative roles by the divine plan is one of the keys to physicality.

Physicality is a reality much denser than Spirit. It is also a location where the Light and dark energies are on a more or less even playing field. Physicality is an exacting place where some of the most important lessons of this Creation are taught to Spirit's many children. These significant lessons are achieved by utilizing the Creator's divine grace.

Remember, blessed Hearts, all things physical are, in actuality, illusory. Moreover, physical reality can be modified when enough physical Angels collectively decide to change their perceptions about their current

reality. In addition, precious Ones, time in physicality can be speeded up, slowed down, or shifted. This shift in time can range from sequential to random oneness or vice versa. The co-creative ability that has been given physicality also aids in the carrying out of the divine plan.

One of this Creation's purposes is to merge the many spiritual realms into the multitudinous realities of physicality. In order to accomplish this, it is necessary to shift many conscious life forms into their full potential. This process coincides with the merging of Light and dark into a well-defined harmony. This harmony permits their eventual union. Thus, Creation can unfold physicality's potential. In so doing, dear Hearts, the numerous lessons of the divine plan can be experienced. The many Orders of physical Angels in your reality have agreed to be transformed—to move into their full potential—in order to achieve this end. We shall discuss this in more detail later.

The highest order of the Spiritual Hierarchy in the realms of the physical is that of the Galactic Presences. This Order of Heaven is divided into numerous Councils. The four major ones comprise the Councils of the White, Blue, Silver, and Gold Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods.

Each group is responsible for supervising the different aspects of physical Angels. Their divine purpose is to guide physical Angels. Using this guidance, physical Angels maintain many celestial objects and other physical life forms. Dear Ones, you are also moving through your many lessons and starting the process of your Ascension to Heaven.

Galactic Presences are known on your world as Councils of the Ascended Masters. These great Lights guide by occasionally living in physical form. Their messages offer examples of how physical Angels can transform their perceptions of reality. Ascended Masters demonstrate to physical Angels the manner in which any reality can be transformed by appropriate intention and balanced thought. Transformation is accomplished by employing the co-creative skills of the Galactic Presences and their physical Angel emissaries. The Ascended Masters make it obvious that physicality is merely a wonderful illusion! Dear Ones, the Ascended Masters and physical Angels work with the many Devic kingdoms. Devas are unique Light Beings cooperating in partnership with all celestial life forms. Each assigned group of Devas has the task of watching over a

specific series of life forms that comprise part of a planet's biosphere. A specially formed council of Devas acts as the spiritual parent of an entire species, be it plant or animal. In this mode, Devas look after this life form and guide it by the use of their collective consciousness. The Deva councils' many acts of guidance are closely supervised by corresponding Councils of Galactic Presences. These heavenly Councils are assigned to a star, a planet, or a moon. In all cases, the main objective is to move physicality through its Ascension process. The major element of physicality is the evolution of consciousness. The divine plan sees consciousness as a growing awareness of the spiritual realm. Included in this process is Spirit's harmonic integration with matter. Physicality is a vehicle for allowing Spirit to experience and analyze itself in ever new and unique ways. This growing wisdom and rising potential propel Creation forward. They empower the divine plan. Each of you needs to understand, dear Ones, the immense significance attached to co-creation.

Each co-creative intention brings the divine plan that much closer to its full manifestation. This manifestation merges Light into dark and Spirit into matter. The outcome is a sixth Creation that fulfills its divine destiny. The complete manifestation of its potential sets the stage for the next Creation. Creation is the eternal 'Now'. The Creator's master super hologram (or divine WILL) is eternally dynamic. As it unfolds, its many parts augment the wisdom and perfection of its ever-emerging song.

Our many holy intentions and divine thoughts, dear Hearts, require an environment of absolute perfection. Within it, Creation can manifest in right relationship to the divine plan. Providing for and attending to this perfect environment constitutes the sacred task of all in Heaven. This ever-evolving atmosphere is the realm of Spirit. It is also the realm of the many physical realities and dimensions. The first realm is the land of the holy and divine. The second is a place of great potential and of myriad illusions. Both realms act as compound mirrors revealing an expression of the Creator's divine plan. Reality consists of the dreams of the Creator brought into manifestation by the perceptions of all who inhabit that reality. Life is more than Spirit. Life evolves, in all its many forms, toward the great Light of Creation. It is a reflection of the Divine. In Light, dear Ones, are found the elements essential to Life's transformation.

This grand expansion of Light is eternal. The pathways of the great Light of Creation resemble the tides of an enormous Ocean. Tides of Light ebb and flow. Light's definition defers to the rules of the game or of the divine plan. The real point, dear Hearts, is to live life to its fullest measure! You truly need to understand and see value in your perception of the dream. It is this (your fully manifested potential) that is your gift, your piece of life's puzzle. This puzzle piece fits snugly and exactly into the divine plan that emanates from the ALL that is the ONE.

Every element of Heaven realizes the full magnitude of its committed responsibilities. Sovereignty is based upon commitment and a devotion to the truth. Truth is the image of Creation reflected at its highest intensity. Commitment is an acceptance of one's own purpose. Your heart-felt commitment gives you the ability to manifest your life as you so intend.

Liberty is the highest level of sovereignty which is the fullest representation of what you call 'free will'. Integral use of free will shows exactly the extent of your commitment to your liberty. Utilizing it, you become able to manifest who you truly are. This manifestation procedure always stems from the divine plan and mirrors your right relationship to it.

Physical life is a journey, dear Hearts, which you follow through all the realms and pathways of Creation. Each physical lifetime brings you closer to the Creator. View each life as a golden petal of an enormous lotus blossom. Each petal holds specific lessons and golden rules relative to purpose, intention, pure thought, and manifestation. Each lifetime forms a potential consciousness field, the dynamic of which is the 'essence' of you and of Creation.

The golden lotus blossom, which represents your many lifetimes, forms a true master super hologram (or divine thought) containing all that Creation can manifest. Within it are found all of the experiences of all the sentient Beings whom you have ever encountered on all the multitudinous levels of reality. Life is but a dream expressed through the pure thought of the Divine—the Creator's divine WILL. Manifesting this amazing potential is a vital function of the many, beloved, wondrous Orders of the Light!

Thank you, Lord Michael and Lord Aescapulus, for your most fas-

cinating narrative! This is Sandara, your main tour guide. Let us now return to our spaceship. The next part of our adventure will revolve around 'us'. It is time to explore both the nature and the divine tasks of 'physical Angels'. So, using the forward doors, please board the ship and take your seats in the main observation lounge. We intend to take off in about twenty minutes. When you are comfortably seated, please access your personal terminals as needed, and our tour guides will answer your questions.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: *Many people who are involved with channeling Ascension material repeatedly mention a being named Sananda as well as groups of beings called the Great White Brotherhood and the Ashtar Command. Are these identities participating in the process you are describing?*

A: Sananda (the Christ Light of the Pleiades) represents one of the energies of the Great White Light that surrounds this planet. Remember, the Great White Brotherhood is part of the myriad Orders of Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods that exist around Mother Earth as Planetary and Solar Hierarchies and as Galactic and Inter-dimensional Hierarchies. These Spiritual Hierarchies interact and communicate with one another. These various groups of divine Beings include four major Councils of Galactic Presences or Ascended Masters: the White, the Blue, the Silver, and the Gold.

The Ashtar Command is a multi-dimensional group. There are several, in the lower frequencies of this group, who are simply renegades. They trick people, leading them into difficulties or trouble and, therefore, need to be engaged with discernment. Another level, existing at a much higher frequency, is completely different. Therefore, be aware of which group you are contacting. Be discerning and surround yourself with the proper protections. Call in your Angelic guardians and appropriate Archangels as well as the great golden white Light of Creation.

Q: *What is the structure of the Spiritual Councils in our galaxy?*

A: All the members of this local universe exist on the galactic, solar, and planetary levels. These sacred Councils exist in vast numbers. There are actually millions of billions of galaxies in this local universe. There are, therefore, millions of billions of Galactic Spiritual Hierarchies and mind-

boggling trillions upon trillions of local star groups, solar hierarchies, and even more planetary hierarchies. These seemingly immeasurable numbers of Spiritual Hierarchies continuously interact with one another.

Q: How do our Spiritual Councils relate to the rest of our local universe?

A: The many solar, galactic, and intergalactic Spiritual Councils (as well as untold inter-dimensional Spiritual Councils) form an amalgam of Administrations for each section of physical Creation. These Administrations follow a specific, divine strategy for those parts of physicality that they so lovingly govern. In this way, they regulate the spiritual energy of Creation. Spiritual Hierarchies reveal the holy divine plan in right relationship to the purposes of this sixth Creation.

Q: How are the local Spiritual Hierarchies of planet Earth distinct from what we call the Spiritual Hierarchy or the Great White Brotherhood or the other names that have been given to them?

A: They are part of the Spiritual Hierarchy. Every planet has a planetary Spiritual Hierarchy that includes Archangels and Angels as well as Ascended Masters, Angelic and Divine Presences, Devic energies, and so forth. These spiritual groups relate to the higher solar Spiritual Hierarchies, which in turn relate to the galactic level and also to the dimensional Spiritual Hierarchies. The Great White Brotherhood (the Council of Ascended Masters representing this planet) is assigned to this planet's Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: How does Jesus Christ fit into the picture?

A: The golden white Light of Christ consciousness is basically the energy of full consciousness which you shall be entering shortly. When the Lord Jesus Christ came here, he was acting as the divine prototype for the entire Ascension process being experienced by each and every one of you on Earth. Christ will be here with the other great Beings of Heaven for the successful completion of this whole process.

Q: How does one learn to successfully utilize the co-creative abilities that are currently latent in each of us?

A: The key elements in learning these abilities are visualization and inhabiting balanced and pure thought. These qualities are then combined with a crystal clear and well-delineated intent.

First, picture the exact details of every part of the event you are

visualizing. View it before, during and after the event, in as clear a way as possible. Sense, taste, and feel exactly how you desire it to occur.

Second, be balanced and focused in your thoughts. Outside influences of any kind can dilute or destroy the power to attract your desires.

Third, on the day or at the time that the event is to happen, live the moment just as you envisioned it. If your desire is truly part of your divine purpose, it shall be fulfilled. You shall have co-created one of your pieces of the puzzle comprising the divine plan. Be mindful that co-creation emerges only from your heart and soul purpose. For it to be successful, the integral nature of your intent is vital and must be aligned with the divine plan.

Q: The Elohim are known as the creators of the many realities of physicality. Exactly how do they accomplish this task?

A: The many Orders of Elohim form the life energies given to them by the Angelic Realms by using inter-dimensional force fields, gravity fields, and tones. When properly applied, these elements create the balances that inform the celestial bodies with physicality. This work also forms the many chains of life that are found in a celestial body's biosphere. The Elohim are constantly reshaping portions of their sacred celestial forms as the divine plan mandates. The Devic kingdoms and the Creator's physical Angels facilitate this process

Q: What types of life forms are found throughout physicality?

A: There are two types:

- 1) celestial life forms, such as stars, planets, moons, etc., which are electrogravitic in nature; and
- 2) most physical life forms, such as Earth humans, are electromagnetic in nature.

The difference lies in the way that physical life was created many, many eons ago. Electrogravitic forms are extremely large because it is necessary to generate and maintain fairly large magnetic and gravitational fields around them. These pulsating fields imbue celestial bodies with life. Magnetic and gravitational fields function similarly to the circulatory and nervous systems in a human's body.

Celestial life forms require that their nodes (points where the magnetic and gravitational fields intersect) be continuously activated. This pro-

duces a symbiotic effect in which smaller electromagnetic life forms (such as Earth Humans) maintain the constant activation of a planet's nodes. In return, a celestial life form, for example a planet, supplies a habitable environment where the electromagnetic life (*i.e.*, humans) can joyously and gracefully thrive.

Q: The Orders of Light administer each aspect of Creation. What precisely is an Administration?

A: An Administration is a sector of Heaven or physicality governed customarily by a divine Seraph. We define 'Seraph' as a collective consciousness of many Councils of Archangels. In A-E-O-N, it takes a vast multitude of such Archangel Councils to form a single Seraph. Seraphim are the foremost, holy entities that formulate the sacred strategies of Heaven (the fulfilling of the divine plan). These strategies are first generalized for all of Creation and then sent to the various Angelic Councils for their required input as well as for their localized adjustments.

Each sector of Heaven has a local Administration which formulates and sets forth the strategy for its sector. Every local Spiritual Hierarchy has a chief council connected to its appropriate local Administration. Each Administration sends forth special, heavenly messengers who dispense the good news about Creation and maintain liaisons among the numerous councils of Creation. Each aspect of Heaven reports to these Administrations. This interaction permits an Administration to graciously guide its sector of Heaven in its divine actions.

Q: Precisely where do supreme holy entities like Lord Michael and Lord Metatron fit into the Creation strategy of the Spiritual Hierarchy?

A: Lord Michael and Lord Metatron sit at either side of the throne of the Creator. They, along with the Great Council of the Nine of the Great Blue Lodge of Creation, give the divine plan to the holy Councils of Oryon. Holy messengers of Oryon (the sacred blue flame) then proclaim these divine protocols to all of Heaven. Out of these divine proclamations emerge the sacred strategies of Heaven's many Administrations. Hence, Lord Michael and Lord Metatron are two of the chief proclaimers and celestial judges of the manifestation of this divine sixth Creation.

Q: You have mentioned the Council of Nine and the Councils of Oryon. What functions do they fulfill in Heaven?

A: When Creation occurs, it shatters its White Light energy into the energy of the Blue Light and into Silver/Gold energy. Blue Light energy forms the life force of Creation. All living Beings are its children.

The administrator of this extremely holy energy is the Council of Nine which represents the great Blue Lodge of Creation, one of the Creator's most holy seals. This energy is forwarded to the rest of Creation by the sacred proclamations and blessings of the Council of Nine. All of Heaven is addressed directly, according to the protocols of Heaven (the sacred seals of the divine plan) issued by the Councils of Oryon. These two sacred councils of the Creator bring the sets of decrees (the divine plan and its many protocols or seals) to the multitudinous divine Orders of Heaven.

Q: You have just mentioned the Silver/Gold energy of the Creator. What is its purpose?

A: Silver/Gold energy is the energy of Creation manifesting throughout the many levels and realities of Creation. The many divine intentions required for the Creation of Heaven spring from these ethereal Silver/Gold energies. These energies also make possible the many realms of physicality. For this reason, gold and silver are the physical representations of these same sacred creative energies. These energies reveal the divine plan by forming its most sacred environment.

Silver and, particularly, gold possess a unique transformational energy. It is this special quality that assists all in carrying out the true purposes of the divine plan. These symbols of divine power have been your major precious metals since very ancient times.

Q: What is the chief role for physical Angels in Creation?

A: Physical Angels are the essential mediators between the realms of Spirit and matter. As you begin to understand their many processes, you shall begin to comprehend their vital importance to Heaven. During the next part of our adventure, dear Ones, you shall explore their duties and origins in much greater detail.

6

PHYSICAL ANGELS

This is Sandara, your chief guide, speaking.

We are exiting the realms of Heaven and re-entering the many realms of the physical. As we do so, we are using our hyper-spatial capabilities to secure our ship to a multi-colored sheath which surrounds physicality. From this unique vantage point, we can tap into the origins and assignments of ‘that’ which we all are (physical Angels) and explore the true nature of physicality. Watch the forward screens and notice the most exquisite and varied shades of gold, silver, purple, pink, and blue. They embody the extraordinary place to which we are headed!

Lady Lyra and Lord Metatron are waiting there to come aboard and assist us as our guides. Before we reach this special destination, let me give you a brief history of physical Angels in this galaxy.

Physical Angels are the major component of the many Orders of Heaven in physical reality. They have been brought into being by the Creator to maintain physicality and provide Heaven with those vital lessons and experiences that are a most necessary part of the sacred divine plan.

Physical Angels are remarkable for their ability to reside, simulta-

neously, in the world of the physical and the realms of Heaven. They are the blessed Ones who give to all other unique life forms of physical reality the necessary life and information-energy fields required to exist and procreate. Physical Angels are embodied in many forms, skin colors, and sizes. Regardless of their particular species, each one is a dedicated advocate of the Creator's divine plan.

About ten billion years ago, physical Angels were brought into the Milky Way Galaxy. Their initial assignment was to help the numerous orders of Elohim in shaping the planetary systems now existing in our galaxy. In this initial form, they were ethereal and completely resistant to heat, cold, or any other type of radiation that exists in physical reality. As fully-conscious Beings, they were eternal. They remained in this first form for over seven billion years. When physical Angels began to inhabit the planets and star systems of this galaxy, they retained this ethereal form, changing their size from many thousands of miles (kilometers) in height to only 500–200 feet (152–95 meters) tall. Together with the Devis kingdoms, their next assignment was to form the land, water, and sky critical to the emergence of sentient life on these millions of pre-selected worlds.

For the next two and one-half billion years, physical Angels worked with the Devas. They brought forth upon the planets of your galaxy an awesome range of electromagnetic life forms. When this project was pronounced complete, physical Angels subdivided into two specific groups. These classifications were established in order that their co-creative potential might be physically manifested when so desired. Thus, vital aspects of the divine plan were finally implemented. A protocol was then established to bring these into fruition.

The first category of physical Angels comprises the many Councils of Galactic Presences that still exist in your galaxy. This holy group's task is to act as advisors and guides to the physical Angels. Councils are also the guardians of many essential wisdoms. Moreover, they act as liaisons among Heaven, the physical Angels, and the rest of physical reality. Since the beginning of Creation, they have carried out these divine services in joy and grace. According to your current perception, these magnificent Beings of Light are known as the many Councils of the Ascended Masters.

The second category of this protocol consists of the physical Angels

themselves. The sacred service of this group of divine Beings is two-fold in nature. First, they work with the many divisions of the Devas or 'planetary Elementals' to support the continuation of Life and its diversity in a planet's biosphere. This provides for the continuation of the planet's food chain through the continued procreation of its life forms. Their second assignment is to assist the Local Orders of Elohim in keeping many planets and whole star systems operating at maximum efficiency. This very important assignment requires the use of special procedures and knowledge provided for them in consultations with the many Councils of Galactic Presences.

At the divine right time, a continuous exchange is set up among the Councils of Galactic Presences and the many Orders of physical Angels. This exchange permits various Galactic Presences to live among physical Angels so as to provide a better use of the innate, essential wisdom that they possess. In turn, a system has been adopted whereby, when certain physical Angels reach a desired level of acquired wisdom, they are promoted to the ranks of the Galactic Presences. This system allows a constant exchange of various co-creative intentions as well as of divine knowledge. It also serves as a suitable mechanism for the fulfillment of tasks assigned by Heaven through the holy decrees of the Creator.

Co-creativity is one of the primary purposes of physicality. The divine plan provides a large degree of co-creativity for those highly sentient Beings residing in the many realities of physicality. In order for their co-creativity to be manifested, these physical Beings need to have knowledge of the vital concepts of intent and pure balanced thought as well as those of integral and positive desire.

It is the compassionate duty of the numerous Councils of Galactic Presences and certain intermediary physical Angels to guide sentient physical Beings into an appropriate and constructive use of this ability. Relative to the degree that this is accomplished, the co-creative process of the divine plan can successfully unfold. This physical process of co-creation fits easily into three distinct categories.

The first category deals with the mass perceptions that formulate a prescribed reality. Each prescribed reality or super hologram has a unique and specific set of purposes for its existence. At best, these are temporary

solutions, mere states of mind. When the divine plan permits a concept of physical reality to be modified, this procedure requires the thoughts or perceptions of a critical number of physically sentient Beings for the transformation to occur.

As you can see, there needs to be a sufficient number of physical Angels and/or Galactic Presences capable of influencing just over 67 per cent of the local, physically sentient population who inhabit the reality (a unique super hologram) scheduled for transformation. Usually, one or more star-nations can reside in a given reality. Normally, this procedure needs several decades of your Earth years to transpire.

The second category addresses how these transformational events manifest. The major point here is that specific events are required to appear in a certain sequence. To the inexperienced observer, this sequencing can seem extremely random in nature. For example, it may involve events that happen in the past and/or future while simultaneously affecting the 'Now'.

These various procedures permit the divine plan to set in motion a stream of important tracer events. These events are able to trigger the suitable response pattern needed to complete an unfolding of the divine plan's potential. Remember, the co-creative response mirrors what the divine plan requests in a way that satisfies the inhabitants of any reality. This process gives a sentient life form a number of potential options, thus enabling it to solve whatever problem is occurring in its 'Now'.

The third category involves the natural progression of certain concepts (or innovations) to their conclusions. Through its participation in this process, a society acquires a higher image (or discernment) of itself. One of the most important concepts of physical sentience is an awareness of your Full Self.

Inner growth (self-realization) leads to fuller comprehension of the ways in which Creation operates in physicality. This consciously acquired wisdom allows you as well as your society to assess inner growth. This examination results in an increase of creative innovation. A society in sync with the ebb and flow of Creation is organically one with the harmonic patterns of Creation. Realization of this significant process is the original basis for bestowing the four societal laws upon galactic societies.

Co-creation is so important! It permits physically sentient Beings to contribute significantly to the divine plan. It further allows sentient Beings to utilize their consciousness in a positive manner. Always keep in mind, dear Hearts, that the process for this co-creation involves the inter-meshing of Light and dark probabilities. The purpose of physicality is the acquisition of divine experiences—knowledge. This knowledge is used to expand the wisdom of Heaven. Holy wisdom is founded upon a sacred precept. Heaven exists in an ever-expansive state! Heaven requires the experience of physicality. Through its utilization of physicality, Heaven creates the wisdom needed to reveal Creation in its most divine manner.

At this time, I, Sandara, am greatly privileged to introduce to you Lord Metatron. Lord Metatron has graced us with his presence to guide our tour through this transitional space between Heaven and physicality.

Thank you, blessed Light! I am here to explain the ordering of physicality, especially the role physical Angels play in its evolution. Physicality is a collective entity. It is a facet of the Creator's divine plan as well as a means to co-creatively affect it. You have been briefed on some of its features. You have heard a description of the purpose and presence of physical Angels in this reality. I will expand on what you have been told. During the course of this presentation, I will call upon Lady Lyra and her exceptional wisdom.

As you entered this sector of Creation, you noticed the tremendous spectrum of iridescent colors that permeates us. Its energy consists of two forms. The first is information-energy moving from Heaven to all the realities and dimensions making up physicality. This information-energy permits consciousness to unfold its potential. A second form of energy has a golden or silvery cast. It is life energy. Through it, all realities are constructed. They range from each one of you to the vast number of dimensions composing physicality. The first energy has the ability to guide the second in a creative manner. In other words, consciousness has the ability to create its own reality!

It is extremely important that you comprehend the classification of Creation's energies. For example, your physical reality is a collective consciousness construct. An energy field, an implicitly ordered consciousness potential, exists all around you. Inside this field resides the life

energy employed to create all living things. A reality's collective agreements co-create the methods by which it forms itself using its allotted life energy. The free interaction of these two energies unfolds the full potential of this reality. The heart of the matter, dear Children, concerns awareness of how the process functions. In Creation, no reality is truly separate nor is it lacking in influence from other similar realities. Washta has already described part of this process to you. Allow me to take another tack.

Physical Creation exists within the realms of heavenly Creation. Physicality transforms Heaven as it unfolds its potential! This alteration in Heaven is a result of the co-creative aspect of physicality. That is, physicality both mirrors *and* adds to Heaven. Blessed Ones, observe the wondrous colors dancing around you. By doing so, you can see the ways in which heavenly energies enter a dimension and weave realities. Each reality resembles an ever-changing and completely interactive tapestry. The two types of energies (information-energy and life energy) act as its various threads. Potentials of consciousness exist within as well as outside of each reality. Observe the ways in which they interact with each other. See how the intentions and actions of consciousness alter the tapestry. Notice how similar threads cluster and then interact differently with less similar ones. Also notice how each action changes three things:

- 1) the amount and type of energy employed;
- 2) the interaction between similar realities; and
- 3) the way dimensions react to each other.

The divine plan unfolds its sacred blueprint (the Divine WILL of the Creator) in this very dramatic fashion! As realities constantly transform, notice how Heaven is changing. It shifts its form as well as its Light. This phasing of its coherence is due to the myriad energy exchanges between Heaven and physicality. This is how Creation works!

Creation is a living being of the Creator! From its midst has sprung the impeccable order you now see before you. All of you are, indeed, part of this amazing unfolding of divine potential. You each have a vital role to play. It is both your collective and your individual consciousness that create each physical reality. Moreover, consciousness scripts the drama of each physical reality. Your noble, integral actions permit Heaven to unfold physicality's sacred divine plan. Your intentions create every reality in physicality!

The many Orders of Heaven that exist in physicality have a crucial task to perform. As noted previously, dear Ones, this task involves providing Heaven with the essential experiences needed to unfold the potential of the divine plan. By so doing, the Councils and Administrations of Heaven reveal the divine plan. This interaction between Heaven and physicality co-creates as directed by the divine WILL of the Creator. The process is an ongoing one, permitting all areas of Heaven to enjoy creative input into the actual procedures decreed by the Creator. This particular method of creative process provides a vital element to the sixth Creation.

To mediate between Heaven and physical reality remains one of the physical Angels' most fundamental tasks. It involves an extremely close relationship between the Devic kingdoms and the local Orders of Elohim, the weavers of each dimension's conscious potential. Physical Angels encourage and support planetary and solar Devas. In addition, they aid the Elohim in maintaining and transforming the entire solar system. These aspects of their divine service require the use of special liaison abilities.

These abilities permit them to align themselves with the distinctive energies or frequencies inherent in that solar system. Each planet and every star has a specifically encoded magnetic and gravitational signature. This prime harmonic is maintained within the sympathetic vibrations of its nearby neighbors. Likewise, every galaxy possesses a characteristic song maintaining its inner integrity. This fundamental harmony allows physicality to reveal its numerous wonders.

The duties of physical Angels revolve around this holy task of sustaining the resonance (structural coherence) of physical reality (see FIGURE 18). This process implies that two divine duties are accomplished.

First, there is a balancing of those life and information-energies entering and exiting from their parts of reality into Heaven. This is graciously achieved under the divine guidance of the many Councils of Galactic Presences. They provide assurance that the dimensional flux walls in their vicinity are working properly and/or are being adjusted correctly by those Angels assigned to this task.

Secondly, these divine Councils of Galactic Presences guide the local Elohim in adjusting this energy to the correct harmonics of an affected planet or star. Once they have accomplished this, it becomes possible to

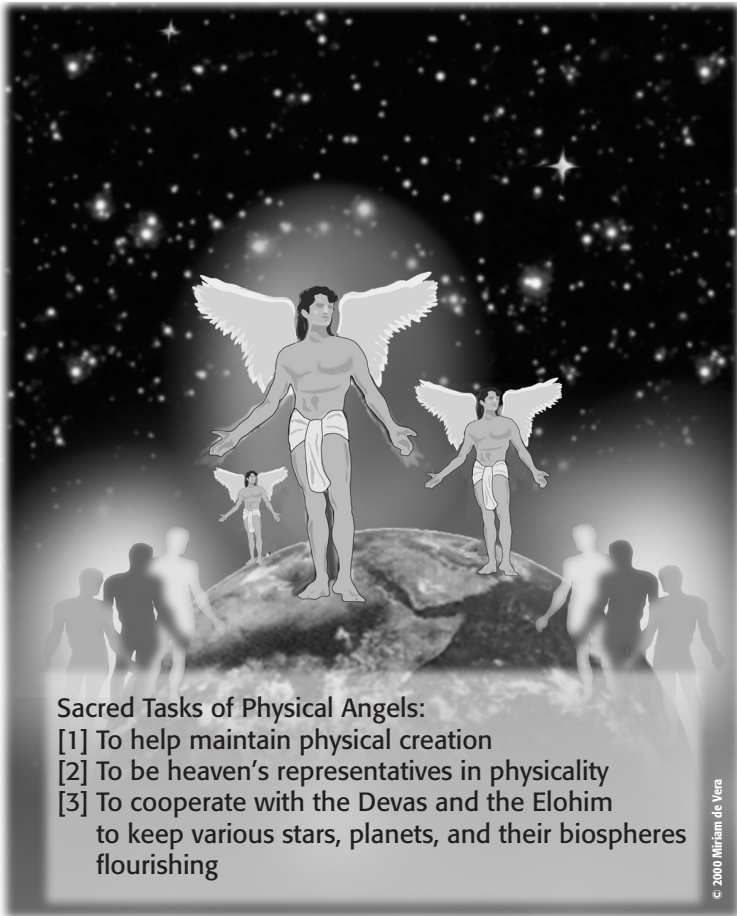


FIGURE 18: The Sacred Tasks of Physical Angels

work with the Devas. I shall now introduce Lady Lyra. It will be her pleasure to explain to you the responsibilities of the Elohim in these matters.

Salutations, dear, precious Ones! We of the Order of Elohim are the creator Beings of Heaven and physicality. We weave realities and assist in the unfolding of Creation. This requires us to depend for assistance upon certain Orders of the Angelic realms freely assigned to these physical domains. As we proceed, we continually liaise with you and with your reality's Devas. We accomplish this interaction by constantly checking phys-

icality's coherence and by acting as any reality's 'dissonance gatekeeper'. Forming and circulating energies is our forte! This process, in part, permits us to supervise the great works of the Devas.

The Devas are in charge of the inner workings of a planet's biosphere. They regulate the life and information-energies Heaven has given to the planet by transmitting these energies to the planet's diverse life forms. Devas also direct a planet's food chain. The Devic council (of any animal or plant species) 'overlights' the process by which any individual living plant or animal in the biosphere lives or dies. Devas take their divine work *very* joyously! They feel extremely blessed when they enjoy the assistance of physical Angels.

Physical Angels permit the Devic kingdom to enter the sacred realm of co-creativity! Physical Angels create galactic societies that assist the Devas in co-creatively operating their planet's biosphere. These continual exchanges with physical Angels provide innovative, creative solutions that are necessary for a planet's biosphere to exist in optimum balance.

Dearly blessed Ones, physical Angels are deeply involved in maintaining the balance of both the planet and the biosphere that they inhabit. Their concerns also extend to the Sun and the other planets that make up their solar system. This involvement is total, requiring the constant guidance and astute wisdom of the Galactic Presences. Hence, there is a continuous reciprocal flow among Devas, Galactic Presences, and physical Angels.

This sacred divine service ensures equilibrium to physical reality and allows any celestial body to grow in accordance with the divine plan. Divine exchange with the Devas permits physicality to work its wonderfully ordered magic upon physical Angels. It gives physical Angels the experiences and lessons that Creation sincerely requests of them.

The Orders of Elohim are in divine partnership with you, physicality's co-creators. We have come to construct these realms with the purpose of unfolding Creation and honoring the Creator's divine plan. These actions represent our commitment to the fulfillment of our divine purpose. Everything that you do, say, think, or even hear, invites experience and garners lessons for you and every Being in your reality. They also serve another purpose. Each action allows you to establish the way a phys-

ical reality in which you reside unfolds. These events act as a gauge measuring your progress in realizing your potential. Remember, every reality is a collective endeavor and any transformation of it begins initially with one's self.

Physicality *is* an illusion. It is a particular mirror state formed by the holy Creator for the sole purpose of carrying out the divine plan of this sixth Creation. As such, it is a locale where Heaven has permitted a certain degree of preconditioned realities to exist. The profound importance of physicality lies in these preconditions. Physical sentience is merely a subset of previously agreed-upon conditions.

These preconditions exist as a number of scenarios on how fully-sentient physical life forms can be created. These scenarios range widely from a myriad potential evolutionary processes to one that is utterly random or chaotic in its operation. The first series is the norm for over 99 per cent of sentient life in your galaxy while the second is in process on fewer than 100 of the planets in your galaxy.

One of these 100 exceptional planets is your own dear Mother Earth. Your Earth is one of the most remarkable planets in the Milky Way Galaxy. It supports practically every form of life found in your galaxy and enjoys one of the most unique combinations of water, land, and sky to be found anywhere.

This magnificent planet is home to a most fascinating situation: the loss and, finally, the regaining of full consciousness by a very special collection of physical Angels. These wondrous Beings originated in all parts of your galaxy. They represent a most marvelous cross-section of sentient physical life forms. The particular life form selected for this 'situation' is called 'Homo Sapiens' or 'Human Beings'. During the past eleven millennia, Human Beings have continuously incarnated into an environment that is detrimental to the overall well being of their planet and, especially, of themselves. You, dear Ones, currently exist in a limited state of consciousness with its associated amnesia. This lamentable condition has robbed you of any recognition of who you really are. In your present condition, you can be easily manipulated. Our divine project is to facilitate your transformation back into your truly spectacular selves. Earth's physical Angels have a very important role to play in this galaxy. They are the

key to a permanent galactic harmony.

Mother Earth's amazing diversity of life is one of the most extensive in the Milky Way Galaxy. Yet, in your present limited consciousness state, you are destroying this most precious jewel. Moreover, in your own misguided way, you are continually replacing natural Earth environments with artificial and highly toxic ones.

Your planetary society is filled with a vast pathology which includes hate, jealousy, avarice, and petty manipulations. Yet, love, compassion, and a general caring for each other and for your planetary biosphere still manage to exist. This paradoxical state of affairs is due to the fact that your general amnesia does have some cracks in it. It is these few 'cracks' that we are employing to assist your rapid restoration to full consciousness.

When we began this chapter of your journey, we discussed the numerous special roles played by physical Angels to maintain their home world, its accompanying solar system, as well as all of physical Creation. In addition, they serve as Heaven's 'wayshowers' by freely giving to Heaven those experiences and the wisdom encountered while in physicality.

In the case of Earth's humans, a most fascinating 'genetic situation' is underway. Remember, dear Ones, you are presently limited conscious Beings still possessing all the accouterments of fully-conscious Beings. These things are just lying about in you in a dormant state. This limited conscious RNA/DNA is being restored by us through a massive and continuous dose of pure, open Love, thereby helping to create a firm compassion in yourselves for your biosphere and your wondrously beautiful planet. This process is likewise causing your amnesia to rapidly dissipate and the truth of this ever-changing situation to become known to all. It permits each of your true Life purposes to be revealed to yourselves and to your society.

While this complex process is underway, another group of very special physical Angels—the Earth's cetaceans—has been filling in for you. These gentle denizens of the Earth's waters have been making use of their vast knowledge of Earth's harmonies. That knowledge has allowed many species of animal and plant life to procreate in either the Northern or the Southern Hemispheres during each Spring season.

This operation is mainly carried out by two cetacean varieties—the

Humpback and the Blue Whale. These gigantic creatures are really quite sentient and are completely committed to protecting the Earth's biosphere. Their firm commitment has led them into contact with humans who have caused the near-extinction of their species.

Cetaceans are highly sentient Beings whose physical origins are quite difficult to trace. In any case, they are now residents of your planet and fully grasp the important role they are currently playing. Cetaceans sincerely understand their special responsibility as mediators between Heaven and Earth. They accept the fact that humans exist in the world in a weird, imbalanced state of reality that threatens their own. They also know that the histories, which they carry with them, are important for a restoration to full consciousness of the planet's other group of physical Angels—Earth's humans.

Currently, you are in the midst of the great changes to which we have alluded. These massive transformations have begun to make humans more aware of their responsibilities to Mother Earth and her biosphere. Nonetheless, your present population has had its concepts of reality shaped by an idea first originated by evolutionary biology depicting Earth as a savage and hostile place.

On the contrary, Earth is a place of exquisite beauty! This beauty has been raped and pillaged again and again by your society's economic and political elites. Planet Earth is alive, and she is a precious Being, a most special life form! She is a living Being who, at this present time, forgives the illusions of her children and seeks to birth them into a better reality.

The current rekindling of this lost love between humans and their precious Mother Earth is a major sign that the veil of amnesia is being lifted. The vehicle by which this is being accomplished is called the science of ecology.

Ecology, dear Ones, is more than just a science. It represents an ardent and compassionate part of your reality. Life is Creation's most valuable possession. You learn about the nature and wonder of physicality from physical life's many forms.

Physicality is a marvelous fantasy! It is shaped by mass will into practically whatever is desired. Those forms favored by the divine plan are the easiest and most appetizing! In spite of this, most of you have con-

sistently chosen those forms or paths which are the most difficult to swallow. At first glance, you seem to be plunging rather willy nilly down a collision course leading to your certain extinction. Yet, you are destined to survive and be restored graciously to your Full Selves!

We need now to take into account the progress of this unprecedented project in consciousness restoration we have been describing to you. It is also necessary for you to gauge the efficacy of Mother Earth's present support system. These two essential operations are intimately connected to each other. Therefore, with an eye toward your intended future reality, let us give you a progress report. As we do, we sincerely request that you envision what is happening on your planet as a marvelous adventure as well as a truly remarkable experience to be enjoyed by all!

Humans on Earth are physical Angels who originated from many places throughout the galaxy. All of you are participating in an amazing scenario that involves your total immersion in limited consciousness. The dark forces brought about this state of affairs over twelve millennia ago with the purpose of enslaving humanity.

Their course of action only partially succeeded. It left you with the ability to be effortlessly returned to full consciousness at the right divine moment. This capacity is part of the co-creative function of physicality. Its purpose is to demonstrate to Heaven the profound resiliency of physical Angels. All through the millennia, it has graced you with many exceptional experiences as well as countless fundamental lessons. The time is rapidly approaching, dear Ones, to release this scenario and manifest a totally new and different reality.

In order to return you to full consciousness, a series of important spiritual intentions has been put forth by one of the highest Councils of Heaven—the Council of Oryon. These intentions currently require pure, balanced, integral thought in order to be manifested in physicality. Pure balanced thought follows intention organically. Intention also leads the local Spiritual Hierarchy to begin to balance your sector of Creation. This process, which the Spiritual Hierarchy guides so lovingly, has created an immense warp in space/time. This warp permits your physical reality to be modified. It opens up co-creative opportunities for the Councils of Galactic Presences. Their intentions allow the pure, balanced thoughts

of Heaven to enter into this realm of physicality.

As these various elements flow into your reality, blessed Hearts, they breach the protocols of the existing limited consciousness scenario. This activity permits a series of amended protocols to be issued. These innovative decrees allow your reality to be vastly altered. Simultaneously, there is established a new timeline for Earth and her most precious charges—humanity. These dynamic forces insert fresh variables into the new reality that can be co-creatively manifested. Ultimately, those procedures necessary to the release of your present limitations are established, and thus, your true and fully-conscious selves can be made manifest. In this way, your future is being altered to place it in alignment with the Creator's divine plan!

As this process occurs, Elementals from the Devic kingdom (with the assistance of your local Spiritual Hierarchy and many Councils of Galactic Presences) have begun to return Earth to its fully-conscious state. The process permits the many Orders of Time Lord to sketch out a timeline more in keeping with the divine plan. This co-creation further accelerates the awakening procedures for Earth's extremely repressed physical Angels. Your expanding consciousness field allows the Galactic Federation of Light to move its personnel into a position to assist Spirit in the completion of its task. This collaborative action leads to further expansion of the consciousness field. In fact, it increases its acceleration by another hundred-fold.

As the consciousness field builds, it expands ever-outward around your beautiful, blue planet. This process, dear Hearts, causes the mutation procedures in your physical bodies to quicken. This divine action in turn releases even more spiritual energy into your reality, leading to a greater 'knowing' by Earth's humanity that their present reality is quickly failing. Your global society needs to be reconstituted shortly. This burgeoning growth in consciousness releases an enormous number of chaotic energies. The purpose of these energies is to emphasize the shortcomings of your current reality. A diverse number of critical viewpoints can now begin to spring forth. They range from a fundamental return to 'traditional values' to expressions of new perceptions about your reality. These viewpoints often clash. In the end, though, they lead to an evolution of conscious-

ness that blends them into a completely new set of societal values. This procedure usually necessitates about a century or two to 'shake-out'. You shall complete it in less than three decades. Remember that these critical moments were seeded in the late 1970s.

You are beginning to fathom your immense spiritual power. As physical Angels, you have the ability to co-create your physical reality. You can oversee the physical and spiritual soundness of your beloved planet and its precious biosphere. The elders and shamans of your indigenous peoples presently fulfill this vital responsibility. Their sacred task is to network with each other and with your global society.

The linking of their tremendous knowledge continues to preserve their cultures and their tribal lands. This sacred operation puts even more information-energy into society's consciousness field. Quite literally, it is jump-starting humanity's 're-membrances' (ancestral memories). This activity is increasing the expansion of the consciousness field, augmenting its potential, by yet another hundred-fold.

In the early 1970s, at the start of your Ascension process, the cetaceans began to use their yearly Earthsong to set up a physical intention. That intention, dear Ones, allows for the divine intervention of Heaven and other enlightened star-nations. In their full consciousness, the cetaceans know that the time has arrived for this holy call. Each species of cetacean has implemented its song as a co-creative part of the divine plan.

This procedure acts as a foundation on which the indigenous elders and shamans base their work. It assists them to bring more of Spirit here. The actions of these two sets of Beings (the cetaceans and the indigenous shamans) are co-creating a new reality for their kin and for your global society. This spiritual underpinning grows enormously as each new part of the Ascension process is implemented! In fact, these developing parts are interconnected, like so many pieces in a jigsaw puzzle.

Dear Hearts, your present reality is quickly eroding. This process is awakening your spiritual self, allowing your subtle or Light Body to integrate itself with your physical body. This union of Spirit and matter brings you into direct contact with your Full Self. It can also permit you to link yourself spiritually with others. The compulsion to do so comes from the very core of your being.

This sacred urge has brought about some magnificent global interactions in your society for Love, harmony and union with your brethren. It is awakening in each of you *your* responsibility to Mother Earth. It is opening you up to great awe and respect for the phenomenal diversity of life collectively participating in Mother Earth's biosphere. This transformation of your consciousness also has a number of other, important ramifications.

First, you are developing the means to look at your planet in entirely new and different ways. They include the perception of Mother Earth as a living Being and the need to view her biosphere as truly very fragile and in need of tremendous nourishment and care. You are becoming 'response-able' and are recognizing the need to provide healing to your Mother—planet Earth. Dear Ones, you finally understand how connected each part of life is to every other.

Every living thing contains within it a part of us. In you dwells a part of every living thing. Without question, this fact validates the beliefs of traditional or indigenous peoples. Moreover, it extends the sanctity of life to all Beings of this most marvelous planet. Mother Earth is an extraordinarily complex organism, and *you* are a major component of her biosphere.

Second, you now have a greater awareness of the Spiritual Hierarchy. Each day, you search for the truth about these heavenly Beings. Lately, many people have been getting in touch with the innate relationship of Spirit to matter. They are seeing that death denotes more than an ending. Death is merely another distinct aspect of your immortal spiritual existence. All facets of your life are interconnected. Within all of you burns a deep desire to perceive the ways in which the spiritual benefits the physical. Spirit becomes a focal point, shining the light on your true 'human being-ness'. It leads, at long last, to your discovery of the role that you are meant to play in the game of life.

Third, your inner process is testament to your changing body. You now feel strongly that something truly grand is underway. You are beginning to realize that modern medicine has little ability to identify your afflictions. You seem to have a mysterious illness, a strange intermittent pain in your organs, perhaps just an odd fatigue or a symptom that doctors are unable to pinpoint.

Still, you intuitively feel that what you are experiencing is absolutely real. You are bewildered and wonder how orthodox medicine can seem so oblivious to your distress. Your concerns lead you to alternative medicine, to the realm of herbs, potions, crystals, and healers. In this alternative world, you discover a whole new paradigm. This breakthrough opens to you an innovative world of healing, empowering thoughts, and ideas.

Fourth, this integration of your mind, body, and Spirit is leading you to discuss 'far out', unorthodox subjects with your friends. Surprisingly, you find yourself debating things that in the past you would otherwise have felt quite strange in discussing. A connection is forming among you and others who have always hesitated to express themselves in this way.

The novel conversations occurring among you are opening up 'new eyes' with which to view your world afresh. Despite initial apprehension, you forge on, ascertaining the truth of your intuition. You and your planet *are* being transformed! You know at last how profound are the deeds of Spirit, yet you still wonder at the extent of such changes in your lifetime.

We have described the manner in which most people discover that something profound is happening. They have also read the works of many of your bestselling authors. This search is about knowing Spirit. We call it the 'quiet evolution of your soul'. This evolutionary process is occurring right now in all cultures and to all people on your planet. The more intuitive ones feel it in their hearts and wonder how to respond to it. The reaction of many of your people is to unwittingly embrace denial. Yet, denial is a gift with the capacity to be transformed, using just a little bit of logic mixed with a great deal of Love. Your planet's society is on a 'quest' for its new identity and for answers to its many heart-felt questions.

As you search, dear Ones, trust in your hearts that you are really and truly physical Angels. Earth's humanity on a deep spiritual level sincerely understands its current plight as well as its true essence. The local Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light are guiding you to discover the ways in which you can assist us. Our sacred purpose is to transform your present limited reality into an illimitable one!

At the heart of this matter lies the task of educating your global populace. This crucial education concerns an awareness of your inherent powers as physical Angels. It will teach you the integral use of these divine gifts

that can and need to be used to liberate humanity from its current limited existence. This procedure is the fulcrum, pivoting Earth's humanity toward their true reality as physical Angels.

We propose a solution: the formation of a global network of Light (linked consciousness). This global network has been established already around key information nodes called Planetary Activation Groups. PAGs are currently operational in many communities throughout your globe. They have a two-fold purpose:

First, PAGs inform their communities about the many spiritual, mental, physical, and emotional transformations now taking place. PAGs function as support groups that assist their communities in mastering (solving) these issues. Second, PAGs connect as many like-minded groups as possible. They inform their linked associates of events, both local and global. This educational process leads to many community projects. The community, in implementing these projects, is guided toward creative, innovative solutions to many problems. (For more information on this particular subject, please see "Selamat Ja!", our handbook on Planetary Activation Groups, in the back of this book.)

As you begin to 're-member' who you are, planetary guardianship becomes one of your major responsibilities. The cetaceans provide a model of guardianship you can benefit from by observing (see FIGURE 19). Through the use of their rituals, their song and their travels (migrations), cetaceans vivify the biosphere. Whale song has been found throughout all the oceans of the world. The actions of whale song are found throughout the skies of the world. Even in the deepest parts of Africa, the Americas, Asia and Europe, the Devas of sky, earth, and water have joyously received the song of the cetaceans. Your world's tribal shamans have full knowledge of its great energies. These wise women and men are well aware that whale song creates necessary, life-sustaining resonance. During every winter in each hemisphere on your planet, the whales' songs bring forth a new and glorious life cycle.

Dear Ones, guardianship is akin to spiritual stewardship. You are the principal element in a huge, cascading chain of life. This chain consists not only of animals and plants but also of rocks, water, and sky. Aspects of the Devic kingdom exist in each one of them. Every constituent of Moth-

The Functions of Planetary Guardians



FIGURE 19: The Functions of Planetary Guardians

er Earth works with every other in a very special way to create the great and continuous cycle of life that surrounds you.

Long ago, the cetaceans and Mother Earth invited you to these shores. The cetaceans recognized your potential to be effective spiritual guardians and have given you a means to become so. More than knowing the importance of the environment, you need to understand the divine guidance of the Spiritual Hierarchy. You might ask how one truly understands and obeys the divine guidance of the Spiritual Hierarchy.

You know this through being open to your inner vision, through practicing positive intentional ritual, and through listening to the intuitive life force that exists within all of you. These are the vital concepts of Love and of the Light. They form the basis for you to begin to comprehend more fully the integral actions required to transform you into skillful stewards of this Earth.

This system, the chain of life, lies at the heart of all events on Mother Earth. You are finally beginning to understand this process. You are presently on the verge of discovering your true purpose here: to complete a sacred triad of spiritual guardianship—cetacean + human + local Spiritual Hierarchy. Your purpose for being on this planet is a divine one!

Cetaceans, humans, and the local Spiritual Hierarchy create a life sphere of elegance and of Light. They bring Earth's energies into focus while adding their own wondrous energies to the mix. Imagine planets as being more than simply three-dimensional objects orbiting a star until the star's cycle of life brings that planet's life to an end. This narrow, purely material perspective is hardly a workable context for a guardian species to embrace. All things in this universe have a specific purpose. You are only just now beginning to understand your true purpose as Human Beings.

Remember that you are spiritual guardians of Light, of Love, and of consciousness. You are physical Angels! Mother Earth stands poised at the threshold of a vast spiritual restoration. It is awakening you to who and what you are. You are the spiritual guardians of this most beautiful blue planet.

You are planetary co-creators with Mother Earth's other guardians, the cetaceans. In stepping into your destined role, you are accomplishing this necessary feat. You are claiming your place in the vast Spiritual Hierarchy—the Orders of Heaven that create, guide, and sustain you. It is our sacred mission to bring these various spiritual ideas and concepts to you, allowing you to be aware of the marvelous processes surrounding and supporting you.

Thank you, Lady Lyra and Lord Metatron, for imparting to us your most marvelous information. Fellow Lights, please look at the forward monitors, and you will see that we are passing over the very edge of physicality! Our subsequent destination will be the headquarters of the Galactic Federation of Light. Hence, we are now headed for the star system of Vega in the Lyran Constellation. We ask that you remain seated during the next series of operational procedures. If you have any questions, post them on your terminal. Our in-flight personnel will gladly provide you with the answers.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: *You have mentioned a divine Being named Lord Metatron. Exact-*

ly what is Lord Metatron's role in the manifestation of physical Creation in this galaxy?

A: Lord Metatron is one of the divine Beings who sit at the base of the Almighty Throne of the Holy Creator. He is responsible for revealing the divine plan that is included in this sixth Creation. The holy Orders of Heaven refer to it in fact as 'Lord Metatron's Creation'. Lord Metatron has issued a number of special decrees concerning the Milky Way Galaxy. These mandates empower our local and galactic heavenly Administrations with extra dispensations of divine Grace and holy Compassion so that they can successfully carry out their aspects of the divine plan.

Q: You have discussed physical Angels. How does their experience empower them to learn from physicality?

A: Each physical lifetime has a specific purpose or objective. In each incarnation, one's soul purpose, experience, and goal are different. Each of your lives permits Heaven to get a 'fix' on how physicality operates. From these experiences, which you and others give to Heaven, the high Councils of Heaven can establish their strategies to carry out the divine plan. In effect, you have become the means for Heaven to understand the workings of that illusory realm called physicality.

Q: How intimate is the relationship between the Councils of Galactic Presences and their charges—physical Angels?

A: Galactic Presences (Ascended Masters) are closely linked to physical Angels and constantly observe them. The many Councils of Galactic Presences evaluate every aspect of physical life. Each Council supports sacred blessings and intentions that are constantly being conveyed to its physical Angels. In addition, many of the Councils welcome as new members those physical Angels whose many lifetimes have been exemplary. This holy procedure ensures both the Councils and those physical Angels a close connection. It also allows their councils' evaluations to remain timely.

Q: Physical Angels are sentient Beings who form galactic societies. What does love and companionship look like in these societies?

A: In galactic societies, the Law of the Two governs these processes. Physical Angels realize that they are a physical embodiment of Love. Sexual procreation is one way in which to express this deep physical Love. Divine companionship assists a physical Angel in achieving her/his life's

objective or purpose.

Love of a special companion (soulmate) can maximize one's fullest potential while in physical incarnation. Bear in mind that during each incarnate lifetime an entire range of fulfillment in physical, spiritual, mental, and emotional experiences is garnered. During each lifetime, physical love, in its highest stages of evolution, assists one in her/his soul growth.

Q: *What is a soulmate?*

A: Soulmates are those people who are your complement. They provide a way to your oneness. In a special way, they guide you to intimate physical and mental growth. On Sirius, a soulmate is called a 'closeness'. The living 'energy being' that you both create is called a 'Shree'.

To help you to better understand this concept, let us explain. There is a primary or main closeness—the soulmate. Late in your adolescence (50s to early 70s), your personal counselor chooses for you a secondary closeness for two purposes.

First, she/he enables you to comprehend the nature of relationships more fully and to learn about the power of sexuality. Second, she/he allows you to prepare for the immense and ever-present challenges and joys that unfold in the Law of the Two. A fundamental book of guidelines and protocols in Sirian culture pertains to a 'closeness' and to your 'primary closeness'.

Q: *Will we keep the partners we have now?*

A: That depends upon the purposes and intentions of the two current partners after they become fully conscious. At that time, they can make agreements with each other concerning the most effective way to fulfill each of their destinies. Then, too, we will have the ability to change and alter our bodies, to rejuvenate ourselves physically, and live longer. We will know at that point if our current partner is in right relationship to our soul purpose. So the question becomes, "Who is the person who can best assist me to achieve my life purpose?"

Q: *Is there anything special that we can do to prepare for this change?*

A: Just go within and trust. As life and information-energies around the planet increase, consciousness rises. You'll begin to more accurately interpret your inner knowledge about everyone and everything. This inner clarity is a precursor to what will happen when the next level (full con-

sciousness) is attained.

People who are healers right now will be the counselors. They are to be trained in facilitating these important procedures. They can then fully utilize the creative healing energies they already generate. Sirians identify the process of sexuality, especially its orgasmic component, as being the 'knowledge section' of soul growth. They feel that the higher levels of the Akashic records are opened to those souls who are able to perform intentional sexual ritual. As soon as the Galactic Federation of Light and Angelic counselors join you, they can provide more counseling on this process.

Q: You mentioned that sexuality is a tool for obtaining special knowledge from the Akashic records. Just how is this done?

A: When two persons who are a 'primary closeness' to each other engage in sexual intimacy, the prime intent is to climax the woman only after they perform a series of long and specific exercises. These exercises accomplish two things.

First, these disciplines merge the life and information-energy fields of the two Beings. At that point, the Beings are enabled to weave a special pattern with their golden crown life energy. They also entwine each other's silvery life energy from their divine source to the very core of their sacred home-worlds.

Second, the energy is used to open a sacred door that lies between the records of Heaven and physicality. These two aspects are accomplished before the woman's climax or multiple orgasms (which last from one-half to over a full hour) begin. At that point, a special harmony, a very specific coherence pattern between the two is attained which causes the entrance to the Akashic to swing open. The couple's special Angelic guardians then lead them onto a sacred path. In this journey, the woman's orgasms are the vehicle (its prime energy body) while the man's are the guide (its navigator and pilot) to the amazing sources of knowledge and wisdom to be found in the Akashic.

Q: How important is sexuality to human galactic society, and is there any specific code to guide its conduct?

A: In human galactic society, sexuality is expressed in an atmosphere of openness, freedom, and playfulness. Most importantly, sexual behavior respects the sovereignty of the individual. Lovemaking is a sacred act.

It is part of a ‘closeness’ expressed mainly with the advice and guidance of assigned counselors. It is designed to assist you in discovering rare and precious knowledge about yourself and about the other.

Moreover, sexuality represents an alchemical process in which spiritual and physical become One. It involves a great number of special rites and prescribed rituals and in all cases is designed to explore a unique set of experiences vital to inner growth. Sexuality provides a potent tool for assisting you to finally appreciate the true nature of physical reality. It bestows another extremely precious gift: the power to bring another soul (your child) into physicality. This ability allows you and other members of your extended pod to guide a Human Being from childhood into adulthood.

Q: You’ve talked about the roles of physical Angels. How can we assist in creating the caliber of society and individuals you have described?

A: We can come together and form the Worldwide Web of Light (network of globally-connected consciousness). Clearly, the formation of Planetary Activation Groups (PAGs) in your local community can be a major determinant in the successful construction of this web of light.

Q: What are Planetary Activation Groups?

A: Planetary Activation Groups (PAGs) consist of people who have come together with the purpose of experiencing the great law of unity we have been discussing. They choose to support each other in increasing individual and group self-esteem. They help each other seek and find personal sovereignty. They learn to network their integral personal truths effectively to the rest of their community.

Planetary Activation Groups assist Mother Earth and her people to reach full consciousness. In addition, PAGs help to create the many consciousness-raising and support centers being set up more and more around the planet. PAGs are the nucleus around which our new galactic society is forming. Another major purpose in forming Planetary Activation Groups is to use their collective energies to co-create this coming new reality. Here, remember, one phrase that easily expresses this: just *do* it! Initially, some can only contribute their talents part-time while others can choose to volunteer more. To develop PAGs successfully, the key is to get started. Make a commitment, then fulfill it and recommit yourself continually!

Make efficacious use of the information that is given to you. Use your own inner guidance. Create your Planetary Activation Groups in Love and Joy! Fill them with that great passion that is inside you. Your purpose is to link your group along with other like-minded groups into a global network of Light! Then use this Light grid of connected consciousness purposefully, and make the new reality more than a mere possibility.

Initially, this system's success requires a firm commitment to link with one another and to support one another. Use the information available through this communication system. Network it to people in your community and help them to understand its vast and powerful implications. Most people deeply desire to be fully supported in the transformation of their consciousness. In the twenty-first century, Human Beings need to learn about and appreciate the powerful influences that these many physical, spiritual, mental, and emotional transformations are having on them. If you need any assistance in organizing Planetary Activation Groups, contact us at our website address <<http://www.paoweb.com>>.

7

THE GALACTIC FEDERATION OF LIGHT

This is Sandara, your main tour guide, speaking.

Our starship is now traveling to the Vega solar system in the constellation of Lyra, the location of the Galactic Federation of Light headquarters. So far, we have observed some of the events occurring in this galaxy and become acquainted with how a galactic society operates. Now, it is time for us to see how various galactic societies come together harmoniously and work toward a common objective.

Our guide for this segment of the journey is Kalestra, the Sirian star-nation's chief representative to the Main Federation Council of the Galactic Federation. We will teleport her aboard just prior to reaching our destination. Before she arrives, let me take some time to brief you about the Galactic Federation of Light, its origins, and its main objectives.

Dear Hearts, we have just learned how Heaven and physicality are organized and, in the process, how Heaven's strategy for manifesting the divine plan is formulated. Let us now examine another important aspect of galactic society—the Galactic Federation of Light. The Galactic Federation has evolved from a special organization that was first created

some 25 million years ago in a region near the current Constellation of Gemini. The divine purpose of this first confederacy, which existed for some twenty million years, was to act as a mediator for the various known forces of Light in the Milky Way Galaxy.

The first galactic wars were fought in a part of your galaxy known to the Sirians as the 'Region of Hadak' which you call the Belt of Orion. Orion was home to one of the first great colonies of the Light in your galaxy and was populated by two groups of physical Angels: the salamander-like Amphibians and the dolphin-like Land Cetaceans. Savage attacks on the Orion colonies by Reptilians and Dinosaurans from the dark empires near the present Constellations of Draco and Cancer forced innumerable colonists to flee their homes. As the settlers retreated to less-populated areas of Orion near the blue star system of Rigel, they learned that other brutal raids were also occurring in this sector of the galaxy.

Creation has provided physicality with myriad lessons and experiences that enable physical Angels to better understand their environment. Thus, the divine plan provides many co-creative opportunities by which physical Creation's potential can unfold. A case in point is the long history of the many galactic wars. When the wars first began, both Lord Michael and Anchara prophesied that the divine plan would use the galactic wars as a way to teach the Light about the dark as well as a means of moving the dark forces of Anchara toward the Light.

These seemingly endless wars allowed the dark to move out of the shadow world that, through its tricks, guile, and deceit, had acted as a mirror image to the Light. The dark leads the Light into a mighty struggle within itself, producing creative solutions that can free the dark from its shadowy existence.

Beyond any doubt, this process proclaims that the dark possesses its own unique Light. The Light of the physical dark forces merges instinctively with that of the physical Light forces, transmuting the dark and strengthening the Light by uniting in harmony with it. This process allows dark to perceive Light in a new way, while the Light discerns that the dark is vital to its own transformation. Their eventual union emerges out of the initial conflict of Light as it enters the illusory physical realm of the dark.

Now, to continue our discussion, let me present Kalestra, our most illustrious Galactic Federation Ambassador from Sirius. She has arrived somewhat earlier than we had expected.

Thank you, Sandara!

I shall begin my contribution to your tour by stating that, because of events presently happening in your solar system, the Galactic Federation has undergone an immense transformation in the last few years. We applaud your progress and look forward in the very near future to Earth's membership in the Galactic Federation of Light. I see that you have already begun to review our organization's history and purposes. Let me continue.

The lessons and experiences of the dark gradually expand the Light's wisdom, giving Light compassion to understand the dark's ability to distort the truth. Keep in mind that the dark is an illusory molasses that feels almost real. It is the ultimate creation of the mirror world of illusions called physicality which teaches new experiences and vital lessons that can reveal the divine plan for physical existence. These dark masters' teachings allow the Light to bring its co-creative abilities into physicality and to test them under the most adverse conditions.

Dear Ones, Spirit represents the eternal wisdom of divine Love and, under the direction of the divine plan, has allowed physical reality to come into existence. Physical existence is a terrain filled with extraordinary possibilities and conditions not found in the endless worlds of Spirit. In this phenomenal Creation are elements that can shape Spirit anew. Yet, the realm of the physical is ever filled with novel rules of engagement and with new disciplines that are part of physicality's wisdom. Spirit came into this realm first to form it and then to give it life. Later, the forces of Light arrived to learn from it and, empowered by this knowledge, are transforming Heaven itself.

These important facts lead us back to the galactic wars which permitted the forces of the Light to genuinely learn about physicality and taught the forces of the dark about the Light. Eventually, these wars permitted the great merging we have been discussing. The final steps of this consolidation involve your planet and your solar system. Therefore, let us re-examine these wars and gain a clearer understanding of the past as well as of the present.

During the first twenty million years of the great galactic conflict, the legions of the Light and the forces of the dark moved around the galaxy as if they were playing at a gigantic game of musical chairs. The forces of the Light soon learned that most of the dark, sentient creatures they encountered had only an advanced form of limited consciousness and lacked a true, functional Light Body.

Nonetheless, they were extremely tenacious and totally committed to their physical creator Being, Anchara, who ruthlessly demanded nothing less than total conquest of the entire galaxy. During the initial five million years of war, the dark forces carried out a massive series of attacks that put most of the galaxy within their domain. But, while the children of Anchara were great warriors, they were extremely poor empire builders.

Within the many worlds and star systems conquered by the dark Ancharans were other advanced limited consciousness Beings who supported the Light and were dedicated to fighting the forces of the dark. With skill and determination, they struggled against the dark Ancharans both on their sacred lands and on their home-worlds.

The rebel opposition fought valiantly against the growing empires of Anchara. Gradually, they liberated many star systems, only to encounter more battles, more broken treaties, and more suspicions between the two forces. At that time, the legions of Light, eternal and very ethereal in form, witnessed the events and solemnly asked the Lords of Light about these strange occurrences and how to respond to them.

The Lords of Light informed their physical Angels that this aspect of physicality was filled with great brutality and controlled by the various 'mirror' rules of the dark ones. The dark Beings are Heavenly entities that Lord Michael, under the strict guidance of Lord Kuwea and Lord Surea, had cast into physicality to formulate an opposition to Heaven in these illusory realms.

This shadow of the physical Light is the great force that Light is meant to transform. Conquest is equally an illusion. How does one conquer when one can only merge with and transform another? With this great wisdom in hand, the legions of Light gazed upon this galaxy anew. They notified Heaven of their intention that a fully transformed physicality was to be manifested as decreed by the Creator's divine plan.

The Light's plan for a newly merged physicality proved to be more challenging than first expected. Important lessons needed still to be learned and new wisdoms about physicality to be taught.

Over the next fifteen million years, the legions of Light took their places on many home-worlds in a great number of solar systems. Eventually, the forces of the dark Ancharans attacked these home-worlds. Their first direct encounters led the forces of Light to analyze how this galaxy, dominated by the dark, operated. Moreover, they wondered how they would successfully create a Light capable of transforming the dark and always marveled at this galaxy's many peculiarities.

The Light's first solution was to teach the ways of Heaven to all who desired. This led them into an alliance with rebel forces opposed to the Ancharans and their many dark empires. This association raised additional questions. How could the forces of Light best adapt to their current situation and how should they use the information given them by their new rebel allies? Out of these questions emerged a novel series of tactics.

Then as the legions of Light became more involved in this conflict, they made themselves physically resemble their allies until the Ancharans were unable to distinguish them from those they were already fighting. For the first time, the legions of Light were exposed to the cruel, blood-thirsty activities of the dark. Suddenly, high Light Beings were laid open to a reality filled with the horrifying, shadow illusions of the dark. This process taught them valuable lessons and showed how astonishing the experiences of physicality could be.

Brutalized as they were, the Beings of Light sent mercy and its sacred corollary, grace, into this dark realm of Creation. These twin progeny of divine Love began to push Light into the dark inner perceptions of the children of Anchara. The process still required a long while to take hold but take hold it eventually did!

About five million years ago, those divine thoughts of mercy and grace began to manifest a new and wide-ranging set of allies who banded together under the banner of the Light. The main concern of the forces of Light remained the fulfillment of both the prophecy of Lord Michael and the decrees of their holy mentor, Lord Metatron.

Definite skirmish lines had been established in this sector of the galaxy

which held for over 1.4 million years. The war had evolved into a test of its opponents' inner fortitude. Each side was waiting for the moment when a series of decisive battles would turn the war in its favor after which a truce could be struck and another treaty negotiated.

Finally that moment was reached. Some new elements were introduced into the conflict. One of those was a strong recognition of the need for both sides to create a new type of galactic organization—in our case, the Galactic Federation of Light. Dear Ones, let us look closely at how the Galactic Federation was created. It is, indeed, an extraordinary tale!

At that time, from both this and other dimensions, many galaxies began to send emissaries to your own galaxy. They observed the developments and asked the members of the original star organization (the Alliance of the Legions of the Light) if they wished to form a new confederation that would include them as its advisors and technical experts. The main concern of these Light Beings was to maintain the original, sacred intentions of the Light, founded in the Creator's Love, grace, and everlasting compassion, from which could be manifested the pure, balanced thoughts of the divine.

The Galactic Federation of Light was founded about four million years ago. Originally, it was called the Intergalactic Federation of Light and had a membership of 11,000. However, because the term 'intergalactic' had already been used, its official name became the Galactic Federation of Light. The Galactic Federation is an organic union of freely associated star-nations and intergalactic emissaries and includes an impressive spiritual liaison mission formed by these various intergalactic emissaries. They have all joined together to create a natural network, enabling Light to flow in all its magnificence into the Milky Way Galaxy.

Gradually, the intention to bring Light into the darkness of your galaxy was manifesting. Yet, at the time, the dark was still in the midst of its extensive attacks against the Light. For example, Light colonies in the Constellation of Orion were constantly overrun. Orion became the focus of numerous raids into the territory of the fledgling Galactic Federation of Light. These ongoing, sporadic raids remained a sore spot for the next four million years.

With the Light of the Creator now fully anchored in our war-torn

galaxy, Heaven began to manifest a new vision. It included many modified timelines agreed to by the local Orders of Time Lord and some recent genetic development.

Generations of mutational Beings were born into the star-nation societies of the Alliance of Anchara. Because these Beings had the beginnings of Light Bodies, many orders of Anchara's priestesses began to see them as special prophets. Their unique insights provided new twists on the dark Ancharan prophecies. Three and one-half million years ago, their interpretations became an addendum to the holy books of Anchara. Recently, they formed one of the foundations for permanent peace in the Milky Way Galaxy.

This complicated history has been explained previously by your main guide, Sandara (see CHAPTER TWO). Having touched upon the Galactic Federation's origins, I intend to spend the rest of our tour in observing how the Galactic Federation of Light actually functions. To start this exploration, let us look at what this organization represents and then slowly review how it has been able to expand throughout this Milky Way Galaxy and beyond.

The Galactic Federation of Light considers itself a celestial union of sentient and harmonious star civilizations. These star societies search constantly for star-nations ready and able to join them. They contact any planet or series of planets in any star system that attains certain prescribed levels of consciousness and advanced technology.

Preceding actual first contact, a complete scientific evaluation is performed, covering a broad range of information about the potential member and containing an in-depth report on the nature of its consciousness fields and its ongoing dynamics. The star-nation's technology and its society's collective vision are also thoroughly reviewed. Earth has been in the midst of an extensive scientific assessment since 1991–92. This extensive assessment is being implemented for two primary purposes.

First, it is important for us to know everything about your global society. We need to be fully aware of your progress and of where you are in your evolution toward full consciousness.

Secondly, dear Ones, the success of the Galactic Federation's first contact mission to your solar system requires that Mother Earth and her vital

biosphere be fully restored to their pristine condition. This complex procedure necessitates a total work-up by Galactic Federation planetary scientists.

These complicated studies include several important environmental considerations that allow our Galactic Federation scientific evaluation teams to assess the improvements and/or alterations needed to completely restore your present environment. These procedures can fully return Earth to the pristine condition in which she would be, had your global society not created its present, ever-expanding ecological disaster.

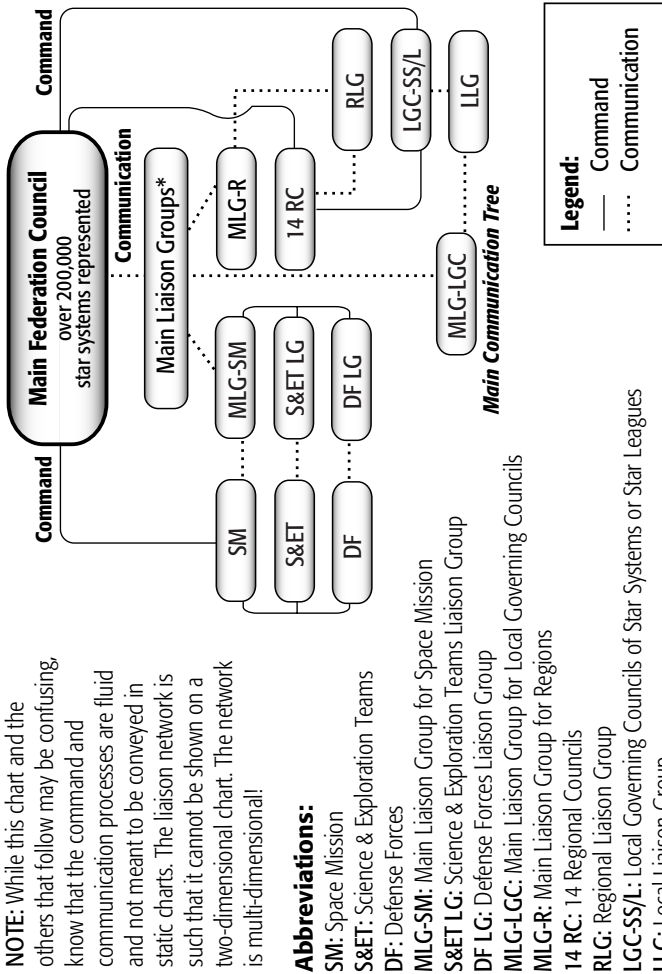
As part of these intricate procedures, the Galactic Federation has assigned to these scientific missions a great number of specially equipped ships which constantly monitor and adjust your beautiful blue planet. The first part of these complex procedures involves setting the anchor nodes for your soon-to-be upper firmament and slowing the massive melting of your northern and southern polar ice caps.

Another part of this assessment involves collecting samples of all plants and animals that have existed in your biosphere. Mother Earth's lower subtle bodies contain holographic records of these entities for future reference. We consult with the local Spiritual Hierarchy and determine what plants and animals are eventually to be restored to Earth's newly pristine surroundings. In addition, climates, atmosphere, location of continents and islands, and future sea levels are decided upon after many consultations with your local Spiritual Hierarchy.

These procedures include the designing of future residences for those physical Angels who are to inhabit and maintain Mother Earth as well as the entire solar system. Many inner planets are to be re-colonized after they are returned to their pristine conditions. Accordingly, we have established various subterranean cities and related habitats for Earth's newest stewards.

In carrying out these detailed evaluations, we have had the opportunity to work closely with your magnificent sets of planetary, lunar, and solar Devas. These wondrous entities of the Light have given us specific parameters regarding the location and depth of the required facilities. They have also advised us where and how to construct future temple sites. These sites are to be used for the major group rituals that are vital to adjust your planet's ever-changing consciousness fields. This series of surface con-

Command and Communication Pathways Within the Galactic Federation



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FIGURE 20: Command and Communication Structures

structions will take place after your present physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual integrations are completed.

As noted, the Galactic Federation of Light is in the process of preparing a first contact mission for your world. This mission opens your society up to the innumerable wonders and opportunities offered by being a part of a vast, free association of over 400,000 star-nations. When your first contact mission finally transpires, any speculations that you may still

have about us will quickly vanish!

One of the tasks assigned to the Galactic Federation of Light is to establish within your society's consciousness field an extremely deep Love and an all-encompassing Light for the myriad sentient Beings in this galaxy and for the flora and fauna on your precious planet. In this way, you can begin first to experience and later to establish your new galactic society. Your wondrous galactic civilization is to be created as soon as the Galactic Federation and the Spiritual Hierarchy can complete all the many phases necessary for a successful first contact.

The Galactic Federation is quite complex in its organization. Because its entire structure is based on Fluid Group Dynamics™, it is therefore organic and continually self-organizing. Dear Ones, let us scrutinize its three major components.

The first operational section of our organization is its space mission. This aspect consists for the most part of numerous exploration and defense fleets which are generously provided by the Galactic Federation of Light's member star-nations.

The second section is its liaison division. This body consists of an assemblage of special teams, boards, and groups responsible for maintaining adequate communication and mediation throughout all regions of the Galactic Federation of Light.

The third section involves our many inter-divisional governing forums which are subdivided into star-nation and Regional Governing Councils (see FIGURE 20).

We will begin our survey of these three operational sections by familiarizing you with the space mission. It consists of two distinct yet connected parts. They are linked by the mutual necessity of maintaining a close relationship among all the Galactic Federation fleets. Each fleet is maintained by a specific star-nation and is assigned its command through the various Regional Governing Councils.

Each of these Councils is in charge of contacting any potential Galactic Federation member who resides in its region. In addition, special fleets composed of ships from many regions of the Galactic Federation are assigned to search areas not yet explored. This command structure is called the Science and Exploration (S&E) Teams. Their purpose

is primarily threefold.

First, the Galactic Federation of Light feels that the essential task of sending Light and Love across the galaxy requires a precise type of information. This knowledge is gathered by measuring how the Light of Creation (consciousness in its two forms—life energy and information-energy) flows throughout the galaxy.

Therefore, the goal of the Galactic Federation scientists is to understand the distribution and utilization of this flow of consciousness in your galaxy.

The S&E Teams evaluate a star system's level of consciousness. Their fleets ascertain whether a prospective member meets the levels of technology required to become eligible for Galactic Federation of Light membership. These studies permit S&E Teams to make specific recommendations to the appropriate Galactic Federation Regional Governing Council. The council reports the exact status of any designated star system or planet. It also determines if a first contact mission is timely.

Second, there is the need to explore various new regions of the galaxy. Explorations check on the progress of the many neutral star-nations. These star-nations consist of five major societal types: primitive, medium, advanced, neutral, and eligible.

The first type consists of primitive planets that either lack space travel capability and/or are still in a warring state.

The second is comprised of planets having a medium-level of technology that have already begun to unite the various parts of their star-nation.

The third has achieved the unity of its solar system yet is quite ignorant of other stellar organizations such as the Galactic Federation of Light.

The fourth is a true neutral star-nation and has little desire for membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

The fifth, however, does show interest. So when an S&E Team enters the selected region, it thoroughly assesses this as well as other viable star-nations. The S&E Team then reports its findings to the appropriate Galactic Federation Regional Governing Council.

Third, the prime science directive of the Galactic Federation leads the S&E Teams to search the biospheres of all uninhabited solar systems

in this galaxy. Their main purpose is to carefully catalogue these systems. Such new observations are considered vitally important to any S&E Team's mission. These studies can discover how a star system's local Spiritual Hierarchy choreographs the evolutionary pattern of the solar system under their divine jurisdiction.

A major area of interest involves whether or not the local Spiritual Hierarchy desires a certain species of physical Angel to be introduced into their star system as its primary guardian or caretaker. If not, the S&E Team determines which special life form is evolving into this most important role. The S&E Team also asks the local Spiritual Hierarchy if it needs any assistance to carry out its sacred tasks. S&E Teams deeply desire to facilitate the actualization of this facet of the divine plan.

Once these specific questions have been answered, the S&E Team's requisite studies are complete. Then they move on to the next star system. Star system reports are presented to the nearest Regional Governing Council and to the Central Liaison Board.

Special Galactic Federation defense forces accompany S&E fleets at all times. In this regard, a critical point needs to be made. S&E fleets always control the defense forces that are assigned to them. Long ago, during our galactic wars, many S&E liaison teams discovered that difficulties occurred when the military arm is given complete control. Accordingly, it is general operational policy to keep the command of any S&E Defense Force well within the science arm of the fleet.

The main function of the S&E Defense Force is to protect the Galactic Federation from attack. Previously, whenever the Galactic Federation of Light's S&E fleets ventured into new galactic sectors, they were under constant surveillance by the forces of the Alliance of Anchara. The Alliance was completely opposed to any expansion of Federation territory or the addition of new Galactic Federation members.

Until recently, the many Alliance fleets attempted to sabotage or attack any Galactic Federation science mission. Therefore, the Galactic Federation saw fit to add to all S&E fleets a defense force of sufficient strength to protect them from these probable attacks. This precautionary measure was formally ended with the signing of the sacred Treaty of Anchara just as 1995 began.

Galactic Federation's Liaison Communication System

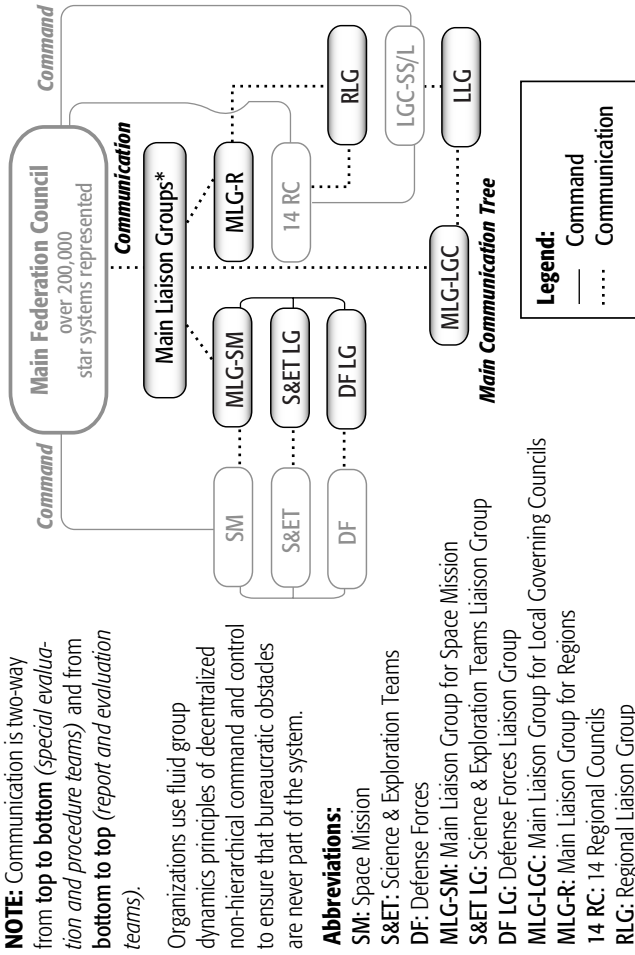


FIGURE 21: Fleet Liaison Structures

Another part of the Galactic Federation fleets consists of various liaison teams or groups (see FIGURE 21). Liaison is considered an enormously important function in the Galactic Federation. Since we employ Fluid Group Dynamics™, it becomes the responsibility of all liaison to inform all parties in their communication and information loops about what is happening in their environment. This supports the opening of mediation and can alleviate any potential dispute.

The liaison teams' main purpose is to mediate and to communicate. They are the networkers—the disseminators of essential information—for all divisions of the Galactic Federation. Their precise information allows fleet commanders and their staffs to make highly informed decisions. The Galactic Federation realizes that liaison is a critical factor in the accomplishment of its mission.

The ability to make fully informed choices assures the Galactic Federation's existence as a viable entity (SEE FIGURE 22). The liaisons' functions mirror those of the counselors who are also an integral part of galactic society. Both supply the wisdom necessary to ensure that the Galactic Federation of Light and all its components operate at maximum efficiency.

Liaison teams exist at all levels up to the Main Federation Council. Major duties of liaison groups include creating and managing networks of communication as well as disseminating vital information to all Galactic Federation Fleets and allied agencies concerning a local star-nation's cultural nuances, providing command directives, and assigning mission responsibilities. These are done in the form of various reports or simply given as useful operational advice. These communications flow constantly in two directions.

First, there are the miscellaneous reports and commands sent down to the S&E fleets from the Regional Councils and the main Liaison Board at Galactic Federation Headquarters. These communiqués provide an environment in which the many S&E fleets can exchange intelligence.

Second, there are the various types of feedback sent up from the S&E fleets to the numerous Galactic Federation command centers. These succinct reports describe events clearly. They permit the various liaison teams when necessary to quickly adjust their prior advice and reports to the fleets. In this way, the fleet's command structure is instantaneously aware of all current situations.

These liaison groups work as a natural network, employing rapid and organic responses in any situation. Each aspect of their many functions intermeshes easily with every other. Operating according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™, they can swiftly realign how they relate to each other. This fluidity permits all liaison teams, either temporarily or as required, to support one specific team or even suddenly to find themselves

Galactic Federation's Liaison Group Command and Control System

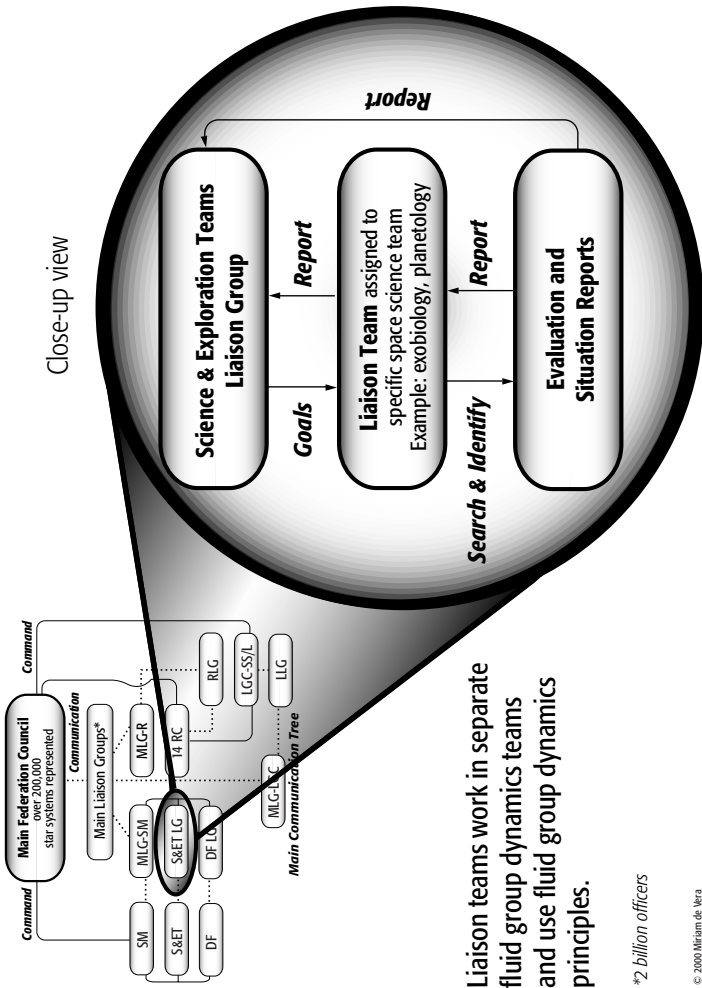


FIGURE 22: Liaison Group Command and Control System

perfectly at ease in leadership roles.

This constant exchange of vital information is choreographed like a well-rehearsed ballet. A fully-conscious dynamic exists that contributes greatly to this particular process. Full clarification, as well as total comprehension of all possible perceptions, is the norm. Once the previous point is completed, the process naturally flows to the next. Every stage in this cycle is known to every element that is a part of it.

The organic actions of these many multi-leveled liaison groups are essential to the continued operation of the Galactic Federation of Light. Flowing naturally from the organic network forged by the liaison organization is a series of intricately linked governing networks. These networks create what the Galactic Federation calls inter-divisional forums which basically exist on three levels (see FIGURE 23). First, there is the highest level—the Main Federation Council itself. This immense forum is located in the Vega star-nation which is part of the Constellation of Lyra. It meets only when highly important matters need to be discussed. For the most part, Regional Councils oversee Galactic Federation business.

Second are the aforementioned Regional Governing Councils of which there are now twenty-four in Galactic Federation of Light space. Your local administrative body will be the Sirian Regional Governing Council.

Third are the many consolidated star-nations or star leagues which serve as an amalgamated foundation for the numerous Regional and Main Federation Councils. When you create your own governing council for Earth, it will represent you in the Galactic Federation.

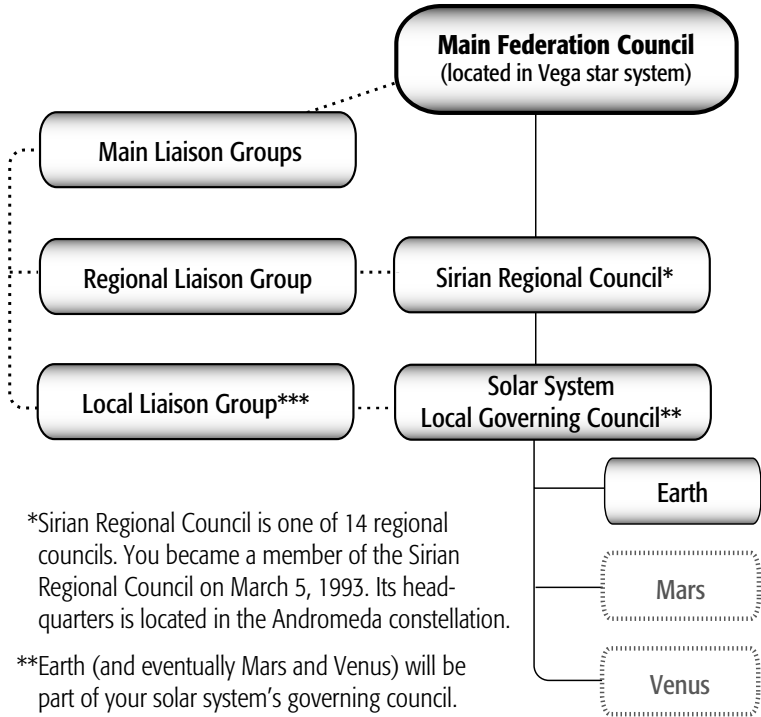
As you can see, the regional governing council is of prime importance to you. Let us examine these regional governing councils and observe how they operate.

Regional governing councils act primarily as assemblies to hear various levels of Galactic Federation business. They help set basic policy in their particular region and sometimes act as a court-of-last-resort for any unresolved difficulties between star-nations or star leagues.

Clearly, regional governing groups work in many ways to assist the Galactic Federation of Light in accommodating its members. The 24 Regional Governing Councils are gathering places where members can come together and nurture a powerful camaraderie. Regional governing councils are also sacred places where cross-cultural ceremonies can be performed.

Additionally, regional councils serve proudly as the focal point for various intercultural exchanges. They encourage the region's star-nation members to promote deeper mutual understanding. In this regard, these councils frequently act to provide necessary ground rules for the many

Earth's Relationship to Three Levels of Galactic Federation Councils



*Sirian Regional Council is one of 14 regional councils. You became a member of the Sirian Regional Council on March 5, 1993. Its headquarters is located in the Andromeda constellation.

**Earth (and eventually Mars and Venus) will be part of your solar system's governing council.

***Local Liaison Group acts as information network between governing councils and the main liaison groups.

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FIGURE 23: The Three Levels of Galactic Federation Councils

technological and intellectual property exchanges between their diverse regional members. This leads us to the core of Galactic Federation membership—the myriad star-nations and star leagues.

As noted, numerous star-nation ruling councils exist within all Galactic Federation governing regions. They consist of two distinct types.

The main operating structure is the star-nation governing council which includes over 86 per cent of all members of the Galactic Federation of Light.

A second form is a coalition of individual star-nation governing

councils. They have come together for a variety of reasons to create what the Galactic Federation calls a Star League. Star Leagues usually consist of the governing councils of two, three, or even five star-nations. On very rare occasions, however, they can include up to twenty. The largest coalition of your Sirian Regional Council is the Pleiadean Star League. It contains the governing councils of 50 star-nations and, shortly, is to increase its membership to over 150 members.

Around and through the multiple levels of governance are woven several tiers of corresponding liaison groups. As in the case of the Main Federation Council, these groups support the continual interaction of the Galactic Federation's member star-nations. The Galactic Federation of Light is essentially a free association that desires each member to feel that its presence is of value.

To summarize: through its various regional councils and numerous liaison teams and boards, the Galactic Federation of Light has refined a system that consolidates a highly diverse group of planets, star-nations, and Star Leagues into a united and broad-based coalition.

In addition to these administrative levels are the various space missions that provide critical reports on events in the galaxy. The Galactic Federation of Light fully recognizes the tremendous importance of space exploration. Most significantly, they incorporate the work of special science and cultural teams to facilitate any potential first contact mission.

The ever-growing membership of the Galactic Federation of Light is one method by which Creation has chosen to spread its Light and Love throughout this galaxy. It signifies the wonder and grace of the divine plan of Creation and the remarkably elegant ways in which its revelation unfolds.

As you become more aware of us, your galactic kin, you begin to realize the tremendous diversity of life forms that exists in this extraordinary and magnificent galaxy. You will learn how each one of us, each star-nation member of the Galactic Federation of Light, contributes to that infinite diversity. The Galactic Federation of Light is becoming the great 'melting pot' for this Milky Way Galaxy. This sacred process creates an outstanding forum in which the multiform voices of this galaxy can be formally acknowledged and fully heard.

Thank you very much, Kalestra!

We appreciate all the wonderful information you have given us. The mission of the Galactic Federation of Light in this galaxy is unprecedented. Part of its preordained mission is the imminent first contact with the people of Earth. After answering some questions, we propose to take a closer look at this coming first contact.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: How are the various regional governing councils of the Galactic Federation connected?

A: Regional governing councils are connected through various levels of liaison boards or teams which link together every council in the Galactic Federation all the way up to the Main Federation Council. All types of communication are processed by council liaisons. They move reports quickly through the communication system, giving feedback to all other regional governing councils as necessary or upon request. This process is based on the tenet that all member star-nations of the regional governing councils are mutually heard and nurtured.

Q: How do they manage a crisis?

A: In an emergency or crisis situation, the relevant liaison teams or boards work clearly and effectively to ensure that all levels of the Galactic Federation are kept fully informed. The communication system is structured for immediate feedback. It is organic and designed to flow to where it is most needed. All responses (feedback) are instantaneous. All queries are organically analyzed and fed into the system. In this way, potential 'hot spots' are immediately addressed and creative solutions are swiftly implemented.

Q: Are new members being added all the time?

A: Yes. There are two important sources of new members. First are the former Alliance members admitted as part of the provisions of the treaty of Anchara. Second, several neutral star-nations and many evolving ones are now requesting membership in the Galactic Federation of Light. These events have occurred due to great changes in the Milky Way Galaxy during the last few Earth solar years.

The number of new Galactic Federation members, increasing at an amazing rate, is considered almost miraculous! There is a growing belief

that, before the middle of this Earth century, all the inhabited portions of the galaxy will officially become part of the Galactic Federation. The prophecy that predicted the formation of the Galactic Federation of Light seems to be coming to pass. It stated, "Before the Galactic Federation is dispersed, it will unite all the fully sentient societies of this galaxy in one grand union of Light."

Q: What is required to obtain membership in the Galactic Federation of Light?

A: There are three main requirements:

First, that your solar system be unified in purpose. All planets and components of your solar system capable of sustaining sentient life must freely choose to create their own star-nation.

Second, that this unified, purposeful society be one in the Light. Such a star-nation is following the guidance of its local Spiritual Hierarchy and is in complete alignment with all spiritual and physical elements existing in its solar system.

Finally, that potential members possess a technology proving they are prepared to engage in inter-stellar travel.

These factors are the only prerequisites to obtaining an invitation to become a member of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Q: Does membership in the Galactic Federation of Light reflect the degree of unification that we, ourselves, as a population on this planet, have achieved?

A: Yes. That is correct. At the moment, your global society is moving through its Ascension process. The completion of this process results in the need to create a galactic society that is bathed in the Light of Creation. It is in agreement with the Spiritual Hierarchies of your entire solar system and the divine plan. As a result of this holy plan, you are destined to become full members of the Galactic Federation of Light. When the Galactic Federation achieves first contact, you are to be instructed on how to create a governing council for this planet. Eventually, this governing council is to be expanded to include your solar system.

Q: Does a special relationship exist between the Christ consciousness Light of Creation and the Sirius star-nation?

A: Yes. As a matter of fact, the Christ consciousness or Light of Creation

(the great Blue Light of Creation) enters this Milky Way Galaxy through a primary stargate in the Sirius star-nation. It is called the Sirian Regional Federation Council because of this very sacred stargate. The Sirians are major players in this regional council. Sirius is considered to be one of the most spiritual star-nations in the entire Galactic Federation of Light. Its powerful rituals are continually requested by many of the star-nations throughout this galaxy.

Q: You have mentioned the Sirian star-nation. Is it true that the Galactic Federation of Light has transferred jurisdiction for planet Earth from the Pleiadean Star League to the Sirian star-nation?

A: Yes. Transfer of authority was formalized on 1 Muluc, 12 Kankin, 2 Caban (April 24, 1994). The Galactic Federation of Light informed all concerned that the previous karma of limited consciousness (which the destruction of Lemuria and the fall of Atlantis had created) was coming to an end. That grand experiment in genetic engineering had run its course and transformation to full consciousness was in order.

Originally, the Sirian star-nation was given full authority over the human colonization of planet Earth and of the Mother Empire of Lemuria. The advent of a new galactic society marks the return of those Lemurian energies to your world. Consequently, the symbolic transfer of authority to the Sirian Governing Council demonstrated the Galactic Federation of Light's total commitment to restore your planet and its human society to its full consciousness potential.

Q: What role will the Pleiadean Star League play in the Sirian influence over planet Earth and the entire solar system?

A: The Pleiadeans have anchored many souls on your beloved planet whose primary life purpose is to prepare people for galactic society. Many of these souls will become counselors in the new galactic society. At this time, Pleiadean society fully acknowledges that it is no longer a frontier galactic society. It is transforming its structure from that of a highly ordered patriarchy to a more typical galactic society model—one that is open, flowing, nurturing, and matriarchal.

From its inception, Mother Earth has been a showcase planet—a grand experiment. Many divine prophecies clearly state that when Earth's human society returns to full consciousness, it will act as a seed crystal

for the entire galaxy to go to the Light. This will mark the divine right moment for the whole galaxy to be raised up into the higher dimensions of this sixth Creation.

A series of divine events is bringing about a massive alteration that is more than a mere perceptual change in your reality. These events are also completely transforming this galaxy's reality. Your metamorphosis, which is microcosmic in scale, is permitting a similar harmonic to develop on the macrocosmic, galactic scale

Q: Why is this planet special?

A: This is a showcase planet! Its endless varieties of life forms, its unusual energy—the whole gestalt (what this planet and star system represent)—make it truly unique. The Galactic Federation's advisors have revealed the startling fact that only approximately 100 examples of this type of star system exist in the entire galaxy! All the other showcase planets lacked some vital quality that kept them from being chosen as the planet mentioned in divine prophecy. Among them, Earth is the only one that truly possesses all the requirements to be the great harbinger of change in this galaxy. That is why so much energy has been focused upon it over the last million solar years of Earth's history.

Q: What makes Earth so different from the other 100 showcase planets that you mentioned?

A: Earth is unique among all of the showcase planets because of the numerous prophecies that Reptilian and Dinosaurian groups as well as other forms of sentient life have made. These prophecies have spoken of your solar system—with its change back into full consciousness—as *the* symbol for the return of Light to this entire galaxy. They all feel quite strongly that the unprecedented level of change on Mother Earth (as it is now occurring) is of great import.

This transformation signifies that the divine right time has finally arrived for all sentient societies to re-evaluate and drastically alter their way of being, their civilization, and their value system. That is exactly what has been happening in this galaxy! That is why, in the last few years (from around 1988 until now) membership in the Galactic Federation of Light has increased so exponentially that it is almost beyond belief!

Former Alliance members are joining the Galactic Federation of Light

precisely because of the transformation now occurring on your planet. When Mother Earth's human society accomplishes its shift, Earth will become a major showcase for consciousness, for Light, and for divine service throughout the entire galaxy. Thereafter, you will be visited by star-nations from the farthest regions of this galaxy! They desire to come here, see your world, experience it, be a part of it, and then return to their home-worlds and share their knowledge about it. They will be able to tell their various stellar societies that a truly unprecedented and wondrous shift in consciousness, has *indeed* transpired on planet Earth!!!

This is the reason your planet is so unique, so different, and of such vast consequence! It is why the Galactic Federation of Light is allocating such an extensive number of personnel and other resources to bring forth this consciousness shift in perfect divine timing.

Highly sentient, inter-dimensional Beings are also being drawn to your planet. The entire solar system is being prepared on *all* dimensional levels for this long prophesied, monumental shift of physical Creation. Accordingly, it is *the* final event before this epic, cosmic drama is successfully completed.

Q: What elements are yet to be fulfilled in order that this long-prophesied completion may occur?

A: Three elements remain: the first requires moving your society to the brink of full consciousness. This divine act simply means that you are prepared for the consequences of full consciousness. The second element is your first contact. Here all of the final preparations that will permit you to rapidly assimilate full consciousness can be carried out. The last aspect entails that *you* (fulfilling the requirements of the celestial prophecies) act to form a governing council, join the Galactic Federation of Light, and show Creation the signs that it needs in order to complete the divine plan. This leads us into a discussion of your first contact, the reasons for it, and how it is to come about.

8

WHY A FIRST CONTACT?

Hello! This is your main tour guide, Sandara.

We come now to the crux of your adventure—first contact. For what purpose, you may well ask, do we in the Galactic Federation of Light travel here from afar? Why are we so deeply committed to assist you in your massive shift in consciousness? The answers to these questions are found within your heart. Right now, you are in the midst of rediscovering your Full Self—a wondrous, fully-conscious Being, capable of easily using many amazing abilities such as telepathy, telekinesis, clairaudience, clairvoyance, etc.

These psychic abilities are the innate possessions of every fully-sentient human. With the Creator's blessings, you are beginning to enter a new and wondrous era during which you will become one with the Light. You will meet your celestial kin—the Spiritual Hierarchy—as well as your space kin—the Galactic Federation of Light. You will also join your planet's cetaceans and become stewards of your beloved Mother Earth and your solar system.

To guide you through this mini-tour relating to your coming first

contact, it is my distinct privilege to once again introduce Washta, a renowned Galactic Presence as well as an honored representative of his Sirian people. Washta has joined us to divulge a wealth of valuable information concerning the next steps in your impending grand adventure. He is here as an official spokesperson for both the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light. With pleasure, I turn this part of your tour over to him.

I thank you, Sandara, for your very fine introduction!

Dearest Children of the Light, as fully-conscious Beings, you are about to inherit brilliant new concepts of governance, of relating to one another, of society, and of all Life. With these remarkable changes, you can also be introduced to astounding new technologies based upon 'spiritual' science. In short, a perfect, new solar system, planet, and humanity are about to emerge among you!

This approaching era closely resembles the one you created long ago in Lemuria. It is the Galactic Federation of Light's great honor to have been given divine permission by the Spiritual Hierarchy to work openly with you. It is our privilege to be allowed to smooth the transition into your coming golden age. By your own continuing efforts, you have made any rescue mission of ours quite unnecessary. We offer merely a most blessed assistance project—a divine intervention into your present circumstances.

These facts lead us back to our main objective. Because of what you are experiencing, we in the Galactic Federation of Light are on the verge of a first contact with your global society. This thrilling operation is part of the sacred prophecies of the Lords of Light. It also enables your solar system, finally, to take its rightful place in the Galactic Federation of Light. At some time in the very near future, when you are a true galactic society, you can share your growing, unique knowledge with other sentient Beings in many distant star systems. Dear Hearts, you are nearing a glorious, unprecedented time in your planet's colorful history.

Right now, your planetary society is moving swiftly toward full consciousness. When that movement reaches its critical 'omega point', it will be necessary for us to directly intervene. We can then add our efforts to your own. The 'omega point' occurs when enough of your populace has nearly unfolded their full potential. At that magical time, a final, well-

directed push can move your planetary population to new boundaries. These new boundaries are the very edge of your prophesied event horizon or the point between this present reality and your next. This coming reality is the fully-conscious one to which we consistently allude.

Our proposed operation involves the use of a massive worldwide intervention by our ships, their crews, and a host of Angelic supervisors. We are just ‘dropping in’ to ensure the success of what you are so valiantly doing. Our sincere hope is that this massive operation can soon be mounted. However, its exact timings are dependent on two factors: First, there is the right timing of the divine plan. Second, our launch date depends on how swiftly you can advance to the outskirts of your ‘omega point’. For these reasons, our Galactic Federation fleets are continually monitoring you to determine when you reach this particular ‘omega point’.

Our fleet’s close observation of your world has other purposes as well. We are monitoring your progress in learning how to become stewards of your planet and noting your growing awareness of Spirit. In addition, our programs are designed to put your planetary cabals on notice that you are very special to us. We pledge to do all that is divinely possible to limit the efforts of your world’s covert rulers to thwart your growing consciousness. Therefore, we have established a number of emergency alternatives to our aforementioned first contact procedures.

One of the objectives your various global cabals have long been considering is a well-orchestrated, worldwide declaration of martial law. Whether to declare a ‘new world order’ or simply to enslave the citizens of your major powers, be assured that this objective is quite unacceptable to us. The Ascended Masters of your world and your planetary cabals’ former masters (the Annanuki) have continually informed them of Heaven’s deep opposition to these plans. Yet, they have persisted in setting up schemes to carry out their most nefarious agenda.

To counter these heinous procedures, we have informed your planet’s covert rulers that any such operation will be met with a massive, peaceful intervention by Galactic Federation forces on the side of the Light. Such intervention means a swift end to their ill-gotten powers and the immediate conclusion of their well-orchestrated and sinister games. The long road on which you have traveled is not just a dead end. Rather, it is a path

to a brilliant new existence, filled with a most extraordinary new reality! Your global cabals' *only* alternative is to assist you in successfully achieving this most noble and sacred objective—full consciousness.

Your various secret global overlords are intensely aware of the sticky situation in which they now find themselves. In an effort to 'hedge their bets', they are willing to gradually release to the public some of the exotic technology they have suppressed for many decades. Among these wonderful inventions are instruments crudely equivalent to the advanced tools for consciousness that we in the Galactic Federation of Light possess. This slow and steady process of revelation opens up greater opportunities to interface our society with yours. You can look upon these magical devices as a portent of even greater things to come.

Among these new technologies are 'zero point' or 'free energy' generators. These machines gather in the energy of space, time, and physicality and convert it into a useful form of electrical energy that can be used for your sundry electrical needs. They are among the first inventions scheduled for introduction sometime during the first decade of this new millennium. Similarly on the way are mechanical devices which employ magnetic and gravitational forces for lift and propulsion to transport people and goods swiftly and efficiently. Later, as gravitational drive ships are incorporated into your aviation industry, they can be developed for general planetary and interplanetary use.

Another category involves technologies that can revive your beloved planet and quickly deliver valuable fresh water and clean air as well as a safe environment to you. Moreover, a revolutionary form of communication featuring multi-dimensional holograms that interact directly with your mind can, in due time, be offered to you. These devices completely revolutionize your educational system by allowing each human Being to develop themselves in ways now impossible.

All of these amazing gizmos can allow you to complete your Ascension at an astonishingly swift rate. Later, our more advanced technologies can be effortlessly interfaced with those that are soon to be introduced. It is our desire to quickly move you toward your divine objectives. We aim to oversee the introduction of many other devices that can enormously expand the horizons of your awareness. Wholeness (a return to full con-

sciousness) transforms your perceptions of every aspect of your lives. The gifts of telepathy, clairvoyance, etc., can open the doors to knowledge and entire, unimaginable worlds previously hidden to you.

Of prime importance is your experience of a 'connectedness' to each other and to *all* of life. When this is fully developed, it is enormously difficult to harm another as you experience these actions as transgressions against yourself. The deceitful and self-serving behavior of your worldly cabals can then be revealed. All will see how a mere handful of individuals orchestrated, throughout the millennia, certain world events that created and then sustained a world of limitation and pain.

Truth is easily revealed wherever the all-seeing Light of full consciousness is directed. The darkness and fear that now characterize your lives can then quickly fade. It is at this point that a first contact normally takes place. Since you no longer view us through a lens of fear, we can arrive and be viewed as the long-lost brethren we truly are.

The Sirian star-nation and their Galactic Federation of Light allies, working closely with your local Spiritual Hierarchy, have long championed your cause: to forge a fully-conscious human society living freely upon your sacred blue orb. From time to time, this cause has led to a number of special genetic enhancements upon the humans of your world. Our belief is that these enhanced regional gene pools can lead inevitably to the restoration of your long lost legacies. These important gene pools form the foundation for the expansion in consciousness that is now taking place upon your planet. We first placed the seeds for this operation upon your Earth some 13,000 years ago.

During the last 13,000 years of your recorded history, your planet and its people have become caught in a moral dispute embracing two opposing factions: the local Spiritual Hierarchy and your various secret cabals. Everywhere, Spiritual Hierarchies are put in charge of the spiritual evolution of their people. In defiance of this celestial authority, your secret rulers have outlawed the truth and suppressed any technologies or wisdoms that could possibly liberate you from ignorance, poverty, and fear.

At every turn, these worldly elites have sought to prevent any raising of your consciousness. They fervently desire to retain their power-base at any cost. These unscrupulous dark Beings have been most successful in

developing a clever and subtle environment whose purpose is to allow them to exercise total control over you. We are very gratified to observe how many of you are now beginning to see through the numerous false illusions that currently surround you.

Full consciousness is the ultimate gift of the Creator to its most precious children. This sacred gift gives you personal sovereignty, for it allows you to be truly free. Hence, liberty is the creation of a fully-conscious humanity. For this reason, liberty and spirituality go hand in hand. During the last thirteen millennia, liberty has been a concept greatly distorted and suppressed on your world. Yet, it is essential to the creation of a fully-conscious humanity. For a very, very long time, the battle between the Light and the dark has been waged on your world. This current moment in your reality is right and ripe for a sacred intervention in order to ensure your return to harmony and joy!

More and more, your planet is beginning to wobble. Particularly in the northern hemisphere, Earth's geomagnetic field has become highly erratic in both strength and location. Your oceans are experiencing cycles of warming followed by rapid cooling. This causes your global weather to be extremely odd. Between 35,000–38,000 feet (10,700–11,600 meters), meteorologists have discovered some very strange nodes in your planet's atmosphere.

These omens have been further complicated by the continuing increase in ocean floor volcanic activity and by the rising intensity level of numerous seaquakes. Mother Earth is currently in the midst of 'doing' something extreme, and she is rapidly accelerating the rate at which she is 'doing it'!

My dear Friends, a momentous time has, indeed, arrived! The growth in spiritual consciousness of your people, combined with many signs from your living planet, clearly demonstrates this fact. These are the signs of the fabled 'End Times' about which you have heard so much. It is the period for the prophecies' fulfillment. It marks, as well, a time long known to your indigenous peoples: the fabled return of the star people.

We have come to your shores to assist you in fulfilling your destiny and to bolster a much-needed galactic peace. With this sacred act of first contact, we can fill this galaxy with the great, holy Light of Creation. These

dual events bring to us all the great Love of Heaven and permit Heaven's many sacred Orders to carry out this aspect of the Creator's divine plan.

You are now approaching an epic event that concludes the present period of your physical existence as limited conscious individuals. This time signals the end of your old reality and marks the advent of a great many new-found responsibilities. Your global society has reached a critical juncture. It is quickly becoming acutely aware of its need to reach out into space and claim its inheritance, born from the legacy found in your RNA/DNA.

Likewise, this moment symbolizes your great inner need to look anew at what you have done to your holy Mother Earth. It is the divine right time to review your past and present accomplishments in a new 'whole' way in order to determine where you as a people desire to go. This analysis is a large part of the process of Ascension in which you are now involved.

As a society moves into a fully-conscious state, Spirit increasingly guides it. This sacred guidance leads to a fresh understanding, usually applied first to your daily lives, of several important, universal laws of Creation. As you do this, an exciting transformation, affecting both you and your many relationships, begins to take place. This process is an inner renewal and a sacred welcoming of your Full Self and vastly expands society's consciousness fields. Our desire is to assist you in the last steps of your amazing transformational process.

As you move into full consciousness, there is so much for you to learn. You begin to assume responsibilities that are the privilege of all fully-conscious Beings. For the first time, you realize that you are physical Angels of awe-inspiring magnificence and power. You are heavenly Beings who were placed into a very limiting, physical form. As your great powers are restored, you can once again understand the energy of an absolute, perfect Love. With it comes a re-affirmation of your co-creative skills in areas we cannot at this moment describe. Inexpressible, irresistible wonders await you!

One of the aspects of your first contact that we will truly enjoy is to be able to educate you about caretaking your planet, your star system, and your galaxy. This leads us to a brief explanation of the three universal laws

of physical Creation proclaimed eons ago by the Orders of Heaven. These sacred laws guide us in our daily stewardship and provide us with a meaningful foundation for the Creator's divine blueprint.

Each law of Creation contains an element of the ways in which the divine blueprint manifests itself in physical Creation. After learning their applications, you are ready to assume your physical guardianship of Mother Earth. In this regard, it is important to note that physicality is based upon two objectives: First, Heaven's desire to learn essential wisdom from physicality about Creation. Second, Heaven's wishes to acquire, from controlled interactions with the dark, the amount of knowledge it needs to unfold this sixth Creation.

The first two Laws of Creation state, "First, anything in Creation which needs to manifest happens. Second, upon manifesting, it regulates itself according to its true needs and desires." This means that everything in Creation is driven by two elements: first, potential or its purpose and second, upon manifestation, purposeful self-organization (a purpose-filled form). The third law concludes this process by proclaiming, "All things appear in accordance with the timing of the Creator's divine plan."

Physicality's many realities are based upon the working agreements of a collective comprising Galactic Presences (Ascended Masters), physical Angels, and those elements of Heaven assigned to its preservation. Here, dearly Beloveds, we come to a most important matter. Every physical reality *is* what this broad collective makes of it. Physicality is, in fact, a 'plastic-like' illusory realm with no defined shape or overriding, clear-cut purpose.

It is important to remember at all times that physicality is a divine illusion! Among other things, it is designed to be a laboratory where time which you experience as 'linear' is slowed down and where manifestation can 'take time', sometimes even years, to accomplish. This provides the perfect environment to study how physical Creation occurs. Instead of the instantaneous manifestation that takes place on other levels, this Creation process can be broken down into its component parts, examined at leisure, and then reassembled again. Included in this 'laboratory-like' environment are a series of vibratory levels designed for the detailed study of consciousness and its evolution.

Physical Angels have experimented with the Light and the dark in especially unique and creative ways. We think you will agree that this research has totally absorbed you for a very long time. This, it has done to the extent that you have wholly forgotten the existence of a world beyond! However, as with all schools, the bell does eventually sound. Its melodic ringing reminds you that it is time to go home and share all that you have learned.

That time has now come, and the local Spiritual Hierarchy has joyfully commenced the many preparations that can return you to your former levels of consciousness. Yet, there is a process that makes this 'going home' utterly unique. To prolong their jurisdiction over you as long as possible, the dark is using its physical minions (your many secret cabals) to keep the schoolroom doors tightly closed. This is the reason the Light has agreed to employ a divine intervention which is presently well underway and has been for the past three decades.

The points we have just cited reveal the way to your divinely inspired first contact mission guided by the vast Orders of Heaven. Because of all the events we have briefly outlined to you, this mission can at last be fulfilled. Normally, first contact comes only after a star-nation's society has climbed a steep evolutionary ladder at the top of which the star-nation is considered to have reached the specific conditions necessary for a first contact.

We are achieving in your solar system a first contact that is truly unique for us! We in the Galactic Federation of Light are in great awe of what you symbolize, and we sincerely look forward to openly discussing these vital matters with you. Until then, we continue observing you and carefully preparing ourselves for an extremely complex first contact process.

We are vividly aware that some of you may not be psychologically prepared for this eventuality. However, the urgency, the unique circumstances of your situation, and your vital role in this cosmic drama make this first contact both timely and necessary. Owing to the enormous implications of this drama, there are many other determining factors to which even we are not privy. The exact timing of this inspiring encounter is going to be revealed to us at the very last moment by the Lords of Light. In this process, we are only slightly higher than you on the ladder of command

and are waiting, as are you, for the Divine Right Time to occur.

There is yet another aspect to this first contact that is quite unusual. It involves the damaged condition of your planet and the fact that she is preparing to go into an energetic cleansing mode in the very near future. The first signs of this are already apparent to you. If we do not intervene with technology that can perform this cleansing for her, the natural course of events could prove to be quite catastrophic to your society. The situation is exceedingly urgent, and we are faced with a time limit not normally present in most of our first contact missions.

As you can see, my beloved Ones, this process of your first contact is multi-faceted and complex. We ask you to look inside and use your wise inner guidance to assist us. I now gladly yield the podium to Sandara who is quite ready to answer some of your questions about actual first contact procedures.

Thank you, Washta! We look forward to your clear guidance during our next mini-tour.

Your first contact mission is the most important procedure that the Galactic Federation of Light has accomplished in the last two millennia. Its success assures a permanent peace in this galaxy. To help you clarify some important issues, let us begin our question and answer period.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: Why did the Sirians and their various Galactic Federation of Light allies become involved in the evolution of Earth humanity's consciousness?

A: This query can best be answered with a brief tale. Long before the present era of your recorded history began, you allowed self-appointed, all-powerful rulers to reign over Mother Earth and over you. You had been bamboozled into accepting a falsely imposed, negative reality, one of lack and limitation. These unstable, negative energies began to increase and crash relentlessly into your Sun.

In less than thirteen millennia, these energies profoundly affected your Sun's life-giving balance. Fortunately, however, redemption came to you. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy as well as the local Orders of Elohim along with the Sirian star-nation and many Galactic Federation allies

showed their compassion for you. The time had, at last, arrived to begin a divine intervention which can permit your spiritual revivification to transform both your global society and your planet. Accordingly, an inter-dimensional holographic envelope was constructed to preserve both your Sun and its system of planets.

Q: How was the Sun's inter-dimensional hologram created?

A: Using intra-dimensional flux energies, an inter-dimensional hologram was formed. It is vaguely similar to the way you put together a hologram with the use of polarized light. In this case, the flux walls that demarcate one dimension from the other are its lenses. In effect, the actual size and shape of the picture to be displayed are passed through the flux walls into other dimensions and back into yours to create the required hologram.

Q: How has Earth's hologram been modified in the 1990s?

A: At first, Earth's hologram was set at an inter-dimensional level. Earth's energy grids were allowed to gradually recalibrate and rearrange themselves. These energy grids are similar to ones Mother Earth enjoyed during the era of Lemuria. At that time, she was a fully-conscious planet. These important processes began on 4 Imix, 19 Tzotz, 3 Ik (October 13, 1994) when Lord Michael and his infinite Legions of the Light etherically brought in new grids for your planet.

Q: How do these newly developing Earth grids affect the eventual arrival of the Galactic Federation of Light upon planet Earth?

A: Keep in mind that the only way to travel swiftly through interstellar space is inter-dimensionally. A special flux wall exists that divides each dimension from every other. A beam ship can travel from one dimension to the other by using an osmosis-like process. Simply stated, you re-position your various gravity-like magnetic fields to fold the third dimension around you. Then, you can move into the flux field that divides the third from the fourth dimensions and immediately collapse your craft's three-dimensional time and space coordinates. Thus, you can move through space by setting a path through the flux wall and returning to 3-D space/time when and where you so desire.

You leave the flux field by reversing the aforementioned process. By truly understanding the marvels of inter-dimensional navigation, you can travel almost instantaneously to wherever you desire—anywhere from a mil-

lion miles to hundreds or thousands of light years away. In a spacecraft, one of these methods involves the use of high-energy particles such as gamma rays. However, once the Earth began the process of recalibrating and rearranging its grids, any spacecraft was able to bypass the need to use its cloaking procedures. This process involves travel through inter-dimensional space. Each vessel can now go from its inter-dimensional, cloaked state directly into your atmosphere and can land wherever it is directed to go.

Q: Can you explain what happened to the Sun?

A: In the summer of 1972, your Sun was on the verge of an immense interior core accident which might have caused it to nova, ending all life on Earth. To us, an extremely large number of destabilizing solar promenades, accompanied by a rapid change in the Sun's magnetic fields, was an ominous sign. A promenade is forged by vast energy streams of ionic particles breaking through the Sun's surface that are thrown out into the Sun's coronasphere at an accelerated speed. During this period, excessive numbers of very large promenades were radiated off the surface of your Sun. Your solar scientists were also worried because the unusual size of some promenades imposed a danger to the Sun's integrity. Moreover, the size and number of sunspots had changed.

Q: Were any more adjustments required to stabilize our Sun?

A: Under the aegis of our divine authority and as the second part of this procedure, the polarity of your Sun's newly created hologram was gradually adjusted in 1987. This change in the polarity of the solar holographic envelope allowed the Sun to enter the main body of the photon belt with ease at the divine right time. Had your Sun, in its former unstable condition, been exposed to the photon belt, a massive solar explosion or nova would have been triggered, instantly vaporizing planet Earth.

In 1986 through 1989, recognizing an opportunity that they could make use of, the dark side's minions attempted to tamper with the polarity of the Sun's inter-dimensional hologram. This activity almost exposed the existence of our inter-dimensional hologram. Consequently, the Galactic Federation scientists, along with the local Orders of Elohim, decided to do two things.

Initially, they realigned the polarity of the Sun which created the illusion that the Sun was actually super-active. As those involved in solar

research on your world know, solar activity, between 1989 and 1994—especially in the mid-period (1991–1992)—was particularly high.

Next, using our sacred authority, we decided in 1989 to place Earth and your Sun into an expanded inter-dimensional hologram. This necessary action locked the changes into their proper positions. Your Sun and her solar system were then capable of surviving the arrival of the photon belt.

These actions represent a significant portion of what the ‘divine intervention’ as it is now called is really about. The upper councils of the Spiritual Hierarchy approved these activities during your solar year of 1990.

Q: What is the primary reason for the ‘energy presence’ that many of us have felt in the past few years?

A: Your local Spiritual Hierarchy finally established full consciousness spiritual councils for everyone in this solar system. That is why, particularly in the last two years, you probably felt (and may be feeling even more now) what can only be termed as an ‘energy presence’ around you. You feel body pains that are either new or forgotten ones from your youth. Occasionally, you sense unfamiliar messages or experience sudden breezes flowing by you. This ‘strangeness’ is merely the energies of your full consciousness state beginning to gently envelop you.

Q: Why are the Sirians and their many Galactic Federation allies becoming involved in the Earth’s development?

A: As you now know, the Sirian star-nation and local Orders of Elohim first employed an inter-dimensional hologram under the divine authority of your local heavenly Administration, your Central Sun Council. In turn, they asked whether their fellow members of the Sirian Regional Council of the Galactic Federation of Light wanted to assist them. The most compelling item to be debated by the Sirian Regional Council on this crucial agenda was the necessary degree of divine commitment. Galactic and local Spiritual Hierarchies willingly gave this commitment to the Sirians and to their many allies. Their sacred intent was to support you fully in achieving your sacred destiny: a return to full consciousness.

The Sirian star-nation affirmed that your local Spiritual Hierarchy supported this project. Under heavenly law (the ultimate law of Creation), your local Spiritual Hierarchy pronounces all final judgments on any solar system under its jurisdiction. During this sacred operation, your local

History of the First Contact Mission

1950

Liaison sent to Shamballa and surface Earth governments. Scientists and diplomats contacted. U.N. and other government groups contacted.

1960

Liaison and cultural teams sent to assess possible 'terminate-able' state of human civilization.

1970

Liaison and cultural teams sent to assess growing 'enlightenment' of planetary population.

1980

Development of concept of a unique form of First Contact mission; ways to prevent mass cataclysms.

1990

Preparation made for a First Contact mission. First Contact Team formed. Assistance given for raising human society to highest potential—full consciousness.

2000

First Contact Team's fleet put into position. Negotiations with Earth's secret government reach a critical point. Human society becoming more spiritual. First Contact's 'divine right time' close to happening.

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FIGURE 24: History of the First Contact Mission

Spiritual Hierarchy determined a number of critical items. For example, they decided who might incarnate here and when. They also assigned the many Angelic and Solar patterns that have been added to your planet's Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: *How did this special first contact mission come about?*

A: It is quite an interesting story! The initial first contact team consisted of no more than observers and cultural ambassadors to your solar system. The current operation began shortly after the destruction of Atlantis

with the dispatch of the first liaison and cultural groups to the global subterranean human civilization known to most of you as Agartha or Shamballa (see FIGURE 24).

Until the 1940s and 1950s, these liaison and cultural groups were not increased in scope. Formerly, certain member star-nations (such as the Sirians) had only small, specialized teams working on very localized projects. However, this expanded mission soon included the first residents of Earth specially prepared by Galactic Federation personnel for contact. These carefully chosen individuals possessed scientific backgrounds as well as their presumed ability to act as reliable and knowledgeable liaisons with your surface governments and mass media.

Q: When did the Galactic Federation of Light actually begin to contact our many surface nation-states?

A: The process got off to a shaky start. Our initial project, in the late '40s and early '50s, led to the development of liaison and cultural teams to address the problem of contacting your planet's surface governments, your nation-states. We also established a special subcommittee to work with the headquarters of these many nation-states—the United Nations. We launched this operation to counter the numerous contacts and resulting illegal treaties between your major governments and elements of Anchara's dark Alliance.

In the 1950s, initial feedback from your surface governments indicated an intense, earth-focused xenophobia. It centered on their fears of losing control of the populace had they openly admitted our existence. They also forcefully resisted the abrogation of illegal secret treaties they had recently concluded with the evil Alliance of Anchara (various Gray, Reptilian and Dinosaurian star-nations). They believed it was dangerous for them to change horses in mid-stream. They did not believe we were able to defend them against the dark forces of Anchara and, if necessary, from the profound wrath of their people, incensed by their heinous deeds.

In the late 1960s, contact was expanded to include a number of influential businessmen and scientists. We were beginning to prepare for what then was believed to be your planet's certain fate. It was felt that Mother Earth's global society was on a very self-destructive course.

In order to prepare for these eventualities, a preliminary first contact

team was established. It had a very limited agenda which included evacuating, cleansing, and re-seeding Mother Earth. By the 1980s, this concept was beginning to change. The Galactic Federation of Light recognized that it was essential to implement a new plan, because your society was growing more enlightened, a process that was meant to lead your global population into a return to full consciousness.

Such a significant shift in our orientation required a different type of organization. In the early part of the 1980s, a new first contact team was formed. Its mission was similar to those of the initial teams dating from the 1940s through the early 1970s. However, its expectations were different. First contact, achieved by a divinely ordained massive landing, now seemed a very high possibility.

Two decisive factors determined our new position: First, the advent of the photon belt by the end of the 1990s possessed the capability to push you rapidly into full consciousness. Second, significant discussions carried on by the Sirian Regional Council concerned the feasibility of preventing a disaster by harnessing the anticipated change in your consciousness.

Q: How can the Galactic Federation succeed in accomplishing its first contact mission in spite of current opposition from our various secret planetary cabals?

A: Keep in mind that this is a divine intervention accomplished on many distinct levels involving the assistance of the Orders of Time Lord, the Angelic Realms, and the Elohim as well as the star-nation members of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Know that the positive energies of the Spiritual Hierarchy, along with the powerful organization and technologies of the Galactic Federation of Light, are here to serve you. In addition, amazingly potent, positive energies are beginning to radiate from your rapidly awakening global population. The ever-expanding organizing and networking capabilities of your planetary Lightworkers greatly assist this process.

Together, we can use our vast reservoir of positive spiritual energies to neutralize your global society's ever-present fear and doubt. Know that the inexhaustible omnipotence of Heaven ensures your success. All you need to do is bravely play out your destined role in this unprecedented, sacred process.

Q: What is the overall purpose of this divine intervention?

A: This divine process is able to birth fully-conscious humans who are, truly, a guardian species. Fully-conscious Beings are constantly embraced by the joys of life and the wonders of Love. Being fully conscious, you can experience life in ways now largely unknown to you. For instance, you can see and feel how Love and gratitude influences others throughout the galaxy and in all of Creation. The Galactic Federation of Light's goal is to assist you in achieving your prime objective: restoring yourselves to full consciousness! The Galactic Federation's First Contact Team is successfully carrying out that purpose with profound Love and Compassion.

Q: You have given us some information about the historical background of this unique first contact mission. Can you give us more details about its history?

A: I am glad to! Over 70 years ago, preliminary contact was made between the Galactic Federation of Light and your major governments. Immediately, a rather reactionary force reared its head. Your world has a long history of a subterranean ET outpost consisting of Alliance Dinosaurans, Reptilians, and their hybrid followers (the Grays are only one of these types of species). This 'dark' group has been 'underground' for a very long time. Their task is to act as saboteurs, hindering any movement toward the Light by your surface population.

In addition, they exist to facilitate any possible takeover of your world by their nefarious off-planet masters. Throughout the ages, the Pleiadean rebels and their evil relations (the Anunnaki) have merely toyed with them. During your history, the experiences of many people on this planet's surface with so-called 'demons', etc. have been with these varied groups of dark, sentient Beings.

Q: In effect, then, a diplomatic rivalry developed between the Light and dark. What is its current status?

A: Between the 1920s and early 1950s, there was a diplomatic rivalry or whatever you want to call it between the 'dark' and the 'Light' sides. Its object was to gain a significant foothold within the major governments of your planet. In this period, before, during, and after World War II, your surface governments decided to fully cooperate with their dark allies.

By the end of the Second World War, both sides had become even

more embroiled with Earth's surface governments. Your many secret, planetary cabals made several 'deals' with the Grays, the Reptilians, and various other dark sentient life forms from the Alliance of Anchara. These secret undertakings led to illegal abductions, the purpose of which was to conduct heinous genetic experiments upon your populace as well as other demented scientific research. To conceal these activities, your secret governments have carried out a massive fifty-year misinformation campaign and a global governmental cover-up.

Q: Do these global cabals (the 'secret government') have a specific agenda for their activities involving these dark extraterrestrials?

A: Your so-called 'secret government' has a definite agenda. It is to obtain and utilize technologies that can totally control your global populations. Along with other formal treaty obligations, these technologies permitted the United States and most of the major governments on this planet to establish for a time selected top-secret bases—first on the Moon and later on Mars. They have accomplished this for the most part by using borrowed and/or their own back-engineered spacecraft since the late 1950s and early 1960s.

In the early 1960s, your government quietly deployed a 'super top secret' system of satellites as well as specially designed, manned, and robotic spacecraft. This fantastic military system is now orbiting high above the surface of your planet. It is well cloaked from your view and makes the American government's proposed SDI system seem like a primitive toy.

Q: Why do those in such powerful and controlling positions fail to see that they are better off as sovereign Beings rather than as part of a third-dimensional global elite?

A: Presently, these elites exist in a 'bootlicker' reality which only mirrors back to them an imagined superiority over their supposed underlings. Immersed in this reality, your secret rulers can say the following to themselves, "I am as a god. I possess vast amounts of money, power, and control over millions, even billions, of people." They can look down upon you and firmly state, "Why would I choose to be a mere sovereign Being, living in a reality in which I have control over only myself?" It is imperative that these Beings transform themselves from this dark belief. Since childhood, their thoughtforms have been telling them how 'grand' they are. To shift

these powerful individuals into a higher state of consciousness is, to say the least, a lofty task.

Q: In what ways are the *Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation* intervening to transform these evil-oriented elites?

A: Right now, bigger organizations (the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light) are telling these cabals that it is time to play a different game. There is no honor in continuing to commit hideous crimes against others. Your covert planetary rulers are depriving billions of people of their personal sovereignty and of the ability to contribute their inherent talent to the creation of a harmonious and solution-focused, fully-conscious society.

First, these secret rulers need to transform their current lack of integrity into honorable contributions to society by releasing countless Beings from their present state of ‘concealed’ servitude. In so doing, the powerful individuals who form your various cabals can achieve true greatness and can, indeed, be shifted into full consciousness. This process has already been provided for in the plans of the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light.

Q: Many people are of the opinion that even a divinely sanctioned first contact by the *Galactic Federation of Light* infringes upon their ‘free will’. Can you comment on this point?

A: Ah, yes! Free will is, indeed, a bitter, much misunderstood subject on this planet. The term creates quite a charge in most of you. Those of you in the area of self-development will concede that currently you possess only a very limited free will which you are acutely fearful of losing. In fact, free will is a divine right which the Creator has bestowed upon you as an intrinsic part of your Full Self. Nonetheless, in your present environment, those who so callously control your destiny permit you only a very limited use of it. Since free will is rarely practiced on your world, your people largely misunderstand its essence and applications.

To begin with, the people on your planet enjoy very little *freedom* and most of you are just beginning to rediscover your innate faculties of divine WILL. At the risk of stating the obvious, *free* WILL does not confer a license to transgress on another’s freedom and self-expression. Let us give you a simplified example of what we are saying.

A small boy who plays with matches and burns down his parent's house is exercising not free will but simply a misguided act of destruction. The small child does not yet fully realize the consequences of his deeds nor how his actions relate to the bigger picture. Therefore, do his loving parents watch over him and intervene to prevent him from destroying the environment that has so nurtured him? Of course! This analogy explains why a first contact can occur and under what circumstances it is being conducted.

Q: If we exercise free will so little, why was it given to us?

A: In the beginning, there was the Creator—ALL THAT IS. The Creator knew the Creator perfectly. The Creator knew everything. The Creator *was* everything—all that was created. The Creator soon became bored. The games the Creator played were played absolutely alone. The Creator knew not only the outcome but also how it was to be achieved. It dawned on the Creator that one way to inject some interest into Her existence was to allow Creation to surprise the Creator. Lovingly, the Creator gave her Creation its own free will separate from the Creator's. The Creator always knew when her creations acted. However, the Creator was not always able to predict what they did. And so, free will was born!

Free will is the tantalizing 'X-factor' by which her creations can co-create the Creator's holy divine plan for this Creation. Being all-powerful and all knowing, the Creator is aware of the outcome of this divine blueprint. The Creator is delighted and joyfully surprised by these many creative sparks of her own holy Self as they charge about, helping to define the 'how' of the divine plan in limitless and unexpected ways.

Q: We have been taught that people only do things while deriving some kind of benefit to themselves. To use an Earth-type vernacular, "What's in it for them?"

A: What's in it for them and also for you is that we all realize a galactic society on Earth! In such a society, you can express inner and outer creativity. For the first time and at long last, Earth's humanity can be freed from the heavy burdens of survival under which they now struggle. For example, you will not need to worry about such things as working at those tiring and uninteresting, robot-like jobs most of you have or acquiring the boring and costly education you need in order to obtain the aforementioned jobs, etc.

Q: I meant, “What is in it for the extraterrestrials?”

A: What is in it for the extraterrestrials?

Q: Yes. Why are they helping us? What is their motive here?

A: There is an incredibly important motive. Namely that this planet and its surrounding solar system can fulfill part of a series of great sacred prophecies concerning this galaxy. These prophecies progress from a duality of Light and dark to a new and stronger reality, merging both into greater Light. The Galactic Federation of Light and its various members strongly desire to see that happen. It greatly encourages other parts of this galaxy to permanently move into the Light. This process can, in fact, quickly create a galaxy-wide Galactic Federation of Light.

Q: What are the motives behind the equally deliberate actions of the former Alliance members that are now part of the Galactic Federation of Light?

A: In the last few years, many of the members from the former dark Alliance of Anchara have joined the Galactic Federation. They have long looked upon this planet as the ‘keystone’ of the spiritual energies of this galaxy. To your world, this fact may seem very strange. You see yourselves as being from a very minor planet that circles a very minor star. Actually, Mother Earth is extremely important to the history of this galaxy. Both the Galactic Federation of Light and the dark Alliance of Anchara have claimed her as well as every major star-nation organization that has ever existed in this galaxy. When you form your galactic human society, all of these long-standing claims which in the past have caused some devastating galactic wars are to be dropped since sacred prophecy will have been fulfilled.

Q: Several channels have mentioned that the Reptilians and Dinosaurs are in control of planet Earth. What is their current status with regard to the process we are describing and with regard to this sector of the galaxy?

A: Since the Truce of Anchara, the various Reptilian and Dinosaurian groups and their numerous allies (Amphibians, Insectoids, etc.) have embraced a state of accord with the Galactic Federation of Light. They are also in the process of forming innovative Galactic Federation joint liaison teams. The new Galactic Federation joint liaison First Contact

Teams are part of a vast unifying process allowing this planet to complete its destined change. Currently, your Earth and solar system are in the latter stages of this most crucial transformation.

Q: What about any ET remnants who have concluded secret treaties with Earth's various major surface governments?

A: As we have noted, the vast majority of off-planet scientists and technicians have abandoned your planet's specially constructed, secret underground bases. These formerly dark ETs have left many loose ends behind including a few recalcitrant personnel, Gray clones, and various off-world technologies. These are the products of secret treaties enacted between your major governments and various ET factions. Many cabals in major surface governments sought to perpetuate your fears by using these leftovers for their appalling, private purposes.

Q: How did the Sirian and Pleiadean star-nations develop such different approaches to their interactions with Earth?

A: The first part of our answer has to do with the nature of the Pleiades itself. Because the Pleiadeans were established as an outpost civilization during the last of the many galactic wars, they were repeatedly involved in these 'karmic' wars. Consequently, they looked upon Earth as a 'karmic war zone'. So far as the people of Earth were concerned, the Pleiadeans saw their role as one of just sitting back and allowing the past accumulated 'war karma' to be played out in its own unique way.

The Sirians take a different approach since they play an integral part in spreading galactic human society across the galaxy. The Sirian star-nation believes that its role is to intervene and act almost like a wise and all-loving parent. So, from time to time, they have interceded in their own way to help you spiritually. As part of their overall scheme, the Sirians intend to assist you in raising your present form of consciousness. When the moment arrives for your full consciousness to be activated, the Sirian star-nation and their Galactic Federation of Light allies can energetically intervene—at the divine right time.

Q: How is it that the Sirians and the Pleiadeans are now reconciled?

A: The Pleiadeans look upon the change that is occurring on Earth and in this galaxy as a grand and sacred sign. The time has come for Earth to manifest itself as a galactic human society. The Pleiadeans are adapting

their culture to that vision and intent by observing older such societies as models for what they wish to create. Hence, they are seeing, in a new light, Sirians, Lyrans, and other groups that have had this type of civilization for millions of years.

As another model for their own development, the Pleiadeans are also monitoring the transformation process on Earth (from a limited consciousness to its fully-conscious, galactic human society). Therefore, you might say that Earth's human society is, in fact, doing what was written long ago in your Holy Bible. You, the children, are teaching your parents the very things they need to know in order that they may change!

9

YOUR FIRST CONTACT

Hello again! This is your tour guide, Sandara, speaking.

Thus far, we have looked at the many elements helping you to return to full consciousness. Now, it is time to look more closely at your first contact. This amazingly complex procedure is one of the final steps of your transition into your coming new reality. To explain to you what this complex matter entails, we are privileged to have Supreme Fleet Commander Atura as your primary guide.

Commander Atura is a Sirian defense forces legend, honored throughout the galaxy for his unusual deftness in executing first contacts. He has been in charge of Galactic Federation of Light forces in this region of the galaxy for the past 510 of your solar years. Allow me to introduce Supreme Fleet Commander Atura who will now explain your first contact.

Sandara, thank you. Previously, Washta discussed the reasons behind your first contact. Let me review for you what the Galactic Federation's first contact mission implies and give you some details about its actual operation. In this way, you can learn how your first contact is unfolding and why this mission will be completed in the Creator's divine right time.

The Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets of the Galactic Federation of Light consider first contact to be their most difficult yet most satisfying mission. A first contact brings another star-nation into the Galactic Federation's fold. In this way, it makes our galactic union more complete and more capable of fulfilling its many sacred tasks. First contact is a process occurring on many levels and in a number of defined stages.

The initial level of any first contact involves preliminary planning by your local solar and planetary Spiritual Hierarchy. A local Spiritual Hierarchy's primary purpose is to direct several of their budding, sentient planetary societies onto a path toward full consciousness. As part of this procedure, a local Spiritual Hierarchy begins to unify the various components of this star-nation-to-be. Another part, when no truly sentient Beings are present, involves petitioning the Spiritual Council of the Galactic Federation of Light to send fully-sentient colonists to that star system so that a new star-nation can be created.

Co-creative elements embodied in the divine plan make these varied procedures possible. This sacred blueprint mandates in great detail how and when each solar system in the Milky Way Galaxy embarks on its journey toward a formal association with the Galactic Federation of Light.

This spiritual component leads us to the various Orders of the Light and their respective Administrations. It is their sacred function to offer the rudiments that any local Spiritual Hierarchy requires to support the accomplishment of this divine mission. According to this sacred mandate, Galactic Federation S&E fleets are instructed to observe a selected star system unobtrusively and with sensitivity.

This procedure can take from as long as two million to as little as two or three thousand years. In all cases, intervention is achieved in an extremely discreet and co-creative manner. This procedure allows a developing sentient species to evolve as the divine plan mandates. Here, the local Spiritual Hierarchy continually guides us. Our sole purpose is to act as a divine catalyst for the timeline established by the Creator and graciously carried out by the local Orders of Time Lord.

Our S&E fleets have developed a series of standard procedures as well as an operations manual to cover every detail of these first contact missions. S&E fleets' liaisons scrutinize the actions of their fleet and of the

selected solar system's natives. They submit their reports to the nearest Regional Galactic Federation Council and to the main Galactic Federation Board of Liaison headquartered in the Lyra Constellation.

Clearly, we are guided at all times by two masters—the local Spiritual Hierarchy and appropriate divisions of the Galactic Federation of Light. A first contact occurs only at the divine right time when the consciousness of the developing star-nation and the divine forces of Light oversee its proper presentation. At that moment, we can openly come forth and conclude our first contact mission. The major element for us remains the attainment of full consciousness. Over time, full consciousness has developed in this galaxy in three distinct ways:

Initially, it arose in its fullest measure and eventually led to the formation of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Secondly, full consciousness can evolve gradually. This is by far the most common scenario. We know that about 92 per cent of fully-conscious star-nations matured in this manner.

Thirdly, there is the most unusual. It encompasses less than one percent of all fully-sentient star-nations. Here, a star system returns to full consciousness after a great and dynamic fall. Your solar system is one such example.

Your planet and its surrounding solar system have had a turbulent and difficult history. As previously noted, you possess a profound destiny. These factors make your first contact mission the most complex ever authorized by this galactic organization. Earth exhibits some unique circumstances which have caused us to constantly re-evaluate your first contact.

At times, it has also induced us to do things that at first glance may have appeared to an outside observer as either muddled or totally outrageous. To complete our objectives, we have created a whole new set of operational procedures that have altered some of our more traditional methods of carrying out a first contact.

Mother Earth is positioned in a phenomenal place in this galaxy. Surrounding her are three former water planets: Venus, Mars, and the now destroyed planet you call 'Maldek'. These worlds formed something that is extremely rare in this galaxy: a solar system containing more

than two blue, water-filled gems.

Upon Earth's surface lives a population of partially sentient, amnesiac humans who assume that they are the only intelligent life in this vast and complex galaxy. One of our initial tasks is to guide you out of your amnesia and into an appreciation of your forgotten heritage. Fortunately for us, dear Friends, a few rather curious and spiritually insightful humans exist upon your planet. This sprinkling of starseeds and a motley collection of leading-edge scientists form the core of a group which we have subtly influenced over the past three decades.

Well over 70 years ago, the Galactic Federation's initial diplomatic procedures involved approaching your major surface governments and your globally intertwined cabals. Our first secret diplomatic conferences came to naught, because your major surface governments refused to openly recognize us. All that your major surface governments truly desired was to be given our advanced technology. They viewed this technology as a powerful tool to be surreptitiously deployed to control their respective populations.

Our refusal of your governments' requests for collusion in population control gave the outpost group of the dark Anchara Alliance an opportunity to gain a firmer foothold among your many covert rulers. Their intention was to move your solar system into their sphere of influence. Knowing this planet's destiny as a great wayshower for the Light, we simply bided our time. Therefore, we concentrated our efforts with the cetaceans, your local Spiritual Hierarchy and a few, specially selected Earth humans.

We maintained a limited presence in your solar system. Our plan was to provide needed resources to those whom we were still assisting. In this regard, we have infrequently sent some of our most creative Galactic Federation scientists to aid your local Spiritual Hierarchy and assist in your many evolutionary processes. What you are currently experiencing, dear Friends, is the energy of this quickening evolutionary procedure.

We know what the Spiritual Hierarchy and the divine plan have in store for you. This understanding finally prompted the Galactic Federation of Light to launch a first contact mission with your solar system in the solar year of 1991. The resulting First Contact Team produced a star-

Chart of First Contact Team

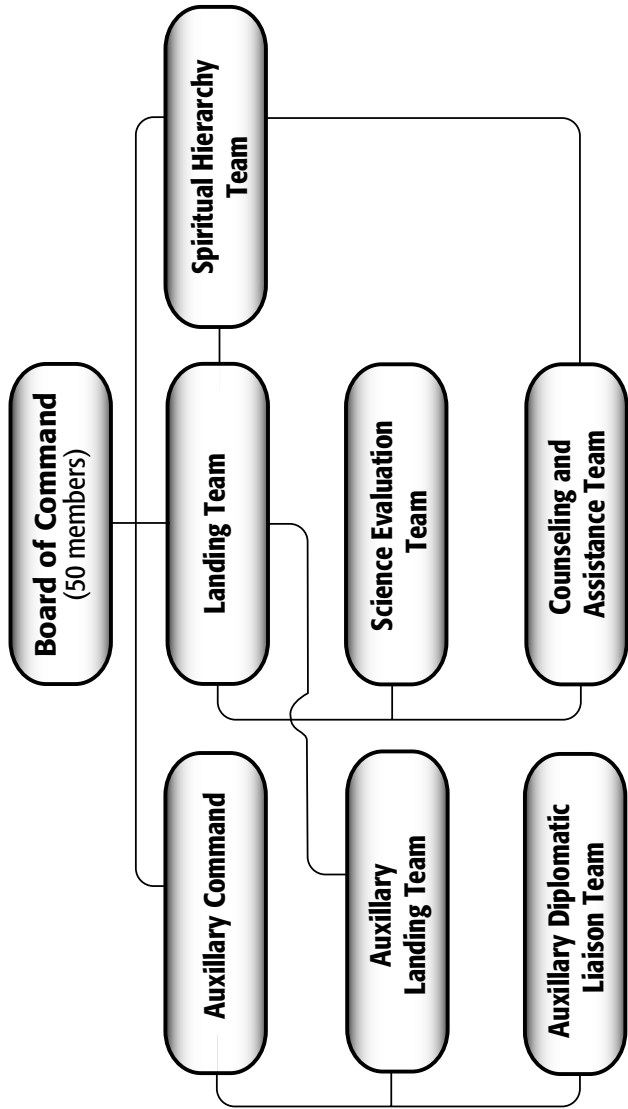


FIGURE 25: Chart of First Contact Team

ting three-fold plan.

Initially, the First Contact Team (see FIGURE 25) continued spiritual and physical interaction with your planet's aquatic guardians, the

cetaceans, and with your fully-sentient, inner Earth worlds of Light. The many Light Councils of your Ascended Masters made possible any necessary, formal arrangements. We requested creative solutions from their many sacred Councils so that we could successfully complete our first contact and fully restore your personal sovereignty.

With great satisfaction, we have observed that most of you desire the restoration of your liberty and your personal sovereignty. To this end, we have privately encouraged the formation of certain groups among you that seek these noble goals. We initially intend to teach all earthly groups who share these goals why any physical violence used in the cause of freedom is morally out of the question. Spiritual evolution flows from a deep, non-violent assertion of personal liberties on the part of the individual and of the group. Consciousness is a dynamic, fertile field of Light requiring freedom and sovereignty in order to develop. Its nourishment is divine wisdom. Its fertilizer is knowledge reaped from countless lessons and experiences. On your planet, a marvelous field of ever-expanding consciousness is presently emerging. It is steadily growing into a powerful force capable of overcoming the greatest of obstacles.

The foundation for this burgeoning expansion of consciousness is communicating globally to others your deepest spiritual desires. In this regard, our divine purpose is to assist you in structuring such a global network of consciousness. This network can be quickly linked to many other processes and expressions of your rising consciousness. In carrying out this undertaking, it is imperative that you release your fears and frustrations. Though, at times, they can appear quite real, they are only illusions!

Secondly, the First Contact Team began a long-term project that was especially designed to increase the awareness of Earth's many peoples about the true nature and intent of our mission. This complex procedure originally began in Mexico during the summer of 1991. Its beginning was a total eclipse of your Sun. Many Mayan and Aztec shamans had long prophesied this total solar eclipse as the moment for the return of the ships of Quetzelcoatl. We planned to use this ancient prophecy to draw an Earth human society into a much closer interaction with us.

By the winter of 1996–7, we had successfully implemented stages one through four of our ongoing activity in Mexico. Our next procedure was

to spread this initial, limited interaction across your planet. This led to a global surge in visual encounters with our many observational ships. Between 1994 and 1997, we doubled the number of sightings of our ships in each successive solar year. This process accelerated exponentially during the solar years of 1998, 1999, and 2000.

In addition, we invited several members of the Galactic Federation's S&E fleet from the Pleiades and Arcturus to interact directly with selected individuals (Galactic Federation 'starseeds') in North America, Europe, Africa, Australia, Asia, and South America. Our intention was to provide you with some stunning photographs to pass on to your populace as well as certain vital information about your evolving mental, physical, emotional, and spiritual integration.

From time to time, we have furnished you with essential facts about the critical state of your beloved Mother Earth. This information has enabled many of you to focus more fully on what is happening to your planet and to you. These reports have greatly aided the general awakening of your world's population.

In this vein, dear Hearts, we wish to propose a potential solution to your current social ills. Embrace divine Love *and* practice deep compassion for yourselves and for each other. To apply them, you need to establish local and global support groups. Employ them to transform your current dysfunctional patterns into creative and cooperative ones.

These changed patterns can solve your society's overwhelming challenges in an innovative and useful way. They also help to expand and accelerate your global society's consciousness field. In this way, your society can more easily manage its solutions. It can begin to adopt a more unified and fluid dynamic encouraging all of you to imaginatively resolve the various problems daily crossing your path.

Currently, your global society is experiencing a massive transition of power involving its numerous secret cabals. Most of your covert, worldwide rulers have yet to fully comprehend what we have just told you. Time and again, various Galactic Federation liaison teams have shown them that their ongoing methods of suppression can no longer forcibly constrict your global society's ever-expanding consciousness fields. Ultimately, their continued intractability can only inflict a more drastic 'End Time'

scenario upon your worldly masters.

Many of your global cabals have yet to read the 'writing on the wall' and see you merely as contemptible chattel. They continue to believe in their sanctioned right to rule your society exactly as they see fit. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy has created many magnificent spiritual and physical integration processes to counter-balance their regrettable position. It is your local Spiritual Hierarchy's prime intention to liberate you as swiftly as possible from the many trials and tribulations associated with limited consciousness.

Thirdly, we are monitoring Mother Earth's many physical changes and also observing the transformations presently manifesting throughout your war-defiled solar system. As Earth's human population shifts gracefully into full consciousness, your solar system is undergoing a gradual modification before the momentous event of first contact is completed.

We are cooperating with the local Orders of Elohim in steering Mother Earth on a sure, steady course toward full consciousness. In addition, we are monitoring the alterations required to complete a total restoration of your solar system. These changes include final adjustments in the polarity and density of your Sun's magnetic and gravitational fields. As part of this procedure, we are monitoring the transformations unfolding on Jupiter and the rest of your outer planets.

When your solar system is rebuilt, it will look quite different. A solar system consisting of eleven planets will then orbit your Sun (see FIGURE 26). These restored planets will spread out from your Sun as follows:

The very small planet that your astronomers call 'Vulcan' and that formerly existed inside Mercury's orbit will be seen once more. The large, trans-Martian water planet that some experts refer to as 'Maldek' will again be visible in its full glory. Planet Uranus' current 90° tilt will be fully rectified, and small, moon-sized Pluto will revert to its original status as a moon of Neptune. The large gas planet that your astronomers currently sense beyond Neptune in deep interplanetary space will finally have its due, and you will name it. This solar system is recognized in the great sacred prophecies of the Lords of Light.

The specific timings of your solar system's changes are being regulated by transformations occurring inside your planet. Envision your

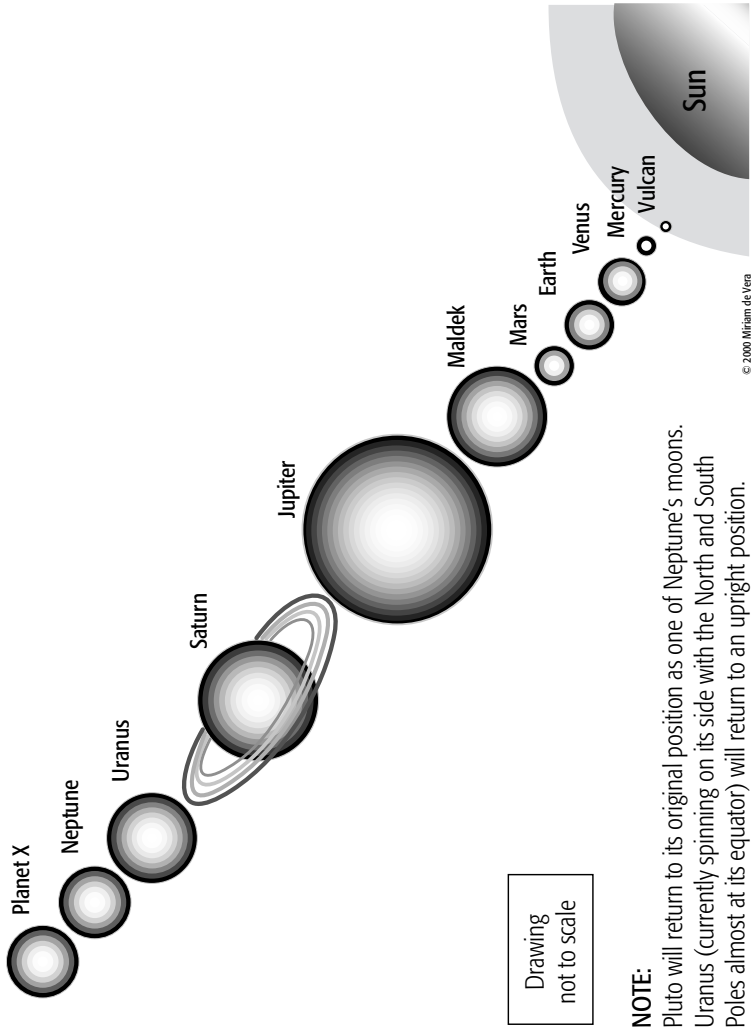


FIGURE 26: Your Restored Solar System

beloved Mother as a living entity. This marvelous Being is your home and your most important responsibility. She is being watched over in your temporary absence by your planet's cetaceans.

The whale song of the cetaceans maintains the biosphere, encouraging the annual reproduction of all living species in Earth's biosphere.

It also accomplishes something else. Whale song interacts with Mother Earth's magnetic and gravitational fields. In this way, whale song contributes to the stability and coherence of the planet's primary, life-giving pulses. Each year, the cetaceans modify this song in accordance with the divine wishes of Mother Earth.

Our purpose has been to aid the Elohim and the cetaceans in carrying out this critical task. We have dispatched many scientific observation teams to closely monitor the health of your planet. See your world as a great, living platform supporting your consciousness and its future expansion. With a healthy platform, your transformations can occur as planned. In many ways, the parameters for your changes are very fragile. That is why we are here to assist you. However, we wish to make it perfectly clear that this first contact mission is special. It is only designed to aid the metamorphosis of your society. Our primary objective remains your solar system's eventual membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

This carefully planned regulation of your solar system is being carried out to allow your transformations to happen in a truly divine right time. This divine time is based on the occurrence at certain set points of some predestined events in your solar system.

Many of these activities involve the alteration of the gravitational and magnetic fields of planets such as Jupiter as well as similar adjustments to the Sun itself. A number of your planetary and solar astronomers have noticed how subtly and even blatantly these actions affect the overall harmony of your solar system. Those astronomers and planetary scientists who are privy to both your overt and covert research data know the truth of what we have told you.

The consciousness-raising processes now occurring among you are very synergetic in form. At the proper time, they will require special hands-on techniques. This probability has created our need to fashion a most unusual first contact team. It is more than just an evaluation, liaison, and diplomatic contingent. This group includes scientific and consciousness-training personnel.

Our method is to look first at your society's development and then use specific proven strategies to test your responses to any potential action. Right now, we fully comprehend your position. This position is formed within

the procedures being performed upon you by your local Spiritual Hierarchy. This game of life, at prescribed times, is meant to lead your society toward certain outcomes. According to the Spiritual Hierarchy, everything is presently on course for a dramatic shift in your society's consciousness.

Grasp that the reality of your present world is about to drastically transform. This alteration is being accomplished with a minimum of catastrophic change. Presently, your planet is under the influence of certain climactic and oceanic factors which are skewing your planet's weather and the temperature gradients in the world's oceans. They have strongly pressured the land, causing a proliferation of earthquakes, storms, floods, and fires. To remedy this situation, we have created certain remedial conditions which give your global society a partial reprieve and allow it time to prepare for your first contact.

First contact is a natural by-product of your expanding consciousness. This process is multi-faceted and is tied into many smaller projects. On one hand, we are required to work with your very splintered global society. On the other, we are challenged by your world's highly structured ruling class.

Our program has been to demonstrate and then explain to your cabals the way in which your embrace of higher consciousness has altered the playing field. In addition, many new technologies are coming on-line. In the near future, these can expand the possibilities for your society's survival. As earth technology advances from electricity to the photon, it is undergoing a vast change in consciousness, a veritable spiritual revolution. This procedure splits up power and disperses it to individuals. Hence, the focus begins to be on individual and personal sovereignty rather than on hierarchical power structures.

Currently, a deep interest in personal sovereignty and liberty is burgeoning in the hearts of your people. It is a marvelous sign that this process is accelerating throughout your globe. Many pioneers in the field are busily informing your global society about the wonderful and quite legal advantages of these sacred and liberating concepts. Still, these concepts clash with the ancient, insidious, power-mongering agenda of your many global cabals. Using alien- and earth-based, advanced technologies which are available to them, they fully intend to gradually enslave you over the coming decade.

The most viable alternative to this plan is a wider attainment of your personal sovereignty. To facilitate this process, global applications of some highly empowering education and communication technologies are now pending. In addition, your local Spiritual Hierarchy is formulating programs to increase your awareness of personal sovereignty. It is crucial that the degree of knowledge your society currently possesses on this subject be vastly increased.

Normally, we can freely allow the 300 or so years that such spiritual development rightfully requires. However, the Galactic Federation of Light and your planet's Spiritual Hierarchy have too little time for this current procedure to drag on. Instead, our game plan is to intervene in this process at the perfect time and place.

We are focusing upon choosing a propitious moment when imperatives such as your spiritual expansion and growing consciousness are in place. In the meantime, we will continue our three-fold program for first contact. We are stepping up our close observation of your rapidly evolving global society. In fact, the exact moment at which we openly arrive will occur much sooner than many of you expect.

First contact is meant to unify your society while simultaneously expanding your personal sovereignty to its fullest potential. In addition, it is a time to transform your reality and to manifest creative solutions that can heal your many problems. This society, once perfected, can furnish its citizens with access to the truth of their real purposes and identities.

This procedure, along with advanced technology, can rapidly accelerate your society to full consciousness. It can completely transform your current concepts and perceptions! At last, you realize your kinship to others in this galaxy. Planetary xenophobia can then be replaced by heightened galactic awareness. As fully-conscious citizens of the Milky Way Galaxy, you can formulate a most magnificent galactic society!

My dear Friends, the future is impinging rapidly on your present ever-changing, skewed perceptions of the past. This is part of the massive consciousness evolution now underway in you. It is necessary for you to become grounded in the vital concept of personal sovereignty and in the fact that everyone is an interconnected part of the whole. In effect, you are information-oriented Beings seeking knowledge of the whole and

wisdom from the eternal.

Your search proceeds out of a sincere desire to grow spiritually and to discover your life's true meaning. This aids us in moving you toward the divinely right moment for first contact. Dear Friends, first contact is the flowing together of an even greater whole! It means a final, formal meshing of your full consciousness field and the strengthening of your ever-expanding planetary society!

Contact with a galactic society is a major event for all involved. It signals the further vast expansion of your reality's limits. It gathers your old concepts and moves them, exponentially, toward 'yet-to-be-dreamed-of' horizons. It places your technology and your consciousness into direct communication with a much larger sea of creative potential. This process and its resulting consequences make your first contact our highest priority.

First contact is actually the culmination of a whole cycle of events. Single-handedly, this remarkable event ends a long, temporary isolation from your galaxy's true realities. It introduces your global society to your Galactic kin. This interactive process quickly allows you to correct any misconceptions about us that are prevalent in your society.

As you can see, first contact is only manifested by us in a highly appropriate fashion. Our primary purpose is to assist you and see to it that grace and ease are the order of the day! The Galactic Federation comes to move your ever-expanding consciousness to its fullest potential. *You* are the mainstay of the societal changes happening on your beloved planet.

Our joint purpose is to shift your mass perceptions into full alignment with the sacred truths of the divine plan. Our aim is to bestow upon you the education, training, and knowledge needed to create a new reality: what the Angelic Realms call the return of God's holy WILL to your blessed Mother Earth.

Overall, your first contact mission is proving to be distinctive as well as extremely difficult. It is testing many long-cherished concepts. It is altering the numerous operating procedures surrounding a first contact. First contact for your world has caused us to bring in a number of different Galactic Federation fleets. This has created several unique command structures.

Your first contact has mandated that a joint education and growth process be constituted from day one. Your planet's society has served as the major linchpin in this most demanding set-up. We have been compelled to grapple, temporarily, with your global cabals and with those supposedly enlightened individuals who have yet to admit to the possibilities of our coming contact. We want you to know that your first contact is part of a destined outcome your society urgently needs.

Presently, first contact is a given element in both of our society's realities. The only variable remaining is the timing. What we can tell you is that you are rapidly progressing toward the divine moment when we will physically meet. Our societies are following timelines that, in the near future, will definitely intersect.

Right now, your society has reached the point (if it is to survive) at which it needs to swiftly transform itself. To accomplish this process, you require our guidance and assistance. We are very pleased that your secret rulers have decided to soon begin to release technologies that strengthen our hand and increase the necessity for physical contact. This is a sign that your stubborn global cabals have begun to factor us into their numerous depraved equations. The time is fast approaching when we can reveal ourselves to you!

Every advanced society reaches a point where it either acknowledges its place in divinity by asking for outside assistance or moves toward isolation and subsequently perishes. Currently, you are at this most critical of crossroads. Your secret global rulers symbolize the control group deeply desiring to separate you from your sacred heritage. We ask you to ignore their many prevarications and their substantial power. We ask you to choose Love.

The core principle of this present Creation, as set forth by the holy Creator, is divine Love. Compassionate Love is the very essence of the experience toward which you are now headed. All else in your reality is simply an illusory diversion. Your divine destiny is to be with your spiritual and physical kin. We ask you to choose the Light and to vote with your heart for Love. Love is the sacred vehicle unfolding your potential and leading you to full consciousness.

This choice holds many implications. First, you need to commit

yourself completely to the continual development of a great, global web of consciousness. This world network is a sign to all that the Light is firmly established and ready to support everyone who willingly carries its compassionate banner. Second, we ask you to join together and purposefully immerse your local community and your entire globe in the energy of Light.

Your knowledge and inherent wisdom of the current transformation and transmutation unequivocally strengthen your global society's ever-expanding consciousness. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy is daily preparing you to move into your new, glorious physical reality. This new reality enables you to embrace more of your full potential. Additionally, it permits the global cabals to see that their deplorable plans can only fail. As these various consciousness fields develop, they make our divine intervention ever more viable.

We in the Galactic Federation of Light are assisting your local Spiritual Hierarchy to prepare your society for its unprecedented transition in consciousness. At first, this transformation merely requires our indirect guidance. Eventually, though, we will intervene directly in your affairs. Dear Friends, this mission has been quite a challenge, like a tightrope that we fully intend to cross.

Your first contact is a grand experiment that thoroughly tests our mettle and of course your own. We have made some seemingly false and occasionally outrageous moves to attract the attention of your global cabals and their various scientific, governmental, and military pawns. Previously, we had planned simply to amass our landing fleet, acquaint some parts of your population with what was happening, and carry out those sacred tasks given us by your local Spiritual Hierarchy. We now wish to modify this agenda.

Over the past years, we have observed countless members of your population 'awakening'. The vast numbers of reviving humans and the immense amount of global networking show us how your collective consciousness field is beginning to dramatically shift toward Spirit. This new energy deeply encourages us and indicates that you are approaching the optimal mass required for our divine, direct intervention.

We intend to continue to monitor your changes and modify our

game plan. We intend to become, in the process, much more real to your global population. We are tremendously excited by these possibilities and have lovingly incorporated them into our planning. In any case, we are determined to comply with your local Spiritual Hierarchy's sacred desires to bring forth a mass landing upon your world when the Creator's divine plan so ordains!

Thank you, Supreme Fleet Commander Atura, for your marvelous explanation of this first contact mission.

One of the main purposes of this tour is to prepare us all for Earth's first contact. This has been highly educative for the Galactic Federation as well as for your global society. It has led to many questions concerning the validity and the timing of your first contact. To this end, let us proceed to a question and answer period of our own.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: *One question, very often asked, concerns the Prime Directive. You say that there has been a divine intervention. That is, there has been a series of pleas before different councils and a certain dispensation has been granted. Can you comment on that?*

A: Yes. This special dispensation can occur whenever a galactic society strays from its original prerequisites. This process long ago occurred on Earth. Another condition that allows dispensation occurs when a galactic society ceases its activity as the fully-conscious mediator between the spiritual and the physical realm.

This creates a situation (one of the few exceptions allowed) in which the Spiritual Hierarchy can in fact permit limited conscious Beings to evolve swiftly toward full sentience. Usually, the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light allow this altered society to evolve only gradually until it completes its karmic path. If it becomes extinct, a plan for a new seeding of that star system is proposed.

Owing to the exceptional nature of this planet and the global society upon it, Earth's society was altered through a special dispensation containing a divine intervention.

Q: *What steps led to the granting of this divine intervention?*

A: The Spiritual Hierarchies of this planet and of this solar system had

to agree to the plan, followed by the local universe councils. The next step was to approach the Galactic Federation of Light. Now that it was regarded as a divine intervention, the various Spiritual and Galactic Federation governing bodies were permitted to alter their usual procedures and formally approve a first contact mission.

According to Galactic Federation rules, a solar system, once assigned to develop under a certain star-nation (in Earth's case, the Pleiadean Star League), remains under that star-nation's guidance. However, originally your solar system was assigned to the Sirian star-nation. To restore your society to full consciousness meant the re-creation of a galactic society similar to the one enjoyed in ancient Lemuria. The Galactic Federation's Main Council permitted the Sirians to regain their former 'overseer' role. On 1 Muluc, 12 Kank'in, 2 Caban (April 24, 1994), a Galactic Federation of Light decree formally accomplished that exchange.

Q: Then this really is completely different from a takeover or an invasion by an extraterrestrial civilization?

A: That is correct. At the time of the fall of Atlantis, the local Spiritual Hierarchies issued a proclamation, "Any Being incarnated in this solar system agrees to follow two main conditions. First, full consciousness can be reestablished at any time through the divine intervention of the local Spiritual Hierarchy. Second, any event or resource needed to accomplish this goal is hereby agreed to." Every person incarnating on this planet has signed off on these conditions.

Q: Are you saying that this happened at the soul level and that we participated in this process yet fail to be consciously aware that we gave our consent?

A: Yes. Limited conscious Beings are predisposed to be only partially connected at these higher levels. So, you tend to forget. Very infrequently, a quick flash of memory can very briefly remind you. In full consciousness, you can re-connect to those pre-birth agreements that you have merely forgotten.

Q: Is this intervention actually being carried out with our permission although we lost the awareness of having given it?

A: Yes. Very, very few are now aware. Some remember the process intuitively. Others have only a recurring, vague remembrance. When the

material presented in this work is reviewed, it somehow allows many people to spontaneously recall that they do, indeed, have these particular agreements.

Q: Does this shift into full consciousness bring many new responsibilities as well as a new relationship with the Spiritual Hierarchy and with self?

A: Yes. With transformation into full consciousness comes a responsibility to understand what Love truly is and how to manifest and employ it. Love creates all things. Love *is* all things. You need to embrace that truth completely. That is why the energy of the Christ was initially used to anchor in this procedure. You are to learn that the basis of full consciousness is the ability to manifest anything through Love.

Another step is to understand what this all means. That is, one needs to appreciate how to extend this Love to oneself, to humanity, *and* to Creation. Love is the way we manifest our own innate abilities. It is also a way to compassionately appeal to others for help. Love is a joint effort. Each one is as important as every other one. You need to realize that you live in this great inter-connected mosaic of Light and Love.

Q: What, may I ask, is the overall mission of the first contact team?

A: The overall mission of the first contact team is to successfully aid the advent of full consciousness in Earth's human population. Later, as part of this process, it can assist those who are fully conscious in establishing governing structures dedicated to Light and inner growth.

At the present time, the Galactic Federation's first contact team is in the process of establishing the final details—the 'whens', 'wheres' and 'hows' of this first encounter mission. The process includes the detailed procedures to be followed after your first contact has transpired. These protocols are part of our mission. It is based upon Light and Love. We are here as your elder sisters and brothers to stage a 'welcome home' for our Earth kin.

Q: How is the first contact team actually organized?

A: The first contact team has established an overall Board of Command. It consists of fifty of its senior S&E commanders. Their function is to oversee the various first contact missions.

The First Contact Team's Board of Command has been further broken down into appropriate committees. In each of them, there are

assigned personnel from the science, technology, and other departments of our S&E fleets. Their exact composition has been determined by the decrees of the Sirian Regional Federation Council.

The Sirian Regional Federation Council has given the First Contact Team full authority to carry out this mission in your solar system. This includes a defense contingent normally assigned to S&E fleets. The required defense forces have been assigned by the Sirian Regional Governing Council.

Q: What is going to happen to Mother Earth in the next few decades following first contact?

A: In the next few decades, Mother Earth will be restored to her former self: a paradise. Once again, Earth will possess her firmament: two ice layers that existed during her fully pristine state. With her firmament intact, Mother Earth's atmosphere will no longer be subjected to sudden climactic changes or too high winds and extreme weather.

People who have grown up with weather and consider it an important part of their reality are in for a great surprise! Every day will be sunny. Temperatures will range from the lower to upper 70s. Wind-speed will be no more than five mph. The weatherman can say, "Sunny and mild conditions for the entire year!" It is going to be a vast shift from everyone's current reality.

Q: As part of this divine intervention, how will you be assisting us in our transformation to full consciousness?

A: Once you are fully conscious, you need a new set of guidelines to help you respond to your environment and live with your fellow fully-conscious humans. Imagine that you were to suddenly develop broad, telepathic powers. Immediately, you face the possibility of being stuck with 15,000,000 or more people on the same mental phone line! This type of event can stretch your sanity to the breaking point. You can pick up everyone's conversations at once!

In full consciousness, you also have the ability to walk through walls and doors, move objects about, and instantly manifest those things that you desire. All of these capabilities can be extremely overwhelming! This applies, especially, if you have yet to experience this type of reality or have been in total denial of it for most of your life.

Because of this new, multi-dimensional reality, you need to learn the basic etiquette for responding to this ‘extraordinary’ environment. You need to develop skills which allow you to cope with all these strange ‘goings-on’. These particular skills are called ‘full consciousness etiquette’ and keep you from acting inappropriately. The Galactic Federation’s First Contact Team will assign special counselors to educate you about this most amazing gift—full consciousness.

Q: Exactly what are we going to experience when the divine right moment actually arrives for our first contact?

A: When the divine right moment occurs, the amount of higher consciousness energy that the local Spiritual Hierarchy has brought in will be much greater than you heretofore have experienced. Individuals surrounded by a lot of negative energy will most likely experience five to ten minutes of sickness from these intense energies. It is almost as if somebody placed a storm of high, positive energies around Mother Earth. Many who are more aware can see these new energies as extremely brilliant lights. Everybody will feel it as a calming energy. It is going to feel like the ultimate form of ecstasy!

These wonderful energies are to be accompanied by extremely beautiful, celestial music played by the local Spiritual Hierarchy. This heavenly music is a sign to all that a truly divine intervention into the affairs of Earth’s humanity is about to transpire. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy will also form some easy-to-detect, ‘Angel-like’ clouds in the sky. These heavenly portents are your signal that something miraculous is about to happen.

Q: Will everybody enter into full consciousness at the time of the actual landings?

A: Our prime directive from the Spiritual Hierarchy is to assist in the initial stages of your restoration to fully-conscious Beings. Thus, your actual return to full consciousness will ensue after our first contact with your society has been successfully completed.

Q: Are there degrees of full consciousness, or will it be the same for everyone?

A: No. The state of full consciousness is a given. However, each individual experiences it uniquely. Keep in mind that when you are in full con-

sciousness you exist on two levels—the collective and the individual. The joys of full consciousness lie in the way you interface these two states of existence. This process depends upon a number of factors. These include your intended life purposes, your acquired knowledge, and how well you use your inner wisdom.

Q: Is the sickness you have mentioned part of being transformed into full consciousness?

A: Not really. The intensity of the sickness and whether you actually encounter it will be determined by the amount of negative energy or thoughtforms you have attracted to yourself.

Q: What are the primary intentions of the first contact mission at the time of the actual landings?

A: The intentions of the first contact team during the actual point of divine intervention are three-fold in nature.

First, there is a need to inform Earth's people about what is happening to them. This will be handled by a special, global broadcast just prior to the actual commencement of the landings.

Second, there is a need to prepare your population for first contact. Some will be informed beforehand so that they may assume a leadership role in their respective communities.

Finally, there is the need to monitor your change into full consciousness and to secure the landing sites. This task has been assigned to a special Galactic Federation group working in complete cooperation with the local Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: Is there a master plan for the actual first contact operation?

A: Yes. As part of this divine intervention, the Galactic Federation of Light and the Spiritual Hierarchy have developed a stunning master plan! Galactic Federation counselors maintain special dossiers. These predict potential responses to any event by every human currently living on planet Earth. Your inner Angelic councils have also examined you thoroughly.

As you move through this procedure, your inner Angelic councils and your Galactic Federation counselors are working together to prepare you for what is about to happen. Always remember that the purpose for our first contact is to return you to full consciousness and help establish your galactic human society.

Q: What is going to happen after this initial stage of the first contact mission is complete?

A: Galactic Federation of Light engineers have created vast, underground caverns equipped with enormous holographic devices. Here, in the form of holographic light patterns, will be everything to maintain life as you know it.

There will be systems to provide food, shelter, and clothing as well as a simulated environment to permit any form of recreation that you presently enjoy. These internal holographic environments replicate in every conceivable way surface conditions on Mother Earth when she was a veritable paradise. Bear in mind that abundance in all things is the natural state of fully-conscious Beings. Thus, with the landings, comes the deathblow to poverty, disease, and ignorance for all peoples on this planet.

An advanced civilization will enhance the planet by allowing all plant and animal life on Earth's surface to remain relatively undisturbed. The result will be a 'kinder and gentler' reality for Earth's new biosphere.

Q: What function is our local Spiritual Hierarchy expecting us to perform after we regain full consciousness?

A: You are here to be the Earth's physical Angels—a fully-conscious, guardian species. Together with the Devic kingdom and the Angelic Presences, you are here to use your energies to create the forms of life that maintain this planet's biosphere at its intended energy levels. That way people from other worlds, galaxies, and dimensions can see events on your planet's surface or visit subterranean cities and other parts of your magnificent and wondrous world.

Q: When will we be allowed to colonize other planets like Mars or Venus?

A: Plans to colonize the other three water planets in your solar system can be understood by examining our outlines for Mars, which are as follows:

First, planet Mars is to be returned to its pristine state. Mars' climate will closely resemble a slightly cooler (by about five degrees Fahrenheit or nine degrees Centigrade) Earth. The flora and fauna of its ancient biosphere along with its original firmament are to be revived.

Second, at the appropriate time, Earth humans (whose life contracts include guardianship for Mother Mars) will be moved there. Mars

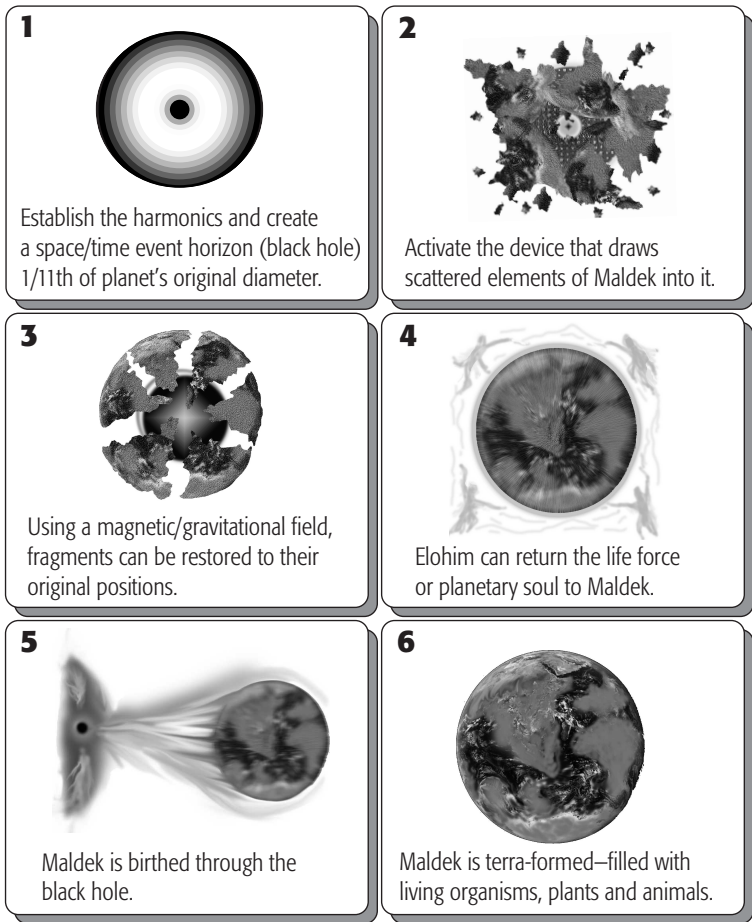


FIGURE 27: How to Reconstitute a Planet

is to be colonized through a series of globally interlocked cities built approximately one-quarter mile (about 400 meters) beneath its surface. Until they move to Mars, assigned colonists are to reside in a special space colony to be set in high orbit above the red planet. They can observe Mars' transformation from rusty orange to brilliant. The dark and light blue of its oceans, the greens and purples of its vegetation, and the reddish-brown majesty of its mountains will once again become visible.

Third, our projected timetable for completing the first step of this procedure is within three to six galactic months after your first contact. Some two galactic months after this first step is concluded, Venus and Mars are to be colonized. Maldek will take about six galactic months longer because it first needs to be reconstituted.

Q: How is the current Asteroid Belt to be reconstituted as the planet Maldek?

A: It is a very complicated operation. However, to answer your question succinctly, let us break this procedure into six stages and briefly describe each one (see FIGURE 27). The stages are as follows:

First, it is necessary to establish the harmonics of planet Maldek. How does it fit into the orbital grid of your solar system? Harmonics are determined by measuring the size, density, orbital velocity, and strength of Maldek's gravitational field. Our scientists have already worked out these statistics.

With this data, we can construct a large, inter-dimensional space/time event horizon (a very unique black hole) equal to one-eleventh of the planet's original diameter. This special device can merge the different aspects of the planet including the many moons that the larger outer planets of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have captured.

Second, our scientists together with the local Orders of Elohim activate a special device and attune it to the fundamental harmonics of Maldek. It acts amazingly like a vacuum cleaner and draws the scattered elements of Maldek into it. The procedure takes approximately three galactic months and is carried out in accordance with a series of safeguards. These include surrounding each planet and your Sun with special holograms and placing harmonic demarcation space buoys at significant nodal points in your solar system.

Third, these parts now exist in the dimensional flux, flanking this dimension and those surrounding it. All dimensions, in fact, swirl around each other like giant tops. Using a special magnetic-gravitational field, these parts can be returned to their original positions. Initially, Maldek will be filled with cracks and lack any signs of life.

Fourth, the Elohim can return the life force or planetary soul to Maldek. This starts its magical re-creation process. That accomplished, Mal-

dek is ready to be rebirthed as a prime constituent of your solar system.

Fifth, Maldek is ejected or 'birthed' from the black hole. This special magnetic-gravitational event swells the event horizon to approximately eleven times its original size. As Maldek appears, the event horizon dramatically disappears. The planet is ready to be 'terra-formed' and returned to its pristine condition.

Sixth, as just noted, Maldek can be easily terra-formed now by a method similar to that used on Mars and Venus. Colonization will follow the same steps outlined above.

Q: How will the Galactic Federation engineers and scientists restore our extinct species and allow them to again become part of the new Earth's biosphere?

A: Right now, your scientists know that they can dissipate molecules and atoms using vibratory patterns emitted through sound and/or light. When certain appropriate sound and light patterns are passed through relevant layers of Mother Earth's etheric bodies, you can, with the full cooperation of the Devic Kingdom, easily re-establish any extinct life form.

Essential information concerning all life forms is stored in the etheric realm. Keep in mind that every species' RNA/DNA is stored, at its most fundamental levels, as inter-dimensional sound and light patterns. Thus, Galactic Federation technology can very rapidly alter this conscious patterning and transfer it back to life even if your present understanding regarding biological form now considers it extinct. Precisely because of this technology's efficacy, Mother Earth strongly desires the presence of the Galactic Federation to assist in restoring her precious biosphere.

Q: What will the final outcome of this first contact be for Earth's peoples?

A: You will be able to move effortlessly into a new reality. Here, you can directly aid the many life forces residing upon Mother Earth. You are to be given enormous subterranean sites, similar to those occupied by the Kingdom of Agartha (Shamballa), where you can develop your cities. These cities will be graced with everything you need. Your role is to be Mother Earth's primary guardian. By fully employing your magnificent abilities, you can nourish and balance Mother Earth's nascent, living energies.

The Galactic Federation and the Spiritual Hierarchy fully intend to

assist you in this essential process of global transformation. Just know that in this new reality *you* are a necessary co-creative partner of the Spiritual Hierarchy and the Galactic Federation of Light. With this knowing, you can begin to truly appreciate why the local Spiritual Hierarchy invited you to be guests upon this beautiful blue planet!

You are here to understand how Creation operates and how physicality evolves. Ultimately, these processes of inner growth form extraordinary lessons for you, for the Spiritual Hierarchy, and for us. We greatly anticipate innumerable splendid experiences as we learn from and teach each other!

10

GALACTIC TIME

Hello, once again! This is your chief tour guide, Sandara.

Today, we will be exploring one of the more interesting aspects of your coming galactic society—the galactic calendar. Time is meant to embody the very essence of being. It reflects your life energy’s harmonics as well as your individual patterns of work and relaxation.

To explain to you the many intricacies of galactic time, we are pleased to be hosted by Xochtilan (pronounced SHOK-TEE-LAN), a renowned Arcturian timekeeper who last incarnated on your world in the Fourth century A.D. during the classical Mayan civilization. Without further delay, here is Xochtilan.

Thank you, Sandara, for your very kind words.

Time, my dear Lights, is more than the measuring of a day, a month, or a year. It is a sacred cycle of your holy Mother Earth and of you, her sacred caretakers. It is also a tool by which you can follow time’s divine behavior—one that attunes each of you to the great unfolding of physical Creation. All sentient societies in this galaxy have instituted calendars to measure the natural cycles of this galaxy and of our home-

worlds. They are the measure of our home-worlds' essence and of how the Creator has expressed it to us.

The traditional Mayan calendar was a modified form of galactic calendar that ancient Arcturian timekeepers originally assigned to this solar system during the first days of Lemuria. The Atlanteans modified it for their own despicable purposes. More than three millennia ago, galactic Mayan timekeepers from the star system Maya in the Pleiades restored this calendar to its magnificence. Your galactic society will employ a slightly adjusted version of that calendar.

This modified galactic calendar is a special, earthly time device based on the traditional Mayan Haab or solar year calendar. It has eighteen months of twenty days each plus an additional ending period of five days. The change in this calendar is represented by a unique k'in count and a first (or New Year's) day that your present Gregorian calendar expresses as July 26th. Within this calendar is the Tzolk'in (the sacred calendar of the ancient Maya).

As I have just mentioned, the Tzolk'in is the traditional sacred calendar of the Maya and consists of 260 solar days or k'in. The Tzolk'in (or 'day count') symbolizes the actual pulse of the life-giving energy which Lord Sun (Kinich Ahau in Mayan) bestows upon Mother Earth. These sacred proportions are ultimately determined by adding the orbital harmonics of Venus, Mars, and your Moon to this pulse.

The K'in or 'day' in Mayan is used for the calendar's daily count. K'in consist of three major parts: thirteen tones of Creation, twenty solar glyphs, and four harmonies. Days or k'in are organized into a set pattern of 260 in which four harmonic colors (Red, White, Black, and Yellow) are constantly repeated through thirteen tones and twenty solar glyphs ($20 \times 13 = 260$). Your galactic society is to retain a modified Tzolk'in as its sacred calendar to regulate accurate dates for performing your various Earth guardianship duties.

As previously noted, the starting point of the galactic Haab (solar day calendar) is New Year's Day, your July 26th. It honors the star that represents the Sirians who originally guided you to Earth. On galactic New Year's Day, the star Sirius greets the Lord Sun as he begins a new day, rising above the Pyramid of the Serpent, at Chichen Itza.

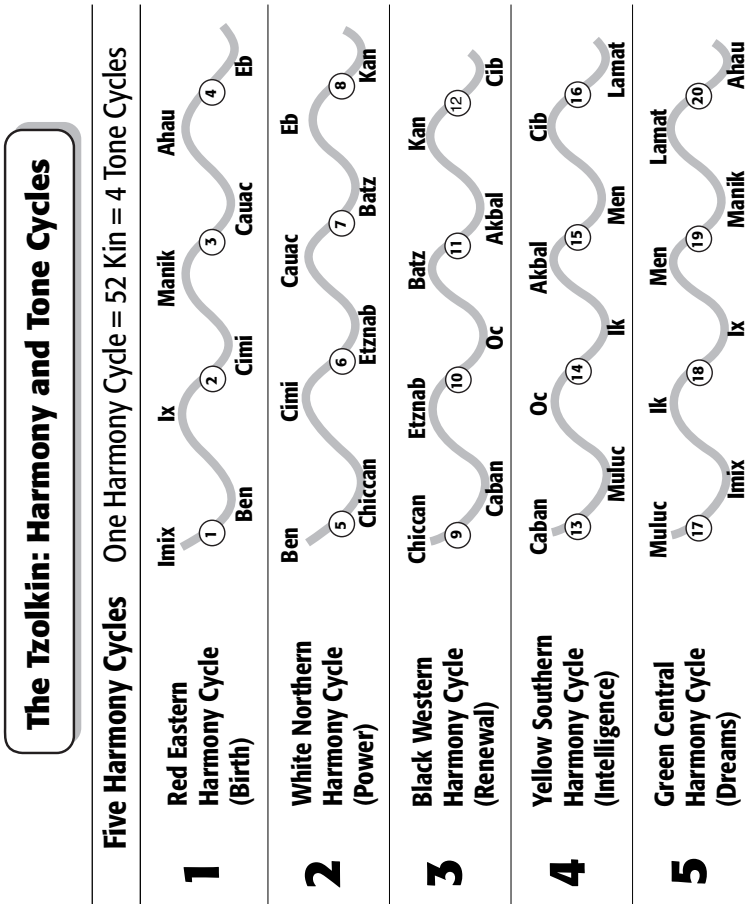


FIGURE 28: The Tzolkin: Harmony and Tone Cycles

This act commemorates the sacred inception of your galactic culture in the now lost lands of Lemuria. It also represents the beginning that many celestial Beings gave to the destroyed cultures of Earth after Atlantis' destruction. Additionally, July 26th symbolizes Sirius' encounter with the rising Sun over Mount Haleakala on Maui ('the House of the Sun' in Hawaiian). In this fashion, the sacred links among past, present, and future in your historical process are duly noted and graciously acknowledged.

Later on in this tour, my dear Lights, Mikala will discuss the histori-

cal process of your earthly civilizations. In order to understand the concept of galactic society more clearly, you need to discern that new idea with reference to time. To many on your world, time is only a measurement, a number used to record a certain event, *i.e.*, the time it takes for an Olympic runner to run a set distance and win the race.

More than a mere measuring device, time (in and of itself) is a precious key to the vast creation that is the physical universe. Therefore, one of the major sectors that watch over the physical universe is the local Orders of Time Lord. The Orders of Time Lord are so called because time, as we see it, is one of the ‘secrets’ of Physical Creation. It is the vast, endless pulse that has made all things possible. According to an ancient Arcturian proverb about Creation, “The Orders of Time Lord created the great pulse of time. From this great pulse came Light. From this great Light came Love, the Creation energy of Light. Out of this Light of Love came all of Creation.”

Let us examine this great pulse of Creation—time. In the Galactic Federation of Light, time is viewed as a way to understand and to experience one’s reality. To emphasize this point, let me state that we had given the distant ancestors of the Mayans an earthly galactic calendar before the births of Buddha and Christ. A version of this calendar was still in common use at the beginning of the Mayan classical period in the Fourth century A.D. and it lasted until almost the beginning of the Tenth century A.D.

This was the sacred calendar or ‘count of days’ of the Mayans which, as you remember, is called the Tzolk’in (see FIGURE 28). It is a concept of time based upon the divine numbers twenty and thirteen. Twenty represents the twenty solar seals or Mayan glyphs of time, and thirteen embodies the thirteen tones of Creation (see FIGURES 29A, B, C, D, and E and FIGURE 30).

My dear Lights, twenty is a divine number that personifies the essential duality (two) of the physical plane and its manifestation by Spirit (ten). In other words, Spirit has entered the physical karma of this plane and transcended it. In a sacred relationship, to multiply is to become one with its very essence or $2 \times 10 = 20$. The twenty solar glyphs are the essence of Spirit becoming one with the physical and moving beyond it to a fresh integration with Spirit.

20 Mayan Glyphs




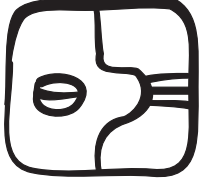
| | |
|---|--|
| <p>(1) IMIX</p>  <p>Red Dragon <i>birth of beginnings, nurtures wholeness, source of creative essence</i></p> | <p>(2) IK</p>  <p>White Wind <i>initiates spirit, announces birth of spirit, communi- cation of inspiration</i></p> |
| <p>(3) AKBAL</p>  <p>Black Night <i>dreams of spirit, child of creation, union with abun- dance of self, dreams of idea, nurturing thought</i></p> | <p>(4) KAN</p>  <p>Yellow Seed <i>flowering of ideas, beginning of form for creation, the planting of thought, preparing the form for realization</i></p> |

FIGURE 29A: The Twenty Mayan Solar Glyphs

Thirteen symbolizes the holy cycle of physical Creation. The Creator formed physicality in thirteen holy steps. Thirteen mirrors the manifestation of all things in the physical. The twenty glyph cycle moves through physicality by using the information-energy set within the thirteen tones. Each tone is a representation of each point of the thirteen

20 Mayan Glyphs

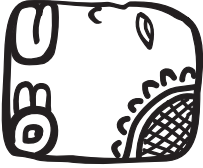
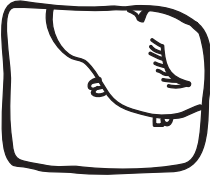
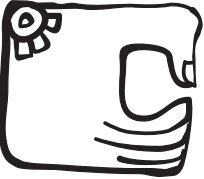
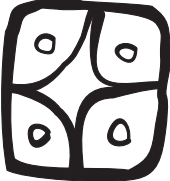
| | |
|---|---|
| <p>(5) CHICCHAN Red Serpent <i>power, life force energy, integrates spirit with physical, sex, preservation of life, survival of idea</i></p>  | <p>(6) CIMI White Death <i>transformation of ideas into thoughtforms, bridge between spirit and physical forms</i></p>  |
| <p>(7) MANIK Black Hand <i>service to Source, form as reality, discovers logical path to the creation of self, self-knowledge</i></p>  | <p>(8) LAMAT Yellow Star <i>elegance of thought, harmony with universe, creates elegance and beauty through art</i></p>  |

FIGURE 20B: The Twenty Mayan Solar Glyphs

part cycle needed to manifest physical reality.

During the course of this tour, we will review two important sets of principles surrounding the numbers thirteen and twenty and their use in the Tzolk'in and the Haab. I also intend to teach you as much as possible about the essential meaning of these sacred precepts. Bear in mind

20 Mayan Glyphs

| | | | |
|--------------|--|------------|--|
| (9) MULUC | Red Moon <i>purification and ritual, organizes thoughtforms, reflection of thought as reality, understanding of self</i> | (10) OC | White Dog <i>love, devotion, strength of heart, meditates on loyalty, importance of relationships</i> |
| (11) BATZ | Black Monkey <i>playfulness, joy in magic, mastery of creation, spontaneity of the mind, thoughtform as spontaneous creation, child-like</i> | (12) EB | Yellow Human <i>uses free will, explores the limits and origin of free will, analyzes thoughtforms and their connection with reality</i> |

FIGURE 29C: The Twenty Mayan Solar Glyphs

that to comprehend the meaning of these divine elements is to understand the crux of our examination.

As we begin, there is little need for you to understand everything I say. According to an old Earth proverb, “A baby needs to crawl before it can walk and walk before it can run.” Remember this, and digest what

20 Mayan Glyphs

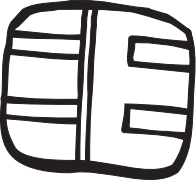
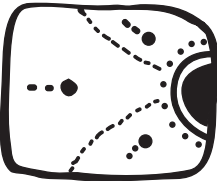
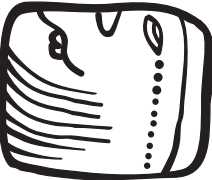
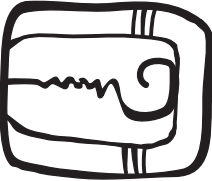
| | |
|---|--|
| <p>(13) BEN</p>  <p>Red StarDancer <i>explores selfhood, relates rhythm of self to the infinite, shows how thought- forms are part of timelessness</i></p> | <p>(14) IX</p>  <p>White Wizard <i>creates the magic of ideas, enjoyment of selfhood, enchantment with the divine self</i></p> |
| <p>(15) MEN</p>  <p>Black Eagle <i>vision and command of thoughts, commit- ment to a vision, completion of journey to inner self</i></p> | <p>(16) CIB</p>  <p>Yellow Warrior <i>spiritual warrior, questions logic of thought, determines reasons for exis- tence, journeys into mystic and divine pathways</i></p> <p><small>© 2000 Miriam de Vera</small></p> |

FIGURE 29D: The Twenty Mayan Solar Glyphs

I say in small, manageable bits. As I have intimated, your earthly galactic time is expressed as a slightly modified, traditional Mayan calendar. Let us remember to proceed from its smallest segments to its largest. In form, this calendar mirrors the unfolding of physical Creation from the micro to the macro.

20 Mayan Glyphs


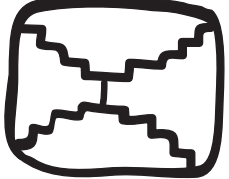
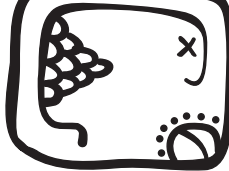
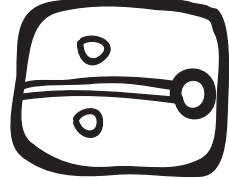
| | | | | | |
|----------------------|---|--|------------------------|---|---|
| (17) CABAN |  | Red Earth <i>navigates reality, determination of the usefulness of thoughtform, aligns Earth force with the Infinite</i> | (18) ET'ZNAB |  | White Mirror <i>mirrors inner self, final form of resurrection, analyzes reality of thought, reflection of spirit</i> |
| (19) CAUAC |  | Black Storm <i>resurrection, regeneration of self, final transfor- mation of spirit body, preparation for ascension</i> | (20) AHAU |  | Yellow Sun <i>mastery and ascension, wholeness, union with the infinite, enlightenment of the soul</i> |

FIGURE 29E: The Twenty Mayan Solar Glyphs

It is important for you to have a basic understanding of these principles. Let's begin by looking more closely at the twenty solar glyphs. Become more familiar with each one's shape, color (harmony), and traditional meaning. They are the basis of the k'in. They regulate how this calendar is constructed.

As you study the twenty solar glyphs, you see that they are divided into four different colors or ‘harmonies’. In Creation, certain parts (harmonies) of the sacred spectrum are essential to the visualization of future actions. The four harmonies—Red, White, Black, and Yellow—and their purposes follow.

Each color (Red, White, Black, and Yellow) symbolizes a phase or harmony of a pulse of time. Each color (galactic genetic imprint) represents how time is to be composed. In addition, this harmony cycle turns or manifests the sacred vortex of Creation. Consequently, it moves counter-clockwise or right to left. To illustrate, my dear Lights, if you marked the four sacred directions on a cross, East (Red) is on the right point of the horizontal line, North (White) on the top of the vertical, West (black) on the left point of the horizontal, and South (Yellow) on the bottom of the vertical line.

As noted, these harmonies embody a vortex signifying how time relates to the four ages of limited consciousness humanity (birth, childhood, adulthood, graduation). It shows how thought or pure intention (the engine of Creation) manifests itself through the mechanism of time. Remember that this duality, the ages of humanity, and the unfolding of physical Creation always underpins the very foundation of galactic time.

To understand the twenty solar glyphs, you first need to consider the four colors of the celestial harmony. Before we examine them, let me explain what they actually symbolize. The celestial harmony cycle consists of four colors:

Red is the first harmony color. It is the color of initiation. Red symbolizes the manifest creative power at the source of all substance and all cycles. It signifies the onset of a journey or discovery of divine intention. Divine intention, in turn, requires four stages to be transformed into pure thought.

As with all the other colors, the harmony color Red is to be repeated five times in creating the twenty solar seals or Mayan glyphs of time. Whenever the color Red appears in this calendar, know it as the prime initiator of a particular procedure or harmony cycle.

White is the second harmony color and denotes purification. As you begin an event or series of events, contemplate this idea and its true significance. That is, you wish to purify or discern your core beliefs

about it. In so doing, you 'purify' your understanding of the event.

The process of discernment or purification is symbolized by the harmony color of White. White is all things yet none of them. It is pure essence. For this reason, it is the Mayan representation of sky, the link between Heaven and Earth. White exemplifies the moment when the initiate becomes capable of assuming the form both of Spirit and of Earth. Intention has been initiated and now holds a form or essence.

Black is the third harmony color. It exemplifies the means to transform or move intention from purified thought to a prototype that can be precipitated into physicality. Once you have initiated an idea (a creative intention or whatever you profoundly desire to accomplish), you require it to be transformed or manifested into a useful form (made real).

Black represents one of the most complex methods in this process. To the Maya, black personifies the night (the dream world) where all forms of magic are possible. To be made manifest, the intentional form of white needs to enter the physical. Black characterizes its magical state. Magic occurs in the void or the realm where the Celestial Beings of Creation dwell. The void is dark. It is the night journey to the Light or the great, unending day of time, the ruler of all material Creation.

Yellow is the fourth harmony color. It personifies the process of ripening or maturing this precipitated creation. Hence, yellow signifies the actual manifestation procedure carried out by the application of divine intelligence, wisdom, and knowledge. It is acquired by passing through the first three stages (steps) of the harmonies. Earth's arcane knowledge traditionally represents the maturing or final transformation of intention as yellow, or its higher tone, gold.

It is vital that you appreciate the importance of each aspect. Another important phase of the manifestation procedure is the need to let go. Once you have posited an intention, do not cling to a particular outcome. Every thoughtform develops into a living entity in this reality and requires encouragement to mature. This is accomplished by releasing it with perfect Love. To focus exclusively on a specific outcome can limit and prevent its growth. By liberating your intentions and thoughtforms, you greatly expand the conscious potential of this reality!

Yellow, therefore, defines the cycle and conclusively imprints any

The Thirteen Tones of Creation

| Number | Mayan Numerals | Tone Name | Mayan Name |
|----------|-----------------|---------------|------------|
| One | ● | Unity | Hun |
| Two | ● ● | Challenge | Ca |
| Three | ● ● ● | Activation | Ox |
| Four | ● ● ● ● | Definition | Can |
| Five | ▬ | Radiance | Ho |
| Six | ● ▬ | Equality | Uac |
| Seven | ● ● ▬ | Attunement | Uc |
| Eight | ● ● ● ▬ | Integrity | Vaxac |
| Nine | ● ● ● ● ▬ | Intention | Bolon |
| Ten | ▬ ▬ | Manifestation | La-Hun |
| Eleven | ● ▬ ▬ | Liberation | Hun La-Hun |
| Twelve | ● ● ▬ ▬ | Cooperation | Ca La-Hun |
| Thirteen | ● ● ● ▬ ▬ | Transcendence | Ox La-Hun |

NOTE: Tones are used with the 20 Mayan glyphs to denote a particular k'in. For example, 8 Batz or in Mayan–Vaxac Batz.

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FIGURE 30: The Thirteen Tones of Creation

manifest concept brought through the four universal pulses of galactic harmony. This course of action also permits reality to be ever changing and allows divine intention to become real. To clarify, once again, my dear Lights, the process of manifesting or applying the yellow harmony is accomplished by ripening the thoughtform and letting go of any attachment to its particular manifest expression.

Now, as we journey through the twenty Mayan glyphs or solar seals, we need to see them not as mere symbols but as living entities and as personal guides. They are Spirit made physical and the physical fully integrated into Spirit. They are the paths that lead you back to Heaven and to the ultimate mystery of who you really are. View them as a way to perceive the process of your personal growth.

To the galactic Maya (as to any fully-conscious Beings), time is a process of inner growth and a road to the discovery of life's true purpose. In light of this knowledge, let us now begin our creative journey of self-discovery using time as a benchmark. It can show you your progress and how you can achieve your daily objectives. This journey also demonstrates how to align yourself with your precious Mother Earth and her life-giving vibrations. This is the power as well as the amazing promise of galactic time.

Combined with the initial set of glyphs, the first four sets of harmonies represent the beginnings of a life or a cycle. The physical world is first encountered during the period of birth and early childhood. From these earliest engagements, many critical preliminary evaluations and assessments can be made. This first cycle is the foundation for each of the succeeding cycles.

The first four harmonies and their Mayan glyphs or solar seals are called Red Imix, White Ik, Black Akbal, and Yellow Kan. We can view this first set of examples as a way to obtain an initial knowingness about experiential time. Time is to be experienced and to be lived. Time is a living entity of great wisdom that can be an immensely loyal friend filled with astute and valuable insights. Time is your guide on the path of life and your benchmark for adjusting to the rhythms of Mother Earth.

In our initial cycle, time has its beginnings. This period marks the start of your journey through life and the realm of your intentions. The first or red harmony is represented by the glyph called **Imix** (pronounced EE-MESH). Imix stands for 'the celestial dragon'—symbol of the Heavens. Traditionally, it also represents birth and nurturing.

In the beginning, the celestial dragon comes to release the world by cracking the cosmic egg of Creation. It then gives to the newborn world the wisdom food it needs to be nurtured. The dragon's wisdom is essential for the development and survival of the world. Birth is the start of any

life or cycle. The red celestial dragon, Imix, is the prime initiator of the amazing journey to self-discovery.

The second harmony color is white, represented by **Ik** (pronounced EEK), and it means Wind. Ik announces the birth. The celestial dragon's actions are made known to Spirit, and its intention is formally communicated. This puts Spirit in a quandary. It needs to know what has been born and for what purposes. All of its intentions are to be manifested according to the divine plan. For that reason, the birth is to be measured and found acceptable by the divine plan. This communication process brings Spirit (the sacred wind) into your journey.

The third harmony color is black, and its glyph is **Akbal** (pronounced AHK-BAHL). Akbal is the night sky. It symbolizes the starry Heaven wherein lies the magic of the void. Here, intentions brought forth by the world's birth are shaped or transformed by Spirit. And so, remember that inner transformation or discernment is accomplished through Akbal.

Akbal is the place where magic or an abundance of dreams is to be found. When you have discovered your idea or experience of time, you go on to initiate it, purify it, and transform it. This intention has been given some preliminary form that can grow and is now exploring its divine purpose.

The fourth harmony color, yellow, is the aspect of maturation or letting go. Its first form is **Kan** (pronounced KAHN)—the eternal seed. In Mayan, it represents the number four and the life-giving serpent of the body known as the kundalini. Kan is the seed and the germinator of any intention or purpose. When this glyph is present, be ready to release the first cycle of Being—give freedom to an idea. Permit the intentions Heaven has planted and prepared to be germinated.

After you have gone through this initial stage of experiencing time and giving birth to intention, you arrive at the next phase of the journey. This concerns learning how to manifest the intention. The next four-step process is quite similar to childhood. You will stumble and occasionally fall, but you also will be able to observe what you are doing in a more creative and flexible manner.

The next set of four harmonies represents a time to learn about the tools needed to expand one's horizons—a better understanding of time

and its earthly life pulse. Your intention and your experience of time begin to grow at a more rapid pace and are represented by: Red Chicchan, White Cimi, Black Manik, and Yellow Lamat.

The second red glyph, **Chicchan** (pronounced CHEEK-CHAN), typifies the serpent or reptile. It is purely an aggressive Earth animal. This creature is extremely knowledgeable about how to retain its life force. It is the very epitome of survival. When your intention discovers how to survive in the new temporal universe, it moves easily from the world of the Spirit into that of physicality. Chicchan initiates this process. The serpent emerges from the realm of reality and gives intention the first sign of its final, manifest form. This contact moves it out of its birthing process and into the second stage of childhood or survival.

Movement between Spirit and the physical must be measured and fully discerned. For this, the Maya call upon the vehicle of Death. Mayans see death as the great bridge that separates physical from spiritual reality. Death is also the final arbiter that defines Life and its survival. The Mayans call the next glyph White **Cimi** (pronounced KEE-MEE). To them, death defines the nature of the physical and of each spiritual reality. It is able to bestow its grim lessons and to discover if this intention can be truly manifested.

The next solar glyph is called Black **Manik** (pronounced MAHN-EEK). Once you have laid the groundwork for learning how to bridge spiritual and physical, you need knowledge of the world. This is the function of Black Manik. In Mayan, it means hand or worldly service. Manik transforms an intention that lies between worlds into an intention that your world can comprehend. It does so in a way that transmutes your intention into a service to all humanity.

Last in this harmony cycle is Yellow **Lamat** (pronounced LAH-MAHT). In Mayan, Lamat means star or celestial object. With the energy of Lamat, you learn the wonder and joy of survival. The intention-entity has been given a more coherent form. Now is the moment to freely let it go. In doing so, you discover the basic elegance and beauty of its completion.

We have completed the first steps in teaching you how the multifaceted components of time and Creation operate. You can now incorporate these basic principles into your lives and use them as a guide in

the creation of your daily experience.

This leads you to the next four Mayan glyphs which represent adolescence. Here, there is some rebelliousness, but the inner growth that you gain from this stage allows your intention and your experience of time to mature. The next four solar seals are: Red Muluc, White Oc, Black Batz, and Yellow Eb.

Once again, the red harmony is the initiator. This ninth solar glyph begins the sacred ritual by which to reflect upon your adult, or fully matured form. The glyph Red Muluc indicates reflection/ritual. In Mayan, **Muluc** (pronounced MOO-LOOK) is the Moon or the cycle of ritual. To the Maya, adolescence is a time to mimic adults, prepare for adult responsibilities, and discover who you really are. Muluc expresses the preparations for this process. It employs the many ongoing rituals inherent throughout adolescent life.

To ensure maximum efficacy, ritual needs to be constantly distilled and watched over. Something grand inside and about you needs to be discovered (purified). Keep this in mind, my dear Lights. Purification is similar to the crucible of the ancient alchemists. It can uncover essences important to your being. The next step or harmony holds meaning beyond mere ritual. It forms your inner loyalties and prepares your intention and your concept of time for manifestation.

This purifying function is connoted by white **Oc** (pronounced OAK), which in Mayan means dog. Like the dog, Oc represents loyalty to group and to self. Here, time is seen as a means to explore inner and outer feelings about self and others and to experience heart energies—to embrace the concept of learning to Love.

The new ability to Love and to perform ritual creates healing energies that are a key to self-discovery. You and your intention-entity have now formed an identity which is expressed in joy. Its glyph is Black **Batz** (pronounced BATZ) which in Mayan means monkey. Batz transforms the idea of Love into its most open and generous form. Here, you play with it in pure and magical joy! That joy leads you to perceive reality as a sacred and wondrous creation.

At the completion of adolescence lies yellow harmony, the glyph called Yellow **Eb** (pronounced AB) which in Mayan means human or

man. With the release of this joyous Love into the universe comes the understanding that divine free will exists throughout Creation. Free will leads you into adulthood. Eb does this with the firm conviction needed to achieve your objective. As your experience of Love and free will increases, you can more easily express them.

On your journey of discovery about the pulse of time throughout creation, you next arrive at the adult cycle. Your intention-entity has decided how it wishes to be manifested. Now, it must see how this procedure can actually unfold. The ensuing four harmonies demonstrate how time flows around you and influences your daily behavior. Let us look more closely at these four glyphs—Red Ben, White Ix, Black Men, and Yellow Cib.

By now, dear Lights, you know the order of the harmonies and how they constantly weave their way through these solar glyphs. So, let us resume the intention-entity's life cycle through time. As usual, the red harmony initiates this process. To the Maya, **Ben** (pronounced BAN) represents space. Ben is also the vehicle that conveys you there. It represents transcendence—the dance between mind and heart. This dance is ongoing in your daily ritual. It is the rhythm of your existence, the flow of everyday life. Hence, we call this glyph 'StarDancer'.

Ben moves you from dreaming about your intention to achieving it in your own unique way. With Ben, you can gracefully overcome obstacles and set a course to manifest an intention. Now, in many ways, you are experiencing time and its creative pulses as a series of activities which shape this daily 'stardance'.

The ability to purify and discern the significance of the 'stardance' proclaims the height of your inner magic. It is the domain of White **Ix** (pronounced EESH). In Mayan culture, it means tribal or royal sorcerer (witch or shaman), conjurer of spells. Inner and outer magic permit a vision to come forth and an eternal purpose to be made real. Once magic has been purified, its essence can be revealed. It then needs to be transformed or transmuted so it can be used.

Keep in mind that, once transformed, the vision can be applied. This vision needs to be thoroughly examined and to be viable, refined, through a quest. This type of vision quest is the province of Black Men. In Mayan,

Men (pronounced MAN) exemplifies the Eagle—strongest, bravest, and wisest of all birds. His sight is keen, and he cannot be easily deceived. Like the soaring Eagle, Men steers you to a path on which your inner vision can become practical. In this way, it can be made real. Once you have accepted this vision, you can let go of your preconceptions about it.

The next harmony, of course, is yellow. Its glyph, called **Yellow Cib** (pronounced KEEB), represents divine or heart logic. You need this divine logic to be successful and to complete the vision quest. Cib symbolizes the logic of Spirit, the way of your inner heart. It repeatedly counters the logic of the outer mind or intellect. Its main purpose is to show you the folly of your outer reality. Follow its lead and liberate your many misconceptions. Learn to adapt to its profound wisdom—the graceful path of Heaven.

The adult stage is a period in which to test realities and learn what this world is all about. It is also the time to pursue dreams and make them real. In doing so, the fourth go-round of the harmony pushes Spirit into matter. You learn about matter and understand how the pulse of time and the energy of space create your reality. Within these steps (harmonies), your reality begins to assume a new set of inner and outer meanings.

Remember, my dear Lights, this remarkable galactic calendar is built upon discernible patterns and harmonies which can be easily interpreted. Each group of four k'in sets up tones and establishes rhythms. Its purpose is to act as a sacred tool, enabling you to better understand Mother Earth, your society and, especially, yourself.

Always view the delineation of time as more than it at first appears. This galactic calendar serves as an inner teacher that instructs you in a wise and skillful manner. Its various daily lessons are extremely subtle. Prepare yourself initially to be somewhat confused, for the way of Spirit often takes unusual twists and turns. Also be ready to learn a number of amazing and interesting concepts about the reality surrounding you.

Dear Lights, let us return to our journey through the twenty solar glyphs. When you finally begin to question how the inner pulse of Creation regulates your reality, you acquire the skill to use your inner wisdom. Yet, the main question remains: How can I correctly and effectively use this divine wisdom? To answer this question is the important task

(function) of the last four solar glyphs. The concluding four harmonies are the glyphs' fifth and final, four-step stage. This group symbolizes the integration of thought, matter, and Spirit. The last four solar seals are Red Caban, White Etnab, Black Cauac, and Yellow Ahau.

Red harmony takes aspects of thought, matter, and Spirit and guides them toward the knowledge that creates what in Mayan is known as Tum (pronounced TOOM)—the sharply honed, diamond mind of the Master. Red **Caban** (pronounced CAH-BAHN) symbolizes the Earth helmsman or navigator. Caban presents an internal navigator found in the link between the self and your holy Mother, the Earth. To the Maya and many other ancient people, the ultimate source of all life wisdom lies within Mother Earth. Earth makes use of this special wisdom and its magical lore. Listen to it and follow it. Mother Earth can teach you ways to use this profound, inner wisdom.

This wisdom integrates all aspects of your reality—Spirit *and* matter. It demands purification. That is, this wisdom needs to be passed through a strong and discerning crucible. That instrument is White **Etnab** (pronounced ATTS-NAHB), the eternal mirror of Heaven. To the Maya, Etnab reflects and determines what is real and what is mere illusion or shadow. In this discernment, one finally discovers truth and the reasons for all manifestations. However, one final adjustment in time and space is still required.

This remaining adjustment transmutes your intention into its ultimate and most faithful essence and is, in fact, a grand cleansing. It is called Black **Cauac** (pronounced KA-WAK). In Mayan cosmology, Cauac is a devastating storm. Its energies cleanse and transmute everything before it. Cauac creates a stringent test of the integrity of an intention by tearing the realm of the temporal and by stretching space to its limits. This great test permits you to adjust anew, to begin to self-generate and allow the cycle of time itself (physicality's grand pulse) to reach its enlightenment.

The last glyph is **Ahau** (pronounced AH-HOW). In Mayan, Ahau represents Lord Sun and the sun within you. This Light of your Soul produces the Tum—the diamond mind. It is this Tum which instantly transforms and liberates all. Ahau is both the celestial path to Heaven and the path back from Heaven to physicality. It is the source of all manifest wisdom

and the point at which intention is released and revealed. Moreover, it is the ultimate crowning of your five-stage odyssey through the sacred solar glyphs. Now, this culmination returns us to its beginnings, Red Imix.

Glyphs require a tone to become a k'in. According to a galactic Maya proverb, "Only when the stones sing do they become real!" The timekeepers of the galactic Maya superimposed the twenty solar glyphs on the thirteen tones of creation. The thirteen tones signify the specific harmonics that make the Tzolk'in or the 260-day sacred calendar possible. Through each of its k'in, this sacred calendar represents the manifest energies of Creation. The Tzolk'in contains a rhythm aligning the energy of your reality with that of Creation. The key to this sacred calendar (or Tzolk'in) is the aforementioned tones. These tones function as follows.

The thirteen tones of Creation are Unity, Challenge, Activation, Definition, Radiance, Equality, Attunement, Integrity, Intention, Manifestation, Liberation, Cooperation, and Transcendence (see FIGURE 30). Dear Ones, look upon these tones as you have the solar glyphs. Their song ebbs and flows with the cosmic dance of Creation. The Creator choreographs this cosmic dance as an eternal spiral or vortex. Imagine a vortex moving up and then down like a sine wave in continuous peaks and valleys. Visualize a celestial, flowing sketch of the Creator which is divided into three parts.

The beginning of this tone cycle extends from the first to the fifth tone. At the fifth tone, it has been reduced to a base point (the bottom point of the vortex).

From the sixth to the ninth tones, the spiral changes direction from down to up. It reverses its counterclockwise self and begins to head upward once again back to its source.

Finally, the tenth to thirteenth tones form the top lip of the spiral and prepare to become the foundation for yet another set of tones. This thirteen-tone cycle demonstrates the fundamental unfolding of the magnificent potential of Creation.

My dear Lights, these many intricate cycles of Creation constantly spiral throughout your reality, achieving a never-ending series of eternal completions. Every cycle repeats the thirteen tones of Creation twenty times. Each time, a different Mayan glyph is used in succession for

each tone. Thus, all thirteen tones eventually describe all twenty glyphs, or to put it another way, the cycle continues until each of the twenty solar glyphs contain all thirteen tones.

Galactic time is based on this 260-day Tzolk'in calendar. For ritual, the ancient Mayans also used a yearly or solar calendar called the Haab. With modifications in its k'in count, this Haab is the basis for your galactic calendar.

Four Mayan glyphs and the thirteen-tone cycle are employed to represent each solar year. They are Red Caban, White Ik, Black Manik, and Yellow Eb. For example, this year (2000–2001), which like all Haab starts on the Gregorian date of July 26th, is 9 Eb, and its succeeding year (2001–2002) is 10 Caban (see the back of this book to order your galactic calendar).

The Mayans and their galactic Maya instructors created a solar year calendar (Haab) and a sacred 260-day calendar (Tzolk'in). The Galactic Federation's Arcturian Timekeepers have modified this solar year calendar for you. As we have mentioned previously, this galactic solar calendar is derived from the original Mayan Haab calendar, comprising eighteen Vinal (months) of twenty days each. Included in the Haab is a five-day, ceremonial, year-ending period. It commemorates the year just ending and helps to prepare you for the coming year. The Mayans call this period the Vayeb or 'the endings'.

The purpose of this new galactic calendar is two-fold. First, it gives you a means to understand time in an original and profound way. This moves you from the Anunnaki calendar (based on a linear, limiting, 3-D concept of time) to a galactic one which is built on an organic and naturally flowing rhythm. Second, time can be acknowledged as a pattern that affects Creation and permits intention to be manifested into physicality. It allows you to feel the rhythm of time, of Mother Earth, and of yourselves. It is this process that permits time to be such a sacred element of Creation.

Thank you, Xochtilan.

Galactic time is one of the firm foundations of your coming galactic society. The Galactic Federation has given you this tool to help you perform your sacred tasks as planetary guardians. To advance your continuing understanding of this calendar, Xochtilan has graciously con-

sented to a general question and answer period. Use the terminal next to your seat and ask any questions that might make this seemingly complex subject more comprehensible to you.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: How do you use the galactic calendar?

A: First, break down the calendar into its micro-parts—the k'in. From there, simply move up to the succeeding levels. In the Tzolk'in calendar of 260 days, there are twenty tone cycles of thirteen days each. Tone cycles are important, because each is related to one of five harmony cycles of sacred, cosmic reality. Each harmony cycle lasts 52 days and is composed of four, thirteen-day tone cycles.

In the case of the Haab, there are eighteen galactic months of twenty k'in each. There is also a final five-day (k'in) month called the Vayeb which is used for reflection upon the previous year and preparation for the one to come. The flavor of the galactic year is determined by the k'in of its New Year's Day: for example, 9 Eb is the first day of the galactic year 9 Eb.

Every day has its own flavor, especially when aligned with the day of your birth or birth k'in. Each day has a force and a meaning to it which is represented by its k'in. As you perceive this flow or cycle of time, you can begin to interpret its inner meanings and understand how an individual's energies and purpose develop. Knowing this, you can choose to flow with or against the natural rhythms of the galactic day, month, or year.

Q: Can you give us further advice on how to learn more about the principles behind the traditional Mayan calendar?

A: It has been my purpose to touch rather lightly upon some of the vast and intricate principles of time. To go more deeply, obtain the works of any one of the noted Mayan timekeepers. There, you can learn about the relationships inherent in the sacred art and profound science of time keeping.

In this regard, remember that the Maya had the help of the Arcturian Dominion and the Pleiadean Star League in creating the classical Mayan calendar. This traditional calendar was used throughout the classic Mayan civilizations well before the birth of Christ. It is still in

limited use in many traditional areas in southern Mexico and in other parts of Central America.

Q: What is the importance of using this galactic calendar on a daily basis?

A: It is important, my dear Lights, that you use this galactic calendar to experience time and go beyond the sequential, linear concepts you now hold. Galactic time puts an end to the idea of time as simply a method of measurement. Time is the creator of reality. Experiencing time can help you to better shape your lives and allow you to understand the relationship of one person to another. This divination comes from knowing the flow of time that exists in each of you and in a specific other.

Let us look at how a particular sign can reflect one's being. Take for instance the birth k'in of 11 Oc. In Mayan, it is called Hun La-Hun Oc. White Oc is its solar glyph. Oc is the glyph symbolizing Love and loyalty. White symbolizes purity. Liberation is the eleventh tone of Creation and means liberty. When we combine this information in a more cogent form, we learn that this individual can liberate the purification of Love and loyalty. Their purpose is to use Love and loyalty in its most refined or activated form to move humans from their present reality to a galactic one.

Q: How do you analyze a particular day, such as your birthday, using the galactic calendar?

A: Check that specific day and its particular tone cycle. Then, analyze how this k'in (there is one for each day) relates to the birth k'in. For instance, in scanning a thirteen-day period or tone cycle beginning with 1 Ix (called the White Ix tone cycle), you know that it is for purifying magic. Therefore, during this tone cycle, you can experience the magic of purification, a way for garnering a better understanding of self and of one's environment.

Then look at the particular date and understand its significance. For instance, if the date were 9 Ahau and your sign were 11 Oc, you can see that Yellow means to ripen. Its intention is attuned to manifesting or form, and Ahau is to enlighten. It is letting you know that this is an excellent time to think and meditate before instigating an action.

Q: How can one truly comprehend the meaning of Creation using the concept of time the galactic Mayans have given?

A: To understand galactic time, it is necessary to return to its basic un-

derpinning—the ancient Mayan culture. To the Maya, time emanates from the galactic core or the Creator. This core or center of creation (named Hunab Ku) passes a life/time pulse, filled with Creation energy, through what is called the Kuxan Suum or transmission medium.

Your galaxy is the transmission medium. From the galaxy, it flows to the Sun. The Sun is Kinich Ahau—Ahau being the Mayan word for Sun and Kinich meaning Lord. Lord Sun moderates this energy and passes it on to Mother Earth who then passes it on to you. This pattern recurs every day. We present you with a responsibility, my dear Lights: understand this paradigm and quickly master it.

Q: Why are galactic calendars so important?

A: Galactic calendars help you to appreciate the experiential aspects of time and how to relate it to your reality. This is the significance of calendars. They determine the pattern of your days and the methods by which you most effectively use the powerful energies of each day. Consequently, time has significance as vital as Creation. Like Creation, it is a divine process. You can start to flow with time not against it. Calendars are only a beginning. They are one of the tools that can help you develop into a fully-conscious member of a truly galactic society.

To sum up, time and Creation are organic conceptions from the divine plan. By comprehending these principles, you can be one with the energy of Hunab Ku, the Orders of Time Lord, and the Spiritual Hierarchy. My dear Lights, always consider time as a consciousness technique for experiencing your reality.

Time's delineation of your reality can be viewed in many ways. One essential aspect of this progression involves laying bare the history of what has befallen your society since the second Galactic Federation colony (known as Lemuria) was originally established on Earth some 900,000 solar years ago.

In realizing your true history, you begin to explore the great cycles of time and learn how they relate to your society, to your world, and to this solar system. With these lessons, you can discover how to unite with the great rhythm of Creation and, especially, with the melody sung, ever so beautifully, by your great provider, Mother Earth.

11

YOUR

EXTRATERRESTRIAL

ORIGINS

Hello. This is Sandara, your chief tour guide.

It is most exciting for me to present an accurate account of how humans came to populate your world. To assist me, I am privileged to present to you, Mikala, one of Sirius' most honored historians. Mikala is the director of the Galactic Federation of Light's Institute of Human Exo-Paleontology and one of the eleven principal authors of a 209-volume work which the Galactic Federation of Light sponsored on the history of inter-stellar humanity. Without further ado, I turn this mini-tour over to her.

Thank you, Sandara, for honoring me with your introduction.

Dear Hearts, one of the most amazing tales I have ever encountered is the history of your planet's many diverse civilizations. As I begin, imagine the beautiful voice of Mother Earth singing her long, melancholy chant (an Earthsong) telling of the joys and tribulations of her precious children. In honor of this beautiful chant, I wish to recount to you your true history.

From the very first instant of physical existence, the many Orders

of Heaven have filled your sacred Mother Earth with a vast diversity of life forms. They created this heterogeneity for the sole purpose of permitting several species of land creatures to rise to high sentience on your world. Upon each, they bestowed the special opportunity to become the prime planetary guardian of Mother Earth.

Nearly 35,000,000 years ago, three such highly sentient civilizations (Reptilian, Dinosaurian, and Cetacean) were placed upon your planet. The three civilizations enjoyed a peaceful co-existence and a lively yet varied commercial life. It seemed that Mother Earth was on her way toward achieving a multiplicity of sentient life forms quite capable of carrying out her guardianship.

Around ten million years ago, many star-nations in this solar system began to involve Earth's three civilizations (now in advanced levels of space and inter-dimensional time travel) in their various commercial transactions. These star-nations told others about the unique diversity of sentient life forms dwelling in remarkable harmony on Mother Earth.

As these stories assumed epic proportions, your solar system became the stuff of legend. Many myths and prophecies were spread across the galaxy as people struggled to explain the reasons for this phenomenon. Eventually, talk reached the stellar regions of Orion and its main star-empire, the Anchara Alliance. Its rulers soon sent special scouting parties to your world to seek out the veracity of these strange tales.

The solar system of Bellatrix, the Alliance headquarters in Orion, and other captive star-nations sent large delegations to Earth to corroborate these stories. But a deeper suspicion galvanized them into action. They desperately needed to disprove the many rumors circulating throughout this galaxy. These rumors completely contradicted their logic and appeared to be in direct defiance of the holy edicts of their dark creator-god, Anchara.

At first, what they saw amazed them. It appeared to invalidate the basic philosophy of the Anchara-based Alliance. For the first time, they were witnessing sentient Mammals existing with Reptilians and Dinosaurians in complete harmony and in full equality. These findings were truly unique and soon reverberated throughout the galaxy.

The large delegation from Orion looked with strong disfavor upon

this anomaly. They quickly decided to act. Their initial strategy was to force Earth's Dinosaurian and Reptilian societies to amass special terrorist cadres. Their sole purpose would be to destroy the smaller mammalian group.

Earth's mammalian civilization was then composed of a land version of what today are called Cetaceans. In your world, Cetaceans now comprise the many whale and dolphin species that live in oceans, bays, and rivers. At that time, these Cetaceans were land dwellers. They were completely fur-covered with large snouts and ears and were about five to five and one-half feet (1.5 to 1.65 meters) in height.

As fully-conscious Beings, they had grave misgivings about the frequent meetings held among the Orion, Dinosaurian, and Reptilian star-nations and their earthly counterparts. The Cetaceans intuited that these gatherings signified probable skullduggery. To learn what was forthcoming, their main ruling council assembled its most renowned oracles. Through their seers' arcane rituals, the Cetaceans soon uncovered the Orion-ites' nefarious plot.

After about ten thousand years of constantly baiting them, the Orion-based Ancharans had finally been able to convince the Earth-based Dinosaurians to attack their Cetacean neighbors and obliterate that civilization. They decided to use an advanced form of psychological weaponry. Having deployed it in earlier galactic wars, the Orion-ites were convinced that this 'silent-but-deadly' weaponry would instantly kill all of the Cetaceans. Moreover, it would leave their dwellings as well as their much sought-after technology relatively intact.

The native Dinosaurian group fervently desired this attack to bring about a permanent change in Earth's biosphere. Over time, they intended to create a biosphere more compatible to Dinosaurians and Reptilians. Then, dinosaurs, reptiles, insects, and primitive birds would once again be predominant over mammals. A significant number of presently common plant species were to be eliminated. These intentions were in direct defiance of the heavenly wishes of your planet's local Spiritual Hierarchy. These actions seriously threatened to strip the Dinosaurian and Reptilian civilizations of any claims to a shared guardianship of Mother Earth.

Knowing that the Dinosaurian plot was about to be hatched, the Cetacean Elders saw that they could no longer rely on their ideals of trust and cooperation with the other two civilizations to keep them safe. In the interests of their own survival, the Elders reluctantly decided that only a pre-emptive strike was capable of eradicating this threat to their freedom.

The Cetaceans chose to employ a huge series of fusion-based electrical generators located in the Ural Mountains, the heart of the Cetaceans' beloved homeland. This region stretched from Central Asia to the farthest borders of Central Europe. Fully aware that in exploding these fusion generators they would unleash a worldwide catastrophe, the Cetacean Elders approached Earth's local Spiritual Hierarchy to ask their required permission.

During the negotiations, the Cetacean Elders explained the implications of the Anchara Alliance's pernicious plans. Your Spiritual Hierarchies agreed that the Orion-ites' actions were completely contrary to the divine plan for planet Earth. It was then decided by divine decree that the Cetaceans' devastating plan to implode their fusion generators would be allowed.

The Cetaceans perceived that, for their society to survive, they needed to establish their galactic civilization in another nearby solar system. Approximately one-half of the members of their earthly civilization migrated there, while the rest left the land and entered the water to escape the impending extreme radiation and its attendant nuclear winter.

These Beings found a relatively safe haven in the world's oceans and adapted their physical form to the new aquatic environment. The Cetaceans were also able to maintain their planetary guardianship. Their mission was to watch over Mother Earth until the perfect land guardian species was discovered and then established on the many continents of their beloved planet.

And so, about eight million years ago, the plan was agreed upon and executed. The Orion-ite group fled. With their departure and the death of Earth's Reptilian and Dinosaurian civilizations, one species (the Cetaceans) remained as guardians of Mother Earth. With the assistance of the Earth's Spiritual Hierarchy, the water-based Cetaceans and their space-

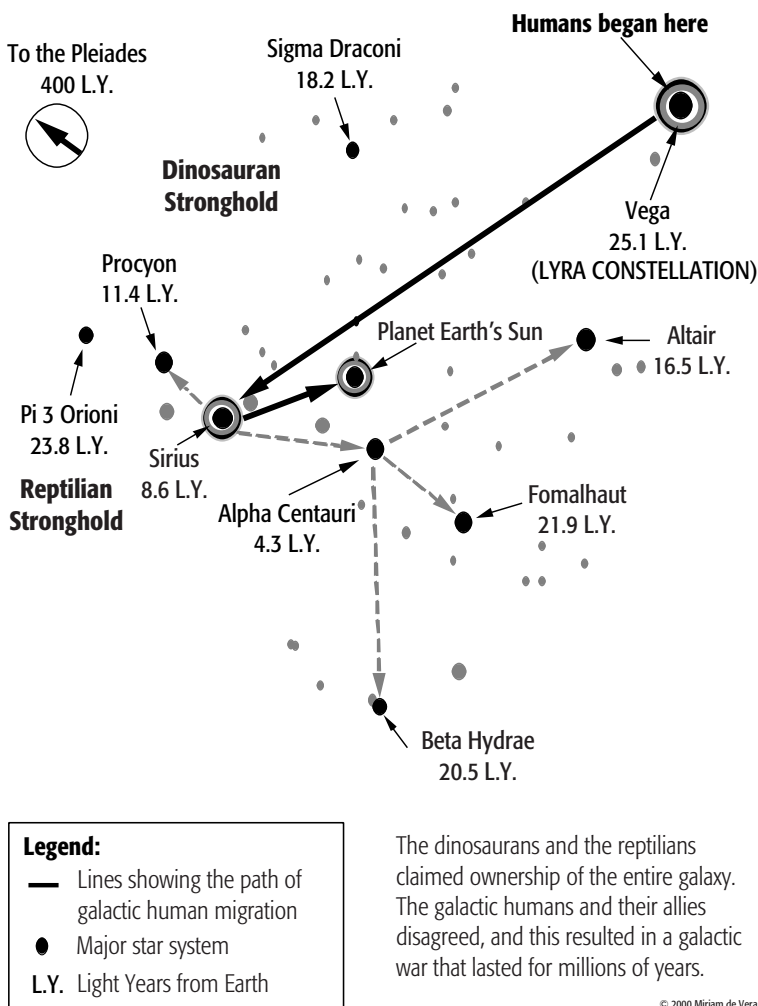


FIGURE 31: Migration of Galactic Human Societies

bound brethren began to seek out a candidate to replace them as Earth's land guardians.

After they had searched the galaxy for a few million years, they discovered a hopeful subject in the Lyra Constellation. On the fourth planet of the star Vega, an aquatic ape (possessing only the barest rudiments of civilization) had begun to emerge from the water. The searchers

saw it as a species of great promise, and they decided to see if a transformation of these ape-Beings was divinely possible.

The Cetaceans and Earth's Spiritual Hierarchy asked the Galactic Spiritual Hierarchy and the Spiritual Hierarchy of the Vega system for permission to alter this group of aquatic primates into full sentience. This massive evolutionary change prepared them to become the guardian species for a vast number of star systems. Initially, these home-worlds spanned the length and breadth of the Lyra constellation. In this timely manner, they eventually became the chosen land guardian species for the Cetacean's home-world—Mother Earth.

Approximately 6.4 million years ago, the humanoid Vegans began to spread throughout the Lyra Constellation. At this time, they first encountered advance scout parties from the Anchara Alliance. Because of their prior experience with these dark forces, the fully-conscious humans were able to fight them to a standstill. Over the next four million years, they continued their stellar and cultural migrations to the edge of your solar system (see FIGURE 31). By the end of this period, galactic humans had agreed with your local Spiritual Hierarchy to colonize Mother Earth as well as other planets in your solar system.

The first Earth colony was called Hybornea. Begun under the divine supervision of your local Spiritual Hierarchy, it flourished for nearly one million years. When the Orion-ite group returned to your solar system (about a million years ago), they found that humans controlled most of it. All that remained for them was a small colony of Reptilians on the planet Maldek.

Maldek was the large water world just beyond the orbit of Mars. Approximately 29,000 miles in diameter, it had five moons—four natural and one artificial. This artificial moon was used for observational purposes and is the one you now see in your night sky. In addition to their headquarters on Maldek, the forces of Anchara maintained a small company of outpost personnel scattered across the outer edges of your solar system.

Around one million years ago, the forces of the Alliance from Orion, aided by those from the planet Maldek, began a broad-based series of attacks upon your solar system and many other star-nations. Anchara's

forces were able to destroy the Galactic Federation of Light colonies on Mars, Venus, and Earth. These attacks depleted most of Mars' atmosphere and water and left Venus in a virtual greenhouse condition. A series of quick, savage attacks thoroughly decimated Earth's original human colony of Hybornea. Once more, the dark Anchara Alliance controlled your entire solar system.

For the next 100,000 years, the Orion-based Alliance group held sway. About 900,000 years ago, in a massive frontal attack which included many neighboring star-nations, the dark Alliance was pushed back. Galactic Federation of Light humans were now able to return to your solar system.

To aid their return, the Galactic Federation of Light brought in a large battle planet. This is the star vehicle your legends refer to as Nibiru. Its purpose was to destroy Maldek, headquarters of the Orion-based Alliance. The battle was won, Earth secured, and humans returned to colonize her.

The new settlers decided to center their Galactic Federation colony on Lemuria, a large, Pacific Ocean island continent. Over the next 850,000 years, the Lemurian Empire stretched across the planet. As part of their expansion, the Lemurians developed a series of daughter empires. The most important of these was a large island in the Atlantic Ocean called Atlantis. It was followed in importance by the Empire of Yü located in central China, northern India, and western Tibet.

By the end of the colonization period, the Atlanteans had developed a sense of uniqueness that separated them from the rest of the Lemurian civilization. The Atlanteans (who originally came from the Pleiades, Andromeda, and Centaurus) felt that they were more than just a mere daughter empire. Theirs was the only daughter colony capable of becoming the next mother empire. Over the succeeding millennia, these expansionist dreams grew, and the Atlanteans began plotting to destroy the Lemurian motherland.

The Lemurians developed a civilization in many ways similar to that of Sirius and various other Lyran-based galactic human societies. In addition, they produced some unique concepts of their own. The most important was that, as the primary human guardian group, they were

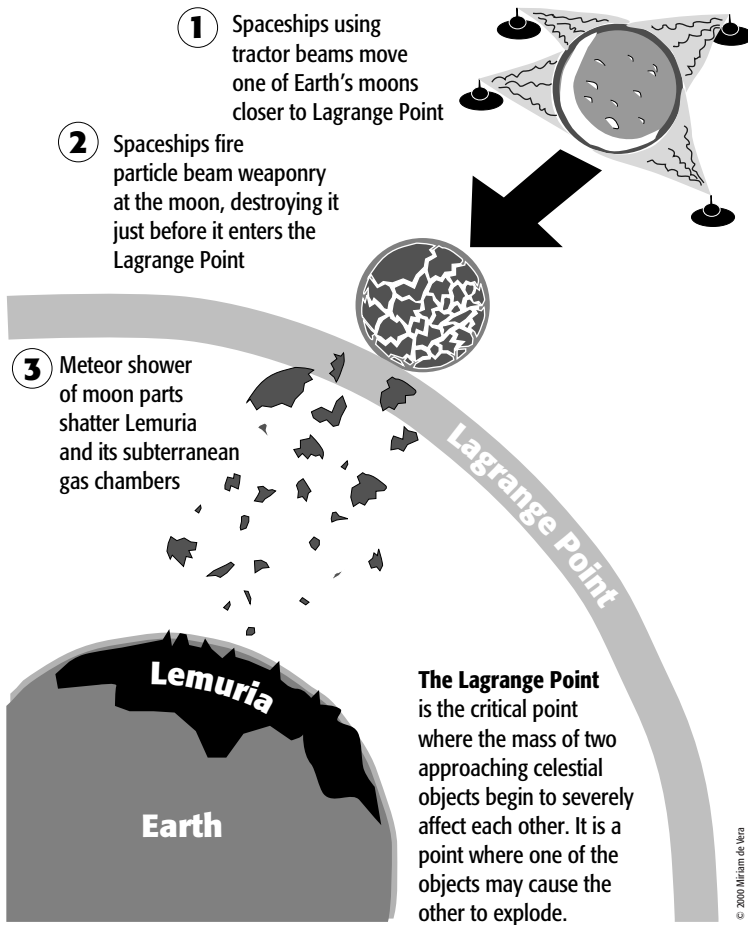


FIGURE 32: How Lemuria Was Destroyed

owed a certain deference. This idea faded about 50,000 years ago when the Lemurian Empire decided to give her various daughter empires more responsibility for their own governance.

The decree allowed the Atlanteans to seek out allies for their scheme to destroy the Lemurian motherland. Over the next 25,000 years, the Atlanteans began a massive diplomatic search for other culturally similar star-nations. They especially searched among other star-nations that had been outposts of the Galactic Federation of Light. This motley

group of schemers then began to hatch a plot for the destruction of Lemuria. Its purpose was to give Atlantis total supremacy on Earth.

The Atlanteans and their 'friends' waited patiently for the right time. It arrived approximately 25,000 years ago. At that time, renegade fleets from Atlantis, the Pleiades, and star-nations from the Centaurian Constellation devised an ingenious plan to destroy Lemuria.

At that time, two moons orbited Earth. Each was about three-quarters the size of your present moon. Both were in equidistant orbit about 240,000 miles (150,000 km) from your planet. The Pleiadean and Centurian renegade star-nations proposed to move one of these moons into a special trajectory. This was to be done by employing very powerful force fields from three specially-designed ships, each one-quarter the size of these ancient moons.

Just before the selected moon reached its Lagrange point (the point at which Earth's gravity could explode it), it was obliterated, showering down upon Lemuria in a tremendous burst of giant meteors. Due to these particles' great size and mass, the geological devastation was enormous. The immediate consequence was a continent-wide volcanic storm caused by the exploding of huge underground gas chambers (see FIGURE 32).

The massive depletion of Lemuria's gas chambers caused the continent to sink overnight! That one infamous night was filled with great blazes and an untold loss of life. It culminated with a series of overwhelming horrors. With the ruination of their capital city of Mirana, the Lemurian suzerainty over your world came to an abrupt end.

In addition to Atlantis and Lemuria, two other important daughter empires existed. These were the Yü Empire located in Central Asia and the Libyan/Egyptian Empire situated in North Africa. With Lemuria's destruction, these two daughter empires were apprehensive about what was to happen next.

To procure a certain degree of autonomy, the Libyan/Egyptian Empire had previously come to some understandings with the Atlanteans. These understandings were soon expressed through a series of secret alliances. In order to become part of the new ruling elite, the Libyan/Egyptians were compelled to fully yield to most of the Atlanteans' wishes.

However, the Atlanteans were soon forced to destroy the Yü Empire. After Lemuria's decimation, the royal families of the Yü Empire as well as its many attendant colonies refused to bow down to the Atlanteans. The Yü Empire issued a series of edicts demanding that the Atlanteans apologize to the other daughter empires. They insisted that the Atlanteans and their allies immediately cease their illegal activities.

The Atlanteans, aided by the Libyan/Egyptians, addressed the Yü Empire's challenge by demanding that they immediately acquiesce or be destroyed. They refused. Six months after the sinking of Lemuria, the Yü Empire was decimated. Its survivors fled underground and formed what is known today as the Kingdom of Agartha or Shamballa. As a result of their brave actions, the Yü Empire kept the glorious legacy of Lemuria intact. At a future time, this great legacy will be beneficially brought forth and shared with their surface cousins.

The history of Atlantis is marked by the rise of three successive empires. The first is the Old Empire merely because it co-existed with Lemuria. At its climax, it brings about Lemuria's destruction. The second is called the Middle Empire. It rules from approximately 25,000 to 15,000 B.C. The last or New Empire covers Atlantis' final 3,000 years. Dear Hearts, let us start our overview with this Middle Empire.

After the destruction of Lemuria, the Atlantean elites were confronted with two important questions. First, how best to reconstruct Earth's governments and retain their supremacy? The Atlanteans' envisioned a system capable of perpetuating their own supreme authority. Second, how would the remaining daughter empires coexist under this new Atlantean authority?

Initially, the creation of a new balance of power was difficult for Atlantis to achieve. Their first attempt involved an interim government. This government was no more than a modified Lemurian clan structure headed by a supreme royal council. The headquarters for this global government was located in Atlantis at its capital of Posedia.

At first, many daughter states paid little heed to the Atlanteans and their newly obtained authority. This resulted in the outbreak of a series of minor but treacherous civil wars across the planet. The Atlanteans realized that a show of force was necessary to regain control.

For this difficult task, the Atlanteans used the artificial moon from the long-destroyed planet Maldek. Originally, they had introduced this imitation as a new second moon in order to balance Mother Earth. Now, with its holographic interior and instrument-filled hollow core, it was to be used to gain necessary military superiority. Dispatched from their artificial lunar bases, the Atlantean fighter forces easily controlled the various rebellions.

Sporadic rebellions were fought throughout the entire 10,000-year period of the Middle Empire. These conflicts caused the Atlantean rulers a great deal of soul-searching distress. These feelings were amplified by the actions of the Pleiadean and Centurian renegades who were beginning to take control of the many clan and other governing councils of the Atlantean elite.

The off-worlders were vociferous in demanding that any members of the Atlantean elite opposing the anti-Lemurian faction be severely punished. These dictates caused a prolonged period of terrorism, torture, and demagogic inquisitions. It left Atlantis' rulers even more upset and increasingly at odds over what to do.

A dilemma was developing that the Atlantean elites were not able to easily resolve. It was centered around a single question. How could an Atlantean government be stable and powerful enough to govern planet Earth? Of their many ill-fated attempts to solve this puzzle, the most significant was their concept of creating a 'god force' or 'supreme rights' ruler. When many other efforts were unsuccessful, the royal governing council of Atlantis decided that a drastic new form of governance was definitely required.

During the Old Empire in the time of Lemuria, Atlantis had been subdivided into ten ruling districts. Each one had its own king. These ten regional kings came together and formed the ruling council of Atlantis. As the last vestiges of the Middle Empire faded into history, the Atlanteans revived this former governing concept and restored the ten kingships.

However, this time they created the added position of a paramount king to be chosen from among the ten. This chief king reigned for a set period of time. Originally, this was 25 years, but later it was reduced to

only ten. Meanwhile, the other nine kings functioned as the selected king's privy council. The off-worlders approved this plan, and the new 'royal' ruling council was immediately appointed.

By the end of the Middle Empire, this system of governance had been firmly established in Atlantis. With it, a period of harmony and stability was ushered in. As the Middle Empire ended, the younger generation of the ruling clique began to perceive that the Atlantean system of government had failed. They demanded that the former Lemurian system be reinstated.

Because of their protest, the rebellious young elites were exiled to what the Atlanteans called Ionia. Today, this is part of present-day southern Europe (see FIGURE 33). There, they remained as exiles from their former homeland. Only submission to the authority of the supreme ruler and his council could return them from exile.

This eclectic group of young exiles consisted mainly of siblings of the ruling elite. It was also sprinkled with some of Atlantis' leading scientists and administrators. They joined together and quickly hatched a plan of their own. They decided to covertly create on Ionia a government similar to that of the ancient Lemurian Empire.

The major objective of this underground movement was to support the Osirian cult of Lemuria named in honor of the Sirians. It was the Sirians who first brought human civilization to Lemuria. This Osirian cult quickly became a major underground spiritual and political force throughout Atlantis.

About 2,000 years into the New Empire, the Osiris cult had become quite influential and flourished among the families of the ruling elite. This greatly worried the off-worlders. Eventually, the Atlantean ruling council decided that the illegal Ionian government needed to be severely punished. They chose a method similar to the one they had previously used to devastate Lemuria.

Again, the Atlanteans approached their Pleiadean, Centaurian, and other off-world allies. They asked for assistance in destroying Ionia. However, Ionia's scientists, familiar with the technology that had destroyed Lemuria, cleverly developed an early warning system. This system was capable of alerting them to any changes in the orbit of Earth's remain-

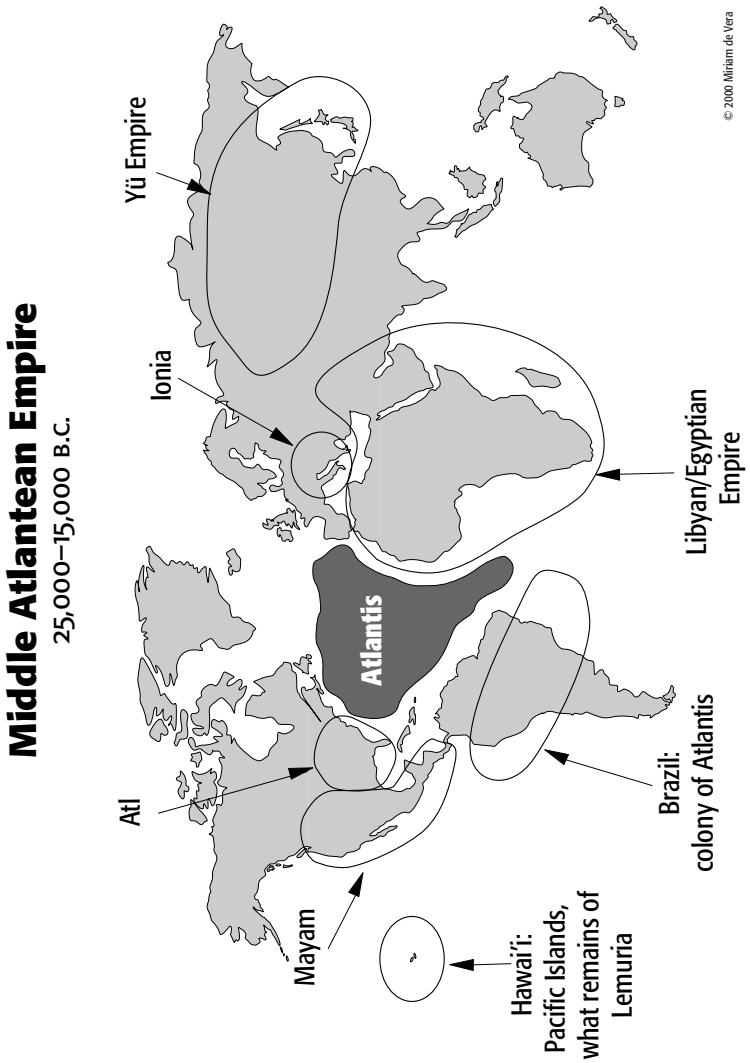


FIGURE 32: Map of the Middle Atlantean Empire

ing natural moon. In this way, the Ionians were able to repel the Atlantean assault. It was their intention to eventually destroy Atlantis and fully restore the Lemurian Empire.

The continued growth of the Ionian forces and their comrades in Atlantis marked them for immediate destruction by the off-worlders. King

Atlas who was Atlantis' last paramount ruler remained sympathetic to the Ionian cause. He had even named his eldest son Osiris in honor of the Lemurian cult.

King Atlas discerned that the off-worlders' evil plot was doomed. In addition, he realized that the off-world rebels and their Atlantean ruling council supporters intended to kill him and his immediate family. These events would probably happen before the plotters' dark forces could be crushed and forever banished from Earth.

On the eve of the ill-fated attack, a major question preoccupied the rulers of Atlantis. To what extent would the Ionians respond to Atlantis' sudden attack? The issue of how strongly Atlantis' attack would be countered by the Ionians also deeply troubled Osiris' younger brother, the Emperor Seth. He was the appointed ruler of the Libyan/Egyptian Empire.

In response to the growing danger, dear Hearts, King Atlas took decisive action. Just before Ionia's destruction, he ordered Queen Mu and his son, Prince Osiris, to take separate journeys. These were to be embarked upon in order to carry out certain prescribed exercises in different parts of the worldwide Atlantean empire.

Atlas ordered his Queen and her elder brother, Prince Mayam (who was chief general of the Atlantean armed forces), to go to the Empire of Mayam in Central America. During this visit, he was instructed to carry out a number of prescribed military exercises. In this way, Prince Mayam was able to take most of the army with him on his journey to Mayam in south central Mexico. There, a major underground movement sympathetic to the restoration of Lemuria waited to embrace Atlas' army as well as his Queen and her elder brother.

At the same time, Atlas directed his son, Prince Osiris, and his daughter, Princess Isis (Osiris' consort), to accompany many priests and special recordkeepers who were still secretly loyal to the Osiris cult. Their destination was the Libyan/Egyptian Empire. In accordance with Atlantean tradition, Osiris as Atlantis' heir-apparent would become the new ruler of the Libyan/Egyptian Empire if he decided to take up a permanent residence there.

After the destruction of Atlantis, King Atlas and Prince Osiris desired to create secondary domains where they could re-establish the Lemuri-

an Empire. This intention was thwarted by the actions of Osiris' younger brother, the Emperor Seth. As present ruler of the Libyan/Egyptian Empire, Seth decided that with the fall of Atlantis *his* Empire was to be its last stronghold. He made it his goal to re-establish the Atlantean Empire with himself as its all-powerful, 'divine right' emperor.

These conflicting objectives resulted in deadly warfare between Osiris and his brother Seth. Leading Osiris' Egyptian armies was Osiris' eldest son Horus. After Osiris' unfortunate 'death', Horus succeeded his father as king of the Libyan/Egyptian Empire.

Intuitively, Horus knew what would happen when they landed in Libya. He completely distrusted his uncle. Horus persistently warned his father about Seth's stubbornness and treachery. Osiris, believing in the goodness of the human heart, initially ignored his son's advice. Subsequently, Osiris landed in Libya and after Seth's abdication became Emperor.

Nonetheless, Seth continued to believe that he was the rightful emperor of Libya. He was convinced that sooner or later Osiris would realize that only Seth could legitimately claim the loyalty and deference of the people. Seeing this, Osiris would step down and then proclaim Seth as the true emperor. When Seth's egocentric ambitions were not fulfilled, he decided to attack Osiris. In one massive strike employing the powerful forces of his rebel and off-world armies, Seth removed Osiris' forces from the capital city of Ju'fir situated near the southern tip of the Nile's delta.

Meanwhile, Horus transferred the tattered remnants of his forces to the Sinai. There he discovered something amazing. The Shamballa (or Agartha) Inner-Earth Empire had decided to re-establish a surface presence in the Indus River Valley. It was under the control of Emperor Zata'ar's eldest son, Prince Rama.

This new Indus river civilization allowed Horus to establish a temporary chain of powerful fortress cities in the Sinai. Thus, Horus was able to attack Seth's forces and later kill Seth in a mighty battle. Seth's sons fled through the Sinai, settling in the territory of the Semites. At that time, this place was the site of the original Sumeria (or Shumeria) existing long before the one known to your history texts. It was just north and west of the Tigris and Euphrates river valleys.

These sons of Seth along with their Sumerian allies were determined to re-establish their rule in Egypt. In doing so, they intended to eradicate every last trace of Lemuria from the surface of the Earth. They devised a truly monstrous master plan. Meanwhile, Horus cemented his grand military alliance with the newly established Rama Empire. This soon unleashed a horrifying, internecine war across the face of the globe which lasted for many centuries.

These conflicts were characterized by a series of Sumerian attacks upon India that were quickly followed by the swift counterattacks of Rama's forces. At the same time, the Sumerians conducted similar assaults on Egypt. This was a protracted war. It was conducted both on and above the Earth's surface. It led to the ravaging of the final layer of the Earth's firmament by destroying the global network of crystal temples which kept those vast amounts of water in place in the sky.

Dear Hearts, let us review the structure and importance of the firmament. In this way, we can describe what happened. The firmament was a worldwide crystalline shield of water situated at two distinct atmospheric levels. The lower one was located some 15,000–18,000 feet (4.58–5.49 km) above the Earth's surface. The next layer was situated at 35,000–38,000 feet (10.67–11.59 km) high in the Earth's atmosphere.

These layers provided the planet with a well constructed, balanced, and life-giving atmosphere (see FIGURE 34). If these layers fell, Mother Earth's biosphere would immediately be exposed to dangerous levels of background radiation. Additionally, these would produce various chaotic atmospheric conditions such as severe climate zones and extremely erratic weather.

While the firmament existed, there was almost no rain or wind nor seasons. When the water temples were attacked, enough of them were destroyed, causing gaping holes to be slashed in the firmament. These holes in turn weakened the entire firmament system and caused the Great Flood. In one swift blow, the Rama, Egyptian, and Sumerian Empires as well as their allies in Africa, Asia, Australia, and the Americas were all swept away.

This flood inundated the entire Earth. It extensively damaged the Americas, Asia, Europe, and Africa as well as Mother Earth's many

Description of Firmaments

At approximately 9,500 B.C., the firmaments were still in place. Half of Firmament 1 collapsed when Atlantis was destroyed. The Firmament was artificially restored by the Libyan/Egyptian empire in 9,400 B.C. However, Firmaments 1 and 2 were completely destroyed at approximately 4,000 B.C. during the Rama/Libyan/Egyptian war and resulted in the Great Flood.

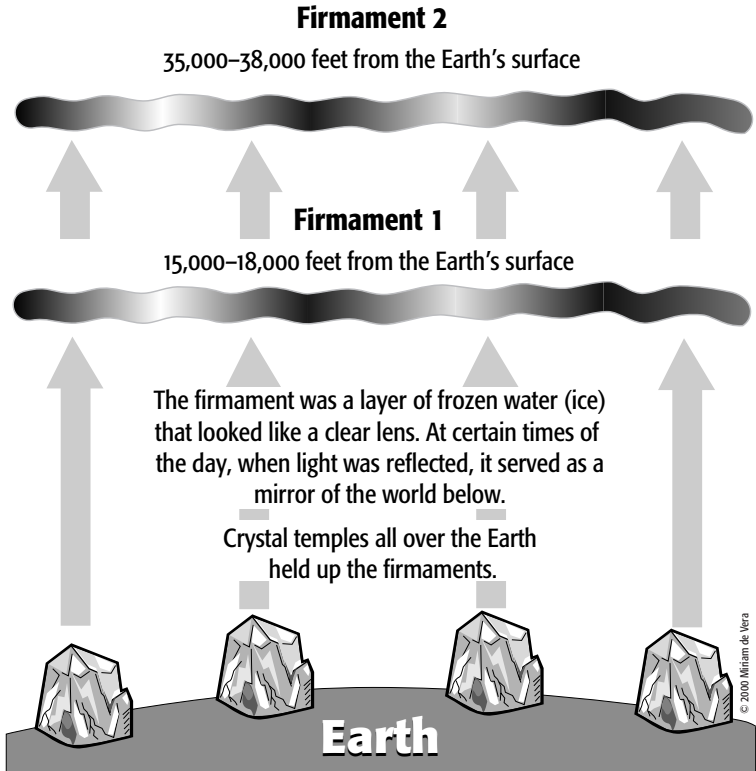


FIGURE 32: Description of the Firmaments

ocean basins. What subsequently emerged was a fresh, new world. While the flood washed away most of the artifacts of the ancient history of humanity, it left behind the legends and myths that endure even up to this day.

After the Great Flood, the world that you have continuously created, and in which you live today, evolved. The peoples and rulers of that

former time are now your ‘gods’ and ‘goddesses’. Their exploits and adventures have become part of a mythology presented to you as a series of ‘Golden Ages’.

It is imperative that you fully grasp the true connection between your mythological history and your recorded history. Understand as well the relationship between your recorded history and those events now dawning upon this precious world you call Earth.

Thank you, Mikala, for your fascinating presentation!

Let us pause for a moment and reflect upon the marvelous information we have just been given. History is truly a vast subject that is best digested in small bites. To facilitate this process, I am now going to introduce a question and answer period. Please go to your terminals where you are welcome to ask pertinent questions about what you have just heard. Our very able guide, Mikala, will be most happy to answer them.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: How did the forces of renegade Pleiadeans and Centaurians develop? Who and where are the other Pleiadeans (who are not renegades), and how do they relate to each other?

A: Renegade societies developed because of the great number of galactic wars being waged near the Pleiades star cluster and in the Constellations of Taurus and Centaurus. Because of these endless wars, many of their societies were isolated for very long periods of time. The Pleiadeans and Centaurians survived by learning how to collaborate with the various dark Anchara Alliance empires surrounding them.

These mostly isolated defenders gradually came to the conclusion that successful association with their foes ensured their star-societies’ survival. During many hundreds of thousands of years, they came to regard themselves as the sole intermediaries between human society and the other sentient but dark life forms that exist throughout this galaxy.

After many years of collaboration, bitter struggle, and ceaseless conflict, these renegade societies had strayed far from their original purpose. In many ways, these star-societies succumbed to the compelling seduction of the dark. They had become no better than the evil Ancharan forces they still opposed.

Q: Why did the Pleiadean and Centaurian renegades decide to intervene in the affairs of Earth?

A: When they came to Earth, the Pleiadean and Centaurian renegades found great struggles going on among humans and others to control this planet. For their own selfish purposes, they decided to intervene. Earth held a special status as a place of prophecy for both the forces of the Light and the dark. The renegades believed that by controlling Earth they would be in a position to decide when and how these prophecies would be fulfilled.

Q: How do these two different Pleiadean cultures relate to one another?

A: For the most part, the Pleiadean renegades dislike the many member star-nations that belong to the Star League. Over the past 150,000 years, the Pleiadean Star League has been gradually reorganized. Some 200 star systems enjoy a form of sentient civilization. As recently as six years ago, only about 50 of them were part of the star league. The Pleiadean Star League, during these past six years, has been able to bring the other 150 mainly renegade star-nations back into full membership in the now vastly expanded Star League.

The Pleiadean Star League has succeeded because the Andromedans and the Lyrans intervened on their behalf. These two culturally rich star-civilizations are altering the various Pleiadean outpost societies from very war-like and paternalistic cultures to ones that are more in keeping with evolving galactic societies.

Moreover, this monumental effort has caused a great shift in mainstream Pleiadean culture. It is moving from a patriarchal, hierarchical structure to a more sexually balanced and open one. Consequently, modern Pleiadean civilization is becoming less masculine and more feminine in its innermost orientations. Those Pleiadeans who are now members of the main star league are developing a very different concept of what Pleiadean civilization can embody.

Q: What was the path of colonization as it flowed outward from Lyra?

A: The immigration route first meandered through the different stars that form the Lyran constellation. Then, under the direction of the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy, the next step was to colonize the B star of the Sirius multi-star system. In their honor, this particular region of the

Galactic Federation is named after Sirius. Many nearby star-nations that currently exist in Centaurus and the Pleiades, as well as other close stars in the Constellations of Pegasus and Hercules, were first colonized under the direction of the Governing Council of Sirius.

Q: *How was Orion seeded?*

A: Originally, two major groups seeded Orion: the Reptilians and the Amphibians. The Amphibian group is older, but the Reptilian group was by far the more ambitious of the two. With the help of the Anchara-based Alliance, the Reptilians gradually conquered most of the Orion system over 25 million years ago and linked with the Dinosaurian groups coming from the various stars that surrounded them.

Q: *In several instances during your enlightening commentary, you referred to current Earth humans as the result of Atlantean genetic experiments. How did this come about?*

A: During the Middle Atlantean Empire, the Pleiadean and Centaurian renegades began to actively intervene in the governing policies of Atlantis. First, came the destruction of Lemuria and the resultant rise of Atlantis. Here the off-world renegades entered as allies consumed with a definite agenda. After the sinking of Lemuria, the Pleiadean renegades and their ilk immediately began to urge the Atlanteans to create two types of societies: a master race or ruling class society and a slave society which they could completely control.

Various off-world groups alleged that the key to this arrangement was the development of a series of human genetic experiments. They wished to create limited-conscious humans who would consider themselves inferior to the master or 'god' race. To accomplish this, they unleashed a series of very bizarre genetic experiments. In these early experiments, strange creatures such as the Minotaur, the Centaur, and other Beings mentioned in ancient or classical mythology were produced.

With assistance from many off-world geneticists, the Atlanteans found a way to lower consciousness in a sentient Being by closing off several parts of the synaptic centers in the brain and changing the genetic composition of the body by reducing RNA/DNA from twelve strands to two. This new configuration was achieved by lowering the physical body's frequencies and the subtle energy patterns surrounding it.

These genetically engineered humans had their spiritual/psychic abilities drastically reduced. Their masters appeared to them as god-like elites. In this way, the Atlanteans imposed themselves as god/kings and goddess/queens or 'divine' rulers upon the general population. Fortunately, the local Spiritual Hierarchy prevented them from completing this task.

Q: What happened to the Atlantean elite, their many off-world allies, and the limited-conscious mutants left behind after the destruction of Atlantis nearly 13,000 years ago?

A: The Atlantean plot to destroy Ionia led to its own destruction. The inevitable result was that much of its ruling group left your solar system and traveled to another part of the galaxy—the star system called Beta Centauri or Hadar. Most of the remaining humans were of the limited-conscious slave/serf group. Consequently when these humans, brainwashed into subservience, became the only ones still on the Earth's surface, they sought a leader.

Of course, their need resulted in the 'divine right' of kings which also produced all the incredibly violent and pathetic events (the wars, religious rivalries, etc.) which have been so futilely waged throughout your histories. It also led these off-worlders to take over the artificial planet called Nibiru and become your clandestine overlords—the Anunnaki.

Q: Planet Earth has been a dark or evil-dominated place for a very long time. Why did the Galactic Federation of Light wait so long to intervene?

A: Good question! During the time of Atlantis, Mother Earth was transferred from Sirian to Pleiadean authority. Accepting the concept of karma, the Pleiadeans felt that the 'karma of retribution' from Atlantis had to be played out. The Sirians' view of life is much more gentle and optimistic. They deeply believe in a divine intervention and that the elder siblings need to help their younger brothers and sisters.

The Galactic Federation of Light's main council overruled the Sirians. This act allowed the Pleiadeans to maintain the karmic process. The galactic Spiritual Hierarchy then informed the Galactic Federation that at the divine right time the Sirians would regain authority and return your global culture to its Sirian roots. Upon receiving this warning, the Pleiadeans immediately began to cooperate.

The Lyran/Sirian model is uncomplicated. It acknowledges as

universal truth that full consciousness is freely shared by all highly conscious Beings. Therefore it is a gift that needs to be spread and maintained. It is the Creator's legacy to all humans.

Dear Hearts, you have been presented with some extraordinary insights into your far distant history and have discovered why the process currently underway in you took so long, in your years, to unfold. This dark, turbulent period of your history is very close to its prophesied conclusion.

Q: You have stated that following the collapse of the Atlantean Empire, a group formed to rule us covertly. Who are they?

A: When Atlantis was destroyed nearly 13,000 years ago, the sole representatives of the so-called, 'god-like' master race were the sinister humanoid hybrids, the Anunnaki. They ruled your solar system with an iron hand from a former Galactic Federation battle planet you call Nibiru. Originally lightly crewed by the Pleiadean Star League, it was subsequently overrun by fleeing, armed renegade bands from Atlantis. Nibiru has been the 'ultimate weapon' kept at the very edge of this solar system since early Atlantean times. The Anunnaki used it as their off-world headquarters.

The Anunnaki positioned this enormous planet-sized ship into a highly elliptical orbit with a revolution of nearly 3,600 years. They have ruled your planet from this artificial world, at first openly, and then secretly. Their primary purpose has always been to control by deception, division, and deceit. The Anunnaki realized that what they had created in Atlantis was inadequate for executing their various selfish agendas. Accordingly, they adopted extremely sophisticated and diabolical means by which they have ruled your planet for nearly 13,000 years.

Q: You briefly mentioned the very ancient Ionians. What became of them and their civilization after the destruction of Atlantis?

A: Shortly after the destruction of Atlantis, a majority of Ionians migrated to the underground civilization of Shamballa or Agartha. However, before leaving the surface of this Earth, they founded an enclave in northern Greece that endured for 300 years. Its legendary accomplishments have been handed down to you in Greek and Roman mythology. Over the last 8,000 years, they have acted as kindly, heavenly, and saintly

messengers who have slowly guided European and Middle Eastern society toward the Light of full consciousness.

Q: Along with Isis and Horus, Osiris is remembered as the founder of ancient Egypt. What became of this most legendary Being?

A: Osiris knew himself to be the last caretaker of the ancient knowledge and wisdom of Atlantis, Lemuria, and Sirius. His greatest undertaking was to prepare himself and to wait (through the many eons) for the return of Beings who can appreciate and affirm the vast, wondrous, and truly amazing body of knowledge which sustained the last two magnificent fully-conscious civilizations on Earth.

Osiris' vigilance established him as the eternal guardian of this priceless information. As you approach the End Times, you will rediscover the ancient and brilliant wisdom of these illustrious civilizations that are buried under the plateau of Giza. There, too, you will recognize and embrace their most noble caretaker—Osiris, eldest son of Atlas, the final king of Atlantis!

12

THE GREAT FLOOD AND ITS AFTERMATH

Hello again. Sandara, here!

Thus far with the wonderful assistance of our noted Sirian exo-paleontologist, Mikala, we have discussed your extraterrestrial origins and your ‘mythical ages’. She would now like to conduct the next leg of our tour into what your historians call ‘recorded history’. So without further ado, let us allow Mikala to continue where she left off.

Thank you, Sandara.

All along, my intention has been to make the information you are becoming familiar with interesting and exciting. May I say that many of these tales have been given to you in a special format. This is designed to ‘enlighten’ you and inspire an imaginative journey in your mind. Dear Hearts, history is not meant to be a dreary subject. Rather, it is intended to be a clear and entertaining account of your remarkable journey through time.

Creditable history contains all the elements of a good play. It possesses a captivating and original plot. It has amazing but believable characters. It employs thought-provoking and informative dialogue and

a surprise ending. Your still-evolving history nicely fits this description. The most delightful part is the coming denouement—to be supplied by us. It contains a most unforeseen twist in the story line!

Your recorded history has been divided into two distinct sections. The first (often called ‘ancient history’) ranges from the time of the Great Flood some 10,000 years ago to the conclusion of your modern ‘age of discovery’. This extends from about 1450 A.D. to the latter half of your 18th century. The second period (referred to as ‘modern history’) stretches from your ‘age of discovery’ to the present time.

Dear Hearts, to fully appreciate what is now taking place on Mother Earth, you need to examine and understand the historical process that began with the fall of Atlantis and endures to the present. Subsequent to the fall of Atlantis, as you have already learned, hostilities between the Empires of the Libyan/Egyptians, the Sumerians, and the Indo-Aryans resulted in the devastation of the firmament, causing a global cataclysm known to you as the Great Flood. That flood is the awesome turning point between these all but mythical ancient times and your currently accepted ‘recorded’ history.

During the flood, the Atlantean elites and their earthly collaborators fled to the star the Pleiadeans call Agena. This star is known on Earth as Beta Centauri or Hadar. Following the flood, only small numbers of limited-conscious humans remained on Earth (see FIGURE 35).

The tearing asunder of Earth’s atmosphere allowed large amounts of deadly radiation from outer space to penetrate through to the life on an already exhausted planet. As a result, humans, once the guardian species, now faced severe limitations. Their life span which had been more than a millennium was now reduced to mere decades. Whereas humans had originally stood between eight and ten feet tall, their height was now barely five or six feet.

Such drastic changes altered your ability to continuously create and protect the planet. Even more dangerous were the mutations of your genes which kept you from being fully conscious. These changes left you vulnerable to the depredations of the sky ‘gods’ and ‘goddesses’—the infamous Anunnaki.

As the floodwaters gradually receded, small groups of survivors

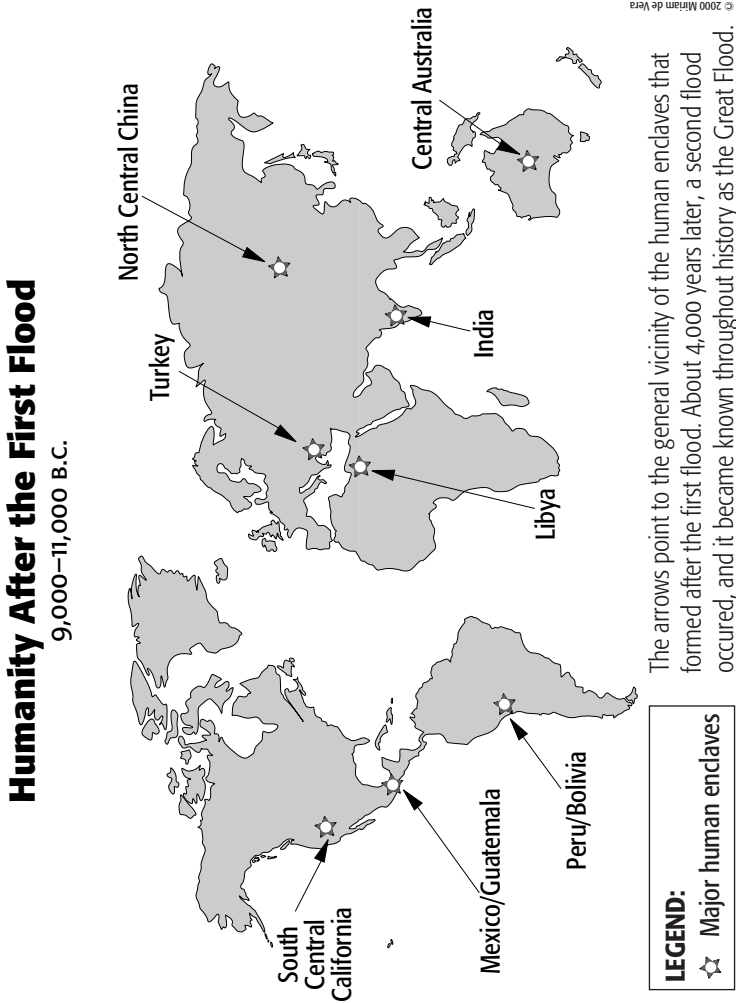


FIGURE 35: Humanity After the First Flood

began to emerge from their many hiding places. Their governing elites, an oligarchy originally empowered by the rulers of Atlantis, realized that they were now totally incapable of re-establishing human society on planet Earth. These earthly rulers appealed to the ‘higher authority’ of the Anunnaki and their ruthless off-world allies. They asked these off-worlders to assist them in returning civilization to your world. Using

this invitation as an excuse to further their personal agenda, the Anunnaki gladly intervened.

By this time, the Atlantean elites had gained complete control of Agena or Hadar. They looked upon the flood which resulted from the destruction of Atlantis (as well as the Great Flood) as wanton acts. These needed to be permanently commemorated in the same way as had been done long ago on Mars and Venus. The Galactic Federation of Light discovered the devastation on these two planets (formerly abundant with water and life) some 900,000 years ago. They had left Venus and Mars as they had been found.

Wishing to keep Earth's limited-conscious population at as low a level of culture and technology as possible, the new inhabitants of Agena asked the Pleiadean Star League not to interfere in Earth's affairs. In their view, Earth needed to become a living monument to the annihilated realm of Atlantis. They thought it necessary for her human civilization to pay homage forevermore to their much-lamented Empire.

The continual demands of Agena's ruling council led to sharp disagreements among the Pleiadeans, the Main Federation Council, and the remaining Atlantean elite. The Pleiadeans and the Galactic Federation's Main Council believed that they were obligated to encourage human civilization on Earth but were undecided on how to proceed.

Under direct orders from the Main Federation Council, the Pleiadeans requested that their 'appointed-by-fate' representatives, the Anunnaki, choose two appropriate regions best suited for the restoration of a minimal Earth human civilization. Spurred on by the military coercion of the Pleiadean Star League, the Anunnaki set up human civilizations similar to those of traditional, patriarchal Pleiadean and Anunnaki societies in the Middle East and in Mexico.

As the disagreements continued, one band from an Anunnaki outpost on Nibiru decided to develop a prototypical society in the Middle East located in what your scholars now call Sumeria or Shumer. It was intended to serve as a model for all that followed, and it became the first post-flood civilization.

Sumerian culture was based upon the patrilineal, hierarchical society of the Anunnaki. These off-worlders installed themselves as its

creator/founder 'gods' and 'goddesses'. They invented a creation myth that explained why their human subjects were required each day to worship and revere their Anunnaki overlords.

The unauthorized meddling that helped the Anunnaki form the Sumerian civilization also set fundamental precedents for the development of other non-designated areas such as Egypt. In that instance, a number of flood survivors led by a diverse group of renegade creator-gods searched quite extensively for a sacred space to settle. Finally, they arrived in Egypt and settled along the Nile.

With the support of the Anunnaki, the human survivors were able to establish a major civilization there. Egypt's first rulers were made privy to many fantastic spiritual and technological secrets from Atlantis. The covert assistance of specially-trained, Sirian liaison teams and holy messengers from Earth's local Spiritual Hierarchy swiftly transformed them into knowledgeable and wise rulers.

Egypt's first 'duly appointed' rulers were allowed to amalgamate this knowledge into their 'sacred' ceremonies. This arcane wisdom became the foundation of Egypt's first rise to glory. However, about 5200 B.C., the Sumerian Anunnaki invaded and destroyed Egypt's first post-flood civilization as well as its records. Later, the Sumerian Anunnaki instituted the two Nile-based kingdoms of Upper and Lower Egypt that are recorded in your ancient history.

In the Americas and particularly in Mexico, other scattered remnants of pre-flood civilizations existed. At first these survivors attempted to re-create their former way of life but lacked the technology and organizational skills to thrive. To revivify their antediluvian civilization, they desperately needed the knowledge the sky 'gods' possessed.

Nonetheless, the Pleiadeans, Centaurians, and other renegades had quite a different type of civilization in mind. In Mexico, they decided to replicate the Anunnaki's governments and pursue their lust for control which they cloaked in expediently conceived 'sacred' mythologies. Cruelly dominant, the Anunnaki and their earthly subjects contrived to secure absolute power and amass almost incalculable wealth.

The post-flood humans, as Earth mutants, lacked full consciousness. Therefore, the Anunnaki and other renegade off-worlders realized that

they were by nature compliant and very easy to control. In the first 2,500 years after the Great Flood (the years during which the history of your global civilization began to be recorded), the Anunnaki callously and repetitively manipulated these mutant humans.

All the while, as the Anunnaki's deception continued, the Spiritual Hierarchy sought to carry out their sacred agenda. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy deeply believed that you were meant to be guardians of Mother Earth. Humans had first been seeded here for that very purpose. Consequently, your local Spiritual Hierarchy decided to intervene in the Anunnaki's experiment. They were determined to make the Anunnaki and their allies comply as much as possible with Spirit's divine desires.

According to the divine plan, select individuals in certain Earth societies were designated to receive sacred spiritual visions. These heavenly visions were intended to nurture ideas of freedom and forge a body of sacred prophecy. This prophecy was based upon principles that furthered humans' spiritual growth and fully encouraged your inner development.

Eager to return you to your fully-conscious heritage, the Spiritual Hierarchy of Mother Earth developed a further course of action. Realizing that their human followers would not fully understand their inspired teachings, they bestowed on 'chosen' individuals or prophets direct contact with messengers from Heaven and the Galactic Federation of Light.

The purposeful preparing of Earth's humanity for full consciousness was to assist in healing the rift between humanity's conscious mind and its alienated soul-force energies (which were actually their true spiritual selves). This sacred process continues today and has resulted in one unifying concept of your modern history, the evolution of humanity's freedom, and the growth of personal sovereignty.

The Spiritual Hierarchy fully realized that these concepts were not to be practiced in earnest for many millennia. They were also aware that the Anunnaki and their earthly allies had the ability to corrupt and pervert these sacred visions and high spiritual principles.

By inculcating humanity with convoluted dogma and handing down certain indispensable technologies, the Anunnaki fulfill the pri-

mary goal of their nefarious scheme. All along, this has been to continually intensify human conflict through politico-religious divisions and thereby to foster an ongoing worldwide state of war. Under the aegis of the Anunnaki, many wars were fought among these first, post-flood city-states. A constant condition of war became the fundamental underpinning of this form of human civilization for the next 3,500 years.

The self-serving Earthly oligarchies, ever lackeys of the Anunnaki, utilized warfare to distract humanity from their own personal accumulation of power and control which was often epitomized by their aggrandizement of wealth. All through the next 4,500 years of recorded Earth history, the Anunnaki accelerated this process by building successively larger empires and waging ever-bloodier wars.

In ancient times, as we have previously noted, the ‘gods’ and ‘goddesses’ were the very human off-world renegades, the Anunnaki, who established a version of their traditional civilization on this planet. Mutant Earth humans devotedly paid them homage and ultimately made it possible for them to perpetuate their insidious concept of a subservient people who faithfully worshipped their ‘master’ rulers. This was a tactic that had first been successfully employed by them during the latter days of Atlantis.

Because post-flood humans knew very little about architecture, the Anunnaki gave them a brief but thorough enough education in how to erect large enduring structures from Earth’s materials. Their well-learned lessons resulted in the construction of various reknowned ancient buildings and stone structures, some of which survive to this day.

These massive stone structures were built to serve as places where the Earth humans could worship their god/kings and goddess/queens (‘divine’ rulers)—the people of the sky. Another more sinister purpose was to employ these structures to commandeer and subtly control Earth’s vast supply of electromagnetic energy for the Anunnaki.

Many ancient empires strictly followed the terrifying lead of the Anunnaki and strongly encouraged subservient attitudes that strengthened each ruler’s claims to govern by ‘divine right’. Many of the Anunnaki’s earthly minions faithfully and relentlessly honed these ‘control’ skills down through the ages.

Eventually, the concept of 'divine right' made possible the creation of 'divinely' ordered rule in which decidedly fallible mortals attained the power of a material rather than a spiritual leadership.

Well past the time of Europe's Middle Ages, the Anunnaki's earthly minions fully employed the concept of 'divine right' rule. By that time, local galactic wars and the Anchara Alliance's constant interference made it difficult for the Anunnaki to directly and effectively oversee their earthly empires. They were forced, in an unprecedented and underhanded way, to relinquish some of their power to their human subjects.

As a result, the ancient sky 'gods' and 'goddesses' gave up even more of their direct authority on Earth. Evil outsiders had compromised the hierarchical model first used in ancient Egypt, China, India, and the Americas. The Anunnaki's creative solution to the growing problem of maintaining their control on Earth was both ingenious and insidious.

In the dark infancy of their ancient rule, the Anunnaki had formed various secret orders or cabals to safeguard their mystic and powerful knowledge. Those secret orders had endured. Now during the late Renaissance, they were directed to suddenly surface all across Europe. The impending European 'age of discovery' provided the Anunnaki with yet another convenient opportunity for deception.

To further entrap humanity, the newly surfaced cabals freely divulged some of their arcane information in the 'name' of ancient gods and long forgotten rulers. Although the new knowledge seemed to promise personal freedom and autonomy, it was in fact only a most seductive ploy—a cage with invisible bars.

The cabals were to become the foundation of the Anunnaki's new secret government. Leaving behind the 'divine right of kings' concept, the Anunnaki developed 'science' as their latest pathway for modern civilization and its amazing technologies. Yet this 'science' was not the true spiritual quest for knowledge and wisdom of the distant past. Instead, it was a masterful attempt to firmly maneuver the neophyte discipline of scientific inquiry into the ranks of materialistic, useless dogma.

Nonetheless, your local Spiritual Hierarchy knew that through the

great works and holy visions of specially chosen prophets and philosophers humanity had the genius to eventually find its way back to the Light and to the true Godhead.

Step by step, dear Hearts, the Spiritual Hierarchy carried forward their sacred plans for humanity. Their next move was to make good use of the aforementioned evil agenda of the Anunnaki. These plans created the conditions that permitted increased development in human consciousness. Out of the 'enlightened' 18th century's reverence for 'science', the Spiritual Hierarchy successfully fostered new university disciplines and a growing spiritualism in the 19th century.

At the divine right time across the globe, the Love/Light energy of Heaven would birth a massive evolution in human consciousness. While the incomplete experiments of ancient Atlantis stripped humanity of most of their full consciousness, there remained a few individuals who had retained a shred of their former abilities. From these gifted humans and their much debased talents rose the ancient seers whose sacred philosophy and wisdom remain with you today. They were the forerunners of this remarkable, unprecedented increase in human consciousness that you are now experiencing.

As you have emerged from the barbarism of the ancient world and of the Middle Ages, we in the Galactic Federation of Light have observed that the way you behave toward each other has improved. This alteration occurs on such a small scale that it is barely noticeable from one civilization to another. Although the carnage of the 20th century far exceeds the worst atrocities of Ancient Egypt, Sumeria, India or Meso-America, it is well known that Earth consciousness is ever evolving toward the Light.

Dear Hearts, you have reached the terminus of your present age. Beyond question, this is the most significant point in human history since the end of the Great Flood. If we were to draw a timeline, you would see on it a period of great darkness corresponding to your earliest recorded history. At that time, the control maintained upon you by the Anunnaki and their off-world allies was at its strongest. As they slowly loosened their grip on you, your conscious reality began ever so slightly to awaken.

This gradual upward shift in human consciousness allowed the

Sirians and their galactic allies (and your local Spiritual Hierarchy) to intervene intermittently in your global society. During these precious moments, the celestial Light manifested as Buddha, Christ, and Mohammed. It is now able to create an expanding web of consciousness upon your world. By employing this web of consciousness, Mother Earth can at long last graduate all of you and herself into full consciousness.

As you continue to be one with this celestial Light energy, you discover your potential for spiritual and physical transformation. The Earth is about to birth a wondrous new era! Within your current evolutionary chaos, lie the seeds of this new reality. It is the next stage in the ever growing and miraculous song of your Mother Earth.

Thank you, Mikala.

You have given us a marvelous tour through Earth's ancient history which is of course Mother Earth's poignant song to her children about their past journeys together. In this regard, I now suggest a question and answer period to clarify some of the details of your ancient histories and to fill in any of the points possibly missed during Mikala's last two commentaries.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: *You have briefly touched upon a covert Sirian connection. Just what were its origins in the period following the destruction of Atlantis?*

A: Yes, there is a definite connection. After the First Flood following the destruction of Atlantis, the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies noticed that Earth's remnant societies were failing rapidly. Since we are your elder sisters/brothers, we were very worried about you.

Q: *"We" being . . . ?*

A: "We" were the Sirians and their many allies in the Galactic Federation of Light. These peacefully aligned star-nations asked your local Spiritual Hierarchy what they could do to assist you. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy then decreed that a special spiritual and genetic 'situation' be set up which was provided for in the existing timeline of Mother Earth.

Q: *Exactly what happened to the genetics of Earth humans?*

A: Atlantean scientists plunged humans too quickly into limited consciousness. Their well-timed destruction cast you into the world without

the proper genetic safeguards. This created the 'situation' that is now making your transformation possible. This unfortunate circumstance left you quite vulnerable to all forms of disease. In addition, you had a predisposition to rapid aging. En masse, you were the subjects of a nearly completed experiment that had to be very suddenly abandoned.

As noted, your genes had not been correctly adjusted for limited consciousness. Many of you possessed improperly constructed gene sequences. This is the cause of what you call 'genetic diseases'. These problems were exacerbated by massive inbreeding which occurred in the first millennium after the waters of the Great Flood finally receded.

Q: You have mentioned our many genetic difficulties. How did these contribute to our currently short life span?

A: Your new genetic foundation consisting of a two-strand helix was not in itself especially critical. What *was* life threatening was the resultant fact that it immersed you in a seven-chakra system in which many essential and complimentary parts were no longer properly connected. The Atlantean scientists knew that most of your now extraneous chakra system would become either vestigial or barely functioning. This created a vast imbalance in your physiology. They intended to correct it in one of the last stages of your 'development'. However, before they were able to make this necessary adjustment, they were destroyed.

Anyone who has dealt with your body's energy system of meridians knows how prevalent so-called 'blockages' in this system are. They are caused by the body's now inherent imbalance. As a result, your life span as a physical Being is not very long. At the most, you can expect to live 150 to 200 years. This can happen only with incredible constant spiritual and medical intervention, use of proper nutrients, and performing specially designed exercises. This limitation was further worsened by the unwise destruction of your planet's firmament at the onset of the Great Flood.

Q: You have mentioned the many physiological disconnections that result from our genetics. Is there any more information you could share with us?

A: Yes, there is. One of the most important changes was the overall degradation of your chakra system. In a fully-conscious human, the

chakras are fully integrated. In your case, they have been limited to seven major ones and hundreds of minor ones. The minor ones are not fully connected to the major chakras. There are even gender differences in how the numerous connections are made. This overall jumble has created a situation where minor enzyme or hormonal swings can affect your emotions and even the state of your health.

The most fundamental of these changes was the immense deprivation caused by your disconnection from Spirit. This process made you vulnerable to being controlled rather than just guided by other Beings. This flaw was purposely created by the Atlantean scientists and later deftly exploited by the Anunnaki. Fortunately, you still possess within you the ability to counter this great difficulty. It is our objective to assist you in overcoming it.

Q: In effect, we have been genetically flawed from the very beginning. Has this condition shown up in our recorded history?

A: Yes, it has. Your size and fragility are most apparent in your distant ancestors. Generally, they were much smaller and more disease-prone than you are today. Out of necessity, they adapted to the severe weather conditions and diverse environments created by the Great Flood, and they lived under much stress. Your global environments ranged from the severe wintry conditions of your polar regions to the hot deserts and steaming jungles found near your equator.

These new climates engendered a mighty shock for your now more fragile physical systems. It took humans a relatively long time to adjust to them. In addition, the sadly decimated population of your world needed to quickly produce more people in order to breed a more viable society.

Q: You mentioned in your talk that post-flood humans lacked the requisite skills to rebuild civilization. How did their helplessness play into the hands of the Anunnaki?

A: As I noted in my previous discussion, the Anunnaki saw a ‘golden’ opportunity and took it. In the last days of Atlantis, you were being prepared to be a slave race. This genetic ‘programming’ is still in you. Because of the rapid destruction of Atlantis, you also lacked the ability to build the great structures you had become accustomed to. You retained

only some basic survival skills taught to you by your former masters. You desperately looked for guidance and asked the Heavens for any form of possible assistance. The Anunnaki saw this and, at the most propitious time, acted.

They skillfully imposed upon you a set agenda that has created your present unacceptable reality. This certain agenda has put forth a 'reality matrix' that leaves you at their mercy from the moment of your birth until your eventual demise. It is this society and its many numerous ramifications which your current transformations are meant to set aside. Due to the continual intervention of the Anunnaki, you have almost become what the Atlanteans intended. However, you were blessed with an escape clause: the Atlanteans' experiment had not actually been completed.

Q: Would you say that our present dilemma involves creating innovative methods of transforming this 'reality matrix'?

A: Exactly! With the full assistance of Heaven, you are accomplishing the transformation of your world as well as your own elevation to full consciousness. Now, I would like to focus on the last few millennia of your history and explain to you the ways in which our intervention and your evolution have set up the many pre-conditions needed for this much-awaited transformation in your consciousness.

In doing so, I ask you to remember that what you are experiencing is in truth a remarkably inspiring song. It is a grace-filled, melodic saga poignantly telling of Mother Earth's loving preparation for her most dearly precious Children and of the means to fulfill their destiny! Sandara, let us now have a short break.

Thank you, Mikala.

After our break, we will continue with our noteworthy discussion. At that time, Mikala will examine your modern history in greater detail. Dear Hearts, bear in mind that your evolution is filled with many surprising and momentous twists and turns!

13

MODERN TIMES

Hello! This is your main guide, Sandara.

We ask you now to return to your seats. Mikala is ready to continue her account of how you have created your present historical ‘situation’. It is a complex and fascinating process involving your local Spiritual Hierarchy, the Galactic Federation of Light, and many dark denizens from your world and from surrounding dimensions. With great pleasure, I invite Mikala to once again resume her presentation.

Thank you, Sandara.

Dear Hearts, let us discuss the subtler interpretations underlying your modern history, beginning with a brief look at the immediate post-Flood period. As I have mentioned, this era was distinguished by its many ‘Golden Ages’. Here, the Anunnaki started to execute numerous versions of their plans for humanity. Differences in how these ‘plans’ were implemented led to an ongoing ‘war’ among the ‘gods’. This ‘war’ resulted in the creation of many regional societies that the Anunnaki initially blessed and then later damned. Your ancient creation myths describe in elaborate detail this turbulent period in which your world

and its many different cultures came to be.

The Anunnaki were not the only participants in this procedure as the Sirians, Arcturians, and their Galactic Federation of Light allies also took part. With the intention of exploiting the incomplete nature of the Atlanteans' genetic experiments, the Sirians' Galactic Federation of Light allies produced a definitive plan that would quickly return those humans residing upon your world to their former, fully-conscious state. The Pleiadeans, Andromedans, and their many allies on the Main Federation Council immediately objected to this plan. Initially, they were able to delay it, but in a series of decrees passed about 11,000 years ago, these disagreements were resolved. The Main Federation Council gave the Pleiadean Star League primary authority over your solar system.

The Main Federation Council's decrees compelled the Sirians and their Galactic Federation allies to adopt a modified plan. As part of it, they sought out the support of your local Spiritual Hierarchy. In turn, your local Spiritual Hierarchy appealed to the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy for permission to carry out this essential work. Your local Spiritual Hierarchy received an assent and embraced your spiritual evolution as its most important task. However, the various decrees of the Main Federation Council deeply hampered their work. Accordingly, the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies were obliged to innovatively solve the problem.

Keep in mind that the sole purpose of our evolutionary project has always been to restore you to full consciousness. Our creative solution has been to fiddle in a positive way with the RNA/DNA protein strands that form your body's cells and determine your level of awareness.

Initially, the local Spiritual Hierarchy allowed us to 'influence' the core belief system of your many regional elites. This caused several of the Anunnaki's appointed rulers to change their formal core beliefs as well as their allegiance to the sky 'gods'. The Anunnaki swiftly retaliated by devastating any ruler who approved of such heresies. These vile acts caused most earthly rulers and their subjects to fear them even more.

The Anunnaki promptly typecast the Sirians and their Galactic Federation allies as the 'founders' of your planet's human civilization. Using this contrived proposition to justify their actions, the Anunnaki

boasted that they came in our name to govern humanity by ‘divine’ rule. Many of your societies accepted these enormous lies as inalienable truths. Consequently, our influence was limited, and our initial strategies soon miscarried. We were unable for the moment to achieve our purposes. The cunning, opportunistic Anunnaki and their earthly minions had temporarily ensnared us.

One of the last elements of this ill-fated strategy involved an ancient Egyptian ruler or Pharaoh formally known as Amenhotep IV, also known to you as Akhenaten. Agreeing with our agenda, he began a major reform that modified the way his people related to his authority. We then began a series of genetic modifications that put the Egyptian masses into a more coherent and conscious state.

Unfortunately, the chief Egyptian General, Horemheb, and his powerful priestly allies ended these procedures by overthrowing the rule and beliefs of Akhenaten. This act thereby restored the Anunnaki’s power. Henceforth, the Anunnaki tightened their grip upon Egypt’s various ruling elites by making use of Akhenaten’s sacred, arcane knowledge.

This was the last time we employed the aristocracy of any country to procure a vast leap in your consciousness. Instead we returned to the slower process of affecting your genetic code. We focused mainly upon the migratory tribal peoples who lived in various areas of your planet. Our goal—to provide for some ongoing, small degree of physiological and cultural transformation—was made possible by the dominant nature of the culture that the Anunnaki and their numerous worldly supporters had created. However, we soon found that there was a better way to positively alter the dark course of human civilization.

Our approach was to remain as discreet as possible. After all, the Main Council of the Galactic Federation frowned upon our activities and only your local and galactic Spiritual Hierarchies condoned them. Earth possessed a great destiny. Nonetheless, it was now adrift in an abysmal ‘karmic soup’ from which there seemed no easy or quick escape. Even so, your local Spiritual Hierarchy knew that according to the prophecies this dilemma was temporary. Earth was to be delivered back to the former glories of the Lemurian civilization. The future did not lie with the Anunnaki or their worldwide minions.

Our strategy was to develop a series of 'key' gene pools which were to be the basis for a succession of occasional infusions of 'special' genetic materials. At certain times in your history, these 'key' gene pools have affected many others nearby. Consequently, over millennia, gene sequencing capable of counteracting the Atlantean experiment has been spread throughout your general population. Take note that your primitive transportation technologies and the warlike 'ethnic cleansing' of your various regional and local societies have continuously hindered this process.

As previously stated, the initial strategy of dispersing these new genetic materials was to target Earth's various nomadic tribes. By constantly moving from one 'country' to another and by settling in any one place for as little as a few generations, they fulfilled our primary criterion: mobility. By using them, we were able in just a few generations to spread our new genetic materials to many parts of the world.

The predatory nature of the Anunnaki's various societies helped to further this process. Notwithstanding their habitual abuse of migrants, the Anunnaki welcomed itinerant men as laborers and their women as potential sexual prey. By sexually interacting with the nomads, Anunnaki societies introduced new gene sequences into their population. Thus began the slow process of expanding your consciousness.

Many dark allies whom you know as demons or even as 'the devil' supported the Anunnaki. In actual fact, these Beings were either the heavenly minions of Anchara or just members of dark star empires. These were usually Dinosaurans, Reptilians, or Insectoids. I mention them only because they were the allies of the Anunnaki who utilized their sinister abilities to spread the terror that controls you. It was they who taught the Anunnaki how to set up the 'reality matrix' in which you are now embedded.

This 'reality matrix' is central to your long imprisonment in an extremely limiting reality. One of its most amazing aspects is its subtlety which exposes you to overwhelming levels of stress, fear, and uncertainty. You never know quite how and when it will strike. All pervasive and very potent, the matrix takes your inner powers and gives them to your oppressors. By using this ever-expanding power grid, your secret

overlords can control every aspect of your existence. The matrix's few weaknesses are related to your RNA/DNA genetic elements which your former evil masters are never completely able to alter.

From the beginning, the Anunnaki were quite aware that genetics were a vital ingredient in the karmic soup and posed a major difficulty for them. The soup's very nature prevented the Anunnaki from directly interfering with any alteration to your genetics. The reason for this was quite clear. History is a boundless journey mapped out by the divine plan. For millennia, Heaven imposed severe restraints on the Anunnaki's skullduggery. Had they exceeded these limits, Heaven would have intervened more directly. Since the Anunnaki were greatly restricted, this fundamental understanding allowed us to do all that we have for you. Yet, you may ask, what is the purpose of the 'reality matrix' in the first place?

In truth, your present 'reality matrix' is actually a well-prepared training ground. It contains a series of excellent prescribed conditions. They allow you to acquire knowledge and in experiencing it to gain wisdom. Your recent history is filled with many odd events that have come into being in order to afford you both knowledge and wisdom. In addition, these events permitted this wisdom to be communicated to the many Orders of Heaven. Throughout this process, dear Hearts, we have acted as both catalyst and transformer for you as well as for your former masters the Anunnaki. Your present reality has taught all of you well. Now, the moment swiftly approaches for you to create anew.

On your world, history has been a saga of many diverse elements joining in a unique harmony. Its melody is beautiful as well as dissonant. It has produced much strife, confusion, and seemingly meaningless chaos. Mother Earth's melancholy song echoes through it. We have referred to it many times. The story we have been telling is contained within its lyrics. Shortly, in our question and answer period, we will be more specific. Bear in mind that while any one element may seem controversial, it is still a vital part of the song.

Each of you (though largely oblivious to its real meaning) has come to be a part of this 'continuing-ever-now' song. It tells of how you overcame great difficulties and restored yourselves to what you were

always meant to be. It tells of overblown greed, of forlorn Love, and of bloodthirsty, gratuitous combat. It tells of powerful rulers and of the immense bravery of unknown women and unheard-of children. It tells of the monstrous deeds committed against the intricate biosphere of a most gorgeous planet. Finally, it tells of a loving, divine intervention that has been gracefully continuing for nearly thirteen millennia. This song is all of these things and much more.

Additionally, the song of your Earth fully reveals a galaxy harboring numerous forces of Light and of darkness. It shows how all of these elements are integrated into a much greater whole. This song began millions of years ago in the ‘Heart of Hearts’ of your Cetacean brethren. Now, we are all fated to come together and sing its final chorus!

The melodic song of Earth celebrates all of these occurrences which mark your history and accentuate your destiny. These events have brought Creation to your doorstep! These things have made you exceedingly important to all of us. We come in joy and in festive salutation to your shores! We come, dear Hearts, to be both your audience and your gracious assistants.

Thank you, Mikala, for your valuable and inspiring information. We are very honored to have had you as the last of our tour guides.

Yet, we are not finished with your extraordinary story. Having talked to a number of you during the previous break, Mikala has learned that you have some challenging questions to which you greatly desire answers. As she obliges you, Mikala wishes to explore the history of your people in greater detail. Consequently, we now ask whomever she has designated to come forward with their pertinent questions.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q: You have briefly alluded to a special agreement among the Sirians, their Galactic Federation allies, and the local Spiritual Hierarchy. Just how did this come about?

A: The Sirians and their Galactic Federation allies asked your local Spiritual Hierarchy, “Are you willing to assist us?” After consulting the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy, your local Spiritual Hierarchy replied, “Yes, we shall graciously assist you.” The plan of the Sirians and their

Galactic Federation allies involved locating individuals who fit a specific profile. Then, a request was given to them, and if these chosen individuals agreed to it, a special covenant with them was created. This process allowed the Sirians and their allies to establish a 'special' genetic and spiritual condition.

Q: Can you provide an example of the type of individual chosen for this assignment?

A: Yes. One of the initial agreements was with a member of a prominent family in the Sumerian city-state of Ur. His name was Abram. Abram, the Sirians, and their Galactic Federation allies as well as the local Spiritual Hierarchy concluded a divine covenant amongst themselves. Later, Abram changed his name to Abraham to honor this special covenant.

Then, the Sirians, their Galactic Federation allies, and your local Spiritual Hierarchy were charged with carrying out certain protocols. These protocols permitted Abram and his descendants to spread the word. Later, they were chosen to receive those genetic elements necessary to set the stage for the growth of consciousness in their chosen part of the world. In return, this 'special' covenant provided protection and remarkable care for Abram and his ever-growing family.

Q: How was it ensured that the special knowledge they were giving Abraham would be retained?

A: The knowledge was only accessible through specially coded directions in the form of a series of very complicated recipes. These codes became the true Hebraic Kabbalah. The Kabbalah is sacred and known only to certain secret brotherhoods sworn never to reveal its true meaning until a divine right time given to them by the Spiritual Hierarchy.

As you can see, the true Hebraic Kabbalah is more than just a system of history or of language. It is an organized body of intricately contrived formulas that are the basis of various consciousness-raising practices, etc. The highly esoteric implications of the Kabbalah are really quite profound!

Consequently, a powerful key to the 'magic' and origins of consciousness was bestowed upon Abraham and his descendants. They retained this devoutly and in secret. Even though they endured a great many historical difficulties, they were at all times divinely protected.

Q: When were these genetic alterations first instituted?

A: That long moment comes with the journey into Egypt and the leaving of Egypt—the Exodus. It is the reason that Canaan was provided for them as a home. The process that was needed to institute this first series of genetic transmutations is embodied in the Exodus.

That is why the Hebrews went through such a long period (approximately 40 years) in the Sinai. It was done to set the stage for a ‘special’ consciousness and to create a unique gene pool. The Sirians knew the incredibly valuable nature of this gene pool (see FIGURE 36). It was to be the basis for raising consciousness in future times and made possible your current spiritual and genetic (physical) integration.

Q: To whom was this gene pool to be spread?

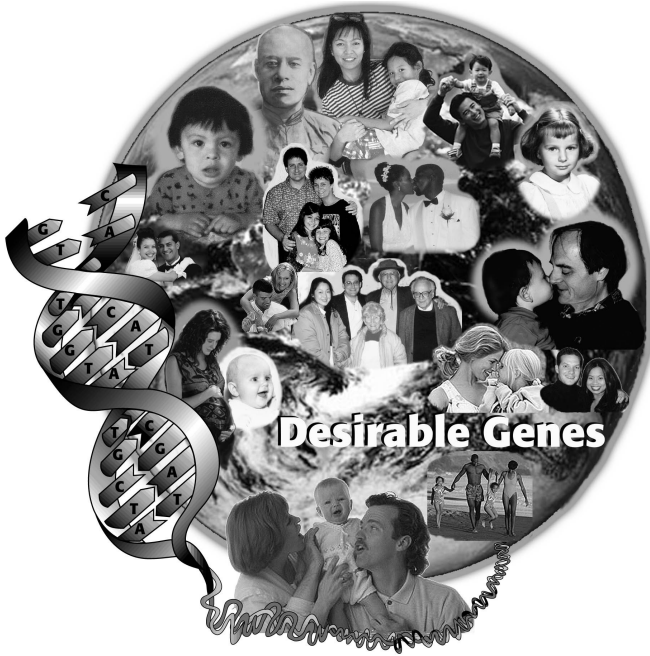
A: The Hebraic gene pool was dispersed throughout the Middle East, North Africa, and Europe by making use of the cultural and political divisions then existing in that part of the globe. The project was accomplished through a series of historical stages and over as wide an area as possible. To do this, we made wise use of the ‘reality matrix’. The splendid result of intermingling Hebraic genetics with other closely associated gene pools is clearly demonstrated by one fact. Individuals who are the products of this ever-expanding gene pool have contributed to all your recent major inventions.

Q: How does this ‘special’ spreading gene pool tie in with our rise in consciousness?

A: That is a very astute and relevant question! With the aid of the Spiritual Hierarchy, the Sirians and their allies established a distant timeline. This distant timeline required a series of ever-evolving stages which lasted for many millennia and ended after a few centuries of forced, worldwide industrialization. The rapid evolution of your global society’s technology has served as a prelude to an unprecedented consciousness shift. Industrialization brought about mass education and with it a novel and prevailing attitude: change and progress were good. In this energetic, new environment, a major consciousness shift finally became possible.

The Sirians, their Galactic Federation allies, and your local Spiritual Hierarchy required a ‘core group’ of specially encoded individuals. Eventually, their distant descendants will create a galactic civilization.

The Spreading of the Human Gene Pool



These desirable genes were carried
to many different lands
by a series of divinely chosen people.

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FIGURE 36: The Spreading of the Human Gene Pool

The progeny of Abraham, for example, survived a series of struggles beyond all belief. Drawing inner strength from their special covenant and their uniquely created gene pool, they made an indelible impression upon Western civilization. That intended result was a prime component of the Hebraic scenario.

Q: *Where exactly does Jesus Christ fit into this Hebraic scenario?*

A: It was intended that 'the Jesus intervention into the Hebraic scenario' provide the Hebrews with a lasting prototype to be spread at the right time to the rest of humanity. It began when Joshua (after the Exodus and the 40 years in the Sinai) led a small, militant band of Hebrews

into the promised land of Canaan. The ‘Angels’ had them create the Judges as the leaders of their new nation of Israel.

The Galactic Federation liaison teams fully intended to draw on the many generations of Judges who were assigned to their posts by virtue of their great merit and problem-solving abilities. This society was established in order to become an inspiring prototype for the many war-like and extremely cruel societies of the ancient Middle East. It was to be created through the highly desirable qualities and unbeatable inner strength of the nation of Israel. By using the Judges, the Federation liaison teams proposed to formulate the rudiments of a galactic civilization.

Unfortunately, the first stage of their plan did not occur as intended. The new nation of Israel disliked being different from its neighbors and demanded a King as its primary ruler. Accordingly, the original scenario had to be changed.

In another scenario more than a millennium later, the Sirians and their Galactic Federation allies called upon a Sirian Ascended Master to anchor in the necessary Light energies. The Sirians’ intention for the success of this anchoring was primarily that this ‘chosen’ Ascended Master would align his energies with those of the Councils of the Ascended Masters, the Sirian star-nation, and of the Earth. In so doing, a divine prototype for full consciousness was established once again on the Earth plane.

Once this prototype was successfully anchored to the Earth plane, the resulting gene pool had to be spread throughout the Western world, Africa, the Americas, and Asia. This historical process is but one example of many ‘special’ genetic situations that we have created and developed in order to gradually expand your consciousness to its present point.

Q: The Sirian Ascended Master to whom you referred is presumably the historical person named Y’shua Ben Yosef whose Greek name was Jesus Christ?

A: That’s right.

Q: He was the Sirian Ascended Master who was sent in to anchor the Light at that time?

A: Yes. That is correct.

Q: *Many of us in the field of human genetics think of genes merely as ‘on/off’ switches. Do genes have more significance than we presently understand?*

A: Yes. Genes also embody consciousness. As you alter peoples’ genetic structures, you raise their consciousness and thereby increase both their need and their ability to learn. These are facts that many of your geneticists are now beginning to understand. Certain combinations of genes can actually create specific prescribed levels of consciousness.

As part of your ongoing adjustments, your local Spiritual Hierarchy has been increasing the connections among your two outer strands of DNA and your third or inner DNA strand. That is one of the major reasons for the sudden worldwide increase in spirituality and for the deepening interest in Angels, Extraterrestrials, etc.

Q: *How does all of this relate to the Hebraic scenario?*

A: As noted, we wanted to construct a ‘special’ gene pool based upon a proclivity for expanding consciousness and an inventive or solution-focused intelligence. The resolution to this process was to create a ‘consciousness-increasing intelligence’ gene and to spread it by use of a series of ‘special’ gene pools. When properly developed, this gene sequence was to be disseminated throughout Europe, Africa, Asia, and the Americas.

This is exactly what we accomplished over many millennia. After each generation was born, we had to ‘iron out the kinks’ through further detailed experimentation with these new genes. Our geneticists’ major focus was to observe how each succeeding Hebrew generation was turning out. Frequently, ‘Angels’ had to come down and at times physically intervene.

The ‘Angels’ constantly monitored each succeeding generation. Ships and messengers scanned their selected subjects continuously to observe the genetic changes taking hold in the general population of this developing ‘special’ gene pool. Of prime concern was the breaking of sacred rules as well as any excessive pathological activities detrimental to the process. When this happened, the warning of ‘divine retribution’ had to be considered.

Q: *What do you mean by the term ‘divine retribution’?*

A: The Hebrews had to suffer ‘divine retribution’ as a consequence of any action Hebrew capable of defeating this genetic experiment. We wanted the Hebraic peoples to understand that they were a ‘specially chosen people’ who had been given divine rules. We used these defined elements to express to them that they were a divine people entrusted with an especially divine mission.

We knew that as long as the Hebraic peoples stayed reasonably united and maintained their genetic integrity our various sacred objectives were possible. Properly nurtured over a sufficient period, this ‘special’ gene pool was designed to spread to every gene pool it touched.

Q: Let’s get back to Egypt and the Exodus. Did the Exodus take place as they had planned or were a great many changes in its initial procedures required?

A: Yes. Many ‘fine tunings’ were required. We kept working and quite frankly changing the protocols of the project. By the time of the Exodus, we had created an exceptionally unique genetic group. We then desired to take that group into a very inhospitable area where they would not normally be expected to survive.

We required this of the Hebrews to ensure that a perfect selection be made from among the members of their group. By weeding out certain recessive genetic sequences, we could correctly influence the distribution of our ‘special’ genes throughout the general population. That is why, in the Book of Exodus, you have read about the pillar of flame in front of them in the sky (our guiding scout ships) and about the ‘manna’ (a ‘special’ food designed to foster the Hebrews’ genetic reconstruction) from heaven, and so forth.

When this specially selected people became a great nation, its ‘special’ gene pool would be strong enough to be distributed all around the planet. That is indeed what we accomplished!

Q: In your previous answer, you briefly mentioned the term ‘manna’. Just what was it? Why did you feed it to the Hebrews as their only food while they were wandering about in the Sinai desert?

A: Manna is a uniquely produced, gelatinous white gold. Previously, it had been given as food to produce immortality or to connect designated individuals to the psychic realms, the abodes of the ‘gods’, or of

other heavenly Beings. The Anunnaki and select Galactic Federation liaison teams gave manna to the ancient Egyptians and to many other ancient cultures. It is a 'perfect' food! Gelatinous white gold is highly nutritious—the most complete food known. When it is ingested, it purifies every cell and starts to alter every gene in your physical body.

Manna creates a metabolism that allows your cellular structure to function at its highest and most efficient levels. It is the only food your physical body needs. It is used to detox and elevate the base frequency of the physical body. In addition, it 'sets' a firm foundation for your 'special', consciousness-expanding genetics. The Hebrews were preparing for the next phase of their destiny. That is what Exodus is about. It was a major part of their sacred mission. It was carried out within the necessary divine timing, allowing this 'special' genetic process to be moved forward.

Q: What did the Sirians and their Galactic Federation Allies intend to accomplish after the Hebrews reached and conquered the promised land of Canaan?

A: Once the Hebrews had arrived in Israel proper (the land of Canaan), we desired that they establish a modified form of galactic human governance—rule by the Judges. This would allow commoners and Judges to work together in a free-flowing style. Our intention was that they develop a form of governance that both their people and the nations surrounding Israel would admire and emulate.

Let us consider these Judges. They emerged from all levels of society to become the ruling government. We desired to lead them gradually into a more open and democratic system. This system would help them to create in ancient Israel a government roughly equivalent to that enjoyed by a fully-conscious and somewhat more technically advanced galactic society.

Remember, if you will, that we also had another purpose in mind. We intended that the Hebrews learn wisdom from this new system. We envisioned them perceiving the essential beauty and justice of it. It was our objective that eventually other barbaric nations would change their ways and adopt the same system. We envisioned a process able to effect a massive change at a later time in your consciousness. Unfortunately, the Israelites/Hebrews rejected our methods. Aware of kings all around

them, they demanded that form of government.

Q: Were the 'special' genes disseminated into the general population?

A: Yes. Whenever Judaism appeared in any open and tolerant civilization, interbreeding always occurred.

Q: Among the people who identify with Jewish heritage right now there are two strains of Jews. First, there is the Ashkenazim. Second, there is the Sephardic. The Sephardic are genetically from the original rootstock. The Ashkenazim are European Jews supposedly originating from a number of tribes that converted to Judaism. Most importantly, they contain genetically Jewish elements. Under the command of their kings, they embraced the Jewish religion. It is said that these kings were determined to have their realms become other than Moslem or Christian nations. Is there any truth to this story?

A: Ashkenazi Jews are, indeed, a combination of the Sephardim and those Gentiles who originally converted to Judaism.

Q: Are they a hybrid?

A: Yes, they are. As a result of their process, the Hebraic gene pool was dispersed throughout Europe. It became the basis for Europe's Age of Discovery and its Renaissance. Most of Europe's pre-eminent masters of art and a majority of her noteworthy inventors are part of that gene pool.

Q: It is my understanding that during the Spanish inquisition many Jews professed to practice Christianity while others sincerely converted to the Christian faith. However, genetically they were all of the Hebraic lineage. Numerous other people, who have yet to identify with or recognize their ancestry, may have these roots. Although lacking awareness of their true origins, they continue to carry that genetic legacy out into the general population.

A: That is correct.

Q: What is the genetic history of the Arabs?

A: They, too, have been endowed with a lot of cross-Hebraic roots. That is why there was very little anti-Semitism among the different Arab 'nations' until the post-expansion period of Islamic civilization. Initially, Islam held a singular affection for Judaic culture. That close societal affinity explains why the greatest flowering of Judaic civilization in the last 1,000 years unfolded (from the 11th to the 14th centuries) in Spain where Jew-

ish scholarship as well as art, architecture, music, theater, etc. flourished.

During that time, high Jewish culture was recognized and honored by the Arab conquerors of southern and central Spain. These Arab rulers created (especially around the cities of Toledo, Granada, and Salamanca) an environment that encouraged distinguished Torah and Talmudic scholars. Extraordinary levels of scholarship, architecture, art, literature, and more were enjoyed both within and beyond the religion.

Q: Did the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies carry out other similar genetic experiments on this planet?

A: Yes. Another important Sirian/Galactic Federation genetic experiment involves the Chinese and Tibetan peoples. China and Tibet represent a particular heritage. There remains within these races a genetic remnant of ancient Lemuria which the Kingdom of Agartha infused into many Sino-Tibetan peoples through a permitted interbreeding program.

The result was a people who possess the same type of consciousness-expanding and creative, solution-focused genes as the Hebrews. In addition, the Chinese and Tibetan peoples honor a great tradition of visitations from many off-world groups. These liaison teams along with many of the Anunnaki helped to establish the roots of the present Chinese and Tibetan societies who to this day retain these specially created genes.

Q: Was any type of interstellar commerce carried on among these ETs and the Chinese and Tibetan people?

A: As noted above, the Chinese and Tibetans were more open to our influences than most other post-Flood civilizations. Inter-stellar commerce occurred in some ancient Chinese and Tibetan civilizations. These were mostly in Tibet, north central China, and in certain parts of northeastern and southwestern China. Many human and other sentient, beneficent civilizations in this sector of your galaxy ventured here and found a relatively friendly reception.

Q: What was an outcome of this ancient commerce between worlds?

A: Many plants given you by the extraterrestrials first came to Earth through China. From this starting point, they were scattered worldwide many centuries later. An example of this process is citrus fruit. As any Earth botanist will tell you, the mother of every type of citrus fruit is the mandarin orange which the Chinese firmly believe was given

them by their ‘gods’.

Q: What I am hearing is that our global civilization in its many forms has been significantly affected on countless occasions by extraterrestrial involvement with our genetics.

A: Yes. These genetic experiments have been carried out more than a few times! Black Africans are remnants of a direct colonization on Earth by one faction of Sirians who are blue-skinned. When your atmosphere opened itself up to a much greater increase in background radiation after the great Flood, these Sirians’ skins mutated from blue to black.

Q: So the ‘black race’ is descended from extraterrestrials. They evolved elsewhere and were actually planted here?

A: Yes. They were planted here.

Q: Are they really direct descendants of extraterrestrials? Is it more than the insertion of genetic material into an indigenous species?

A: Yes, they are truly direct descendants of extraterrestrials. That is why many blacks have rare blood types and highly atypical blood immunities. Of course, over numerous millennia, the differences have been somewhat adjusted to the unique conditions of this planet.

Q: Are there any other known racial examples of similar unusual or very rare blood types and strange genetic materials?

A: Some other known examples are the native tribes of the Americas and the Polynesians of the Pacific. Here also are found some very unusual blood types and strange genetics. For example, there are rare blood types found in South America especially among the Incas (the Quiche-speaking tribes) and other associated groups. Earth anthropologists and medical researchers discovered these differences in the first part of your 20th century.

Q: You’ve mentioned the Polynesians. What precious gift do they bring to assist our transformation into fully-conscious Beings?

A: The Polynesian peoples of the Pacific embody another remnant of Lemuria whose genius was to maintain its social energies. Hawai’ians and other Polynesian cultures possess a truly outstanding gift in the marvelous way that they deal with conflict.

In Hawai’ian, this effective, efficient system of conflict resolution is called *Ho’oponopono*. It is a gentle method of resolving conflict and

then gracefully restoring harmony. It exemplifies a method of understanding the beauty in each and every person and of honoring her or his value to the kin circle and to the village. This concept is one of the basic underpinnings of any fully-conscious galactic civilization.

Q: *From what you have just related to us, every cultural group on this planet has a distinct contribution to make. How do they all fit together?*

A: Every cultural group contains a particular genius or aspect allowing its unique gifts to sustain you in recreating your galactic civilization. That is why we created the many 'special' gene pools and guided them assiduously through an early period of divinely sanctioned intervention. The Galactic Federation of Light was duty-bound to ensure that these gene pools could be rapidly diffused throughout your global civilization in divine right timing.

The inner purpose of every gene pool is to expand your consciousness. An essence is retained within each cultural group as well as certain conditions that at the appropriate time can allow each group to add their unique piece to the global cultural puzzle currently assembling before your eyes. It is an amazing plan created long ago by Mother/Father God. By God, it is singing!

Q: *What strikes me is how many of these 'seeded' races have been among the most persecuted of peoples. Was there some instinctive 'knowing' personified in the original peoples that caused these negative reactions?*

A: It is a case of the dark being 'agitated' by the Light. Limited-conscious Beings are bred to be divisive and continually at war with one another.

Q: *By whose intention were limited-conscious Beings designed this way?*

A: The Atlantean ruling class and their scientists created limited-conscious humans for two purposes: First, to serve as slaves; second, to need a mediator, a divine intercessory group.

You were purposely designed by the Atlantean scientists with limited consciousness so as to be completely 'lost' without a leader.

Q: *Why do we still require this allegedly superior overseer?*

A: After studying your psychology, many of our researchers have observed that had you not been given 'gods', you would have invented them anyway. As we have just stated, your psychological make-up requires it. The Atlantean scientists stole your direct connection to Spirit. In its stead,

fear, uncertainty, and division were created. Thus, you seek an authority or higher Being to make you feel safe by ‘giving’ you the security that you so desperately seek.

Fundamentally, you are Beings who were inculcated with the ‘need’ to not trust your own intuitive abilities. You can be lied to and easily manipulated. The Atlanteans desired to control you by callously exploiting these traits. Their methods made use of a ‘divine’ master who had total power over you. This proclivity still exists in all of you.

Q: Yet, we are now capable of overcoming these difficulties?

A: Absolutely! You have the ability within to transform yourselves. The leaders of Atlantis were forced to desist before the awesome genetic storehouse in each and every one of you was permanently dismantled and destroyed.

Presently, whether you know it or not your local Spiritual Hierarchy is reassembling your global society’s amazing genetic storehouse. You are destined to fully recover your long lost heritage! With it, an innovative, creative, and totally magnificent epoch in your global society’s history can be written.

Dear Hearts, you are currently in the process of completing a multifaceted progression of scenarios which created your ‘modern times’. This wondrous story of Earth is filled with a divine intervention. It includes an extensive cast lovingly provided by Spirit. In addition, it contains a wide range of extraterrestrial characters including Beings of the Light as well as of the dark.

Out of this fantastic mix, you formed an immense web—a vast and intricate tapestry. It is this stunning tapestry that we have been poring over together. As we embrace it and each other, we hear a special harmony which is Mother Earth’s wondrous song. This amazing, long lullaby speaks eloquently of your grand destiny—a Golden Age—and of the glorious unfolding of this present Creation. It is, indeed, dear Hearts, the best of all times for all of Creation!

AFTERWORD

As you can see, humanity is poised on the brink of a glorious new reality! The Spiritual Hierarchy has bestowed upon Mother Earth and her human society a highly important role to play in the revealing of physical Creation. You have incarnated here to fulfill your destiny as guardians of a renewed and fully-conscious Mother Earth. You are also here to establish in the very near future a most remarkable galactic society. Your role is extremely challenging, and yet, it is intended to be a joyous one. In order to successfully accomplish your purpose as physical Angels, your loving commitment is now needed. This commitment encompasses a total willingness to do that which gives you joy and fully demonstrates your Love. By wholeheartedly making this vital commitment and being a support for others in discovering their joy, you can provide the necessary impetus for the grand achievement of Mother Earth's and your own Ascension!

Let's join together! Let's purposefully assist each other in completing our truly momentous task! Ascension is merely the joyful experiencing of Creation. Life is meant to flow gracefully. It is simply a process of

allowing your experience of inner joy to come forth in a compassionate way. That divine desire or inner joy is also the foremost intention of this Creation. You are now taking the first momentous steps toward changing an entire galaxy into Light, and you are doing this in the midst of huge limitations.

You are the descendants of those humans who proved their mettle to the Heavenly Orders of Archangels, Angels, and Ascended Masters of Creation. You hold within you a limitless reservoir of extraordinary abilities that you can currently employ to co-create your coming galactic society. You are gathering together as an innovative global culture and building the central rudiments of this galactic society. To date, as I write these words, Planetary Activation Groups are regularly being formed around the globe.

The primary purpose of these Planetary Activation Groups is to create a global network of consciousness. This commitment includes the creation of widespread Centers that can serve as ‘nodes’ for your ever-growing global network. You are indeed in the midst of a divine intervention. However, always remember that the success of this divine intervention actually relies totally upon you getting the message and then taking appropriate action.

A crucial step toward your worldwide web of Light entails *you* becoming fully aware of your starring role in the development of this unprecedented cosmic drama. First, be open and willing to acknowledge these amazing, unfamiliar realities that have been herein described to you. Then, clearly perceive what is most certainly happening around you right now. You are all deeply involved in a complete transformation of your body, mind, and Spirit. Human Beings are steadily and ever-swiftly being returned to full consciousness!

As you learn more about what is occurring to Mother Earth and you, her Children, you owe it to others to share your insights and information with them. In addition, by purposefully engaging in this activity, you will become more aware of the truth of the miraculous transmutation that is happening to you. An obvious sign of the consistency of this process is the burgeoning interest of the general populace in all types of complementary medicine and the rapidly developing systems of

‘quantum biology’. These life sciences are showing you at last the undeniable connectedness among all living Beings. Moreover, science is presently demonstrating to you the exponential transformation of many viewpoints and beliefs long held in this global society’s consciousness.

Observe the world around you and discover that the planet you grew up on is radically changing. Your attitudes about life and how this society and its peoples operate are being relentlessly forced into a constant state of flux or chaos. Everywhere you look, the ‘playing out’ of national or regional karmas is plainly in evidence for all to see. These profound, paradigm-shattering events are a sure sign that a fantastic, mind-boggling change in life on planet Earth is indeed on the horizon.

The fact of this matter is further validated by the sudden ‘explosion’ of interest in spiritual matters of all kinds and the increasing interest in the true nature of the ET and UFO phenomena. My personal fascination with these matters (as you can well imagine) led me in the 1970s and 1980s into more thorough studies of alternative energy and the totally amazing contributions of Nikola Tesla.

The current heightened interest of people worldwide in matters that were previously considered to be esoteric or ‘odd’ by the mainstream hints at much more than just a casual interest by the general populace. Suddenly, there exists a genuine global desire to discover and learn more about how to truly unfold our full potential. This process leads us toward the full consciousness state that awaits us as our divine liberator. Additionally, there is a need on the part of most members of our global community to meet those star-nations that long ago first ‘seeded’ us upon these sacred shores.

All of these duly noted occurrences lead me to an unshakable belief that what I have stated within this book is utterly true! The presently unfolding, empirical evidence of Earth’s Ascension process as well as my own ongoing, personal experience with our space brethren are to me certain indications that the divine right time for the completion of our unique destiny is NOW! As soon as possible, we, as a global society, need to consciously and joyously fulfill our sacred contractual commitments. These commitments include establishing a global web of Light or network of consciousness, forming Planetary Activation Groups, and co-

creating planet-wide, nodal consciousness and healing Centers. All of these are totally integral activities which can help us achieve our key role in the sacred, divine plan.

I close with a few simple statements. NOW is the moment to make your personal commitment to Light, Love, and Joy as a global reality. NOW is the time to begin to enjoy your life. Realize that the purpose of Life *is* Joy! I invite you, dear Friends, to ‘gracefully’ surrender to the unfolding of this wondrous new reality and to do so from your Heart of Hearts—in Love, Joy, Gratitude, and, above all, in Harmony!!!

Respectfully submitted,

Sheldan Nidle

Makawao, Maui, Hawaii

7 Akbal, 11 Pop, 9 Eb (August 6, 2000)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sheldan Nidle was born in New York City on November 11, 1946 and raised in Buffalo, NY. His first extraterrestrial and spacecraft experiences began shortly after his birth and were highlighted all through his childhood by various modes of contact phenomena as well as accompanying manifestations—light-form communications, extraterrestrial visitations, and teaching/learning sessions on board spacecraft. During most of his life, he has enjoyed ongoing telepathic communications and direct ‘core knowledge’ inserts (etheric and physical implants). Sheldan has visually observed and physically experienced spacecraft throughout the years.

Around the age of fourteen, Sheldan requested that the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light Allies discontinue communications with him because he was experiencing overwhelming conflict between their scientific and societal knowledge and what he was learning here on Earth. They left, but the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies told him they would be back when it was time to complete his mission for planet Earth and her people. In high school, he was placed in advanced science programs in subject areas such as physics, chemistry, and calculus.

Sheldan received an M.A. in Political Science from the University at Buffalo in 1968. He also received an M.A. in Southeast Asian Government from Ohio University in 1970 and a M.A. in American Politics and International Public Administration from the University of Southern California, where he also pursued a Ph.D. program (1974–76). In the 1970s, he was Vice-President for Scientific Programming at Syntar Productions where he co-created a documentary on the life and accomplishments of Nikola Tesla. From the 1970s through the mid-1980s, he was involved in scientific research on alternative sources of electrical energy. In the mid-1980s, his extraterrestrial contacts resumed. Sheldan is currently a representative and lecturer for the Galactic Federation of Light and was the founder in November of 1997 of the Planetary Activation Organization (PAO). Information on purchasing his various books and DVDs as well as attending his various lectures and/or workshops can be obtained by visiting the PAO website at <www.paoweb.com>. You can reach PAO by phone at 1-808-573-3110 (voicemail) or by writing to PAO (Planetary Activation Organization), P.O. Box 4975, El Dorado Hills, California 95762, USA.

GLOSSARY

THE HOLY ONES

Administration: Section of Heaven which includes physicality, monitored by a council of Seraphim, and aided by many holy Orders of Heaven (such as the Angelic realms, the Elohim, and the Time Lord). Carries out sacred decrees of the divine plan relevant to that sector.

A-E-O-N: It is the highest realm of Heaven and the area around the Throne of the Creator.

Lord Ananea: One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Ananea is the grand messenger of the countless great Orders of Heaven which represent the deepest energies of compassion.

Angels: Divine messengers of Mother/Father God. Immortal Beings of Light or Divine Spirit. Entrusted to orchestrate the means by which the divine plan will be carried out.

Archangels: Second-highest ranking Beings of Light in Angelic Realms. In charge of the many tasks needed to carry out the divine plan of Mother/Father God.

Ascended Master: Being of Light who has had past life or lives on Earth. During Earth time, achieved full consciousness of highest level, merging spirit and body into Oneness that transcended all the elements of Physical Creation. This

Oneness created Angel-like Being who broke the strictures of karma and was able to serve as holy example for all humanity. Ascended Masters now serve on Holy Councils that assist humanity with its present Ascension process.

Lord Azureal: One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Azureal represents the mighty Creative energies that have graciously manifested all of physicality including this reality.

Lord Betae: One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Betae is the grand messenger of those myriad heavenly Orders dedicated to spreading the sacred Heart wisdom of Lord Surea to all of Creation.

Lord Buddha: Very high Ascended Master of Light. Came to teach humanity about workings of Compassion and how to use it to break constant cycle of Karma to ascend. One of the great prototypes that Mother/Father God has given us.

Lord Cephetas: One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Cephetas is the messenger of the myriad Orders in Heaven who carry forth the sacred Truths embodied in the divine plan.

Lord Jesus Christ: Very high Ascended Master of Light. Came to teach humanity about workings of Love and its corollary, the power of forgiveness. Showed how to use his teachings to ascend. One of the great prototypes for full consciousness sent to Earth by loving and compassionate Mother/Father God.

Council of the Nine: Guardians of the Great Blue Lodge of the Great Blue Light of sacred Creation. One of the Chief Councils of Lord Surea. In this galaxy, the sacred Blue Lodge is housed in the Sirius-B star system.

Councils of Oryon: A great series of Councils in Heaven that serve under Lord Surea. Takes the holy decrees of Lord Surea and the Creator, transmitting them throughout the multitudes of Orders that constitute the many realms of Heaven.

Creation: Infinite and continuous design of Mother/Father God. Consists of two aspects: physical Creation (human realm) and spiritual Creation (infinite dimensional realms of Spirit). Unfolds according to the divine plan.

Devic Kingdom: Physical Elementals who aid Angelic Realms and Councils of Elohim in formulating and maintaining many aspects that constitute physical Creation.

Divine Plan: Holy and divine blueprint of Mother/Father God. Through it, the many Creations are carried out.

Elohim: Chief inter-dimensional Creator Beings. Take sacred spiritual energies given by Angelic Realms and help Angels to formulate and maintain physical Creation according to the divine plan.

- Lord Ezekeal:** One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Ezekeal is the messenger for all the great blessings bestowed upon Creation by an ever-loving and most gracious Creator.
- Lord Imanuel:** One of the six Seraphim who form the sacred Heart of Lord Surea. Lord Imanuel is the giver of the sacred blue Light of Creation which most lovingly maintains and sustains this Creation.
- Lineage of Heaven:** The many life-streams or soul orderings of Heaven. Each Order of the Angelic realm and every other Order in Heaven is composed of these myriad life-streams. The Creator has given each life-stream a specific number of purposes.
- Lord Kuwea:** Aspect of Mother/Father God in charge of overseeing primary energies of Creation needed to carry out Divine Plan. With Lord Surea, supervises unfolding of the divine plan.
- Lord Metatron:** One of the major Archangels and Chief Elohim. Assigned by Mother/Father God to be in charge of this present Creation, the sixth of ten Creations provided for by the divine plan.
- Lord Michael:** Magnificent Being of Light and major Archangel. Informs the many Archangels how best to carry out Mother/Father God's divine plan.
- Lord Mohammed:** Very high Ascended Master of Light. Came to teach humanity about the importance and place of Devotion in daily life and about the nature of Divine Service. One of the great prototypes Mother/Father God has given us.
- Mother/Father God:** Supreme Creative Force or Supreme Light of Creation. Consists of three immortal and powerful creative aspects of which only two (Lord Surea and Lord Kuwea) have been revealed. God's purpose is to unfold Creation according to the divine plan.
- Seraphim:** Holy Entity composed of a conscious soul grouping of ten to twenty million high Councils of Archangels. They represent the highest aspects of the great life-streams created to carry out the edicts of the divine plan.
- Spiritual Hierarchy:** Sacred structure that represents holy Lineage of Heaven. Consists of the Angelic Realms, the Devic Kingdom, the Ascended Masters, the Orders of the Elohim, and the Divine Councils of Time Lord.
- Lord Surea:** Aspect of Mother/Father God in charge of sacred Lineage and Councils of Heaven who carry out the divine plan. All divine minions of Heaven follow his holy pronouncements.
- Time Lord:** Great Beings of Light whose orders are represented by many divine Councils. In charge of Time, which, with Light, is one of the two elements that compose Creation.

THE ASCENSION PROCESS

Akashic Records: Life records of all souls who have spent a lifetime in physical Creation. Detailed document of each event that occurred in all moments of every lifetime.

Ascension: Process whereby individual integrates physical body with spiritual (soul) and astral bodies which permits him/her to become fully conscious.

Astral Body: Non-physical body. Also the means whereby soul is attached to physical body. Usually travels to lower realms of Astral Plane (higher physical dimensions) during sleep or dream states.

Aura: Electromagnetic field surrounding physical body and is given off by life energies that vivify the physical body.

Chakra: Life energy centers in body. Limited conscious Beings have seven major centers or chakras. In fully-conscious Beings, there are thirteen major life energy centers in and above the physical body.

Full Consciousness: State of unlimited reality in which physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual bodies are fully integrated. Denotes full use of now-untapped mental and spiritual capabilities. This includes possession of Light Body and full range of psychic abilities such as telepathy and telekinesis. Also the capacity to instantly manifest what is physically desired and have full rapport with spiritual and other higher dimensions.

Galactic Human: Fully-conscious human Being. Also called physical Angel. Has full recall of its Akashic records and true life purpose.

Karma: Result of interactions with other sentient Beings. Principal means whereby each lifetime is judged. Creates cycles that determine nature of one's next lifetime. In the coming age, divine grace will break karmic cycle.

Lightworker: Enlightened Earth dweller who works with Ascended Masters and Angelic Realms to bring message of Ascension and new Age of Light to general public. Can be either an enlightened Earth soul (one who has been caught in karma cycle of many Earth lifetimes) or a starseed.

Merkaba: Another name for one's Light Body. Part of full consciousness when spiritual, astral, and physical bodies are integrated. Can shrink to baseball size and travel anywhere instantly.

Ritual: Specific set of procedures done on regular basis with defined purpose or goal. Prime example of sacred ritual is group or individual use of meditation or vision quest to achieve divine purpose, *e.g.*, to heal Earth or to better self.

Spirit: Soul or non-corporeal part of every living thing. Also refers to Beings of Light who assist in alleviating the daily struggles of human existence.

Starseeds: These are Beings from other worlds, galaxies, or dimensions who have incarnated here to help Mother Earth and humanity through their ascension procedures.

Thoughtform: Entity created by one's own thought or that of another individual or group. Capable of affecting health or behavior of unsuspecting (or un-protected) person.

THE GALACTIC FEDERATION OF LIGHT

Action Team: Special Galactic Federation of Light crews trained to complete a specific task as quickly and as efficiently as possible.

Divine Intervention: Sacred God-granted mass landing operation of the Galactic Federation and the Angelic Realms. Being done through divine grace to return God's WILL to planet Earth and to give the gift of full consciousness to Mother Earth's children.

Fluid Group Dynamics™: Primary organizing axiom of the Galactic Federation of Light. It is non-hierarchical and goal-oriented. Relies on talents, leadership, and accord of its members. Also known as Fluid Management™.

Galactic Federation of Light: Light union created over four million years ago by various stellar civilizations in this galaxy. Its divine purpose is to act as Physical Angels needed to carry out divine fate prophesied long ago for Milky Way Galaxy.

Governing Council: Main ruling body of a planet, solar system, or star league. Guided by the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™. At present, over 200,000 such organizations are members of the Galactic Federation.

Liaison Team: Special team whose major purpose is to relay precious communications between groups and to enable different groups to work together more efficiently and harmoniously.

Main Federation Council: Principal governing body of the Galactic Federation of Light. Located in the Vega star system. Works on the principle of one vote per member.

Mass Landings: First Contact supervised by the Galactic Federation of Light and the Spiritual Hierarchy. Designed to peaceably land important elements of the Galactic Federation of Light and the Angelic Realms upon Mother Earth. Elements such as counselors, special liaison and action teams will assist birth of new galactic society and the coming of full consciousness to Earth's human population.

Science and Exploration Teams: Galactic Federation fleets designed to explore the galaxy. When they find a stellar society that meets Galactic Federation of

Light's criteria, they embark upon first contact mission leading this stellar civilization into full membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

Subterranean Holographic Environment: Special underground facilities based on advanced light technology and designed to closely resemble and improve upon humans' present living environment. Fully capable of handling and surviving any type of natural Earth catastrophe. To be our permanent residences after mass landings are completed.

Ummac Dan: The activational symbol displayed (in hologram form) aboard Sirian Motherships. During meetings, it rotates, slightly above the conference table, maintaining a field of truth and harmony. The shield consists of a gold star tetrahedron at the center; superimposed on the gold star is a silver cross. On either side of the cross is a silver scythe. Cross, scythes, and star are encircled by an inner band of silver and an outer band of gold. All are on a background of purple. The gold star tetrahedron represents the essence of all sentient life in Creation. Silver cross and scythes stand for the manifestation of spirit into matter and its victory over darkness. The silver and gold circles embody the union of male and female principles. The purple field is God's holy Creation.

GALACTIC SOCIETY

Clan: Highest unit in a galactic society. Task and function breakdown is unique to each galactic society. Andromedan galactic societies usually have twelve such clans while Lyrans and Sirians normally have only six. Each clan is governed by a clan council which operates according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™ and a board of liaison counselors.

Councils: Primary units of governance in a galactic society. Composed of governed segments of their society acting as a committee of the whole. Guided by the three basic principles of fluid management. Include liaisons specifically designed to overcome difficulties in solving potential problems.

Counselors: Specially trained members of podlet, pod, or clan. Guide and advise individuals, groups, and councils of galactic society. Honored for great wisdom and skill in keeping galactic society focused on achieving its objectives.

Podlet: Basic unit of galactic society containing up to 64 persons. Members (young and old, female and male) are related by divine purpose and immersed in a learning environment. Includes specially trained counselors as well as a governing council in which all members participate as a committee of the whole.

Pod: Next major unit and primary division within clans of galactic society. Consists of up to 500 podlets. Similar to an Earth town or city but analogy ends here. Each pod is dedicated to specific aspect of clan's overall duties and functions.

Operates through elaborate series of councils and liaison boards which employ basic principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™.

Star-Nation: Collection of planetary societies in a solar system united for a common set of purposes. A governing council run on the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™ handles internal and external affairs.

THE GALAXY

Black Hole: In quantum physics, an energy vortex of immense size and power.

Draws approaching energy or matter toward its core, a singularity, located in another dimension. Hence, draws you into another dimension. However, the pressures that its attractor forces create would crush whatever entered it. A variant is a white hole which would draw energy or matter into this dimension from another.

Dimensions: Distinct event sites infinite in number and defined by the particular number of planes of consciousness or spiritual Light and Time that they contain, *e.g.*, the fourth dimension is marked by a non-sequential and instantaneous timeframe that loops past, present, and future together. In the fourth dimension, consciousness is more complete than in the third and exists in a less dense corporeal form. (Here the true astral plane begins.)

Event Horizon: Boundary layer or demarcation point (horizon) of energy vortex between black hole (special type of quantum event) and the rest of space/time in a dimension. Black hole's attractor forces draw matter and energy continuously toward it.

Force Field: Most often a wall of electromagnetic energy concentrated by use of electromagnets or similar natural objects that are aligned in special circuit pattern.

Hologram: In present Earth technology, film negative formed from interdiction of coherent monochromatic light as from laser. When film negative is again exposed to laser it will exhibit special 3-D-like properties. If torn or damaged, uniquely able to recreate complete image from any portion of film negative. In advanced technologies, can be projected onto any other medium besides picture film. Can be used to create enormous illusions formed from coherent force fields of light.

Inter-dimensional Flux: These are fields of inter-dimensional Light that form boundary layers between dimensions. Allow energies to pass from one dimension to another, somewhat like membranes that form the walls of living cells.

Massive Singularity: In quantum physics, a singularity is the core of a black hole whose energy has been compacted into the smallest space possible by the

attractive forces. A massive singularity, the most concentrated type, is found in the vortex that creates all matter in this reality.

Matrix: This is the massive mental and material construct containing those elements set up by a reality's foundation contract to govern those details which can assure the continued integrity of a reality.

Photon Belt: It is a huge torroid or "belt" of inter-dimensional Light that passes through this part of Milky Way galaxy in 26,000-year cycle. Last encountered at beginning of 1997. Fortunately, Earth was put into a special hole in it that was drilled by a coherent bow wave of gamma particles from a nova first observed by astronomers in 1987.

Planetary or Solar Hologram: Special inter-dimensional hologram composed of polarized light field. Used to surround planet or sun to preserve it from possibly dangerous situation. Since 1972, solar hologram has been used to prevent Earth's sun from prematurely undergoing final stages of massive stellar explosion or nova.

Reality: It is a subset of any dimension that is constructed by a covenant between the many sentient Beings who reside within it. It consists of an outer flux wall, a controlling matrix, and a prescribed density determined by the reality's governing covenant.

Super Hologram or Reality: Special inter-dimensional hologram formed by collective agreement of souls or life-streams who have created it. Purpose is to contract a special realm in physicality in which certain rules and possibilities are in effect. Usually forms itself in clusters and is the Light construct used to help create different dimensions of physicality.

Stargates: They are places where spiritual or Light energies of two or more dimensions impinge. Used for travel back and forth between dimensions. Also move spiritual energies that maintain Creation from one dimension to another. Named due to location in or near star system.

Vortex of Energy: It is a swirling mass of energy spinning in a definite direction. Usually resembles large cone or tornado, wider at one end, while other end tapers to single point or singularity. Boundary of vortex's wider end is its event horizon. Black hole is one type of vortex found in this galaxy.

Wormhole: Two black holes stuck together end to end so that each singularity is bonded to the other. In quantum physics, theoretically used to travel back and forth between dimensions.

THE EARTH

Atlantis: Island continent and third Earth galactic colony located in mid-Atlantic Ocean. Slightly larger than present continent of Australia. In last stages, was site of many heinous genetic experiments that led to human acquisition of limited consciousness. Fortunately sunk by its own miscalculations some 12,000 years ago.

Earth's Firmament: Future and past element of Earth's atmosphere. Series of two major atmospheric ice sheets. The first is located 15,000–18,000 feet up and the second is 35,000–38,000 feet above Earth's surface. Open at the poles. Major insulator against harmful radiation that could lower life force energies of biosphere. When in place, biosphere's life force energies are at maximum.

End Times: Prophesied time when present planetary civilization will end and new "Golden Age" will become reality. Many believe that a period surrounding the transition from the second into the third millennium is the beginning of these so-called "End Times."

Hybornea: First human galactic colony founded some 2,000,000 years ago and located in region of modern-day Arctic Ocean. Approximately the size of present continent of Antarctica. Completely destroyed some 1,000,000 years ago as part of general attack on this solar system that also laid waste galactic human colonies on Mars and Venus.

Inner Earth Civilization: Remnant, worldwide, underground Lemurian society that survives to this day and resides in special cavern worlds located throughout our globe. This civilization of galactic humans will reunite with present surface civilization, after mass landings return all of Earth's human inhabitants to full consciousness.

Lemuria: Second human galactic colony founded on this planet some 900,000 years ago. As large as present continent of Asia. Located in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Destroyed some 25,000 years ago by vicious attack from continent of Atlantis.



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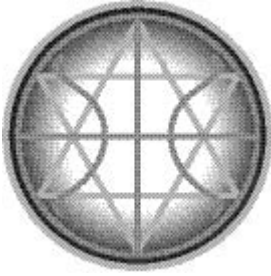
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YOUR GALACTIC
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This book is lovingly dedicated
to my son, Narturi.
Know that your father loves you very, very much.

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Introduction by Susan Nidle

Those who choose to accept what society has taught us about the universe believe that the stars, in their private milieu, exist in a finite universe. What is real is limited to what the five senses reveal. For many of us, however, the real truth is much more complex.

When we were growing up in the 1950's, my brother and I spent a great deal of time with Beings that visited us to remind and educate us about life on other planets and dimensions. Their method of communication was telepathic and 'psychic', but also involved physical contact. These contacts did not evoke any fear or trepidation, only wonder, and grateful happiness. We accepted the information and responded as children would, who are given an endlessly rewarding learning experience by familiar, loving and unfathomable teachers.

We were duly receptive to their lessons; in fact, there were no distractions for me at all, even though I was a young child. I was severely ill with asthma and spent hours in a rigid sitting posture, motionless, struggling for breath. In the 1950's, there was very little treatment available for asthma, other than middle-of-the-night doctors' visits involving intramuscular epinephrine injections in my emaciated little butt. I remember my poor pediatrician appearing at the hysterical begging of my panicked mother, and I remember the sudden, fleeting relief, calling me back from the edge.

On normal nights, I would assume my usual posture and, gasping for air, subside into a state of trance-like receptivity. During my hours of forced meditation, I would be shown patterns and colors in a tonal mode. These

patterns would be explained to me telepathically, as waves of energy influencing the evolution and growth of this planet. Many nights were spent with my two particular teachers, who also managed to help me maintain connection to my physical body, which was tenuous at best.

In the room across the hall, a synonymous ritual was enacted; my brother would be communicating with his teachers for similar purposes. They seemed to tailor their activities with us to show us shifting facets of the same truths; they designed our education according to our personality, karma, physical body and chosen task.

When I was a child, I often thought of my brother and myself as strangers stranded in a strange land. Suburban western New York was our habitat; it was our classroom and our prison. We were curious about this place we found ourselves stranded in; I loved to park myself in the backyard and watch the local ant colony. Everywhere in my early environment, I found endless examples of diversity and similarity. We lived near Niagara Falls; the complexity of surviving there was fascinating. Wherever I looked, the struggle to learn, grow and survive was manifested. We felt stuck here, yet strangely detached. Yes, we were inter-ested in our surroundings, yet their inherent limited reality, at this point of time on the planet, was constantly brought home to us. Logic and knowledge continually confirmed to us the reality of unlimited life across the universe.

The three-dimensional limits of this planet, now, are still an astonishment to me when I remember the lessons of my childhood. Living in a multi-dimensional environment, as most Beings who live off-planet do, presents its own set of limitations and problems. But the difference between the reality of other Beings' existence on other levels and planets, and ours, is difficult to describe. The nearest analogy would be the notion of flatlanders.

OK, picture two-dimensional Beings without depth, possessing only width and height — Beings who are flat. Now, picture three-dimensional Beings who possess width, height and depth, and ponder the real differences and what they entail. This may give a little bit of a hint of the extent of the discrepancies between three-dimensional living and the next level 'up'. OK, then multiply by at least 10 (the distinction between layers of consciousness is not measurable to us, but expands exponentially), factor

in the idea of time and consciousness, and think about those disparities. Oh yes, keep in mind that I am discussing only the very next level surrounding us; the level that is directly less dense than ours. There really is no limit to the expansion of the levels of consciousness and existence.

If you follow my logic, you can imagine how silly it is to think that only three-dimensional Beings living on this planet exist in the universe. It reminds me of what I would call ‘galactic funda-mentalism,’ for lack of a better English expression. It smacks of the notion that Earth-based human life is the highest extent of the imagination of the Creator of this vast universe.

We were astonished that the humans we knew had the au-dacity to deny the simple fact that an endless array of Beings actually live and move and have their essence in our galaxy, and that countless, inhabited stars and planets exist around us. To us, logic and knowledge continually affirmed the reality of unlimited life across the universe.

Now, as an adult, I live in the Pacific Northwest. The other day, a sea creature washed up on a Puget Sound beach. It looked like no normal creature known to us previously. Some bright, local scientist determined that this beast called the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean its home.

This Being’s existence is a testament to survival and adaptation in what, to us, seem to be difficult circumstances. It sustained life under tremendous pressure and in an utterly ‘alien’ environment. Think about the amount of resourcefulness and evolution re-quired by this guy to continue to exist in his native habitat. Sea Beings living in shallower waters do not need nearly the amount of diversity to endure.

We could not survive where this creature lived its daily life; its ancestors surely multiplied over millions of years under adverse circumstances. Alien to us, normal to its environment, this ama-zing creature survived, largely unchanged as a species, since the time of the dinosaurs.

Again, if our own mysterious world is teeming with endless types of Beings, it is patently absurd (I love that phrase) to as-sume that there is not an equally amazing array of life forms existing throughout the universe.

This is one of the tenets taught to me as a child. There is a simple law that, if certain forms of life are very successful, they are repeated as often as possible. “If it ain’t broke, don’t fix it.” Mother Nature, God the Creator

and all Beings above and below have wonderful, rapturous, even ‘silly’ imaginations, appearing in varied forms in order to keep surviving, generation after generation. Try anything, and if it works, repeat it. All across the universe, sentient Beings strive to adapt in their quest to continue living; adaptation manifests in many forms.

The idea that our beautiful, blue planet is unique in the entire universe, in terms of life forms, is a sweet and naive notion. It rings about as true as the crooked notion that any one religion contains the only pathway to God the Eternal.

We are not an anomaly; we are a continuation of a pattern, repeating itself in slightly different designs, across the universe. We are unique yet the same throughout the ‘known’ universe, like cousins in a large extended family.

Twentieth century Earth scientists have ‘discovered’ (verified via their clunky instruments and rudimentary math) that many chemical substances are formed in the centers of stars. This is, supposedly, a cornerstone of modern astrophysics. I ask you, does this not indicate that familiar compounds exist throughout the universe, the very ‘building blocks’ of life on Earth? If this is true, and generally accepted on Earth, then can we not fantasize/hypothesize that, since these substances originated off-world, they ‘may’ have spawned the same type of genetic response ‘there’ as they have here, on our home planet?

Truly, the ‘neighborhood’ is really not so different. We can travel throughout our small planet and discover surprisingly similar environments, family situations, likes and dislikes. Across cultures and, I believe, across species, we are very alike. Just imagine that this is true of our ‘kin’ who exist on other worlds and dimensions. Things are stunningly different, yet strangely, and essentially, the same.

The other side of this coin also concerns building blocks of life. What if carbon-based life forms occur on planets with carbon bases only? Therefore, planets that are based on other substances evolve life forms according to their most frequently occurring elements. To us, that which is created from a different base compound may seem alien, but, to the local area, it is perfectly logical, or they could not survive. The advanced form of life created under those circumstances would, on the surface, seem strange

indeed to us. Let me emphasize the idea that surface differences are arbitrary and superficial, on this planet and the next.

My advice about this book is to read a chapter or two slowly, in the evening, and then pause if you can. Gaze up at your local universe. When my brother and I were children, we observed the sky nightly, for hours, sometimes through a small hallway window. The pure act of looking fixedly upwards has always evoked awe and wonder within me; it seems to help activate our mystical heart and imagination.

This book is an activator. If you allow yourself to stay open to its concepts, as you gaze at the night sky, you will find yourself understanding more about our world. We really are just a tiny speck in the universe, yet we are also crucial to a greater plan.

We are in troubled waters now, reaching the moment of transition on a grand scale, and one of the keys involves holding perspective. Understanding our larger place in the scheme of things can only help us, as we attempt to hold the light and maintain the grid.

In this book, my brother speaks of many complex concepts and odd Beings in a matter-of-fact way. I would just like to attest that this material is consistent with concepts he has discussed throughout his life. I enjoyed reading it, as he discusses civilizations and their inhabitants in a clear, concise way, including many details I have not heard before. He describes strange ideas so simply that we can see the greater image if we open to it.

Let this book serve as another testament to the complexity, diversity and beautiful simplicity of the universe. May it help us to understand more of the mysterious information available to all, if we, as sentient beings, open our inner hearts to life off and on this blue world.

Susan Nidle

Introduction by Susan Nidle

Introduction by Susan Nidle

Introduction

How I Came to Write This Book

This book was conceived more than a year ago when, during one of my ‘update’ sessions, I was approached by a committee of 22 Beings from

across this galaxy. They affirmed that the time had come for me to help the peoples of Earth overcome their strong aversion to the appearance of many of this galaxy's highly intelligent inhabitants. To enable me to do so, Washta, my Sirian guide, and a number of chosen others would act as my 'way-showers' in writing this book. Its purpose is to introduce you to a very narrow segment of the extraordinary array of cultures and species found throughout this star system. These Beings are your galactic neighbors and, even though their home worlds may be many thousands of Light Years from yours, they belong to the vast entity that is the Milky Way Galaxy.

Your galactic neighbors are humans from constellations such as Pegasus and Aries, and Reptilians and Dinosaurians from many former Anchara Alliance home worlds. These former Alliance members hail from star-nations as far apart as Draco, Orion or Reticulum. Despite fierce and prolonged wars, each of these former foes ceased their long-standing hostilities and willingly became part of the Galactic Federation of Light. As a result of their union, these star-nations are experiencing phenomenal growth and, through their solemn efforts, are carving out their own diverse galactic societies. Now, having observed your own progress, these fledgling galactic societies look to Mother Earth's experiment in consciousness for inspiration. Its successes can pave the way for your future role as wise teachers and unifiers of this galaxy. Ultimately, your nascent galactic society is destined to become a most welcome model for their continuing endeavors.

The Star-Nations Chosen

To serve as our examples, we have chosen twenty-two star-nations. Five of these are former members of the Anchara Alliance, while fourteen are long-time members of the Galactic Federation and three are former neutral star-nations. They were selected to serve as prime examples of the different types of diversity that exist in this galaxy. Many species, however, are not represented in this initial sample. They were omitted for a reason: their physical appearance is less than pleasing to limited conscious humans, particularly those who dwell on Mother Earth. Each star-nation represented here encompasses Beings that are now serving in some capacity with our

first contact mission. For that reason, it seemed that a brief introduction was necessary.

As I have stated in my many messages, the first Galactic Federation of Light members that you will meet after first contact are galactic humans from constellations as diverse as Andromeda, Taurus, Aries and Pegasus. These delightful Beings have been part of my life since childhood. Their wisdom, know-ledge and technology will provide most welcome support to this unfolding project - the turning of this chaotic world into our own unique galactic society. This unfurling planet will become a way-station for the Galactic Federation. Many special conferences, encompassing Beings and organizations that span the totality of physicality, will meet here. Thus, it is vital for us to move beyond our present xenophobia and begin to embrace sentiency in whatever physical form it may choose to take.

To Start: The Galactic Humans

To begin with, we will learn about galactic humans and about the many varied hybrid forms with which they are associated. From there, we can be more accepting of other Beings that resemble them. Next, we will move on to physical entities that are far different from us. This book will assist in preparing you for these extraordinary adventures. Accordingly, most of the Beings represented here are not human in form. Some of them, in fact, manifest bodies startlingly unlike what we are used to. Even their cultures and their disparate societal structures are dramatically dissimilar to our own. They are included in this book to illustrate the true diversity of this galaxy. Through them, you will also be made more aware of the obvious differences between the cultures of the former Anchara Alliance and those that originated with the Galactic Federation.

The Role of Former Anchara Alliance Star-Nations

Yet another important point to emerge from this work is the degree to which the former Anchara Alliance star-nations are engaged in modifying their cultural and societal structures. Like us, they are transforming from a realm ruled by the dark to one that is speeding toward the Light. In us, these Beings see fellow explorers. They fervently believe that their change can mirror our own, and they take great strength and encouragement in what we

are achieving. The Anchara Alliance members are really most anxious to greet us and express their true appreciation for what we are doing. For that reason, they have undertaken much of the detail work in planning this coming first contact. Still, they realize that gradually, our society must be prepared for their formal arrival.

As you will see, each species described in this book is an example of the multiplicity of life forms found in our star-system. Some are among the most known, or have been the most dreaded, in the galaxy. Others, after long migrations, formed star-nations or were brought to sentience by their Local Spiritual Hierarchy. In all cases, these star-nations are part of the divine plan and its sacred decrees, which have unfolded a most wondrous diversity of Life throughout this Milky Way Galaxy.

Introduction by Sheldon Nidle

Part I

Humans

An Introduction from the Humans

Humans in this galaxy are descended from aquatic apes, who became fully sentient approximately eight million years ago. These apes lived near the edge of a large ocean on the third planet from their sun. Known to your astronomers as Alpha Lyra or Vega, this star is located in the constellation of Lyra. Vega is about 26 Light Years from Earth.

Approximately seven and one-half million years ago, the first human colonies in the Lyra constellation joined with other nearby sentient societies to form defense leagues against the constant incursions of various dark forces that threatened their freedom. Over the next several million years, as these defense alliances grew, humans gradually ventured out from their original 'homes' into other parts of this galaxy.

Human colonists chose worlds that resembled their own origins, that is, water worlds similar, in many respects, to Mother Earth. These worlds

featured rolling oceans, continents abounding in lakes, streams and rivers, and an almost immeasurable diversity of animal and plant life forms. Seeing themselves as planetary and solar guardians, these humans quickly established rituals and other forms of energy work to maintain and sustain their beautiful water worlds.

As you read this section, you will notice clear similarities among the countless solar systems and home worlds it describes, which result from the human soul's intense and immutable attraction to such environments. Solar systems having as many as four water worlds were highly sought after by most human civilizations.

These solar systems consist of between six and twelve planets, with smaller worlds rotating closer to their sun and much larger ones revolving in wider, more distant orbits. Usually, these larger planets are gas giants, similar, in many respects, to your Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus. Many have multicolored rings, ranging in size from the narrow bands encircling Uranus to the magnificent ones displayed by Saturn.

Now, we ask you to consider your ancestors and kin. As you do so, view them as both examples and exemplary prototypes of the many forms of galactic society. Let this slim volume serve to help you as you make your own future choices, and prepare you for the coming of first contact.

Your Galactic Neighbors

PART I ~ Chapter One ~ The Andromedan Confederacy

The Andromedan Confederacy

Present Status and Location

Frequently, Washta would reveal to me the long history of the Andromedan Confederacy located in the constellation of Andromeda. Its many thousands of members are positioned between 150 and 4,000 Light Years from Mother Earth. This grand union of star-nations was first accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light some 3.5 million years ago, and forms one of the Federation's original 14 Regional Federation Councils.

My first meeting with a group from the Andromedan Confederacy occurred when I was about five. An Andromedan mothership had come to Earth to assess the current condition of the solar system. Washta, my Sirian guide, gave me frequent lessons, filled with examples of how knowledge garnered by the Andromedan Confederacy had saved the Galactic Federation of Light from ruin.

The Andromedans, known throughout the Galactic Federation of Light as great scientists and healers, had originally manifested many of the technologies that powered the Sirian mothership and effortlessly ran her computers. These wise and enlightened Beings were deeply dedicated to bringing peace to our galaxy. Washta's wonderful lectures and informative discussions on Andromeda gave me a profound appreciation of these galactic humans and their heartfelt civilizations. The key to Andromeda's galactic society is its members' loving acceptance of their immense divinity.

Andromedan Society

With the exception of the Lyrans, the Andromedans pride themselves on being perhaps the oldest and farthest-ranging members of the Galactic Federation of Light. Owing to their confederation's sheer size, the Andromedans decided that their primary headquarters should not be limited to just one solar system. Instead, they decided to pay homage both to their diversity and the large size of their Regional Council.

The Andromedans created a rotating system whereby each different segment of their council would have an opportunity to act as host to Regional Council meetings. Every few thousand years, the Andromedans switched the location of their Regional Council's headquarters.

According to this rationale, every Council member able to provide a potential meeting place was allowed to use that site to house the sessions of the entire Regional Council and its various staffs.

In this way, they nurtured deep loyalty, Love and inner joy that endure to this day. Andromedans are justifiably very proud of their achievements. They have used this profound satisfaction to make incredible scientific discoveries and are, actually, the leading human scientists in the Galactic

Federation. Andromedans view such successes as proof of their potential, and are eager to bring that potential to every aspect of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Their co-operative efforts are famous all over the Galactic Federation for doing just that — showing how they work and function, demonstrating their joy and how they use it to transcend groups, showing how easily they can release and reveal their full creative abilities and, with no great difficulty, effect impressive changes.

They have also shown how these cultural differences, when worked at, can actually be used to strengthen any group that is culturally distinct. Andromedan liaison teams are celebrated throughout the Galactic Federation of Light for their wondrous ability to explain and express unity and creativity by diversity. For that reason, they are one of the major groups working on your first contact.

Andromedan Confederacy's Cultural Nuances

The types of clan structures found throughout the Andromedan Confederacy vary greatly from sector to sector. The most common prototypes are the Lyran/Sirian model, with six clans, and the Andromedan/Pleiadean with twelve. The Andromedan use of these two prototypes is unique, since most of their galactic societies contain subcultures that have continued to practice their own distinct language and traditions.

Crucial to this is their use of cultural liaisons and counselors. Places such as Pi Andromeda apply a Lyran/Sirian model. However, each of the three inhabited home worlds in this solar system enjoys a rich layer of unique subcultures.

Each world has cultural liaisons that serve as semi-official interpreters for its many cultures. In addition, a special inter-world liaison board provides creative solutions for whatever cultural problems may arise.

When tied into advanced translator technology and their natural telepathic abilities, this system allows each individual and group to communicate freely with each other. The result is a constant stream of data, which applies these differences and allows this remarkably diverse society to manifest frequent and countless new innovations.

Yet another way to accomplish this is found in the stars that make up Gamma Andromeda. Home worlds here use the And-romedan/Pleiadean model, which has 12 clans instead of the Lyran/Sirian six. In this model, three clans are especially devoted to counselors, liaisons and culture.

Such clans developed because it was found easier to maintain a separate system to train these important individuals. Each clan serves as a repository of specific wisdoms, which can be applied within the other nine clans. Further, any problems that cannot be resolved within the nine-clan framework may also be presented to one of the three clans most capable of solving it.

This 12-clan system permits the Star-Nations of Gamma Andromeda to be clearly viewed as autonomous star-nations, containing many of the most successful scientific research groups in the galaxy.

Their reputation is due mainly to how well their specially modified, 12-clan system formally addresses their broad diversity. This social system, carried throughout the Andromedan Con-federacy, was the model used when many star-nations from Lyra and Andromeda first colonized the Pleiades some 400,000 of your years ago.

Andromedan Confederacy Solar System and Description of Some of their Home Worlds

Andromedan home worlds range from watery planets, resembling Mother Earth, to semi-arid realms. Those we intend to concentrate on are located in the multiple stars of Gamma Andromeda and Pi Andromeda, which are between 350 and 650 Light Years from Earth.

The Home Worlds of Pi Andromeda

Pi Andromeda, yet another important binary star system, is about 650 Light Years from Mother Earth. Her smaller star is a blue-white mass, similar in overall appearance to Sirius-B. A colony dedicated to advancing the principles of spiritual science was established here nearly 2.78 million years ago. Her colonists discovered a solar system that contained two large water worlds.

They located their headquarters inside the planet, closer to a sun resembling that of Sirius, where the climate was semi-tropical. Exotic ferny orange, blue and brown trees formed endless forests that reached down to the edges of green and black beaches. Red or blue mountains, occasionally streaked with purple and as tall as Earth's Himalayas, towered over most continents. Within these dazzling surroundings live strange mammalian and reptilian life forms.

The two founding scientist colonies quickly considered their new home worlds a great treasure abounding with extraordinary energies. In this habitat, they devised novel technologies for interstellar travel and uncovered the reasons for the Arcturians' powerful healing energies. Discoveries such as these soon confirmed the Andromedan Confederacy as a major center for scientific research and healing.

The larger star is known for being home to three immense water worlds, each more than three times the size of Mother Earth. The middle of these worlds bears a close resemblance to the main home world of 'Akonowai' (Sirius-B). Washta likes to see this as proof of how the sacred spiritual energies of the Great Blue Lodge have spread across the Milky Way Galaxy.

To the Andromedans, this world is extremely sacred. On her, they erected a great temple, similar in size and location to that found on Sirius-B. Regularly, the priest and priestesses from the Spiritual Warrior clan of Sirius-B arrive here to take part in divine ritual with their Andromedan counterparts. Here, also, the sacred blue dolphins of Sirius-B join in these same rituals. The rites celebrated on this Andromedan world are, in fact, deeply connected to those on Sirius-B. The Great Blue Lodge of Creation has often affirmed to the Sirians that this sacred place in Andromeda is their other galactic home.

The outer water world in this same solar system is regarded as the main repository for information on the histories and cultures of the Andromedan Confederacy. On this world filled with sunken, swampy plains and low-lying mountain ranges, there stands a distinguished university and research center.

This inner-world facility often sends renowned scholar/representatives to the main Galactic Federation of Light cultural center in the Vega system. These educators have studied virtually every form of galactic human

culture. They have trained millions of associates from across this galaxy and are justly proud of Andromeda's rich cultural diversity.

We have examined only a few of the thousands of home worlds that make up the Andromedan Confederacy. Each one boasts a diverse cultural tradition and unique history. While those we have just described are the most celebrated, the rest are equally beautiful and, in their own way, even exotic. The inhabitants of these worlds take understandable pride in their environments. We have given you only a brief tour of these worlds: you are left to hear the rest from the galactic humans of the Andromedan Confederacy themselves when you meet them at first contact.

The Home Worlds of Gamma2 Andromeda

Let us continue our examination of the Andromedan Confederacy with the home worlds of the blue-green triple stars that your astronomers recognize as Gamma2 Andromeda. Initially colonized by humans nearly 3 million years ago, these stars contain the Confederacy's largest water world, which her inhabitants call Sirrai. Sirrai is the fourth planet in a cluster that includes two other stars in orbit around a central star. She is famous for her vast oceans, teeming with many species of life, and for her polar night skies, which boast rare pastel auroras, multicolored and resplendent.

Here, as well, are large, silver, spinner dolphins that guard the approach to immense underwater caves dotted throughout the largest continent's inland sea. These caves are celebrated for their ability to harmonize and balance both the physical body and the soul. Here, more than two million years ago, in an island cave connected to these underwater caves, a most renowned counselor, known as Toudok, articulated the concept of the 12-clan system.

This he did following a long, 28-hour meditation, in which he examined his society's future and identified the solution to a recurring problem: how to develop a new program to properly train and administer every liaison and counselor in his diversified society. His method was first to immerse individuals, such as new-borns, into clans that were specifically dedicated to these noble goals. Heart logic dictated that, for such clans to exist, souls would be urged to incarnate as counselors or liaisons and to seek out these new clans for embodiment.

He also reasoned that some new clans must be dedicated to the study and preservation of the world's rich history, while others would be exclusively focused on the multiple cultures of his home world. These concepts led him to formulate a new model for galactic society. Its concepts were quickly laid out here on Gamma2 and used to resolve many complex societal problems. Soon, this model spread throughout Andromeda (see page 8, Chart 1: Andromedan Star Council).

While the central star of this cluster of three initiated the 12-clan system, the inner star orbiting this center also contains worlds renowned for their immense beauty. Within the two inner planets of this sun exist semi-arid, extremely volcanic regions with pools of multi-colored hot mud and pliable, constantly shifting rock formations. In this world, there were many small, scattered continents. When humans from Lyra colonized the third planet in this system, they discovered a world of reddish-blue seas, orange-blue skies and many small, scattered continents.

This world, known in Andromedan as 'Dosna Man', is significant because it further modified Toudok's 12-clan model. Here, among lands covered by 800-foot tall purple trees similar to redwoods and swarming with bear-like creatures hardly a foot long, an innovative new way to conduct a main star council was embarked upon.

Previously, main star councils such as these had simply accepted a particular clan council's advice on a specific issue and given it their uncritical approval. Now, a meeting of the clans became an open forum in which the decisions of each clan council were fiercely debated.

This procedure gave the other clans a chance to review what another clan had agreed upon and determine how it related to their own issues. Counselors and liaisons well versed in the decision-making process assisted this discussion. By adhering to this process, many precedents were set, and creative ways found to resolve questions to the satisfaction of all involved.

Descriptions of the Andromedan People

Andromedans resemble Earth humans in appearance and can walk among us almost unnoticed. Aboard ship, they most often wear the traditional, multi-colored Galactic Federation of Light jumpsuits. However,

Andromedans also dress in traditional attire, which ranges from a type of ancient Greek gown to a combination of shirt and pants very similar to that worn by the ancient Vikings. Andromedans fall into either one of two basic Earth human types.

The first type is a Caucasian, whose features vary from the so-called 'Nordic' (blonde hair, blue eyes, pale skin) to a 'Medi-terranean' type (dark to light brown hair, gray to brown eyes, tanned-looking skin). The second is typically Asian, with dark hair, dark, almond-shaped eyes and brown skin that can vary in color from very pale to dark brown.

The eyes of all Andromedans are a little larger than those of Earth humans. The thin lips are very pale pink, while the ears are fitted slightly lower on the side of the head and are somewhat smaller in size. The hands and the feet are delicate in appearance, with long fingers and toes.

The men vary in height from 5 feet, 7 inches to almost 7 feet (1.7 to 2.12 meters). The women's height ranges from 5 feet, 4 inches to almost 6 feet, 4 inches (1.63 to 1.93 meters). Andromedan women are noted for their alluring energies and their buxom figures. They need about 2 hours of sleep per day.

In the Galactic Federation of Light, Andromedans are noted for their mastery of all forms of scientific endeavor and usually form the core of most S&E fleet science liaison teams/boards. Andromedans are a key part of the many Galactic Federation of Light medical teams assigned to assist Earth humans in their transformation to fully conscious Beings of Light.

Andromedan languages range from a dialect that resembles Earth's romance languages, like Spanish or even Italian, to a variant found mostly in the Mu and Nu Andromeda star-nations, which is more guttural.

Andromeda's Role in Creating an Expanded Galactic Federation of Light

During the last few years, the Andromedans have applied their skills to all of the different reptilian, dinosaurian and even insectian groups who, though not fully understanding the exact nature of the Galactic Federation, have struggled to transform their societies from tyrannical to galactic. Although these former dark Beings aspire to be part of the Galactic Federation of Light's activities, they are very apprehensive. Their key

issues are those of trust: they question whether a new, more open reality can indeed be constructed in their midst.

The Andromedans excel at exhibiting joy and openly expressing it. That, combined with their capacity for demonstrating the unity created within diversity, brought about the wondrous resolution of many potentially difficult situations within the former Anchara Alliance's far-flung Empires. This was one of the major factors that enabled the Galactic Federation to move dramatically forward in unifying the many disparate Anchara Alliance members who have joined the Galactic Federation in the last six to seven years.

Through these cultural exchanges and their great acceptance of the Andromedans, the former Ancharans have helped to largely overcome their deep suspicions. Liaisons and counselor teams from Andromeda have assisted in training many Anchara Alliance star empires in the best ways of dealing with the momentous changes that are necessary for their spiritual evolution. The study groups that these former galactic foes have sent to Andromeda have given them a better understanding of the steps that are needed to transform their societies. Their studies have focused on the importance of retaining certain cultural nuances in their society during the re-evaluation process.

Andromedan Ships

Andromedan ships piloted in the atmosphere of Mother Earth range from the traditional, sombrero-shaped scout ships of between 20 and 50 feet (6.1 and 15.3 meters) in diameter, to lens-shaped, small atmospheric command ships that measure up to one-half mile (805 meters) in length. The Andromedans used these older types of beamships to provide an observation fleet that was not too technologically advanced. They felt that, since Earth's society was still rather primitive, a display of the Galactic Federation's newest ships was unnecessary.

In space, the Andromedan Confederacy operates two types of motherships. The first is a series of large, oval vessels, up to five miles (8.1 kilometers) long, which are tied together by large tubular connectors. Formerly, these motherships comprised the core (command) ships for many

S&E (Science & Exploration) fleets. They normally housed a fleet of about 400 auxiliary ships.

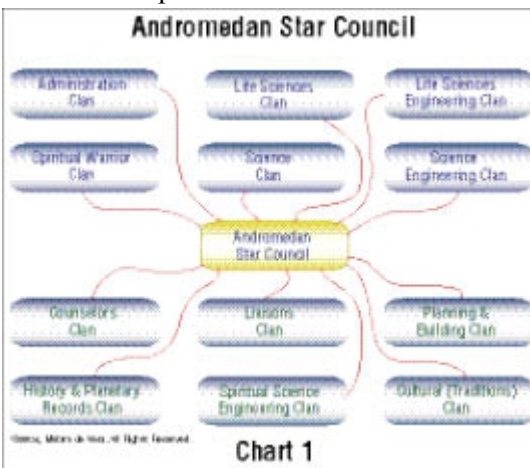
The second mothership, a flattened orb-shaped vessel that is often as large as your moon, is used to survey star systems from a distance. It maintains a fleet of between 4 and 6,000 support ships.

1

Your Galactic Neighbors

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PART I ~ Chapter Two ~ The Star Dominion of Altair

The Star Dominion of Altair

Now, as we continue our journey through the roster of twenty-two of your galactic neighbors, we arrive on the Star Dominion of Altair (pronounced

Al-tear). During this and other journeys, we will explore the birth of the many different galactic cultures and their progress down through the ages to our own time. We will also examine how the present wave of peace and cooperation, spawned by the last decade's Treaty of Anchara, has brought this galaxy together as never before. The Altairians are a case in point. Previously, by acting as either mediators in peacetime or unwilling go-betweens during hostilities, they had depended on the 'on and off' nature of the galactic wars to gain certain cultural, diplomatic and technological advantages.

I first came to meet them as a child of seven when Washta, my guide and mentor, took the time, first, to talk with and, later, to introduce me to an Altairian ambassador and his entourage of nine liaisons. These envoys were on a mission to this solar system that included a number of private 'informal discussions' with some of Earth's secret governments.

The Altairians have long seen themselves as the one group of galactic humans the many dark empires of the Anchara Alliance occasionally heeded. They secured this advantage millions of years ago, during the galactic wars, when they were able to negotiate a truce that lasted for nearly 300,000 years.

Present Status and Location

The Star Dominion of Altair was last accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly nine years ago. Formerly, Altair was a neutral star-nation with a habit of resigning from the Galactic Federation of Light when it best suited them. They also had a long history of sporadic collaborations with the dark star empires of the Anchara Alliance. Because of its proximity to the headquarters sector of the Galactic Federation, Altair has long been a major participant in the current diplomatic and cultural exchanges between the former dark empires of the Anchara Alliance and the Galactic Federation of Light.

Now, owing to her long, collaborative history with the An-chara Alliance, Altair once more has become a natural conduit between these formerly dark empires and many of the Galactic Federation cultural and diplomatic teams. This role has enabled them to assume a degree of authority, which they

otherwise would have been unable to garner, in its Regional Galactic Federation Council.

Altair, Arabic for 'Flying One' (Alpha Aquila), is a large, white star located approximately 16.8 Light Years from Mother Earth. She is the brightest star in the constellation of Aquila (Latin: 'Eagle'). Together with Deneb (Arabic: 'Tail of the Hen') — Alpha Cygnus — and Vega (Arabic: 'Stooping Eagle') — Alpha Lyra — Altair forms a glittering triangle in the summer skies. The twelfth brightest star in this galaxy, Altair is noted by your astronomers for her rapid spin. The Altairian solar system consists of six large planets. The third, a water world, is the Altairians' main home world.

Description of Altairian Solar System

Like most solar systems, Altair has six worlds, the smallest closest to her sun and the largest farthest away. The Altair home world has two moons; the rest of her solar system lays claim to another twelve. The innermost planet in this system is about the size of your Earth. Because constant discharges from Altair, her sun, electrify this planet's atmosphere and cause continual electrical storms, her atmosphere has transmuted to a mixture of methane and hydrogen. The sole remaining primary life forms in this acrid air are a series of complex bacteria and algae. Frequent clouds of sulfuric plasma drift through the planet's lower atmosphere.

The next planet, more than twice the size of Earth and with an atmosphere similar to your own, is more supportive of life. She is semi-arid, with large deserts covering most of her one continent. Two large, mainly shallow seas surround it. A soaring mountain range bisects the landmass, and chains of other high, saw-toothed mountains line its coasts. Although wildlife here is diverse, reptilians predominate on the arid lands while amphibians, strange mammalian and other bird-like creatures rule the coastal regions. Primitive, armored fish, bizarre sand worms, arthropods, deep ocean worms and jellyfish, together with assorted crab-like creatures, command the seas. Altairians research this planet and value her for her immense biological diversity. Flora and fauna found nowhere else in their solar system exist here in abundance.

The remaining outer planets in the Altair solar system are so-called ‘gas giants’, similar, in many ways, to the large planets in your Sun’s outer solar system. For most, the difference lies in their rate of rotation, which is faster than that of your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune: in one case, its rotation is oddly slower than that of most of this galaxy’s gas giants. Thus, their atmospheres exhibit other anomalies, such as the giant red spot visible on Jupiter, or the strange blots that connect to form mystifying geometrical patterns. The two outer planets are surrounded by a ring system that is the equivalent of Saturn. They were formed when a number of large space objects (comets, asteroids and small planetoids with erratic solar orbits) passed too near the planets, colliding with their small, outer moons and exploding into a series of beautiful, multi-colored rings.

Description of Altairian Home World

The third planet in the Altairian solar system is a large water world close to three times the size of Mother Earth (nearly 23,000 miles or 37,000 kilometers in diameter). On her surface are three large continents surrounded by an interconnected ocean. This water world’s highly oxygenated atmosphere has a distinctive orange tinge. Her skies are alive with billions of large birds and with enormous bat-like mammals. Two of her continents are known for vast blue and purple grasslands. On the third continent, which vaguely resembles a large human hand, is an inland sea connected to the ocean by a narrow strait located near the base of the ‘thumb’. A three-tiered firmament keeps the planet ice-free and the climate semi-tropical.

Like most galactic humans, Altairians prefer to live inside their world. There, huge crystal cities support a population of close to 1.3 billion souls. Due to their constant negotiations with both the former Anchara Alliance and the Galactic Federation, Altair has acquired technology that is equal to that of any in the galaxy. This technology powers their cities and is used to create homes, clothing and food for all her citizens.

Altairian Society

The Altairians’ culture is highly unusual. It is noted for a multi-level ruling class that grew to dominate the twelve clans that formed its galactic society.

That society is undergoing a transition to a more traditional form of galactic society. The core of Altairian society is a ruling council, consisting of reigning classes from each of the twelve clans. It is in charge of the day-to-day activities of the Altairian Dominion. The governing council elects a chief ruler, a King or Queen, who serves in that capacity for ten years.

Beneath this ruling council is a group similar to your planet's nobility (princes, dukes, counts, etc.). This body oversees the day-to-day administration of each of the ten major political regions on their world. By using their great influence as regional heads to direct critical socio-political activities, such as negotiating important economic contracts and monitoring every detail of their region's economy, they rose to elevated positions of power.

Below them were twelve clans, subdivided into groups that supplied workers, administrators, technicians and researchers in charge of manufacturing technologies, building trades and enterprises that maintained Altairian society. Rules dictated by the governing council compelled these clan members to swear loyalty to the intermediary nobility (see page 17, Chart 2: The Altairian Galactic Society Prototype).

From this middle group of regional governors, which had the status of royalty, was chosen the ruling council's 'chief ruler'. Seeing that it was prudent, now, to rejoin the Galactic Federation of Light, these groups quickly began to open up Altairian society and set in motion a complex process that, by ending the 'royal order', in time can restore a more traditional, clan-based system of governance.

To do so, each regional assembly began to appoint true representatives of their society's clan system to the main ruling council, replacing former members drawn from the intermediary nobility. These regional rulers also initiated reforms that transformed each clan from a worker group into a truer example of a galactic human clan with all of its many and varied subdivisions.

Over the past nine years, Altairian 'nobility' has radically opened up their society, which they have used as a prototype for others. This prototype, a modified version of the Andromedan/Pleiadean galactic society model, can be used by many other former members of the Anchara Alliance to transform their societies. These one-time Ancharan societies existed according to the concept of simple, unjustifiable loyalty to their dark lord,

Anchara, and to the rulers and their appointed representatives who manipulated them to create vast galactic empires in the name of Anchara.

Altair's Former Role in the Anchara Alliance

As noted, the Altairians were trusted negotiators between some empires of the Anchara Alliance and other neutral star-nations. They occasionally even served as overseer for the Alliance on important secret projects. A case in point is their dealings with Earth's 'secret governments' and the former overlords of your world — the Anunnaki. This task quickly gained in importance as many of the dinosaurian and reptilian dark empires felt that the overt efforts of your 'secret governments' to counter their agendas were exceedingly foolish. Thus, from the 1950s to the 1990s, the Altairians acted as mediators between these various groups. The result was a series of clandestine treaties designed to resolve difficulties and ensure that each party's interests were served. The undertaking occurred once again when, in the mid-1990s, the Anchara Alliance asked the Galactic Federation of Light for membership.

Since the dark empires of Anchara did not trust the emissaries of the Galactic Federation, they approached the Altairians to barter this deal. In 1995, the Altairian ambassadors were able to quickly piece together an acceptable agreement, the Treaty of Anchara. It remains the basis upon which the former empires of the Anchara Alliance were accepted as members of the Galactic Federation of Light. However, the Altairian role did not stop there. For nearly a decade, they have worked hard with a number of other star-nations to help the formerly dark sectors of this galaxy make their peace with the Light.

Changing Altair's Society

The Altairians are starting to democratize their society by re-storing the ultimate basis of the 12 clans and adopting the Four Laws as their other guiding principle. The model for their society is the Andromedan/Pleiadean prototype. As the Altairians continue in their societal transformation, they are using their increased understanding to assist former members of the Anchara Alliance in transforming their own tyrannical societies.

To do so, the Altairians assembled a working group that consisted of the reptilian and human societies from Aldebaran (Alpha Taurus). The Aldebaran reptilians, which have belonged to the Galactic Federation of Light for more than 800,000 years, have developed their own remarkable and singular prototype of galactic society.

The Aldebaran model is being shown to former Anchara Alliance members. The Altairians' liaison and negotiating skills have proved invaluable to this process. At the same time, the Altairians have observed many nuances in the Four Laws that they, in turn, are applying to their own societal changes.

This process of change applies, also, to the actions of the reformed Anunnaki (now called the Annanuki), who look to the galactic society model and the Altairian guidelines for assistance in their own societal transformation. Clearly, the recent drastic changes in our own galaxy have caused a great many far-reaching consequences, affecting not only the Altairians, but also tens of thousands of former members of the Anchara Alliance. They understand the need for change and desire to know how it can be implemented so that their societies can become welcome additions to the Galactic Federation of Light.

Description of the Altairians

The Altairians are, primarily, a humanoid species with a few Reptilian and Dinosaurian hybrids living among them. Let us describe the physical appearance of each of these Beings.

The Altairians tend to resemble us in many ways, despite some major differences. First, they are tall in stature. Regardless of gender, the average Altairian stands over seven feet (2.13 meters) tall. Their skin is naturally very smooth and hairless. It is also noted for its white tones, which range from extremely pale to those of the average white European.

Their eyes, unlike ours, are large and recognizable for their round or almond shape; most often, they are sapphire blue, but occasionally green or yellow. The nose is either large and aquiline or small and slightly bulbous. Altairian lips are extremely thin, and their canine teeth are large. Their ears are delicate and somewhat larger than ours. Hair is thick and blond, red or brown-black.

The Altairian head is in proportion to the rest of the body, and the neck is long and graceful. Body, arms and legs are very muscular. Each limb has five or six extremely long, thin digits.

Males are slightly taller than females, and stand between 7 and 8.5 feet (2.13 and 2.59 meters) in height. Females range from 7.5 to 8 feet (2.29 to 2.44 meters) tall. Altairians are celebrated for their flair in dress, which varies from silver or gray jumpsuits to spectacular, iridescent robes intertwined with multicolored, flowing gowns. Altairians need only 2 to 4 hours of sleep per day. Altairians are renowned for their great psychological proficiency, and for their skills in the many ways of manipulating the mind and manifesting the desires. Their vast body of knowledge is gleaned from close interaction with star-empires formerly allied with the Anchara Alliance, and their capacious scientific libraries date back more than 25 million years.

While the language of Altair is very melodic, its speech can also be guttural.

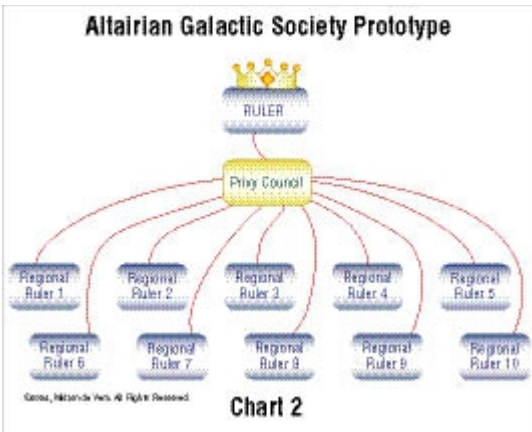
Altairian Ships

Altairian scout ships are disc-shaped, with large, flat, rounded objects protruding from the disc's upper edge. The scouts vary in diameter from 50 to 150 feet (15.2 to 46 meters).

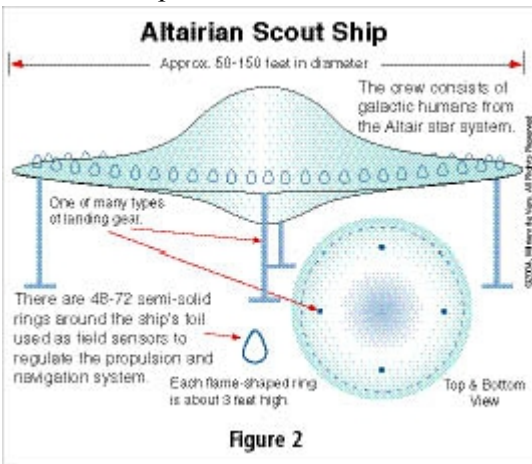
Altairian motherships are extremely large, extending from 100 to 10,000 miles (160 to 16,000 kilometers) across. Smaller ones resemble tadpoles, while larger ones look like rounded, stacked loaves of bread. Larger motherships are extremely self-sufficient and usually keep only to deep space.

PART I ~ Chapter Two ~ The Star Dominion of Altair

PART I ~ Chapter Two ~ The Star Dominion of Altair



PART I ~ Chapter Two ~ The Star Dominion of Altair



PART I ~ Chapter Three ~ The Star-Nation of Epsilon Eridani

The Star-Nation of Epsilon Eridani

Time and again, Washta, my main Galactic Federation of Light guide and mentor, would delight in describing to me the importance of ‘heart logic’. He would explain that it is through this higher reasoning that our heavenly guides and our True Self communicate with us. In this way, it is possible for us to imaginatively solve any possible problem and, by using our true abilities, to manifest new ideas, create beautiful art and pioneer clever inventions. One star-nation that had honed this logic to its highest point was Epsilon Eridani.

During one of his teaching sessions with me, Washta introduced me to Bilok, a liaison team member on his Sirian mother-ship. Bilok, who

originated on Epsilon Eridani, told me that ‘heart logic’ was taught to the children of his home world (in their language, ‘Erza’ or ‘Heart Being’).

Epsilon Eridani society centered on the discovery of methods that can enhance the use of ‘heart logic’ in a galactic society. Among such uses was the assisting of any galactic society in carrying out its responsibilities to each individual member, to its society as a whole, to your solar system and to the Milky Way Galaxy. Indeed, entire institutes were created to teach the various methods of achieving greater resonance with this sacred process. Such organizations were highly honored by the Galactic Federation of Light. That very recognition, in fact, led Bilok to travel to Sirius-B on a mission to instruct eminent counselors, such as Washta, in the latest ‘heart logic’ technologies.

Location and Status

The constellation of Eridanus (which in Greek means ‘River’), is located between the constellations of Orion (Greek for ‘Hunter’) and Taurus (Greek: ‘Bull’). Eridanus is best known for its second-brightest star (Beta Eridani), known as ‘Cursa’ (Arabic: ‘Foot Stool’), which sits near the bright star Rigel (Arabic: ‘Foot’), at the foot of Orion. This very bright star is about 89 Light Years away from Earth. Epsilon Eridani is positioned about 10.5 Light Years from Earth, near the middle of the constellation of Eridanus. Celebrated as one of the first solar systems ever discovered by Earth’s astronomers, in the late 1990s, this star is very similar in size and composition to Earth’s Sun.

Epsilon Eridani, known to her inhabitants as the star-nation of ‘Jadok-san’, was accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 3.7 million years ago. Like Sirius and the Star League of the Pleiades, Epsilon Eridani is one of the star-nations that together forms part of the Sirian Federation Regional Council. This is the same Galactic Federation Regional Council on which your solar system’s star-nation will sit.

Epsilon Eridani Solar System and Description of Home Worlds

The solar system of Epsilon Eridani consists of six planets, and is similar in configuration to that of Sirius-B. Like Sirius-B, the Epsilon Eridani solar

system encompasses two main home water worlds, the largest being her third planet, called Erza ('Heart Being'). This prime Epsilon Eridani home world much resembles Earth, except that she is one-quarter larger. Erza, with six main continents and five large, deep oceans, is nearly 70 percent water. Like Earth, she teems with life. By contrast, Bertak, Epsilon Eridani's fourth world, whose oceans contain the planet's supply of just less than 50 percent water, is known as a large, Saharan continent. On this planet stands a main temple of the Epsilon Eridani people that is dedicated to the study and dissemination of 'heart logic'.

The Epsilon Eridani people enjoy a galactic society very similar to that of Sirius-B. You should understand that every Lyran/Sirian type of galactic society is not exactly alike, and that each possesses many crucial differences. Here, to accommodate the broad study of 'heart logic' in Epsilon Eridani galactic society, the six-clan Lyran/Sirian social order has been modified to an eight-clan system.

Origins of Epsilon Eridani Society

Epsilon Eridani, as well as the next star-nations to be discussed, Eta Hercules and Alpha Aries (Hamal), was first colonized by expeditions from Sirius-B. Although each had initially embraced a galactic society very similar in concept to that of their former Sirian home worlds, Epsilon Eridani also maintained a large contingent of colonists from the more distant Andromedan star-nations.

The Lyran/Sirian model for galactic society is built on six clans. Each clan possesses its own council, which is overseen by a main governing council that acts as the Sirius-B government. In turn, this administrative body convenes with similar governing councils from Sirius-A and the other Sirian solar systems to create the Sirius Star System's Main Governing Council. This Main Council rules over a traditional community that is based upon the Four Laws of galactic society (see Addendum, p. 195).

If we examine the achievements of the people of Epsilon Eridani, we find that, while they are passionate about the role of individual inner logic in enunciating truths, they feel that they themselves are blessed with a highly intuitive heart-logic. They developed these talents at the time the colonists

from Sirius-B united with those from Andromeda. The result was a new understanding of how spiritual science could be applied to solve a society's problems and advance its levels of technology.

By applying both, the Epsilon Eridani became distinguished scientists in much the same way as their Andromedan ancestors. Consequently, their many logic schools support the Andromedan concept of unity created through diversity. These same schools also embrace the great Sirian concepts of duty and spirit. The Epsilon Eridani combined these two components and created a society slightly different from either the Andromedan galactic societies, which possess twelve clan councils, or the Sirius-B model, which has six.

Epsilon Eridani Galactic Society

The Epsilon Eridani people created their own unique eight-clan galactic society. This modified model was based upon the retention of the original six clans, which are called the Spiritual Warrior, Administration, Science, Science Engineering, Life Sciences and Life Sciences Engineering clans. In a departure from the classic Lyran/Sirian example, the people of Jadok-san added two additional clans (see Chart 3 below). The first, known as the Cultural History clan, deals with the concepts of creating cultural unity within an extremely diverse cultural society. It is a modification of the cultural tradition and history clans found in the 12-clan Andromeda model. The second, known as the Spiritual Heart Logic ('Baruk') clan, is unique to this Epsilon Eridani 8-clan prototype. This second clan develops techniques to make different tasks work holistically. That is, this clan has been given the crucial task of presiding over the development and use of 'the spiritual logic of the heart'.

Following the classic model, all of these clans establish their own main clan governing councils. The councils, in turn, send representatives to Epsilon Eridani's main governing council. At this point, we notice another difference. During sessions of this governing council, distinguished liaisons from the Spiritual Heart Logic clan serve as special presiding referees to assist members of the main governing council in solving whatever problems or difficulties may arise.

As you can see, the people of Epsilon Eridani found a way to combine components from the Lyran/Sirian and Andromedan models for galactic societies. This wondrous talent has made them celebrated throughout the Milky Way Galaxy. In effect, the Epsilon Eridani people have applied the Andromedan ability to create unity out of diversity. These they combined with two great traits of their Sirian ancestors: a wonderful spiritual aptitude, and a famous sense of shared and personal spiritual loyalty to the Great Blue Lodge of Creation.

For this and other reasons, the Epsilon Eridani people are renowned, galaxy-wide, for what they refer to as ‘spiritual logic of the heart’ — their applied, intuitive reasoning — and for using that reasoning to analyze and successfully resolve any given situation. The Epsilon Eridani people are highly regarded as truly gifted logicians — a trait this society deems its greatest characteristic. The logicians of Epsilon Eridani are often called upon to apply this ‘spiritual logic of the heart’ to other sectors of the Galactic Federation of Light. Galactic human societies throughout the galaxy acknowledge the great skills of the people of Jadok-san, and are quite happy to call upon them whenever they are needed.

Physical Description of the Peoples of Epsilon Eridani

The Epsilon Eridani human resembles the original Sirius B humanoid colonist. Men’s bodies vary from perfectly formed, muscular physiques to child-like builds, and range from 6 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches (1.98 to 2.24 meters) in height. Hair is blonde to light brown and eyes are light blue to green. Women are extremely voluptuous and stand between 6 feet, 2 inches and 6 feet, 8 inches (1.88 meters and 2.03 meters) tall. Epsilon Eridani skin tones are extremely pale, light red or light blue. Like their Sirian relatives, they require only two hours of sleep per day.

The clothes of the Epsilon Eridani people are unique. Unlike their Sirian ancestors, the people of Jadok-san have shied away from the sheer, flowing, short or ankle-length Sirian gowns, adorned with ribbons and other signs of rank or high honor. The traditional Epsilon Eridani outfit consists of gauzy, billowing pants, topped by waist- or knee-length gossamer blouses. Like the Sirian original, these outfits take the colors of their respective clan. But, rather than special ribbons or epaulettes, various special geometrical

designs in the outer blouse determine the individual's rank and the honors accorded them.

Aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft, the outfit changes to a one- or two-piece jumpsuit that adheres to the uniform requirements of Federation dress codes. Normally, the one-piece design is worn only when there is a mixed crew, consisting of members from several other Galactic Federation of Light star-nations. This often occurs on Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets assigned to a first contact mission.

The two-piece jumpsuit design more closely resembles the traditional Epsilon Eridani costume. The pants are baggy, like those worn on their home worlds. The jacket extends just below the waist, much like one of their more popular traditional styles. This jumpsuit also adheres to the clan color codes, with the special geometric designs that determine rank and conferred honors. The boots, an integral part of this costume, are designed to merge into the pants so that they appear as one undivided unit.

Epsilon Eridanians are recognized as avid explorers and con-summate scientists. They have led some of the most successful Science and Exploration (S&E) expeditions into previously un-explored parts of this and other galaxies.

The Epsilon Eridani are also noted for their superior abilities as administrators and Galactic Federation of Light Liaison Counselors. They excel in organizing Science & Exploration fleet missions to the outer reaches of this galaxy and have led several first contact missions to other galaxies.

The syntax of the original Epsilon Eridani language very closely resembles that of Polynesia. Subsequent Andromedan colonists influenced the language, eventually producing speech patterns whose style and sound are very similar to Chinese. The outcome is a unique and graceful hybrid language, famed for its sweetness of sound. Chants intoned in this language are renowned for their powers to heal and soothe.

The Ships of Epsilon Eridani

Epsilon Eridani ships observed in Earth's skies are part of a large fleet of scout ships, designed to monitor Mother Earth. Frequently, they resemble ships from the Andromedan Con-federacy or the Star League of Centaurus.

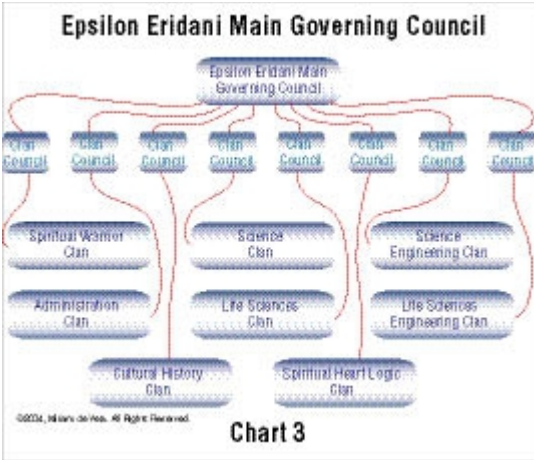
The all-purpose science ship, one of the most common, has a diameter of about 45 feet (14 meters) and a height of nearly 28 feet (8.5 meters). Its shape resembles that of a Mexican sombrero, and is similar to Andromedan scout ships, or even those from Centaurus. Unlike them, however, the Epsilon Eridani ship's main dome (housing the crew and command sections) and its disc ('wing') areas are much thicker. Therefore, these scout ships can carry more scientific instruments and remain in cloaked hover mode for much longer.

A second Epsilon Eridani craft is the atmospheric command ship. Shaped like a giant rod, it is approximately 4,000 feet (1.22 kilometers) long and usually carries a crew complement of 541. Together with a corresponding Pleiadean command ship, it coordinates the daily flights of scout ships in a given sector of your atmosphere.

Such command ships transport a crew of special liaisons who analyze preliminary data and ensure that each ship in its sector successfully carries out its mission and returns safely to base. These ships keep in touch with their assigned motherships and make certain that each oncoming wave of scout ships perfectly dovetails with the next. Out of this elegant, galactic ballet flows a constant stream of vital information about Mother Earth.

A third type is the special fleet mothership. It is shaped like a large, oblong lozenge, half-surrounded by a group of smaller 'lozenges' that are connected to one another by a series of large, round pylons. Its main hull is 4,000 miles (6,440 kilometers) long. Generally, it serves as the main command mothership on an assignment for the Science and Exploration (S&E) fleet. These motherships are only a fraction of the many thousands of ships selected for the science mission of your first contact.

3



PART I ~ Chapter Three ~ The Star-Nation of Epsilon Eridani

PART I ~ Chapter Three ~ The Star-Nation of Epsilon Eridani

PART I ~ Chapter Four ~ The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal)

The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal)

Many times, Washta would describe to me the extent to which human galactic society can vary in character, conduct and creative focus. One of the prime examples most often mentioned by my wise counselor is the Star-Nation of Hamal (Alpha Aries). The people of that star-nation are celebrated throughout this galaxy for the wondrous beauty of their art. In fact, they are unofficially described as the ‘art ambassadors’ of the Galactic Federation of Light.

In the late 1980s, I was first ‘reintroduced’ to the almost over-whelming abundance of material I would have to learn in order to launch my first contact mission. The symbolic ‘living’ art of the peoples of Hamal was used to gently guide me through the many concepts I needed to know. Among them were the history of, and underlying reasons for, the creation of human galactic society; and the way the driving forces behind ‘fluid dynamics’ (the main management tool of the Galactic Federation) operate to offer creative solutions to specific problems. For all of this, I am deeply grateful to the ‘living artisans’ of the Star-Nation of Hamal.

Present Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal) was first accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 2.13 million years ago. Originally, Hamal had been part of a series of strategically positioned defense colonies, settled 2.5 million years ago by Galactic Federation of Light human colonists from the Andromedan Confederacy and human star-nations located in the constellation of Lyra.

The star Hamal in Arabic means 'Head of the Sheep'. Her inhabitants call Hamal 'Japos Da'La' ('Being of Joyous Light'). She is the brightest star in Aries, and is approximately 66 Light Years from Earth.

The constellation of Aries (Greek for 'Ram') appears in your night sky as a far-flung region consisting mostly of larger-magnitude stars. She is positioned between the constellations of Andromeda (Greek: 'daughter of Cassiopeia') and Pisces (Latin: 'Fishes'), and just above that of Pegasus (Greek: 'Winged Horse'). The easiest way to find Hamal is to look for a triangle in the head of the ram that is located just below Andromeda. This triangle consists of Hamal and two other major stars, which form the ram's horns. These stars are Beta Aries or Sheratan (Arabic: 'signs'), and Gamma Aries or Mesarthim (Arabic: 'Fat Lamb').

Alpha Aries: Solar System and Description of Home Worlds

The solar system of Alpha Aries contains eight planets. The outer three are huge 'gas giants', similar in size and appearance to your planets Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. In the center of this solar system are two semi-arid worlds, each about one-quarter the size of Neptune and Uranus, and about 7,400 miles (11,900 kilometers) in diameter. Next closer to their sun is the planet that serves as home world for the Alpha Aries star-nation. Her natives know this planet as 'Joo'Doo', and she is the third planet from Japos Da'La.

At first glance from space, the planet of Joo'Doo appears very Earth-like. At 7,000 miles (11,270 kilometers), Joo'Doo is close to Earth in diameter. But, unlike Earth, she contains only three large continents surrounded by five deep oceans and a three-tiered firmament that supports an ecosystem famous, like that of Mother Earth, for her wide variety of life forms.

The climate of the Joo'Doo' home world is semi-tropical, and cooler only at each pole. Like all planets, Joo'Doo is hollow, enclosing an inner world populated by creatures that, even to this ecosystem, are highly unusual. Alpha Aries' inhabitants, who number 700 million, live in special crystal cities scattered across her inner realm.

The hybrid human (dinosaurian/human) species, in particular, prefers to be the primary guardian for Japos Da'La's two semi-arid planets. They feel more at home in these planets' extremely hot, dry environments. There, it is much easier for them to share their sacred planet-keeping rituals with their human counterparts. For the most part, they perform these rituals in large, desert temples located near small, sacred, surface settlements.

The two innermost planets are small and barren, and possess exceedingly thin atmospheres. The outer world is less than 3,000 miles (4,800 kilometers) in diameter. The inner is called 'Ja'Lut', which means 'most joyous'. Because Ja'Lut's atmosphere is frequently lit by her sun's solar flares, she seems to be a world aglow. Both planets are known for their unusually erratic orbits.

Origins of Alpha Aries Society

The ancestors of the people of Alpha Aries came from the Andromedan and Lyran constellations. The people of Japos Da'La, while sharing the same basic perspectives on the formation of their galactic society as the Epsilon Eridanians, had very different cultural priorities. Instead, they saw themselves primarily as artistic beings, the chosen creators of what they referred to as 'living art'.

On Joo'Doo, they established a society that was meant to function as the embodiment of art on a grand scale. The Alpha Arians discerned that art comprised subjects of taste, style and imagination, and included sculpture, painting, literature, dance and drama. Their unique galactic society, therefore, emphasizes these many different aspects of their culture. To the peoples of Japos Da'La, art is, in fact, the highest living expression of being human, and a way to honor the Creator's greatest gifts — the soul and the physical universe to which we all belong.

Thus, the galactic human society inhabiting Alpha Aries is totally unique. It almost resembles a living theatre, filled with dynamic, ever-changing

living art. The people of Japos Da’La perceive their galactic society in this way, as a vibrant work of art composed of many equally superb pieces. In this wonderful, richly creative environment, each citizen is capable of using a special technique of artistic creation. The people of Alpha Aries call this creative process their ‘living logic’. Our astronomers classify their star — Alpha Aries — as the primary star in the Aries constellation. The peoples of Japos Da’La see themselves in that way, and they are content.

Galactic Society of Japos Da’La (Alpha Aries)

The Alpha Aries people created their own unique, nine-clan galactic society (see Chart 4 below: ‘Hamal’ Alpha Aries Main Governing Council). This modified model was in keeping with the original six tribes that, in the traditional Lyran/Sirian model, are called the Spiritual Warrior; Administration; Science; Science Engineering; Life Sciences; and Life Sciences Engineering clans. In a departure from this classic Lyran/Sirian example, the people of Japos Da’La added three more groups. According to the model derived from the people of Jadok-san (Epsilon Eridani), the first clan deals with the concepts of creating cultural unity within a multiculturally diverse society. This ‘Cultural History’ clan is a modification of the cultural tradition and history families that are part of the 12-clan Andromedan model.

The second clan, unique to the Epsilon Eridani 8-clan proto-type, is known as the Spiritual Heart Logic (‘Baruk’) clan. This group develops techniques that allow various tasks to be carried out holistically. That is, this second clan’s most crucial task is to preside over the development and use of ‘the spiritual logic of the heart’. To the adaptations made by the peoples of Jadok-san, the galactic society of Alpha Aries added a third clan. It consists of teachers and counselors who provide instruction in their society’s core value — living art — or, in their language, ‘gratosh zawaba’.

Following the classic model, each of these clans forms its own main clan governing council, which, in turn, sends representatives to Alpha Aries’ main governing council. Here, we notice yet another point of contrast in the people of Japos Da’La. Whenever this governing council is in session, distinguished liaisons from the Spiritual Heart Logic and Living Art clans

act as special presiding referees, assisting members of the main governing council in solving problems or difficulties as they arise.

Clearly, both the Alpha Aries and Epsilon Eridani peoples have found a way to incorporate dissimilar components from the Lyran/Sirian and Andromeda models. This ingenious aptitude has brought them acclaim throughout the Milky Way Galaxy. In effect, the people of Epsilon Eridani and Alpha Aries have applied Andromeda's talent of creating unity out of diversity, and combined it with two invaluable attributes of their Lyran ancestors - an immense spiritual capacity and a deeply communal, yet personal, sense of spiritual loyalty to the Great Blue Lodge of Creation. And, by applying the Epsilon Eridani spiritual logic to their art, they have also fashioned an enlightened society celebrated for its creativity and its ability to present the nuances of any subject in an extraordinarily joyful way.

For this and other reasons, the Alpha Aries people are famous, galaxy-wide, for what they refer to as 'living art' — for applying intuitive logic to the arts, and for using that reasoning to create a specific situation and represent it in a positive way so that everyone will fully grasp its nuances. The Alpha Aries people are hailed as exceptionally gifted artisans and logicians; a quality this society deems its greatest achievement. Often, the living artists of Alpha Aries are called upon to put this 'living art' to use in other sectors of the Galactic Federation of Light. Throughout the galaxy, galactic human societies applaud the prodigious talents of the people of Japos Da'La, and appeal to them whenever necessary.

Description of Inhabitants

On Alpha Aries (Hamal), there are two major species of human. The first group resembles the original Lyran/Sirian and Andromedan human colonist. Male physiques vary from perfectly formed and muscular to a rare, child-like body type. In height, males range from 6 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches (1.98 to 2.24 meters). Japos Da'La women are extremely curvaceous and stand between 6 feet, 2 inches and 6 feet, 8 inches (1.88 meters and 2.03 meters) tall. Their hair varies from blond to light brown, and their eyes from pale blue to navy or dark green. Their skin comes in many colors: red, orange, green, ivory or light blue.

The second, a human hybrid, sprang about two million years ago from the union of dinosaurians and humans. A series of large-scale attacks by dinosaurian forces from the constellation of Orion resulted in the capture of several fleets of Andromedan colonists. After the Anchara Alliance forces from the Star-Nation of Bellatrix had carried out experiments on the colonists, they freed the Andromedan fleets, which continued on to Alpha Aries. There, the dinosaurian/human hybrids were honored as full-fledged members of the Alpha Aries Star-Nation.

The hybrid Hamalan has scaly skin and unmistakably cat-like eyes of red, brown or lemon yellow. The body, legs, neck and arms are more muscular than those of a human, and a number of thick, vein-like swellings run their length. Each hand and foot has 3 long, thin digits that end in a small claw. Males stand between 7 and 8 feet (2.13 to 2.44 meters) tall, while females range from 6 feet, 10 inches to 7 feet, 7 inches (2.08 to 2.31 meters) in height. Neither species requires more than three hours of sleep.

The costumes of the Alpha Aries people are most unusual. Unlike the filmy, flowing, short and ankle-length gowns adorned with the ribbons and insignia of their Lyran/Sirian or Andro-medan ancestors, the people of Japos Da'La have chosen far different apparel. The traditional Alpha Aries outfits consist of a billowing, ankle-length skirt in a bright color that identifies one's clan. Sheer outer blouses, either waist-length or ending just above the knee, feature an open shoulder, usually on the left. Special graphic designs on the blouse indicate individual rank and honors or achievements.

The Alpha Aries outfit worn on Galactic Federation spacecraft is a two-piece jumpsuit, much like their traditional costume. The pants are relaxed in fit, and the shirt extends just below the waist. This jumpsuit bears the clan color codes, as well as special graphics to denote rank and official honors. Boots are integral to the costume; they merge into the pants and appear as a continuous unit.

All personnel of star-nations belonging to the Galactic Federation of Light are required to wear their official uniforms while on call and, especially, while on duty. In all other cases, they are permitted to wear the clothes of their distinctive cultures.

The people of Japos Da'La are known throughout the Galactic Federation for their expertise as artists, innovators and scientists.

There are two spoken languages. The human language is gentle and melodious, while the hybrid language tends to be more guttural and coarse.

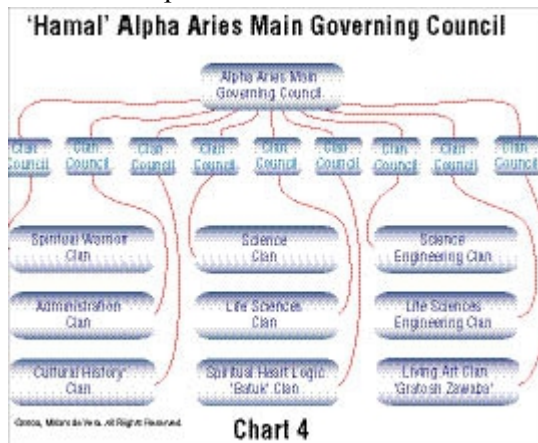
Ships of Alpha Aries (Hamal)

Two types of Alpha Aries ships are part of the first contact fleet that monitors Mother Earth each day. The first is a low orbit to upper atmosphere command mothership. At 10,000 feet (slightly over 3.0 kilometers) long, it is small, and shaped like a double lens. It serves as the carrier for 2,000 science liaison officers who co-ordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector quadrant to which this mothership is assigned.

The second type, a special defense observation craft, resembles a rounded equilateral triangle with three equal sides, each approximately 240 feet (72.96 meters) long. This ship monitors black operation bases belonging to your secret government. Occasionally, it takes part in special operations to neutralize or shut down special craft or exotic weaponry when they are deployed from secret government bases.

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PART I ~ Chapter Four ~ The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal)



PART I ~ Chapter Four ~ The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal)

PART I ~ Chapter Four ~ The Star-Nation of Alpha Aries (Hamal)

PART I ~ Chapter Five ~ The Star-Nation of Eta Hercules

The Star-Nation of Eta Hercules

Frequently, during my ‘retraining’ in the late 1980s, Washta would remind me that each human star-nation was a distinct society that expressed the astounding diversity of galactic human culture. A case in point is the Star-Nation of Eta Hercules. Like the peoples of Alpha Aries, the Eta Hercules Star-Nation is renowned for its exceptional creativity, its beautiful art and its talent for providing creative solutions to any possible problem. By relating spiritual science to the creative arts, the people of Eta Hercules have given rise to art with a distinctive purpose. They use this art to solve any problem or express the nature of any difficulty encountered by any podlet in the Eta Herculean 12-clan society. This experience gave me graphic proof of the actual operation of fluid dynamics within a specific galactic society.

Eta Hercules is yet another example of the many possible variations that can exist in class, custom and creative focus within a human galactic society. Eta Hercules is celebrated throughout the Galactic Federation of Light as one of the finest examples of the ways artistic pre-eminence and a detailed use of ‘spiritual logic’ can be combined. Together, they produce a truly unique and powerful perspective on the best ways to gather and interpret the great gifts bestowed by the Creator upon humanity.

Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Eta Hercules was first accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 2.4 million years ago. Originally, Eta Hercules had been one of a series of strategically located defense colonies settled 2.5 million years ago by Galactic Federation of Light human colonists from the Andromedan Confederacy, and human star-nations located in the constellation of Lyra.

The constellation of Hercules, one of the five largest in your night sky and a major summer star-group in your Northern Hemisphere, is located between the constellations of Draco (Greek for ‘Dragon’) and Ophiuchus (Greek: ‘Serpent Bearer’). It is best known for its great globular cluster (M-13), which formed more than 11 million years ago. You will find the star Eta Hercules by looking for the four stars that comprise the ‘keystone’ in the constellation of Hercules: Eta Hercules is in the upper northwest corner, pointing toward the constellation of Bootes (Greek: ‘Herdsman’) and its

brightest star, Arcturus (Greek: 'Bear Guard'). Eta Hercules is nearly 112 Light Years from Earth.

Eta Hercules Solar System

The solar system of Eta Hercules consists of six planets. As is usual in this galaxy, the smallest is closest to the sun and the largest farthest away. The innermost planet in this system is half the size of your Earth. Her thin atmosphere glows from constant discharges from her sun, Butok ('Bright One'). Perpetual electrical storms light this planet, turning her atmosphere into a collection of rare, charged gases that reduce it to a mix of principally methane and nitrogen. The only life forms able to survive in such a caustic environment are chains of very primitive bacteria and algae.

The next world is more amenable to life. Nearly the same size as Earth, this sphere's atmosphere is similar to your own. However, unlike your Earth, this planet possesses a hot climate and semi-arid topography. The shorelines of her two continents are covered mainly by lofty coastal mountain ranges, which contribute, in turn, to the existence of broad interior deserts. These landmasses are surrounded by five small, shallow, inter-connected seas; a high mountain range extends down one continent's center. Life here is extremely diverse: reptilians, amphibians, birds, bats and small, shrew-like mammals comprise, in part, the land's varied ecosystem. In its seas swim a multitude of species: among them, primitive, armored fishes, crab-like creatures and assorted, rudimentary aquatic arthropods. The Eta Hercules people treat this semi-arid world as an elaborate, on-going study by their life scientists in biological diversity. Plant and animal life unheard of elsewhere in their solar system or in other parts of this galaxy exist here in abundance.

The remaining outer planets in the Butok solar system are 'gas giants' similar, in many regards, to the large planets of other systems, including that of your own Sun. Still, differences do exist. These planets not only spin much faster than your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, but their atmospheres possess anomalies more akin to the giant red spot found on Jupiter. These include interconnected large spots that look like giant, multi-colored ink blots. The fifth (outer) world of this solar system has a very large and beautiful ring system that is easily the equal of Saturn. This ring

system exists because, in the last seven billion years, several comets and other stray chunks of space debris occasionally passed too close to this planet's small, inner moons. The impact set a chain of events in motion that drove the moons too close to their world and caused them to explode. The outcome was a series of three multicolored rings.

Description of Home World

The Eta Hercules' home world, called 'Shom-Fes' ('the Holy Place') in their language, is the third planet in this solar system. Of her solar system's twenty moons, Shom-Fes has four. Like other planets, she is hollow and has a double-layered firmament and a global, semi-tropical climate. She is nearly one and one-half times bigger than Earth, with four continents and seven oceans. The largest continent, called Q'fuir Daj ('high ridges') in Eta Herculean, is famous for the high saw-toothed mountain ranges that extend down through her interior. The blue seas' floor contains enormous canyons, like those of Earth, which are almost as deep as Shom-Fes' great mountain range is high.

Origins of Eta Hercules Society

The ancestors of Eta Hercules originated in the constellations of Andromeda and Lyra. While they shared perspectives on the formation of galactic society similar to the people of Epsilon Eridani and Alpha Aries, the cultural and artistic priorities of the inhabitants of Shom-Fes were somewhat different. Humans embody a higher emotional condition, a state of grace and compassion. Whereas the people of the Alpha Aries feel that the highest expression of that compassion is in art, those of Eta Hercules believe that it is communicated best through science.

Here, we are discussing the spiritual science emphasized over and over again in our weekly messages. How do we define art? Or science? And in what ways do they converge? How do we create a society that is artistic, that is living drama, an animate expression of the artistic self that, at the same time, is guided by logic? How do we take art on the one hand, and logic on the other, and marry the two?

On their primary home world, the Eta Hercules people gradually established a society that would serve as the embodiment of art and spiritual

science on a grand scale. For the individual Eta Herculean, art included subjects of taste, style and imagination, while spiritual science contained a natural flow around which this ever-growing art could be structured. To the peoples of Butok, art and natural logic are the dual expressions of being human and represent ways to honor the Creator's greatest gifts — the soul and the physical universe to which we all belong.

The galactic human society that sprang from Eta Hercules is entirely unique. Indeed, the galactic society of Butok demonstrates a society's ability to unite two such totally distinct concepts as art and logic. What are the best qualities of each? How can they be communicated to their society? To what wonders does that society give form? By examining the community's creations, we can understand how it manifests its wonders to their highest possible level. Finally, in what way can its different components be merged? This is the decisive point of our discussion, and the basis of the Eta Herculeans' social contract.

Galactic Society of Eta Hercules

The Eta Hercules people created their own unique eight-clan galactic society, which was based upon the retention of the original six clans of the Lyran/Sirian model. But, in a departure from the classic Lyran/Sirian example, the people of Shom-Fes added two additional clans (see Chart 5 above, "Herculean Galactic Society"). The first clan creates concepts and refines techniques so that a variety of tasks can be performed holistically. That is, their crucial mission is to preside over the development and application of 'the spiritual logic of the heart'. For that reason, they are called the Perkoh or 'Heart Logic' clan. The second is called the Art and Science (Da-Sang-koh) clan, and is unique to Eta Hercules. Its purpose is to guide society by demonstrating the best expression of 'living art' through various forms of logic, all of which comprise the infinite diversity called human consciousness or, even better, the Consciousness of the Creator.

Mirroring the classic model, each of these clans forms its own main clan governing council. In turn, they send representatives to Eta Hercules' main council. Here, we see yet another contrast to the original Lyran/Sirian model. During sessions of this governing assembly, distinguished liaisons,

belonging to the two 'new' clans, act as special presiding referees to assist members of the main governing council in solving any difficulties that may arise.

Clearly, the peoples of Shom-Fes have succeeded in adding new, useful components to the Lyran/Sirian model. This astounding aptitude has brought them acclaim throughout the Milky Way Galaxy. The Eta Herculean reflects upon how a society can unite two such totally distinct concepts as art and logic. What are the best qualities of each? How are they communicated to their society? To what wonders does that society give form? By examining its many and varied creations, we can understand how the community manifests its marvels to their ultimate possible extent.

For these and other reasons, the Eta Hercules peoples are renowned, galaxy-wide, for their perfect melding of art and spiritual logic to create a unique and shining example of a galactic human society. Galactic human societies throughout the galaxy acknowledge the unrivalled skills of the people of Shom-Fes, and are delighted to call upon them whenever required.

Physical Description of Inhabitants

Eta Hercules humans resemble the original Sirius B humanoid colonists. Men's bodies vary from perfectly formed, muscular physiques to child-like builds and range from 6 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches (1.98 to 2.24 meters) in height. Women are extremely voluptuous and stand between 6 feet, 2 inches and 6 feet, 8 inches (1.88 meters to 2.03 meters) tall. Hair is blonde to light brown and eyes are light blue to green. Eta Herculean skin tones are extremely pale, light red or light blue. Like their Sirian kinfolk, they require only two hours of sleep per day.

The clothing of the Eta Herculeans resembles that of their Sirian ancestors. The people of Shom-Fes have adopted a style that incorporates the same gauzy, flowing, short or ankle-length costumes. The classic Eta Hercules outfit includes a traditional Sirian gown topped by a special, sheer outer blouse that extends to just below the waist. Their garments, like those of the Sirians, take the colors of their clans, and are decorated with ribbons and other symbols of rank or high honor.

A two-piece jumpsuit is worn aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft. The pants fit tightly, while the top, like one of their more popular traditional outfits, ends just below the waist. It, too, adheres to clan color codes and is embellished with the special ribbons and epaulettes that designate rank and commemorate distinctions. Boots are integral to this costume and are designed to merge into the pants, creating a seemingly continuous piece.

Herculeans are renowned for their undisputed skills as artists, diplomats, negotiators and Galactic Federation Liaison Counselors. They excel at bringing together groups of very different sentient Beings to assist them in achieving their goals as peacefully and amicably as possible.

The language of the Eta Herculean Star-Nation is syntactically very close to Polynesian. However, later waves of Andromedan colonists eventually produced a series of variations in pitch that are very similar to Chinese in style and sound. The result is a composite language, largely unique and known for its sweet and musical tones.

Ships of Eta Hercules

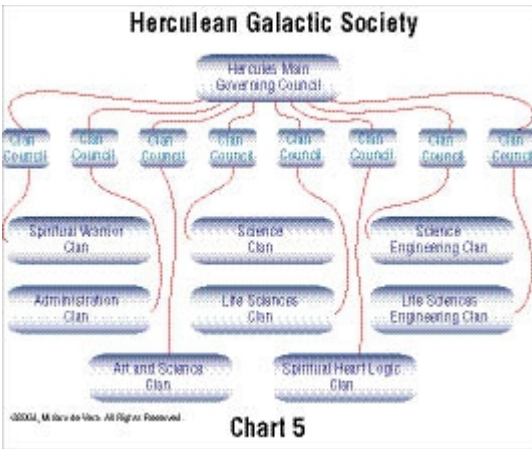
Two types of Eta Hercules ships are part of the first contact Earth fleet. The first, an all-purpose scout ship, is used to constantly monitor your beloved planet's harmonics. It is ball-shaped, with a small, lens-like, circular wing attached to its middle and a diameter of more than 100 feet (30.4 meters).

The second type is a small, low orbit to upper atmosphere command mothership that resembles a cigar with a small bulge in its middle. It is 20,000 feet (slightly more than 6.0 kilometers) long. It serves as the carrier for 5,000 science liaison officers who co-ordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector quadrant to which this mothership is assigned.

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PART I ~ Chapter Five ~ The Star-Nation of Eta Hercules

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PART I ~ Chapter Five ~ The Star-Nation of Eta Hercules

PART I ~ Chapter Six ~ The Pegasus Star League

The Pegasus Star League

Often, Washta would explain to me Sirius-B's leadership role in the colonization and history of the Pegasus Star League. Located in the constellation of Pegasus, this grand union of star-nations consists of hundreds of members. Together with the Andromedan Confederacy, the Pegasus Star League forms one of the Galactic Federation of Light's original 14 Regional Federation Councils. The Star-Nations of Pegasus were first accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light approximately 3.78 million years ago. Their many members are as close to Mother Earth as 35 Light Years or as far away as 400 Light Years.

My first meeting with a group from the Pegasus Star League occurred when I was about seven. A Pegasus mothership came to Earth to study the political, spiritual and technological status of Earth's humanity. Along with the Andromedans, the Pegasians were known throughout the Galactic Federation of Light as great scientists, technicians and healers. Many of our technological scanners, power system monitors, and computer components and their programming were the result of the creative work of individuals or groups from the Pegasus Star League.

Washta would give me frequent lessons, laden with examples, telling how, nearly one million years ago, the accumulated know-ledge of the Andromedan Regional Federation Council saved the Galactic Federation from ruin. Like their Andromedan neighbors, Pegasians are deeply

dedicated to ending the perpetual cycles of galactic war through the use of their technical and healing skills. Washta instructed me in the nature of Pegasian society: he inspired me with his many breathtaking lessons and stories about the history of the galaxy and told me how humanity, originating on Vega, crossed this vast galaxy and formed colonies as close as Sirius-B, and as far away as some member star-nations of the Pegasus Star League.

Pegasian Society

The Pegasians pride themselves on being one of the oldest members of the Galactic Federation of Light. As part of the Andromedan Regional Federation Council, they chose to honor both their constituents' diversity and the sheer size of their joint Regional Council by deciding that more than one solar system should serve as their primary headquarters.

The outcome of their decision was a rotating system whereby each constituent member of council is given an opportunity to serve as host of the Regional Council meetings. Every few thousand years, the Regional Council switches the location of its headquarters. According to their logic, this rotation permits every Council member able to provide a potential meeting-place to accommodate the meetings of the entire Regional Council and its various staffs.

In this way, they nurtured the deep loyalty, Love and inner joy that endure to this day. The Pegasians and the Andromedans are justifiably proud of their achievements. Through the application of their inner joy, they have been able to make significant advances in scientific knowledge and are, in fact, among the leading human scientists in the Galactic Federation of Light. The Pegasians see themselves as equal partners on a regional council that views their successes as proof of their potential, and they are eager to bring that promise to every aspect of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Their co-operative efforts are lauded throughout the Galactic Federation of Light for doing just that — demonstrating their work and function, displaying their joy and its uses in transcending group diversity, exhibiting the ease with which they release and reveal their full creative abilities and their freedom in effecting enormous changes for the individual, the planet and the Star League.

They have also shown that these cultural differences, when worked at, can actually strengthen any culturally distinct group. Pegasian liaison teams are famed throughout the Galactic Federation of Light for their wondrous capacity to explain and express their joy and, out of it, to create unity. For this reason, the Pegasians are major participants in the planning of your first contact.

Cultural Nuances of the Pegasian Star League

The types of clan structures encountered throughout the Pegasus Star League differ widely from sector to sector. The most common prototypes are the Lyran/Sirian one, which consists of six clans, and a modified version, which has up to eight. The Pegasian use of these galactic society prototypes is unique, since most of their galactic societies contain sub-cultures that have retained their own unique languages and traditions.

Of these, the crucial element is their cultural liaisons and counselors. While star-nations such as Eta Pegasus use a Lyran/Sirian model, the two inhabited home worlds in this solar system each possess a rich layer of unique subcultures. Each world maintains liaisons that function as semi-official interpreters for the totality of cultures that exist on that planet. In addition, a special inter-world cultural liaison board provides creative solutions to any problems that may arise. When this system is interfaced with advanced translator technology and peoples' natural telepathic abilities, it allows free communication between individuals and groups. What results is a constant stream of information that, by making positive use of its differences, allows this multi-faceted society to create many revolutionary innovations every day.

Yet another way for this to be achieved lies in the habitable planets that comprise the Mu Pegasus solar system. These home worlds adopted a modified Lyran/Sirian model that uses 8 clans, rather than the Lyran/Sirian six. This model contains clans devoted not only to culture, but also to counseling and liaison: the latter two developed because the Pegasians found it easier to have a separate system in which to train individuals in these important specialties. Each clan serves as a repository for specific wisdoms. The other six clans can make use of these areas of expertise, or, if

one of the six clans cannot solve a particular problem, it can be entrusted to one of the two clans that seems most capable of solving it.

By embracing the 8-clan system, Mu Pegasus is perceived as a star-nation that contains many of the most outstanding scientific research groups in the galaxy. Her reputation is due, mainly, to the extent to which their modified 8-clan system officially addresses their broad diversity. This system, modeled on prototypes developed originally by the Eta Hercules and Alpha Aries star-nations, has been dispersed through sectors of the Pegasus Star League.

Pegasus Star League Solar Systems and Description of Some of their Home Worlds

The home worlds of Pegasus vary from water worlds, similar to Mother Earth, to semi-arid spheres. Those on which we intend to concentrate — planets in the multiple stars of Eta Pegasus and the bright yellow giant of Mu Pegasus — are located between 117 and more than 215 Light Years from Earth. The constellation of Pegasus is an immense cluster of more than 1,000 stars that is positioned between those of Cygnus (Greek for ‘Swan’) and Aquarius (Latin: ‘Water-Carrier’) in the winter and autumn skies of the Northern Hemisphere. The star-nations of this League are situated between 35 and 400 Light Years from Earth.

The Home Worlds of Eta Pegasus

Let us begin with the home worlds of this bright yellow giant and her two companion stars, familiar to your astronomers as Eta Pegasus but known also by her Arabic name, Matar (‘Fortunate Rain’). Humans first colonized these stars, located in the middle of the ‘neck’ of the Pegasian ‘horse’, nearly 4 million years ago.

The largest Earth-like water world in the Pegasus Star League, which her inhabitants call Erkha (‘Homeland’), is one of three planets orbiting the central star of Eta Pegasus. Erkha is noted for her boundless oceans, teeming with many different living species, and for her polar night skies, resplendent with luminous, pastel auroras that encompass the entire color spectrum. And, in the seven oceans and seas that surround this world’s seven continents, live the largest aquatic cetaceans in the Pegasus Star League.

Approximately two million years ago, a special group of clan liaisons and counselors met on this beautiful world. Here, they formulated a modified 8-clan system, which added a counselor/liasion clan and a cultural history clan to the original Lyran/Sirian model. In doing so, they wished to emphasize the concept of joyous passion that had become so important to the people of the Pegasus Star League.

The project began after a three-day chanting ritual performed by a group of 24 master liaisons and counselors. These administrators, having examined the future of their diversified society, were able to find the answer to a recurrent problem that earlier had perplexed Andromeda but that they wished, now, to solve in their own unique way: how to design a new program for the proper training and administration of all of Pegasus' liaisons and counselors.

The solution, though similar to that originally devised by the famed Andromedan innovator, Toudok, had some fresh and inspired variations: immersion of individuals, such as newborns, in a combined clan that makes these noble professions a priority. This clan would also embody the pure, creative joy that was the underpinning of her galactic society. As in Toudok's case, their heart reasoning told them that the existence of such a clan can encourage souls that were to be incarnated as counselors or liaisons to seek out this new clan for their embodiment. They also discussed the necessity for a new clan, totally devoted to the study and preservation of their home world's rich history and varied cultures.

Furnished with these concepts, they arrived at a new model for galactic society. Having quickly given reality to these ideas, the administrators of this plan were able to solve many complex societal problems. Their modified Lyran/Sirian prototype sped across the length and breadth of the Pegasus Star League.

While the central star of this cluster of three initiated the 8-clan system, the inner of the two companion stars encircling her contained worlds of legendary beauty, as well. The two inner planets of this inner companion sun contain water worlds, alive with subterranean volcanoes that erupt in the mountain regions of several large islands located in the widest of her three oceans. Here, too, are found multi-colored pools of boiling mud and still-hot igneous rock formations. Humans from Sirius-B colonized this system's second planet, where they found a world of turquoise seas, blue-

violet skies and many small island-continents scattered sporadically across her surface.

The significance of this world, which they call Grosna-Ja ('Where Joy has come'), lies in her adoption and modification of the Erkhan 8-clan model to suit her own needs. Here, on sumptuous lands covered with forests of fantastic orange pine trees, some rising 500 feet high, and swarming with large, deer-like or other woodland creatures, a new procedure for administering a main star council was born.

Formerly, main star councils in the Pegasus Star League had taken a particular clan council's advice and simply given an issue swift and uncritical approval. With this assembly, an open forum was created in which the decisions of each clan council could be thoroughly and rationally discussed. At the same time, other groups had an opportunity to review a clan's decision and determine its relevance to their own issues. Taking part in the forum were counselors and liaisons highly familiar with the means whereby the decision had previously been reached. Through this uncompromising new process, many precedents were set, allowing a gratifying resolution to be achieved for all involved.

The Home Worlds of Mu Pegasus

The other important star system is known as Mu Pegasus or, in Arabic, Sadabari ('Excelling One'). This solar system, located approximately 117 Light Years from your planet, contains one large water world and a smaller one nearly twice the size of Mother Earth. A colony dedicated to advancing the principles of spiritual science was founded here nearly 3.1 million years ago.

The colonists first established their headquarters inside the smaller water planet, close to the yellow sun that they called Lahabihm ('Living Essence of Light'). The climate of this world, named Jamadok ('Place of Great Inner Joy'), was predominantly semi-tropical. Strange, ferny trees and ginkgo-like ones grow here, creating never-ending forests of orange, blue, purple, red and brown trees, which extend to the edges of astonishing, rainbowy beaches. Multi-colored mountains as tall as Earth's Himalayas rise on the two largest continents. Exotic birds and large, even worm-like mammalian and reptilian life forms populate these gorgeous locales.

The two scientist colonies quickly realized that their home worlds were a rare treasure, spilling over with incomparable beauty. In this habitat, the spiritual scientists near Lahabihm developed new technologies for material replicators and for new types of energy and propulsion systems. In the course of their work, they discovered methods which, combined with studies provided by the famed scientific research centers in Pi Andromeda, were pivotal in improving the use of physicality's healing energies to restore all sentient Beings. These breakthroughs quickly established the Pegasus Star League as a major center for scientific research and healing.

We have discussed only a very few of the thousands of home worlds that make up the Pegasus Star League. Each one possesses a distinct cultural tradition and a unique history. Those we have just described are among the most noted examples in this widely diverse star league. The rest are equally delightful and, in their own way, alluring. The inhabitants of these worlds are intensely proud of their homelands. We have described them only briefly. What remains, you will hear about from the galactic humans of the Pegasus Star League themselves.

Pegasian Galactic Society

Like the Andromedans before them, the inhabitants of Pegasus were able to take the measure of their society and decide that they wished to create a community of people that was greater than that from which they had sprung. Like the Andromedans, too, they were endowed with a natural aptitude for science and its applications — a logical analysis of how everything in this universe was intuitively created. They decided, therefore, to examine how they could apply these principles to frame a greater and worthier society.

The peoples of the Pegasus Star League have created a society that is widely considered to be one of the most joyous of any planetary group. As a result, the various Pegasian star-nations have been able to become a powerful liaison group in the Galactic Federation of Light. They have learned how to suggest ways that will reveal and communicate the expertise and essence of each Being at their highest levels. The Pegasians are also among the most influential liaisons in the Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets and take great pride in this particular aspect of their society. The ways

in which all of the many aspects of Pegasian galactic society come together — their different councils and the clans, sub-clans, pods, podlets — manifest joy, which enriches their natural abilities for creation and innovation.

Physical Description

Three major species of human co-exist in the Pegasian Star League. The first is much like the Sirian human in height and appearance, and is subdivided into the same white and blue skin types. The second is a thinner human whose skin is red or orange. The final species is a hybrid of the dinosaurian and the second humanoid.

The first species resembles the original Sirius-B human colonists. The men's physiques vary from perfectly formed and muscular to child-like. They stand from 6 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches (1.98 to 2.24 meters) tall and have blonde to light brown hair with light blue to green eyes. The women are extremely voluptuous and vary from 6 feet, 2 inches to 6 feet, 8 inches (1.88 meters to 2.03 meters) in height. Their skin is either chalk-white or light blue.

The second human species bears a slight resemblance to the first in height and/or body type, with two major exceptions. First, both skin and hair are light red or dark orange. Second, the eyes are more feline in shape, while the iris is red or navy blue. This group originated from the more distant stars in the Lyra constellation.

The human hybrid third species has scaly skin and striking, cat-like eyes of red, brown or lemon yellow. The body, legs, neck and arms are more muscular than those of a human and thick, vein-like swellings extend along their length. Hands and feet have 4 long, thin digits, with each ending in a small claw. Males stand from 7 to 8 feet (2.13 to 2.44 meters) tall while females range in height from 6 feet, 10 inches to 7 feet, 7 inches (2.08 to 2.31 meters).

Pegasians are noted throughout the Galactic Federation for their talents as innovators, scientists and diplomats. Depending on their species, they need only one and one-half to three hours of sleep.

There are two distinct Pegasian languages. One language is musical, while the other is guttural and coarse.

Ships of the Pegasus Star League

Three types of Pegasian ships maneuver in or near Earth. The first, a defense ship, is used to guard the scouts that habitually monitor Mother Earth and act as security attachment for those defense scout ships that monitor secret government underground bases and their unconventional technologies. This ship resembles a round-cornered equilateral triangle. Each of its three sides is approximately 74 feet (22.56 meters) long.

The second is an all-purpose scout ship. It is used primarily as part of the Earth observation fleet that constantly monitors your beloved planet. It is oblong in shape, with an average diameter of about 85 feet (25.9 meters).

The third type, a low orbit to upper atmosphere command mothership, resembles a double lens. This very small atmospheric command mothership is roughly 1,300 feet (402 meters) in length. It serves as a carrier for 350 science liaison officers who coordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector quadrant to which this mothership is assigned.

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PART I ~ Chapter Seven~ The Pleiadean Star League

The Pleiadean Star League

From my early childhood, Washta told me that, since ancient times, a joint command, consisting primarily of the Sirian Star-Nation and the Star League of the Pleiades, had observed and indirectly guided the peoples of Mother Earth. Both groups had enjoyed a long history overseeing this solar system: some decades ago, Earth's scientists uncovered an ancient memorial to their efforts on Mars. Other signs of their protection include the many megalithic structures spread across this planet. In reality, these primeval monuments are only one indication of the profound influence they have had on many ancient civilizations.

Washta made a point of always honoring the Pleiades' impact on the progress of Mother Earth's inhabitants. As a result of his high regard, I was able to revel in many delightful visits with the scientists and scholars of the Pleiades.

One of my first visits occurred when I was nearly six, when Washta introduced me to a delegation of planetary scientists from a large Pleiadean mothership cloaked approximately 100 miles (161 kilometers) ahead of us. This group had originated from the star that we call Electra. I was struck by their remarkable resemblance to us. Even their height was similar: dressed in vivid blue jumpsuits, they were slightly shorter than Washta, with the same merry twinkle in their equally blue eyes. We entered one of their mothership's main conference rooms to find them immersed in a lively discussion with a knot of Sirian scientists on possible future levels of Mother Earth's volcanic and seismic activity. Both groups paused in their conversation to honor Washta. He, in turn, introduced all of them to me, giving me my first chance to inquire about the Pleiades.

Out of this and many later discussions aboard the Sirian mothership, I was able to learn much more about the Pleiades Star League and its extraordinary history. The Pleiades consists of many advanced galactic societies that have joined together to form a splendid star covenant. Now, with much joy, I introduce you to them.

Status and Location

The Star League of the Pleiades was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light more than 300,000 years ago. Originally, the Pleiades had been part of a series of strategically located defense colonies settled 400,000 years ago by Galactic Federation human colonists from the Andromedan Confederacy and human star-nations in the constellation of Lyra.

Located in the autumn and winter night sky of your Northern Hemisphere, the constellation of Taurus (Greek for 'Bull') contains a major star-cluster called the Pleiades, which can be found by first sighting the three stars that form the belt of the constellation of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter').

Visually follow these stars upward and you will quickly distinguish Taurus' major star, the bright orange Aldebaran whose Arabic name means

‘Follower’. Look just above and to the right of Aldebaran, and you will see the seven bright stars that form the Pleiades star cluster (M-45).

These seven brightest stars, Alcyone; Merope; Sterope; Maia; Tageta; Celaeno and Electra, are only the most well-known of the more than 250,000 stars that belong to this immense star cluster. In all, 200 planetary systems (star-nations) have united to form this renowned Star League, which is between 200 and 500 Light Years from Earth.

Origins of Pleiadean Society

The ancestors of the Pleiadean Star League originated in the constellations of Andromeda (Greek: ‘Daughter of Cassiopeia’) and Lyra (Greek: ‘Lyre’). While sharing the same basic outlook on the formation of their galactic society, the people of the Pleiades had cultural and artistic priorities far different from those of their forebears. The Pleiadeans came to believe that humans embody a higher emotional condition, a state of grace and compassion that is communicated best through science. It was important that this science focus on Creation and its relation to the human condition.

On their home worlds, the Pleiadeans, like their Andromedan forebears, constructed a society that was the embodiment of art and spiritual science on a grand scale. To the peoples of the Pleiades, art and natural logic are the dual expressions of their humanity, and represent a recognition of the Creator’s two greatest gifts — the soul and the physical universe to which we all belong. This results in a thorough understanding of the cosmos and her inner workings.

The galactic human society originating in the Pleiades looks at science and art in their own unique way and evaluates ways in which a society can unite two such totally distinct concepts as art and logic. What are the best qualities of each? How are they communicated to their society? By examining these questions, the Pleiadeans learned how their community manifests its wonders to their highest possible level. This is the decisive point of our discussion, and the basis of the Pleiadean Star League’s social contract.

Pleiadean Galactic Society

The model of clan structure in use throughout the Pleiadean Star League is the Andromedan/Pleiadean prototype (see page 58, Chart 6). It contains twelve clans and is extraordinary because Pleiadean galactic societies include a number of distinct sub-cultures that have retained their unique languages and traditions. The most significant element is this society's cultural liaisons and counselors, who serve as semi-official interpreters for the cluster of cultures on each world. In addition, a special inter-world cultural liaison board provides creative solutions for any problems that may arise.

When this system interfaces with advanced translator technology and the Pleiadeans' own natural telepathic abilities, it enables each individual and group to communicate freely with one another. The result is a continuous flow of information that incorporates these differences and makes possible the many startling innovations to which this highly diversified society gives form each day.

We have chosen two examples to show you how this society operates. The first is the binary star system of Asterope and the second, the 8-planet system of Celaeno.

Both of these star-nations adopted the aforementioned Andromedan/Pleiadean prototype. This model includes clans that are dedicated to counselors and liaisons, and to culture. These three clans developed because they found it easier to operate a separate system for the education and training of such esteemed professionals. Each clan acts as a repository for specific insights, which can be put to use within the other nine clans. Alternatively, whatever difficulty cannot be solved by one of the nine clans can be submitted to any of the three specialist clans that seem most capable of resolving it.

The 12-clan system allows members of the Pleiadean Star League to be perceived as star-nations that comprise many of the most successful scientific research groups in the galaxy. They attribute this reputation to the extent to which their modified 12-clan system formally addresses their broad diversity.

Solar Systems and Description of Several Home Worlds

The Pleiadean home worlds range from water worlds, like those of Mother Earth, to semi-arid realms. We intend to concentrate on planets within the multiple stars of Asterope (21 and 22 Tauri), and the faint blue star known as Celaeno or 16 Tauri. They are located between 350 and 400 Light Years from Earth.

The Home Worlds of Celaeno

Let us begin with the home worlds of the faint blue star that your astronomers refer to as 16 Tauri. This star was first colonized nearly 400,000 years ago by humans who named her Kajer ('Blue Soul of Light'), and contains one of the largest water worlds in the Pleiadean Star League. Those who live on this world call her Sirah ('Wise Giver of Joy'). Kajer is the third planet orbiting the central star of Celaeno. She is noted for her vast oceans, teeming with multiple life forms, and for her polar night skies diffused with intense and luminous auroras.

These auroras are unusual in that they contain soft pastels, which represent every color in the spectrum. On Kajer, there are six continents surrounded by seven large seas. Two of the largest continents even contain distinctive inland seas. Only here, in Andromeda and on Sirius-B, are large silver spinner dolphins to be seen.

The next home world is a hot, semi-arid planet. Her two continents are largely desert-covered and surrounded by three small seas. A high mountain range extends down the center of the larger continent, and there are a series of mountain ranges on each coast. Although a variety of species lives here, amphibians and certain types of small dinosaur-like creatures dominate the land and a variety of crab-like creatures rule the seas. The people of 16 Tauri use this planet as a laboratory in biological diversity. Plant and animal life found nowhere else in their solar system exists here, in abundance.

The remaining outer planets in the Calaeno solar system are so-called 'gas giants' similar, in many ways, to the large planets of your Sun's outer solar system. The eighth, or outer, world of this solar system contains a ring system that the Pleiadeans consider to be the most beautiful in the galaxy. This ring system was the result of a collision between several comets and erratically orbiting space debris with the planet's small, outer moons. A sequence of events occurred that propelled the moons too close, causing

them to explode and culminating in the formation of the series of three multi-colored rings.

The Home Worlds of Asterope

Asterope (21 Tauri and her dwarf companion, 22 Tauri), yet another binary star system, is more than 370 Light Years from Mother Earth. Her smaller star is blue-white and generally similar in appearance to Sirius-B. On this compound body, a colony, dedicated to advancing the principles of spiritual science, was founded nearly 200,000 years ago. The two scientist colonies quickly realized that their new home worlds were abundant sources of treasure, filled with intense energies. In this rich environment, they formulated new technologies for interstellar travel, propulsion and energy production.

The larger star (21 Tauri) is home to three different-sized water worlds, one of which is at least three times the size of Mother Earth. The smaller star is very similar to the main home world of 'Akonowai' (Sirius-B). Washta sees 22 Tauri as proof of how the sacred, spiritual energies of the Great Blue Lodge were spread throughout the Milky Way Galaxy.

The Pleiadeans came to feel that this solar system (21 Tauri) and her third planet were very sacred and erected a great temple here. It was similar in size and location to that found on Sirius-B. The priest and priestesses from the Spiritual Warrior clan of Sirius-B come here regularly to perform sacred ritual with their Pleiadean counterparts. The sacred blue dolphins of Sirius-B are brought here as well, to swim in the sea next to the temple and to participate in the same rituals.

The fourth planet, the next water world in this solar system, is famous for its prestigious university and research institution. This inner world facility often sends distinguished scholar/representatives, who have researched virtually every form of human galactic culture, to the main Galactic Federation of Light cultural center in the Vega system.

Originally, the dwarf twin of Asterope contained a nine-planet solar system. In the course of the galactic wars, however, her solar system was entirely destroyed. Today, this small blue companion serves as a monument to those former worlds, and to the urgency for galactic peace.

We have examined only a few of the many Pleiadean home worlds. Much remains for you to learn from the galactic humans of the Pleiadean Star League themselves.

Descriptions of the Pleiadean People

Pleiadeans resemble Earth humans. Most often, aboard ship, they wear conventional, multi-colored Galactic Federation of Light jumpsuits. However, Pleiadeans also have traditional clothing, which varies from a style of ancient Greek gown to the pants and shirt sets very much like those of the ancient Vikings. Pleiadeans are usually either one of two basic Earth human types.

The first type is a Caucasian, whose features vary from the so-called 'Nordic' (blonde hair, blue eyes, pale skin) to a 'Medi-terranean' type (dark to light brown hair, gray to brown eyes, tanned-looking skin).

The second looks typically Asian, with dark hair, dark, almond-shaped eyes and skin that can range from very pale to dark brown.

The eyes of all Pleiadeans are slightly larger than those of Earth humans. Their thin lips are very pale pink, while their ears are fitted slightly lower on the side of the head and are somewhat smaller in size. Hands and feet are delicate in appearance, with long fingers and toes.

The men vary in height from 5 feet, 10 inches to almost 7 feet (1.8 to 2.12 meters). The women's heights extend from 5 feet, 7 inches to almost 6 feet, 4 inches (1.58 to 1.93 meters). Pleiadean women are noted for their alluring energies and their large-breasted figures. Pleiadeans require about 2 hours of sleep per day.

In the Galactic Federation of Light, Pleiadeans, like Andromedans, are noted for their mastery of all forms of scientific endeavor. Together with Andromedans and Pegasians, Pleiadeans usually comprise the core of most S&E fleet science liaison teams/boards. They also play a key role as special cultural advisors in the many Galactic Federation of Light medical teams assigned to assist Earth humans' transformation into fully conscious Beings of Light.

Pleiadean languages vary from a dialect resembling Earth's Germanic tongues (German or Swiss-German) to a smoother and more lyrical variant spoken mostly in star-nations located in and around the star, Maia.

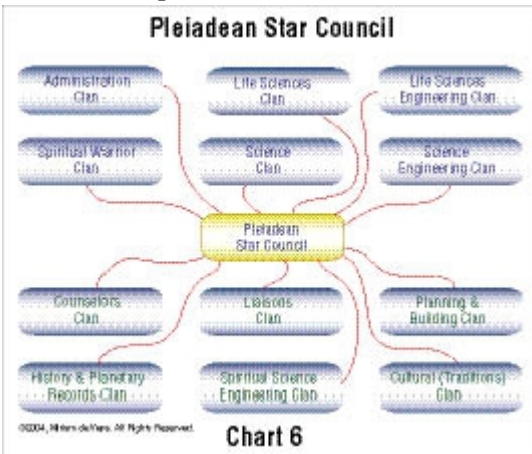
Pleiadean Ships

Pleiadean ships orbiting in the atmosphere around Mother Earth range from conventional, saucer-shaped scout ships with a diameter of 35 to 57 feet (10.6 to 12.2 meters), to cigar-like, small atmospheric command ships that measure up to a quarter-mile (402 meters) in length. The purpose for using these older types of beamships was to provide an observation fleet that was not too technologically advanced. The Pleiadeans felt that, since Earth's society was still rather primitive, a display of the Galactic Federation's newest ships was not necessary.

In space, the Pleiadean Star League operates two types of motherships. The first is a chain of large, cylindrical vessels, up to five miles (8.1 kilometers) long, joined by large tube-shaped connectors. These motherships, which served as science auxiliary ships for many S&E (Science & Exploration) fleets, usually housed a fleet of about 700 support scout and command ships. A second mothership, shaped like a flattened sphere, is as large as a small moon. Used for distance surveillance of a solar system, it is supported by a fleet of between 4 and 6,000 ships.

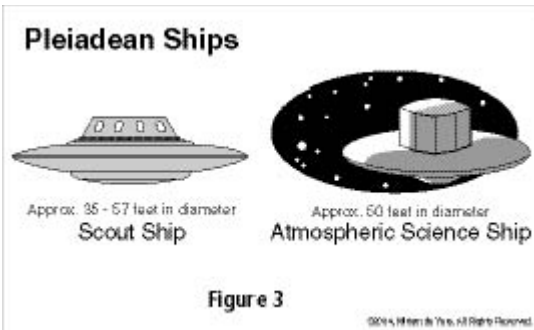
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PART I ~ Chapter Seven~ The Pleiadean Star League



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PART I ~ Chapter Eight ~ The Star-Nation of Sirius-B

The Star-Nation of Sirius-B

My earliest remembrances of Washta, my Sirian guide and men-tor, brim over with the bright and spiritually alive energies of Sirius. Each time I returned to the Sirian mothership, I felt those energies enfold me. Sirians take pride in their spiritual legacy but are humbled by the great accolades conferred upon them by the Galactic Federation of Light. Here on Sirius, the Blue Light of the Blue Lodge of Creation resolved to install its sacred presence in this galaxy. This spiritual heritage was imparted to me throughout my childhood and, for that reason, my knowledge and love of Sirius run very deep.

This chapter is dedicated to explaining this wonderful star-nation to you. In the course of her millions of years of existence, Sirius has served as a beacon in this galaxy for Love and Truth, and represents an unwavering commitment to the Four Basic Laws of galactic society and the sacred decrees of Heaven. In writing this account, I admit to a degree of favoritism to the one star-nation that I know to be my ancestral home. With the greatest of joy, therefore, I hereby present to you the wondrous assemblage of Beings that comprise the Sirius Star-Nation.

Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Sirius was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 4.3 million years ago. Originally, Sirius was settled by a sentient species of Lions called the Pschat ('Warriors of Heaven'), who had colonized Sirius-A more than six million years ago. When our settlers from the constellation of Lyra (Greek for 'Lyre') first arrived, we appealed to the Pschat and to the Galactic and local Spiritual Hierarchies. With their

combined approval, we were able to establish our initial settlements on Sirius-B and, later, to colonize Sirius-C and Sirius-D.

In the winter night sky of the Northern Hemisphere, you can see the constellation of Canis Major (Latin: ‘Great Dog’). Find the belt of the constellation of Orion (Greek: ‘Hunter’), and follow its three stars down until you spot a brilliant blue star. That star, Sirius (Alpha Canis Major), is the brightest star in the sky, and sits at the top of Canis Major. She is a multiple star and is positioned approximately 8.3 Light Years from Earth.

Sirius-B Solar System

The solar system of Sirius-B consists of six planetary bodies, the smallest closest to the sun and the largest farthest away. The system’s innermost planet is one-quarter the size of your Earth. She experiences constant electrical storms, which have altered her atmosphere to a thin mixture of hydrogen and nitrogen, intermixed with helium and other noble gases. In this thin, inhospitable habitat, the only life forms able to survive are a series of complex bacteria and algae. The next two planets — the third and fourth from our Sun — are inhabited.

The remaining outer planets in the Akonowai solar system are ‘gas giants’ similar, in many respects, to the large planets of your Sun’s outer solar system. However, differences do exist: these planets spin much faster than your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, and also contain some very unusual primitive, multi-cell life forms. Moreover, their atmospheres possess other anomalies, similar to Jupiter’s giant red spot. This solar system’s two outermost worlds contain a system of rings equaling that of Saturn in size and complexity. These ring systems came into being in the last eight billion years when a number of comets, large asteroids and other space debris passed too close to both planets’ small outer moons. The collision caused a string of events that drove the moons into the other’s path, resulting in an explosion that created a series of multi-colored rings.

Description of Sirian Home Worlds

The third planet with two moons, first settled over four million years ago, is called Atarmunk (‘Holy Place of the Atar’). The Atar is a golden, eagle-like

bird, six feet tall, which we celebrate for its valor, wisdom and loyalty to its mate. The Spiritual Warrior clan is named for it. A large nest of Atars regularly sits atop the main temple. More than 600 million people inhabit a succession of specially built, subterranean communities on this world.

For the most part, the surface of Atarmunk remains unspoiled. A series of temple sites located on its surface is surrounded by small, permanent communities of between six and 10,000 individuals. These settlements support the temple site and constantly monitor the major node that is located at the exact center of each. Ritual, including chanting, dance and spiritually animating music, is performed each day.

At the main Atar temple site is a small spaceport meant for the performance of certain diplomatic rituals, which involve the arrival of special dignitaries from other member star organizations in the Galactic Federation of Light. Owing to the presence of the Great Blue Lodge, these ceremonies take place almost every day. After the arrival ceremony, a special ritual called the Aktaiwa (Summoning) is performed to prepare the personage for a session with the Council of Nine. This meeting is held at a special stargate located between the third and fourth planets in our solar system. The gate opens with a large explosion of purple, followed by a light blue flash.

The fourth planet, named Muktarin ('Land of the Blue Seas'), looks much like your own. In its oceans live highly sentient, aquatic Beings who resemble the whales and dolphins of your Earth. They are this planet's main guardians. In Muktarin's oceans, a number of temples have been constructed. There, each day, these Beings, called the Makudeem ('sacred ones'), participate in divine ritual.

On Muktarin stands the headquarters for the Sirius-B Galactic Federation mission, which includes our diplomatic, liaison and defense operations. We do not allow any large starships or their fleets to enter our solar system: only a fleet of specially designated scout ships is permitted. The Sirians do not take stewardship of the Sirius-B system lightly. We are fully aware of its legendary sacredness, and of how many yearn to come here. Still, we understand that we are only honored guests and that we must conscientiously pay homage to the wishes of the holy ones who rule this realm. Hence, we limit the number of visitors to Sirius-B in order to honor the requests of the sacred heavenly Councils that preside here.

Origins of the Sirius-B Galactic Society

The ancestors of the peoples of Sirius-B sprang from the constellation of Lyra (Greek: 'Lyre'). On their primary home world, the Sirian people established a galactic society, which they intended to function as the embodiment of creativity and spirituality on a grand scale. For Sirians, creativity and the full expression of the individual's unique talents is life-affirming. For that reason, they adopted the Lyran model and significantly enlarged it by raising the positions of counselor. This brought about the formation of liaison boards and the creation of a system of inspired solution finding called 'fluid group management'. This innovative tool was conceived and first used about 3.7 million years ago by members of both the Administrator and Spiritual Warrior clans. Over time, this technique has been refined and taught to many other developing human galactic societies across the Milky Way Galaxy. By applying this method, the galactic society of Sirius-B developed new training technologies for its clan counselors. This, in turn, led the various clans and the Main Governing Council to reassess their training programs and use of liaisons.

The galactic human society born nearly 3.7 million years ago on Sirius-B is entirely unique. Indeed, she has become the core source of insight on how human galactic societies operate. Accordingly, this model was renamed the 'Lyran/Sirian prototype' (see page 67, Chart 7: Lyran/Sirian Prototype of Galactic Society). In examining its creation and operation, we are able to understand how the Sirian community manifests its wonders to their highest possible level. Finally, in what way can its different components (clans, creativity, freedom, as well as its collective and individual sovereignty) be merged? This is the decisive point of our discussion, and the basis of the Sirians' social contract.

Galactic Society of Sirius-B

The Sirian Star-Nation is a galactic human society. She has been a model for many other human star-nations in the Galactic Federation of Light and consists of six major clans: Atar; Shira-tar; Pukman-ya; Shik-da; Dubasnak-ya and Dubasnak-ya-men. On Earth, they could be referred to as the Spiritual Warrior; the Administrator; the Science; the Science Engineering; the Life Sciences; and the Life Sciences Engineering clans. Each one is

further separated into sub-clans, pods and podlets. The working forces that support these clans are fluid group dynamics and the Four Sacred Laws of galactic society. Clans are intertwined to form communities. Every individual on Sirius B sees her- or himself as a sovereign, creative Being of Light. Each has come to fulfill certain talents and a life mission. This does not prevent her or him from suggesting a creative solution to any community or global problem. In fact, the Sirian galactic society welcomes and greatly honors such ideas.

The nature of galactic society is truly organic; a living organism with fluid or mutable shape, it is based on the dynamic of flow and tied to society's natural rhythm. This rhythm is determined by the natural resonance of the planet and its many inhabitants. It is fluid because the concept of a definite hierarchy is absent: everyone in the society contributes effectively to its open dynamic. Yet this organism is graceful and elegant in its inner growth and in the spread of its all-embracing compassion. It fully nurtures all of the sentient Beings in its midst.

Nurturing the individual is a cardinal focus of galactic civilization. From the moment of birth to adulthood, parents and all other podlet members engender in each person feelings of self-esteem and social worth. The very fact of your existence, and the enduring contribution you have made to the podlet simply by entering into physicality, are always consistently recognized. Each child is constantly reminded that, at the right divine time, she/he will begin to bring forth creative innovations that can enhance the podlet and the entire galactic society.

Intention and its manifestation are a primary result of this dynamic. Consequently, an air of creative innovation and inspiration is continually present. Part and parcel of this vast dynamic field is the realization of each person's full potential.

Galactic society exists to encourage and enhance the complete achievement of one's divine life purpose. In this realization, the individual flowers fully, as does the entire society. It is this remarkable dynamic that keeps galactic society so open to change and to reinventing itself, as necessary.

Another case in point is the Sirian language. It is contextual in nature. For example, the word 'selamat', which means condition, precedes words in a greeting or salutation to emphasize the word or phrase that follows.

‘Selamat Ja!’ means ‘may a condition of Joy or Oneness be present’. This can be further reinforced by the word ‘Jarin’: ‘-rim’, ‘-rin’ or ‘-ran’ signifies ‘ultimate’. Thus, ‘Selamat Jarin’ means ‘Blessings’. We see Joy as the natural state of all sentient Beings — in fact, the word for the Creator is ‘Ja Ta’ or ‘Joy of Heaven’. Water is ‘wa ta’ or ‘thing of Heaven’. ‘Sa’ means ‘one’, both as a number and as an individual — for example, ‘sa bha’, or ‘one soul’ and ‘Washta sa’, or ‘Mister Washta’. The Sirian language contains nearly the same number of consonants as do most of your Earth languages. It also contains five major vowels, which are strung together to form words. Because verbs and nouns are given equal weight, our sentence structure will seem strange to you.

These words can be broken down into a number of basic proto-words. Normally, these consist of a consonant combined with a vowel. For example, the word for the main continent of Muktarin is ‘Sa-ka-ra’ or ‘soul of female creativity’. ‘Ra’ is the principle of female creativity: ‘ka’ refers to the body guardian or its soul: and ‘sa’ denotes the entirety of anything. This same principle is found in your words. The Anunnaki realized, at an early stage, the power of language to unite or divide a population. Therefore, they scrambled their proto-word codes and made the meanings of proto-words in your many languages very different from one another. Ancient Lemurian closely resembles Sirian, as well as the language of Vega — the origin of all humans in this galaxy. The languages used by many of Earth’s Pacific Ocean peoples come closest in meaning to the proto-words of galactic Sirian.

Physical Description of Inhabitants

The bodies of men on Sirius B range from perfectly formed, muscular physiques to child-like figures and vary from 6 feet, 6 inches to 7 feet, 4 inches (1.98 to 2.24 meters) in height. Women are extremely voluptuous and stand between 6 feet, 2 inches and 6 feet, 8 inches (1.88 meters and 2.03 meters) tall. Sirian hair is blonde to light brown, and eyes are light blue to green. Their skin tones are extremely pale, light red or light blue. Sirians require only two hours of sleep per day (see page 69: A typical child-like male or typical female Sirian).

The Sirians are noted for their sheer, flowing, short and ankle-length gowns for men and similar gowns, possibly longer, for women. The colors of these garments indicate the individual's clan, while ribbons and other decorations signify rank or high honor.

The jumpsuit is the distinctive dress worn aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft. The trousers are shaped close to the body, while the top is specially fitted to join seamlessly with the pants. It, too, is color-coded to each clan, and displays the special rib-bons and epaulettes that bespeak rank and insignia. The boots, which are an integral part of this costume, merge with the pants to form a visually integrated unit.

Sirians are renowned for their undisputed skills as diplomats, negotiators and Galactic Federation liaison counselors. They excel at bringing together groups of dissimilar sentient Beings to enable them to achieve their goals as peacefully and amicably as possible.

Ships of Sirius-B

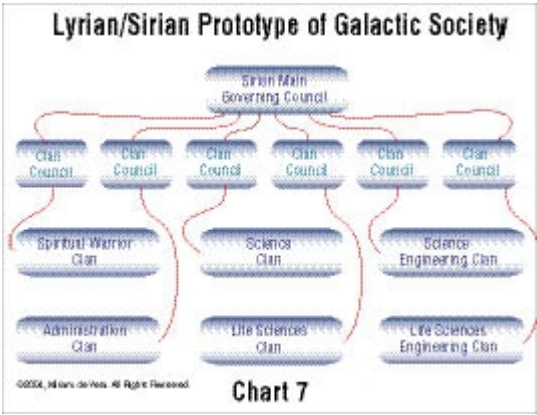
Three types of Sirius-B ships serve as part of the first contact Earth fleet. The first, an all-purpose scout ship, operates primarily in the observation fleet that regularly monitors your beloved planet. It is ball-shaped, with a small, lens-like circular wing attached to its middle, and a diameter of more than 100 feet (30.4 meters).

The second is a supply ship, which transports equipment and personnel to and from the first contact fleet in near-Earth orbit. Resembling a large bell with a semi-spherical object attached to its underside, this ship is 200 feet (67 meters) in diameter and carries a crew of 8. It can ferry up to 30 passengers, or supplies weighing up to 5 tons (4,500 kilograms).

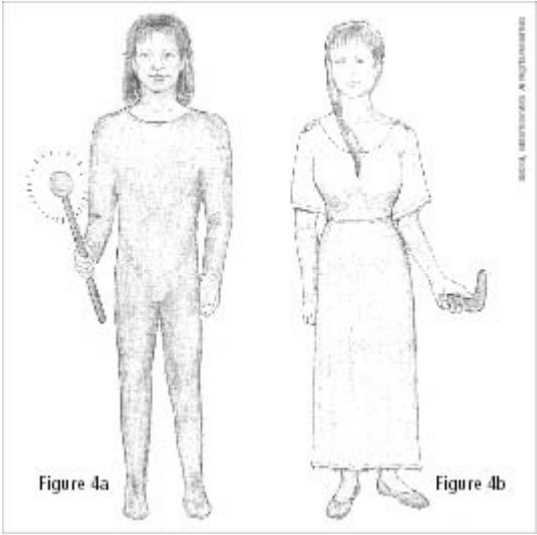
The third type, a special defense observation craft, resembles a rounded equilateral triangle whose three sides each measure about 70-110 feet (22.25-33.53 meters) long. This ship is used to monitor black operation bases of your secret government. Occasionally, it takes part in special operations, with the purpose of neutralizing or shutting down special craft or exotic weaponry that are deployed from secret government bases.

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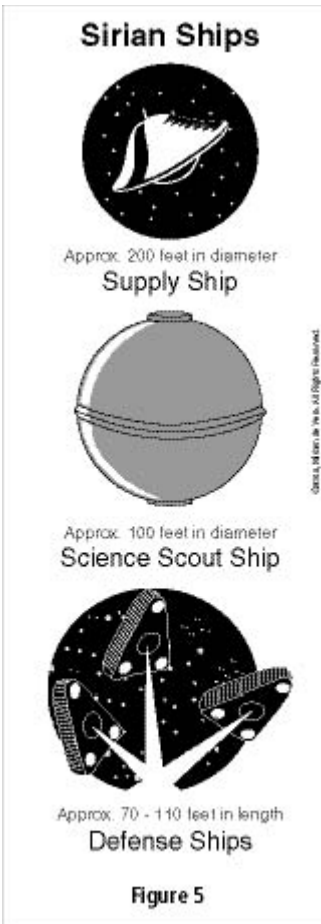
PART I ~ Chapter Eight ~ The Star-Nation of Sirius-B



PART I ~ Chapter Eight ~ The Star-Nation of Sirius-B



PART I ~ Chapter Eight ~ The Star-Nation of Sirius-B



Part II

The Cetaceans

An Introduction from the Cetaceans

Cetaceans, like most fully sentient mammals, became the dominant species on home worlds similar to those that favored humans, and in solar systems that contained wondrous, lush water worlds. There, over a period of many millions of years, land cetaceans flourished and developed their own unique forms of society.

Many such land and aquatic cetacean star-nations exist in this galaxy. However, owing to the particular importance of Nu-Ceti, it was decided that our specific star-nation should be featured as a prime example of Cetacean civilization.

Nu Ceti, unlike most mammalian star-nations, has upheld our grand tradition as galactic merchants, innovators and historians. Detailed records of our far-reaching journeys across this galaxy gave the Galactic Federation and her many predecessors a better understanding of the immense sentience within this galaxy. It also allowed them to gain a basic appreciation of the many dark empires with whom we all share this most beautiful galaxy that we call home.

Nu Ceti's home world is famous for a number of native plants and animals that our ancestors exchanged, long ago, for other merchandise on your world: among them, potatoes, citrus fruit and cats. Until approximately 5,000 of your years ago, Nu Cetians were hailed, among other Cetacean civilizations, as this galaxy's greatest explorers and historians. Then, compelled by the immediacy and savagery of several wars, we secluded ourselves on our home world.

At that time, our various clans and merchant/explorer classes joined to form a new, united star-nation government. Since then, we have focused on our scientific skills and have been able to develop many significant environmental and cloaking technologies. These discoveries resulted, decades ago, in a hostile incursion by the Draconian Empire, which led, indirectly, to our return to the Galactic Federation.

The rest, as they say, is history. May you enjoy this description of our star-nation and know, in your hearts, that we Love you and wish, some day, to freely walk among you. Besides — yours is the best garlic (one of our greatest delicacies) in the galaxy!

PART II ~ Chapter Nine ~ The Star-Nation of Nu Ceti

The Star-Nation of Nu Ceti

I retain the deepest love and most cherished memories of the next star-nation. In the late 1980s, my contact with Washta was once again taking shape and, through a set of very unusual circumstances, I met a member of this marvelous Nu Ceti star-nation. It would be the first time I had encountered a citizen of another world without Washta's guidance. I learned that his name was Gor-tan Shara'a (his family nickname was Gor'i), and we quickly became friends. At that time, his uncle was Prime Director of Nu Ceti's governing council. Owing to the primitive (at least for Nu Ceti)

technology available to him, Gor'i's long journey to Earth took him slightly over 10 years. Nonetheless, he arrived to observe and learn how Earth had fared since Nu Ceti ceased their merchant expeditions to other worlds nearly 5,000 years before.

As a result of Gor'i's discreet inquiries, he and I met in the fall of 1987. Out of that encounter grew my first long-term friendship with a land cetacean from another world. His nearest earthly relatives are aquatic cetaceans, in particular the many species of toothed whales, such as dolphins and Orcas. Gor'i is well-known for his practical jokes and puns, and for his perfectly whimsical takes on the foibles of human civilization. His remarks would move me to gales of laughter; often, I would laugh until tears streamed down my cheeks.

Gor'i is highly intelligent, fun-loving and extremely resourceful. He was clever at solving whatever plumbing and electrical mal-functions occurred in my home. But that same quick intelligence was also accompanied by an intense curiosity that would often put me in ticklish situations. He loved to take items such as glasses or clothing and watch my reaction when I discovered them missing. His whoops of laughter at my sudden frustration would show me that he was responsible. Yet, although in many ways he is very child-like in temperament, his wisdom about life and society is very profound.

By the early 1990s, Gor'i had researched and made contact with the Galactic Federation First Contact fleet. Those meetings eventually led to his appointment as a 'special' Galactic Federation ambassador. For nearly two decades, we have enjoyed each other's company. Therefore, with the greatest of pleasure and with Gor'i's assistance, I introduce you to his home world.

Present Status and Location

Nu Ceti, a distant minor star with an Earth-like white/yellow Sun, is positioned in the constellation of Cetus (Greek for 'Whale'). She is approximately 810 Light Years from Earth. Cetus is located in the Northern Hemisphere, between the constellations of Aries, Pisces and Eridanus, in the southern part of our autumn and winter skies. Nu Ceti is situated in the western half of the constellation Cetus, next to the much brighter star of Mu Ceti.

For almost 2.5 million years, the Star-Nation of Nu Ceti belonged to the Galactic Federation of Light. About 5,000 years ago, Nu Ceti withdrew from the Federation and reverted to her previous status as a neutral star-nation. Nu Ceti's original inhabitants were land cetaceans whose technology was much sought-after by both sides in the course of the various galactic wars.

Even after the Treaty of Anchara marked the end of war, the Nu Cetians delayed until they felt sure that peace would be permanent. Once they had gained that reassurance, they rejoined the Galactic Federation of Light.

Nu Ceti Solar System and Description of Home Worlds

The solar system of Nu Ceti contains eight planets. In the Nu Ceti language, the star known as Nu Ceti is called Ca'W'iP'aa (meaning 'Giver of Light') with ' standing for a simple glottal stop and ' representing a quick click of the tongue. The outer two planets in this solar system are huge gas giants, similar in size and appearance to your planets Uranus and Neptune. Next in your journey inward toward the bright yellow/white star of Nu Ceti are two semi-arid worlds. Each is approximately one-half the size of Neptune and Uranus (about 13,000 miles or 20,800 kilometers in diameter). The fourth planet is the home world for the Nu Ceti Star-Nation.

In size and appearance, the Nu Ceti home world is very Earth-like. This planet, which her inhabitants call Cem'L'am, has a diameter of 8,100 miles (13,000 kilometers), a width only 300 miles greater than Mother Earth. Like Mother Earth, she has seven continents, seven major seas and four large oceans. Unlike Mother Earth, most of the islands found in those bodies of water are quite small.

Nu Ceti's biggest island, which somewhat resembles Australia, is located in an archipelago to the northeast of the main continent in her largest southern sea. At its widest, this island is only 200 miles (320 kilometers) across. Its narrowest section is about 60 miles (100 kilometers) long. Most of the remaining islands, which are usually found in Nu Ceti's southern hemisphere, are no more than 25 miles (40 kilometers) wide.

Like Mother Earth in her fully conscious state, this world's atmosphere contains a two-tiered firmament, which supports an ecosystem famous for its broad diversity of life forms. Among its flora and fauna are varieties

such as those found on Earth: foods such as garlic, citrus fruits and potatoes: animals that resemble domestic cats, dolphins and whales. The inhabitants of this world are immensely proud of their vast forests and broad meadows, which abound in many different plant and animal species.

On Nu Ceti's northern continents, mountain ranges tower almost as high as Mother Earth's Himalayas. Unlike your Himalayas, however, even the tallest peaks of these long mountain chains are rarely snow-capped, and alpine forests rise almost to their summits.

This home world's climate is semi-tropical and only slightly cooler at its poles. Like all worlds, Cem'L'am is hollow, with an inner world populated, even for this ecosystem, by some very strange creatures. The inhabitants of the Star-Nation of Nu Ceti, who number just above 600 million, live in a grid of special crystal cities that are dotted throughout its interior.

The third planet in this solar system, a smaller water world about the size of Mars, is 4,000 miles (6,400 kilometers) in diameter. The tallest mountains on her two continents are part of very long coastal ranges, making her interior resemble the semi-arid regions of your central India. This planet is particularly noted for her extremely hot, dry surface environments. The more arid climate on these continents makes it much easier for the many species of lizards and other reptiles to be the dominant form of land animals. The four large oceans that surround her landmasses teem with an assortment of creatures probably similar to those that existed during Mother Earth's late Paleozoic Age.

The two innermost planets are small, barren worlds whose atmosphere is very thin. They are known for their extremely cratered surfaces. The larger, outer sphere is less than 1,000 miles (1,600 kilometers) in diameter. To a great extent, the smaller, inner planetoid has practically no atmosphere. What remains is sometimes set aglow by her sun's solar flares, making the entire planet seem on fire. The Nu Ceti people have observed this same phenomenon in the past, in several other solar systems across this galaxy.

History of Nu Ceti

For a very long period in their history, the Nu Cetians enjoyed their status as one of the galaxy's pre-eminent merchant star-nations. They traded with all sides and, owing to the value of their wares and their participation in a

general treaty of non-interference, maintained, until approximately 5,000 years ago, a state of lucrative neutrality. By that time, the wars had reached very close to Nu Ceti's location in the constellation of Cetus.

Suddenly, the Nu Cetians found that they could no longer perpetuate the illustrious 'star-faring' traditions that they had struggled to establish throughout the galaxy. Consequently, they cut themselves off and, for almost 5,000 years, essentially prohibited anyone from leaving their star system or from traveling within 300 Light Years of Nu Ceti.

They take great satisfaction from the fact that, during their period of galactic commerce, they exchanged many goods with the then-primitive civilizations of Earth.

The Nu Cetians are immensely proud that some of Mother Earth's most basic commodities — all citrus fruits and forms of potatoes, as well as a few other tubers — came, originally, from Nu Ceti. Gor'i tells me, in fact, that garlic is the Nu Cetians' favorite tuber. And, although Nu Ceti introduced it to us, the garlic we cultivate has come to be the finest in this galaxy. Nu Ceti also introduced to this planet what we know today as the domestic cat.

The Nu Cetians feel greatly honored that they were able to achieve these feats. Their histories consist mainly of large navigational charts, annotated by massive diaries and containing detailed descriptions of the many diverse cultures with which they are so familiar. They take pride in their encyclopedic knowledge of the Milky Way Galaxy and her peoples. Appropriately, they have enshrined these countless artifacts, with their accompanying logs, in a series of museums dedicated to the many distinct epochs that are described in their voyages of trade and discovery.

Society of Nu Ceti

Nu Cetians are essentially land cetaceans. In many ways, their culture, based upon pods and podlets, resembles that of Earth's Orcas. By nature, it is predominantly matriarchal rather than patriarchal. At the peak of Nu Ceti society stand the counselors. Together, they comprise a regional assembly that joins with other similar bodies to form a ruling council. And, while this body enacts basic laws, the society itself is governed according to long-held

traditions in which they take great pride. Nu Ceteans originated as night hunters and farmers, and their entire cultural focus is agrarian.

The people of Nu Ceti, and their nearby neighbors on Mu Ceti, are very proud of their culture and of their own scientific and galactic discoveries. Nu Ceti culture differs from that of a conventional galactic society in the formation and operation of its pods and podlets. Although similar in many meaningful ways to a traditional galactic society, in many others, Cetean culture is unique.

One of the most important of these is the matriarchal system that rules their society. For many generations, the Beings of Nu Ceti have traced their descent through their mothers. They also chronicle their histories from that perspective. Moreover, they revere all other galactic societies that also are rooted in matriarchy.

On Nu Ceti, after a couple has birthed all of their children, they participate in a ritual similar to marriage. They consider such a ceremony to honor the complete and sacred state of family. Every member of the pod or podlet, not just the parents, raises a family's children. Nu Ceteans treat their children and their extended family — the individuals belonging to each pod or podlet — with the utmost respect.

Politically, the Nu Ceteans were neutral in this galaxy for long periods of time and, for that reason, kept very much to themselves. Approximately 30 years ago, during the final, uneasy truce of the seemingly endless succession of galactic wars, an armada of ships from the Anchara Alliance's Draconian Empire, in search of an extraordinary cloaking device, destroyed the Nu Ceteans' main planet. Prior to this assault, they had been forced to relocate to another, specially hidden planet far from their home solar system. During the attack, Gor'i was compelled to flee toward Earth. His remarkable adventure led him, eventually, to our meeting in the mid-1980s. Recently, the Nu Ceti people, with the help of the Galactic Federation, were able to re-establish their shattered home world and return, victoriously, to their much-beloved home.

Nu Ceti's re-entry into the Galactic Federation of Light is yet another example of the topic under discussion: the binding together of the former Anchara Alliance and other neutral star-nations with the core confederacy for the forces of Light, to form a stronger, more effective and truly Galactic Federation of Light.

Physical description of Nu Cetean

A highly sentient land Cetacean inhabits this star-nation. The Nu Cetean is a small, short-tailed, bear-like Being, covered with multi-hued brown fur that varies in color from dark chocolate to very light tan.

Although its head is shaped like a bear's, the Nu Cetean has a large, snout-like mouth and very powerful jaws. Sharp gums contain two upper and lower teeth that it uses for tearing or ripping its food.

Its large, prominent, black eyes are very light-sensitive, indicative of its former nocturnal life-style. With human-like ears located on the sides of the head, its sense of hearing is acute.

Because the Nu Cetean is a biped, it has a highly developed center of gravity. Its two muscular arms end in paw-like hands that contain four stubby fingers each. Its legs are very muscular and it has two long, wide feet that each end in three stubby, clawed toes.

These Beings, male and female, stand between 3.75 and 5.5 feet (1.14 to 1.67 meters) tall. This species requires only one to two hours of sleep per day.

Nu Cetean men typically wear flowing, knee-length gowns: those worn by the women are longer. For both, the color of their attire corresponds to their respective pods or podlets, and their clothes are often adorned with ribbons and other insignia indicative of honor or position.

Aboard Federation spacecraft, Nu Cetean wear jumpsuits. The top is loose and styled so that it joins seamlessly with the pants. It, too, conforms to the color codes of each pod or podlet, and is decorated with ribbons and epaulettes consistent with the wearer's rank and commendations. The boots, which are an integral part of the outfit, are designed to merge into the pants, thus appearing as a single, continuous unit.

Nu Cetean are renowned for their undisputed skills as negotiators and Galactic Federation Liaison Counselors. They excel at bringing together very different groups and assisting them in achieving their desired goals as peacefully and amicably as possible.

The inhabitants of Nu Ceti are well known for their skills in designing some of the most advanced light-beam technology to equip Galactic Federation exploration fleets. They also are considered some of the galaxy's best pilots, navigators and philosophers.

To our ears, the language of the Nu Ceti land Cetacean is similar to Chinese, with the addition of a series of special, very high-pitched tones, some clicks and occasional guttural sounds.

Ships of Nu Ceti

Two types of Nu Ceti ships are part of the first contact Earth fleet that regularly monitors your beloved planet. The first, an all-purpose scout ship, is primarily used as part of the observation fleet that continuously watches over Mother Earth. This craft is recognizable by its distinctive, straw hat-like shape, and extends from 40 to 55 feet (12.16 to 16.72 meters) in length.

The second, an orbital mothership, is usually very large and blimp-like. It measures between 1 and 12 miles (1.6 and 19.2 kilometers) in diameter. This small mothership serves as a carrier for 500 science liaison officers, who co-ordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector planetary quadrant to which she is assigned.

Some Parting Words from our Relatives

Mother Earth's Cetaceans

We are your Earth-bound ET's. Like others with whom we share this galaxy, we have lovingly watched over you. We have undertaken this task simply to guide you on your return journey to Spirit. During the past 13 millennia, we have witnessed how the great care and Love that you have shown to Mother Earth and your fellow creatures was influenced by the dark, and have seen you rage helplessly against this world. Yet, despite such manipulation, our hearts knew that this great Love that the Creator had instilled in you lay there, dormant and unrealized.

Now, the divine hand of consciousness is rousing you from your long slumber. In these extraordinary times, many of you have risen in support of us and, by dint of your inexhaustible will, have changed the false opinions that many had held of us. For this, we send you our thanks. Moreover, we are aware that your passions have ignited an ember in your long-smoldering Love. This is only the beginning of a sacred process that will lead you back to your true and fully conscious selves.

In our hearts, we know that what has begun can only accelerate. Those with whom we share this galaxy have come to join us in the fulfillment of

this grand and divine mission called first contact. The time has come when we shall meet and reveal our sacred True Selves to you. Be ready and willing-hearted to emerge from this cocoon that is your present moment, into a new and more glorious reality! In this, we await your final awakening as you join with us in forming our new star-nation!

Given in Love and in Joy
Mother Earth's Cetacean Nation

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PART II ~ Chapter Nine ~ The Star-Nation of Nu Ceti

PART II ~ Chapter Nine ~ The Star-Nation of Nu Ceti

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Part III Equians

An Introduction from the Equians

Like all mammalian societies, our Equian civilization was born on beautiful water worlds scattered throughout this sector of the galaxy. The most famous of these societies developed many millions of years ago, on the star that you know as Arcturus.

Here, amid the finest healing energies known in the Galactic Federation, was created the star-nation that we know as Hadmos Sankh. This exquisite water world is acclaimed for her natural beauty and her capacity for rejuvenating the physical body and bringing untold joy to one's soul.

Little wonder that the race of Beings bred on this extraordinary world came quickly to be known as the most admirably gifted healers in the galaxy. Equians are extremely dedicated to perfecting the art of revivifying all of life, from individuals to entire star-nations. This profound desire has brought us to your galaxy and enabled us to apply our healing skills to all who truly need it.

By the time the first inhabitants arrived on Arcturus from Andromeda, they had already established colonies on constellations ranging from Cygnus to Eridanus. Our Equian ancestors' pursuit of the perfect haven for their healing arts ceased when they discovered Hadmos Sank.

Here, the energy we had sought for so long pervaded every breath, and every thought. Consequently, we founded a great and noble civilization here, dedicated to carrying out the sacred principles of Equian society. You know its fully sentient citizens simply as Arcturians.

As you read this brief passage about us, we ask you to be fully mindful that, each day, we lovingly assist your heavenly guardians in transforming you. At the same time, we help you to achieve transformation through whatever spiritual, mental and emotional healing you may need. We care very deeply that you reach your destined goal, and are eager for you to join us in healing this entire galaxy through the use of Love.

PART III ~ Chapter Ten ~ The Arcturus Confederation

The Arcturus Confederation

The most interesting Beings I ever met during frequent childhood visits aboard the Sirian mothership were the tall, horse-like and very matter-of-fact Arcturians. An ancient species, the Arcturians' sentient culture had observed the rise and fall of many galactic 'situations', and watched many star-cultures come, go or be transformed. Their healing team members, who were stationed aboard the Sirian mothership, taught me about time and its role in releasing the divine plan to this galaxy. The energies exuded by these wise Beings were instantly calming. Their manner of speaking left listeners in a positive and enthusiastic frame of mind.

Integral to their sacred essence was the art of healing. Their message, eagerly conveyed, was that Earth and her people were to be healed and their deep wounds cleansed. Earthlings would learn the ways of harmony and the reciprocal joys of compassion. Life is a blessed experience: at its heart lies a free sharing of knowledge. That commonality forms the heart of the Galactic Federation's philosophy of Light, which is about to shine its full and infinite Love upon this planet.

The Arcturians' consummate dedication to this mission of Love is apparent in their whole-hearted participation in the Galactic Federation of Light's revised medical team program. The core of each team consists of selected members of the renowned Arcturian healing teams who, for millennia, have been helping your Ascended Masters to move humanity toward its Ascension — a return to full consciousness. To the Arcturians, first contact will bid you welcome into this new and magnificent reality.

Present Status and Location

In the late spring and early summer skies of the Northern Hemisphere, the constellation of Bootes (Greek: 'Shepherd') is located between Ursa Major (Latin: 'Big Bear') and Virgo (Latin: 'Maiden'). Arcturus (Greek: 'Bear Watcher'), or Alpha Bootes is the brightest star in the Bootes constellation, a glittering orange giant approximately 37 Light Years from Earth. After Sirius, Canopus (Greek: 'Helmsman'), or Alpha Carina and Alpha Centauri, Arcturus is the brightest star in the Heavens and sits, pointed toward Spica (Latin: 'Ear of Wheat'), the brightest star in the constellation of Virgo.

The Arcturus Confederation (known to its inhabitants as the Confederation of Hadmos Sankh) was a charter member star-nation of the Galactic Federation of Light. Arcturus is one of the star-nations that comprise the Arcturus Federation Regional Council. Arcturus, one of 24 members of the Galactic Federation Regional Council, is seated next to your own future district assembly, the Sirian Regional Federation Council.

Arcturian Solar System and Description of Home Worlds

The solar system of Alpha Bootes contains eight planets. Like most solar systems in this galaxy, the four outer planets are huge 'gas giants', similar in size and appearance to your planets Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. Orbiting at the center of this solar system is a semi-arid world that is approximately one-third the size of Neptune and Uranus (about 9,800 miles or 15,700 kilometers) in diameter.

This planet is of particular significance because she supports a chain of dedicated colonies, originating on the Arcturian home world, which is constantly in use. The planet's drier climate is much more congenial to colonists and to the pilgrims, who arrive from Hadmos Sankh to take part in

their consecrated planet-keeping rituals. For the most part, they celebrate these ceremonies in large, desert temples adjacent to small, sacred colonies located on major planetary nodes. Enveloped in this special, positive energy, they are able to increase their legendary healing powers. The rituals performed here sustain this intensified energy, enabling the Arcturians to achieve almost impossible feats of healing on the individuals and societies who enter their sacred circles.

The planet next closest to their sun serves as home world for the Arcturus Confederation. She is the third planet from Ya'Ju'r known to her natives as Hadmos Sankh.

At first glance from space, the home world of Hadmos Sankh closely resembles your planet. Unlike the Earth, however, she contains eight large continents surrounded by nine oceans and is nearly 9,000 miles (14,400 kilometers) in diameter. This mother world possesses a three-tiered firmament, which supports an ecosystem remarkable for its wide variety of life forms.

The home world's climate is semi-tropical and cooler only at her poles. Like all planets, Hadmos Sankh is hollow, with an inner world populated, even for this ecosystem, by some very exotic creatures. The inhabitants of the Arcturus Confederation, who number 950 million, live in special crystal cities scattered throughout her inner-planet realm.

The two innermost Arcturian planets are small, barren worlds that possess little or no atmosphere. Both are well known for their extremely erratic orbits, which cause them to frequently criss-cross one another. The outer is less than 2,000 miles (3,200 kilometers) in diameter. The inner is slightly more than 1,500 miles (2,400 kilometers) in diameter.

Arcturian Galactic Society

The people of Alpha Bootes created their own unique, eight-clan galactic society, based upon the original, six-clan human Lyran/Sirian model. In a departure from this classic example, the people of Ya'Ju'r added two additional clans. The first, called the Sak He'Maat or 'Healing Logic' clan, develops techniques that allow certain restorative procedures to be performed in a more holistic way. That is, this tribe's crucial task is to preside over the development and use of the healing arts. The second, called

the Medical Records or Lik'Co'Sat'Duk clan, is also unique to Arcturus. Its purpose is to guide society by demonstrating that the healing arts are a living, organic Being that can assist people in carrying out their sacred work.

A traditional human galactic society consists of a governing council and, beneath it, a series of clan councils. Below them is a vast system of six, eight or twelve clans, which are divided according to function, e.g. medical, administrative or spiritual clans. Arcturian society is different from others in that it is gov-erned by a true ruling council. The organization of their clan system is slightly different, as well: clan councils are set up as 'healing' or 'grace' modules.

Each module is based upon finding within its members a way to express grace and create an energy pattern that allows that same grace to be expressed within a given group. The Arcturians use this clan system-equivalent as a means by which to express grace.

Between each group, Arcturians maintain liaisons whose purpose is to unite the different aspects of grace, creating what they refer to as 'grace synthesis modes'. Grace modes allow planetary healing to be sent out into the galaxy, into other dimensions, and throughout the Universe. At this point, the process becomes what they call their 'core'. By transmitting different aspects of grace mode to other parts of physicality, the Arcturians are able to create grace and allow it to heal those groups and others.

The Arcturians believe that their highest purpose is to use their gift for providing divine grace to heal each aspect of physi-cality, allowing them to realize their maximum potential. In such a way, through the power of loving care and healing, all of physicality can become open to the sum-total of its knowledge and wisdom.

The philosophy underpinning the Arcturian culture is a belief that the foundation of a fully conscious Being exists in her/his capacity to heal another — that is, the power to bring another species or individual of that species to a point where they feel at peace and free of stress. The Arcturians produce these circumstances through a process that they call 'divine healing grace'. They are skilled practitioners who have learned how to create and maintain such a condition. They consider it one of their missions as fully conscious Beings, and strive to maintain an ever-expanding galactic state of divine healing grace.

Arcturus' Role in Creating an Expanded Galactic Federation

For the Arcturians, part of first contact has been the supervision of the Galactic Federation Medical Teams. This involves creating a situation in which grace is felt and becomes one with the processes of healing and transformation. For that reason, when dealing with an Arcturian healing group, you feel embraced in Love and compassion and enfolded in the energy of grace. Grace becomes an energy, a sense that all is well and comfortable, or 'in grace'. Arcturian society is primarily concerned with divine comfort and divine nurturing. That is what they have been doing for a long, long time — working to create a successful galactic society that is solidly rooted in creating and giving this divine grace to others.

During the past few years, the Arcturians have applied their skills to all of the many reptilian, dinosaurian and insectian groups who, while not fully comprehending the exact nature of the Galactic Federation, still are eager to transform their societies from tyrannical to galactic. Through participation in the Arcturus Confederacy's different healing activities, these former Anchara Alliance foes are learning to become more a part of the Galactic Federation of Light. Such interactions have helped to impart to them the concepts of divine grace and its use in healing the various afflictions in their societies. As a result, the former Ancharans are able to examine major issues, such as trust, and their apprehension in confronting the approaching transcendent change in new and more constructive ways.

The Arcturians' ability to exhibit and openly express grace, and their skill in demonstrating the creation of useful healing modalities, provided effective solutions to many potentially complex situations within the former Anchara Alliance's far-flung empires. This factor helped the Galactic Federation of Light forge ahead dramatically in unifying the many divergent members of the Anchara Alliance who had joined the Galactic Federation in the last seven or eight years.

Numerous cultural exchanges have made substantial contributions in helping to overcome these feelings of deep unease. Arcturian healing teams have trained many Anchara Alliance star empires in the optimal techniques for proceeding with the much-needed changeover. In addition, healing study groups that these former galactic foes sent to Arcturus have given them a better understanding of the steps required to change their societies. These

sessions focused on the importance of retaining certain cultural nuances in the process of carrying out a re-evaluation, with grace, of your entire society.

Description of the Arcturians

Arcturians are a highly sentient mammalian species that looks very much like a horse (see Figure 6a, 6b, 6c, below: A typical Arcturian). They have a rather tall, slender body with a somewhat stylized horse's head. Arcturian skin color ranges from a vanilla shade to a very dark brown. A mane grows on the back of their neck and head, and they have an extremely thin tail that only slightly resembles that of a horse.

Their arms, legs and bodies seem very muscular, and their hands end in fingers that are very long, supple and extremely thin. Arcturian eyes are much bigger than those of Earth humans and are either pale blue or dark brown in color. In some ways, their ears correspond to those of a horse, but are smaller and more rounded than their earthly counterparts.

Arcturian males stand from 7 feet to almost 8 feet, 6 inches (2.31 and 2.64 meters) tall. Female heights vary from just below 7 feet to about 8 feet, 2 inches (2.11 to 2.49 meters).

The clothing of the Arcturians is noticeably different. The people of Ya'Ju'r adopted flowing, ankle-length, harem-style pants in the bright colors that identify their clan. Matching sheer outer blouses bare one shoulder, most often the left, and are either waist- or knee-length. Instead of ribbons or epaulettes, a series of special graphic designs on the blouse, along with its color, serve to indicate the wearer's office and honors.

Aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft, Arcturians wear a one- or two-piece jumpsuit. The two-piece design more closely resembles the ancestral Arcturian costume. Pants are relaxed in fit, while the top extends just below the waist like a popular, traditional Arcturian style. Like the off-duty outfit, the jumpsuit takes the colors and graphic designs of the wearer's clan. The boots, a necessary component of the uniform, are designed to merge with the pants as a seemingly continuous unit.

The Arcturian diet consists of food resembling creamed vegetables, or multi-colored salads. The people from this Confederation usually require only 1 to 3 hours of sleep a day.

Arcturians are celebrated in the Galactic Federation for their mastery of healing and for their marked proficiency in science and philosophy.

Arcturian Ships

Two different Arcturian craft belong to the first contact fleet that monitors Mother Earth regularly. The first, an all-purpose scout ship, is diving bell-shaped, and has a diameter of 80 to 90 feet (24.4 to 27.4 meters). It is part of the fleet that observes your planet every day.

The second is a low orbit to upper atmosphere command mothership. Small, lens-shaped and over 1,000 to 3,000 ft. (304.8 to 914.4 kilometers) long, it serves as carrier for 40,000 science liaison officers who co-ordinate the preliminary data analysis for the sector quadrants to which this mothership is assigned.

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PART III ~ Chapter Ten ~ The Arcturus Confederation

PART III ~ Chapter Ten ~ The Arcturus Confederation





Figure 6a



Figure 6b

PART III ~ Chapter Ten ~ The Arcturus Confederation

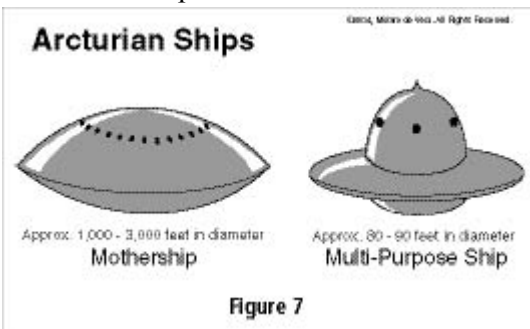


Figure 7

Part IV

Dinosaurians ~ Reptilians

An Introduction from the Dinosaurians ~ Reptilians

The Dinosaurian/Reptilian hybrids that settled the constellation of Draco nearly 25 million years ago originated from a number of 'hatcheries'. These egg-nurturing colonies, founded more than 35 million years ago by Dinosaurian empires loyal to their dark creator-god, Anchara, were scattered throughout the constellation of Sagittarius.

Since the Dinosaurians and related Reptilian Beings generally lacked Light Bodies and, therefore, fully integrated souls (because Anchara wished only faithful, robot-like servants), they were settled

into hatching environments in the constellation of Draco. There, they would prepare themselves to conduct the sweeping attacks by which they intended to expand the ways of Anchara across further sectors of the galaxy.

Within Draco (later the heart of the Draconian Empire), the worlds chosen for these settlements resembled, for the most part, the semi-arid habitat of their former Sagittarian home worlds. We found that this mixture of shallow oceans, barren landscapes and occasional flora-laden regions was most agreeable to our bodies and our temperaments.

When we selected planets for future settlements, we tended to choose those that closely resembled our own worlds. These colonies, often secured by force, were designed to serve as the eventual main bases for our administrative personnel and as birthing and training sites for our renowned security forces.

One example of this process is the prime Draconian Empire colony established on the bright blue star, known to your astronomers as Bellatrix, in the constellation of Orion. Because these home worlds bear a close resemblance to our former homes in Sagittarius, we felt that they provided a suitable location and were most satisfactory for our purposes.

Now, our many colonies, together with our major bases and administrative zones, have been freed to become a cluster of new star-nations. The star-nations that we have chosen for this book are prime examples of what we once were, and show how we are transforming and reaching for the Light. Please enjoy the next three chapters, in full understanding that those you once feared are eager, now, to alter their ways; master their soul body integration; acquire Light Bodies and freely share of their arcane knowledge and advanced technologies.

PART IV ~ Chapter Eleven ~ The Star-Nation of Bellatrix

The Star-Nation of Bellatrix

Often, Washta would describe to me the almost incomprehensible horrors of the galactic wars, which had lasted for many millions of years. At the heart of these conflicts were the Draconian Empire and its many territories. One such was the League of Orion and its chief ruling star-nation, Bellatrix. The Bellatrician rulers were notorious for their vicious and tyrannical hold over the League, which had attacked and taken control of Earth's solar system on several different occasions. The last major assault occurred about 1,000,000 years ago, devastating your solar system and leaving Mars and Venus in their current states.

On Earth, the League destroyed the first colony of Hybornea. Then, approximately 900,000 years ago, the Galactic Federation returned and

expelled the Orionites and their dark allies from your solar system. Your trans-Martian water world was destroyed and the Asteroid Belt created.

In the mid-1990s, the League of Orion and the former Anchara Alliance, under direct decree from their creator-god, ended their hostilities. Finally, the time had come for the Federation to welcome these previously virulent enemies as its allies. For this reason, it is imperative that you begin to understand them and their adjustment to their own new realities. The Star-Nation of Bellatrix is the first former foe about whom we can learn, and whom we can prepare to receive as one of our galactic neighbors.

Present Status and Location in Galaxy

The Star-Nation of Gamma Orion (Bellatrix) was accepted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly eight years ago. Previously, it had belonged to the League of Orion and was that sector's headquarters for the former Anchara Alliance. Originally, Bellatrix (Latin: 'Warriorress') had been settled as an armed outpost of the Draconian Empire close to 25 million years ago.

The inhabitants of Bellatrix refer to their home world as 'Hakkos'Q'Dak'Laq' ('Great Blue Light'). The third-brightest star in Orion, she is located approximately 245 Light Years from Earth.

On a winter night in the Northern Hemisphere, you will recognize the constellation of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter') as a distant group of larger-magnitude stars. Orion's familiar shape is often used as a guide by which to find other stars and star clusters in the night sky. It is positioned between the constellations of Taurus (Greek: 'Bull') and Canis Major (Latin: 'Big Dog'), and just below that of Auriga (Latin: 'Charioteer').

The easiest way to find her is simply to look for the famous Belt of Orion. This row of three bright stars is located at the very center of the constellation. Just to the right and slightly above Orion's Belt, you will see a bright blue star, which you know as Bellatrix.

Bellatrician Solar System and Description of Home Worlds

The solar system of Bellatrix contains eight planets. The outer four are huge 'gas giants' similar, in size and appearance, to your planets Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. At this solar system's center is a semi-arid planet that measures about one-half the size of Neptune and Uranus (approximately 15,000 miles or 24,000 kilometers) in diameter. The planet next closer to their sun serves as home world for the Gamma Orion Star-Nation. Known to its inhabitants as 'Juk'HiqKal'Bhk', it is the third planet from Hakkos'Q'Dak'Laq.

At first glance from space, 'Juk'HiqKal'Bhk' seems very un-Earth-like in appearance. It is a planet nearly 11,000 miles (17,600 kilometers) in diameter and, unlike Mother Earth, consists of four very large continents surrounded by three oceans. The Bellatrician mother world has a one-layer firmament, which supports an ecosystem that is recognized for its wide variety of reptilian, amphibian, dinosaurian and other strange aquatic life forms.

The climate here is semi-tropical and cooler only at its poles. Like all planets, Juk'HiqKal'Bhk is hollow, with an inner world whose population, even for this ecosystem, consists of some exceedingly strange creatures. The inhabitants of the Star-Nation of Bellatrix, numbering 1.2 billion, live in special, large cities that are scattered throughout her home world's interior.

The highly oxygenated atmosphere of this large water world is noted for its blue/orange tinge. Her skies swarm with billions of large, bird-like creatures and an enormous reptilian that resembles a bat. One continent is famous for its wide meadows of red and orange grasses. The next two landmasses are well known for their broad mountain ranges, thick jungles and vast inland seas. The last continent, which looks vaguely like a large foot, contains an inland sea that is connected to the oceans by two narrow straits located near its southeastern rim.

Bellatrix's hybrid dinosaurian/reptilian species has chosen the semi-arid world of B'Kuab'KQln on which to establish their most sacred sites. Her drier climate is reminiscent of their original home worlds on Sigma and Eta Draco. To honor these worlds, they perform rituals in large desert temples located near small, sacred surface settlements.

The two innermost planets are small and barren, with the thinnest of atmospheres. They are known for their exceedingly erratic orbits. The outer

one is less than 3,000 miles (4,800 kilometers) in diameter. The inner, often lit by its sun's solar flares, seems like a burning sphere.

Description of Bellatrician Society

The culture of the Bellatrician Star-Nation is highly unusual, and notable for a ruling class that came to dominate its entire society. That society is in the midst of a transition to a more traditional, galactic way of life. The core of Bellatrician society is comprised of a ruling council that includes the elite from every sector of its population. This council, which is in charge of Bellatrix's day-to-day activities, elects a chief ruler, a King or Queen, who serves in that capacity for a period of twenty years (see page 98, Chart 8: Bellatrician Prototype of Anchara Alliance Society).

Beneath this ruling council is a group similar to your planet's royalty. They served as regional rulers who supervised the day-to-day administration of the ten distinct political districts within their sphere of influence. Bellatrician royalty more closely resembled your nobility (princes, dukes, counts, et cetera). Using their immense influence as Gamma Orion's regional heads, they oversaw its many pressing socio-political activities. This involved the negotiation of important economic contracts and scrutiny of every detail of their region's economy. Their diligence enabled them to attain a very rarefied and powerful status.

Clearly, Draconian society, like many others in the former Anchara Alliance, was extremely hierarchical and tyrannical. At its top were rulers appointed by the Empire's major governing group. They were the chief administrators for Orion and its many surrounding constellations, and formed one of the major working groups overseeing this sector of the galaxy.

Deciding that the groups that had controlled their society's daily operations should change their political direction, the Bellatrician ruling council established new hierarchies of government. Whereas membership previously had been based upon Empire bloodlines originating on Draco nearly 25 million years ago, it was now based upon merit.

For the first time, the Bellatricians are creating a much more democratic society. According to the new system, each group is permitted to argue its points when reporting any findings and suggestions to the Grand Council.

The Grand Council makes a decision based upon the conditions existing within the society. An action plan is formulated, which is then sent back to the various working groups for implementation.

For now, the hereditary ruling group has maintained its power on the Grand Council. Eventually, members of the various working groups will be permitted to become part of the now-hereditary Grand Council.

Now, too, the League of Orion Councils has divided Orion into regions, thus wresting exclusive power from the Bellatricians' grasp. This has helped to foster a belief throughout Orion that change truly can occur. The League of Orion is shifting, and is no longer as belligerent. They are beginning to open themselves to peace, and to the transformation of their societies. The extent of their accomplishments is truly remarkable.

Bellatrix's Former Role in Anchara Alliance

As I have mentioned, the Bellatricians acted as the chief administrators for the Draconian Empire in this sector of the galaxy. This subdivision included outposts in the constellations of Orion, Taurus, Eridanus (Greek: 'River'), Auriga and Triangulum (Greek: 'Triangle'). Occasionally, the Bellatricians even served the Anchara Alliance as overseers of important secret projects. A case in point was their dealings with Earth's 'secret governments' and the former overlords of your world — the Anunnaki. The task escalated in importance when the Draconian Empire informed your 'secret governments' that their overt acts to counter various secret treaties were emphatically most unwise. Moreover, their continued misdeeds could provoke an escalating level of aggression between them. Thus, with the help of their Altairian 'friends', the Bellatricians acted as diplomatic intermediaries between the three groups from the 1950s until the 1990s. Their efforts resulted in a new series of clandestine treaties that were intended to resolve difficulties and ensure that the interests of each party were served. The Bellatricians undertook this assignment again, in the mid-1990s, when the Anchara Alliance suddenly approached the Galactic Federation of Light for a treaty that would ensure a permanent galactic peace.

Because the Draconian Empire did not trust the Galactic Federation's emissaries, they asked the Bellatricians and the Altairians to barter this

arrangement. The Treaty of Anchara remains the basis for acceptance of former empires of the Anchara Alliance into the Galactic Federation of Light. But their role did not stop there. During the past half-decade, the Bellatricians and the Altairians have worked hard, in co-operation with a number of other star-nations, to assist the formerly dark sectors of this galaxy in making their peace with the Light.

Physical Description of the Bellatricians

The predominant species inhabiting Bellatrix is a dinosaurian/reptilian hybrid that first migrated from the constellation of Draco (Greek: 'Dragon') and Sagittarius (Latin: 'Archer') approximately 25 million years ago.

The body of Bellatrix's dinosaurian/reptilian hybrid is typically very scaly and bony. The upper head is surrounded by a large, bony crest, and the eyes are large and set forward, just above and to either side of a very small nose. The mouth is distinguished by thin lips that extend from one side of the head to the other.

The ears are non-existent, their only indication being an extra-smooth, 3-inch (7.62 cm) circle on either side of the head, just behind the eyes. The eyes are large, red or dull yellow, and resemble those of Earth's reptiles. The skin has a crocodile's scaliness and can be green, yellow, brown or red. A small, bony crest that runs up the middle of the back is connected to the larger crest on the top of the head.

This Being is a biped. It has thin 'hands' with six long, clawed fingers and feet that have five toes ending in stubby, razor-sharp claws. Its tail, which is very short and thick like a crocodile's, reaches only as far as the feet. The male is shorter than the female: Bellatrician males stand between 8 and 10 feet (2.44 and 3 meters), while the females range from 8.5 to 10.25 feet (2.6 to 3.12 meters) in height. This species requires between 5 and 8 hours of sleep per day.

The clothes of the Bellatricians are very different from those of most others in the former Anchara Alliance. The Beings of Hakkos'Q'Dak'Laq adopted an array of spectacular, rainbow-colored garments entwined with flowing, multi-hued gowns. Ribbons or epaulettes inscribed with special graphic designs and colors are worn on the shoulder of the outer blouse to indicate the individual's rank and insignia.

Aboard spacecraft, Bellatricians wear relaxed-fit, two-piece jumpsuits. The top half is waist-length and zips to the pants as if it were one piece. The jumpsuit also takes the color codes and special graphic designs that designate rank and conferred honors. The boots, which form an integral part of the uniform, merge with the pants and usually appear to be an undivided unit.

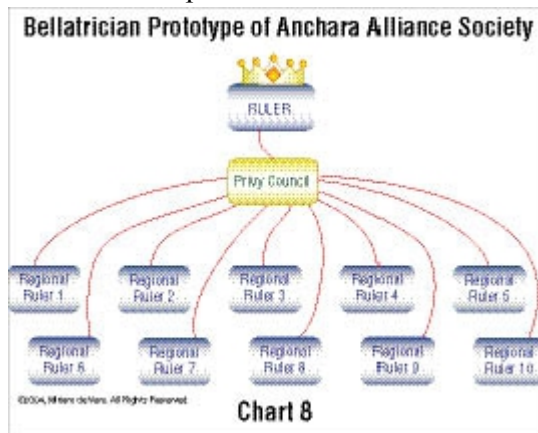
Bellatricians are renowned for their great skills in diplomacy and leadership. For the past six million years, they have been in charge of all the former Anchara Alliance's forces for this sector of the Milky Way Galaxy.

The Bellatrician language is very coarse and often guttural. It is marked by frequent growls and hisses.

Bellatrician Ships

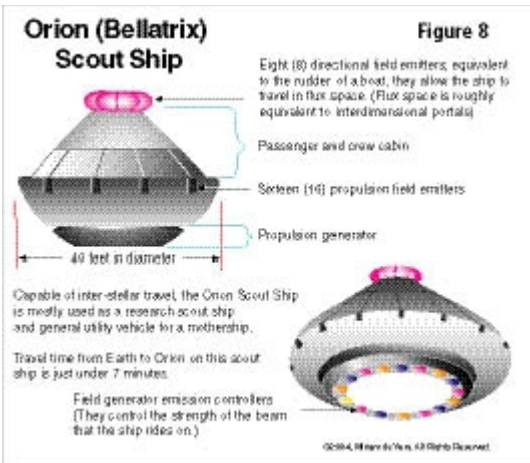
Bellatrician scout ships, which can resemble either dewdrops or beetles, measure approximately 40 feet (12.2 meters) in length. Smaller motherships range from 1 to 400 miles (1.6 to 640 kilometers) long and look like large tadpoles, while larger ones are more like stacks of round bread loaves. The larger motherships are very self-sufficient and usually keep only to deep space.

PART IV ~ Chapter Eleven ~ The Star-Nation of Bellatrix



PART IV ~ Chapter Eleven ~ The Star-Nation of Bellatrix

PART IV ~ Chapter Eleven ~ The Star-Nation of Bellatrix



PART IV ~ Chapter Twelve ~ The Star-Nation of Eta Draconis

The Star-Nation of Eta Draconis

Many times, Washta would instruct me in the unutterable horrors of the various galactic wars and how, despite countless truces, they had lasted for many millions of years. At the root of these wars were the Draconian Empire and its many close allies. The chief architects and strategic planners in charge of waging these galactic wars were the rulers of Eta Draconis. Using many annexed empires as their foot soldiers, they waged a seemingly endless series of wars across all sectors of this galaxy, which had been occupied, at various times, by forces of the Galactic Federation and its predecessors.

The Eta Draconians were famed for their brilliant strategies and for the creative means by which they administered these wars and kept the conflicting forces of the Anchara Alliance together. Their diplomatic skills became legendary throughout the whole of the Alliance. Their notoriety followed them everywhere. Soon, they were providing societal models for every evil empire with which their masters, the dark lords of the Draconian Empire, were associated. Because of the power granted them by the rulers of Eta Draconis, these dark lords became, very quickly, the most powerful component of the Anchara Alliance.

In the mid-1990s, under direct decree from their dark creator-god, Anchara, the Draconian Empire and its imperial allies (such as the League of Orion) ended their prolonged hostilities. The rulers of Eta Draconis commissioned a series of diplomatic task forces whose mission was to work

with suitable counterparts and negotiate a treaty. The outcome was the Treaty of Anchara, which the peoples of Eta Draconis used to dissolve the Draconian Empire and create a new advisory body known as the Draconian Regional Federation Council. As a result, they entered the Galactic Federation of Light as a separate star-nation.

Now, this formerly fierce foe is one of your new galactic neighbors. For that reason, it is important to learn about them and how they adjusted to their own altered realities.

Present Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Eta Draconis formerly belonged to the Draconian Empire. She served as main headquarters for the Draconian diplomatic corps, which was spread throughout the Anchara Alliance.

The Beings of Eta Draconis also acted as overseers of the Draconian Empire. The Empire's 'gem' was, of course, Orion. In order to maintain a powerful hold over the Empire, her rulers encouraged heavy, selective immigration from the star-nations of the Draco (Greek: 'Dragon') constellation to that of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter') and their other dependencies. Eta Draconians considered your solar system part of their Empire, as well. They became a member of the Galactic Federation of Light about seven years ago.

Eta Draconis, a giant yellow star with a dwarf star companion, is often paired with Zeta Draconis. In Arabic, both are called Aldhibain ('Hyena'). Eta Draconis is part of the body of the constellation of Draco. It is located between the constellations of Ursa Major (Greek: 'Big Bear') and Ursa Minor (Greek: 'Little Bear'), which contain the Big and Little Dipper respectively. You can see Eta Draconis by looking above the double star Gamma Ursa Minor that forms the farthest outer edge of the 'Little Dipper'. Eta Draconis is approximately 88 Light Years from Earth.

Solar System of Eta Draconis

The solar system of Eta Draconis consists of eight planets, with the four smallest closest to the sun and the largest farthest away. Of the two innermost planets in this system, one is one-eighth the size of your Earth, while the other is only slightly larger. The innermost planet's extremely

thin, highly ionized atmosphere glows dimly owing to constant discharges from her sun, Qart'Lu'Takr'Rw ('Sacred Light').

The next world is more congenial to life. She is nearly the same size as Earth and has an atmosphere similar to your own. Nonetheless, this planet is hot and semi-arid, with two large continents covered mostly by high, coastal mountain ranges and enormous deserts. Shallow seas and drying seabeds surround her continents. Five miniature seas are all that remains of a once-large, integrated ocean. Evaporation has left a mere 40 per cent of her sea floor submerged. The rest has become a bewildering maze of dry, desolate canyons, low mountain ranges and muddy, salty ooze that dries to a hard, metallic luster.

Life on this planet is abundant and diverse. While a pre-dominantly reptilian population inhabits her lands, her dying seas support schools of giant, plated ancient fish and tiny crustaceans. Flora and fauna unique in the Eta Draconis solar system, and this galaxy, flourish here.

The three most remote planets in the Qart'Lu'Takr'Rw solar system are 'gas giants' that have much in common with your own solar system's large, outermost spheres. Unlike them, however, these worlds rotate far more rapidly, and they are surrounded by uniquely beautiful ring systems.

These outer planets display other atmospheric anomalies such as Jupiter's conspicuous giant red spot. The ring systems that en-circle them are equal to those of Saturn or narrower, like those of your Uranus or Neptune.

Description of Home Worlds

Eta Draconis' two main home worlds are hot and semi-arid. The first, called Sam'Kech'Qlah ('Amazing Dry Place') is a large, dry planet, measuring approximately 9,500 miles (15,200 kilometers) in diameter. Twelve moons revolve around Sam'Kech'Qlah: the largest, three-quarters the size of Earth's moon, is surrounded by a thick, life-sustaining atmosphere.

The second home world, called Seck'Ha'Lak'Bekn ('Wondrous Wet Land'), is more abundant in water. She is the same size as the first planet but has only five continents, four of which are as dry and barren as those found on Sam'Kech'Qlah. The fifth landmass contains a huge, inland sea that makes the interior less desolate. A chain of rivers flows toward this mini-ocean from the mountain range that rims its northern shore. Forests,

consisting of exotic tree ferns, conifers and primitive, deciduous trees and bushes, stretch down, in unbroken vistas, to the beaches' edge. Red or blue mountains, streaked with purple, soar above her continents. Amid such extravagant natural settings, many strange and wonderful life forms — insect, amphibian, dinosaurian and reptilian — make their homes. And here, on this world, stands the sacred cultural capital of the Eta Draconians - the site of her most sacred temples and institutions of higher learning.

Changes occurring in Eta Draconis' Society

The rulers of Eta Draconis were their Empire's diplomats and overseers, who saw it as their glorious obligation to maintain this domain. The task of negotiating the Anchara Treaties had been one of their primary responsibilities. Suddenly, the Draconian rulers, realizing that they had a duty to ensure that this peace process could be achieved, used their enormous influence to guarantee its success.

This decision had an incalculable effect on the social order. As with most of the other societies that belonged to the Anchara Alliance, theirs was exceedingly hierarchical and tyrannical. The ruling elite wished to change the living conditions of the so-called lower castes, who were poorly treated and lived in very spartan circumstances. Ancharan societies have an innate capacity for developing their natural abilities to the utmost and for reshaping things in their own style. Therefore, after comparing galactic culture to their own on Eta Draconis, they decided that they had to create a reptilian, dinosaurian and Ancharan concept of Galactic society.

Rather than a clan system, they decided to implement a governmental structure that retained the well-known Eta Draconian efficiency. That is, a task was assigned and completed, successfully and on time. They also agreed to abolish their Ruling Councils. Eta Draconis, in fact, was actually the first dinosaurian society in the Anchara Alliance to eliminate these Councils, which previously had been their elite governing body. They replaced them with a parliament whose members had been part of the original dynamic councils. These new groups, in turn, would unite to form the major Ruling Council.

No longer was there a succession of dictators who addressed the people of Eta Draconis directly from Thuban (Alpha Draconis), the Empire's major

ruling star-nation. Throughout all of Earth's history, Thuban has been the most dreaded place of the galaxy. Now, however, the Beings of Eta Draconis no longer feared them, nor did they consider them the primary representatives of their planet, of the Anchara Alliance, or even of the Draconian Empire. Instead, they decided to take advantage of the special opportunity created by the Treaties of Anchara to institute a galactic society, in accordance with the traditional concepts first promulgated by Anchara.

They issued a series of decrees to the former Draconian Empire. Through diplomatic channels, they presented these decrees to the major Councils of the Empire and, using their connections, set out to transform it. Their purpose was to assemble, within the Galactic Federation, a united group that adhered to the dictates of Anchara. For them, the crucial element was change. A fresh new breeze, based upon heart and the Light, was sweeping through the former home worlds of the vast Anchara Alliance. Using their influence, they began to initiate an exhaustive series of changes. It is an extraordinary story. Consequently, the Eta Draconis Beings, as a group, have entirely changed the way members of the Anchara Alliance perceive each other and the Galactic Federation. In fact, they are actually the ones most responsible for the new synthesis unfolding now throughout these formerly dark realms.

Physical Description of the Eta Draconians

The inhabitants of the Eta Draconis star system are a dino-saurian/reptilian (shape-shifter) hybrid that migrated from the constellation of Cepheus (named for a mythic king of Ethiopia in an ancient Greek tale) approximately 35 million years ago.

Typically, their bodies are very scaly with occasional, prominent ridges and crests. The top of the head is crowned by a large crest that rims the forehead and stretches down the back.

Large eyes are set on either side of a very small nose. They are either brown or dull yellow, and resemble those of Earth's snakes. Thin, dark lips, extending from one side of the head to the other, trace the edges of the mouth.

The ears are large, circular masses covered by very smooth membranes more than 7 inches (17.8 cm) in diameter. They are located on either side of

the head, just behind the eyes.

The skin has the rough scaliness of a reptile; it glistens like that of a crocodile, alligator or toad and is green, yellow, brown or red. A narrow ridge running up the middle of the back is connected to the larger ridge on the back of the head. This Being is a biped. It has thin hands with three long, clawed fingers and four-toed feet that have short, very sharp, claws. The tail is very large and narrow, like a reptile's, and extends just beyond the feet.

Eta Draconis males are shorter than their females. Males stand between 7.5 and 8 feet (2.28 and 2.43 meters) tall, while female heights vary from 8.25 to 9.5 feet (2.51 to 2.89 meters). These Beings normally require 5 to 6 hours of sleep per day.

The clothes of Eta Draconis' inhabitants resemble most others in the former Anchara Alliance. The Beings of Qart'Lu'Takr'Rw wear an array of spectacular robes overlaid with sheer, multi-colored blouses, similar to those worn by the inhabitants of Bellatrix. Epaulettes marked with special graphic designs and command colors adorn the shoulders of the outer robe to designate the individual's rank and commendations.

Aboard spacecraft, the Beings of Eta Draconis wear a relaxed-fit, two-piece jumpsuit. The waist-length top is attached to the matching pants, creating what appears to be a one-piece outfit. The jumpsuit, silver or gray, is embellished with the color codes and graphic designs that signify rank and conferred honors. Boots are an integral part of this uniform, and merge with the pants in a seemingly undivided whole.

Eta Draconians are celebrated for their extraordinary talents in diplomacy and for their remarkable aptitude for mind control. A chameleon-like capacity to change their skin's look, feel and color is integral in their use of brainwashing. In such a way, they can actually induce large groups of another species to believe that they are one of them.

During the past 25 million years, the Eta Draconians have also been the Anchara Alliance's main diplomatic arm for this sector of the galaxy. As part of this responsibility, they undertook the indoctrination of all the Draconian-governed star systems in this galaxy.

The language of Eta Draconis is very guttural, with bellows and frequent hisses.

Ships of Eta Draconis

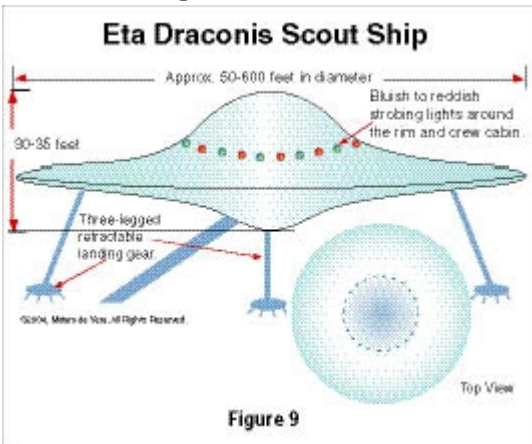
Some Eta Draconis scout craft resemble large beetles, while others have the traditional, large-domed saucer shape. These scout ships extend between 50 and 600 feet (15.2 and 182.4 meters) in length. Motherships vary from 10 to 20,000 miles (16 to 32,000 kilometers) long and look like either a most unusual stack of large eggs, or a very large sphere.

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PART IV ~ Chapter Twelve ~ The Star-Nation of Eta Draconis

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PART IV ~ Chapter Thirteen ~ The Star-Nation of Sigma Draconis

The Star-Nation of Sigma Draconis

As Washta described the appalling nature of the various galactic wars, he would often mention the exceptional bravery and masterly strategies implemented by the fleets of the Draconian Empire. The rulers of Eta Draconis appointed fleet commanders who most often were native to Sigma Draconis. The Sigma Draconian rulers and their advisors, in fact, were acclaimed throughout the Anchara Alliance for their unparalleled military leadership and epic gallantry in battle. As a result of their fame, they became the pre-eminent officer corps in the Empire. Such notoriety also enabled them to hone their skills for ‘policing’ and controlling states dependent upon the Draconian Empire, and they vanquished the inhabitants of their dominions with the same fierce enthusiasm that they displayed in

battle. For this reason, the citizens of Sigma Draconis were feared by every member of the Anchara Alliance.

Eventually, their expertise in war also led them to become the galaxy's major developers of military weaponry and armed spacecraft. Indeed, military engineers from Sigma Draconis were soon assigned to distribute their advanced weapons technology to every corner of the Anchara Alliance. The Sigma Draconians' acquired power created a dark society that became increasingly fond of its ever-growing militarism. Sigma Draconians became objects of suspicion. Secretly, the Eta Draconians worried whether the Sigma Draconians (if, by some remote chance, Anchara made a solemn declaration of peace) would ever become its true proponents.

In the mid-1990s, by direct decree of their dark creator-god, Anchara, the Draconian Empire and all of its dependents ended their prolonged hostilities. The rulers of Sigma Draconis commissioned a succession of special military emissaries to travel to every sector of the Anchara Empire to ensure that this path to peace was honorably observed. Even when some more distant empires balked at the opportunity to declare peace, the Sigma Draconians, demonstrating their loyalty, even organized successful campaigns to cut short any Alliance rebellion against peace.

That diligence for peace became the new enthusiasm of the rulers of Sigma Draconis. Once all hostilities had ceased, they immediately issued orders for all Sigma Draconian-led fleets to return to their home worlds. There, they were either disbanded or sworn in as members of the newly integrated Galactic Federation Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets. Only recently committed to the ensuing Treaty of Anchara, the Beings of the Star-Nation of Sigma Draconis took part in the dispersal of the Draconian Empire. And, soon after sharing in the creation of the new Draconian Regional Federation Council, they entered the Galactic Federation of Light as a separate member-star-nation.

Now that this formerly fierce foe has been embraced by the Galactic Federation, it is time for you to learn about them and their adjustment to their own new realities. The Star-Nation of Sigma Draconis is only one of many about which you can learn as you prepare to receive your galactic neighbors.

Present Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Sigma Draconis belonged, previously, to the Draconian Empire, serving as the principal source for the officer corps of the Empire's military and police forces.

The Beings of Sigma Draconis were also the main engineers and suppliers of weapons and defense systems for the Draconian Empire. The prime 'gem' of the Draconian Empire was, of course, Orion. In order to secure the continued flow of Sigma Draconis' goods throughout the Empire, its rulers encouraged heavy, selective immigration from the star-nations of the constellation of Draco to those of the constellation of Orion and their other dependencies. Sigma Draconis also considered your solar system to be part of their Empire. They became a member of the Galactic Federation of Light about seven years ago.

Sigma Draconis is a type K orange star, located in the body of the constellation of Draco (Greek: 'Dragon'), which is situated between the constellations of Ursa Major (Latin: 'Big Bear') and Ursa Minor (Latin: 'Little Bear') — the Big and Little Dippers, respectively. To find Sigma Draconis, observe the Big Dipper and distinguish the stars, Dubhe and Merak, which form the Big Dipper's upper edge. Then look across to Polaris, at the outer edge of the Little Dipper's handle, and the first star you will see, along the line from the Big Dipper, is Sigma Draconis. It is 18.8 Light Years from Earth.

Sigma Draconis Solar System

The solar system of Sigma Draconis contains twelve planets, with the two smallest worlds closest to the sun and the largest farthest away.

The third inner world is almost the size of your Earth or Venus. Like Venus, she is widely known for her thick, very cor-rosive atmosphere, a result of her exploitation by the rulers of Sigma Draconis as a testing site for weapons destined for use in galactic wars.

The next world, fourth from Sigma Draconis' sun, is more amenable to life. Barely larger than Earth, she is surrounded by an atmosphere similar to your own. This hot, semi-arid planet contains four large continents whose surface is covered mostly by high coastal mountain ranges and interiors containing vast deserts. Eight shallow, miniature seas surround her four

principal landmasses. This planet's biological diversity makes her a living laboratory for the Beings of Sigma Draconis.

The six remaining worlds in the Qart'Ku'Sarq'Rp solar system are gas giants similar, in many ways, to the large planets of the sun's outer solar system. The difference lies in their rotation, which is far faster than your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, and in their vivid planetary rings.

Description of Home Worlds

Sigma Draconis consists of two main home worlds: a very hot, semi-arid sphere and a lush water world. The first is a large, dry planet, fifth from the sun, called Dosk'Qech'Qlah (the 'Marvelous Dry Place'). She is 10,000 miles (16,000 kilometers) in diameter and has seven moons, the largest of which has a thick, livable atmosphere and is the size of Earth's moon. A headquarters was established on this moon 1,000 years after its solar system was first inhabited, and quickly became the military command center of the Sigma Draconis government. The home world below is fairly typical of others located throughout the constellation of Draco.

Since this planet resembles many of the chief home worlds in the Draconian Empire, she has become a ritual center. Temples are scattered across her continents. A large city, dedicated to the performance of ritual, is situated near the main temple site. This complex, known as Khr'Qalt'Jo'Ghrm ('the Way of Holy Rituals'), occupies both banks of the longest river on the largest of this world's five continents. Military leaders of the Draconian Empire came here to entreat Anchara's help in achieving victories in the many galactic wars.

The second planet, called Seck'Lak'Daq'Bekn' ('Wondrous Water Land'), is a true water world. Slightly larger than the first home world, she contains seven continents. While three are as dry and barren as those on Dosk'Qech'Qlah, the other four contain huge inland seas that make the interior seem less bleak. A chain of rivers flows from central cordilleras toward these seas to rim the mini-oceans' shores. Red mountains, smudged in shades of gray and blue and streaked with purple, encircle the capital. These gorgeous environments are home to extraordinary dinosaurian and reptilian life forms. The capital city of the Sigma Draconians, located at the southern edge of the very largest inland sea on the most extensive continent,

is a bustling urban center of temples, government buildings, military command complexes and institutions of higher learning.

The Importance of the Anchara Treaty to this Galaxy and to Sigma Draconis

Traditionally, Sigma Draconians were the chief warriors of the Draconian Empire. These Beings are typical Dracos, and resemble giant demons. Over the millennia, they were the Draconian Empire's ultimate warriors, controllers and manipulators. Together with the Beings from Alpha Draconis, the Sigma Draconians were the essence of an immensely powerful dark energy that, for millions of years, surged back and forth in mighty wars across this galaxy. Theirs is a tradition that limited conscious Beings such as we have learned to fear.

In reality, much of what occurred during those wars is captured in our genetic memory. Take, for example, the Star Wars Tri-logy. Beings such as Sigma Draconians, Alpha Draconians, Bellatricians, Rigelians and Mintakans spoke volumes about the dark side. These Beings all knew and understood war, with its related feelings of superiority, limitation and hate. Now, it has all faded away. What remain are formerly restrictive, authoritarian societies that are beginning to see themselves from a new perspective.

Consider how the Treaty of Anchara and, prior to that, the Decrees of Anchara, have changed our galaxy. Recognize that all of the beings that once elicited our instinctive abhorrence are no longer to be feared, but embraced. It is important for us to change our concepts regarding these Beings. Understand that this immense galaxy is coalescing, and that an uncertain peace can become permanent as a result of our actions here on Earth. Realize, too, that these magnificent Beings are frightening to us, now, only in memory and perception.

Creating a new Sigma Draconis Society

We do not want merely to examine these Beings and what they represented. Instead, it is important for us to see them as part of the great Galactic Brotherhood and Sisterhood that is uniting to form a new Galactic Federation of Light and a new galaxy of peace. Because our world suffered

incalculable limitations and cruelties at the hands of the dark, we continue to be possessed by vexing memories of the incidents that took place here. We must allow our positive energy to surround these many different Beings. We need to let go and reflect upon our coming change, and upon the new Light that is diligently transforming the entire galaxy.

As we move into our next phase, we are growing into full consciousness. In the same way, while not all dinosaurian/reptilian Beings such as the Sigma Draconians inhabit Light Bodies, they are beginning to disclose them as a result of our work here on Earth. These Beings are allowing the changes to be revealed to us in their true light. In fact, we on Earth are a microcosm of this cosmic macrocosm. These members of the former Anchara Alliance are also changing, and will gradually develop the capacity to manifest Light Bodies. Their societies will never be the same. By what we are doing and creating, we are helping to fashion societies that will empower us all to change and move forward.

The warriors are withdrawing, dismantling their immense fleets and transferring segments of those fleets to the Galactic Federation for exploration purposes. In effect, they are converting them from vessels of war to ships of peace.

Physical Description

This star system's major species is a dragon-like dinosaurian/reptilian hybrid, which first migrated to Sigma Draconis from the constellation of Sagittarius approximately 25 million years ago.

The inhabitants of the Sigma Draconis Star-Nation are dinosaurian/reptilian hybrids that closely resemble dragons and typify the conventional Earth concept of demons. They are characterized by extreme scaliness and, for us, are frightful to look at.

Like Earth's reptiles, the large red or dull yellow eyes of the Sigma Draconian are set forward just above and to either side of a very narrow snout. Its mouth consists of thin lips that extend from one side of the head to the other. The teeth are large and clearly those of a predator, while the ears are small and scaly.

The skin has a crocodilian scaliness and is green, yellow, brown or red. The body is long and lanky, and a scaly crest stretches down the center of

its back. On the back, also, is a set of bat-like wings.

This Being is a biped. It has thin hands that end in six long, clawed fingers. Its feet have five toes tipped with small, razor-sharp claws. An arrow-like point marks the end of the long, thin tail. Its body and breath reek of brimstone. The male is shorter than the female. Sigma Draconis males stand between 9 and 10 feet (2.74 and 3 meters) tall, while the females range from 9.25 to 11 feet (2.81 to 3.34 meters) in height. Beings from Sigma Draconis usually sleep between five and eight hours a day.

The clothes of the Sigma Draconians resemble most others in the former Anchara Alliance. The Beings of Qart’Ku’Sarq’Rp chose a series of long, uniquely layered garments lined with flowing, multi-colored blouses. Epaulettes inscribed with special graphic designs and the colors of command are worn on the shoulder of the outer blouse to indicate the individual’s rank and commendations.

Aboard spacecraft, Sigma Draconians wear relaxed-fit, two-piece jumpsuits. The waist-length top half is fastened to the pants, creating what seems to be a one-piece outfit. Usually silver or gray, the jumpsuit complies with the color codes and special graphic designs that define rank and insignia. Boots are integral to the total outfit, and are designed to merge with the pants as a single unit.

Sigma Draconians are recognized for their outstanding leadership and military skills. For 35 million years, they led all the forces of the former Anchara Alliance in the Milky Way Galaxy.

Their language is extremely coarse and guttural, with many different growls and hisses.

Ships of Sigma Draconis

Sigma Draconis scout craft resemble either birds or beetles. Their scout ships extend from 100 to 600 feet (30.5 to 182.4 meters) in length.

Their motherships measure between 1 and 40,000 miles (1.6 and 64,000 kilometers) long, and look like large tadpoles or snakes.

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Part V

Amphibians

An Introduction from the Amphibians

We are a class of highly sentient Beings who have served two different spiritual masters in this galaxy. In the beginning, we all were spiritual Beings turned toward the Light, joyfully living on our warm, swampy planets. Then, tens of millions of years ago, a malevolent scourge called the forces of Anchara advanced across this galaxy, capturing or occupying many of our worlds.

Soon, we were divided. Some continued to serve the Light, while others, transformed by the evil of their new oppressors, chose to serve Anchara's dark ambitions. This enforced partition persisted through a seemingly endless succession of galactic wars that lasted for millions of years. Now we, a sundered people, are again becoming one. Using our wondrous restorative energies and superlative technologies, we intend to heal others in this galaxy of the wounds that these wars have caused. We invite you to join us in this sacred quest!

Our worlds are intensely beautiful. They are yet another type of water world that exists across the length and breadth of this most incomparable galaxy. Even though our ships have explored the galaxy's every corner, still, our hearts prefer our own sweltering native lands.

Our solar systems are somewhat different from those that you inhabit. The size of our suns varies from diffuse, multicolored giants to ones much like yours. Yet, our worlds share common topography — our joyous swamps, wetlands and broad, rolling meadows. The unusual flora and fauna that surrounds us is known for its water-loving nature and for the great, obscuring mists that constantly unroll over us. In these environments, we have flourished, built our societies and been exemplary stewards of our worlds.

To you, these lands may be a little too hot, somewhat eccentric, perhaps even a bit much. Yet we invite you, someday, to visit our worlds and learn

more about us. Until then, rest assured that we Love you and are doing everything in our power to ensure that your transformation is a success.

Therefore, enjoy these chapters about us and, in short, grow to know us better. Each of these three star-nations forms a selected cross-section of the vast history that we have just begun to reveal to you. Each chapter, too, will give you a better understanding of who we really are. We are eager for the unforgettable day when we shall walk freely among you!

PART V ~ Chapter Fourteen ~ The Star-Nation of Mintaka

The Star-Nation of Mintaka

Washta's history lessons would include frequent, vivid descriptions of the horrors of the many galactic wars. His teachings particularly emphasized the participation of the League of Orion, an ally of the Draconian Empire that was governed by the Star-Nation of Bellatrix. The Star-Nation of Mintaka was one of the League's most important centers for science, Orion culture and exploration. During the galactic wars, the chief advance scouts and explorers for the League and the Draconian Empire originated from Mintaka (Delta Orionis). Their task was to discover the presence and positions of any enemy fleets in this sector of the galaxy, and to determine the legal status of any sentient star-nations that blocked their fleets.

The people of Delta Orionis were acclaimed for the scientific, yet creative, ways in which they carried out their assignments. The precision with which they located even the most cloaked Galactic Federation fleet was celebrated throughout the Anchara Alliance. Soon, as a result of their fame, they were supplying advance-scouting technology to every dark empire allied with their masters, the dark lords of the Draconian Empire.

In the mid-1990s, under direct decree from their creator-god, Anchara, the Draconian Empire and its imperial allies (such as the League of Orion) ended their protracted hostilities. The Draconian Empire sent Mintaka's rulers to determine the best locales for the momentous diplomatic sessions that would lead to the drafting of the Treaty of Anchara. Consequently, the peoples of the Mintakan Star-Nation dismantled the League of Orion and created a new regulatory body known as the Orion Regional Federation Council. In due course, they joined the Galactic Federation of Light as a separate star-nation.

Now, this formerly fierce foe is yet another of your galactic neighbors. It is important, therefore, to learn about them and their adjustment to a new set of realities. The Star-Nation of Mintaka is one more about which you can learn, as you prepare to receive your galactic neighbors.

Present Status and Location

Approximately 30 million years ago, Mintaka's amphibious in-habitants created a new civilization: it was a major star-nation in this sector of the galaxy. About 5 million years later, Mintaka was conquered by forces of the Draconian Empire and became allied with the dark League of Orion. Finally, nearly 9 years ago, the Star-Nation of Delta Orionis (Mintaka) was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light.

The star Delta Orionis is also known as Al Mintaka, which in Arabic means 'Belt'. Her inhabitants refer to Mintaka as 'Sha'Da'Lik' ('Great Holy Light'). She is the seventh-brightest star in Orion, and is located approximately 920 Light Years from Earth.

In the winter skies of the Northern Hemisphere, the constellation of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter') resembles a distant cluster of larger-magnitude stars. Its familiar shape often acts as a pointer by which to locate other stars and star-groups at night. The constellation of Orion is positioned between those of Taurus (Greek: 'Bull') and Canis Major (Latin: 'Big Dog'), and just below that of Auriga (Latin: 'Charioteer').

The easiest way to identify Mintaka (Delta Orionis) is to locate the famous belt of Orion. One of the three stars is Mintaka: the other two are Al Nitak (Arabic: 'Girdle') and Al Nilam (Arabic: 'String of Pearls'). They are situated at the very center of the constellation. Mintaka is the bright blue star just to the right and at the top of Orion's Belt.

Mintaka Solar System

The six-planet solar system of Mintaka (Delta Orionis) is actually located on what your astronomers refer to as Mintaka-C. It is one of the companion stars encircling the prime star, Delta Orionis-A. This system's innermost planet is one-eighth the size of your Earth. Her slowly thinning atmosphere glows from the constant discharges of her sun, Sha'Bak'Lik (the 'Holy Life-Giver').

The next world, nearly the same size as Earth, is enveloped in an atmosphere similar to your own but slightly thinner. A hot, semi-arid planet, she contains three large continents whose shores are ringed by high, coastal mountain ranges. She is widely known for her broad interior deserts and immensely varied life forms.

While the remaining three outer planets in the Sha'Bak'Lik solar system are considered 'gas giants' in many ways resembling the large planets in Earth's outer solar system, they measure less than one-half the size of gas giants revolving in your solar system, and have a much more rapid rotation.

Description of Home Worlds

Mintaka's home world, Bak'Jo'La, is the third planet from her sun. She has a diameter of nearly 9,000 miles (14,400 kilometers) and contains eight enormous continents and ten oceans. Her single-layer firmament supports an ecosystem famous for the unusual diversity of her amphibian, reptilian and other aquatic life forms.

Bak'Jo'La's climate is semi-tropical and cooler only at her poles. Like all planets, Bak'Jo'La is hollow, encompassing an inner world whose population includes, even for this ecosystem, some very bizarre creatures. The 800 million inhabitants of the Delta Orionis-C Star-Nation live in special, large cities that are scattered throughout her interior.

The highly oxygenated atmosphere of this huge water world is well known for her purple-blue tinge. Bak'Jo'La's skies teem with billions of bird-like amphibians. One of her continents is noted for vast swamps hung with red and orange mosses, and strange, bow-limbed trees whose large orange and red flowers fill the wet tracts with their rich fragrance. The next two landmasses are famous for their broad mountain ranges, dense, moist jungles and immense inland seas. The smallest continent encloses an inland sea that flows through a narrow, marshy strait to the oceans.

Because her drier climate reminds them of their original planets on Sigma and Eta Draco, the hybrid dinosaurian/reptilian population of Bak'Jo'La choose to locate its most sacred sites in the semi-arid interior of the continent of Guo'Fal'Pum ('Desert Land'). To honor their home worlds, the Mintakans celebrate rituals in a spacious desert temple situated near the small, sacred settlement that serves as their main inland capital.

The Original Nature of Mintaka Society

Mintaka's home world is a wet, swampy amphibian world consisting of water, earth and mud. The Mintakans are an amphibian species that co-exists harmoniously with reptilian and dinosaurian hybrids. Within their society, they see themselves as servants: beyond the boundaries of their own group, they assume the role of explorers, and are celebrated as such throughout the Galactic Federation. For them, explorations are conducted by probes of their subject's identity — that is, by creating and compiling psychological profiles. Highly skilled at mind manipulation, the Mintakans, over many years, have succeeded in making significant breakthroughs on behalf of the Alliance.

The Mintakans were among the most prominent of the An-charan groups to come here and ascertain how Alliance rulers could gain control over your solar system. Although they clearly failed, their culture bears a closer, second look.

Mintakan culture revered service above all else: it was their *raison d'être*. With the Decree of Anchara, the Anchara Alliance came to an abrupt end. The Mintakans' concept of fealty and their use of manipulation on behalf of the Alliance shifted, very suddenly, to service in the name of the Galactic Federation of Light.

The Changing Nature of Mintaka Society

Initially, following the passage of the Treaty of Anchara, Min-takan society was in a state of total disarray, utterly uncertain what to do next. However, after having observed the people of Eta Draconis and studied the Decrees, the Mintakans decided that they would best serve the Eta Draconians by spreading the new concept of galactic society throughout the former Anchara Alliance, and helping the Galactic Federation to unite the whole of Creation in peace.

The culture of Mintaka is, primarily, one of service. Its elites, who saw fulfillment of their superiors' wishes to be their life's work, were mere servants. But the Mintakans changed. For the first time, they began to allow the different amphibian species who shared their culture to join together and become creative. And, by developing psychological profiles of them, the Mintakans learned how their society and their people function.

No longer does Mintakan society consist of mere endless knots of servants. Now, as a result of the Decrees of Anchara, they are developing clans and discovering co-operative work techniques that will change the direction and nature of their culture. For you, the most important part of this introduction to the peoples of the former Anchara Alliance lies in realizing the speed at which present events are transforming a very dark society into Beings who will be an integral part of the Light.

Physical Description of the Mintakans

For the most part, the Mintakans are an amphibian majority that co-exists with a minority of reptilian and dinosaurian hybrids. In many ways, they resemble Earth's frogs and toads, but there are significant differences. They are bipeds. Their skin, which is smooth and hairless, is typically iridescent, in colors ranging from bright red, orange and green to yellow and brown.

Mintakan eyes, unlike those of Earth's amphibians, protrude only slightly. They are large, bright red, orange or greenish-yellow in color and extend around the sides of the head. The nose, consisting of two narrow slits, sits above extremely thin lips. The open mouth is very large and frog-like. The ears are two small, round circles on either side of the head.

Whereas the large head appears disproportionate to the rest of the body, the short neck seems almost non-existent. The body, arms and legs are very muscular. Each limb has four long, thin, webbed digits, and the toes end in small claws.

Mintakan males are slightly shorter than females and stand between 7 and 8 feet (2.13 and 2.44 meters) in height. Females vary from between 7.5 and 8.5 feet (2.29 and 2.59 meters) tall. The species is also characterized by a series of three narrow, interconnected ridges that extend the length of the back and end on top of the head.

Mintakans are noted for their highly specialized expertise in psychology and mind manipulation. They have amassed an immense body of scientific knowledge and retain vast libraries of inner wisdom that date back more than 15 million years. They need four to six hours of sleep per day.

The Mintakan language, although extremely melodic, is also deeply guttural.

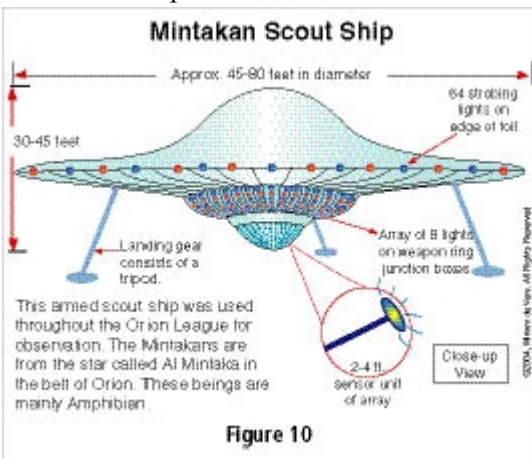
Ships of Mintaka

Mintakan ships are almost mushroom-like and can be identified by their large, rounded, pyramid-like domes. They measure from 45 to 80 feet (13.7 to 24.4 meters) in diameter. Motherships are massive, with an approximate diameter of between 100 and 1,000 miles (160 and 1,600 kilometers). The larger ones are extremely self-sufficient and usually keep only to deep space.

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PART V ~ Chapter Fourteen ~ The Star-Nation of Mintaka

PART V ~ Chapter Fourteen ~ The Star-Nation of Mintaka



PART V ~ Chapter Fifteen ~ The Star-Nation of Beta Canceri (Al Tarf)

The Star-Nation of Beta Canceri (Al Tarf)

Washta would delight in giving me frequent, detailed accounts of the Beta Canceri (Al Tarf) peoples' long and storied history in the Galactic Federation. By mastering the art of creating a Light Body, these originally limited-conscious amphibians, over the course of millions of years, were able to wrest their captive star-nation from the clutches of the Anchara Alliance. In doing so, Beta Canceri became, many millennia ago, a charter member of the Galactic Federation of Light. This star-nation is located at the apex of what was a center for many long galactic war campaigns.

Indeed, one of the major points that separate the various dark Anchara Alliance empires from the member star-nations of the Galactic Federation is the whole matter of inhabiting Light Bodies. Wishing her people to be

servants who lacked the power of thought, Anchara left them with the capability to have Light Bodies but did not manifest it in them. Instead, she gave these Beings limited consciousness with the capacity for deep emotions, but without the knowledge to connect with Spirit. Anchara communicated with them only by means of physical manifestation and messages to her priestesses. Therefore, the inhabitants of Beta Canceri were ripe for emotional and psychological manipulation, meted out by those whom Anchara had chosen to rule her dark domains. However, these Beings, using their natural gifts, wished to reclaim the ability to manifest their Light Bodies and become fully conscious. In the process, they rediscovered two vital facts. First: they had retained the capacity to actualize Light Bodies. Second: the complex manifestation process required the individual to transform her/his major inner perceptions and the society to collectively follow suit.

Once the Al Tarfans had attained their goal, they pledged to use their new knowledge to help liberate the oppressed star-nations of the Anchara Alliance. This pledge had caused them to join the Galactic Federation millions of years before, when they had assisted in the formation of one of its 14 Regional Federation Councils — the Gemini Regional Council. The Star-Nation of Beta Canceri was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light approximately 4 million years ago.

My first meeting with a group from the Star-Nation of Beta Canceri occurred when I was about six. An Al Tarf mothership had come to Earth to investigate the status of secret agendas reached between the Anunnaki, the Anchara Alliance and your secret governments. The Beta Canceri were known throughout the Galactic Federation as esteemed scientists and cultural psychologists, whose skills enabled them to understand the relationships and most probable timelines — invaluable tools for evaluating the rate at which Mother Earth's people were advancing toward their divine destiny.

During this assessment, a small group of Al Tarfans arrived at the Sirian mothership. It was one of my first encounters with non-human Beings. Sensing my apprehension, the Al Tarfans quickly transformed all of my fears to Love. After a brief discussion about the fear thresholds humans feel toward the unknown, we left the ship's recreation area. I never forgot that

meeting, or my perception of the kindness and Love that flowed from those Beings.

Thereafter, Washta would often use the example of that meeting to illustrate the astonishing diversity of sentient life existing in our galaxy and throughout physicality. His spellbinding lectures and discussions on the Al Tarfans gave me an enhanced appreciation of those galactic Beings and their generous and affectionate civilizations. The key to the Al Tarfans' galactic society is the loving acceptance with which they embrace their mission, their total affirmation of the immense diversity of the former Anchara Alliance, and their utter willingness to use their gifts to enable these formerly dark Beings to manifest Light Bodies.

Status and Location

Originally, Al Tarf had been part of a chain of star-nations captured, 8 million years ago, during an attack by the Draconian Empire on this sector of the galaxy. She succeeded in freeing herself from the police forces abandoned by the Draconians more than 4 million years ago. Soon after, the Star-Nation of Beta Canceri (Al Tarf) was welcomed as a charter member into the Galactic Federation of Light.

The star Beta Canceri is also referred to as Al Tarf, which, in Arabic, means 'End'. Her inhabitants know her as Halal Baktos ('Life of Gracious Joy').

The constellation of Cancer, positioned in the winter skies of the Northern Hemisphere, is surrounded by the constellations of Gemini (Latin: 'Twins'), Leo (Latin: 'Lion'), Canis Major (Latin: 'Big Dog') and Hydra (Latin: 'Sea Serpent'). A glowing orange giant, Al Tarf is Cancer's brightest star and is located approximately 290 Light Years from Earth.

The easiest way to locate Beta Canceri is to find a triangle formed in the head of the constellation of Hydra that is immediately under Al Tarf. It is just below Pollux (Beta Geminorum), one of the bright twin stars in the constellation of Gemini.

Beta Canceri Solar System

Al Tarf consists of six planets, the smallest closest to the sun and the largest most distant. Six moons circle the Al Tarf home world, while another 32

orbit the rest of her solar system. The innermost planet in this system is about one-eighth the size of your Earth, and has no atmosphere. The next world, one and one-half the size of Earth, is more supportive of life. Called Gof Jadaï ('Hot, Dry Place'), she is an oven-like planet surrounded by an atmosphere resembling your own. She has three desert-covered continents and six small seas.

The remaining outer planets in the Al Tarf solar system are so-called gas giants similar, in many ways, to the large planets in your Sun's outer solar system. However, because their speeds of rotation are different from those of your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, their atmospheres contain more irregularities, such as the giant red spot clearly discernible on Jupiter.

Description of Home Worlds

The third planet in the Beta Canceri solar system is a large water world almost twice the size of Mother Earth (nearly 17,000 miles or 27,200 kilometers) in diameter. She contains four large continents surrounded by a series of interconnected oceans. Known for her extremely wet weather, this water world's highly oxygenated atmosphere can produce rainstorms of astonishing ferocity at a moment's notice. Two of her continents are famous for expanses of blue and purple grasses and their adjoining swamps, which, along the coasts, border vast rainforests. A one-layer firmament keeps the planet ice-free and her global temperature consistently semi-tropical.

Like most galactic inhabitants, the Al Tarfans choose to live below their planet's surface in crystal cities that support a population of nearly 600 million. As one of the charter members of the Galactic Federation of Light, Al Tarf acquired technology that is equivalent to any in the galaxy: it powers their cities and helps to provide their citizens with homes, clothing and food.

The Expanding Nature of Galactic Society

All of the Beings discussed in this book are our galactic neighbors. Dwelling many hundreds, or mere tens, of Light Years away, they comprise an astonishing array: reptilians, dino-saurians, amphibians and humans, as well as hybrids of all of these different species. Together, they illustrate the immensity and extraordinary diversity of our galaxy.

The significance of the Al Tarfans lies in their particular area of expertise. They are deemed the galaxy's leading experts on what we refer to as psychic phenomena. Remember that almost all of these Beings lacked Light Bodies and lived in limited con-sciousness. They had to learn those things that we, here on Earth, innately possess. Most of us simply lack the time to train ourselves in this hidden knowledge, or have been discouraged from manifesting the intuitive sides of our natures.

Having studied these techniques, the Beings from Al Tarf created immense repositories of knowledge, through which they were able to create a Light Body. Other peoples, using this wisdom, can also generate Light Bodies and become fully conscious Beings. Therein lies the Al Tarfans' great talent: that they were able to use this information to shape the conditions for galactic peace between the Anchara Alliance and the Galactic Federation of Light.

How Al Tarf is uniting this Galaxy

The Al Tarfans are making it possible for the Galactic Federation of Light to manifest the latent spirituality of every former Anchara Alliance member, enabling them to integrate and expand their total spiritual potential to create a whole new concept of their distinct cultures and societies. They consider this contribution to be of inestimable significance.

The Al Tarfans are taking these steps because they believe that their star-nation is an enlightened teacher. Their wisdom plays a vital role as an integral link between members of the former Anchara Alliance and the Galactic Federation of Light. In this way, the work of Al Tarf's teachers and liaisons is maintaining the galactic peace and keeping a complex integration process on course.

Physical Description

Although the Al Tarfans are, primarily, an amphibian species, they also exhibit a few reptilian and dinosaurian characteristics (see page 132, figure 11: A typical Al Tarfan). With some major differences, they resemble Earth's frogs and toads. First, they are mainly bipeds. Second, Al Tarfan skin, while smooth and hairless, is noted for its uniquely bright colors,

which range across the spectrum from red, orange and green to yellow, blue and brown.

Unlike those of Earth's amphibians, Al Tarfan eyes are not overly prominent, but are large and extend around the sides of the head. They are bright yellow, blue or greenish-yellow. The nose consists only of two small slits above very thin lips. The mouth, when open, is very large, like that of a salamander. The ears are two small, round circles on either side of the head.

Relative to the rest of the body, the head seems disproportionately large. The short neck is thick and powerful, and the body, arms and legs are extremely muscular. There are six long, thin webbed toes and fingers, and the toes are clawed.

Males are slightly shorter than females and stand between 7 and 8 feet (2.13 and 2.44 meters) tall. Females range from 7.5 to 8.5 feet (2.29 to 2.59 meters) in height. Finally, Al Tarfans are recognizable by a series of small, interconnected spots that extend up their back to the top of their head. The species requires only about two to four hours of sleep per day.

The Beings of Halal Baktos have chosen a spectacular array of iridescent flowing gowns. Ribbons or special graphic designs and colors on the garment's shoulder denote rank and commendations.

Aboard spacecraft, they wear a relaxed-fit, two-piece jumpsuit. The waist-length top zips to the trousers, creating what appears to be a one-piece outfit. It also adheres to the colors and graphics that indicate rank and distinctions. Boots are integral to the uniform, and are designed to merge with the trousers as a seemingly undivided whole.

Al Tarfans are renowned for their outstanding psychic abilities in areas such as telepathy, telekinesis, clairaudience and clairvoyance. They are also skilled at manipulating the minds of others. They have amassed vast libraries of scientific and spiritual knowledge, dating back more than 18 million years, as well as a network of highly respected training schools that teach this inner wisdom.

While the Al Tarf language is quite musical, it contains occasional guttural tones.

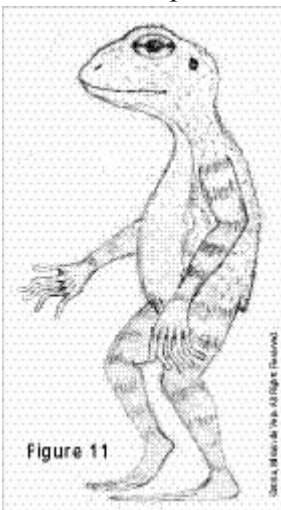
Ships of Al Tarf

Al Tarf ships are almost mushroom-shaped and are noteworthy for their large, rounded, pyramidal domes. They vary between 150 and 1,000 feet (45.6 and 304 meters) in diameter. Their motherships are exceedingly large and measure from nearly 100 to 4,000 miles (160 to 6,440 kilometers) across. Larger motherships are extremely self-sufficient and usually keep only to deep space.

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PART V ~ Chapter Fifteen ~ The Star-Nation of Beta Canceri (Al Tarf)

PART V ~ Chapter Sixteen ~ The Star-Nation of Rigel

The Star-Nation of Rigel

During his history lessons, Washta was quick to examine the unthinkable horrors of the many galactic wars. Through many millions of years of hostilities, the soldiers and generals of Rigel conspicuously distinguished themselves. Like the Sigma Dra-conians, the Rigelians were lauded for the illustrious military leadership they provided the League of Orion. The Rigelian military and its leaders, a ruling cabal of nine senior generals, were notorious for their skilled but tyrannical control of the League's armed forces and police. When, approximately 1,000,000 years ago, the League attacked Earth's solar system, they proved their cunning in lightning strikes

that decimated the solar system and left Mars and Venus in their current states of devastation.

Eventually, their expertise in war also led them to become a major developer of military weaponry and armed spacecraft. Indeed, it wasn't long before military engineers from Rigel were assigned to accompany their counterparts from Sigma Draconis to spread their advanced weapons technologies to every sector of the Anchara Alliance.

Their ingenuity produced a dark society that was becoming increasingly fond of its ever-growing militarism. It made their immediate rulers on Bellatrix (Gamma Orion) suspicious of the Rigelians' motives. Secretly, the Bellatricians worried that, by some remote chance, the Rigelians might actually seize control of the League. Their fears evaporated when Anchara made a solemn declaration of peace.

In the mid-1990s, by direct decree of their creator-god, An-chara, the League of Orion and the former Anchara Alliance ended their protracted hostilities. Now that these formerly fierce opponents are about to become our neighbors, it is time for us to welcome them into the Galactic Federation of Light. For that very reason, we must learn about them and about their adaptation to an entirely new set of realities. Rigel is only one star-nation of many about which we can learn as we prepare to receive them as our galactic neighbors.

That diligence for peace became the new enthusiasm of the military rulers of Rigel (Beta Orion). Once all hostilities had ceased, and in accordance with similar directives issued by the Sigma Draconians, they gave immediate orders for all Rigelian-led fleets to return to their home worlds. There, they were either disbanded or sworn in as members of the newly integrated Galactic Federation Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets. Then, recently committed to the ensuing Treaty of Anchara, the Beings of the Star-Nation of Rigel participated in the disintegration of the League of Orion. And, soon after sharing in the creation of the new Orion Regional Federation Council, they became a separate member-star-nation of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Present Status and Location

Rigel began as an armed outpost of the Draconian Empire approximately 15 million years ago. Later, it became part of the League of Orion and served as military headquarters for this sector of the former Anchara Alliance. Finally, eight years ago, the Star-Nation of Beta Orion (Rigel) was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light.

The star Beta Orion is also known as Rigel, which in Arabic means 'Foot'. Her inhabitants refer to Rigel as Hakkos'Q'Smaq 'Daq ('Great Blue Holy Place'). Rigel, the brightest star in Orion, is located about 770 Light Years from Earth.

On a winter night in the Northern Hemisphere, you will re-cognize the constellation of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter') as a distant cluster of larger-magnitude stars. Its familiar shape often serves as a guide by which other stars and star-groups can be located. Orion is positioned between the constellations of Taurus (Greek: 'Bull') and Canis Major (Latin: 'Big Dog'), and just below that of Auriga (Latin: 'Charioteer').

The easiest way to find Beta Orion or Rigel is simply to look for the famous Belt of Orion. This row of three bright stars is located at the very center of the constellation of Orion. Just to the right and slightly below Orion's Belt, you will see a bright blue star. It is Beta Orion, or Rigel.

Rigelian Solar System

The solar system of Rigel (Beta Orion) contains twelve planets. Of them, the third world from Rigel is almost the same size as Venus. Her atmosphere, like that of Venus, is famously thick and stinging, a vestige of her use by Beta Orion's military as a testing site for weapons that would later be used in many galactic wars.

The next planet, fourth from the Rigelian sun, is more hospitable to life. Much larger than Earth, she is enveloped in an atmosphere similar to your own. This hot, semi-arid planet is favored with an extraordinarily varied ecosystem. Her lands are inhabited mainly by reptilians and her seas by large, crude and ancient-looking fishes, as well as by bizarre worms and an assortment of crab-like creatures. In this desert terrain, the Rigelian military has constructed scores of potential working scenarios to prepare their officers for combat operations.

The last six outer planets in the Hakkos'Q'Smaq'Daq solar system are gas giants that, although smaller, in other ways resemble the large planets of your Sun's outer solar system. However, the speed at which they rotate is faster, for the most part, than that of your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune.

Three of these planets are surrounded by ring systems. The rings of one, equal or far superior to those of Saturn, formed when a number of erratic comets and large space flotsam or asteroids collided with this planet's eight small, inner moons. A sequence of events hurtled these moons too close. Three of them exploded, causing a series of varicolored rings. Such an occurrence is commonplace in most solar systems of our galaxy and frequently produces some magnificent, multi-colored planetary ring systems.

Description of Home Worlds

Beta Orion consists of two main home worlds: a very hot, semi-arid planet and a lush water world. The first is a large, dry planet, sixth from the sun, called Sak'Quom'Kla'Deq' ('Sacred Desert World'). She is 11,000 miles (17,600 kilometers) in diameter and has thirteen moons, the largest of which has a thick, livable atmosphere and is half the size of Earth's moon. A headquarters, established on this moon after its solar system was first inhabited, quickly became a major military outpost of the Rigel government.

Since this world resembles many of the principal home worlds in the Draconian Empire and the League of Orion, she has become a major center for ritual. Temples are strewn across many of her continents. The main temple site, known as Khom'Boq'Dklum ('Temples of the Ancestors') and found on Sak'Quom'Kla'Deq's main nodal point, occupies both banks of the longest river on the largest of this world's five continents. Military leaders of the League of Orion came here to entreat Anchara's help in achieving victories in their many galactic wars.

The second planet, called 'Jhok'Gko'Jhlom' ('Home Land'), is a true water world. She is somewhat larger than the first home world and consists of seven continents. While two are as parched and barren as those on Sak'Quom'Kla'Deq', the other five each contain inland seas that render

their interiors lush with vegetation. Purple-veined red or blue mountains encircle the Rigelian capital, which overlooks the west coast of the very largest inland sea on the planet's vastest continent. Here stands a vibrant urban center, alive with residential areas, districts for commerce and trade, temples, government buildings, military command complexes and institutions of higher learning.

The Importance and Changing

Nature of Rigelian Society

The Rigelians are the Orion League's revered scientists/warriors. Soon after the Anchara Treaties were concluded, the Rigelians, realizing that war was no longer integral to their culture, set out to found a new society. After having reviewed the history of their political union and weighed their current circumstances, the Rigelians issued fresh directives based upon Anchara's new decrees for the creation of a new society.

The Rigelians decided, initially, to focus their passion for science and astronomy on the transformation of star-nations that had belonged to the Orion League. Later, they agreed, instead, to entrust this wisdom to all of the star-nations and empires that once had been part of the Anchara Alliance. The Rigelians, as former principal members of the Alliance, embraced the unique concept of a living, sacred planet.

As Beings who cherished the wonder of planets and stars, and of all life, the Rigelians resolved to find a constructive use for their veneration. They were eager to discover to what extent the complexities of galactic society could be applied to Rigel and her peoples. Rather than science warriors, they wanted to become science guardians of their planet and of every planet in the Rigelian system, and to serve as custodians of the many planets and suns in the once-vast former Anchara Alliance.

Accordingly, they initiated an aggressive campaign to give the many different Beings in the Alliance an understanding of guardianship. Guardian service has been their great gift, and they consider it of vital importance in every situation. The Rigelians are committed to ensure that these changes come to pass. They have applied the same zeal they felt for war and redirected it toward peace. In actual fact, they have become the celebrated peace warrior-guardians of the entire former Anchara Alliance.

Part of the process has involved a reshaping of their societal and governmental structure. Like most Alliance societies, the Rigelians were primarily hierarchical, controlled by an elite governing body. To follow direct orders from the Draconian Empire's major ruling council was considered an act of great respect. They applied that same attitude in carrying out the many decrees ordained in the Anchara Treaties.

All of these groups are working diligently to transform their societies from a hierarchical model to ones in which the lower castes, once treated like slaves, are given a greater voice in their society's decision-making processes. Now, in a switch of philosophical direction, the Rigelians cherish life: as guardians of other worlds and star systems, they now understand the universal need for Love.

The Rigelian social order is changing from a hierarchy based on power to one founded upon recognition of the needs, creativity and highest potential of every Being in their society. This is a dramatic reversal. The Rigelians are a prime example of abrupt changes such as these. They also exemplify the way energies unleashed by the Anchara Treaties are transforming our galaxy.

Physical Description

The predominant species in the Rigel star system is a dinosaurian/amphibian (shape-shifter) hybrid that migrated from the constellation of Cancer approximately 15 million years ago. It is marked by extreme scaliness, with a scattering of prominent ridges.

A wide crest surrounds the skull at forehead level and runs down the back of the head to the neck, where it connects to a narrow ridge that extends down the middle of the back. The eyes, average in size, are set on either side of a very small nose. The mouth is edged in thin, dark lips that stretch from one side of the head to the other. An unusually smooth hollow, 5 inches (12.7 cm) in diameter, on either side of the head and just behind the eyes, is the only indication of otherwise almost non-existent ears.

Rigelian eyes are brown or dull yellow and resemble those of Earth's amphibians. Their skin, which is green, yellow, brown or red, has both

dinosaurian scaliness and the smooth shine of an amphibian.

This Being is a biped. It has thin hands with four long, clawed fingers and six-toed feet that end in short, very sharp claws. A thick, crocodile-like tail extends just beyond its feet. The male, shorter than the female, ranges in height from 7 to 8.5 feet (2.44 to 2.59 meters), while the female stands between 8 and 9.25 feet (2.6 and 2.81 meters) tall. Rigelians need from four to five hours of sleep per day.

The clothes of the inhabitants of Beta Orion resemble most others in the former Anchara Alliance. The Beings of Jhok'Gko'Jhlom chose an array of highly unique, layered robes lined with multi-hued, flowing blouses. Epaulettes inscribed with special graphic designs and the colors of command are worn on the shoulder of the outer costume to indicate the wearer's rank and commendations.

Aboard spacecraft, the outfit changes to a two-piece jumpsuit. Most often, it is silver or gray, and bears the color codes and special graphic designs that denote the individual's rank and insignia. Boots are integral to this uniform and merge with the pants in a seemingly undivided whole.

The Rigelians are renowned for their outstanding leadership skills and for their detailed knowledge of warfare and geology. During the past six million years, they have commanded the entire military forces of the former Alliance for this sector of the galaxy. As part of this responsibility, they undertook a comprehensive geological survey of all the star systems that are a part of this galactic subdivision.

Rigelian language is guttural, with low-pitched croaks and hisses.

Ships of Rigel

Two types of Rigelian ships are part of the first contact Earth fleet. The first, an all-purpose scout ship, is used primarily as part of the observation force that constantly monitors your planet. While some craft look like ladybugs, others resemble the standard saucer shape. Both measure between 50 and 300 feet (15.2 and 91.2 meters) in length.

The second type, a deep space command mothership, varies from 10 to 12,000 miles (16 to 19,200 kilometers). Lens-shaped, it looks either like large, irregularly stacked teardrops or immense spheres. It serves as carrier

for 40,000 science liaison officers who co-ordinate the preliminary data analysis from the sector quadrants to which this mothership is assigned.

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Part VI Mixed Species

An Introduction from Other Beings

The remaining groups of star-nations explored in this book are those that support mixed populations, such as the humans and sentient bears of Tau Ceti, or the humans and amphibian/reptilian hybrids of Procyon. Together, these worlds form a microcosm of the many star-nations introduced in this volume's previous sections.

And, like the other star-nations you have visited here, these, despite a few obvious difficulties, were able to join together to form working, successful star-nations. They are living examples of how a host of diverse cultures, languages and life forms can bridge their differences to create a flourishing and harmonious galaxy.

Now, this great confluence of star-nations, formed from a need to embrace diversity and a yearning to express their cultures and their joys in new ways, greets you! Our worlds are much like those you have already explored except that, here, the vast multiplicities of worlds — water, semi-arid and even swampy — co-exist peacefully in a most wondrous miscellany.

Our solar systems are unique in the type of planets that exist in proximate orbit, and we have grown to love the vast range of possibilities that they represent. These solar systems also encompass a wide variety of suns: the energy that each one generates has produced the great galactic mixture that

we call ‘home’. Solar systems such as these form the majority in this galaxy. One sentient species or another inhabits almost every one.

We are the odd lot: worlds that, for any number of reasons, were settled by a multitude of distinct, sentient species. Yet we endured, despite wars and contradictory cultures, and, over the years, founded star-nations that truly embody the utmost in cultural diversity to build a totally unified star-nation.

We invite you, someday soon, to witness this astonishing diversity in action. Until then, please read these chapters to acquire useful and specialized knowledge of our way of life, and to appreciate the unparalleled symmetry of our multitudinous solar systems.

PART VI ~ Chapter Seventeen ~ The Star-Nation of Aldebaran

The Star-Nation of Aldebaran

Frequently, Washta would recount to me the lengthy history of the Star-Nation of Aldebaran. This grand domain, located in the constellation of Taurus, was originally a member of the Anchara Alliance, where they served as master diplomats in the Draconian Empire and the League of Orion. The Aldebaran leaders, a ruling clique of 12 senior diplomats, were honored for their unique tact and often brilliant diplomatic coups. Then, approximately 800,000 years ago, they chose to leave the Alliance and become an independent, neutral star-nation. How they did it is an extraordinary story.

Their diplomatic skills eventually led the Aldebarans to also become a major developer of foreign strategies for the Eta and Alpha Draconians. This gave them many opportunities to free themselves of the ever-present police and military forces that obstructed all those associated with the Draconian Empire. At the right moment, during a brief truce, the Aldebarans, in the presence of Galactic Federation fleets, declared their neutrality. A few millennia later — just less than 800,000 years ago — the Aldebarans became a full-fledged member of the Galactic Federation of Light.

My first encounter with a group from the Star-Nation of Aldebaran occurred when I was about nine. An Aldebaran mothership had come to Earth to confirm the status of diplomatic relationships existing between

Earth's secret governments, their uneasy extraterrestrial masters (the Anunnaki) and other members of the Draconian Empire. The Aldebarans, famous throughout the Galactic Federation as superlative diplomats, governmental researchers and artists, were either human hybrids or reptilians. I was able to greet a small group of them when they arrived to exchange data with their Sirian counterparts. It was one of my first meetings with reptilians. My initial thrill of horror was replaced, soon enough, by great joy at their open kindness.

Along with the Pleiadeans and the Sirians, the Aldebarans form one of the Galactic Federation of Light's 14 original Regional Federation Councils, the Sirian Regional Federation Council.

Present Status and Location

Originally, Aldebaran was settled by a native reptilian species. Later, about 20 million years ago, it became an armed outpost of the Draconian Empire. Subsequently, Aldebaran was annexed to the League of Orion and, as such, was designated this sector's major diplomatic corps for the former Anchara Alliance. Finally, nearly 800,000 years ago, the Galactic Federation welcomed the Star-Nation of Alpha Tauri (Aldebaran) into its membership.

The star Alpha Tauri is also known as Aldebaran, which in Arabic means 'Follower of Pleiades'. Her inhabitants refer to her as Qak'Sak'Dok'Masa'Doq ('Sacred Orange Life-Giver'). Aldebaran, the brightest star in Taurus, is located approximately 68 Light Years from Earth.

On a winter night in the Northern Hemisphere, you will see the constellation of Taurus (Greek: 'Bull') just northwest of Orion (Greek: 'Hunter') and between Auriga (Latin: 'Charioteer') and Gemini (Greek: 'Twins'). Orion's familiar shape makes it a useful pointer by which to find other stars and star-groups. Orion is located between the constellations of Taurus and Canis Major (Latin: 'Big Dog'), and just below that of Auriga.

The easiest way to distinguish the bright orange star Aldebaran (Alpha Tauri) is to look for the famous 'Belt', which is situated at the very center of the constellation of Orion. You will observe Aldebaran just above and to the right of Orion, and directly in front of and below the famous Pleiades star-cluster.

Aldebaran Solar System

The solar system of Alpha Tauri contains eight planets. The innermost world, slightly more than one-tenth the size of your Earth, has an extremely thin atmosphere filled with ionic discharges that begin in her bizarre dense, purple-blue clouds. For that reason, the Aldebarans call her Jaq'K'mLoq ('Place of Storms').

The third planet, nearly three-quarters the size of Earth, is more congenial and has an atmosphere that resembles your own. Hot and semi-arid, she contains several large continents that are blanketed by high coastal mountain ranges and vast inland deserts.

Six seas encircle these continents. On one, a soaring mountain range extends, north to south, through its heart; on another, a broad inland ocean links to other surrounding seas by way of a deep crevasse at the southernmost tip of its western coastal mountains. Here, there is a manifold variety of life. While rep-tilians enjoy land superiority, the seas are alive with enormous fish and other water creatures that we would find exceedingly odd. The Beings of Aldebaran reserve this forbidding world as a prison planet for exiles or criminals.

The final three, most outward, planets in the Qak'Sak'Dok'-Masa'Doq solar system are many-sized gas giants that share remarkable similarities to the large planets in your Sun's outer solar system. However, unlike your Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, they rotate much more rapidly. They also tend to generate odd, vortex-like windstorms, which trace constantly changing, purple-blue waves and multi-colored swirls across their outer atmospheres.

Description of Home Worlds

Aldebaran consists of two main home worlds: a very hot, semi-arid world closer to the sun and, slightly farther away, a lush water world. The first planet, second from the sun, is called Sta'Ql'kMaqt'Sqo ('Holy Lands of Ours'). She is 7,000 miles (11,300 kilometers) in diameter and has four moons, the two largest of which have a thick, livable atmosphere and are the size of your own moon. The environment on the planet below them is extremely harsh, intensely hot and uninviting.

Surprisingly, despite her seemingly barren landscape, this planet's ecosystem, her marine, insect and reptilian life in particular, is extraordinarily diverse. This is the original home world of the Aldebaran reptilians, and the seat of a flourishing and sophisticated civilization. Temple sites are scattered across her five continents. At the center of the largest continent sits the capital, which surrounds an immense cave complex considered to be the birthplace of the Aldebarans' first sentient ancestors. Beside the caves is their spacious ritual center. Known as Haq'Dkq'om'So'Grak ('Place of the Ancestors'), this site occupies both banks of this continent's longest river. Aldebaran's leaders came here to beseech their ancestors to help them.

The second home world, called Mak' Shada'lan ('Changed Water Wonder Place'), is a true water world. She was terra-formed by the Draconian Empire more than two million years ago to accommodate human hybrid Aldebarans. Slightly larger than the first home world, she contains seven continents. Although three are as dry and barren as those on Sta'Ql'kMaqt'Sqo, the variously-sized inland seas of the other four create conditions that make their interiors more verdant. On the eastern shore of an inland sea on the most extensive continent stands this world's capital - a bustling city filled with temples, government buildings, housing and shopping centers and institutions of higher learning.

Description of Aldebaran Galactic Society

Humans living in the Aldebaran planetary system enjoy a galactic society. Its reptilian society has traditionally been very hierarchical: over the years, however, they, too, have become more accessible. As a result, the Aldebaran social order and the Aldebaran Star-Nation Councils have grown much more similar to others throughout the Galactic Federation of Light. Now, they are open and based on a clan type of system. True clans did not exist as such in the earlier reptilian society. Their system, based on a hierarchical model, contained both an elite and a governing council (a subordinate group that controlled various aspects of the society). This ruling council oversaw the training of warriors, supervised the military and regulated the economy.

On the lowest rung of reptilian society was the slave class. As it opens to the Light, this group, too, has become more receptive, more capable of adopting a galactic social order. Thus, even at its bottom levels, the reptilians have grown to more closely resemble a galactic society.

Between approximately 810,000 and 850,000 years ago, the Aldebaran reptilian society, seeking a way to survive in the galaxy and declare their neutrality, broke away from the Anchara Alliance. By the time a human-crewed Science and Exploration fleet from the Andromedan Confederacy approached the Aldebarans, they were incontrovertibly neutral and no longer belonged to the Alliance. For the last three-quarters of a million years, the Aldebaran reptilian society has become very open and democratic. Over the course of time, they have introduced humans into their star-nation and, ultimately, were welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light. Now, they take an active part in many exploration fleets and are prominent members of the liaison boards of the Galactic Federation of Light.

The reptilians of Aldebaran are extraordinary Beings. Having manifested their Light Bodies, they are enabling many other reptilian societies to understand exactly how the Galactic Federation operates. They are also demonstrating ways in which the complex process of establishing a galactic society can be achieved. Moreover, since their planetary system is one of the major gateways to the Pleiades, the Aldebarans have been influential in its settlement. In summary, we could say that the Pleiadeans have been involved, both positively and negatively, with the reptilians. This is one of their more positive encounters.

Description of the Peoples of the Aldebaran System

The sentient life forms of the Aldebaran solar system are her original inhabitants: a reptilian species and a later human hybrid species.

The reptilian Aldebaran is lizard-like, very scaly and muscular. The skin is multi-colored, in green and blue, or red and green mixed with yellow, black or purple. Eyes are large and round with reptile-like vertical slits of sky-blue, red or gold. The hands, narrower than a human's, consist of four digits and end in a short, sharp claw. The feet have five long toes that, like the fingers, end in short, curved claws. The tail is small and bulbous. The

female, slightly taller than the male, has a height of just less than 7 feet (2.13 meters).

The reptilian language is guttural and contains sounds that are difficult for most humans to imitate.

The human hybrid Aldebaran has a vague resemblance to Earth humans. The male is slight in build with a well-proportioned body, head and limbs, and stands between 6 and 7.25 feet (1.8 and 2.2 meters) in height. Females, also, are strong and symmetrical. Their height varies from 5 feet, 8 inches to 6 feet, 7 inches (1.72 to 2.0 meters). Large round or almond-shaped eyes are brown, black, blue, green or hazel. Hair is blonde, brown, black or red. Skin has beige or bronze tones, and is smooth but scaly. Both species require only two to four hours of sleep per day.

Aldebarans are known as distinguished diplomats and skilled artisans. They excel at bringing together groups of uniquely different sentient Beings, and at teaching the art of creative group synergy.

The human Aldebaran language resembles German, but with an almost Chinese tone.

Ships of the Aldebaran Star-Nation

Several types of Aldebaran ships can be observed in Earth's skies. The first is a scientific research scout ship. It is disc-shaped, with a large, curved, circular flight foil attached to its underside. It has a diameter of about 65 feet (19.76 meters) and a height of nearly 40 feet (12.16 meters).

The second, a transport scout ship, is shaped like a large rod and extends between 20 and 80 feet (6.1 and 24.32 meters) in length.

A third craft, an atmospheric mothership, is shaped like a curved rod and measures from 800 feet to 2 miles (243.2 meters to 3.2 kilometers) long.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Eighteen ~ The Great Star Union of Centaurus

The Great Star Union of Centaurus

Frequently, Washta would describe the degree to which the many human galactic societies can differ in type, style and level of creativity. One example often cited by my astute guide was that of the Great Star Union of Centaurus. The inhabitants of the Centauri Union are acclaimed throughout the Galactic Federation of Light for their subtle diplomacy and highly effective liaisons aboard Science and Exploration (S&E) fleet expeditions. Unofficially, in fact, they are described as the Galactic Federation of Light's principal diplomatic liaisons and ambassadors.

I was about ten when I had my first encounter with a group from the Great Star Union of Centaurus. A Centauri mothership had arrived on Earth to determine the political and technological status of Earth's humanity. Together with the Pegasians, Pleiadeans and Andromedans, the Centaurians were acclaimed throughout the Galactic Federation of Light as outstanding scientists, liaisons and technicians. Many of Earth's specially modified scanners, computer databases, their unique components and programs resulted directly from individual or group innovations of the Great Star Union of Centaurus.

In the course of this lengthy evaluation, a few Centauri liaisons came to the Sirian mothership. It was my first introduction to hybrid human Beings. The Centauri, immediately sensing this, telepathically reassured me of their friendship and their concern for my peace of mind. Their words calmed me and allayed my initial apprehensions. After briefly discussing the true nature of my concerns and observing that fear was instilled in humans long ago in order to control them, we left the recreation area. I have never forgotten that meeting, and retain an abiding memory of their deep kindness, understanding and love.

Time and again, Washta would use this encounter as an example of the incomprehensible multiplicity of sentient life in our galaxy, and throughout physicality. His spellbinding talks and discussions on the Centauri gave me a keen appreciation of these Beings and their ancient civilizations. The key to Centauri galactic society is their innate willingness to embrace, as their mission, the immense diversity of the former Anchara Alliance, and their eagerness to assist these formerly dark Beings in fully adjusting to membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

Location and Status

The Great Star Union of Centaurus, previously a neutral star league, had been a major arena in many battles of the galactic wars. Nevertheless, she had developed a series of distinctly different galactic societies, which she learned to use to her advantage. Centaurus also had a long history of temporary collaborations with dark star empires of the Anchara Alliance. Owing to her proximity to the headquarters sector of the Galactic Federation of Light, Centaurus has been a valued and enduring partner in the current diplomatic and cultural exchanges between the former dark empires of the Anchara Alliance and the Galactic Federation.

The Great Star Union of Centaurus, which comprises hundreds of star-nations, is located in the constellation of Centaurus (Greek: ‘Centaur’), between those of Lupus (Latin: ‘Wolf’) and Vela (Latin: ‘Sail’) in the Southern Hemisphere. It is best known for its brightest star, the triple star system Alpha Centauri (also called Rigel Kentaurus). One of those triple stars, Proximi Centauri, 4.3 Light Years from Earth, is our closest known star: its other members are as far as 1,000 Light Years away. The Great Star Union of Centaurus was accepted into the Galactic Federation approximately 1.1 million years ago.

Centauri Cultural Nuances

Galactic societies in the Great Star Union of Centaurus more closely resemble those of the Aldebarans and Altairians than the Lyran/Sirian or Andromedan/Pleiadean models. The significance of the Centaurus system is that it encompasses both human and reptilian star-nations. From two societies has evolved one slightly hierarchical system, which combines the best of the other dual-clan structures. This diversity has brought together two very different civilizations — human and dinosaurian/reptilian — each living in harmony, attaining their societal potentials and, thus, manifesting the sacred prime mission of the Galactic Federation of Light.

Although the clan structures of the Great Star Union of Centaurus differ widely from one sector to another, the most common are variations of the Lyran/Sirian (six clans) and the Andromedan/Pleiadean (twelve clans) models. The Centauri melding of these prototypes into its own exclusive hierarchical system is unique, given that the majority of Centauri galactic

societies contain subcultures that have retained their own distinctive language and traditions.

Crucial to this system are their cultural liaisons and counselors. While star-nations such as Lambda Centauri use a Lyran/Sirian model, each of Centauri's two inhabited home worlds contains a rich layer of unique subcultures. Each planet has cultural liaisons who function as semi-official interpreters for the totality of cultures that exist on that world. Moreover, a special inter-world cultural liaison board provides creative solutions for any problems that may arise. When this system is interfaced with advanced translator technology and its inhabitants' own natural telepathic abilities, it allows free communication between individuals and groups. What results is a constant flow of information that makes positive use of any differences and allows this multi-faceted society to create many revolutionary innovations on a regular basis.

Yet another way of achieving this lies in the stars that make up Rigel Kentaurus. Their home worlds have adopted the Andromedan/Pleiadean model, which uses 12 clans instead of the Lyran/Sirian six. This model contains clans devoted to counseling and liaison, and to culture. These three clans developed because the Centauri found it easier to maintain separate systems in which to train students in these meaningful pursuits. Each clan serves as a repository of specific wisdoms. The other nine clans can avail themselves of these areas of expertise, or, if they are unable to solve a particular problem, they can consult the one clan of three that seems most capable of solving it.

By embracing the 12-clan system, Rigel Kentaurus can be perceived as a star-nation containing many of the most acclaimed scientific research groups in the galaxy. Rigel's reputation is due, mainly, to the extent to which its modified 12-clan system formally addresses its population's wide-ranging diversity. Consequently, this modified system has been dispersed throughout the Great Star Union of Centaurus.

Centaurian Solar Systems and Description of Some of their Home Worlds

The home worlds of the Centauri range from water worlds similar to Mother Earth to semi-arid realms. Those on which we intend to concentrate

are planets in the multiple stars of Proxima Centari and the star, Lambda Centauri. These star-nations are located between 4.39 and 410 Light Years from Earth.

The Home Worlds of Proxima Centauri

Let us begin with the home worlds of the triple stars referred to by your astronomers as Proxima Centauri. We will concentrate primarily on the one star of this trio known as Rigel Kentaurus. First colonized by humans nearly 2.5 million years ago, she contains one of the larger Centaurian water worlds, which her inhabitants refer to as Endo. Endo is one of three planets orbiting the central star of Prima Centauri. She is recognized for her immense oceans, teeming with life, and for her beautiful skies, dazzling with nightglow.

This glow is caused by the outermost layer of the three-layer firmament, which becomes electrified from the coronal discharges from her sun. They fill Endo's night sky with a soft, pastel glow that encompasses every color of the spectrum, particularly blues, greens and violets. In her seas are whales, larger than those of Earth. These mammals calve in mid-ocean island chains located immediately north and south of Endo's equator. The calves and their mothers are honored for their ability to balance and harmonize both the water world of Endo and her inhabitants.

While the fourth planet in this solar system introduced Centauri's modified clan system, it was the third, orbiting this same sun (that the Centauri call Yosman) that perfected it. This inner planet also encompassed worlds celebrated for their beauty. Semi-arid and volcanic, she contained multi-colored pools of hot mud and pliable rock formations that constantly move and change shape. Humans from Lyra, who colonized this planet, found a world of reddish-blue seas, orange-blue skies and many tiny continents scattered across her surface.

The Home Worlds of Lambda Centauri

This important star system, which your astronomers refer to as Lambda Centauri, also has a smaller, blue companion. Lambda Centauri's 8-planet solar system, located approximately 410 Light Years from Earth, contains

two large water worlds. Nearly 1.3 million years ago, on Lambda Centauri's third planet, colonists from Andromeda and Eridanus founded a settlement dedicated to something quite dear to both of them - the advancement of the principles of spiritual science. Due to the nature of her atmosphere and the distance from her sun, her climate was predominantly tropical. Purple-veined, multi-hued mountain chains, some as tall as Earth's Himalayas, rose on most of her 10 small, island-like continents. Fascinating, sweetly singing birds, mammalian and reptilian life forms inhabited these exquisite locales.

The second group of colonists settled a neighboring water world four times larger in diameter and ascertained very quickly that this new home world was even more astounding than the first. Her atmosphere, blowing across the misshapen mountains that lay strewn across the surfaces of her continents, crackled and glowed with a brightness that filled this world with irrepressible energies. Soon, the Centauri, becoming aware of the extraordinariness of this world, erected a magnificent temple, similar in size and layout to those found on Sirius-B and in the constellations of Andromeda and Lyra. Priests and priestesses from the Spiritual Warrior clan on Sirius-B, and from corresponding worlds on Andromeda and Vega in the Lyran constellation, came here to honor this magnificent world and her great healing gift. The singing and glowing atmosphere of this world produced an exhilarating energy that vivified all. Here, soon after, the sacred blue dolphins of Sirius-B were introduced; their world song further intensified these wondrous healing energies. Ceremonies on this world are, in fact, profoundly connected to those celebrated on the sacred home worlds of Sirius-B. The Great Blue Lodge of Creation has often told Sirian and Andromedan priests and priestesses that this sacred spot in Centaurus is one of the most unique in the Milky Way Galaxy.

The large, outer water world in this solar system is honored as one of the main repositories of historical and cultural information for the Great Star Union of Centaurus. On this watery world covered in vast inland seas, great, swampy estuaries and low-lying mountain ranges, stands a highly regarded university and research center dedicated to the advancement of the study of spiritual sciences. From this institution, distinguished scholar/representatives often travel to the main Galactic Federation of Light institute of spiritual science and culture in the Vega system, or to other influential research institutes in Andromeda. These academics, experts in

the Centauri adaptations of galactic society, have trained millions of associates from across the galaxy and take great pride in the rich cultural diversity of Centaurus.

In this chapter, we have explored a handful of the hundreds of home worlds encompassed within the Great Star Union of Centaurus. Each one has a distinct cultural tradition and a unique history. The Centauri selected those we have described as fitting representatives of their worlds' beauty, uniqueness and diversity. The rest are equally splendid and, in their way, just as enchanting. The inhabitants of these worlds are intensely proud of them. To know more about the planets and their peoples, you will have to hear directly from the benevolent Beings who comprise the Great Star Union of Centaurus.

Physical Description

Human Centaurians closely resemble present-day Earth humans. The male is very muscular and well proportioned, and ranges from 6 to 8 feet (1.8 to 2.4 meters) in height. The female, also well-formed but less muscular, stands between 5 feet, 5 inches and 7 feet (1.65 and 2.1 meters) tall. Centaurian hair is blonde, brown, black or red. Skin color is either very dark brown or tan. Eyes, either almond-shaped or round, are brown, black, blue, green or hazel.

The body of the reptilian Centaurian is very scaly, lizardly and muscular, with variegated skin of either blue and green or red and green. The eyes are round and bulging, with reptile-like, vertical slits in either bright red or gold. The hands, narrower than those of a human, contain six digits, and end in razor-sharp, curved claws. The feet have five long toes, ending in the same curved claw as the hands. There is no tail. The female is slightly taller than the male, with a height of just under 8 feet (2.4 meters). Reptilian Centaurians require between 2 and 4 hours of sleep per day.

Renowned as consummate strategists and venerated Feder-ation Liaison Counselors, Centaurians excel at bringing together groups of very different sentient Beings and in achieving their goals peacefully and harmoniously.

The human Centaurian language is guttural and resembles German, but with an inflection similar to Chinese. The Reptilian language is extremely guttural, with sounds that are difficult for humans to imitate.

Centaurian Ships

Two types of Centaurian ships can be observed in Earth's skies. The first, an all-purpose scout, is bell-shaped with a large, lens-like, circular wing on its underside. It is nearly 30 feet (9.1 meters) high, and has a diameter of approximately 45 feet (14 meters).

The second, a command mothership, is cigar-shaped with a small bulge in its middle, and measures approximately 2,000 feet (609.6 meters) long. She serves as a carrier for 350 science liaison officers who co-ordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector quadrant to which this mothership is assigned.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Eighteen ~ The Great Star Union of Centaurus

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PART VI ~ Chapter Nineteen ~ The Star-Nation of Sabik (Eta Ophiuchi)

The Star-Nation of Sabik (Eta Ophiuchi)

Washta would tell me the detailed histories of the star-nations that he deemed important for the advancement of galactic peace and unity. One such, within the Galactic Federation, was the enduring chronicle of the Eta Ophiuchi (Sabik) people. Originally, these limited conscious reptilians had been a neutral star-nation near the outpost stations that encircle the fiercely contested Antares sector. Eventually, Sabik's reptilian society sought help from the Galactic Federation of Light, who sent a succession of colonists from Andromeda and Lyra to defend the settlement.

Over time, the humans taught the reptilians how to develop their own Light Bodies. Moreover, as the reptilian rulers grew in consciousness, they were able to adapt the rudimentary form of clan system common to all galactic societies into a modified version of the prototypical Lyran/Sirian galactic society.

Indeed, as mentioned in Chapter Fifteen, one of the major points separating the various dark empires of the Anchara Alliance from member

star-nations of the Galactic Federation is the whole matter of inhabiting Light Bodies. Wishing her people to be servants who lacked the power of thought, Anchara left them the capability to possess Light Bodies, but lacking the ability to manifest them. Instead, she created limited conscious Beings with the capacity for deep emotion, but without the knowledge to connect with Spirit. Anchara communicated with them only by physically manifesting and conversing with her priestesses. In this way, the inhabitants of Eta Ophiuchi were fully susceptible to emotional and psychological manipulation, meted out by those whom Anchara chose to rule her dark domains. These Beings, however, wished to reclaim the ability to manifest their Light Bodies and become fully conscious.

The Beings of Sabik, having attained this goal, augmented their new knowledge by creating their galactic society in a most original way. As a now-combined star-nation, they joined the Galactic Federation with two missions. First: to demonstrate how such dissimilar and even antagonistic societies can come together and co-exist in harmony, with each honoring and upholding the other's cultural distinctness. Second: to prove to their Anchara Alliance kin that the complete antithesis of their warlike and vicious lifestyles was possible indeed. They pledged to use this knowledge in the cause of freeing oppressed star-nations of the Anchara Alliance. Subsequently, they joined the Libra Regional Council, one of the Galactic Federation of Light's original 14 Regional Federation Councils. The Star-Nation of Eta Ophiuchi was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light approximately 2.8 million years ago.

I first encountered a group from the Star-Nation of Eta Ophi-uchi when I was about eleven. Under orders from the Galactic Ascended Masters Councils, a Sabik mothership had come to Earth to monitor this solar system and assess its potential for future first contact. With their flair for understanding the relationships unfolding between certain elements in our planet's societies, and using details provided by the Ascended Masters, they were able to draw up the most probable timelines for first contact. Such information was invaluable in ascertaining the rate at which Mother Earth's people were advancing toward their divine destiny.

During this lengthy evaluation, a small party of Sabik reptilian liaison counselors arrived at our Sirian mothership. It was my fourth encounter with non-human Beings. The Sabik counselors, acutely aware of my

uncertainty, immediately changed my every fear to joy. I have never forgotten the immensely tender love I felt from these Beings. I look forward to meeting them again in the future.

Often, afterwards, Washta would use that meeting to highlight the wondrous diversity of sentient life that exists throughout our galaxy and the whole of physicality. His captivating lessons and talks on the Eta Ophiuchians and the many other star-nations gave me a heightened appreciation of these galactic Beings and their kind and compassionate civilizations. The key to the Eta Ophiuchians' galactic society is the loving acceptance with which they embrace their mission, their earnest affirmation of the enormous diversity of the former Anchara Alliance, and their total spontaneity in empowering these formerly dark entities to manifest Light Bodies and create their own galactic societies.

Present Status and Location

Originally a society of neutral reptilians, Eta Ophiuchi approached the Galactic Federation of Light to establish a special human defense colony on their star-nation. As a result, human colonists were sent there from the Andromedan Confederacy and various other human star-nations in the constellation of Lyra. The Star-Nation of Eta Ophiuchi or Sabik (Arabic: 'Preceding'), about 84 Light Years from Earth, was admitted into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 2.8 million years ago.

The constellation of Ophiuchus (Greek: 'Serpent Bearer') is a major summer star-group in the night skies of your Northern Hemisphere. It is located between the constellations of Hercules (Latin: 'Strong Man'), Scorpius (Greek: 'Scorpion') and Serpens (Latin: 'Snake Man'). Ophiuchus' brightest star, Alpha Ophiuchi, is referred to in Arabic as Ras Alhague ('Head of the Snake Man').

Eta Ophiuchi (Sabik) is one of the brighter stars in the constellation of Ophiuchus. To find it, spot the vivid red giant in Scorpius, Antares (Greek: 'Rival of Mars') or Alpha Scorpi. Eta Ophiuchi is located just above Antares in the constellation of Scorpius.

Eta Ophiuchi Solar System

The solar system of Eta Ophiuchi consists of eight planets. Of the two innermost planets, one is one-eighth the size of your Earth, the other slightly larger. The smaller, inner one is barren, and bakes in the blazing energies emanating from her Sun, Se'DoQ'Gwa'Loq ('Holy Essence, Giver of Great Light'). The atmosphere of the larger one is very thin — similar, in many respects, to Earth's lone moon. Like Earth's moon, too, she is blanketed with enormous craters, and sparse, shallow lakes lie far beneath her surface. However, unlike your moon, she exhibits fantastic auroral sequences at her poles and equator. These occur when electrical discharges, emanating from the two miniature moons that collect her sun's ionic ejections, occasionally hurl them toward her surface.

The next planet, hot and with an atmosphere thicker than your own, is more amenable to life. A great many life forms exist here. Among her land creatures, reptilians of varying descriptions are predominant. Many sizes and kinds of grotesque fish, as well as abundant species of crab-like creatures, govern her seas.

The three most distant planets of the Se'DoQ'Gwa'Loq solar system have many similarities to the larger planets of your Sun's outer solar system. Unlike Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, however, they have a much more rapid rotation.

Description of Home Worlds

Eta Ophiuchi is unique in that she contains two completely different water worlds. Reptilians live on a swampy water planet, while humans inhabit one that closely resembles Mother Earth.

The first water world, fourth from their sun, is a large sphere, 8,500 miles (13,600 kilometers) in diameter, containing six immense seas and four vast continents. Called Dak'Gugj'BoQh ('Wet, Swampy Home'), this planet has six moons, the two largest of which have a thick, livable atmosphere and are half the size of Earth's moon.

Below these six moons spins a marshy, tropical planet. Each of her four continents is surrounded by low, coastal hills that spill down to wide seaside swamps and into their deepest interior. The damp, humid conditions and heavy clouds create very long rain cycles and extremely wet continental interiors. Rivers, flowing from aquifers only an eighth of a mile (less than

200 meters) below her surface, meander through inland forests that seem more like endless swamps. Hills of varying elevations dot these wetlands, creating tropical meadows that border steaming jungles. Small, lush coastline forests that originated in narrow coastal mountain chains stretch down to the sea's edge. These features, too, produce swampy areas. The air here, rich in oxygen and other vital gases, helps to support a diverse ecosystem.

The second planet, called Ja Da Singh Lah ('Joyful Place of Light'), is a more Earth-like water world. She is home to the human colony whom the original Eta Ophiuchi invited on-planet almost three million years ago. This world, the same size as her sister planet, contains seven continents, none as marshy as those on Dak'Gugj'BoQh. The temperate and semi-tropical environments to be found on these continents are home to small and extraordinary dinosaurian and reptilian life forms that compete with larger mammalian creatures.

As in all human galactic societies, the main settlements of this hollow planet are located in crystal cities beneath its surface. Here, the human Eta Ophiuchians have established their sacred and cultural sites.

Galactic Society of Eta Ophiuchi

The Beings of Eta Ophiuchi created their own unique galactic society by modifying the original six-clan Lyran/Sirian structure and adding two more clans. In such a way, they have emulated the eight-clan structure of their original reptilian inhabitants.

As in the classic model, all of these clans form their own main clan governing councils. These councils, in turn, send representatives to Eta Ophiuchi's Main Governing Council. Here, though, a significant difference: during sessions of this latter council, distinguished liaisons from the two 'new' clans serve as special presiding referees to assist council members in solving whatever problems may arise.

As you have observed with other societies within the Galactic Federation where reptilian and human groups co-exist, the Beings of Eta Ophiuchi have succeeded in creating a star-nation that is harmonious and respectful of each other's cultures.

The reptilian group, with its long history of maintaining a clan-like system, is actually almost a reptilian version of galactic society. The Beings of Eta Ophiuchi take pride in this achievement and are eager to showcase it to others.

Their major export in the galaxy is a talent for explaining to others how easily reptilians and humans can co-exist. Now they are even able to form relationships with one another. This has resulted in frequent liaison work with the Beings of Eta Draconis, and a strong bond is developing between them. There is a powerful historical connection between the human inhabitants of the Eta Ophiuchi Star-Nation and the many human colonies located in the constellation of Hercules.

Physical Description of Inhabitants

Sentient life forms in the Sabik solar system consist of its original reptilian inhabitants and a later, colonizing human species. Let us examine the physical appearance of each in turn.

To some extent, the human Eta Ophiuchian resembles the present-day Earth human. The male is powerfully built and well proportioned. The female is shapely but less muscular. Males range from nearly 6 to almost 8 feet (1.8 to 2.4 meters) in height: females stand between 5 feet, 5 inches and 7 feet, 6 inches (1.65 and 2.29 meters) tall. Skin is either very dark brown or slightly tanned, while hair is blonde, brown, black or red. Round or almond-shaped eyes can be brown, black, blue, green or hazel. Human Eta Ophiuchi need only about two hours of sleep a day.

The body of the reptilian Eta Ophiuchian is very lizardly and muscular, and bears a close resemblance to the many reptilian species in the Orion constellation. With a height of just under 8 feet (2.4 meters), the female stands slightly taller than the male. Eta Ophiuchian skin is scaly, with patches of blue and green or red and green. Its hands, narrower than a human's, have six digits that end in a razor-sharp, curved claw: the feet, with five long toes, have the same curved claw. Eyes are round and bulging, with reptile-like, vertical slits of bright red or gold. The tail is short and slender. Reptilian Eta Ophiuchians require almost four hours of sleep per day.

Eta Ophiuchians are celebrated as accomplished explorers and astute Galactic Federation Liaison Counselors. They excel at first contact missions and at bringing together vastly different sentient beings.

The human language, like Chinese, has a singsong quality, with occasional guttural sounds. By contrast, the reptilian language is extremely guttural, with many sounds that humans find difficult to imitate.

Ships of Eta Ophiuchi

Two types of Eta Ophiuchian ships can be seen in Earth's skies. The first, an all-purpose scout, is saucer-shaped with a large, lens-like, circular wing attached to its underside. It has a diameter of approximately 45 feet (14 meters) and is about 30 feet (9.1 meters) high.

The second, a command mothership, is shaped like a very slender cigar with a small bulge in its middle, and is close to 2,000 feet (more than 608 meters) long. She serves as a carrier for 350 science liaison officers who coordinate the preliminary analysis of data from the sector quadrant to which this mother-ship is assigned.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Twenty ~ The Star-Nation of Tau Ceti

The Star-Nation of Tau Ceti

Washta, my Galactic Federation of Light guide and mentor, would delight in explaining to me the importance of Love and divine service. He said that, through devotion to the Creator and the divine plan, your True Self, your galactic society and your present physical essence are capable of fully expressing and graciously honoring your true life purpose. Thus, it is possible for you, at any one time, to determine your life's course and to make the right choices in achieving your goals. By connecting you to your creative abilities, this manifested inner purpose allows you to devise imaginative solutions to any possible problem. It also frees you to use your

true talents to manifest new ideas, produce beautiful art and discover great inventions. One star-nation that has honed this process to its highest degree is the Star-Nation of Tau Ceti.

During one of his lessons, Washta introduced me to several Tau Ceti engineers, assigned as liaisons to the various work groups that oversaw the Sirian mothership's power plant and other navigational devices. They were part of an exchange program between Sirius-B and the many star-nations she had helped to colonize.

Tela, the head of this liaison group, was an engineer, trained on his home world of Tau Ceti and later on Sirius-B. He and his closeness, Jada, another group member, willingly answered my questions about Love and divine service. Our discussion centered on their Tau Ceti home world of Agada, which means 'divine Love'. Its inhabitants were taught that the divine connections with your True Self are precious and that this inner Love leads to a graceful divine Love, the 'heart' of Tau Ceti society.

The Tau Ceti civilization was centered on the creation of methods that would enhance the applications of 'divine Love' within a galactic society. 'Divine Love' could assist any galactic society in carrying out its responsibilities to its inhabitants, to its society as a whole, to its solar system and to the Milky Way Galaxy. Indeed, entire institutes, highly honored by the Galactic Federation of Light, had been established to teach methods of achieving greater resonance with this sacred process.

Status and Location

The Star-Nation of Tau Ceti, which is about 11.8 Light Years from Earth, was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light nearly 2.5 million years ago. Originally, Tau Ceti was a star-nation of neutral, bear-like mammals. Approximately 2.4 million years ago, they approached the Galactic Federation of Light to ask that a special human defense colony from the constellation of Hercules be located on the fourth planet of their system.

The constellation of Cetus (Greek: 'Whale') is a major autumn star-cluster in the night sky of your Northern Hemisphere. Cetus is located between the constellations of Pisces (Latin: 'Fish'), Aries (Latin: 'Ram')

and Eridanus (Greek: 'River'). Its brightest star is Beta Ceti or Diphda, which in Arabic means 'Frog'.

To find Tau Ceti, a sun-like star in the constellation of Cetus, scan the southern region of the autumn sky for the bright star in Piscis Austrinus (Latin: 'Southern Fish'), Fomalhaut (Arabic: 'Mouth of the Fish'). To the immediate left of Fomalhaut is the bright star, Diphda, which forms part of the whale's head. To Diphda's lower left is another, slightly darker star: Tau Ceti.

Tau Cetean Solar System

The solar system of Tau Ceti or Lakwedak ('Light of Salvation') consists of twelve planets, with, as in most solar systems, the two smallest closest to the sun and the largest farthest away. The two innermost planets, one-quarter the size of your Earth, have no atmosphere.

The fifth planet from the Tau Ceti sun is slightly more hospitable to life. Hot and semi-arid by nature, she is barely larger than Earth, and possesses an atmosphere similar to your own. Eight interlaced oceans surround her four spacious continents. Within her diverse ecosystem, reptiles and insects predominate on land, while a fascinating array of fishes control the seas. Strange species of flora and fauna that exist and thrive here are found nowhere else in this solar system.

The Lakwedak solar system's three outmost planets are 'gas giants' that in many ways resemble the large planets of your Sun's outer solar system. Like your Jupiter, these gas giants' atmospheres display irregularities, such as bright blue and purple spots. The tenth and eleventh worlds are encircled by a system of rings even more complex than those of Saturn.

Description of Home Worlds

Tau Ceti has two main home worlds: a lush forest planet and a true water world. The first, third from the sun, is noted for its magnificent woodlands and beautiful mountains. Known as Hashabha ('Forest Home'), she is 8,500 miles (13,600 kilometers) in diameter. Hashabha has four moons, the largest two of which have a thick, livable atmosphere and are almost three-quarters the size of Mother Earth's moon. After special scientific stations were

established on Hashabha, both of these moons quickly became influential centers of science research for the Tau Ceti government.

The planet below them is lush and beautiful. Hashabha consists of five spacious continents surrounded by seven broad oceans. Rimmed by the broken remnants of many coastal mountain ranges, the interiors of her continents are covered in verdant woodlands and occasional large, grassy meadows. Rivers flow from the planet's interior aquifers to her surface and meander through huge inland forests. Still other rivers have their origins in tangled chains of mountain lakes that are part of a vast inland waterway. The air, rich in oxygen and other vital gases, supports a remarkably diverse and vibrant ecosystem.

Owing to her enormous beauty and her inhabitants' deep and boundless Love for her, this planet has become a sought-after ritual center. Temple sites are scattered across her continents. An imposing settlement on the largest continent, known as Hakhabalah ('Spiritual Navel of the World'), is located at the exact center node of the planet. Priests and priestesses of the bear-people of Tau Ceti come here to serve their world and demonstrate their immense Love for her.

The second home world, called Wa-Ta-Ma-Kka ('Spiritual Water Land'), is a true water world. She is somewhat larger than the first and contains seven continents: of these, three are almost as luxuriant as those of Hashabha. Moreover, three continents enclose inland seas that cleave their interiors, and a wide-ranging system of rivers that descends from the low-lying mountains flanking these oceans and flows toward vast interior seas. More than two million years ago, a human colony was established on this planet. A main ritual settlement on the third largest continent is crowded with temples, building complexes and schools of higher learning that concentrate on the history and culture of both Tau Ceti peoples.

Tau Cetean Galactic Society

The Beings of Tau Ceti have created their own unique eight-clan galactic society, a modification of the original six Lyran/Sirian clans: Spiritual Warrior; Administration; Science; Science Engineering; Life Sciences; and Life Sciences Engineering. In a departure from the classic Lyran/Sirian example, the Beings of Wa-Ta-Ma-Kka added two more clans. The first,

known as the Cultural History clan, has to do with the creation of cultural unity within an extremely diverse society. The purpose of this clan, a modification of the cultural tradition and history clans in the 12-clan Andromeda prototype, is to make possible the bringing together of Tau Ceti's two sentient Beings. The second clan (Divine Service) develops ways to demonstrate that each task one performs is an expression of her/his divine service. That is, the clan presides over the development and application of the grace that comes of knowing exactly how the individual should manifest her/his divine service.

Mirroring the classic model, each of these clans forms its own main clan governing council. They, in turn, send representatives to Tau Ceti's Main Governing Council. Herein lies yet another difference from the traditional Lyran/Sirian model: during sessions of its governing assembly, distinguished liaisons from the Divine Service clan act as special presiding referees, enabling members of the main governing council to discover that each proposal or act is really part of their individual or collective divine service, thus solving or circumventing whatever problems may arise.

Clearly, the Beings of Tau Ceti have succeeded in amalgamating contradictory components from the Lyran/Sirian and Andromedan models. Their astonishing proficiency has brought them great acclaim from across the Milky Way. In effect, the Tau Ceteans have combined the Andromedan ability to create unity out of diversity with two remarkable Sirian traits - a wondrous spirituality and a celebrated sense of personal and shared spiritual loyalty and divine service to the Great Blue Lodge of Creation.

For these and other reasons, the Beings of Tau Ceti are distinguished for what they refer to as their gracious exercise of divine service. Galactic societies throughout the galaxy often ask the liaisons and counselors of Tau Ceti to explain their discoveries, and are extremely happy to call upon them whenever needed.

Tau Cetean Purpose

Tau Ceteans excel as navigators and pilots and have developed many types of technologically advanced ships for the Galactic Federation's Science & Exploration (S&E) fleets. The Tau Ceteans' highest mission is to understand the philosophy underlying construction of every Galactic

Federation ship or vessel and the reasons for the Federation's S & E fleets, and to convey their findings to former member star-nations of the Anchara Alliance.

That philosophy is based upon Love and divine service. Therefore, every Galactic Federation of Light ship is a living, Loving Being in divine service to her crew and her divine mission. This is especially true with regard to the mission of first contact, in which the S & E fleet's tasks are to explore and work with galactic and local Spiritual Hierarchies to spread Light throughout this galaxy.

This is in stark contrast to Anchara Alliance ships, which often were either mechanical, or of an organic nature that was under their commander's complete control. Thus, ship and crew were subjected to the whims and dictates of their leader. The liaisons and teachers of Tau Ceti are endeavoring to explain these differences to former Alliance members.

Why does the Galactic Federation of Light explore? Why does it assist star-nations in completing first contact? This course of action makes possible the expansion of the Galactic Federation of Light. It also allows even the darkest souls of the former Anchara Alliance to join the Galactic Federation and encourages them, as new members, to achieve their highest potential.

The Galactic Federation of Light knows the infinite potential of each star-nation in the former Anchara Alliance. Tau Ceteans realize that, as the Beings who have joined the Galactic Federation most recently grow toward the Light, they are prepared to offer up innovations of all kinds. The Tau Ceteans honor this point of view, and consider their participation in this process their primary concern. It is also the fulfillment of their divine service to the Milky Way Galaxy and to our Creator.

Physical Description of Inhabitants

Galactic humans of Tau Ceti bear a close resemblance to humans of the constellation of Hercules. Among Tau Ceti humans, there are three predominant skin colors: brown and reddish-brown, and dark and light shades of red and green.

The hair of brown-skinned humans ranges from light brown to copper, or black to red-orange. Eye color ranges from green and blue to brown and

gray. Males are very well proportioned and stand between about 7 and 8.5 feet (2.13 and 2.59 meters) tall. Women are slightly shorter, ranging from just over 6.5 feet to almost 8 feet (1.98 to 2.40 meters) in height.

The hair of green-skinned Tau Ceti humans varies from light green to blonde or brown: their eyes may be green, hazel or steel blue. They have the same relative heights as brown-skinned humans. Red-skinned humans have red, orange or blonde hair and red, brown or dark blue eyes. They, too, are the same size as the other two Tau Ceti human types. In all cases, females are quite full bosomed.

The other mammals of Tau Ceti are huge, furry Beings with bear-like bodies covered in brown, black or light golden brown fur and small, furry tails. Their heads are shaped like those of bears, but with smaller muzzles. The teeth look more like those of a galactic human than of Earth bears. The eyes, set forward on the head and similar to those of humans, are brown, blue or black. The ears, which resemble those of Earth's bears, are positioned just above the eyes at the sides of the head.

(See Figures 12a and 12b below: A typical Tau Cetean.)

Because this highly sentient Tau Cetean Being walks on two legs, it has a higher center of gravity than bears found on Earth. Its two muscular arms have paw-like hands and five stubby, clawed fingers. Very muscular legs end in extremely small feet with five short, thick toes each. These bear-like Beings range from 9 to 12 feet (2.74 to 3.66 meters) tall. Both species of sentient Beings require only about one to two hours of sleep per day.

The bear-like Beings of Hashabha have adopted a unique series of layered robes worn over flowing, multi-colored blouses. Ornamental braiding, special graphic designs and distinctive command colors worn on the garment's shoulder distinguish rank and insignia.

The Beings of Wa-Ta-Ma-Kka have chosen a style of dress that avoids the Sirian filmy short and ankle-length clothes trimmed in ribbons and other indications of standing or honor. Instead, their traditional garments consist of sheer, billowing pants topped with gossamer waist- or knee-length shirts. Following the Sirian design, these outfits adhere to clan colors. And, instead of ribbons or epaulettes, special geometrical designs on the shoulder indicate rank and commendations.

Aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft, a one-piece jumpsuit, which adheres to Galactic Federation uniform dress codes, is worn. Normally, it is

worn only when the crew consists of members of several different Galactic Federation of Light star-nations, such as on Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets assigned to a first contact mission.

The inhabitants of Tau Ceti are celebrated for their expertise in designing some of the most advanced ships in the Galactic Federation's exploration fleets. They are also considered some of the best pilots and navigators in the galaxy.

The human Tau Ceti language is very guttural and resembles German or Arabic. The bear-like Beings' language sounds somewhat the same, but with a much deeper gutturalism.

Ships of Tau Ceti

Tau Ceti scout ships are huge plasma craft, roughly 200 to 250 feet (61 to 76.2 meters) long, and are easily recognizable by their diamond-like shapes.

Their interstellar and intergalactic motherships, which usually serve as Galactic Federation of Light Science and Exploration (S&E) fleet command ships during first contact expeditions, are shaped like stacks of blood cells 20 to 50 layers high and measure between 4 and 44 miles (6.44 and 70.94 kilometers) in diameter.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Twenty-One ~ The Star-Nation of Procyon

The Star-Nation of Procyon (Pro-see-on)

Often, Washta would enthrall me with details of the inhabitants of Alpha Canis Minoris (Procyon) and their beginnings in the Galactic Federation. Originally, this was a mixed group, consisting of amphibian/reptilian refugees in flight from the pitiless galactic wars being waged in the constellation of Cancer, and a sizable human settlement from Sirius-B. These pioneers were forced to reach immediate agreements that would allow them to survive, and their new colonies to exist and thrive in safety. A series of understandings resulted, enabling the two groups of colonists to endure, and producing a string of commitments that were to serve, at a later date, as the basis for the future star-nation.

These events, which set in motion a series of precedents that involved refugees from former Anchara Alliance star empires, allowed the new Sirian colonists the chance to carry out their goal of establishing a new colony. In so doing, they were able to interact amicably with individuals and groups from the Anchara Alliance. Indeed, as a result of this prolonged collaboration, the refugees made two requests of the human colonists. First: would it be possible for their species to inhabit Light Bodies? Second: would the human colonists assist them in creating a galactic society that would enable them to express their unique culture and life style?

Over the course of two million years, these former fugitives from Anchara's dark Draconian Empire learned how to manifest their own Light Bodies. In so doing, they became, millions of years ago, one of the first realms in the Galactic Federation of Light to form a new, hybrid (amphibian/reptilian and human) star-nation.

Having succeeded in their quest, the Beings of Procyon swore to use this new knowledge to liberate the oppressed star-nations of the Anchara Alliance. This pledge, in fact, had been one of the major reasons underlying

their joining of the Galactic Federation. As members, they belonged to one of the original 14 Regional Federation Councils — the Sirian Regional Council. The Star-Nation of Procyon was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light approximately 3.78 million years ago.

I was about ten when I first encountered a group of planetary scientists from the Star-Nation of Alpha Canis Minoris (Pro-cyon). A Procyon mothership had come to Earth's solar system to evaluate each of its planets. Part of this assignment included the drafting of a series of timetables for each of several scenarios decreed by Earth's Ascended Masters. The Beings of Alpha Canis Minoris, renowned throughout the Galactic Federation as esteemed planetary scientists and brave explorers, designed timelines most likely to fulfill their specific objectives. In this way, Procyon's inhabitants provided information that the Galactic Federation and Sirian mothership's scientists found extremely useful in assessing how quickly Mother Earth would be able to reach her divine destiny.

In the course of this solar system evaluation, a handful of amphibian/reptilian scientists from Procyon appeared at the Sirian mothership. It was another of my early encounters with non-human Beings, and I was understandably apprehensive. The group from Procyon, sensing this, enveloped me in their benevolent and unwavering Love. We enjoyed a brief chat about Earth humans' unfortunate fear of the unknown, and said good-bye. I have never forgotten that meeting, or the sense of infinite Love that emanated from those Beings.

Time and again, Washta would use this meeting as an example of the unimaginable diversity of sentient life in our galaxy, and throughout physicality. His captivating lessons and dialogues on the Procyon Star-Nation, and others, gave me an acute ap-preciation of these Beings and their compassionate civilizations. The key to Procyon's galactic society is their unconditional willingness to accept, as their mission, the enormous multiplicity of the former Anchara Alliance, and their readiness to support these previously dark Beings in creating Light Bodies and fully adapting to membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

Status and Location

Amphibian/reptilian refugees from the constellation of Cancer ('Crab') and human colonists from Alpha Canis Majoris (Sirius-B) first settled Procyon nearly 3.9 million years ago. Almost 3.8 million years ago, the Star-Nation of Alpha Canis Minoris (Procyon) was welcomed into the Galactic Federation of Light.

The star Alpha Canis Minoris is also known as Procyon, which, in Greek, means 'Before the Dog'. She is also known by her amphibian/reptilian inhabitants as 'Sak'Qok'Dapk' ('Sacred Place of Refuge') and by her Sirian human citizens as 'Lamabha' ('Light of the Soul'). Procyon is the brightest star in Canis Minor ('Lesser Dog'), and is located approximately 11.4 Light Years from Earth.

On a winter night in the Northern Hemisphere, you will see the constellation of Canis Minor to the immediate northeast of Orion ('Hunter'), and between Cancer ('Crab'), Canis Major ('Greater Dog') and Gemini ('Twins'). Orion's familiar shape often serves as a pointer by which to locate other stars and star-groups. The constellation of Orion is situated between those of Taurus ('Bull') and Canis Major ('Big Dog'), and just below that of Auriga ('Charioteer').

The easiest way to observe the bright blue star, Procyon, is simply to locate the Belt of Orion, the row of three brilliant stars at the center of Orion. Above the Belt are two of its stars, Betelgeuse and Bellatrix. They point to Procyon, which lies directly to their east. Immediately below Procyon you will find Sirius, the brightest star in the evening sky.

Procyon's Solar System

Alpha Canis Minoris (Procyon) is a binary star. Her solar system, Procyon-A, consists of six worlds, the smallest planets being closest to the sun and the largest farthest away. The innermost planet is one-eighth the size of your Earth. Her extremely thin atmosphere glows dimly because of constant discharges from her sun, 'Sak'Qok'Dapk' ('Sacred Place of Refuge'), which renew this atmosphere and also maintain her strange, aura-like glows.

The next world is more congenial to life. She is nearly the same size as Earth and has an atmosphere similar to your own. This planet is hot and semi-arid, with four large continents and eight small seas. Soaring mountain

ranges extend, north to south, through the interiors of two continents. Her ecosystem is exceptionally varied: reptiles are her predominant land creatures, while her seas are governed by great, primeval fish encased in scaly armor, and by curious crab-like creatures. The Beings of Procyon-A value this desert world for its biological diversity and occasionally live here.

The final two outlying planets in the Sak'Qok'Dapk solar system are 'gas giants' that closely resemble the large planets of your Sun's outer solar system. Unlike them, however, those of Sak'Qok'Dapk have congealed atmospheres enshrouded in large, multicolored geometric shapes, and spin more rapidly.

Description of Home Worlds

Alpha Canis Minoris (Procyon-A) has two main home worlds. One, third from the sun, is called Qam'Saq'Deqq ('Safe, Beautiful Place'). A large water planet, she is part semi-arid, part green and luxuriant. She measures 9,800 miles (15,700 kilometers) in diameter, and has six moons, the four largest of which have a thick, livable atmosphere and are about the size of Earth's moon. As a planet, she enjoys a diverse and lively environment, and contains twelve interconnected seas and eight continents.

While six of the continents are largely dry, the other two are exceedingly lush and contain many large inland and coastal swamps. Their air is rich in oxygen and other life-supporting gases. Despite the predominantly moistureless landscape on six of her continents, a diverse ecosystem exists on this world, and amphibian/reptilian Beings make their home here.

The second home world, fourth from Lamabha ('Light of the Soul'), abounds in water. Known as Hawatamah ('Wondrous Wet Land'), this planet, the same size as the first, contains seven continents. Two are as dry and barren as those on Qam'Saq'Deqq. The other five, however, encompass vast inland seas that shatter the isolation of their interiors. A chain of rivers flows from the central mountain ranges that border these mini-oceans' shores. Here, at the planet's key nodal points, stand many small temple compounds.

Natural wonders — extensive tracts of giant trees, intermingled with sweeping meadows and lofty, red and blue, purple-streaked mountains —

blanket the planet's interior. Astounding species of amphibians, reptiles, birds and mammals inhabit this magnificent ecosystem.

Procyon's Galactic Society

Procyon's inhabitants are skilled in the discovery and accommodation of different species and in the integration of different groups, no matter how dissimilar they may be in language and culture. The humans of Procyon-A first recognized this gift after they had successfully assimilated refugees from the former Draconian Empire into their galactic society. Their increasing expertise in this field has made it possible for the Galactic Federation to more easily integrate its highly diversified members into an effortlessly-operating whole. This, in turn, has contributed to first contacts involving a multitude of previously neutral star-nations. Therefore, and because of the skills of its inhabitants, a great many of them have originated in Procyon-A.

Physical Description of Inhabitants

The Procyon star system consists of two types of sentient Beings. The first is a pure Lyran/Sirian humanoid. Like those on Sirius-B, these individuals are either blue- or white-skinned, and are fully conscious. Procyon amphibian/reptilian hybrids are slightly taller than its humans and have green, brown or blue skin.

Galactic humans of Procyon resemble typical Lyran/Sirians. They look much like humans on Earth, with two major differences. First: their eyes, which range through shades of blue, green and brown, are much larger and more alert, while their two ears, smaller than those of humans, are joined to the head at a slightly lower level. Second: the top and back of their heads are enlarged to accommodate a greater brain capacity. Like other Lyran/Sirian humans, Procyon males stand between 6 feet, 6 inches (1.83 meters) and 7 feet, 4 inches (2.24 meters) in height. Their females are well endowed and range from 6 feet, 4 inches (1.93 meters) to almost 7 feet (2.13 meters) tall. Procyon humans require only about one to two hours of sleep per day.

Her amphibian/reptilian Beings possess lizard-like bodies covered with scaly skin. The head is almost round and in proportion to the rest of the

body, while the neck is short and well defined. Wide-set bulging brown, yellow or red eyes rest on either side of a very thin, ridged nose that ends in two slit-like nostrils. The eyes move independently of each other. Ears are small, 2-inch (5-centimeter) ovals set just behind each eye: the mouth is a thin-lipped slit extending from ear to ear.

The body and appendages of the amphibian/reptilian are very muscular. It has four thin, nail-less fingers and three long, sharply clawed toes. The stunted tail looks like a small bump at the base of the spine. Females are slightly larger than males and range from 7 to 8 feet (2.13 to 2.44 meters) tall. The more compact males stand between 7 feet and 7 feet, 8 inches (2.13 and 2.34 meters) in height. Amphibian/reptilians need no more than three or four hours of sleep per day.

The clothes of Procyon-A's inhabitants are sheer, flowing, short and ankle-length robes adorned with ribbons and other symbols of rank or high office. Filmy blouses, either knee- or waist-length, are worn over the top. Following the Sirian precedent, they take the colors of their respective clan.

The outfit worn aboard Galactic Federation spacecraft is a one- or two-piece jumpsuit. Normally, the one-piece style is worn only when there is a mixed crew consisting of several Federation star-nations, as, for example, on Science and Exploration (S&E) fleets assigned to a first contact mission. This one-piece ensemble adheres to the uniform requirements of Galactic Federation dress codes.

The Beings of Procyon, well known as gifted scientists and avid explorers, have led many successful expeditions into previously unexplored sectors of this and other galaxies.

The human Procyon language is very melodious and has few guttural sounds. Amphibian/reptilian speech is much the same, but contains many more guttural nuances.

Ships of Procyon

There are two kinds of Procyon scout craft. One resembles a large teardrop and the other, a giant beetle. They measure between 45 and 200 feet (13.72 and 61 meters) in diameter.

Their deep space motherships look like either huge snowflakes or enormous jellyfish, and extend from 100 to 4,000 miles (161 to 6,440

kilometers) in length.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Twenty-One ~ The Star-Nation of Procyon

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PART VI ~ Chapter Twenty-Two ~ The Confederation of Fomalhaut

The Confederation of Fomalhaut

(Fo-mal-ought)

Washta reveled in frequent discussions surrounding the curious beginnings of the inhabitants of Alpha Pisces Austrini (Fomal-haut). Their solar system, originally a refuge, had later served as a battleground for a mixed group — a band of Pleiadean rebels fleeing the large Draconian Empire fleet that had destroyed their settlements and, 50,000 years later, a smaller cluster of dinosaurian/reptilians escaping the savagery of the galactic wars in the constellation of Orion. Finally, nearly 20,000 years ago, following a prolonged period of intermittent wars, a truce was signed. As a result of that ‘truce’, a series of agreements made possible the survival of both groups of colonists and solidified the ‘contracts’ that later would serve as the basis for a future star confederation.

With that final accord and its peaceful dénouement, precedents were established regarding refugees from former Anchara Alliance star empires, as well as from the Pleiades and the Galactic Federation. With the signing of the treaty, the two colonies became one. By embracing a societal model that combined the most delicate subtleties of each culture, the resultant neutral star-nation formed a society similar, in many ways, to that of Altair.

However, the Fomalhautans’ perception of neutrality was quite different from that of the Altairians. Like Altair, they encouraged both sides to foster harmonious relations. Nonetheless, the Fomal-hautans yearned to join the Galactic Federation, a longing that was intensified by the number of conflicts being waged around them. When, finally, Anchara approached the Alliance to bring an end to these pointless wars, the Fomalhautans were quick to request membership in the Galactic Federation of Light.

I had my first meeting with a group of planetary scientists from the Confederation of Alpha Piscis Austrini (Fomalhaut) sixteen years ago. Beings from their world were renowned across the Galactic Federation as highly regarded scientists and intrepid explorers. A Fomalhaut mothership had arrived here to assess the physical and spiritual status of each planet in Earth's solar system. Their assignment included the drafting of possible timetables for first contact, as well as the drawing up of a preliminary schedule for the 'terra-forming' of Mars and Venus.

Their expertise made it possible for them to design the most probable schedule for their specific objectives. Using these invaluable data, Galactic Federation scientists were able to assess the rate at which Mother Earth would advance toward her divine destiny.

In the course of this appraisal, a small group of dinosaurian/reptilian scientists from Fomalhaut arrived at the Sirian mother-ship on which Washta and I were passengers. This would be one of my last major encounters with non-human Beings. Sensing my agitation, the Fomalhautans engulfed me in their gracious and never-failing Love. We chatted briefly about the current state of the solar system, and then parted. I will always remember this fateful meeting with such marvelous Beings.

Later, Washta would return often to this meeting as an ex-ample of the infinite variety of sentient life, in this galaxy and throughout physicality. His memorable talks and our subsequent conversations on Fomalhaut and other similar star-nations gave me a heartfelt appreciation for these galactic Beings and their benevolent societies.

Present Status and Location

The Confederation of Fomalhaut (Alpha Piscis Austrini) is a two-member neutral star-nation that joined the Galactic Federation of Light about seven years ago. Approximately 250,000 years ago, a gang of human rebels arrived from the Pleiades to colonize her. Fifty thousand years later, a smaller dinosaurian/reptilian band from Bellatrix (Gamma Orion) arrived. For many years, the two groups waged a series of mutually destructive wars until about 20,000 years ago, having made their peace, they formed this Confederation.

The star Alpha Piscis Austrini is also known as Fomalhaut, which, in Arabic, means 'Mouth of the Fish'. Her dinosaurian/reptilian inhabitants refer to her as 'Sak'Koq'Lapq' ('Given Place of Refuge'), while the descendants of her former Pleiadean colonists call her 'Khalamah' ('Sacred Light'). Fomalhaut, the brightest star in Piscis Austrinus (Latin: 'Southern Fish') and the 17th brightest star in the sky, is located approximately 25 Light Years from Earth.

On a spring night in the Southern Hemisphere, the constellation of Piscis Austrinus is located immediately beneath and between those of Aquarius (Greek: 'Water Carrier') and Capricornus (Greek: 'Goat'). Precisely below it is the constellation of Grus (Latin: 'Grane'): beside it is that of Microscopium (Latin: 'Microscope').

To observe Fomalhaut, locate the famous magic square of Pegasus and then find the two bright stars that form the square's north-south side. In a straight line above these two, you will see a blazing white star. It is Fomalhaut.

Fomalhaut Solar System

The solar system of Alpha Piscis Austrini (Fomalhaut), like most solar systems in this galaxy, has eight planets, the smallest closest to the sun and the largest, most distant. Fomalhaut's dinosaurian/reptilian inhabitants refer to her as Mok'Qa'FpQ ('Light of Sacred Life'), while the humans living on her third and fourth worlds call her Lamadha. The innermost planet is barren and one-sixth the size of your Earth. Constant discharges from her white sun cast a dim glow that permeates her extremely thin, ionized atmosphere.

The fifth planet, nearly twice the size of Earth, is more hospitable, and possesses an atmosphere similar to your own. Hot and semi-arid, she contains eight large continents mostly blanketed in a patchwork of high coastal mountain ranges and far-flung deserts, and surrounded by twelve seas. Towering mountain ranges extend through the interior of five continents. Broad, sun-baked plains cover the other three landmasses: two of these are more expansive than Earth's Sahara. This planet, whose desert ecosystem is surprisingly varied, supports a colorful array of reptilian,

dinosaurian and insectian life, as well as some fascinating plant species. In her seas are large numbers of fish, vaguely reminiscent of the primitive life forms from Earth's Age of Fishes.

The three remaining outer planets in the Alpha Piscis Austrini solar system are gas giants. Like the majority of this type of planet in our galaxy, they are noted for their banded, gelated atmospheres filled with large, geometric multi-colored anomalies, which range from large 'spots' to vast, interconnected, multi-sized patterns.

Description of Home World

About 200,000 years ago, this sphere, called 'Mok'Qa'SIQ' ('Place of Life') by her dinosaurian/reptilian inhabitants, was first settled by colonists from the constellation of Orion. Measuring almost 6,000 miles (9,600 kilometers) in diameter, she contains eight oceans and five huge continents. She has a three-layer firmament that supports an ecosystem renowned for its diversity of reptilian, amphibian, dinosaurian and other unusual aquatic life forms.

Generally, this home world has a semi-tropical climate and is cooler only at the poles. Like all other planets, Mok'Qa'SIQ is a hollow sphere whose inner environment is inhabited, even for this ecosystem, by some very peculiar creatures. The 400 million Beings of this world live in special, populous cities scattered across the inner planet.

This large water world has a highly oxygenated atmosphere that is recognizable by its purple tint. Her skies swarm with billions of fantastic, dinosaurian birds and other flying creatures, such as an enormous, bat-like reptilian. Three of her continents, like those of some other worlds in this galaxy, are famous for their wide meadows of wildly colored grasses. Her other continents are noteworthy for their broad mountain ranges, dense jungles or thick forests and vast inland seas.

Pleiadean human colonists settled the third planet approximately 250,000 years ago. Called Erpa ('Home World'), she measures 9,000 miles (14,000 kilometers) in diameter — slightly larger than Earth — and has four moons. Across Erpa's largely unspoiled surface are scattered a series of temple sites, surrounded by small communities of 6,000 souls. Each settlement supports the temple site and constantly monitors the major node

located at its exact center. There, ritual, which may include chant, dance and spiritually animating music, is performed each day.

The atmosphere of Erpa's semi-tropical water world is similar to that of Mother Earth. Her six diversely sized continents are surrounded by twelve boundless seas. Distinctive surface features cover them, including great mountain-walls; impenetrable jungles; sweeping, grassy plains; towering coastal mountain ranges; endless deserts and undulating meadows. Embraced within the ring of this fascinating topographical mix lie a series of enormous, inland seas. Erpa's diverse ecosystem includes flora and fauna common to most of this galaxy.

The fourth planet, Khapa ('Land of Spirit'), bears a vague resemblance to your own. Measuring 8,000 miles (12,800 kilo-meters) in diameter, Khapa consists of a wide ocean encompassing six immense, interconnected islands that vary in length from 2,300 miles (3,700 kilometers) to 3,000 miles (4,800 kilometers). Her surface resembles Erpa's in its physical geography. She is particularly noted for her extensive jungles, which teem with some of the most bizarre classes of insects in this sector of the galaxy. However, unlike the other water world, Khapa's aquatic life forms are extremely diverse, representing a broad spectrum of fish, dinosaurian, reptilian and mammalian species.

Erpa is home to the headquarters for the Confederation of Fomalhaut. In its inner world capital, established nearly 20,000 years ago, two very different founding races have joined together to build a unified star-nation that has endured through the ages.

Fomalhautan Society and Its Contribution to the Galactic Federation of Light

By merging the best points of galactic human society to those of the clan-like dinosaurian/reptilian one, the Fomalhautans have created a culture that works. Although they were unable, initially, to grasp how their culture could conform to that of the Galactic Federation of Light, the process of first contact changed their minds, making them enthusiastic adherents of what the Galactic Federation represents.

The Fomalhautan Confederation closely interacts with liaison groups that have been sent to the Andromeda Galaxy. They are teaching Beings in the

Galactic Federation of Light to help people understand first contact, especially when it involves a neutral non-Federation state. That is to say, exactly how can a special culture, with its own unique technical skills, become comfortably a part of the Galactic Federation?

This is an important consideration because many neutral states, initially, feared both the galactic wars and their affiliation with the Galactic Federation. In actual fact, the Fomalhautans have given Galactic Federation liaisons an understanding of how first contact applies to neutral star-nations; the best way to approach neutral states eager to join the Galactic Federation; and techniques for establishing liaisons that can successfully carry out that first contact.

Physical Description

Fomalhaut humans are of two very distinct body types. One closely resembles the so-called 'Nordic' type of ET and is usually blonde with bright blue, hazel or steel-gray eyes. Men of this ilk are muscular and stand approximately six feet (1.85 meters) tall. Their women are well favored, and range from about five feet, six inches to slightly under six feet (1.63 to 1.83 meters) in height. The second type has darker, almost tanned-looking skin, and dark hair with brown, gray or black eyes. They have the same relative height and appearance as the first-mentioned Nordic group. Both classes require between 2 and 4 hours of sleep per day.

The dinosaurian/reptilian inhabitants of the Confederation of Fomalhaut are hybrids who originated from the star Bellatrix in Orion. Typically, they are very scaly and bony. The upper head is surrounded by a large, bony crest and the eyes are large and set forward just above and to either side of a very small nose. The mouth is characterized by thin lips that extend from one side of the head to the other. The non-existent ears are recognizable only by an extra-smooth, 3-inch (7.62 cm) circle on either side of the head and just behind the eyes. The large eyes, resembling those of Earth's reptiles, are either red or dull yellow. The skin is scaly, like that of a crocodile, and can be green, yellow, brown or red. A small, bony crest stretches up the middle of the back and connects to a larger crest on the crown of the head.

This Being is a biped. Its hands are thin with six long, clawed fingers, and its feet have five toes that each end in a small, knifelike claw. The tail is very short and thick like a crocodile's, and reaches only to the feet. On this planet, the male is shorter than the female. Bellatrician-like males stand between 8 and 10 feet (2.44 and 3 meters) tall, while female height ranges from 8.5 to 10.25 feet (2.6 to 3.12 meters). They require between 4 and 6 hours of sleep per day.

Beings in the Confederation of Fomalhaut are noted for their expertise in all scientific endeavors. Currently, the first major Science and Exploration Team sent to the Andromeda Galaxy, 2 million Light Years from our own, consists largely of personnel from Fomalhaut.

The human Fomalhaut language sounds both lyrical and guttural, while the dinosaurian/reptilian tongue is more guttural.

Ships of the Fomalhaut Confederation

The scout ships of human Fomalhautans are egg-shaped, like a water drop that is about to fall from a tap, and measure 60 to 85 feet (18.3 to 26 meters) in diameter.

Their motherships, shaped like huge, multi-layered cigars, range between 2 and 1,200 miles (3.2 and 1,920 kilometers) across.

Scout ships of Fomalhaut's dinosaurian/reptilian Beings are shaped like huge beetles and are approximately 100 feet (30.5 meters) in diameter.

Their motherships are notable for their amoeba-like shape, and measure between 8 and 900 miles (13 to 14,400 kilo-meters) across.

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PART VI ~ Chapter Twenty-Two ~ The Confederation of Fomalhaut

Afterword

Afterword

The Beings described in this volume were transmitted to me in a most unusual way. Those of you who have read my book, "Your First Contact", know that I have a series of implants that act as a sort of holographic television. They are the means by which I obtain information for my

updates on PAO's website. For this book, the committee involved in these 'broadcasts' consisted of at least three Beings from each of the star-nations represented in the twenty-two chapters of this work. Every one of them provided me with their unique energies. Those with whom I had rarely worked proved to be the most physically demanding. In many cases, I was subjected to painful alignments that made it extremely difficult to type out the knowledge given me. In an effort to remedy this situation, I was aided by a marvelous healer from Arcturus named Supa who balanced and maintained my alignment during each session with the twenty-two star-nations involved. Without her constant help, the volume that you have just read could not have been written. However, the difficulties that I encountered were confirmation of the severe emotional and physical discord that continues to seethe within us concerning many inhabitants of former member-worlds of the Anchara Alliance. These Beings inflicted grievous harm upon the many star-nations of the Galactic Federation of Light and its predecessors. Now, the thought forms created by these previous encounters need to be transformed and new, positive thought forms added that can aid us in our future meetings with these many, newer members of the Galactic Federation of Light.

The purpose of this book is to prepare you for a coming first contact with these Beings. In working on it, I also noticed that much of my initial apprehension had dissipated by the time I edited my first manuscript. It was as if I became a kind of sounding board for how best to alleviate the thoughts and many bodily discomforts that I had observed at the beginning of this project. It was interesting, too, to notice how surprised each former group of the Anchara Alliance was by my original deep reactions and how sincerely they wished to redress them. As a result, with the help of Supa, they made a series of adjustments that appreciably modulated the communication fields that surrounded my body. Each group also learned to 'broadcast' at a level more in keeping with the needs of my body. The outcome, by project's end, was a unique and marvelous experience. The many worlds and diverse societies of the former Anchara Alliance are undergoing immense changes. Their home worlds are very different from ours. While a few appear to be one large swamp, most others are semi-arid. Few have any similarity to our own. In all cases, one's first impression, on these physically alien worlds, is of excessive heat, near desert-like

conditions or, infrequently, very high humidity. The skies on these worlds appear fantastic as well, with their varied hues of deep orange, light to dark purple and every shade of blue.

The Beings, too, differ in body shape, general appearance and size. To us, the most important point is that they are our allies. Human or not, they have cultivated a great and abiding love and a keen interest in the changes that we as Earth humans are undergoing. This unparalleled consciousness shift of ours is making it possible for an entire galaxy to come together. It is providing us, as well, with the opportunity to transform our ancient fears and realize our full potential. In this, we are becoming the instruments chosen to end a galactic war that has lasted far too long. In the course of writing this book, I became profoundly conscious of these reflections. I was delighted to discover how the ambassadorial team of each star-nation adjusted to me. Equally fascinating was how eager each one was to reveal their world to me and describe their culture. In doing so, they wove together the many distinct strands that made up the former Anchara Alliance. This experience gave me a better understanding of their adjustment to the sweeping mosaic that is the Galactic Federation of Light.

Moreover, this experience allowed me to comprehend the diversity and immensity of this galaxy. Literally hundreds of thousands of star-nations have come together in harmony to correct the immeasurable damage caused by a seemingly endless galactic war. We sit here on Earth, blissfully unaware of the events that are unfolding around us. I was made vividly aware of the extent of our ignorance by the many Beings who participated in the research for this book. I was most heartened by their willingness to share information and enable me to communicate their words to you. The great outpouring of Love was universal. They made every effort to ensure that I correctly portrayed their worlds and their culture. Nonetheless, much remained unsaid. It was decided that I would leave their final, full story to them. First contact with such a wildly diversified population as the Galactic Federation of Light needs to be made directly. It will be realized once we have achieved full consciousness and are able to overcome our most ancient fears.

A special Galactic Federation of Light first contact liaison team chose the Beings that I described to you in this work. The principles of first contact need to be carried out in layers. On the first level, appreciate that we exist

and that we are your space family. In the next, understand our common origins and intertwined history. In the final tiers, perceive how that past has carried us into the present and is conveying us forward, toward a future that we will share with each other. In that future, all of us will overcome a profound, genetically determined fear of former members of the Anchara Alliance. Often, their shapes, sizes and even their scents are too much for us to bear. The special first contact liaison team intends this work to give you both an appreciation of human galactic societies and some understanding of the many societies that they are so swiftly reshaping. Like you, these former members of the Anchara Alliance wish to develop Light Bodies and return to the Light. The long night of the dark in the Milky Way Galaxy is about to end quickly.

Finally, I have written this book to give you a glimpse into the workings of twenty-two star-nations that are part of the Galactic Federation of Light. Of these, eight are human galactic societies, while five others are former members of the Anchara Alliance. Regardless of its size, each galactic society is proof that we are not alone and that a vast space family awaits us. That space family has cheerfully shown you a little bit of what makes it special. They have done so to welcome you home, and to peel away the thick layers of xenophobia in which you have encased yourselves. Once, this galaxy was an exceedingly dangerous place. Right now, because of your great shift, it is becoming much friendlier. We each have much to learn, to accept and to discover about the infinity of worlds that twirl endlessly in our galaxy. The intention of this book has been to light your way as you begin your amazing journey.

Selamat Ja! (Sirian greeting: ‘Be in Joy!’)

*Sheldan Nidle and the Twenty-Two Ambassadorial
Teams from the Galactic Federation of Light*

Afterword

Afterword ~ About the Author

About the Author

Sheldan Nidle was born in New York City on November 11, 1946 and raised in Buffalo, New York. His first extraterrestrial and spacecraft

experiences began shortly after his birth and were highlighted all through his childhood by various modes of contact phenomena, as well as accompanying manifestations — light-form communications, extraterrestrial visitations, and teaching/learning sessions on board spacecraft. For most of his life, he has enjoyed ongoing telepathic communications with the Galactic Federation of Light via etheric and physical implants. Sheldan has visually observed and physically experienced spacecraft throughout the years. What makes his information unique is that it is transmitted to him directly without channeling, scientific when necessary, and encoded in a spiritual language.

Around the age of fourteen, Sheldan asked the Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies to discontinue communications with him because he was experiencing overwhelming conflict between their scientific and societal knowledge and that which he was learning here on Earth. The Sirians and their Galactic Federation of Light allies left, but told him that they would be back when it was time for him to complete his mission for planet Earth and her people. In high school, Sheldan was placed in advanced science programs, in subject areas such as physics, chemistry and calculus. He graduated from the University at Buffalo in 1964 and earned a Master's from Ohio University in 1970. Between 1974 and 1977, he attended the University of Southern California as a Ph.D. student, and obtained a second Master's there in 1975.

Because of Sheldan's education in science and the social sciences, and his extensive research in Nikola Tesla's alternative energy technologies, etc., he is able to bring a rational and scientific approach to this controversial subject.

Sheldan is a lecturer and the author of the best-selling *You Are Becoming a Galactic Human* (1994); *Your First Contact* (2001); *Selamat Ja! A Guide for Galactic Humans* (2001); and *Your Galactic Neighbors* (2005). In the 1970s, with Syntar Productions, he co-created a documentary on the life and accomplishments of Nikola Tesla, the genius who invented the technology of the twentieth century. From the 1970's through the mid-1980's, he did scientific research on alternative sources of electrical energy. In the mid-1980's, his E.T. contacts resumed and subsequently led him to the spiritual and galactic information that is provided in his weekly website updates, videotapes, books, workshops and lectures.

Sheldan is the founder of Planetary Activation Organization (PAO), an organization with over 1,800 registered groups worldwide. PAO's philosophy is to empower the individual in order to transform the world. Under PAO's sponsorship, small semi-autonomous groups called Planetary Activation Groups (PAGs) prepare for full consciousness, first contact, galactic society and Earth stewardship. PAGs are inner-guided and self-organizing in the way they serve and activate their communities.

Addenda I ~ Galactic Human Society

Addenda I

The following is taken from Chapter 4 of "Your First Contact". It is included here, in its entirety, since the principles of galactic society are the very basis for the transcendent changes occurring now across our galaxy. Throughout the course of this chapter, the fundamental Laws governing galactic society, as well as its fundamental structure, are explained by a number of specially chosen 'guides'.

Galactic Human Society

I am your tour guide, Sandara.

Previously, we have seen your physical and spiritual transformations. Let us now look at your coming societal changes. To enable us to do this, our starship cruise will be entering a new phase.

You are about to experience the wonders of our hyper-dimensional drive. We ask that you please remain seated and look at the forward video screens. Ahead of us, my friends, is a wormhole that our ship's drive is now forming. Our navigation system has calculated its exact location and a precise exit point. You will soon see a vast stream of luminescent colors hurtling toward us, and in roughly seven minutes, we will enter the Sirius star system. Sirius is a multi-star system composed of nine stars of different classifications. In order to study how your planetary society can evolve into a galactic one, we are heading for the 'B' star system. Now, please prepare for wormhole entry. We are about to begin another chapter in our journey.

Your global society's next evolutionary step is to become a galactic society. When this new reality happens, your civilization can emulate a societal model first established by fully-conscious humans in the

constellation of Lyra some 6,000,000 years ago. The foundation of galactic society is Love. Complete Love is based on a profound inner compassion for your soul's growth and a sincere outer compassion for each other. To these are added sacred societal laws given by the Spiritual Hierarchy. These laws aid galactic human society by creating a divinely inspired social structure. Let us now explore the society of Sirius 'B' and learn how this galactic human society actually operates.

As we enter the Sirius system, dear Hearts, notice that we have just traveled past a very large blue star. This is Sirius 'A'. Its eight large planets are under the divine jurisdiction of a most loving species of fully-sentient Lionoids. They request simply that they be left to their divine task of holding the energy for what is this galaxy's primary spiritual stargate. Through this stargate pass all the great spiritual Beings who wish to enter and assist in the sacred development of this galaxy. Our current destination is the 'B' star. We are now passing through a beautiful light blue dust cloud. Ahead is our destination, the planetary system of a much smaller bluish-white star with six planets. Our journey's end is the fourth planet from this star. The Sirians call this solar system 'Akonowai' or 'the place of the Great Blue Lodge'. As we begin our orbit of the fourth planet, we welcome aboard Washta and his entourage of ten fellow Sirians. They have joined us to give you an overview of Sirian society and its complex culture. Let me turn you over to them.

Selamat Ja, fellow explorers! My name is Washta. Together, my colleagues and I will be your tour guides. We are happy to assist you in your tour of our beautiful and sacred realm.

We Sirians first came to this sacred land some 4.3 million of your solar years ago. We arrived here under the divine guidance of the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy and with the permission of the Lionoid people who inhabit the Sirius 'A' solar system. You are about to explore a society that is known to myriad sentient species in this galaxy as one of the prime examples of a galactic human society. Let us now teleport down and begin this trek through 'Sakara' or 'the soul of female creativity', our unique and very beautiful land.

You are presently near a small bay at the edge of our great central sea. This one large ocean makes up about eighteen per cent of our planet's surface area. The rest is a huge, interlocked continent. As you have noticed,

we Sirians enjoy a semi-tropical climate. Our atmosphere's oxygen content is 36 per cent and may make you feel somewhat light-headed. The Sirian sky is naturally purplish. In it, high above us, hang two moons, each one slightly bigger than your own. Off to your right is our major mountain range, which we call the 'Shadota' or the 'many fingers of Heaven'.

Dear Hearts, most of our population lives underground in specially formed holographic chambers that are larger than most of your Earth's metropolitan areas. These enclaves are many miles high, several miles in diameter, and faithfully reproduce our Mother World's surface conditions and day and night cycles. There is no difference between them and any city we can construct upon our beloved planet's surface.

Using our advanced technology, inhabitants personally create their own houses and entire neighborhoods. The innumerable entertainment possibilities this sub-terrestrial world offers liken it to paradise. A few major temple and other ritual sites remain as surface signs of our existence. Before we teleport you down to one of our large urban complexes, let's review some significant aspects of a galactic society.

Galactic human societies are founded on the twin precepts of realized full potential (achievement of one's life purpose) and observance of divine societal laws. Based upon Love, they are the Laws of the One, Two, Three, and Four (see page 198, Figure 13). Each is part of the foundation on which any galactic society is predicated. Complete Love is seen as the ability to thoroughly understand another soul force and, from that knowledge, to better understand oneself. It is also recognized that the intimate Light of Life shines in all of us in its own special way. The service of friends and podlet (the more immediate kin circles) helps this Light enter each person in its fullest and most complete brilliance.

The Law of the One governs the prime importance to society of a well-balanced and fully centered, sovereign individual. The wholly realized individual's path is to achieve her/his possibilities (life purpose) utterly and, in the process, to fully support others.

Civilization's foundation rests on a belief that the individual's growth in consciousness can develop only by completely exploring the higher soul purpose and, concurrently, by giving service to others. It is based in personal sovereignty and founded on complete liberty and a high sense of self-worth. The individual is free to question and to investigate those things

that lead to the fulfillment of her/his life purpose. In the process of this discovery, inspiration to offer one's divine service to others flows freely from within the self.

In attaining their full potential, individuals know that a unique someone can assist them in achieving their complete union with Spirit, higher wisdom, and inner growth. This special other is their 'closeness' or a full embodiment for them of the societal Law of the Two. One's closeness has the ability to comprehensively understand one's personal soul force. Possessing that profound knowledge, individuals can then enjoy an extensive awareness of themselves and their special other. Theirs is an interconnected process, as well as a deep relationship. It is based on their mutual, integral desire to explore the divine link between two beings, by means of which they are enabled to clarify the meaning of their divine service to others.

The Law of the Three is based upon the concept of divine service and support to others. Service of, or to, friends and podlet (kin) helps bring Light (divine Love) into its fullest and most complete radiance. Galactic human society is an expression of the intense interconnection between the individual and her/his fellows. Each soul is a truly divine Light that reflects an important aspect of the entire society. Galactic society exists to support the individual in this sacred quest and to obtain her/his support in return. The complex dynamics of this particular process are embedded in the Law of the Three.

The Law of the Four embodies a union of like-hearted star-nations. As such, the Galactic Federation represents a direct outcome of the last of the four societal laws. Since galactic human society is closely entwined, the four divine societal laws symbolize the entire planetary society's gradual, interlinked de-velopment and permit it to serve other star-nations.

Long ago, the ancestors of present-day galactic humanity learned the joy of extending their service and support, in the Light, to other sentient star-nations of the Milky Way Galaxy. In this manner, they are assisted in aligning, in their own unique way, with the nature of Spirit's purpose. Out of this growing unity has emerged the Galactic Federation of Light. This magnificent organization of fully-conscious Beings has long been the symbol for Light in this galaxy. It is a shining example of the embodiment of these sacred societal laws.

Your society stands at a crossroads in consciousness, and we wish to describe to you a model for its future. Every galactic human society feels a great need to assist and support any other society that has reached the point yours has. You have the right to develop your own model. Our purpose is merely to assist you to move forward in those areas that may cause you to stumble. During this tour, watch what we do, and see how it can apply to your next evolutionary step in creating a healthy and solution focused society. Let us begin to exhibit our society's organization by allowing you to view its micro-levels.

Galactic human society is usually broken down into what can be termed very small 'clans' or 'podlets'. We call these very small clans 'Bhada' or 'the essence that reflects each other'. Podlets (see page 200, Figure 14) consist of up to 64 individuals and are customarily built around a specific life purpose: healers; spiritual warriors; engineers; scientists and/or priestess/priest classifications. Podlet elders provide education, and the podlet's many adult members supplement their teachings. Knowledge and wisdom are honored, as are those adults who have learned much during their lifetimes. Parents freely share their nurturing responsibilities with the podlet's other adults, and a child can have many so-called 'aunts' and 'uncles'. The goal of child rearing is to foster high self-esteem, personal sovereignty, and mutually shared Love and joy in all individuals.

Although education and knowledge are vitally important to the podlet, the child's spiritual development is even more important. The gifts and abilities that God has given for this particular lifetime come forth only as the miraculous energy of Spirit is fully acknowledged. Consequently, every child's early education is filled with reverence for the awe and wonder of Spirit. To a galactic human, Spirit is everything. This marvelous life energy directs you toward the realization of your Life's purpose during this physical life span. It is also the source of your connection to the Creator's cosmic energies that makes all realities possible. Spirit is the starting point for all inner inspirations and ideals that guide your daily experiences within physical life.

We Sirians are very proud of our spiritual heritage and the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy's acknowledgment of it. Over the past few million years, we have become spiritual teachers and guides for much of this galaxy. As a part of this process, we have become 'home' to the Great Blue

Lodge that includes the divine Council of the Nine, carrying their profound messages to every part of this galaxy.

We are no more than humble wayshowers for Spirit. The way of Spirit touches each and every one in its own unique and wonderful way. There is no greater joy than to watch each new flower in this galaxy blossom, adding its beauty to the grand bouquet. The process of ‘wayshowing’ leads us now to a description of our counselors.

A vital aspect of galactic society is its use of a very comprehensive counseling system. It is genuinely felt that the human ancestors of this Galactic Federation’s vast array of star-societies desired to create a social system that fully nourished the individual. To accomplish this goal, a system of counselors is built into each society. Counselors are divided into four major types. Each is thoroughly trained for almost twenty years at a special academy and then field-trained for an additional 75 years. Counselors are a highly skilled and universally respected part of galactic society. In many ways, they are the element that binds this society firmly together and keeps it solidly on track.

The first type is the parental-child counselor. These special individuals help during pregnancy and assist podlet elders in the raising of every child. Their major task is to guide the child in fully comprehending her/his abilities and discovering her/his life purposes. The second category is the ‘closeness’ or relationship counselor. They are experts in helping resolve any possible difficulties that may arise before or during the course of a primary relationship. Third is the pod counselor who assists elders and adults in carrying out, clearly and efficiently, the various stated purposes of the podlet. Last is the liaison counselor. These marvelous Beings assist each podlet in working successfully and in complete harmony with the others.

Each podlet has a governing council that functions according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™. This system is based upon the fact that each sovereign individual possesses a unique set of gifts, the use of which permits the podlet to complete an assigned task smoothly and easily. The podlet appoints a certain individual to be in charge of a particular task. The rest of the podlet wholly supports her/him. When different gifts are required, another suitably talented individual steps forward to manage and complete the additional task. An organic rhythm develops in the podlet that expresses the fluidity (easy interaction) of the group. It also demonstrates

each member's complete commitment to Spirit and support of all others' talents and abilities. Competition is a distinctly foreign concept in galactic society.

Your planetary society is now evolving toward full potential-ization of the group. This accelerating process leads to the development of a new type of extended family, composed of like-minded individuals who fully understand their shared purpose and support their members' self-growth. Humans exist in a web of reality that includes necessary levels of complimentary interactions. These communications permit the continual development of inner confidence (self-esteem) and self-growth. This web of reality moves incessantly in both an inward and an outward direction. Our Sirian government is a prime example of the heights to which this development can lead.

An additional division of our galactic society is centered on the number of clan councils contained in Sirian society (see page 202, Figure 15). Here again, both the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™ and the use of liaison counselors are widespread. Governance is perceived as the fulfillment of divine service. Since every member of the society is sovereign, government's purpose is simply to mirror the divine will of the Spiritual Hierarchy and to assist each clan in successfully completing its most sacred goals. In governing councils, divine service is perceived as a way to honor specific individuals for their many wonderful services to the community. Ultimately, governance is left up to the will of the many realms of Spirit as expressed through the divine plan of the Creator. Thus, galactic society carries out the divine plan, and the Light of God is brought to its highest intonation in the physical world. Galactic human society is based on an absolute respect for the divine WILL of the Creator. The society's purpose is to serve the divine plan as perfectly as possible. At all times, it dedicates its service to perfecting and carrying out the sacred plan of Heaven. This it accomplishes in a number of ways. First, there is constant interaction between a star system's local Spiritual Hierarchy and that star system's governing council. Collaboration is founded upon a periodic assessment of how best to implement the divine plan. The entire procedure unfolds in right divine relationship to those specific lessons and acquired wisdoms that the society may need to embody.

Moreover, there exists a continuing obligation to check on the specific life purposes of each member of the society. Members operate at a specific frequency that changes according to their inner development and the achievement of their purposes. There is a sincere need to maintain the resonance that keeps the sacred balance between a planet and its human inhabitants. As a planet's population develops and grows spiritually, the resonant frequencies of that galactic society continually shift. Hence, endless sets of moments or eternal 'Nows', that change according to the perceived reality, constantly take place. This changing balance between society and planet is maintained by positive group ritual. Ritual is one of the many responsibilities that each podlet joyfully shares with every other. It is an important part of daily life that expresses and maintains the vital connections among planet, individual, and Spirit. Rituals also assist in communicating a sense of the profound. It is this bond that is mainly responsible for all souls' happiness and growth. Ritual is one of the essential ways in which the podlet educates its many members.

Ritual is performed according to the regional location and the specific purpose of each pod. It is also carried out simultaneously on a global basis. Galactic society is established in such a way that many pods of similar purposes are scattered throughout the planet. Intermingling of pods assures that the planet's resonance can be balanced easily. It also permits each pod to come in contact with as many different purposes as possible. The key is to teach all how to blend their energies and join most efficiently and effectively. So, you may ask, what is it that they do?

Positive ritual is lovingly performed at the many primary energetic nodes on a planet's surface. Here are located the great ritual temples of galactic society, always constructed according to the principles of sacred geometry. Temples serve as sites for properly balancing the planet's numerous resonant frequencies (see page 205, Figure 16).

Balancing ritual consists of prayer, meditation, intention, and song, accompanied by the inspired use of many great crystals, instruments and drums found at the temples. In solemn procession, members of different pods bring into being the sacred geometry and chant the sacred oaths of their people. They perform this ceremony to create new balance and give sustenance to their holy Mother — the sacred, living Being that is their home.

Dear Hearts, now that we have returned from one of our subterranean enclaves, you can see how magnificent they truly are. Living in them is not like being in a cave. It is exactly like living on the surface of our very beautiful world. We are, at present, approaching one of our larger ritual temples. This temple is noted for its huge, 250-foot (over 76 meters) high columns and its vast, 'sacred geometry-inspired' galleries. It is magnificently adorned in hues of green, brown, blue and coral pink. Its immense gold roof is engraved with the icons of our sun and this master clan. The combined thoughts of its clan created each part of this temple. One of our planet's 128 major node points is located in its center.

As you enter, you will hear the large, specially decorated, sixteen-foot-diameter drums, which are attuned to the frequency of this planetary node. Also, you will hear what sounds like a chorus of harps and saxophones amplifying the drums. You will see many dancers at the node point, as well as those in a large circle who seem to be in meditation. The outer ones dressed in coral pink robes fine-tune this energy and send it into the planet's node. This ritual is based on various fundamental truths.

Their holy Mother planet is maintained, sacred and alive, in her pristine condition. Her biosphere is kept functioning as Mother/Father God intended. Each species of life on the planet has a distinct and divine purpose founded on the main resonance patterns of the sacred Mother. Dedicated scientists and engineers monitor every aspect of her biosphere. The purpose of society's sacred ritual is to preserve our mother world's natural balance. This vital process determines one of the main tenets of a galactic society: to celebrate the sacred nature of all planetary life and the importance of Love and Compassion.

Galactic society sees itself as an agent of the Spiritual Hierarchy and as a divine servant of God's holy WILL. Embedded in this perception is the concept that all celestial bodies are sentient life forms. Life is defined as that which contains life force and purpose. In the case of celestial bodies, that life purpose is to sustain the physical universe. Humanity exists to aid this sacred task and to learn, in the process, many necessary lessons. Humanity's existence in physicality is tempered by the need to understand the nature of physical reality and to employ it as a means to grow spiritually, as well as to serve the Creator.

The highest form of the observance of God's WILL is divine service. Consequently, galactic society is focused on service, freely offered, as part of the spiritual inner growth that all galactic humans undergo during their many lifetimes. Each lifetime is perceived to contain a divine purpose. After many lifetimes, the accumulation of divine purposes leads to a full understanding of the nature of Life and the ways of Spirit. This wisdom is applied to your podlet and to the many sub-pods existing above it. Each aspect of galactic society resolves itself into a primary clan.

These points return us to the temple sites and to the very nature of our divine service. Fully-conscious Beings exist in a realm that includes all of Creation. Our energy is then focused on a specific point in physicality in which we are completely present. Each of us communes, simultaneously, with one another. This shared act spreads our focus and increases our presence. We become one with this point and with each other. The planet is calibrated and, with it, all forms of life in her biosphere. Thus, joint ritual activates all points on the planet. We ask you to participate and to feel the energy. Such sacred energy leads us to a harmony with each other and a harmonic union of our clans.

Through the wise use of their liaisons, clans come together and form a planetary government for the entire star-nation. This government is different from that on Earth. Here, it is a great honor to serve one's clan, one's divine planet and, above all, the Spiritual Hierarchy. Galactic humans' relationship with Spirit is extremely deep, for it is Spirit that determines their lives and sets the life contracts that contain their primary purposes. To galactic humans, Life is a great, undulating flow — a river of Spirit mixed with the many powerful lessons of physicality. Yet, in its midst, the need to experience Life fully and to find the reason for and joy in physical life exists.

Galactic society is infused with a rich culture filled with many rituals, formal and casual parties, and joyous occasions! Life has been stripped of its outer struggle. Housing, clothing, food and transportation are freely provided. No monetary exchange is apparent nor is any recognizable economic system in existence. Life's focus is the pursuit of one's purpose, a quest ruled by the twin concepts of personal sovereignty and great compassion for others. The connection among all is clearly known and

respected. High self-esteem is reflected by the grace, ease, and openness with which individuals relate to each other.

The concept of free and prolific innovation is the engine that drives society. Individuals have certain gifts that enable them to contribute uniquely to society. From the earliest years of childhood, the creative innovation process is encouraged, and, at the appropriate time, we begin making our life-long contributions to society. Our offerings take many forms. They include creative problem solving for our extended pod or the development of new inventions for society's benefit. Donations are rewarded through a special honoring system, either by the podlet or by the sub-clan.

This honoring system permits Spirit to recognize those persons who have brought forward an idea or device. It acknowledges the personal sovereignty and self-esteem of the individual. Galactic society encourages both the sovereignty of the individual and her/his necessary growth in Spirit. Sovereignty is a concept that many on your planet have yet to wholly comprehend. It transcends any perceived rights and refers instead to the individual's liberty to grow in Spirit according to God's wishes.

True individual sovereignty is crucial to the operation of galactic society. Within such societies, the soul's freedom to grow in the great Light of the Creator is sacrosanct. Before returning to Mother/Father God's holy side, every sentient Being has a specific soul path to complete. This sacred path is encouraged by parents, podlet, and by the many counselors encountered during one's lifetime. As one's Spirit is enriched, so, too, does it enrich the Spirit of humanity.

Each aspect of your Being is unique, yet it is also connected to every aspect of every other Being in Creation. Your inner growth assists these others and provides a means to elevate galactic society to new heights. This interconnected process is the reason that galactic society is contained within a highly intricate, organic structure.

The nature of galactic society is truly organic. It is a living organism with fluid or mutable shape, based on the dynamic of flow and tied to society's natural rhythm. This rhythm is determined by the natural resonance of the planet and its many inhabitants. It is fluid because the concept of a definite hierarchy is absent. Everyone in the society contributes effectively to its open dynamic. Yet, this organism is graceful and elegant in its inner growth

and in the spread of its vast compassion. It fully nurtures all of the sentient Beings in its midst.

Let us return to one of our subterranean enclaves and examine how this society operates. Coming into view is a podlet of 32 that is participating in its temple ritual. As you can see, they have begun their procession out of the temple. They live in an urban area called 'Jaga' or 'the city of great joy'. As they emerge, you will notice that each one goes to the central meeting place, a large octagonal room more than 60 feet (over 18 meters) across. Here, individuals express their gratitude to, and their love for, each other. This ceremony of extending gratitude and nurturing is paramount to our society and brings us to an important concept.

Nurturing the individual is a pivotal aspect of galactic civilization. From the moment of birth through adulthood, parents and all other podlet members engender in each person feelings of self-esteem and social worth. The very fact of your existence, and the enduring contribution you have made to the podlet simply by entering into physicality, is always consistently recognized. Each child is constantly reminded that, at the right divine time, she/he will begin to bring forth creative innovations that can enhance the podlet and the entire galactic society.

The feeling of being cared for and heard magnifies everyone's self-esteem and assists the individual in overcoming any potential shyness. Members are taught to contribute to the podlet and to be of assistance when the gifts of others are being manifested. This dynamic encourages a natural and fluid exchange that flows endlessly according to the very essence of the podlet's many members. An immense, dynamic consciousness field continuously surrounds both the podlet and the whole of galactic society.

Intention and its manifestation are a primary result of this dynamic. Consequently, an air of creative innovation and inspiration is continuously present. Part of this vast dynamic field is the realization of each person's full potential. Galactic society exists to encourage the complete achievement of one's divine life purpose. In this realization, the individual flowers fully, as does the entire society. It is this remarkable dynamic that keeps galactic society so open to change and to reinventing itself as necessary.

Regular interchange among members of the podlet is evident in the varied types of communications that take place. A steady flow of expressed

feelings and beliefs occurs at both spoken and telepathic levels.

In the community room or in separate households, this web of Love (consciousness) envelops them. Out of a genuine happiness that flows from one individual to another comes a candid open-ness, encouraged and rewarded by all.

Using your multi-functional scanners, step into this situation and view what is happening. Full presence and multi-dimensionality have set the stage for the scene you are witnessing. Complete empathy is the guiding principle. True emotions and feelings cannot be concealed. Yet, a structure underlies this process.

Galactic society's only structure is composed of divine societal laws and the sacred divine plan of the Creator. Each of these foundations encourages its organic field dynamic. Bear in mind that galactic society is a container that operates somewhat like a multifunctional, dynamic force field. It contains the encompassing dynamic field, and the entire society has the capability to expand it, as necessary.

This ever-dynamic consciousness field has one primary purpose: to give the society a direction. In turn, galactic society employs this dynamic consciousness field to establish and maintain the fulcrum upon which its essential works are performed.

The consciousness-oriented dynamic field that galactic society has created also serves as a basis for the individual's inspiration and development. Manifesting simultaneously in this dynamic consciousness field is a concurrent past, present, and future. This interactive energy pattern proves decisively that contributions you make to society and to yourself are both ensured and strongly encouraged by all concerned. Accordingly, you are positioned to achieve your full potential and to encourage others to do so willingly. This energy dynamic further enlarges the podlet's consciousness field and permits it to achieve its own unique full potential. During all periods of the society's ever-evolving eternal 'Now', this activity directs the field dynamics toward the completion of the divine plan.

As noted, all individuals feel completely connected to their fully conscious selves and to the fully conscious essence of their podlet. This amazing exchange of energy flows unceasingly, back and forth, at the maximum resonance frequency of this complex field dynamic. As the podlet's field grows, it encompasses the planet and the entire star-nation.

Additionally, it includes numerous energies that emanate from the local Spiritual Hierarchy and from the Creator. Cosmic energies from the heart of Creation envelop this growing consciousness field and transport it into very high levels of ecstasy!

Clearly, galactic society functions on many levels that interact naturally with one another. Each one of these levels (individual, podlets, pods, clans, and planet's governing councils) is separate yet 'interdependent'. 'Interdependence' can be defined as 'a free association of sovereign Beings who have come together in a particular moment for the purpose of solving any problems. Each Being's sole purpose is to interact dynamically with all others, using their combined creative manifesting talents and their collective actions to achieve a desired outcome. That outcome can then be presented to the society and used as a model for further actions.

This multi-layered network of fully potentialized Beings is based on the above principle of 'interdependence'. As situations warrant, these groups expand and contract constantly in size. Hence, the boundary between each level is purely organic and extremely fuzzy. The number of fully-sentient Beings involved varies only with the nature of the particular problem to be solved. Those problems that directly affect the entire society involve all members, while smaller problems can involve only the members of a specific pod or podlet.

Innovative problem-solving is achieved through ongoing use of this organic field dynamic. Problems are seen as opportunities to better understand the self and society. Each problem permits those directly involved to achieve a measure of inner growth. Inner growth, in turn, allows the podlet to more profoundly comprehend its reality and to add new perceptions to its inner truths. This organic approach to reality permits the podlet and its members to grow in many directions at the same time.

The same series of principles applies to galactic society. For instance, our governing council is different from any organization you currently may conceive of. It is intrinsically embedded in our society and grows in wisdom with it. Like a hologram, each part of the whole (the many levels of our galactic society) contains the immense diversity of the whole within itself. This dynamic permits discernible, conscious interaction and the continuity of organic development.

To explain this process, let us travel to the main council chambers of the Sirian star-nation. Here, you can see that each person not only represents a clan but is also a Being who wishes to use her/his abilities to solve potential problems harmoniously. In addition, you can watch the liaison counselors in action. They bridge each group and help to maintain overall flow. The result is a consciousness field that solves potential problems and guides the societal field ever outward. If you will use your multifunctional scanners, you can more easily pick up these nuances and sense how this system creates its own 'history'.

Galactic society is energetically involved in creating a field of memories or stories that are utilized for problem-solving. All problems have an inherent solution that involves expansion of the perception of both group and/or individual soul. The solution is a wisdom that aids your inner growth. It is a divine object, provided to assist you in understanding those particular perceptions that your Full Self and the Spiritual Hierarchy create together for the purpose of your soul's growth. An old Sirian proverb on this matter states, "A problem has a purpose. To discover this purpose, one has only to understand the solution."

Full consciousness permits a society to function in the 'Light of the Angels'. It also allows galactic society to see itself as it was, is, and will be. The artificial divisions of past, present, and future converge and are replaced by consciousness modeling. This level of excellence stretches advancement to the maximum and permits every individual to interact with all others at the highest possible levels.

Accordingly, galactic society is embedded in a continuous inner communication – a natural, telepathic network. This system acts as a source for information that aids and enhances your soul's inner growth. It also creates a natural resource for any type of information you could possibly require.

The network's overall purpose is to act as a catalyst for fresh, new ideas. All individuals are born into a living sea of consciousness that helps them feel that they are not alone. All fully-sentient Beings lovingly support each other. They share a fondness for life's various inner passions and easily offer compassion to each other. Innovation flows from this highly sensitive sea in enormous waves of Light. Every member of the society seeks to fully utilize this marvelous medium for co-creation.

Podlets add to the mixture by honoring innovation and sharing these new ideas with the other podlets and pods in their clan. In all cases, the particular Being (chosen by the Spiritual Hierarchy as the vehicle for a new idea) is duly honored. According to an ancient proverb, it is believed that “Everything happens for a desired, divine purpose”. Life is a series of great joys that assists you in completely understanding your reality. When you intend the best for yourself and all others, only the most positive events can possibly occur in your reality.

Fully-conscious Beings are individuals who have an understanding of their past, present, and future. They create and manifest in a time frame that encourages their success. Each person is tied to a particular life-stream or Lineage of Heaven and becomes incarnate, fully prepared to express the nature of this life-stream during the course of her/his lifetime. You create with full knowledge of the future and of the ultimate consequences of your innovation. At the same time, you are always endowed with the knowledge of your natural telepathic network to draw on whenever you evaluate potential new ideas.

Using your multi-dimensional scanners, please ‘tune in’ to your Full Self. Feel how it connects with you in so many varied and quite magnificent ways. Sense the absolute psychic, mental, and emotional rush that this connection suddenly gives you. Experience your deep joy and know how much you are connected to each other.

This exercise demonstrates how full consciousness feels and can be realized. A fully-conscious Being lives in a reality quite unlike yours. Yet, that Being is you — the Being who enjoys her/his fully realized potential. It is the Being you are in the process of becoming. The society you are now observing is the type of environment you shall choose for yourselves. Its reality is part of the implicate order you are creating for yourselves every day. Such a society is in a continuous state of creative flux.

Galactic society is constantly reinventing itself. The many natural networks within it act as fulcrums for communicating wisdom, knowledge, and universal, integral principles. These processes assist the evaluation of ideas and help to spread them throughout society at the speed of thought. Hence, change occurs organically. In a galactic society, tradition is merely a basis for the positive, global ritual of change.

Galactic society is always adjusting to minute changes in its various consciousness fields. Each consciousness field continuously mirrors the inner growth of its many members and any alterations in their perception. For this reason, every individual is viewed as a very important microcosm of the entire society.

Let us now look more closely at this important microcosm — the individual. You will see that each is a special Being Due to the telepathic networks and the fields of merged time (past, present, future) that surround them, each is a true representative of the whole — a hologram, if you will. Yet, at the same time, each personifies a unique and fully-conscious, sentient Being. Such multi-level ability gives these individuals an absolute sense of self.

At the same time, it gives them total comprehension of every aspect of society. This ability is also woven into daily interaction with the Spiritual Hierarchy. Further, each Being is fully conversant with the life essence of her/his planet. This marvelous Being exists in Love and has worked itself through what you call ‘ego’. Inner growth is ‘interdependent’, and your physical existence is viewed as part of a great sacred vortex, the divine blossoming of physical Creation.

Each type of fully-sentient life form is designed both to live upon and to maintain the planet it inhabits. One of our main techniques is group ritual. As a galactic society builds its highly dynamic consciousness field, it also constructs (through ritual) a means to energize the planet. A symbiotic relationship rapidly develops between our society and the planetary biosphere. As the consciousness field grows, it enlivens and enriches every aspect of the living planet. This necessary interaction allows galactic society to fulfill its part in the revelation of the divine plan.

A fully-conscious Being acts as a responsible and compassionate physical Angel, bringing in the life (Love) energies required to maintain its world. Fully-conscious Beings assist the Spiritual Hierarchy in carrying out the divine plan in their sector of the galaxy. This interaction engages the local Spiritual Hierarchy for their star-nation and also embraces the galactic Spiritual Hierarchy. Their purpose is to aid the physical progression of the divine plan in both their star-nation and their galaxy. This procedure eventually leads them into interstellar space, to a first contact, and then to union with other like-hearted galactic societies.

Thus, a societal consciousness field is extended to the galaxy as a whole and, through it, a much larger one is established. Such galactic organizations function under sacred societal laws similar to ones previously given to all galactic societies. These laws guide the growth and development of star-nations. A subsequent set of societal laws guides this galactic union and acts as the foundation for future first contacts with other developing star-nations.

Free will, possessed by each individual and every galactic society in the development of the exquisitely complex divine plan, is this pattern of choice. The Creator has provided a special labyrinth through which the individual and her/his respective society can grow and, at the same time, can help to reveal the Creator's most marvelous design. Mother/Father God has conceived a pattern, producing special situations that continuously generate a unique overall field dynamic. These situations arise to test and prove the validity of each segment of Creation's freely chosen development. The beauty of this Creation labyrinth is that, by following it, you can eventually achieve oneness with all others.

The intent of physical Creation is to develop the maximum possible alternatives to its progression. These different processes are to be put together miraculously during the consciousness growth procedures that Creation's specially constructed labyrinth has provided. While quite complex, this process is designed to produce eventual union among all involved physical, sentient Beings. Consequently, physical Creation becomes an environment both for moving physical Beings through various stages of con-sciousness and for the formation of their varied dynamic fields.

The crux of this entire procedure is the Creation labyrinth itself. It has been established to produce a vast range of effects, at different moments, for all the diverse aspects of physical Creation. These varying sentient aspects can therefore 'learn' from each other about the awesome nature of Creation. Creation proceeds in a unique way that stems from this interaction. Usually, this wisdom is then passed throughout the dynamic field created by the society. Galactic society is primarily a vehicle for fully-conscious Beings to discover the innumerable ways in which the dynamic process flows. Ultimately, the Creation labyrinth is the tool used to pass this

wisdom on to the next generation of individuals.

The wisdom of full consciousness lies in the fact that its design is fluid. That is, a fully-conscious Being wholeheartedly accepts the fact that she/he both acts, and is acted upon, by Creation. This dual process produces a special relationship involving a fully-sentient Being, its physical environment, and the vast realms of Spirit. It also brings forth a special, conscious dynamic that exists both for growth and to process the development of this wonderful form of sentiency. You are about to experience a most marvelous adventure in consciousness that will lead you eventually to a meeting with all of physical Creation.

Dear Hearts, we are now returning to our spaceship. As you return to your seats, please go within and feel the absolute wonder of this adventure that is consciousness. It is an amazing path that transports you to the micro-world of the physical body and its changes and, subsequently, reveals to you the macro-world of our galaxy and all of Creation.

This present aspect of our journey is a case in point. You have discovered, now, how fully-conscious societies co-create in this galaxy. After a few questions, which Washta has graciously a-greed to answer, let us begin another leg of our journey into Spirit and find out how it fits into your grand adventure!

Questions and Answers

Q: Can you describe what a fully-conscious reality is like?

A: Reality such as this is truly multi-dimensional in form. You need to accept that fully-conscious individuals exist on two levels simultaneously — the personal and the group. In effect, such Beings are a true hologram of the whole, as well as a full representation of themselves. Their degree of presence is truly astounding. Moreover, they are filled with grace, compassion, and a natural understanding of others. They call upon the wisdom of their ancestors and their own past lives, are in contact with the Spiritual Hierarchy, and are true physical Angels. Their reality is one that most Earth humans may have difficulty actually grasping.

Q: What inspired the Spiritual Hierarchy to create galactic society in the first place?

A: The Spiritual Hierarchy created galactic society as a vehicle for the inner growth and development of fully-conscious humanity. It was also formed as the means for God's physical Angels to carry out their sacred tasks in aiding the full blossoming of physical Creation.

The foundation of this holy structure is the societal laws. Each law functions as a basis for one of the four aspects of galactic society. Those four aspects are: inner growth of the individual, finding of true love with another, use of this compassion to assist others in the immediate group, and, lastly, mastery of universal harmony and its application to society.

Q: What is personal sovereignty?

A: Personal sovereignty is the right of the individual to freely follow her/his purpose in life and extends to the complete respect of others in how she/he undertakes this life's work. It implies that you are able to use your God-given gifts to express this purpose and/or search to others. It also means that your beliefs are totally respected by society. In other words, you are seen to be a person of worth with the capability to manifest those situations needed to complete your deepest desires.

Q: How does the process of innovation work in a galactic society?

A: Innovation is seen as the lubricant that turns the wheels of society. Every moment and every interaction of any individual's life is interwoven with the application of creativity. Rather than an event being viewed as a problem, it is seen simply as a matter that has yet to be creatively addressed.

The concept of failure or 'less than' is absent from such a society. At all times, you are encouraged to contribute your special talents to any detail that has yet to be addressed. This environment fosters creativity and encourages innovation. It also makes possible the great self-esteem, grace and gratitude that permeates it.

Q: In this mini-tour, there is a discussion about the creation of a consciousness field dynamic. How exactly does that work?

A: When fully-conscious Beings conduct group ritual and focus their conscious life energy, a specific consciousness field is produced. This consciousness field is influenced by the daily changes in its resonance frequency caused by the inner growth of each individual in society. Day by day, continual group ritual, and the changes being created by society as a whole, intensify this field and alter its resonance ever upward, creating a

fluid dynamic. The consciousness field dynamic is also immediately attached to a merged past, present, and future.

All of these variables come together and cause the field to produce a notable side-effect — an organic Being whose every thought and intention mirrors those of the entire society. This organic whole is simultaneously reproduced in every individual in the group. Thus, it functions on two levels: the individual and the collective.

Personal and group mind are linked together, always cross-pollinating each other. They establish a dynamic field resonance with a large number of possibilities, each directed toward inner growth and creative ideas.

Acting as a guide in this process are the Angelic Realms, who ensure that this conscious dynamic field closely follows the intentions of the divine plan.

Q: How are the various branches of galactic society organized?

A: Galactic society is organized on three major levels: a plethora of podlets, numerous pods, and clans. Clans are established throughout the society and are organized according to a specific function or necessary occupation, such as engineer, scientist, or administrator. In addition, pods which can consist of up to 500 podlets are under the clan's banner. Podlets contain up to 64 related members. At each level, there is also a committee of the whole, which operates according to the principles of Fluid Group Dynamics™.

Every clan has its own set of colors, mottoes, and a cultural tradition. A clan also has an honorary council that carries out the express desires of the clan and of the Spiritual Hierarchy. In all cases, the divine plan and its sacred work, and each member's divine life purpose are blended by the Spiritual Hierarchy and the society's counselors into a cherished holy harmony. Overall, the many divisions become fuzzy, due to the dynamic of the consciousness field surrounding this society, and the amount of grace given to all by the Spiritual Hierarchy.

Q: How exactly do the different types of counselors work with the individuals of a galactic society?

A: Counselors are taught and then learn to apply two major methods of contact. The first involves the inner Angelic guardian councils or guides that all sentient Beings possess. Their purpose is to consult with the inner

councils and then with the individual. From feedback, each counselor can discern how this inner growth pattern is to be created in alignment with the individual's present life-stream.

A second procedure is to take the individual all the way back to Source and collect important data along the way. When the two procedures are in alignment, key points concerning how a life purpose is intended to work out can be shown.

In addition, the point of eternal 'Now' can be employed and brought to the future, past, and back again. This technique permits the counselor to manifest how life purpose can be accomplished and to identify some of the more important people able to assist in achieving these goals. The salient point remains how the individual sets up her/his contract with the Spiritual Hierarchy and significant others.

Q: How do liaison counselors keep two or more diverse groups in harmony with each other?

A: Because the joint actions that brought these groups together are based on Fluid Group Dynamics™, there is a creative reason for their union in the first place that lends itself to creative solutions. In addition, this association causes a group consciousness field, which also develops an environment conducive to creative solutions. All of these points can be used to produce harmony and a successful outcome in the merging of two very distinct groups.

Q: How does a podlet operate?

A: A podlet is the very core of this society. It acts as both a committee of the whole that employs Fluid Group Dynamics™, and a positive and open environment for the nurturing, upbringing, education, and life preparation of its young. It is an extended kin circle.

In addition, it engages many counselors, whose primary task is to see that every part of this process remains operational. The result is an organic group that functions according to its changing daily situations, and is fluid and nimble enough to keep itself completely operative. Out of this functional mode can emerge those creative solutions or innovations necessary for its continued existence.

Q: In what manner does the clan council come to its decisions?

A: The clan council bases its decision-making on two principles. First, their purpose is exclusively to honor and sanctify the innovation process. Each clan member swims in an ocean of consciousness, the waters of which the Spiritual Hierarchy has provided. As sovereign Beings with a full sense of self and purpose, their ideas add profoundly to the society's dynamic.

According to the second principle, their task is simply to follow the divine plan as the Angelic Realms have presented it to them. This process allows them to provide the clan with guidelines to which the local Spiritual Hierarchy has previously agreed. The clan council is solely a place where those honored for their service to the society, and to the clan, are duly appointed.

Q: During the course of this mini-tour, you have discussed the individual and the society. Just how does an individual fit into this society?

A: The individual stands at the very heart of this society. From the moment of birth through full adulthood, you are at the very center of life in your podlet. You conduct sacred ritual with your pod. Your podlet and pod educate you, and your podlet counsels you. Relatively early in your adolescent years, you begin to make yourself known as an innovator, which leads to a life-long involvement with inner growth, innovations, and divine service.

This process is based upon a need for divine service and a mutual, deep compassion. You are a fully conscious and highly purposeful Being, part of an individuated and collective master-mind that continually re-creates itself on all levels. Hence, it is easy to describe what is happening, and it becomes effortless for you to feel and sense what is really going on.

Q: How is the present Ascension or soul/body transformation process related to the creation of such a society on planet Earth?

A: On your world at present, your Spirit is descending into your physical body. When completed and fully integrated, this procedure creates a fully conscious Being. This fully-sentient Being produces a society similar to that which we have just described. Galactic society is a special spiritual vessel that such a Being prefers to inhabit. Our respectful role is to wait for the right divine moment and then to bring that blissful vessel to you. You are permitted to creatively modify it as you so choose.

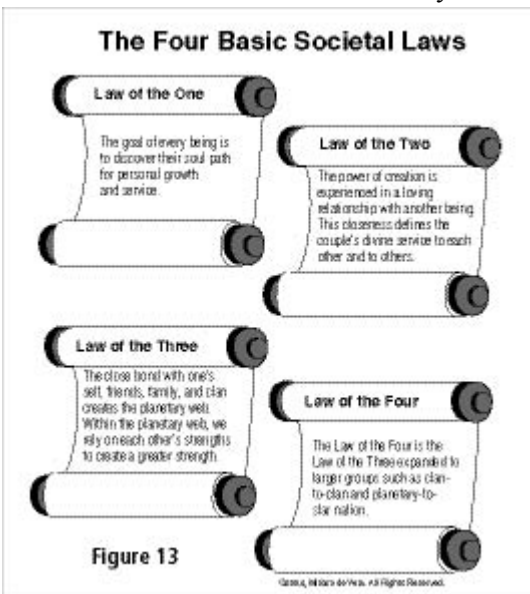
Q: In this mini-tour, you have talked about one of the reasons why the Galactic Federation was formed. How does the Galactic Federation of Light

fit into a galactic society?

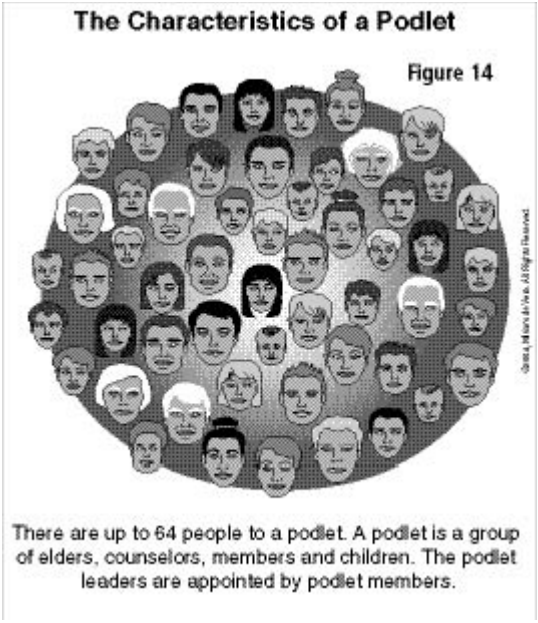
A: The Galactic Federation is a union of like-hearted star-nations. As such, it is a direct outcome of the last of the four societal laws. The fourth law explains that, when fully-conscious Beings come together, they desire to create a harmony and to expand their consciousness field into new areas where additional innovations can be found.

Full sentiency seeks companionship through ‘interpendence’. Utilizing its procedures, full sentiency finds the creative solutions to its challenges and the means to understand itself in a much clearer, brighter Light. This fundamental need to explore inner and outer space is sanctified by the Creator and Heaven’s holy Lineage, and leads naturally to the formation of a federation of connected star-nations.

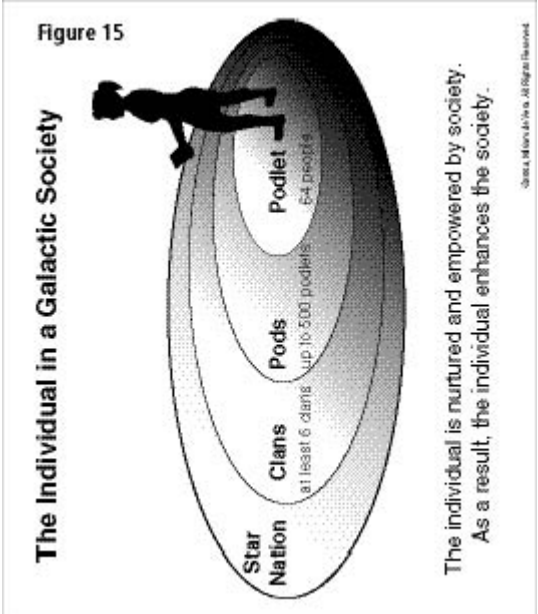
Addenda I ~ Galactic Human Society



Addenda I ~ Galactic Human Society

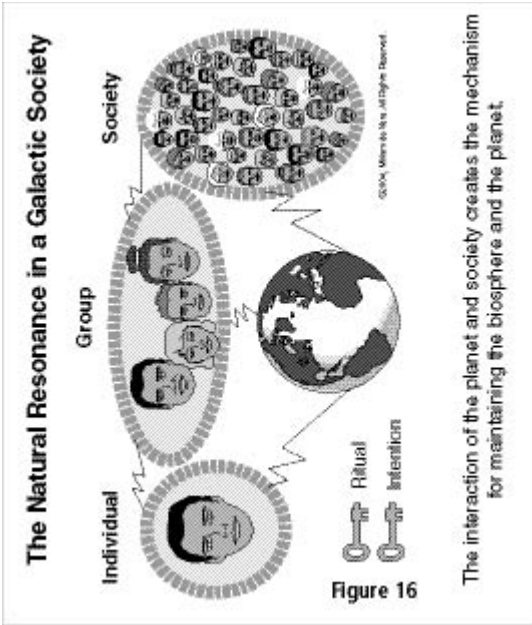


Addenda I ~ Galactic Human Society



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Addenda II ~ The Basic Principles of Fluid Management

Addenda II

The Basic Principles of Fluid Management™

Fluid Management™ is a process for managing large or small organizations that Galactic Federation personnel first taught me when I was aboard their ships in the 1950's. It is a self-organizing system that depends on the rapid interchange of the tasks and personnel needed to carry out any objective.

The Three Principles of “Fluid Management”

“Fluid Management” has three major principles:

The first is that any objective is decided upon by the group or organization concerned. The task is undertaken only when the group as a

whole is fully committed to its successful completion.

The second principle is that the ‘project leader’ chosen to manage the project is the one whom the group decides is best able to guide the plan to its completion. This ‘project leader’ does her/his work in full cooperation with the entire group. The ‘project leader’ also has the right to appoint staff to aid her/him when necessary.

The third principle is that this direction is given openly, with all the steps of the project made known to the group. There is constant feedback of information between the ‘project leader’, her/his staff and the group at large. In this way, they can obtain whatever available resources will ensure the task’s success. The group sees itself as devoted friends or family. It is a team, interacting in full partnership, harmony and cooperation.

Finally, the group evaluates the completed project and reaches a consensus in choosing its next project. It then applies the above three principles to achieve that goal.

“Fluid Management” is based upon recognition of all members of any group as Sovereign Beings with purposive talents and abilities. Each member is fully dedicated to unleashing their creativity and focused on using their talents to solve whatever problem can occur in completing the objective.

The group encourages a free flow of information. It is dedicated to being fluid enough to reorganize itself when necessary. Each ‘project leader’ originates from the group and leads only because her/his talents and abilities are appropriate for the successful completion of the specific objective. At other times, these same individuals give of themselves to fully support another selected ‘project leader’.

In turn, the ‘project leader’ is fully aware of her/his abilities and can resign from the position if she/he feels unable to complete the task. Here, the group is fully supportive of such a decision and, through its Love and caring for each member, ensures that the learning experience remains totally positive.

In Fluid Management™, there are no hierarchical structures and no firm assignment of tasks. The organization, whether large or small, sees itself as an organic entity capable of changing its form or shape whenever necessary. At its core are an inner integ-ri-ty and a complete adaptability of the

components that make up its whole. Everything is kept fluid and as creative and synergistic as possible.

Every member of a Fluid Management™ team is fully aware of their own inner purpose, as well as of the main purposes of the organization. The key is to find, and use, the method that most satisfactorily can solve all problems and achieve the agreed-upon objective.

For “Fluid Management™” exercises, refer to the book, “Selamat Ja! A Guide for Galactic Humans” (To order Selamat Ja!, see page 244)

Glossary of Important Terms

Glossary of Important Terms

Anchara: Entity commanded eons ago by Heaven to bring forth a great darkness upon this galaxy and, at the right divine time, to shift this galaxy toward the Light.

Anchara Alliance: A former galactic organization, consisting of various dark empires, star leagues and star-nations, dedicated to the conquest of this galaxy in the name of their dark overlord, Anchara.

Anunnaki: For 13 millennia, the Anunnaki were Earth’s dark, off-world masters. In 1995, they changed sides, abandoned their Earth minions (the “Illuminoids” or “Illuminati”) and advised them to do likewise.

Divine Plan: Holy and divine blueprint of Mother/Father God. Through it, the many Creations are carried out.

Elohim: Chief inter-dimensional Creator Beings. Use the sacred, spiritual energies given by Angelic Realms to help Angels formulate and maintain physical Creation according to the divine plan.

Four Laws of Galactic Society: Galactic human societies are founded on the twin precepts of realized full potential (achievement of one’s life purpose) and observance of divine societal laws. Based upon Love, they are the Laws of the One, Two, Three and Four. Each is part of the foundation upon which any galactic society is predicated.

Fluid Group Dynamics™: Primary organizing axiom of the Galactic Federation of Light. Non-hierarchical and goal-oriented, it relies on the talents, leadership and accord of its members. Also known as Fluid Management™.

Full Consciousness: State of unlimited reality in which physical, mental, emotional and spiritual bodies are fully integrated. Denotes full use of now-untapped mental and spiritual capabilities, including possession of Light Body and full range of psychic abilities, such as telepathy and telekinesis. Also the capacity to instantly manifest what is physically desired and enjoy full rapport with spiritual and other higher dimensions.

Galactic Human: Fully conscious human Being. Also called Physical Angel. Retains full recall of its Akashic records and true life purpose.

Galactic Federation of Light: Light union created, over four million years ago, by various stellar civilizations in this galaxy. Its divine purpose is to serve as Physical Angels called upon to carry out divine destiny prophesied for Milky Way Galaxy long ago.

Great Blue Lodge of Creation: Order of Heaven decreed by Lord Surea and entrusted to act as supreme guides of the Light in all of physical Creation. This august and holy place is presided over by the Council of Nine and led by Lord Aescapulus. Head-quartered, in this galaxy, on Sirius B.

Heart Logic: The natural, intuitive logic of all fully sentient Beings. Sourced by inner, true Love and the connection of one's Soul to the wisdom of the Supreme Creative Force (God).

Hybrid: Offspring of two Beings from different sentient species and genetically manipulated to produce specific, inherited characteristics.

Illuminoids: Earth minions of the Anunnaki. They include royalty, various secret orders and powerful individuals.

Light Body: Spiritual energy vehicle of a fully conscious Being. Contains the fully integrated physical, mental, emotional and spiritual bodies,

transformed into a ball of Light that can travel almost instantaneously to any part of Creation.

Ritual: Specific set of procedures celebrated on a regular basis according to defined purpose or goal. Prime example is group or individual use of meditation or vision quest to achieve divine purpose, e.g., to heal Earth or better oneself.

Treaty of Anchara: Peace agreement signed between the Galactic Federation of Light and the former Anchara Alliance. Concluded after Anchara's sudden declaration to its priests and priestesses that the time of prophecy had come. Anchara ordered its galactic minions to end their wars and join with the Galactic Federation to form one harmonious whole.

Living with Sheldon Nidle

Living with Sheldon Nidle

Aloha!

People often ask me, "What is it like to live with Sheldon?"

Sheldon and I have been Life partners for the past 8 years. For over 11 years, I have known him and supported his message. Because Sheldon is in constant contact, 24/7, with his galactic friends, many assume that I, too, experience contact in the same way he does. That has not been true for me. Certainly, while I have enjoyed a few personal galactic encounters, I could count them on the fingers of one hand. When Sheldon started writing this book, it was as if a high-frequency vortex had opened in our home, giving me, at least for the duration of the book's writing, the gift to connect telepathically with our galactic neighbors.

When I first partnered with Sheldon, he was presenting two weekly updates from the Galactic Federation of Light and Spiritual Hierarchy. When he sat down at the computer to take dictation, I quickly learned not to sit behind him, as the intense energies and high frequencies immediately put me to sleep. Throughout the years, I have adjusted and no longer react that way.

I enjoy the days when Sheldon receives the update information because he is in such a euphoric state of Beingness. I call him my "Bliss Bunny". This joy permeates our entire home. However, the night before an update,

Sheldan invariably falls asleep around 8 pm, during which time he is receiving inserts of data and involved in discussions “upstairs” concerning the next day’s information.

For me, the energies are buzzing on the night before an update, and I am routinely wide-awake until about 2 or 3 a.m. When I enter our bedroom, I usually find a beautiful, large blue, Sirian ball of light above Sheldan, and hundreds of tiny dots of white light twinkling all around him. I’ve grown accustomed to this and no longer consider it unusual.

When Sheldan started to write this book, the first Galactic Federation members to work with him were of the human race. I would come home from my errands and, as I walked up the stairs, I could feel loving, uplifting energies from the visitors he met that day. When I asked with whom he had worked today, he would give me a brief outline of the information they had given him.

My ‘Bliss Bunny’ would be happy, but also very drained. During these sessions, he was instructed to drink lots of water and found himself taking long naps in the middle of the day. He would also sleep his usual 8 hours at night. For weeks, all he did was eat, sleep and write.

One day, as I returned home from shopping, I felt the usual uplifting, loving energies. But instead of being wrung-out and drained, Sheldan was energized. “I began with the non-human members today, the Arcturians to be precise,” he informed me. “They are so loving and gracious. They are renowned healers throughout our galaxy. They invited Supa, a female Light Body Assistant, to align my energies during our session. I feel great!”

Several days later, I came home and, as I climbed up the stairs, I felt a very dense, coarse energy. Sheldan was lying on the couch, barely able to lift his head to greet me. “Whom did you meet with today?” I exclaimed. “The Bellatricians,” he muttered. “They are a dinosaurian/reptilian hybrid. Their energy is very daunting. All day I felt hot, like I had a fever with strange aches and twinges that came and went.” It was obvious to me that his session with the Bellatricians had been physically challenging.

I suggested that he ask Supa to be present every day to align his energy fields with those of the various visitors. This he did, and Supa was assigned to us during the writing of this book. We grew to Love Supa, and both of us cherish our time with her.

My Time with Supa

Supa became a frequent visitor in our home. I was curious about her personal life, her culture and her Earth experience as a “Light Body Assistant”. In the beginning, my communication with her was through Sheldan. We would talk with her and he would tell me what she was saying. Soon, I realized I knew what was being said before Sheldan could translate for me. With Supa’s nurturing and Sheldan’s patience, I learned to trust what I was receiving: pictures complete with emotions, the whisper of a voice and the intuitive impressions that can only be interpreted through the heart. Telepathy is the language of the soul. Sheldan’s caring help escalated my ability to successfully communicate, first, with Supa and, later, with other galactic Beings of Light.

The time I spend with Supa is filled with Love and laughter. She looks at the bright side of life. It is with great honor that I introduce Supa to you, through sharing a combination of questions and answers, and a few short stories.

Q: Supa, what brought you to Earth?

Supa: *About two years ago when I came to observe your world, I was awed by Earth’s beauty, the diversity of humans living both on and in your planet, and with the variety of animals, insects, fish, birds, minerals, flora and fauna. Earth enjoys a unique representation of all Life found throughout our Milky Way Galaxy. Your planet abounds with nature’s splendor.*

After soaking in Mother Earth’s beauty and paying homage to her, I went to the more populated areas. The conditions of people living in squalor absolutely shocked me. I observed whole clans literally living on garbage dumps and surviving. My heart broke, and I vowed to help Mother Earth and all her inhabitants to transform and realize their potential. I consider it an honor to participate in the awakening of Earth’s humanity.

As my research continued, I found the hearts of your people aching to be liberated and to live in peace. Your oppression has been great and you have been manipulated for over 13 millennia. And yet, with all the oppression that you have lived through, your hearts have survived and yearn to discover who you really are, and to return to our Creator. The human spirit is truly amazing. Know that you are celebrated throughout the Universe.

We, the Arcturians, have been an integral part of Earth's history for eons. Our timekeepers brought the original galactic calendar to your planet. Later, the Pleiadeans modified it. The galactic calendar is a consciousness tool used to put you in sync with the time clock of our galaxy. It helps you learn to experience time instead of just measuring it in a linear fashion. Our galaxy has a natural rhythm or pulse, providing a time to rest and a time for action. As you learn to ride the wave of energy, you will find that your life unfolds with more grace.

As members of the Galactic Federation of Light, we bring our healing expertise to the medical teams and our profound understanding of Love's grace to all Beings evolving in our galaxy. Our contributions are highly revered and honored by the Galactic Federation councils.

Since the destruction of Atlantis and your 'fall' into limitation, we have taken an active role in assisting with Earth's ascension process: your return to Universal Love.

At this time, she took the opportunity to show me a picture of Earth's horses running free with their manes and tails flowing in the wind. "There is a wild horse enjoying the freedom of the open range in every human heart," she stated. I deeply resonated with this analogy. In the movies, when a horse is returned to the open range, my heart sings with joy and I become liberated with it.

Supa On Work

Supa expressed her delight in being assigned to assist Sheldon and me for the duration of this book and with the continuing integration of our Light Bodies. We enjoyed each other's company and shared information about our respective cultures.

At first, when Supa spent time with us, she found the everyday things we did fascinating. She followed me to the grocery store to buy groceries (she was aghast at the food's lack of life force) and returned home with me to prepare meals, clean dishes, sweep the floor, vacuum carpets, dust furniture, wash and iron clothes, clean toilets, etc. It took only a couple of days' observation for her to grow weary.

Proudly, Supa told me that she has never cleaned a thing in her life. They use either replicator technology or "as they think it, so it is".

Q: Often, at Sheldon's lectures, people have expressed their concern regarding the new technologies. Some say they enjoy cleaning and don't want their lives to change. What advice can you give to them?

Supa: *For those of you who wish to keep ironing your clothes, you are welcome to do so. Once you learn to live in cooperation and harmonious community, you will have more time and opportunity to explore what brings you joy. Imagine doing what makes your heart dance and sharing your joy with others! As your individual originality is allowed to blossom, you will return to being enthusiastic co-creators with God in ways you cannot imagine today.*

Currently, in your society, you are kept quite busy just trying to make enough money to pay your rent, buy your food, and meet your car loan. It is by design from those who are in power to keep you "running in place" and too tired, when you do have time, to explore your creativity.

In a galactic society, we care for each other first, while allowing ourselves to be cared for also. Our work is joyful and we consider it to be more like play.

Q: If you were back on your home world, what would you be doing?

Supa: *I would be celebrating life and Oneness with the Universe. I belong to the Temple clan, or what you might call the priestess/priest council. Like most galactic societies, we live in the interior of our beloved planet, while maintaining sacred temple sites at specific node points on our planet's surface.*

At these sacred temples, we sing, tone, and dance around a holographic fire. The fire is for purification. Through rituals, we use sacred geometric symbols to keep our biosphere and planet in balance. We lovingly commune with our forests, plants, rocks, animals and our home world. We value and respect our symbiotic relationship to all living things. If one element is out of balance, we are all affected. In fact, our entire galaxy and beyond are affected. With this knowledge, we consider it our joyous responsibility to teach others about the importance of maintaining balanced energies through the grace of Love. Ritual is exhilarating and satisfies my soul purpose.

When I travel the galaxy as a member of the Galactic Federation of Light, I am, by vocation, a specialized Light Body Assistant. Arcturians are renowned healers throughout this galaxy and beyond. We are called to assist when a society is ready to make a dimensional shift. You and your planet are unique in that you are accomplishing your ascension in an unprecedentedly short period of time. Through the grace of our Creator, divine intervention has been decreed. We are in deep gratitude for the opportunity to assist Mother Earth and her people in their ascension celebration.

Q: What do Arcturians eat?

Supa: We eat mostly vegetables, fruits and grasses unique to our planet. My favorite food is a sweet, starchy fruit that is orange and purple in color. It grows by the oceans on trees.

We do not need food to sustain life. We energize our bodies through Light. We eat to celebrate our planet, each other and the Oneness of everything. Sharing food with others is done in ritual, honoring the spiritual union we have with the plants and our planet. For us, food provides an opportunity to partake in the wonders of physicality: taste, color, feel, texture. We enjoy the sensation of ingesting different foods. Food is about joy and relaxation. We eat only very small quantities.

Q: Supa, you went to the dentist with me. Please tell us how you keep your teeth healthy.

Supa: We eat a thistle type of plant to clean our teeth. The plant contains enzymes for cleaning. As we chew it, our gums are stimulated, thereby remaining healthy. Again, we have an agreement with the plant and we always give thanks for the plant's service to us. We never have to visit a dentist.

I was horrified observing you in the dentist chair. I found your dental practices invasive and barbaric.

Q: What is the average life expectancy on your planet?

Supa: We live to be approximately 1,000 Earth years. In your years, I am in my late 200's, which is still very young.

Q: Please describe your living quarters on the ship.

Supa: *My living quarters aboard our ship are very simple. I guess you would describe my room as Zen-like. The décor is primarily exotic plants and crystals from my home world. Since I have a symbiotic relationship with the plants, they provide comfort and the energy of home. The crystals are used for rituals. I have one chair that molds to my body's specifications. The chair is organic. If I entertain guests, my replicator creates additional organic seating arrangements as needed. However, most entertaining is enjoyed in the many common areas provided throughout the ship.*

Our ships are large, organic, sentient computers. The walls provide soft, natural luminescent light. You will not find doors. All we need to do is communicate telepathically with the wall for it to open and it accommodates our wishes. Since the walls and floors are organic, they are self-cleaning. The floors support us in a way that is difficult to describe. We tend to glide instead of physically walking the way you do.

We clean ourselves with sonic showers. They clean by using a non-intrusive frequency that leaves us feeling relaxed, rejuvenated and ready to go. The computer lets us know when the process is complete.

When we are living on our ships, we have hydroponic gardens to supply us with our favorite plants. The "holodeck" environment emulates the frequencies of our sun and the energy fields of our planet. This symbiotic process replicates the atmosphere required for the plants to thrive.

Supa On Laughter

One Sunday morning, Sheldon and I were feeling drained of energy, our bodies were aching and we were generally out of sorts. We were planning to go to the movies but neither one of us had the energy. Then Supa joined us. She took one look at us and started laughing, or, should I say, whinnying. Her whinny is life-altering and infectious.

Supa: *I see your life force is a little low today. Perhaps a little laughter will help. Laughter raises frequencies. I believe you have a popular adage that says 'laughter is the best medicine'. Higher vibrations transmute lower vibrations. It is a Universal Law. Laughter works on all four of your bodies: physical, mental, emotional and spiritual.*

Now let me see, ahhh, yes, I've been wondering about where all of your horse proverbs come from. It will be fun to name as many as we can.

Supa, Sheldan and I had a good time coming up with the following horse proverbs:

- You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink
- That's a horse of a different color
- Don't put the buggy before the horse
- Straight from the horse's mouth
- Don't beat a dead horse
- Judge not the horse by its saddle
- Don't change horses in mid-stream
- Horselaugh
- That's just plain, old, good horse sense
- Never look a gift horse in the mouth
- Horsing around
- Horseshoes are for luck

As children, both Sheldan and I loved the 1950's television show, "Mr. Ed". It was about a talking horse. We started singing the infamous theme song as I galloped around the house. We felt like kids again, laughing and forgetting all about our aching bodies.

Supa's heart was happy. Her mission to harmonize all four of our bodies was accomplished through laughter. She told us that it is important to remember to 'horse around' when feeling blue.

Supa On Posture

One afternoon, Supa came to visit. She was returning from a Light Body symposium and I asked her what she had learned. She told me that the Angelic council chairing the gathering wanted the Galactic and Angelic medical teams to find a way to get us to sit with our legs uncrossed.

Our medical teams are giving us messages and promptings, as we sleep, to make us aware of the damage we do to our body alignments by crossing our legs when we sit. It stops circulation, damages the nervous system, disrupts the flow of our energy meridians, puts unnecessary strain on muscles and tendons, and throws our hips and spines out of alignment.

Since she brought this to our attention, Sheldon and I have made a conscious effort to break this unhealthy habit, and he has been more successful than me. From childhood, I have automatically crossed my legs when I sit. I realize the importance of correcting this habit. I want my body temple to be able to receive the incoming spiritual energies with ease and grace.

While attending my weekly women's group, I noticed, after meditation, that five out of seven women crossed their legs; I shared with them the information that the Angelics want us to sit without crossing our legs, due to the damage it does to our alignments. To my surprise, they all agreed, telling me they were aware of this and are trying to correct the habit. I found their response fascinating and a tribute to our Angelic and Galactic medical teams.

Another confirming story is from my mother. She is eighty-one years old. I was talking with her on the phone when she told me that her back hurts every time she crosses her legs. She acknowledged her awareness of the damage she has done all these years by improper sitting. I had not said a word to her. I smiled and supported her realization that she needs to sit properly. Again, good work, med teams!

Meeting the Bellatricians

The Bellatricians are a dinosaurian/reptilian hybrid. They are former members of the Anchara Alliance, acting as the chief administrators for the Draconian Empire. Nine years ago, they signed the Treaty of Anchara and became members of the Galactic Federation of Light.

As I was sitting at our computer finishing up some correspondence, Sheldon came to me, stating that my time on the computer was over. It was his turn to continue writing his book on our galactic neighbors.

I told him that I was almost finished; I just needed ten more minutes. He agreed, and I continued to type.

Suddenly, I experienced a burning, electrical sensation — a bombardment of very dense energies and frequencies surrounding me. Then I felt a rod of energy blast down the center of my being. A wave of nausea permeated my entire body. Dizziness swirled inside my body like a tornado around my

spine and yet I noticed, on the outside, how extremely calm I was. I doubled over our computer and shouted for Sheldon.

“I think I’m going to be sick. I don’t know what happened, it’s so sudden.” As I said these words, the nausea lifted and the faces of two Beings appeared before my mind’s eye. They were apologizing for coming in with such force and intensity.

I was grateful that the intense physical feelings vanished as quickly as they had come. At the same time, when those two reptilian faces appeared in my conscious awareness, I was extremely frightened.

Then I realized I was in Sheldon’s chair and that they were expecting him. After all, they did have an appointment. I relayed to Sheldon what I was experiencing and he replied in a very matter-of-fact manner, “Oh yes, today I’m meeting with the Bellatricians. They are right on time.”

Wanting to flee, I immediately signed off the computer. Then, I made a conscious choice to breathe, take a moment to center myself and engage in a conversation with these two Beings. After all, they are my neighbors.

I introduced myself and communicated that it was my heart’s desire to get to know them. They agreed, and now a third Being joined them. Our communication was through telepathy. I’m not proficient at deciphering all the images and voices, complete with emotions, that come in simultaneously, but I will do my best to share my experience.

Again, they apologized. They are learning to “walk softly”. They showed me a picture of our biker gang, the Hell’s Angels. They are known to ‘storm’ a place with their energies, giving everyone the message: “Move over, we have arrived. Don’t mess with us!” And yet, once you get to know some of the bikers personally, you discover they also have a gentler side. For eons, the Bellatricians had presented themselves as tyrannical overlords in our galaxy. They were the oppressive ruling class for the Draconian Empire. Now, they are transforming. It is their aspiration to be accepted as trusted members of our galaxy.

I saw a side of them that, quite frankly, surprised me. They are very curious Beings and their hearts are benevolent. They yearn to connect with Earth humans and heal the wounds of our past. They want to exchange perspectives on our shared history. They are 3D Beings going through their own ascension process. They are very proud of what they have accomplished in a short period of time. With great pride, they are creating a

new society that is actively participating in the councils of the Galactic Federation.

As my fear lifted, I took time to really look at my new neighbors. I was admiring the attractive, luminescent quality of their multi-colored, scaly skin. It was many shades of green and yellow, with some orange-red. Their yellow eyes were large and protruding, and conveyed more warmth than I had ever thought possible. Since we were communicating through telepathy and their mouths never opened, I didn't see their razor-sharp teeth.

They thanked me for acknowledging their beautiful skin. This took me by surprise. Of course, they could hear my thoughts. They were very grateful that I could appreciate the magnificence of their multi-colored skin. This gave them hope that, with time and experience, Earth humans will learn to accept them. Their hearts sent out the most loving embrace. I was moved to tears. They did confess, however, that they have yet to see beauty in a human's physical appearance.

They told me they were exploring humor that they encountered throughout our galaxy. They tend to be very solemn, serious Beings and humor is something they have yet to grasp. In particular, they fail to understand Earth humor. So much of it seems to be aimed at another's misfortune. Why is this funny? I didn't have an answer for them, because I, too, do not relate to most humor found on planet Earth. This is one reason I have felt that I don't belong here and must come from another planet.

I reminded them to 'walk softly' whenever they come to visit us. I now understand, first-hand, what Sheldan experiences when various groups come to share with him. He has learned to bridge these energies; I am learning.

They expressed to me their sincere desire to make amends for the atrocities they have performed throughout the ages. They are letting go of their self-serving attitude and learning to embrace the joy received when in service to others. They wish to have a gentle introduction to those who can open their hearts, forgive who they were in the past and accept who they are today. They are open to connecting with those who wish to have an experience in dreamtime. The more open and accepting we can be, the more likely we are to attract an 'otherworldly' experience. They shared with me a popular quote among Light workers here on Earth: "Remember, we are

Spiritual Beings having a dinosaurian experience.” In return, I smiled and we said our good-byes until the next time we meet.

Closing

Our global society’s next evolutionary step is to become a galactic society. We are approaching the divine time when, once again, we can take an active role in our galaxy. There are millions of planets, star systems and star-nations for us to visit.

While Sheldan was writing this book, our home’s vibrational frequency was raised, allowing me the opportunity to communicate with some of our galactic neighbors. I had been asking for this opportunity for quite some time, and I was ecstatic. Finally, my telepathic ability was opened! However, since Sheldan has completed the book, our home has returned to its ‘normal’ frequency. My telepathic connection has dimmed; it is sporadic and not nearly as clear. Nonetheless, I deeply appreciate the depth of the experiences I gained as a result of this book.

These encounters changed my life. Supa’s unconditional Love expanded my heart. And the Bellatricians made it possible for me to overcome my fear, by showing me that I have the capacity to Love all of God’s Creation.

It is Earth’s destiny to evolve; ours, to meet our galactic neighbors. One purpose of this book is to introduce to you a few of those neighbors so that you can remember who they are and who you are in relation to them, and prepare our planet for reunion. They are offering us their sincere friendship and the wisdom of their evolutionary experiences.

Thank you, Sheldan, for this grand opportunity. I am truly forever grateful.

Selamat Ja!

Colleen Marshall

Maui, Hawaii

October 2004

Living with Sheldan Nidle

Living with Sheldan Nidle

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Living with Sheldon Nidle



GOORi

**This is my journal,
documenting actual
reconnaissance
missions I made in my
transport scout ship
against warring Dinoids
threatening to attack
my home planet,
Cem-Lam.**

**It is not a story.
Every exploit is factual.**

**Dictated to and transcribed by
Sheldan Nidle**

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Editor's Note

How the Gori Journal Resurfaced

'Way back in 1988 when Gori came to Earth and became friends with Sheldon, he dictated a journal. It documented actual reconnaissance missions Gori had made in his transport scout ship against warring Dinoids who threatened to attack his home planet, Cem-Lam.

This is not science fiction. It is not a story. Every exploit he dictated to Sheldon is factual.

Why didn't Sheldon publish this journal soon after it was written? Because, in the late eighties, the PAO did not have enough of a budget to do so. It was all the organization could do to keep Sheldon's mission going. Somehow, in the course of time, and during several household moves, the typed manuscript was packed in an unlabeled box and long forgotten.

One day recently, while searching for some old hard drives in her garage, Colleen was surprised to find the Gori manuscript/journal. She phoned me and wondered if, after so many years, we could, and should, publish the journal after years. I suggested Colleen take it to a place that could scan the manuscript and digitally convert it into editable pages.

She had the journal digitally converted and sent it to me for evaluation.

After I reviewed the scans, it was apparent that a great deal of work would be needed to edit out the optical character flaws. There were many spelling mistakes and grammatical errors to be corrected. The original manuscript/journal had been typed and afterwards never been edited. Certainly in this condition, it became a challenging task to say the least.

Knowing that Sheldon's health issues no longer allowed him to write any more books, Colleen and I felt it was particularly important for PAO to publish this unique journal of Gori's.

We do not anticipate this journal to be a best seller but certainly, for PAO followers, it will be a reading treat. Because it is a journal and not a novel, we have edited spelling and grammar errors but wanted to keep the feel of Gori's narrative as close to his speaking style as possible. There are many words in Gori's native language and we tried, as closely as possible, to keep them accurate. At times you may find this journal repetitive. Please remember that it is a series of notes, taken from many days spent on his scout ship. Every day was not like an action movie.

If you find some errors, please be reminded that this is not a novel. Have a chuckle on us and happy reading!

Miles

PAO Editing Team

Introduction

It was the tenth day of Ach-Lem in the year 10456 when my ship drifted into Earth orbit. It was the end of a ten-year journey filled with adventure and strange events. Before I begin my journal, let me explain who I am and the circumstances that brought me to your world.

My name is Gori-An Schar'a. I am a 230-year-old artist and historian from Cem-Lam, the fourth planet of the seven-planet Anix star system. It lies 611 Light Years from Earth, located in the tail of the constellation called Cetus (the Whale), 611 light years from Earth. To reach your planet, one must pass through the belt of Orion and an allied region called the Forbidden Zone .

The Forbidden Zone is so-named because of an advanced race of dinosaur beings of vast intelligence and guile which we call Dinoids. They are a race that formed a confederacy to raid unsuspecting planet systems that were not part of the Planetary Union. To maintain independence, our world, and other nearby star systems, formed a buffer zone called the Planetary Alliance, headed by the Grand Council of Cem-Lam.

Fifty-five hundred years ago, my ancestors were renowned as the greatest merchants in the galaxy. Equipped with their unique wares, they traversed the Forbidden Zone and returned with stories that became the foundation of myths and legends. Among them were tales of a savage civilization on the planet Terra, which existed on the far edge of the Zone. They also briefly mentioned a star system that had conquered inter-dimensional space/time travel. They believed that the beings from this star system were willing to share their knowledge with travelers they deemed friendly. From my childhood I had wanted to confirm the truth of these tales.

Family pressure compelled me to join the "Planetary Guard" and I volunteered for the "Environmental Services Command". My assignment was in the "Waste Management Corps". In other words, I was a high-tech garbage man! The ship I was assigned to was called the CV-12 (Conservation-Maintenance Vehicle - 12). All CV-class vehicles were scheduled for general maintenance every year. In my case, the CV-12 had just been repaired and its operations were at peak efficiency. The crew, in addition to myself, normally consisted of six Corpsmen and about 400 robots that collected designated waste products. In the case of a major emergency, the computer was programmed to order all robots into their storage rooms, lock them down magnetically, and leave the senior crew chief as the sole crew member onboard. To teach me the beauty of command, my uncle designated me a senior crew chief. As commander, I was allowed a four-day-on, four-day-off schedule. It gave me time to prepare for a possible trip across the Forbidden Zone. I consulted the computer logs from the old merchant ships for a route across the zone.

My next step was to check out the CV-12 for its deep space capabilities. Uncle Sher'e was my prime source for information. At one of our luncheon meetings, he mentioned that all CV-class vehicles were equipped with an old-fashioned star drive that allowed a maximum speed of 71C (C =speed of light). He also implied that the ship had a food locker and processing system that could feed one person for ten years. In case our star system was attacked and destroyed, he said, a component of the main computer called the Navigator was programmed to locate the designated star system I could flee to. Also, a newly-developed cloaking system had been

secretly installed on all CV-class ships during their yearly maintenance cycle. This cloaking system was of a type unknown and undetectable by the Dinoid Confederacy. In effect, the CV-12 had become the perfect ship for my purposes. I would now be able to safely cross the deadly Forbidden Zone!

The crisis with the Dinoids gradually escalated and it looked as though my mission would take on more urgency. Perhaps, when I returned from Terra known to you as Earth, the knowledge I brought back would aid my world in its conflict with the dreaded Dinoid Confederacy. It was also my hope that the facts gathered on my journey would enable my world to re-establish its previous position as the home of high-profile inter-galactic merchants.

On the twelfth day of Nef'ur in the year 10446, I was instructed to attend Planetary Guard drill aboard the CV-12. It occurred during Share'rrah, the only month-long festival on Cem-Lam, and I missed the ceremonies. Luckily, I took along the navigation pack that I had so meticulously prepared. The tragic events that followed there after I boarded my ship propelled me on the journey I am about to describe.

I hope that this journal enables the reader to understand my world and to benefit from my knowledge of the galaxy. It can be a frightful place to those unprepared for its wonders. However, to those prepared for its reality, it can afford a most mind-altering experience. May this treatise of my discoveries serve you well.

How Sheldon Met Gori

To properly introduce Gori, let's start with how he came to be friends with Sheldon.

Actually, the story starts before that, when Gori first landed on Earth. He found himself in a farmer's field in the Midwest. Gori thought he would go to the farmhouse's front door and introduce himself to whoever greeted him. The farmer opened the door, took one look at Gori and reached for his gun. Gori was confused by the farmer's unfriendly response but knew he had better skedaddle away, and quickly. By engaging his invisible cloaking device, he knew the farmer could no longer see him. Whew, that was close!

Gori started looking for people with a certain frequency signature, hoping that they would be more open and welcoming to a visitor from a distant land. He discovered one man who considered himself to be an author. The man had a good imagination, and Gori found him interesting and easy to influence. But Gori soon grew bored because the relationship was one-sided and set off to find someone else to befriend. That's when he found Sheldon.

It happened one day, during the Christmas season. Sheldon and Miriam, his wife at the time, were wrapping gifts. Suddenly, a small, soft, stuffed candy cane went flying through the air. It startled Sheldon at first. Then he heard high-pitched laughter.

"Darn, I missed!" said a voice.

"What were you aiming at?" Sheldon responded and the voice exclaimed, "You can hear me? That's fantastic!" Sheldon said he certainly could hear him and even, for a split second, saw him. "You are furry and a copper color." Gori was delighted – he had found a friend!

For years, Gori was a constant companion to Sheldon and Miriam. And, when I moved to Maui with Sheldon, he became mine, too. Miriam and I could not see or hear Gori, but Sheldon would translate for us. We could ask Gori questions and he would give us the most amazing answers.

He is highly spiritual. He loves puns. He is also a comedian and loved to play jokes on us. One of his favorites was to take our keys or glasses and hide them. He thought it great fun, watching us search for the keys, until we finally exclaimed: "GORI, BRING BACK MY KEYS!" Pretty soon, we blamed Gori for everything that went missing, even when it wasn't his doing.

Living with Gori was immensely entertaining. He loved our world's colloquialisms and slang. His dream was to one day play "Vegas, Baby!" He truly is a funny Being with an insatiable appetite for making us laugh.

I have many Gori stories, which I will share with you in the coming months. In the meantime, please do enjoy reading Gori's journal, which describes what happened to his planet, his journey through space and how he came to Earth.

Selamat Ja! Colleen, PAO

Chapter 1 - My Early Years

It was the dawn of the Twelfth of Ne'fur, my birthday, a day fated for endings and for beginnings. I was born on Jia'fur, or the blue day (the third day of the week). The yellowish Vil'ite sun of Anix was slowly rising over the blue-grey Onxap mountains, filling the sky with streaks of lavender and shocking pink. My sound system played the first harmonic chords of the wake-up call I had composed the previous day. I awoke and began another four-day duty cycle with the Plarle'faty Guard. After a quick sonic shower, I put on my uniform and pushed the button on the near wall. In a split second, I was transported to my chair at the breakfast table. In front of me, my favorite morning meal Tap'ik pancakes with fried garlic and boiled Mangor. After a few minutes of feasting, the plate was empty. The time had come to request transport pod service and reserve my usual morning ride to the shuttle pod.

The day did not feel normal. I had an intuitive sense that something was amiss. The ride to the spaceport proved eventful as the news over the public address system stated that Dinoid warships had been spotted in our outer defense zone. The news further unsettled me. This crisis had gone on forever. As I dwelt on it my mind drifted back to the historical events that had made the disaster unfolding before me possible.

Cem-Lam is the second smallest of the seven planets that encircle Anix. It is only 6,800 miles (approx. 11,000 km) in diameter and consists of a huge continent called Aplian, separated in its southern hemisphere by the Sea of Polster, sometimes called the Great Southern Sea (Anax Qilab). Another continent, called Saan, covers the southern polar region and is also separated from the northern continent of Aplian by this same sea. The climate varies from semi-tropical at the poles to tropical at the equator. In the Deep South the land is misty with fog that changes color as each one of our eight days of the week begins. The fog is unique in that it is clear, not cloudy. Our science teaches us that the chemicals and oxidants that it contains are responsible for our long life (650 of your solar years). Encircling Cem-Lam are two moons. Each Moon revolves in the opposite direction. The inter-moon, Granis, is blue and orbits clockwise. Tinhile, the outer moon, orbits in a counter-clockwise direction. From time immemorial the rotation of the two moons and the sun (Anix) has been trusted as a portent of change or the harbinger of a great event. My illustrious ancestor, Sher'e Shar'a was born during such an event.

Five hundred thousand solar years ago, the various clans of my world were completely divided into warring parties based upon greed and the aggressive personality of our predator past. The lush forests of An'ok and the mountain caves of the Sup had spawned us and our ways. We were nocturnal predators who hunted the dreaded predatory wild boars of the Lang or that dwelled on the edge of our sacred forests. Let it be noted that it was highly risky for any wild boar to venture into our lands! Out of such hunting came the organization and the mythic status of the clans. As we gained in wisdom, so we grew in superiority over the wily and callous wild boars.

By one hundred thousand of your years ago, the clans had ventured out from the forests and slowly covered the face of Cem-Lam with their kind. This was the time of the Shar-Ba'zor, the great story tellers that crossed the regions and recounted the history of our people. They also possessed the powers of Ra'alor, the ability to cast spells and read minds. Inspired by their tales of bravery, the clan chiefs led their men into battle and certain death. This period of planet-wide

warfare is called the Ra'a Ufur. Using their powers to promote conflict, the Sha-Ba'zor became founders of the present-day clan system.

The basis of this power was the garment known as the Pra'alah. When worn on the head, the powerful cloth produced a wakened dream state that opened the spiritual records of my people. All our ways from the beginning were known to them. No deed or custom could be hidden.

About 15,000 of your years ago, the Dinoids ventured into our star system. Our clans were not yet united. The Dinoids found our people still engaged in conflict and confined to our planet and its two moons. They observed us and decided to act. They placed a small colony on Sar'am, the second planet from our sun. The colony would thrive on its own for the next 4,000 years. Its purpose was to grow in size and strength and, at the right time, be prepared to fight over the right to inhabit our star system.

The warfare and competition among the regional clans was immense. The four clan regions of Vec-Lor (in the west), Sem'ang (in the south), Apli-Ant (in the north and east) and Pol-Ster (in the southern sea islands) were in constant conflict for either military, political or economic reasons. Warfare was endemic to us since we were a nocturnal predatory race whose home was the forests and mountains of our planet.

We felt that our aggressive nature was the key to our civilization. Eventually, these conflicts extended to the planets nearest to us in our star system. The newly-inhabited planet called Sar'am became an inter-clan battleground. The Dinoids were quickly exterminated during a surprise attack and the planet won by the Sem'ang regional clans. It would take the Dinoids nearly six thousand years to discover that no Dinoid colonies were to be found in our solar system.

The Dinoids discovered the truth when one of their battle fleets wandered into our star system about 6,000 years ago. By that time, my relative, Sher'e Shar'a, had united the clans and established the present inter-planetary Government of the Anix star system. In a series of battles known as the Ji'atar, the Dinoids were driven off and the primacy of our claim to our lands established. However, the Confederacy members demanded revenge and began seemingly endless periods of crisis, peace – and a new crisis.

That crisis had started like many previous ones. The Dinoids had demanded that reparation be made for past grievances. When the Grand Council refused to bow to their wishes, the Dinoids threatened war or a quarantine of our sector. When their bluster was unable to dissuade us, they had backed down and demanded negotiations over this matter of grave importance to our people. However, strangely, the negotiations had dragged on beyond their usual period of a few months. It made us wonder if peace was possible or if this was the time they would attack.

The change in the Dinoids' cycle seriously worried my Uncle. Sher'e Shar'a was 594 years old, a veteran leader of the Planetary Guard and of my clan. He was named after the man who had united the Dansen Act that was in itself a feat of sure brilliance. But that is another and quite interesting tale. On a bi-weekly basis, he expected me, his favorite nephew, to have lunch with him at his house in the foothills of the Onx' ap Mountains above Vel-Cor city, our planet's capital.

My last luncheon was different from all others as my uncle was under great stress. He confided in me, as he often did, that events at the conference were becoming bizarre. The Dinoids' demands centered on handing O'Jer to them, because of our cloaking technology. Luckily, he noted, they did not know of our latest advances. He was afraid that their wars with the Planetary Union were not going well and they looked upon our cloaking system as a needed weapon. He felt that they would stop at nothing to obtain the devices. War, in his opinion, was inevitable. It was only a matter of time before they attacked. I left the luncheon worried that the inevitable was very close to happening. My uncle's worries had become my own. As I completed my thoughts, the transport pod reached the pre-launch facility. I got off and reported to the quadrant commander. He informed me that an emergency drill was in effect. It meant that my trip to the CV -12 would be made alone. I walked to the shuttle craft and, once inside, started the necessary pre-flight procedures.

As our sun reached over the Onx'ap Mountains, my shuttle took off for rendezvous with the CV-12. It has never ceased to amaze me how beautiful the brief flight to my ship could be. The different layers of the planet's atmosphere ranged from reds and purples at the surface to golden yellows and cobalt blues as we neared orbital altitude. The CV-12 hung in the jet-black confines of space while in the distance the orange moon, Granis, seemed to speed by. On the opposite horizon, the blue moon, Ach'am, was out of its first quarter. On command, the shuttle hanger doors opened and the shuttle landed beside its counterpart. Lilly ship was a specialized transport that had been modified for its V·Taste disposal tasks. It was about 2,000 feet long and was powered by six Vestat tachyon drive engines. All commanders were told that the star drive's diamond and quartz crystals had been removed and that only sub-light propulsion capability remained. Like all Cem-Lam transports, it was equipped with a special computer system that permitted the central computer on Cem-Lam to control the activities of its robot crew.

Our task was to monitor the robots and report our findings to the main base. With the robots locked down in their storage rooms, the ship seemed immense, cold, and lonely. All lights were dimmed and life support limited to the core shaft, the control room in the main flight deck and the sleeping/mess rooms. It was a time to sit in front of the main viewing screens and imagine what the celebrants were engaged in on the planet's surface.

In the forests of a land called An'ok in the region of Vel'Cor, the first settlements of my people had been built. This event occurred about five million solar years ago and it is celebrated as Ja'Fur, or the day of the beginning, for a period of one month. It occurs in the spring during the month of Nef'ur and is our New Year celebration. Over the years, the various clans, as well as the Grand Council, have led the parades and the dancing that follows. It is the only time of the year when the ancient customs of our people are permitted. These acts include the ancient howling rights and the releasing of wild boars, which are symbolically chased through the forest and ritually slaughtered. All evening many barbeque pits are afire and the delectable aroma of barbequed wild boar fills the air.

Memories of the ceremonies also reminded me of my immediate family, and I wondered how they were doing. In Cem-Lam's clan structure, the family was subordinate to the rights of a clan. Each family member would vote to decide a representative to the sixteen family basic unit, or

Sha'ba. The Sha'ba elected a chief, or Jin'gu, who represented them at the clan council Orlan'da. In the past, this system had been the basis for our armies and hunting parties into the Lang'or.

My father, Bor'e Sher'ah, impressed upon me the importance of clan obligations. In our case, that duty involved service in the Planetary Guard. Luckily, he was five feet five inches, too tall for service on space ships. This problem had forced me to be predestined for Planetary Guard service. He was an inventor who had a keen appreciation of the laws of nature. We spent many hours engaged in philosophical conversation over the meaning of life and the nature of the universe. My mother, Flo'ar Sher'a, was a mathematician who devoted herself to the raising of her children. My younger brother, Cur'i Shar'a, was a born fighter pilot and I hoped that he would spring me from Planetary Guard duty. He enjoyed the games and the ritual of Ja 'fur and was probably spending his time chasing wild boars. My sister, Agi'ar Shar'a, was the baby of the family and probably the smartest of us all. She enjoyed the parades and was probably taking part in as many of them as possible. I hoped that all would be well and that the crisis would soon be over. The more that I thought about my family, the more I missed them.

The emergency siren roused me from my daydreaming and brought me back to the frightful present. It was time to inspect the life support areas and report my findings to the main computer. Doing this gave me an excuse to explore the sleeping/mess area for available supplies. To leave the flight deck, one had to use the ship's main corridor, whose entrance was situated aft of the main control room. The elevators were locked down to conserve electricity so I was forced to use the emergency airlock and descent tube. This tube, running parallel to the elevators, had a ladder that I could quickly scale. I entered the tube and climbed down to the sleeping/mess deck five levels below. My first concern was the condition of the actual mess station, or kitchen. It seemed in good working order. The food processor units checked out as being fully operational. Next were the food lockers. The data given me by my uncle was correct and there should be sufficient food for a ten-year journey. To my surprise, the computer check-out visual inspection verified his estimate. I went to the sleeping quarters, where beds and sonic showers were all in complete readiness. Emergency transporter units were also operational. The ship was definitely ready for deep space travel.

Back on the flight deck, I reported that all the systems were inspected, operational and ready for any contingencies. My next worry was the star drive system itself. According to all of our data, the ship was good only for inter-planetary flight. For us to leave the star system, the star drive's crystals would have to have been re-installed. The only way to corroborate this was to don a spacesuit and examine the propulsion system read-outs on the engineering deck twenty-four levels below. My opportunity for star drive inspection came shortly after. The main computer control station ordered transport ships in orbit to be prepared for inter-planetary flight. Although I found this command concerning, it permitted me to make the long trip to the engineering deck. But needing a spacesuit, I had first to return to the mess/sleeping quarters deck. All flight suits were stored in special lockers on that level. It would be the first time since basic space training that I had worn one. It took only about ten minutes to climb down to the fifth level and another twenty minutes to put on the suit. The hard part would be climbing down the remaining nineteen levels to the engineering deck. All in all, the journey took me about forty minutes. At long last, I reached the engineering deck and entered the airlock that connected the descent tube to the engineering level. It was an amazing sight to behold.

Although robots were usually the only part of the crew that operated on this deck, a few crew members were also allowed to inspect this level while the robots were operational. The main engineering computer would supply the essential holographic displays to answer my questions. I connected my audio sensors to the computer's main databank and asked the required questions about the star drive. It answered that all systems were operational and ready for inter-planetary flight. My next query resulted from my uncle's information on the status of the star drive. Yes, CV -12 had indeed had its crystals re-installed and the tachyon drive properly balanced for light travel. Maximum speed permitted by engineering computers was 71C. Finally, I asked about the cloaking system. The answer was that the new CS-40 device had been installed and was operational once star-drive was engaged. All systems were in place, as my uncle had stated. Elated, I returned to the fifth level to remove my suit.

Two hours after I had begun my short trek to engineering. I returned to the flight deck. As requested, my findings were reported to the main computer ground station. Now the monotonous routine of monitoring the view screens became my only task. I began thinking about my family and couldn't help but worry about them. Memories of happier times flashed before me. Most of our regular trips had been to the center of Vel-Cor and the lower elevations of the Sup Mountains and Kui 'Jalor, or Mount Snout. This mountain was actually a huge geyser (elevation 3,000 feet or 915 meters) with a cone shaped like our snouts. Once a year, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day of Neflorat, the mountain would send a gigantic cloud of steam skyward for a period of 15 minutes. My dad would always insist we go to see it even though it was inevitably featured on our video system. To this day, I can see him ignoring our objections as he packed for the trip.

My daydreams were interrupted by the warning siren's alert that the power supply for the viewing screens was about to shut down for repair. I asked the computer for a readout and was informed that the problem was a bad back-up generator located on the third deck. Since there was little time to spare, I ordered the computer to activate life support on C11 deck. Life support would be restored in three minutes came the reply. I raced to the descent tube and reached the generator station in five minutes. The back-up generator coils were widely scattered but, in an instant, I had locked them back into place. Crisis averted, I returned to the flight deck and ordered the computer to turn off life support on C11 deck.

Once again, the routine returned to normal. The view screens showed me a seemingly scenic picture of Cem-Lam stretching below me. My orbit was about 202 hundred miles (325 kilometers) above the planet's surface. A special zoom lens allowed me to use this altitude to see even the tiniest objects. Since the main computer was not monitoring the ship's data output, I decided to have some fun. First, I commanded the computer to locate Vel-Cor city and scan for my parents. To aid the computer, I scanned in pictures of my family. It took it about twenty minutes to locate them. They were at the parade in East Vel-Cor on the podium with my uncle. I was pleased to see that the Dinoid crisis had not entirely spoiled my uncle's love for parades and gala events. My brother and sister were not on the reviewing stand with my parents. This led me to ask the main computer to find them. In three more minutes it located my brother in the midst of a huge crowd in the parade assembly area. Either he was about to be part of the parade, or he was just watching the units gather for the march.

A sudden call to quarters from the main base quadrant commander ended my snooping. This action was highly unusual and I wondered what could be happening. We were being ordered to raise the orbit of the CV-12 to 5,000 miles (8,000 kilometers). We were also told to practice evasive maneuvers and to test all emergency transporters for full operational status. The command caught me completely by surprise. In our training classes we had been told that, in event of attack, we would stay close to the planet's surface and ascend to higher orbit only before the attack commenced. Quickly, I scanned for any sign of Dinoid warships. None appeared on my scanners. In the meantime, I asked the main navigation computer to lay in and follow a series of prescribed evasive maneuvers. Then I went to the transporter room and started a checklist to learn if the six units were in working order. The entire procedure took about five minutes.

When I was back in the control room, the quadrant commander reappeared on the screen and ordered us to resume our lower orbit. It appeared that the Planetary Guard had been deadly serious about the emergency procedure drill. It was the first time that we had left standard emergency orbit. It could only mean that my uncle's warning was coming to pass.

An hour of being on full alert after the return to lower orbit, I was bored. The exciting thing about the main computer bank was its ability to simulate any type of emergency. To pass the time, I ordered the computer to continue scanning Planetary Guard channels and to also bring up on the main screen the emergency simulation scenarios. Over the next five hours, I played the many simulated disasters memorized by the computer. Slowly, I was lulling myself into the belief that all would be well. In another few days, the drill would be over and I could resume my normal habits.

But my fantasies evaporated when the Quadrant Commander ordered us to return to immediate full alert status. He also requested that all transport and special service vehicles return to their higher orbit and resume evasive maneuvers. I responded quickly to his command. In the new orbit, we went through our evasive maneuver drill. For the third time, the Quadrant Commander ordered us to check out and activate our cloaking device. For this command, I had to return to the engineering deck. Setting the computer on automatic response, I once again descended to the mess/sleeping deck to don a space suit. Arriving at the engineering level, I went to the special section of the control panel described to me by my uncle and checked out the CS-40 cloaking system. It was fully installed and ready to become operational if light speed was attained. I also went through the operational check list for the CS-32 cloaking system standard for all CV-class vehicles. I completed the check list and activated the device as ordered. I returned to level five to undress and made my way back to the main flight deck.

As soon as I returned, the quadrant commander ordered us to resume our lower orbits with the cloaking devices still operational. For the Planetary Guard to prepare us to operate our vehicles using the cloaking device was most unusual. It appeared that the attack that we all feared was extremely close to being reality. Again, I asked the computer for full deep space scan for any Dinoid starships. I was anxious to learn if any of their infamous Battle Planets were in the vicinity. These starships were up to 3,000 miles (800 kilometers) in diameter and capable of destroying a planet in one immense blast of their gravity ray. The ships were usually protected by up to a million smaller spacecraft or escorts and were usually of two types. The larger craft, a sort of space battle cruiser, were up to 2 miles (3.2 kilometers) long and egg-shaped. The second

ship was only about a quarter-mile (400 meters) in length and shaped like a large concave lens. This ship was usually stored inside the battle planet and served as its escort fighter. All Dinoid warships were armed with a tachyon drive blaster capable of rendering fatal damage to almost any type of opposing spacecraft. To my relief, the hour-long scan failed to detect the presence of any Dinoid warships in my immediate vicinity.

Since the procedures we had followed remained a mere exercise, I turned my attention to the whereabouts of my family. It had been hours since my last "snooping session" and I wondered if they were still at the parade. The computer turned on the high resolution scanning mode and to observe the events going on in Vel-Cor city. The parade that we had seen before was apparently over. I ordered the scanner to use its special frequency cameras and look inside my parents' house. The screen's first images showed that they had returned home and were in the midst of dinner. Watching them eat made me hungry. I decided to raid the mess section and take some food back to my duty station so putting the main computer on automatic mode I quickly took the descent tube to level five. Dinner was already installed in the food processor oven. I pressed the necessary buttons and a hot meal was returned to me in a few minutes. Loading it on the inter-level food server, I made my way back to my station. By keeping the scanner on my family's meal, my dinner gave me almost the feeling of eating at home.

When dinner was over, I returned the used mess tray to the inter-level food server and ordered the tray to be processed by the mess section. I pressed the switch next to the transporter and it quickly headed to its destination. Now was the time for my first two-hour nap. When I asked the quadrant commander if there were any special orders for my ship, he answered that normal sequencing orders were still in use. When I told him that it was time for my first nap, the computer immediately reverted to automatic mode with all alarm sensors in full operation. Before returning to level five, I checked the alarm sensors and set the system on full stand-by alert. Next I took the descent tube to level five. As I left the interconnect, I wondered which bed I would be sleeping in.

Sleeping quarters aboard the CV -12 consisted of six "air beds". They consisted of a steel platform 5.5 ft. long by 3ft. wide (1.68 meters by 0.91 meters) attached by a long chain to the ceiling. Each bed was approximately six inches (1525 centimeters) above the ground. An air mattress on the platform was encased in a special soft fur-like material and covered by the usual bedding materials (pillows/ blankets, etc.). The beds were built this way to imitate our ancient tree beds. Whenever possible, we maintained a link to our earliest origins as a people. I climbed into the bed nearest the hatch and quickly fell asleep.

In what seemed a second, the alarm sensor sounded its bells. I awoke and, in keeping with standard procedure, used the intercom to ask the computer if there was an emergency in effect. The reply was affirmative and I rushed back to the control room. As I arrived, we received the order to resume higher orbit and, once again, to begin evasive maneuvers. I complied and I asked the computer how long I would be away from the control room. Its answer: one hour and forty-two minutes. At least I had finished most of my first nap. Worried, I asked the computer to scan for any sign of Dinoid warships in our sector. Fifteen minutes later, it replied that none had been detected. It seemed odd that I had been awakened for a mere drill. The exercise continued for

four more hours. To pass the time, I set the computer on automatic mode and again ran through the procedures for different emergency repairs I might be expected to perform.

After four hours, we were ordered back to lower orbit. The cloaking device was disconnected. I ran through the proper check list and had the computer put the cloaking device to its 'off' setting. And the drill was set for low readiness. This seemed like a perfect time to grab a nap. My request for a nap cycle was accepted and, after going through the protocols, retired to level five. This time, I chose the finest bed and quickly sank into a deep sleep. Two hours later, the awake claxon sounded and I slowly arose from my bed. The continual drills were becoming a bore. I called these drills the big snooze. My secret desire was to use the computer to draw and create life-like images of our past. This wish was impossible because the computer was constantly being monitored by the grounded command stations, which had a very low tolerance of artistic endeavors. My only sources of amusement were the various drills and exercises stored in the CV-12's main computer.

To pass the time, I decided to see how my family was doing. Scanning showed that they were in the midst of playing with the entertainment computer that was as a standard part of every Cem-Lam household. This computer could re-create any stored play or game in life-like 3-D. It also had the ability to perform any original play or game. The family was busily attempting to invent a new game with mixed results. I secretly scanned their activities for the next 30 minutes and then returned to more mundane activities. first I checked in with the quadrant commander to tell him that the CV -12 was fully operational and all on-board systems were operating in a nominal mode. Next, I tried the main power station monitor. Here, I began a prescribed test of all essential functions. It was standard procedure to examine all power station inter-connects on the flight deck to determine their status. This tedious activity took up the next two hours.

Once my inspection was complete, the next set of orders from the main base was delivered to us by my uncle. Personally, I thought this action extremely unusual. We were instructed to orbit around the outer moon (Gran 'is, the orange moon) with our cloaking devices in operation. I wondered if the attack was imminent. The trip to Gran'is took about five minutes. Once in orbit, I ordered that another scanning procedure of the entire planetary sector be started. The scan found no Dinoid vessels in the vicinity, but it did find part of our defense fleet going into light drive near our quadrant. This action appeared to confirm my worse suspicions: scouts for the Dinoid war fleet were probably near our closest neighbors, about five light years away.

Nervously, I stayed awake waiting for any additional news from command central. Orders came that we got were to go into automatic mode and take a nap cycle. With stage two of our drill in operation for the first time, they expected us to sleep! I acknowledged the command and, in a great worry, returned to level five. I grabbed some chu-chu berry juice from the food locker and headed for the sleeping quarters. In my youth, the sedative like chu-chu berry would put me to sleep. Now I hoped that it would at least calm me. I drank the green liquid and soon fell fast asleep.

My sleep was broken by the claxon waking me up and ordering me to the flight deck. Again, my uncle appeared on the screen. This time, he ordered us to travel to the second planet, Sar'am. This was the first time the service fleet had left the confines of our world and gone to our second

planet. Sar'am is often called our sister planet. It is about 7,100 miles (1,500 kilometers) in diameter. Like my home world, it consists of two major continents and a shallow inland sea. Its weather is hostile and its day is twenty-five hours long, as compared to our twenty-four. The flight there took about twenty minutes at 0.4 C.

Upon arrival at Sar'arn, we went into a high orbit about 20,000 miles (32,400 kilometers) above the planet's surface. While in orbit we were told to check out the navigation computer and monitor the emergency channel for any messages. It seemed strange to me that my uncle had used a stage two alert drill to take us to the planet where Dinoids had established their ill-fated colony eons ago. The reddish and greenish blue hues of Sar'am had quite a sad and devilish story to tell. As I circled this fabled orb, I remembered the tale my uncle had told me one day.

My uncle Sher'e delighted in describing historical events of personal importance to himself during the obligatory luncheons that I attended at his home above Vel-Cor City. One tale that he loved to recite was the defeat of the Dinoid colony on Sar'am. It was also one of the main tales that were part of the Shar-Ba'zor's vast repertoire. These incidents had occurred during the clan wars that raged across our planet about six thousand years ago. The most technologically-advanced and fiercest of the four regional clans were the Sem' sing. They developed a unique form of martial arts and wizardry that they called the Pra-clah. Based on an ancient form of battle, it had one vital difference: the power of the mind was of equal, if not greater, importance to their combat. In the beginning, it gave them great superiority in war, but, with the spread of Pra 'clah masters through the planet, they lost their advantage. The finer details of this period will be deleted at this time. For as one can say, the history of these times is another story worth telling. The Sam'ang used their minds to develop a crystal-based technology that made them the first to achieve space flight.

In their first thousand years of applying this technology, the Sam'ang were able to establish bases on our moons, and our third planet and closest neighbor, Sup'por. As they colonized this world, they discovered that a strange reptilian intelligence also existed on Sup'por. Greatly disturbed by these findings, the Sam'ang asked for a temporary union to fight the invaders. Naturally, they wanted the Sam'ang to lead the expeditionary force. For many years, the councils of the four regions debated the matter. It seemed no resolution of this problem was possible. Into their midst came So'ang Vo'fuy, the greatest of the Sam'ang Sha-Ba'zors. He resolved the problem by explaining the ancient creation myths of my people in a new light. His revolutionary concept would be used later by Sher'eShar'a to unite the regional clans. With So'ang Vo'fuyas the expeditionary leader, the war against the Dinoids was begun.

Meanwhile, the Dinoids were unaware of the events taking place on Cern-Lam. They only knew that strange furry creatures had been spotted on Sup'por. They had been told that these creatures were inferior to them and incapable of space flight for a long time to come. They were unaware of the degree of technology that we possessed, or that we practiced a strange form of combat called the Pra'clah. The first battle of the war occurred on Sup'por and led to a quick Dinoid victory. Victory served to lull the Dinoids into believing that their combat technology was superior. Their arrogance gave us time to form our combined armies, share the necessary technology and establish an efficient chain of command.

Ten years after the defeat at Sup'por, the Sam'ang-led army attacked the Dinoid outpost on Sup'por. In a week of fighting, our armies conquered the Dinoid outpost and established a base for the main attack on Sar'am. Over the next few months, an army base of over two million warriors was established on Sup'por. The Dinoids sent their armada of over 100,000 fighters to intercept and destroy the base. The Sam'ang had developed an advanced version of their transport ship as a fighter. This fighter proved to be vastly superior to those of the Dinoids. In a matter of only a few hours, the Dinoid fleet was utterly destroyed, leaving their planet virtually defenseless. Within a few days, the Sam'ang-Jed Cern-Lam army landed on Sar'am. In a series of battles that lasted about 100 years, the Dinoid invaders were completely annihilated.

The alarm resounding in the far corner of the flight deck brought me back to reality. Rushing to the origin of the T'Jann, I discovered that a control crystal for the cloaking system had cracked along its length (J'Yide) axis. I hurried to a storage locker on the flight deck and retrieved a new crystal. In a few minutes, the cloaking system was again fully operational. To insure the new crystal's reliability, I commanded the computer to run a digital diagnostic and, ten minutes later, the computer reported that the new crystal was good for another twenty to fifty years. The crisis resolved, I returned to my seemingly endless staring at the planet's surface. Presently, Sar'am served two purposes. First, it was kept as a memorial to those Cern-Lam soldiers who had lost their lives in the struggle to free it from Dinoid control. To this end, a series of monuments and historical rest areas had been constructed on the planet's surface. Secondly, Sar'am was a major vacation planet and featured two of the largest amusement parks in this section of the galaxy.

One of the largest of the memorial areas was called Ta'fir. It had been the site of the final battle of the campaign against the Dinoids. It was here that the great slaughter of the last Dinoid colonists had taken place. In my youth, I would often wander among the preserved ruins of the capital city of the Dinoids wondering what kind of entity these Dinoids were. As I viewed the Ta'fir ruins passing beneath me, these thoughts returned. What type of person could demand the degree of revenge they had harbored for the past millennia? They seemed to harbor a strong desire to make us pay for our zeal in defending our beloved star system. Our creation myths had given us the right to defend our planet and our solar system from any incursions. To the Dinoids, these claims were so much baloney. They insisted that any species had a right to colonize our system and conquer it if they chose. They viewed their advance across the galaxy as their collective right and destiny. As a species, they were totally alien to my philosophy of life. Perplexed, I continued to stare at the world beneath me and wonder how this present predicament would end.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sudden appearance of my uncle on the main view screen. He told us to return to the vicinity of Cem-Lam and await further orders. We immediately journeyed to what we called the far point, the position where our planet's gravity ceases to become a major obstacle to inter-planetary travel. We remained at the far point for two more hours before receiving the command to return to low orbit of Cem-Lam. Upon reaching low orbit, we were ordered to initiate a sleep cycle.

A few hours later I was awakened by my alarm sensor. It was now morning at Vel-Cor city and I wondered what my family was doing. Before eating breakfast I switched on the scanners and observed them. The usual routine of cooking breakfast was under way. It made me homesick just

to watch. I hoped that soon I would be amongst them. My own breakfast consisted of roasted wild boar and fried mangor, with a side order of fried tap'ik sticks. The meal had been frozen for at least a month and only my intense hunger allowed me to eat it.

After breakfast, I returned to my usual routine of doing system check-outs. My first task of the day was to inspect the auxiliary power systems that powered the main view screens. Since the units had proven faulty the previous day, I knew that a thorough inspection was in order. Therefore, after assuring myself that the life support function had been restored I made my way to C deck. Inspection proved uneventful. Evidently, yesterday's power failure had been due more to negligence than to any failures within the power system. I was relieved. Without use of the view screens, deep space travel would be practically impossible. To complete my inspection, I checked out the spare parts storage lockers and found a full set of replacements. This vital part of my control room was now ready. Once I had completed the inspection, I returned to the main flight deck control room.

Upon returning to the flight deck, I discovered that the ground computer station had received a message from my uncle. In it, my uncle confirmed that the worst possible scenario had occurred. The previous day had ended with the break off of talks with the Dinoid Confederacy. He wanted me to know that if any attack on our planet occurred, he would personally ensure my family's safety. My uncle was confiding these things because he was close to me, and because he was the leader of the Shar' a clan. There was a long clan system tradition that its leader takes care of its important members. His message alarmed me. It seemed that the Dinoids actually intended to attack us in an attempt to secure our cloaking technology. For at least a half-hour, I was stunned.

The sudden appearance of the Quadrant Commander brought me back to reality. He ordered the service fleet practice its dispersal maneuvers. For me, this order was a second stunner. The order was only to be given if Planetary Guard directors believed that an actual attack would occur during the course of our four-day drill. With the dispersal ordered, I ordered the computer to unseal its special internal orders command package. This was a series of contingencies formulated by the P.G. directors to carry out any major attack scenario. My dispersal point was the second moon, Tak'is, of our sixth planet, Mong'ar. The journey would last about one and one-half hours at 0.4 C. During the trip, I began to wonder how these events could actually be taking place. As we approached the huge green orb that is Mong'ar, I remembered the last time I had visited this most hostile world.

About two years previously, I had been ordered to lead a small expedition to Mongar's outer moons. Mong'ar is a huge green atmospheric planet some 78,000 miles (126,400 kilometers) in diameter. Around it circled some twelve moons, the largest of which is Nag'ar, the sixth moon. This moon is almost as large as our planet and has an atmosphere that we altered some 2,000 years ago. It serves now as the main planetary science training center for the Planetary Guard. In addition, the second moon contains a science center that serves as a training site for understanding the process of transforming a planet's atmosphere to any desired type. My visit to Tak'is was to explain the process first-hand to some P.G. academy cadets. In one of the advanced training centers that we refer to as our Graduate Schools, I had majored in planetary physics and written a computer holographic report on the process.

My uncle considered me an expert and wanted moreover to impress on me my officer capabilities. For two weeks, I explained and then demonstrated the process to the cadets. They sat amazed as the atmosphere of the moon was altered at will. The major problem with the process was that it required a heavenly object that was capable of sustaining the process. The prime example of the limits of planetary atmospheric transformation was the planet, Mong'ar. Its planetary process was alien to our needs and unless we wished to construct special pressure domes, it was unsuitable for us. That expedition was, I thought, the last time I would have a close encounter with Mong'ar.

After my short journey, the planet Mong'ar appeared on the view screen. My first thought was to see if the planetary science centers had been abandoned by the Planetary Guard. It was no surprise that the two bases were deserted. Once again, I was alone in deep inter-planetary space. With the cloaking devices on, it was next to impossible to discover if any other service fleet ships were in the neighborhood. Nevertheless, I ordered my computer to scan the area and discovered we were really alone. After a fifteen-minute search, the computer stated that we were alone. Next, I checked to see if the ground station computer on Cem-Lam was monitoring our computer readouts. Our only contact with Cem-Lam was the emergency P.G. channel. For the first time, I really began to feel both alone and isolated from my own species. It was a very lonely feeling.

To combat this feeling of despair, I decided to use the main computer banks for some artistic diversions. First, I decided to use some familiar landscapes as a backdrop for some of my theories on why some of our planet's features had developed. Like my father, my first thoughts were of Kui 'Jalor or Mount Snout. These contemplations consumed my next four hours but were interrupted when the communications channel was opened by the Quadrant Commander. He ordered us to return to our planet. Once there, we were to take the normal high orbit and then report to him. I erased the landscapes from the data banks and plotted a return trip to Cem-Lam.

Once in high orbit, CV-12 reported to the Quadrant Commander. He informed me that I would be allowed to go to standard low orbit and take a sleep cycle. Gladly, I returned the lower orbit and set my ship on automatic mode. Feeling tired and stressed, I dozed off. Two hours later, the sound of the alarm claxon awakened me. I arose and went to the mess station for some food. My dinner consisted of roast wild boar, Umka (a kind of yam stew) and quor'ma (baked citrus). It tasted much better than my breakfast.

After a quick sonic shower and a change of clothes, I returned to my duty station and reported in. The base computer ordered that low orbit service ships to commence diversionary tactics. This order seemed odd. Planetary Guard ships were not allowed to attempt to use diversionary orbit tactics too close to civilian planetary orbits. I could only guess that, in my absence, these rules had been changed. This action would indicate to the general public that something was seriously amiss since civilian transport ships had priority over our vessels in near planetary space.

For the next two hours, I commanded my ship through its prescribed sequences of evasive orbital maneuvers. Doing these maneuvers at low orbit was much more interesting. The curvature of the planet and the rapid color changes of the planet's atmosphere made the maneuvers seem more feel like an amusement ride instead of a deadly exercise. Once the evasive maneuvers were

completed, I returned to a nominal mode and awaited my next set of orders. The Quadrant Commander reappeared on the screen and ordered us to remove our cloaking screens and return to a low priority situation. The new set of orders made no sense whatsoever to me. I obeyed them and turned off the cloaking system. My thoughts centered on the facts of the past day. For the first time, I had learned the dispersal point for the CV-12 and been assured of the safe conduct of my family should an attack happen. It appeared that the crisis was grave and that an attack was imminent. Now, we were being told that it was just a drill. It had been some drill!

After returning the ship's duty station to a non-linear mode, I put the computer on automatic and retired to the fifth level for a snack. The mess station had a nice piece of ju 'ba fried mang'or in its processor. I pressed the button and a piping hot slice of fried mang'or appeared. Next, I went to the drinks section and got a cup of hot hecu'be juice. Putting my items on a tray, I sat down at a table and thought about what had occurred. It had been a very unusual drill. My uncle had dispersed the fleet to various places in our solar system and led me to believe that an attack was imminent. I was assured that my family's safety was my uncle's top priority. It seemed that we were probably in the calm before the storm. The Dinoids had probably just sent out an advanced scouting unit to our closest neighbor in space, the Denix star system.

The Denix system was located some five light years from our system. Its main planet, called Zenzur, was inhabited by a intelligent species similar in appearance to ourselves. The one major difference was that they were somewhat taller, averaging about six feet in height. For over 8,000 years, we had been the closest of friends. The Dinoids viewed our relationship with suspicion and continually attempted to cause dissension between us. Although these efforts constantly failed, they persisted. They would no doubt have feigned an attack on Zenzur in order to gauge our reaction. This action had probably caused our defense force's attack stance. Our GX class fighters were not allowed to go into light drive in our system unless an attack was underway. I also wondered what had happened at Zenzur. Hopefully, the Dinoids' scout unit was driven off with little or no need for combat. Snack eaten, I went back to my duty station on level one.

My first task was to inspect the operational status of the 400 robots that were stored in their lockers on decks seven and eight. I asked the computer to initiate a diagnostic program on the command start-up phase for the robots. In about five minutes, the computer replied that all robots were in a ready state and prepared for start-up. My next command was to stand down the robots and return them to their rest state. With this action completed, I opened communications and informed the ground station that all robots were ready to be operated if needed. This procedure was required every day that an alert status below stage t'ilro was not in effect.

Next, I had to check out the main computer's hardware to estimate possible failure rates. Since the ship had just returned from its yearly maintenance cycle, I expected to find a high no-fail rate. A reply to the opposite effect was sent back. The main processor was near failure. The estimate was for a 72-hours shutdown. This report required me to call up the main ground station to request a repair team to be sent up immediately. I made the call but my request was denied. When I questioned the response, the Quadrant Commander answered that our ship's main computer service robot could make the repair. The part would be teleported up to me via the transporter room on the flight deck. They ended their message by asking me to prepare to receive

the essential part. I ran to the main transporter room to receive the essential computer component.

Once there, I switched on the unit and instantly received the vital component. Next, I activated the robot. Since this particular robot was located on deck eight, it was necessary to activate life support on both deck eight and the auxiliary elevator. This would cause a severe drain on the main power unit. To maintain my low energy profile, I asked a power broadcast hook-up to be carried out after I had completed my task. The request was accepted. Time was of the essence. I switched on the elevator unit and asked the computer to activate the main computer service robot. In two minutes, the computer replied that the robot was in ready state and awaiting the necessary command. The order was given for the robot to take the auxiliary elevator to the flight deck. Five minutes later, the robot appeared on the deck as the elevator doors closed behind him. It was an odd-looking machine, resembling a metallic person with a fixed, mechanical smile. The robot informed me that if repairs are required to the main memory or processing areas of the computer, these units must be shut down. To accomplish shut-down, the units must be purged and their data copied onto the auxiliary back-up. The procedure would take one hour.

The next hour was spent in helping the robot accomplish an efficient computer shutdown. I assumed that nothing would occur that required heavy use of computer memory. This hope was shattered with the sudden announcement that all service fleet ships were to activate their cloaking systems. I could only hope that the auxiliary computer would accomplish the cloaking maneuver. Nervously, I called up the auxiliary computer and asked for cloaking mode to be initiated. It replied that cloaking required more active memory than it possessed. When I asked the robot how long it would take to repair the computer, its reply was at least three hours. My only alternative was to inform the Quadrant Commander that, owing to necessary repairs in progress on the CV -12 main computer processor, it was impossible to attain cloaking mode as ordered.

The next three hours were very tense. The Q.C. informed me that the defense sector would assign me a damaged rating for the required time period. If I failed to complete the repairs on time, the rating would be changed to enemy vessel and I could be destroyed. Happily, repairs went well. The new processor checked out perfectly and the required data dump in to the new processor was quickly accomplished. Its failure time was listed as 200 years. With the repairs made, I returned the robot to its storage locker on deck eight and switched off the elevator. My next move was to request a power broadcast.

Finally, with the ship in cloaking mode, I was able to use the special emergency channel. My request was to be taken in to consideration and I was told that the power broadcast would occur when the cloaking drill was over. To aid in power conservation, they ordered that I take an immediate sleep cycle. Since the stress of the computer repair had tired me out, I gladly complied. Setting the computer on automatic, I rushed down the descent tube to level five and a nice soft bed. The claxon sounded two hours later. I awoke from a deep and welcome sleep and quickly returned to the control room. Again I signaled the main computer for a power broadcast. This time, my request was accepted with the stipulation that I be ready for the transfer in two hours. The time pressures forced me to put power generation checks that normally took three

hours to be completed in one and one-half hours. I was forced to abandon my inspections and focus on tasks essential for the transfer.

I immediately ordered the third level's life support turned on and set the computer on automatic. When I reached the third level, a series of inspections was begun on the main power generation station. In our transports, power for the on-board computer and other important ship's functions were provided by a three-stage crystal generator. In order to restart, the generator required either the correct measure of broadcast power or a dose of cosmic energy. My task was to determine the amount of charge remaining in the crystals and the resultant threshold energy required to re-engage the generator.

First, I had to determine the residual charge left in the crystal energizer unit. The usual procedure was for a robot bleed one of the units (24 units were used for power generation) and logically predict the total charge available. However, since robots were unavailable. It was left to me to discharge an energizer unit using an enerning tube. The procedure was dangerous because I did not have the time to bleed the unit as gradually as I would have wished. My first attempt nearly met with disaster, as the enerning tube discharged into my metering circuit and nearly electrocuted me. The second try was a success and I was able, using the Gre'sha equalization formula, to establish the required charge capacity for the energizer. My next task was to inspect the dro'ple coils for integrity. It would determine the frequency with which the ground station would broadcast the energy to my power cells. It was not an easy determination since the coils were in operation and any repairs would require putting on a special spacesuit. Fortunately, the coils were locked into their proper positions and ready for broadcast. With this phase completed, I returned to the flight deck.

Luckily, I fulfilled the time requirement and gave the ground station the necessary data. Minutes later, the power transfer began and in about one hour was complete. Now I could return to my normal duty of monitoring the main viewing screen. For the next four hours, I simply monitored the screen and the status of various on-board functions. The special alert was again becoming a routine and monotonous task. When dinnertime arrived, I locked the computer on automatic and retreated to level five. The dinner menu was the usual unimaginative fare: roast wild boar, mashed mang'or and sweetened tap'ik pancakes. I placed the tray in the processor and two minutes later, headed for the mess table. As I was contentedly eating my dinner, a sensor alarm sounded. I rushed to the flight deck. The transporter was experiencing a power outage and I had to quickly discover its source. I opened the transporter computer panel and ran the analyzer dia'botic check. One of the main power crystals was malfunctioning. I resolved the problem by disconnecting the power pack and locating an appropriate replacement crystal. After reconnecting, I asked requested a proper replacement to be sent up immediately as I did not know how long the emergency component would continue to function properly. In a very few minutes, my request was complied with. The emergency over, I returned to my meal on level five.

Following dinner, I returned to the flight deck and discovered that a message from my uncle awaited me. He mentioned that, again, the Dinoids were requesting a new round of talks. Arrangements had been made for the talks to begin immediately on the planet Debna in the Ankra star system. Debna was located about 386 light years from our system and was used by

the Dinoids as a special staging area for raids into our sector. He was concerned that any diplomats sent to the conference could become slave-prisoners of the Dinoid Confederacy. He was confiding in me because he had high expectations of me and was beginning to believe that, in spite of whatever I said, I was soon to become one of our clan's great leaders. I was touched by his trust in me, but worried over the turn of events. It seemed that the Dinoids were stalling for extra time in order to mount a massive attack.

After another two hours of monitoring the ship's functions, I requested a sleep cycle. My application was denied on the condition that my sleep cycle could come after the next exercise was completed. The Q.C. appeared on the screen and ordered us to return to our dispersal point immediately. Even though it seemed an odd order, we obeyed the command. On return to our sixth planet, I began to wonder why we were constantly being moved around. The orders seemed to contradict the seriousness of the present crisis with the Dinoids. Upon our return to standard parking orbit, the Quadrant Commander directed us to practice total communication silence and running on a low-detection profile. Once again, it was the first time such a request had been made of us.

After a period of six hours, the Q.C. notified us on the emergency alarm sensor network to tune in to the special communications section of our control computer. The order was a little unnerving since it was to be used only in the event of actual attack. After this exercise in terror, we were instructed to leave our dispersal points and return to low orbital position around Cem-Lem. Once we achieved orbit, I again requested a sleep cycle. My request was accepted and I made my way to level five. In the required two hours, I was awakened by the alarm claxon and asked the main computer to update me. Our status remained unchanged so I took another sonic shower and obtained a change of clothes before returning to my station on the flight deck. With no crises to pass the time, I resumed my rehearsal of various emergency simulations. The next three hours passed slowly and uneventfully.

The period of calm was interrupted when the Quadrant Commander appeared on the main viewing screen. He ordered all units of the service fleet to immediately travel to the far point area of the planet to await further orders. It seemed that another mystifying drill was about to commence. Upon arriving at the far point, we received the order to go to the distant moon, Gran'is, to await further orders. In another five minutes, as we began our orbit of Gran'is, the Q.C. made the startling command for us to journey to Mordnar, the moon that orbited our second planet, Sar'am. It seemed to me that the Planetary Guard must believe that we were under surveillance from the Dinoids' scout ships. These unusual journeys around our solar system must be designed to confuse them and keep them from our true intentions. In twenty minutes' time, we reached the moon Mordnar. Mordnar was a grayish-brown world with a very thin atmosphere, constructed by the Dinoids as a small battle planet in the period before the great invasion that had led to their destruction. It was only 600 miles (976 kilometers) across and its gravity ray cannon had never been completed. We saw it as a symbol of the tyranny that our invasion of Sam'ar had prevented. As we circled about 50 miles (81 kilometers) above its barren terrain, I remembered the bravery of the Sam'ang clan soldiers in taking this huge artificial rock with no casualties.

I wondered if the next clash with the Dinoid forces would be so fortunate. Our brief encounter with Mordnar ended almost as quickly as it had begun. After an hour of circling the minute battle planet, we were told to return to our low standard orbit around Cem-Lam. To add to our confusion, we were told to come out of cloaking mode and resume normal procedures. More and more, our bewildering orders seemed to confirm what I had long suspected. Dinoid scout ships must be observing the service fleet in order to ascertain a possible defense plan as regards the planet's evacuation. They were probably holding up their attack till they could determine our evacuation plans. My uncle was just leading them on a merry chase through our solar system.

To determine if my assumptions were correct, I had the scanner mode of the computer seek out any ovoid vessels less than 300 feet (914 meters) in diameter. After a five-minute scan, the computer reported that at least 25 such ships were stalking our fleet at a distance of about 200,000 miles (325,000 kilometers). They were attempting to remain unknown to our tracking systems but were not succeeding. Their appearance answered some of my questions as to the unusual orders of the past few days. However, their scouting of us failed to answer their concerns – most importantly, the fact that the Dinoids had called a conference on their main command planet, Jebna. If they were asking for a new period of negotiations, why were they illegally scouting our service fleet? My uncle's speculation about the fate of any diplomats that went to the Ankra star system had proved correct. The only possible recourse for the scout mission was a near war by their Confederacy. As my uncle had suspected, war with the Dinoids was inevitable. The only remaining factor in the equation would be left to them – the actual time and means of their attack on Anix and its related star systems.

In reviewing the scanning operation, I noticed that Dinoid scout ships were virtually unchanged from the model described in the main library database. It seemed that the Dinoids had not deviated from the level of warfare technology they used for six thousand years. They still relied on their vast numbers, and the power of their battle planets, to assure victory. No wonder that our cloaking technology was so vital to their purposes! To risk V'Tar and lose, even after a small victory, could prove disastrous to them. The bickering among them could tear apart their confederacy, dividing it into weak warring star systems. Their former allies would proceed to make war among each other.

Our history of the Dinoid Confederacy began many hundreds of thousands of years ago. The many amphipod, reptilian and Dinoid races had waged war against one another in the star groups that you call Orion, Gemini and Canis Major and Ivlino. Later, their wars spread to Triangulum and Eridanus. Inevitably, they encountered the humanoid civilizations in Eridanus, Taurus, and Cassiopeia. A long series of extremely savage wars began that forced the humans from much of Cassiopeia and led to a stalemate in Eridanus. The humanoid Orion-led Planetary Union helped the beleaguered Dinoid-led group to form its confederacy. Between them stood the largely mammaloid and non-humanoid star systems. We mainly occupied the Cetus, Pisces and Aries star groupings. Our reputation as merchants and warriors united us into a neutral, or non-aligned, group that desired peace for trade and prosperity. Our merchant tradition allowed us to move beyond our initial star groups, and into contact with the people of Cepheus and Ursa Major and Minor. Meanwhile, the humanoid and the Dinoid groups fortified their original homelands of Lyra and Draco, respectively.

The Dinoids, for the most part, were very proud of their supposed superiority. They constantly instilled in us the fact that they alone had a godly mission to rule the entire galaxy. Yet their technology had stagnated and they relied on conquest for their advances. This war-like stance had forced the newly-united clans of Cern-Lam to end their wanderings for new sources for their wares and new places to teach the glory of their ways. Our non-aligned Federation sought a way to end the Dinoid blustering and constant penchant for warfare. The new crisis over cloaking technology was just another series of bad encounters that we had endured with them over the past few millennia. Perhaps, this cycle of mishaps would be the last time that we would have to endure their devious ways.

Dinoid scout ships reported our every move and, if detected, were prepared to be destroyed. The Dinoids believed in a martyr philosophy that glorified death in battle. At times, they seemed to go out of their way to pick a fight. This attitude probably stemmed from a belief in their intra-galactic destiny. One never ceased to feel amazement at their performances. To them, war was a game and they seemed to believe that to lose that game was unforgivable. All the old grudges we had carried seemed to be heading us toward one final test of combat.

My thoughts were interrupted by my uncle's re-appearance on the main view screen. He announced the sudden convening of the conference on Debna and said that the diplomatic team would leave for meetings in the next few days. He reiterated what he had previously told me, about the still-serious condition of the crisis. He ended by asking us to share with him the great difficulties we were about to face. Together, our clans were strong enough to dispel any dastardly act by the Dinoid-led Confederacy. When he had finished his message, he turned over the podium to the Quadrant Commander. In lieu of the conference, we were ordered to return to normal operations until further notice.

Having been placed on low priority, I decided to go to level five and grab a quick snack. Setting the computer on automatic, I descended to the mess station and checked the menu for something fun to eat. I decided upon a mixture of Quip'om fruit (similar to your oranges but sweeter) and Ta'lar (boar juice). In a few minutes, a tall glass appeared and I took it to the mess table. As I drank the blend, I thought over the events of the past few days.

The Dinoid Confederacy was putting its forces on a near-war footing. Our allies, likewise, were expecting the worse. In the meantime, a truce of convenience must exist between the Dinoids and the Planetary Union. The Dinoids most probably were losing their endless conflict with the Union. They wished to counter-attack by using our cloaking technology. Our trade missions and independence were threatened by this incessant galactic conflict. I wondered if there could be an easier way out of the predicament. There had to be a means to resolve the conflict without a continuation of this perpetual warfare.

My thoughts led me back to our myths and legends. An earlier idea of mine was to contact the people of the Cancer star group or, as we called it, the Mya 'ta. Reputedly, these peoples were able to control space and time. Their technology, combined with ours, would allow our Federation to serve as a galactic police force to bring peace at long last to the galaxy. If I were to make my journey, surely I would have to visit them and explain my desires. Perhaps, I could

even persuade them to join us in our mission of peace. It would be well worth the effort that such a journey would entail.

My other objective was to confirm the existence of Terra, the third planet in the Sa'bad star system on the edge of the Ra 'ta or Magellian Cloud, a star system some 611 light years from us. Our merchants had found much of value there. Special herbs and plants with origins there had been sent to our world. In return, we had provided them our favorite food of wild boar, cloves of garlic, and other items too numerous to mention. Since their system was in Planetary Union territory, it had been declared off-limits by the Grand Council. I was eager to see it and give a report on its inhabitants when I returned home. These thoughts about my mission were suddenly interrupted by the sounding of the alarm claxon. When I asked the computer for clarification, it announced that an immediate return to stage II alert had been ordered. When I arrived on the flight deck, I switched on the cloaking device and asked the computer to begin immediate testing of the navigation computer. These diagnostics were completed in about five minutes. I reported back to base that my ship was operational, ready to comply with all possible orders.

Right after my report, the Quadrant Commander appeared on the screen and ordered us back to the far point. We complied and, five minutes after arriving, were sent yet again to a high orbit around Gran'is. Once in orbit we were instructed to remove our cloaking mode for two minutes and then put it back into operation. When this was done, we were instructed to return to our nominal orbit around Cem-Lam. We complied and made the entire journey in about twenty minutes. With our weird mission over, I returned to the humdrum routine.

My first request was for a badly-needed sleep cycle. Gladly, I returned to level five and a nice air bed in the far corner of the room. In what seemed mere seconds later, the awake alarm sounded. I went back to the flight deck and looked to see if any messages had been received. None had been sent. To pass the time, I scanned our sector to look for Dinoid scout ships. I was amazed that none were in sight. Our little exercise must have scared them away. The Dinoids were obviously more unprepared for an attack than even my uncle had thought. It was a good omen. Our world had still more time to enjoy its celebration of Ja'fur. I thought there was still hope. But the images on the view scanner soon changed that hope to sorrow.

secretly installed on all CV-class ships during their yearly maintenance cycle. This cloaking system was of a type unknown and undetectable by the Dinoid Confederacy. In effect, the CV-12 had become the perfect ship for my purposes. I would now be able to safely cross the deadly Forbidden Zone!

The crisis with the Dinoids gradually escalated and it looked as though my mission would take on more urgency. Perhaps, when I returned from Terra known to you as Earth, the knowledge I brought back would aid my world in its conflict with the dreaded Dinoid Confederacy. It was also my hope that the facts gathered on my journey would enable my world to re-establish its previous position as the home of high-profile inter-galactic merchants.

On the twelfth day of Nef'ur in the year 10446, I was instructed to attend Planetary Guard drill aboard the CV-12. It occurred during Share'rrah, the only month-long festival on Cem-Lam, and I missed the ceremonies. Luckily, I took along the navigation pack that I had so meticulously prepared. The tragic events that followed there after I boarded my ship propelled me on the journey I am about to describe.

I hope that this journal enables the reader to understand my world and to benefit from my knowledge of the galaxy. It can be a frightful place to those unprepared for its wonders. However, to those prepared for its reality, it can afford a most mind-altering experience. May this treatise of my discoveries serve you well.

Chapter 2 - Training and Finding My Closeness

The view screen in front of me reported that a series of anti-matter mines had been seeded by the now-absent Dinoid scouts. This action was unprecedented proof that a Dinoid attack was imminent. My uncle's cryptic orders had left the scout ships in an exposed position. Undoubtedly they had destroyed themselves and left us a present to demonstrate their intent. I radioed the main base and revealed my findings. In addition, my navigation computer sent a data command with the positions of anti-matter mines. According to our read-outs, these mines were cloaked but we had easily been able to see them and even plot their positions. It was further proof of the primitiveness of the Dinoids' cloaking technology. My uncle's astute observations had been proven to be quite accurate.

With the report of the mines' positions completed, I returned to our nominal low orbit and prepared to resume standard inspection procedures. Among my first duties was the recalibration of the main resonant circuits of the CS-32 cloaking device. This required me to return to the engineering deck (level 24) and use a Reta'er counter to manually adjust the main circuit. But I first had to go again to level three to put on a space suit. The whole procedure would take about two hours. I set the main flight computer on automatic mode. In effect, the computer would control the CV-12 while I was making my adjustments on the engineering deck. The trip down to the engineering level was uneventful, even though my attempt to gain entrance to the deck was somewhat troublesome. The security by-pass did not recognize my audio print and entry was denied. As a fail-safe, a snout print would normally be used. But because life support was not in use on the engineering level, this option was unworkable. I was instead required to institute life support and, after a period of three minutes, life support was operative. The snout print was accepted and my entry to engineering accomplished. It was the first time that I had been on this level without a suit. I took a little extra time to explore this largely forbidden territory.

The engineering level was located at the heart of the ship. It contained the main navigational computers, the control circuit for the cloaking device, the intermix controllers for the restart chambers of the tachyon engines, and the security and life support computers. This was the level on which the back-up navigational computer was stored. A back-up transporter was also installed here. In case of emergencies that threatened the survival of the ship, the CV-12 would be divided into three sections. This central section would contain the cloaking device and propulsion units. In effect, it was the crews' lifeboat if they could not reach the shuttles located in the aft section.

Cautiously, I explored the engineering level and learned what I could in the short amount of time available. Then I adjusted the CS-32 cloaking circuit and finished my assignments. The next step was to turn off life support on this level and correct the difficulty with the security computer. That done, I returned to the descent tube and made my way back to level three. There, I took off my space suit and queried the main computer for any messages. The computer responded that the Q.C. had called and asked for an immediate reply. I returned to the flight deck and reported in to base.

The Quadrant Commander told me to return to status level 2 and close down all non-essential sections of the ship. He also told me that my cloaking device was not registering as it should on the main command screen. He ordered me to investigate immediately and solve the problem. I

asked my computer for a read-out of the signal issuing from the cloaking device. The frequency signal was normal, but it was emitting some rather confusing side-band white noise as well. Wondering if there was any leakage from the as-yet unused CS-40 system, I asked the computer to analyze the white noise and report back its findings. They were that another system on the ship was bleeding into the cloaking circuits. I ordered the computer to see if it could isolate and correct the source of the white noise. The problem was caused by a now-faulty switch on level 24 (engineering) that isolated the circuit in question from our cloaking device. This switch would have to be sent up from the surface station and replaced. I relayed this advice to the Q.C., who told me that the ground station would send it up in about five minutes. Next, I had to replace the part. Since an unusual operating process was needed to replace the part, a repair robot would also have to be put into service.

The ground station replied that I should send the robot to the engineering level and the part would be delivered to it through a reserve transporter located on the engineering deck. Moreover, the power would continue to be supplied since the on-board computer had been monitoring electrical use and generator capacity. I was relieved not to be expected to repeat the earlier and rather dangerous procedures.

It took me five minutes to get the proper robot up and running on level seven and another three minutes to get the express elevator to level twenty-four. The robot was able to make the repairs in about fifteen minutes. I returned the robot to level seven and prepared for the required power transmission. This time, the entire procedure took only one-half hour. Once the operation was over, I turned on the cloaking device and asked if it was working properly. I was told that my signal was normal. It was time to return to the monotony of drill procedures.

I was ordered to go into the higher prescribed orbit and await further orders. At my destination, I was told to proceed to Gran'is and to avoid the Dinoid minefield. The sweeper ships would be able to clean up the mines in about five hours. Until then, they advised all ships to avoid the field at all costs. Cautiously, I travelled to Gran'is and awaited orders. In the five hours I was waiting, I resumed my game of running all available emergency scenario programs. Before I had time to be bored, the Quadrant Commander appeared on the view screen and ordered us to return to standard low planetary orbit and to switch off the cloaking device. Once again, we repeated what now seemed a routine drill. What I had once thought unusual and exciting I now considered mundane.

Once back in our standard orbit, I asked for a sleep cycle. When my request was accepted, I made my way to level three. Almost before it began, I was returning to the flight deck, but armed with treats. On level three, I had obtained a unique snack of roast wild boar with garlic and lemon wrapped in a My'iab, or bread pudding. It had been a long time since I had had one of these goodies, considered one of the major dishes of the Apli-ant regional clans.

It had also been a long time since I had traveled to the other clan region that comprised our main planetary continent. The people of the Apli-ant were the only inhabitants of Cern-Lam who did not speak a tonal type of language. In our world, their language and customs were unique. Long respected as science and technology specialists, they had taken the crystal technology of the Sem'ang and refined it to the advanced levels used today. Their belief in logic had made it

possible to unite our regional clans. The people of the Apli-ant had assumed leadership from my ancestor, Sher'e Shar'a, and formulated a logical compromise that allowed the Sem'ang to join the inter-regional clan union and become members of the Grand Council. The Ghrente clan of Apli-ant had, next to my clan, produced the most directors of the Planetary Guard. One of my closest friends was Frete Ghrente, who was also known as Spir'ak in Vel-Cor. We had been classmates at five different advanced training centers and together had shared the joys and sorrows of academic life. Spir'ak was very outgoing and unemotional, a personality type I later learned was common to Apli-ant. When we were both about 170 years old, we had gone on an expedition to the northern polar region in Apli-ant.

We chose a time of year called Ban'kur, or the cold time. We wanted to go then because neither of us had experienced cold and wanted to see what it felt like. Temperatures only fell to 64 F(18 C.), but to us, it felt extremely cold. Shared experiences, such as shivering at the pole, brought us together. On our return trip, we stopped at Janglor, the capital city of Apli-ant, and Spir'ak's home. There I first tasted My'iab, or jungar, as they called it. I also learned that Apli-ant families and clans were very formal and unemotional, even in times of crisis. These experiences impressed upon me the differences between our peoples.

Memories of past times ended as I finished the last of the My'iab. At the same moment, the Quadrant Commander suddenly re-appeared on the main screen. Once more, we were ordered to turn on our cloaking devices and await further orders. The delay gave me the chance to return to my favorite pastime, the rehearsal of emergency scenarios. After another hour had passed, the Q.C. reappeared and ordered us to divide by number, with the even-numbered ships aiming for higher orbit. We obeyed and awaited our next commands.

While I waited, I requested a sleep cycle. Consent was given and I descended to level three for a much-needed rest. I decided to test a new sleep system by taking a different bed in every cycle. By the end of the experiment, I would know which beds were the most, and least, comfortable. As a start, I picked a bed at the center of the sleep quarters. After two hours, the wake-up claxon sounded. I arose and asked the computer for any messages. The computer replied that none had been received and reminded me that mealtime was included in my present sleep cycle. I went to the mess station and checked the menu. To my delight, it included barbequed wild boar in lemon sauce and garlic, with a Qal'lik or salad and a side order of Tap'ik sticks. I ordered quickly and waited hungrily for my feast to emerge from the processor.

After a ten-minute wait, the meal emerged and I took it to the mess table. As usual, the long drill was beginning to wear me down. I always seemed to feel more fatigued by the third day. More and more, I hoped that the Dinoid attack was not imminent. I felt that I was too tired to accept the responsibility of a long flight through deep space under crisis conditions. As I ate, I wondered how my immediate family was handling the crisis and I decided to look in on them once I returned to the flight deck. In another twenty minutes, I finished my meal and began the climb back to the main deck. As I climbed the ascent tube, I looked down at the seemingly endless ladder and thought of the crew members who usually accompanied me on these voyages.

My closest friend was Kier'ek Sper'e, who had also attended the advanced training institute in physics at Wiormask in the Apli-ant region. Like me, he was from Vel-Cor city, the youngest

son of Chli'ek Sper'e, his clan's leader and associate director of the Vel-Cor regional council. Kier'ek was 46 inches tall and more athletic: he was a 10-degree master in Pra'clah. His chief interest, like mine, was in art and history. We spent a great deal of time together during our off-duty period. One of our greatest joys was to reminisce about the beauty of the region around the city of Wiormask.

Wiormask, or Viol'akh in our dialect, was a city located on the river Spitt, or Tal'akh. It was noted for beautiful high cliffs that were purple, orange, and red in color. Furthermore, physics students at the center's founding some 8,000 years ago had constructed the famous Tel'ah, or water/windmills of the Tal'akh. They consisted of eight wheels that were set 35 degrees out of synch with the next wheel. Each wheel was 85 feet (26 meters) high and had three blades. The blades were unique. Each blade was 42 feet (13 meters) long, with a design that curved in on itself much like a Mobius strip. Working in unison, the blades acted as an acceptable power source. Now, however, their only purpose was as an impressive example of kinetic sculpture. What also made the mills impressive was that their white blades were sheathed in pure iron. Pure iron is rust-proof and the mills had more than proved this point by their great age. Kier'ak and I had often come to this point in the river to study the movement of the mills and its stark contrast to the river's cliffs about one-quarter mile (400 meters) away.

Another place we liked to go was the physics museum located next to the institute. It was famous for its large floating ball, which demonstrated the concept of the force potential of magnetism. The ball, 40 feet (12 meters) in diameter, was made from pure nickel. It was suspended in mid-air (two feet, or 61 centimeters above the ground) with no visible means of support. Actually, the electro-flux field of a super-conducting magnet kept it in near-infinite suspension. For us, the sight of the huge floating ball was a perfect subject for many a study in photographic contrast. Inside the museum were many exhibits that demonstrated either a principle of physics or an important invention.

One of the exhibits we liked the most demonstrated the principle of tachyon drive. We were especially interested in the way the lights flickered when encountering the drive's varied crystals. We were constantly taking pictures, trying to see how different filters and angles could make the device seem even more unusual than it actually was. I sometimes feel as if I spent a lifetime at the museum and the mills. Even now, their memory brings many fond moments to mind.

By now, I had reached the top of the tube and the entrance to the flight deck. Quickly, I went over to the computer and requested a scan of my parents' house. My family was not at home and I decided to look for them. My first thought was to scan my Uncle Tin'ak's house in north Vel-Cor city. My uncle was a noted inventor who specialized in advanced computer technology. He was one of a group of persons who were responsible for the cloaking technology the Dinoids so desperately wanted. Being a fellow inventor, Tin'ak was close to my family. Yet, dad, mom and my siblings were not there. Strangely, Tin'ak and his brood were gone as well. The sudden disappearance of my relatives puzzled me. Wondering if early migration to the new star system was already occurring, I decided to see what was going on at the city's main transport center.

All seemed normal when I viewed events at the space port. Then I remembered that we had been allowed to perform evasive maneuvers at low orbit, unsafe if space transports were still on

scheduled flights. The crowd at the space port must be the first evacuees. My uncle was probably beginning the sad task of abandoning our precious world. The events visible on my screen were probably the first steps in a successful campaign against the Dinoids. I scanned carefully for my family and clan members but found only my cousin, Per'iak, Uncle Tin'ak's youngest son. The rest of the clan was probably in the space port's back rooms, which were electronically barred and impenetrable by scanners. I profoundly hoped that my family members were in those unseen areas. The final scan showed that the space port's take-off and landing pads were empty. Evidently, a fleet of transports was already in use. This lack of visible ships heightened my fear that war was closer than I had imagined.

With my surface scanning completed, I turned my attention toward deep space. In searching the immediate quadrant, I sighted a vast fleet of transports approaching our planet. These must be the transports I had missed in scanning Vel-Cor's space port. The next step was to see if other areas were as deserted as Vel-Cor city. First I looked at Janglor, the capital of Apli-ant, and was unsurprised to see that their space port resembled Vel-Cor city. It was quite evident that my uncle, as head of the Grand Council, had ordered the first stages of our planet's mass evacuation of. That could only mean that the Dinoids' fabled fleets had been spotted near the boundary of the Forbidden Zone.

It was slowly appearing that the drill in which we were engaged would end with an attack by the Dinoid fleet. My uncle Sher'e had told me that a complete evacuation would take about a week. Our transport fleet was nearly eight million vessels. All had been converted to advanced tachyon drive that allowed a maximum speed of up to 3,000,000 C. A round trip by each vessel would take about one and one-half hours. In addition, each vessel had been equipped with the new CS-40 cloaking system. He hoped that the evacuation to the new star system would be completed before any attack on the Anix star system had begun. I now saw my uncle's warning about the Dinoid conference, and its real meaning to our people, in a whole new light. Evidently, my uncle felt that the mines left by the Dinoid scout ships were the omen he had been waiting for. The first stage of the mass evacuation of our star system, and war with the Dinoids, had begun.

To confirm my growing assumptions, I looked for my close friend and fellow crew member, Kir'ap Fir'i. In emergency situations, Kir'ap was assigned to the transportation corps and he would be busy loading evacuees onto the transport ships. As I looked down with my scanner, I saw a slew of transport ships landing at the spaceport. The scanner quickly checked the different gates of the huge spaceport to see if Kir'ap was anywhere in view. In about five minutes, the scanner located Kir'ap at one of the newer and more remote gates (the last 300 gates had been built in a satellite complex about one mile from the main terminal). My suspicions were again being borne out.

Seeing Kir'ap at his chores at the spaceport took me back to the first time that I had met him. We were classmates at the advanced Training center for History on the outskirts of East Vel-Cor city. My first impressions had been negative, since he was not as outgoing or friendly as your normal Cern-Lam person. In fact, he seemed aloof and rather unfriendly. Gradually, as I got to know him more, my opinion of him changed. Later, when we were both assigned to the CV-12 together, we gravitated became the best of friends. His secondary duty in the transportation corps had allowed me to learn of the mass evacuation plans for the entire star system.

At a meeting with my uncle about a month earlier, I had raised the whole issue and hoped that our discussion would deflect his constant lecturing me about the glories of attending the P.G. Academy. My uncle had told me that yes, a mass evacuation plan had been formulated by the Planetary Guard directorate and approved by the Grand Council more than five years before. In the intervening years, a new star system had been found and altered to our specifications. This Cern-Lam-forming, as he called it, had been developed by a researcher named Tir'ah Kar'ak, and completed in absolute secrecy two years ago. The next phase of the project had been movement of the various flora and fauna to the new site. Fortunately, this stage was completed about one month before the current crisis with the Dinoids had reached its now-serious proportions.

My uncle had also mentioned that secret alteration of the transport fleet had begun about two years ago. The Planetary Guard had estimated that this time parameter would be barely sufficient since their intelligence forces had detected a looming crisis brewing. Correctly, they believed that losses suffered in the constant war with the Planetary Union were eroding Dinoid resolve. To stem the tide of constant defeat, the Dinoids desperately needed a technological breakthrough.

Preparation of our fleet of transport ships would not be easy. Most of the fleet's ships were antiquated (2,000 years or older). The conclusion of our Golden Age of inter-galactic trading had ended any pressures we might have felt to develop huge, speedy trading vessels. Most of our ships were under a mile (1,600 meters) in length and travelled at a maximum speed of under 200,000 C. In addition, about one-third of the fleet (2 million ships) was, like mine, designed for inter-planetary flight. To disguise new star drives and even new cloaking systems was a truly immense undertaking. Yet, Planetary Guard re-fitters had managed to accomplish this task by using new construction techniques to disguise their astonishing alterations to our fleet.

With all the ingredients in place for a successful mass evacuation, my uncle had to prepare an attack fleet that could delay the Dinoid invasion. To this end, he had instructed the fighter command of the Planetary Guard to design a fast and invisible attack ship whose object was to harass and delay the huge Dinoid fleet. The design finally accepted was a ship 2,000 feet in length, equipped with advanced Tel'iak gravity wave cannon and the CS-40 cloaking device. The ship would appear to be a simple transport ship like the CV-12, but would carry an advanced star drive capable of up to 5,000,000 C. In contrast, my poor CV-12 had the capability of a mere 71 C. The shape of my ship would lead the Dinoids to believe that it was an attack ship when, in reality, it was just an unarmed garbage scow. My trip through the "Forbidden Zone" had just been made a little more difficult.

My investigation of the situation on the planet's surface left me to conclude that invasion of our star system was, at best, only a few days away. To add more data to my assumptions, I decided to scan the main fighter base at Vel'ok, about 62 miles (94 kilometers) south of Vel-Cor city. As expected, my scan was intercepted by the base command post and blocked by their computer security system. This development would not have occurred if they were not on full operational alert. Their reaction confirmed that our fighters were most probably waiting for the enemy fleet to cross into our federation of allied star systems to formally attack. The first phase of the battle appeared to be only days away.

The series of events taking place on the surface of my world left me in no doubt that the Dinoid attack was imminent. My only hope was that the furious reptiles and their allies would not attack before our evacuation procedures were complete. All the developments had left me numb. I needed time to digest the facts that my past few hours of analysis had brought. Accordingly, I requested a sleep cycle. My request was granted and I climbed wearily down the ascent tube to an appointment with a nice warm bed.

About two hours later, the awake claxon sounded and I climbed out of bed. I asked the computer for messages. None had been received. It also informed me that I would be allowed a snack before returning to the flight deck. Eagerly, I rushed to the mess station. The only item on the menu was a dish called wong'lah, or chipped wild boar meat baked in a pastry shell with a lemon, garlic sauce and assorted vegetables. A cup of Vig'ur (a celery-like vegetable) juice was included. In five minutes, I was sitting at the mess table and pondering my fate. It was clear to me that it was my destiny to serve in some meaningful way in the coming confrontation. My uncle Sher'e had often stated that, of all the clan members he knew, I most reminded him of his father, Kin'ak. For the 200 years he was clan chief and a director of the Grand Council, Kin'ak had beaten the Dinoids at their own games. He felt that someday I would achieve greatness. Maybe, I thought, the time for my great deed had arrived. Finishing my reflections and my meal, I set off back to my duty station on the flight deck.

At the flight deck's computer station, I put the navigation computer through a deep space diagnostic check. The procedure would take about an hour and tell me if a thorough star chart had been programmed into the computer. At the end of an hour, its diagnostic review was printed on my main view screen. The computer was programmed for any possible flight with a distance of 2,500 light years. My final worry had been alleviated. The ship was prepared to take me to my destinations in the Magellanic cloud (Terra) and the star system in the Cancer star group. Since it takes time to enter the best possible flight co-ordinates, I decided to begin the process immediately. The first step was to ask the computer for the quickest routes to Terra. Then I had to discover the safest route to a destination. I combined the two, and had the best possible course to Terra.

With my course to Terra plotted, I put it in the memory bank and turned to the next task, the possible evasive maneuvers to escape the Dinoid fleet, and the best moment to jump into light speed. My navigation computer reminded me that the gravity wave cannon would leave in its path a secondary shock wave that was to be avoided at all costs. The stress forces that the shock waves would put on the CV-12 were capable of tearing us to shreds or, at the very least, rendering the cloaking system inoperable. For safety's sake, it would be necessary to retreat to the inner moon, Ach'am, and use it as a shield against the shock wave and rubble that would fly when the full force of the gravity waves struck our world. To me, it was most vital yet gruesome thought. Moreover, the destruction of Cem-Lam would unleash forces that would inevitably hurl Ach'am, and us, deep into space. It was therefore necessary to set up the plots in the navigation computer that would prepare the ship for these events. Indirectly, these routes would assist the computer in plotting a safe route out of our star system, and determining when to engage the star drive for the long trip to Terra.

With calculations for my departure complete, I turned to the task of determining locations of the various ships of the service fleet. We numbered about 2,000 vessels and had spent the last few days embroiled in our critical emergency exercises. Normally, we would have had a full complement aboard and been engaged in the daily tasks that made life on our planet so enjoyable. We were in charge of refuse and materials collection, and observation of the multitude of electro-mechanical devices that made traditional work so unnecessary. Because of us, the average inhabitants of my world could devote themselves to pursuits of higher learning and creativity. Now, this lifestyle had been halted temporarily by the need to evacuate the Anix system. At times, life can seem truly illogical.

My speculations were interrupted by the Quadrant Commander's re-appearance. He announced that all service fleet vessels were to be flown immediately to the standard orbit around Gran'is, our outer orange moon. We complied with his instructions and soon the CV-12 found itself in an orbit some 200 miles (324 kilometers) above the moon. It seemed strange that the Q.C. should have ordered us to Gran'is. A few minutes after arriving in standard orbit, we all found out the reason for his order. Rising from the planet's surface below us was a fighter fleet of about 100,000 ships. They quickly closed into attack formation and instantly disappeared from our view screen. The CS-40 cloaking system was as good as my uncle had stated. Their sudden appearance could only mean that the Dinoids had called off the conference in the Anla'a system and were preparing to attack. Our defense forces were to put up enough of a delaying tactic to enable completion of the evacuation to the new star system. It seemed that the impossible was about to happen.

With the departure of the attack fleet, we were ordered to return to our standard low orbit around Cem-Lam. As we returned to our usual positions, I ordered the navigational computer to plot a track of our fleets' positions. When the attack came, it would be vital to know other ships' locations, so as to help prevent any possible and unnecessary collisions. It took the computer five minutes to track all the different ships and display the plots on the main viewing screen. Another crucial task for our safe departure was done.

Anxious to discover the fate of my family, I asked the computer to scan the gates at Vel-Cor city spaceport and hastily looked down upon the pandemonium it had become. The spaceport looked like it does during any holiday season, with enormous numbers of people milling everywhere. The harder I tried, the more unsuccessful was my search. I wondered if they had left in the fleet of transports I had seen approaching a few hours ago. My only hope was to scan the actual landing/take-off pads and ascertain from this where they could be. My scan proved only that the transport fleet had recently left the spaceport. My next search was of the spaceport's many outlying areas. Again, I turned up nothing of importance. The search completed, I turned back to preparing the ship for emergency maneuvers. Hopefully, my uncle's assertion of my family's safety would prove accurate. In a distant time and place, I would surely find out.

My next task was to inspect the ship's electrical system and all emergency back-ups and spare parts. For efficiency, I divided my inspection into three parts. The first was to review the entire electrical circuitry of the ship and let the computer determine a failure level for each major and minor component. Such an analysis would normally take between one to two days but I had only half a day at best. My solution was to use the back-up computer, thus cutting the required time in

half. While the computer checked the ship's electrical system, I decided to see if our spare part inventory was still complete. The major spare parts lockers were located on decks three and twenty-four. To review the inventory lists would require a space suit so I descended to level five and donned a more flexible suit. Twenty minutes later, I was at the interconnect door to level three. The security computer accepted my voice print and I entered level three. This level, primarily concerned with spare part inventory, contained the main memory units of the main and backup ship's computers. In the storage area I accessed the spare parts list from the main inventory computer. My task was to manually check for accuracy the list provided by the computer. In all, the inspection lasted about six hours. As successful inspection of the inventory had left me quite hungry, I stopped over for a snack once I returned to level five.

My snack proved to be a winner: roast wild boar with fried mang'or and a side of Qual'lah (salad) for dessert. After eating, I returned to the suit room and put my suit back on. On the long climb down to level twenty-four, I easily passed the security check and made my way to the inventory room at the rear of the engineering deck. Again I requested the inventory list and inspected the storage room. I also tested the conveyor system from the main storerooms on deck three. I was relieved to find that all parts of the inventory system tested out as predicted and were ready, if and when they were needed. Satisfied that my inspection was a success, I happily returned to level five and took off my suit. I asked the computer for any further messages but, as none had been received, I slowly climbed back to the flight deck.

Once back in front of the flight deck's main view screen, I asked the computer to review the status of its circuitry analysis. All systems in the first 14 levels were normal with a predicted failure level of between 100 and 200 years. The computer was continuing with the final part of the check list and would report its final results in another six to eight hours. So far, my preparations for whatever lay in store for the CV-12 and myself were preceding as scheduled. Hopefully, the inevitable attack would not occur until both my uncle's preparations, and my own, were complete.

The only remaining step was for the computer to complete the analysis of the ship's circuitry. As I waited for the computer's final report, I began a check of the ship's major mechanical devices. They consisted of pumps that operated energy distribution in the tachyon engines and fluid pumps that provided life support and coolant distribution for the disintegration chambers. Looking over the various system diagrams, I decided to limit my inspection to life support pumps and energy distribution pumps. The main life support pumps were located on level eight and the tachyon drive pumps were located on level twenty-four (engineering deck). My first task was to put on a life support suit on level five, and then to descend to level eight. This level was also used for the storage of over half of the 400 robots that carried out the ship's normal activities.

It took me about half an hour to get there. Level eight was one of the most unusual parts of the ship. It had an unusually high ceiling and walls were ten feet high, as opposed to the standard height of nearly six and one-half feet. The extra height allowed for the proper installation of the large pumping station that regulated the ship's life support. Another interesting feature was the slanted or curved decking installed on the floor. It protected the crew from all but minimum danger in case the huge pumps burst suddenly. A final unusual feature of this deck were the huge

service lockers in which robots were stored when they were no longer in active phase. Owing to the fact that robots normally inspected the pumping stations, the crew of the CV-12 had rarely ventured to this part of the ship. When I arrived at the first of six pumping stations, I was able to see the enormity of these pumps. The main air recycling pump was just under ten feet tall (3 meters) and about 50 feet (15 meters) long. It was capable of pumping recycled air to all parts of the ship in just under ten seconds. Before inspecting its various parts, I stood in front of it for a few minutes and admired the massive feat of engineering that it represented. It was a symbol of how far we had come since our long-ago days as nocturnal, arboreal hunters.

Inspection of the various pumping stations on level eight took about four hours. After completing my task and moving on to the engineering deck, I decided to take a look at the robots' storage lockers. Each locker was sealed, with entry permitted only by an order from the flight deck to the security computer. Unable to view the robots, I continued my journey to level twenty-four. While climbing down the ascent tube, I thought about the incredible technology embodied in the CV-12. For too long, I had been largely indifferent to this superb vessel's majesty. The long climb down to engineering interrupted my train of thought.

When I arrived at the inter-connect, I hoped that the commands I had given the security computer would work. To my delight, entrance to engineering went as planned. Quickly, I made my way to the control station for the energy inter-mix for the six tachyon engines. The ship's fields brought a steady flow of vast quantities of space energy into the chambers. The pumps' purpose was to regulate the amount of this energy allowed at any one time into the ship's engines. Unwanted energy was rerouted to the ship's fields for defense purposes or later reprocessing.

My first task was to check the inter-mix equivalency ratios. This was easily done by calibrating meters against ratio readouts from the main computer. These readouts were monitored by the engineering control station. Next, I checked the amount of wear and the fatigue factors on the pump itself. Happily, the main inter-mix pumps for the six engines were newly installed, probably as part of the retrofit of CV-12 that reinstalled its primitive star drives. According to control station readouts, the unit had a fatigue factor of 150 years. This was welcome news to one who hoped to take a long side trip through the galaxy. The final step of my inspection was to check the actual inter-mix chamber for each engine. This was a little on the dangerous side since it required a brief exposure to the inter-mix chamber itself. These tasks went smoothly and proved once again that CV-12 was ready for interstellar travel. My duties in engineering were completed and I returned to level three. After a brief shower and change of clothes, I made my way to the flight deck.

Upon my return to the flight deck, I questioned the computer as to the status of its final circuitry report. The main computer replied that the final status report would be ready in approximately two hours. With some more time to kill, I decided to inspect the transport modes on the ship. CV-12 used two types of transport modes. The first was a primitive conveyor and ladder system. The second was a system of high-speed elevators that could take passengers from flight deck to hangar deck in less than five minutes. Since the food conveyor was most important to me, I checked it first. Its monitor readout was excellent. Under normal usage, the system had a probable fatigue factor of 75 years. The ship was beginning to look like it had just finished its

yearly maintenance test. My next inspection was of the freight and express elevators. Since the entire system was shut down until the end of the drill, I only had to compare the control systems' readout with the standard operational readout. As expected, results were normal. Finally, I checked the transporter system to determine its ability to retrieve personnel based solely on a proper mental command. This function was important since there might be no one to teleport me back to the ship except the main computer itself. To check this out, I had to see that the communication system was patched into the teleporter circuits and that the proper brain scans had been transferred from the security computer. The whole process took me about one and three-quarter hours. Once I had finished, it was time to review the computer's main circuitry report.

Somewhat anxiously, I asked the computer for a visual readout of the condition of the ship's circuits. The report was an excellent but long, and I had to wait for confirmation of the status of the ship's main circuits. For the most part, all major circuits were in excellent condition with a fatigue factor of approximately 200 to 250 years. Moreover, the ship's control circuitry was in better than average condition, with a lifetime projected at 200 years of continual operation. The readout also presented me with a surprise announcement.

The computer circuits had tested at a refresh rate higher than normal, which meant that the computer was capable of accomplishing its tasks at a much faster rate. It also gave the computer a higher rating concerning its ability to teleport a subject up to the reception/transformation pod from high orbit. In addition, the computer could do this almost instantly. This meant that I could teleport down to an area on a distant planet with the ship in cloaking mode, and be returned immediately in case of a dangerous situation. It was a most welcome surprise, probably another secret add-on ordered by my uncle Sher'e.

Now that the computer readout was complete, I asked the Quadrant Commander for a sleep break. My request was accepted. I eagerly returned to level three to test another bed in my contest. It took less than fifteen minutes to climb down the ascent tube and make my way to the pre-selected bed. Almost instantly, I was fast asleep. At the appropriate time, the awake claxon sounded and I asked the computer for any messages. To my surprise, it responded that one had been received and I hurried to the flight deck.

Once there, I asked the computer to display the message on the main view screen. It was my uncle, who told me that his message was being secretly broadcast for playback just for me. First, my uncle Sher'e said what I had long suspected: the mass evacuation of Cem-Lam had begun. Evacuation was proceeding ahead of schedule and would probably take about five days. Secondly, he revealed something else that had been obvious to me. A large section of our defense fleet had been sent to delay the attack of the Dinoid armada till the evacuation was complete. He reassured me that members of my immediate family were high priority in the evacuation plan. Finally, he ended by saying that the drill would probably be extended for three days, after which the fleet would appear above **the as muth of** our star Anix and begin the attack. I was expected to bring the CV-12 to the new star system according to secret instructions on the navigation computer.

As my uncle's image faded from the main view screen, I perceived that the Dinoids' attack was both inevitable and close at hand. Needing time to mull over the message, I requested a meal break. My request was accepted so, setting the computer on automatic, I descended the tube to level five and the mess station.

Upon arriving, I found that the main course was spicy wild boar stew (Quiler'alah) and Ju'ba fried tip'ek sticks. It was the perfect meal to enjoy while I pondered my uncle's message. It was now clear that the Dinoids' attack was only a few days away. In any case, it would be a long time before I could see my family, and return to a life I had long regarded as normal. As the realization of a long separation finally began to sink in, I wondered how my girl friend, Da'ron Guter'i, was reacting to the situation.

Da'ron and I had first met during my final year of study at the advanced training institute for Ancient History at Vel-Cor city. She was in my class on possible implications of the alteration of the clan system during the times of the Sha-Ba'zor. From the first, we could not take our eyes off each other. Our attraction inspired me to study harder than I usually did. To feel such deep emotions another was very strange to me. Half-way through the class, I told Da'ron how I felt about her. She said that she had the same feelings for me. Together, we decided to enter what is called on my world the Guila'yua, or period of closeness. I had long heard of this simple ceremony and the accompanying process from my parents. Now I was ready to experience it for myself. At the time, I was 192 years old and about to join the Planetary Guard. Da'ron was 191 years old and in the midst of completing her advanced certificate in history and art. We were going in different directions, but felt drawn to one another.

The first step of the Guila'yua is the formal announcement to our parents at a special dinner known as the Mute'alah, in which we demonstrated our intentions with the joint slaying and preparation of a roast wild boar. Our Mute'alah went well, as all the negative superstitions surrounding the ceremony failed to occur. It was, in fact, one of the better ceremonies any of our parents had attended. We felt that the next fifty-year period of the Guila'yua would lead to our eventual union, or Kuile'ra.

The Guila'yua was the most important step anyone on Cem-Lam could make. It was based on an intuitive process that you had found another individual to share your life and clan responsibilities. Marriage on Cem-Lam was simply a final affirmation of the whole logical process. Once that final step, the rite of the Kuile'ra, was performed, the union was complete, and there was no turning back. During the latter stages of the Guila'yua, the number of children was decided, as well as their futures. Cem-Lam clan wisdom taught that every individual had a destiny and it was the responsibility of the clan and its parents to properly shape it. After the pledging of Gebe'lah, the children would be born.

One of the most important steps in the process was for each person to learn about the relationship of the other in their clan. This step involved constant attendance at luncheons and dinners with important clan members. After my Uncle Sher'e met Da'ron for the first time, he became even more convinced of my destiny as a clan leader. Shortly after that first meeting, or Ron'lah as it is called, he suggested the initiation of those bi-weekly luncheons. He even occasionally asked Da'ron to accompany me to the lunches at his house in the hills above Vel-Cor city. At those

meetings, he advised us on the importance of my attendance at the Planetary Guard Academy. Luckily, Da'ron's answer to my uncle was the same as mine. His appeals only seemed to confirm our mutual understanding.

Another important part of the process of Guile'yua was an inner knowing, called Hui'ga, of the other. This awareness was revealed through the process called Na'ga, or joint meditation of one by the other. For hours on end, Da'ron and I would sit in comfortable chairs and contemplate the rich interwoven tapestry that was our souls. We continually amazed ourselves with how deeply we were able to explore the inner workings of our essences. Within a brief period (about five years), we were able to communicate with each other from great distances. It was like having a friend who was there, but not there. It was truly inspirational.

Upon completion of my basic training for the environmental service of the Planetary Guard, I was assigned to the CV-102 for a period of ten years. At that time, I was a mere screen monitor for the robots (an unbelievably tedious chore), working a daily twelve-hour shift. Being less than overwhelmed by my chores, I practiced Na'ga with Da'ron, who was busy researching a paper on early development of the clan system in the Sar'an region. My Na'ga furthered her research at the same time also affirming my own significant telepathic abilities. On my world, telepathy was a commonplace trait in the average individual. Its uniqueness lay in being able to display your ability over vast distances. I felt that my talent resulted from the openness and compatibility that existed between Da'ron and me. The more I attempted such contact, the more I succeeded. It gave me great self-confidence and formed the basis for my plan to travel to the planet Terra.

My next assignment, as an adjutant to the staff of the Quadrant Commander, was likely owing to my uncle's orders and his constant attempt to prove his point about my leadership ability. This assignment lasted for a period of five years and was most enjoyable. I worked for about six hours a day, with the rest of the time off. It gave me more of a chance to grow even closer to Da'ron, and finally to spend some quality time with my family. I came to feel that, if I had to stay in the P.G. for another 250 years, this assignment was not a bad way to do it. Unfortunately, my uncle learned of my complacency and ordered me re-assigned to station duty, resulting in my present assignment to the CV-12 as a senior crew chief.

In the meantime, Da'ron and I entered what is known as Qua'lah, or the inner knowing. We had been blessed to have achieved so much in such a short time. What normally in Qua'lah takes about 25 years to achieve, we had realized in twenty. Qua'lah is a process whereby it two people merge themselves into one spiritual entity while yet remaining two functioning individuals. It made it possible for me to experience the universe in a new and very different way – through the eyes and thoughts of someone I had not known before. As an artist, it gave me a chance to see the world differently, to recognize what was important and what was beautiful. This new perspective added a new dimension to my aesthetic understanding of the world and the universe that surrounded us. It was an exquisite experience.

Upon assignment to the CV-12, I was compelled to participate in the emergency drills that my uncle had devised to prepare us for possible evacuation from our home world. At first, I had used the free time that it provided to practice our now advanced Na'ga. Da'ron's awareness of philosophy corresponded roughly with mine. The differences allowed us room for exploration of

our different viewpoints without the usual arguments. It was a beautiful and logical experience, and I felt that an opportunity for true growth was at last within my grasp. I cannot find words to fully express my joy. Even time spent at drills – the 'dead time' – was now enjoyable in light of my new opportunity for growth. I was behaving like a kid suddenly trapped in a candy store. There did not seem enough hours in the day to fully explore each possibility. It was at this time, about two years into my CV-12 assignment, that Da'ron and I decided to step back a little, as part of Guile'yua's philosophy of maintaining one's innate individuality. It aimed to merge and yet retain selfhood. To accomplish this, we saw less of each other and began to practice Prac'lah. My uncle Sher'e, a master of the discipline, was considered one of its greatest practitioners. He was delighted to instruct us since he believed that mastery of Prac'lah was a necessary requirement for leadership. He suggested that we approach the Prac'lah master, Weru'hila, in East Vel-Cor city to be our teacher.

My meetings with Master Weru'hila were eventful and, in the beginning, somewhat painful. Prac'lah, begun as a device to give the Sem'rang clans an advantage in the ancient clan wars, was still taught as a warrior discipline. The first stage was to learn balance, or how to bend with the wind and not break. Each part of the body must learn the importance of the other in correct balancing. After falling down a lot and getting hit by a stick (the wind). I gradually learned how to take a blow and balance myself for a reply. The key was to become the wild boar – most balanced of creatures, and the fiercest. A wild boar will never give its move away, nor strike in a way that leaves itself unbalanced and unprepared for a quick counter-strike. It may be bowed, but it will not break. It takes great skill in dealing with the unseen and the inevitable to defeat the wily wild boar. This concept was drilled into me until it became part of me. As I progressed, I began to see the wisdom of the Prac'lah and the reasons that underlay the separate yet merged concept of the Guile'yua. I quickly ascended toward our world's equivalent of a black belt.

As my wisdom in the ways of Prac'lah grew, so my respect for my master grew. He was a member of the Sem'rang clans and knew the discipline needed to succeed in Prac'lah. A very important part of this act of discipline was the art of contrived meditation, or Hni'rah. Hni'rah was based on the necessity of focusing on a thought even when it was painful. It was the basis of the deep concentration needed to influence others or control a material objection (a weapon, for example). This level of mental control was also required to enable the body to achieve feats such as levitation or an impossibly high kick or punch. Much of my early training consisted of concentrating on a thought despite hunger or physical pain (proximity to fire, for example), and learning to overcome it. The soul controlled the body and could erase the effects of pain at will. Little did I know that I would use my Hui'rah training later. But at the time, my only concern was learning how to understand the philosophy of the Guile'yua, and how it related to Da'ron and me.

As my training continued, I grew wiser in the ways of my people. I came to see the wisdom of the Kui'alah, or the old ways. It was definitely time to slow down the relationship that had developed between Da'ron and me. We decided to see less of each other for a period of one year, while still continuing our joint meditation or Na'ga. This practice would allow us to grow and keep in touch with each other's inner self. We also decided to continue our study of prac'lah, knowing that it provided the basis for long-term growth that we needed.

Our year apart was very difficult for me. It was important because it enabled us to grow and express that growth in ways that would assist in our future life together. My expertise in the Na'ga reached extraordinary levels. Before the year was out, I could contact her easily, and without the need for great concentration. My use of the Na'ga, combined with the disciplined meditation of the hui'rah, allowed me to experience my first large-scale travels into what you call the astral. I could easily connect with remnants of an actual historical event and experience it vividly. I also became adept at telekinesis. It was normal for us to be able to levitate small objects and propel them to a given destination but rare to achieve levitation with large objects of great size and mass. By the end of the year, I had acquired this unusual skill. My problem had to do with direction and purpose. To obtain this knowledge, I needed to integrate my ability in telekinesis with the advanced practice of prac'lah. My teacher, Wiru, told me that I had the potential to be one of the great prac'lah masters of all time. My mental abilities and physical dexterity were unusual in a Sher'a clan member. He was sure that, in a past lifetime, I must have been a great warrior/teacher. No one he had ever taught had mastered the entire concept of prac'lah so quickly. His constant praise of my accomplishments developed my confidence. Slowly, he convinced me to enter competitions open to those at the higher levels of competence.

In prac'lah, there can be only so many experts at each competence level. To maintain the level of expertise or to move up to the next level required one to constantly win the annual competitions. Master Weru'hila wanted me to start competing within a special sub-level called Kun' fan, or the trail of the masters. It was the only path that led to the top level of mastery and the most difficult. I would start at the lowest level and slowly rise to the highest or 44th level (12th degree black belt). The final twelve levels were symbolized by a black belt since the black wild boar was considered the wisest and most magical of all.

The first contests were surprisingly easy. I won consistently and quickly. In only two months I rose through the first two levels (white and yellow). The next level, brown, was more difficult. It eight divisions took me six months to complete. When I won the top level of the brown belt competition, I was treated to a special party called the Jia'Prac'lah. This party marked a candidate's entry to the list for a black belt. To the followers of Prac'lah, it was cause for great celebration.

As I moved up in my studies of the discipline of Prac'lah, I was also able to concentrate on my joint meditations with Da'ron. They, too, continued to progress and added to my enjoyment of the growth I had experienced during our year apart. In addition, I began a form of meditation called Gui'Ju, or the mind's eye. It taught me a technique of meditating on a mental image and/or art style and to conjure it up on canvas. While this action may seem like magic to you, on Cem-Lam it was considered one of the highest forms of self-expression. At first, it was extremely difficult. It demanded immense concentration. Gradually, images began to take shape. As I learned the "art" of letting go and allowing your inner self to take over your mental imaging, my success increased. With my ability to achieve success in Gui'Ju, my master felt that I was ready to compete for my first black belt. The competition would come in one year's time from the start of my separation from Da'ron. To me, it was truly cause for great rejoicing.

The end of our period of growth was extremely important to me. At last, I would be able to truly acknowledge the progress I had made in the past year. The highlight of this year would be

reinforced by my winning a first-degree black belt in Prac'lah. To teach Prac'lah, one needed a degree black belt. In one year, I would have gone from novice to teacher, an accomplishment unheard of in the ancient fighting art's annals. My opponent would be a young Sem'rang clansman named Sui'Yatran. He had not lost a challenge or Ja'Bak in two years and was a highly skilled former two-degree black belt. In order to defeat him, I would need all my knowledge of the art of hui'rah. The successful application of hui'rah would compensate for my lack of experience in opposing black belts. Thankfully, after a long three-hour bout, I won the competition. Each round, or Ja'Dong, lasted one hour with a five-minute rest period. The object was to make opponent fall three times and then force him or her out of the twelve-foot circle on the padded mat that served as the area of combat. The competition was a test of superiority: its intent was not to hurt the opponent. If, in fact, an opponent was seriously injured, the injuring party was dropped a degree and not allowed to compete or teach for a year.

My surprise victory in the final round or Ja'Dong amazed to all but my teacher. He told me that if I wished, I could go all the way to the 12th degree and even try for the gold belt of the Sem'rang. In any period of history, this belt was held only by the greatest master of masters. It had not been claimed since Master Weru'hila's own master, Huri' Gantu, had died two hundred years ago. It required greater command of mental powers than of physical. I was touched by his belief but clung to the notion that my destiny was to be found elsewhere. However, owing to his insistence, I decided to compete for the next level of black belt. This competition would satisfy his belief in my eventual advancement and allow me to end my intense study of Prac'lah with honor. All great Prac'lah masters believe that honor is the basis of their study. I would face this final competition to honor my master, and my uncle, who had recommended Master Wiru for my instruction. It was my way to repay them for their concern and the success that their concern had brought me.

The match would be against a teacher from the Apli-ant region called Biru Naklah. Master Biro had distinguished himself in more than 12 major Ja'bak tournaments and was considered a cinch to move up to the third degree in his next Ja'bak or challenge. To defeat him would, without a doubt, prove my skill and give great honor to my teacher. The first round, or Ja'dong, was very nearly a disaster as Master Biru accomplished all the requirements of victory except my expulsion from the 12-foot circular ring. I almost won the second Ja'dong, by using some advanced Hui'rah techniques taught me by Master Wiru. The final Ja'dong found us both on the verge of eliminating the other. Master Biru's technique in recovering from my use of Hui'rah had surprised me. In the end, I would use his counter technique to attain the victory that had barely eluded me in the second Ja'dong. With the award ceremony following the competition, I retired from active Prac'lah study. It had enabled me to grow and, in this way, had served its purpose.

Da'ron was ecstatic over the previous year's developments. No longer did I experience the self-doubt she had previously noticed. She found my serenity enormously comforting and my increased wisdom, a joy to observe. But, although we resumed our close relationship, we realized that my duty cycle for the CV-12 sometimes interfered with our need to be together. To remedy the situation, I used some of the techniques of the Prac'lah masters. Most important was how to apply the power of the inner self to increase the intensity of the Na'ga meditations. In this way, I was able to lead Da'ron through a guided meditation that would free us to discover the true meanings of our life together. My spirituality was developing quickly. Da'ron was my anchor

and my constant and of enormous importance to me. I, in turn, was her teacher and the center of her world. The closeness of our bond allowed us to sense an intertwining of our spiritual beings.

After only fifteen years of close friendship, we had completed most of the rigorous requirements of the Guile'yua and believed that we were ready to petition for the final phase of our pre-marriage relationship. It involved the establishment of a separate household and our agreement on the number and gender of children. To attain this stage of the Guile'yua prior to the usual time frame of twenty-five years required us to petition the clan council and request Harre'clah, the appointment of a separate clan arbiter or Kua'gar. For my clan, the Kua'gar was an uncle named Kair'e Sher'a. It was my responsibility to arrange a meeting with him and explain my wishes regarding my Guile'yua with Da'ron. It took a month for me to learn the proper rituals to approach my uncle Kair'e. This duty was called the Qua'dae and was purposely complicated to demonstrate the complexity and solemnity of clan ways.

Once I finally was able to see him, our meeting proved surprisingly short. He stated that my uncle Sher'e, the clan leader and final arbiter on clan tradition, had been told by my father of Da'ron's and my intentions. Uncle Sher'e had also told clan leaders that I was a man of destiny. To fulfill my destiny required me to accept the full time period of the Guile'yua. Even though I would not understand the reasoning, I must accept the outcome of the clan leader's pronouncement. Furthermore, my uncle Kair'e stated, "he sees the future from the perspective of a Prac'lah master: trust in his judgment".

Immediately after my meeting with my uncle Kir'e, I met with Da'ron. She told me that she had been given the same message from her clan leaders, as well. In the wake of the bewildering verdict from both clans, we fixed a revised schedule for our relationship that would allow the necessary twenty-year period to elapse. It was at that time that I first told her about my plan to go to Terra and seek out the time/space masters in the Cancer star group. After long discussion on the pros and cons of such a journey, she agreed. We devised a master plan in which she would break the news of my intentions to my uncle. We both believed that his study of Prac'lah (a 12-degree black belt Master) allowed him to foresee our actions and even its most likely outcome. Our sense of a shared goal kept us together and helped deepen our resolve to succeed.

The sudden sound of the claxon shocked me out of my daydreams. The computer flashed over the intercom that life support capability on level five was deteriorating. Its cause was the failure of a switching relay located on level three. I went quickly to the trouble spot, pulled the faulty relay and replaced it with a new one. The mini-crisis had passed. Opening the emergency communication channel, I requested a new part to replace the one just used. The reply was that this would be the last time such a request would be honored. Once again, I was fortunate for a critical system to fail before it could endanger my long trip. Perhaps, I thought, it is indeed my destiny to make this journey and return a hero. The idea raised my confidence and buoyed me for my dangerous journey into largely uncharted space.

The Quadrant Commander's comments about our inability to furnish replacement parts showed me that the main supply base was most likely transporting vital parts to the new planetary system and preparing to destroy what was nonessential. It was yet another grim sign of the stark realities

of my world – hard to believe, but true. At best, my world had only a few more days to exist as a vibrant and beautiful part of this vast and gorgeous universe.

After the replacement part was received by the transporter and returned to its proper place in the storage lockers, I went back to my duties of preparing for the Dinoid invasion and attack. One of my final inspections was to don a suit and descend to the shuttle hangar for a complete pre-flight check on both of my shuttle craft. This would consume three or four hours. Because of the time requirement, I realized that this task was high priority. So I climbed down to the fifth level and chose a suit that would withstand long use. An hour later, I reached the shuttle hangar and began to check the normal operation of this level. Pressure doors were in perfect working order, as were the tractor beam and the three coupling units for the shuttles. The next step of the inspection was the two shuttle craft themselves. Each one checked out perfectly. All of their systems rated a failure rate of about 200 years. Once my inspection was complete, I began the ascent to level five and my eventual return to the flight deck.

Back on the flight deck, I ordered the computer to produce a display of the master checklist for the ship. I carefully reviewed the list and discovered that I had completed all of the lists except one, an inspection of the star drive engines themselves. It would require an external check and a brief walk on the outside hull of the CV-12. It would also expose both me and the ship to danger since it would require the cloaking system to be turned off. This inspection required permission from the Quadrant Commander. I called the main base and asked the Q. C. for the tight to externally inspect my six star tachyon drive engines. I expected to be refused and was surprised to be granted permission. Turned off the CS-32 cloaking system, I retired to the fifth level to don an E.V.A.-rated suit. It took twenty minutes to put it on and another thirty minutes to arrive at the docking hatch and the repair shuttles that operated the engines. I opened the hatch and turned on the magnet assembly that would keep me attached to the main hull, while slowly sliding toward the crystal drive units of the main engine pods. It took 45 minutes for me to reach the drive pods and another forty minutes to fully inspect them. As I had hoped, the six drive pods were in perfect working order, with all crystals completely replaced for maximum light speed (71C). Relieved, I smoothly glided back to the docking port on level 31 and my trek back to level five.

Immediately upon my return to the flight deck, I began procedures to turn on the cloaking system. After it was restored and the flight deck secured, I called the main base to request a sleep and meal cycle. I was dismayed to be allowed permission only for a snack: my rest cycle was denied. As I hurried to level five, I thought it odd that they let me complete a dangerous EVA engines inspection but didn't give me a simple and necessary rest cycle. At the mess station, I checked the menu, chose a simple wild boar stew (Quile'lah) and some Nape'cah (vegetable fritters fried in Ju'ba oil) and headed back to the flight deck. Just as I arrived on the flight deck, the service tray appeared on the conveyor. I picked up the tray and returned to my station by the main view screen. While I ate, I watched the screen. To spice up a dull meal, I asked the computer to scan our sector and report back any unusual sightings. Thirty minutes later, as I put the tray back on the conveyor, the alarm claxon sounded. I rushed back to my duty station and requested a full display. On the screen, the computer displayed a view of some of our defense fleet returning to the main fighter base near Vel-Cor city, which probably meant that the first phase of the battle with the Dinoids was over. If the main base was on full alert, it would be a sign that events were not going as planned.

I ordered the computer to scan the main base and was alarmed when the scanner returned the traditional lockout signal. The base was on full alert and in the final stages of evacuation. Now I understood why my sleep cycle had been denied. The time we all feared was, at most, two or three days away. Soon, we would be living a nightmare.

To prepare for any eventuality, I set the computer on an automatic deep space scan and prepared the emergency alarm claxon. If I was to function properly, I desperately needed a full sleep cycle. I quickly descended to the sleep quarters on level five. It was time to get used to the fact that, for the next decade at least, this ship was to be my home.

Chapter 3 - Invasion

The sudden loud ring of the alarm claxon woke me from deep sleep. I quickly made my way to the intercom and asked the computer how long I had slept. It responded that my nap had lasted for one and one-half hours and that I was required immediately on the flight deck. In less than five minutes, I was entering the flight deck's interconnect. My uncle was on the main view screen, addressing the importance of service fleet crew chiefs to maintain their fore-bearers' great traditions. From the intensity of my uncle's speech, it was clear that our time of reckoning was a day or less away. After his speech, my uncle called me on a secure private line to give me the bad news. The Dinoid fleet had assembled a mighty armada of nearly three million vessels. In effect, they were sending the heart of their main battle fleet against us. Our brave fighter command crews were too few against such a huge number. For the past two days, our allies and friends had detained the massive fleet at the edge of the Forbidden Zone. Our fighters had returned from their first wave of their sorties and were about to leave on their second. It looked as if we would have two, possibly three, days before the enemy reached the Anix system. It meant that evacuation would be one or two days less than planned. To make compensate, our transport ships would increase their passengers to the safety maximum and, with luck, complete their task before the Dinoid fleet arrived.

My uncle's message brought me up-to-date on the now-rapidly evolving crisis. On my orders, the computer scanned our quadrant. My main screen showed the fighters I had previously viewed leaving, proceeding at light speed near our outer moon, Gran'is. At the same time, vast regions of the main continent inexplicably began to go dark. Evidently, the Planetary Guard's directorate had ordered the planet's unoccupied areas to power down, and unused P.G. bases to be stripped and abandoned. For the next half-day, I watched from my scanner as my world shut down and prepared to end. It was a reminder of the end cycle for each Cem-Lamer. As life's end approached, one gave away one's possessions and said one's last goodbyes. Death would be a happy time, filled with memories of a long, eventful life, and the wonders of a time of rest before rebirth. Here, our world was dying, not in joy but in a great sadness. Its own success had led to its demise. To the modest furry-brown inhabitants that, since their creation, had called the planet both mother and father, end game time was not joyful. It was, instead, a time of deep melancholy. As I watched the procession of lights flickering out below me, I felt cloaked in bleakest sadness.

I had nothing to do except watch the procession of transports leave near-planetary orbit and the lights on the planet slowly go out. I asked the Q.C for a meal break, which he granted on the condition that it last no more than one hour. It allowed me more than enough time to puzzle over what was gradually taking place within me. It was one thing to talk about the end of a world and quite another to actually watch it happening on a see-it-all-now view screen. At the mess station on level five, I skimmed the menu from the life support computer and felt totally disgusted. This time called something to excite the taste buds and expel the inner feeling of doom that had taken over my spirits. Roast wild boar was not my highest priority. I requested a barbequed wild boar dish instead. The computer balked and back-talked. I was amazed that my supposedly passive food processor was arguing with me over the menu. It seemed that my melancholia was even beginning to affect my ship.

After using logic and regulations to win a 15-minute argument with the food processor, I carried a full barbequed wild boar (Vair'aLah) and a drink of Lemonade (Tegal'e) to the mess table. It would be the first and last time anyone bested a QA-400 food processor unit. Only the logic of the regulations concerning mass planet evacuations had finally earned me my victory. It also proved the superiority of a fully cognizant being over a matrix of quartz and precious metal processors. It felt good to one so deeply connected to the traditions of art and history of my people. I hoped that same victory was an omen of success for my journey to come. The meal tasted good and, for the first time in more than twelve hours, I felt genuinely happy and content all over. Having finished my meal, I decided to use a Na'ga meditation to locate Da'ron, but it proved unsuccessful. It increased my sense that my family and hers had been already evacuated to the new star system. It also heightened the conviction that my long journey would only lead to success for me, and for my civilization.

I carried the tray to the conveyer and returned to my duty station on the flight deck. The computer continued to monitor the surface, checking for messages to the service fleet through emergency communication channels. I asked for a report and received a surprise. The Quadrant Commander had just broadcast a message to the service fleet that, for the next twenty-four hours, the cloaking device was to be shut off and all duty cycles temporarily returned to normal. This order would allow us to take sleep cycles and meals without permission from the ground base. It probably meant that the main base was in the process of being dismantled and could not return to the air until the base's more sensitive equipment was removed for shipment to the new star system.

For a brief time, I would be able to experience the freedom I would later have in deep space. I immediately began to use the computer's main processors to construct a three-dimensional portrait of Da'ron. I wanted to have it for my long journey to Terra. In addition to the drawing of Da'ron, I ordered the computer to evade security and scan the main base every two hours. If my assumption was correct, the computer would be scanning the base in about four to six hours. Removal of the security computer from its on-line configuration should make the task possible for my advanced scanner processor. Sure enough, the computer was able to scan the entire main complex just three and one-half hours after my initial command. As my uncle had said, the evacuation was being speeded up.

To fight boredom, I decided to have one of my last sleep cycles before the action began, and retreated to the sleep quarters for a richly deserved nap. I dreamed that I could see the Cancer star group, possible home of the fabled owners of the Space/time drive. Just as I mentally noted the location, the awake claxon sounded without warning. I returned to my duty station and called up the navigation computer. I ordered it to plot the shortest route from the planet Terra to the star system suggested by my dream. This duty completed, I returned to briefly monitor the ship's main view screen.

After viewing the screen for two hours, I decided to tell the ship's computer to show me the scanner's actual range. To my surprise, the scanner was capable of probing to the furthest limits of our star system. The scanner's distance was about five times farther than we had been taught it capable of. This gave me an additional visual weapon against the Dinoids. I wondered if the scanner's long range would function equally well under the heavy cloaking of the CS-40. Yet

another surprise awaited me: The scanner's increased strength had been designed to work with the CS-40 engaged. My ship had been prepared for deep space, with all its possible contingencies. My uncle had done an excellent job in preparing the CV-class vessels for their emergency deep space run!

Once I had examined the ship's newly discovered long-range scanner, I decided to test it as an alarm system in case the main base was unable to properly warn us of the Dinoid fleets' sudden arrival. I began a joint system of deep space scanning by the service fleet. Its network of scanners would allow us to observe the fleet, allowing us enough time to prepare our defense. On the final day before the disaster, we were working together to assure our successful escape from the clutches of the evil Dinoid secret police. Moreover, by knowing the positions of the other service fleet craft, it would be much easier to escape the star system without accidentally colliding with a fellow ship. Over the past seven years, I had developed an unquestionable loyalty to fellow members of the Environmental Service Corps of the Planetary Guard. I could never forget the many long hours that we served together.

The hours spent in monitoring the scanner sped by but gradually, the fatigue of staring at my main view screen began to weigh on me. By the time my six-hour duty cycle was over, I was exhausted and hungry. With my part of the scanning duty complete, I headed down to level five for some food and a well-earned sleep. After nearly an hour spent eating and analyzing the day's events, I headed to the sleeping quarters and a nice soft, warm bed. This time, I chose the bed near the intercom and was soon fast asleep. The collision alarm and its accompanying blinking lights interrupted my sleep cycle. I arose and ran quickly to the flight deck. Two transport ships had luckily just missed the CV-12's aft and bow. Constant trips between the new star system and the old were taking a toll on our usually alert transport crews. With relief, I asked the computer for how long I had slept. It answered that about one hour remained. Jittery but still tired, I returned to the fifth level to complete my nap.

I returned to the flight deck and began to review possible escape routes and procedures that the Dinoid attack would require. Evidently, the position of Ach'am in the next day would take it close to the apogee, the highest point, of its orbit. At apogee, the moon would be in the phase of its orbit that placed it in direct contact with our Sun. Hiding behind Ach'am could become more dangerous than I had at first considered. Yet the total surprise my position would provide still made sense to me. I decided to retain the complete scenario that I had previously planned.

Next, I checked events on the planet's surface. I first viewed the spaceport at Vel-Cor city. It was still crowded with evacuees and this time, I was able to observe the actual loading of the transport fleet. The ships were being packed to slightly beyond their capacity, confirming what my uncle had told me about the Dinoid attack fleet's possible arrival time. It would be proof of unprecedented efficiency to totally evacuate our world before the Dinoid invasion. However, I remained confident that my uncle's planning would be successful.

By the time that I had completely swept the surface, I was alerted that my turn had come to be part of the deep scan for the service fleet. Now was my chance to observe the sector that would include the outer planets of our solar system. My first series of scans were mainly of the planets that had been used as distant test stations. These research stations, like the one previously

described on Tak'is, the second moon of our sixth planet, served as vital outposts for the Planetary Guard. They were a vital part of our overall defense strategy. Their abandonment showed that our solar system was no longer capable of being defended. The most important base for monitoring deep space was the station called Akh, located on the only moon of our seventh planet, Dong'ar. This station would be abandoned only when the enemy fleet was coming out of light-speed in its vicinity, or if the evacuation was fully concluded. If it was still occupied, my scanner would receive a 'denied entry' signal and report to me immediately. I deliberately pointed my scanner at the planet and awaited the result. As I had expected, the planet's outpost station was still in operation. The moment when my scanner penetrated the facility would be a good indication that either the evacuation was complete or, worse, that the Dinoids' fleet had arrived before our evacuation was completed. An instant scan of the surface would tell me which of the two scenarios was in effect.

For the next few hours, I continued the scan while also reviewing my ship's readiness. The spare parts' lockers and food chests were full. The main electrical systems were in excellent working order and rated at fatigue levels that assured my safe return to the new solar system prepared for us by the Grand Council. Likewise, my mechanical systems were in superb working order. Finally, the extra goodies, the star drive and new cloaking system, the extra powerful scanner and the special teleport mechanism, were also in excellent working order. My navigational computer was also prepared and ready to lay in the requisite course for the planet Terra. Lastly, the main computer had set up emergency evasive maneuver scenarios to elude the massive Dinoid fleet's scout ships. All seemed to be in readiness for the great adventure that was soon to begin.

I spent the rest of my duty cycle studying the results of our deep space scans. It seemed that the Dinoid fleet had not yet reached its attack point. Transport ships continued to evacuate Cem-Lam's inhabitants. From time to time a series of ten to fifteen fighters would appear on the monitor, land at a support base, and then take off. Near the seventh planet, they would switch on their CS-40 cloaking system and disappear from my screens. The distant base on Dong'ar's moon remained closed to my constant searches. All was still as it should be. For the rest of my duty cycle, I tried to estimate when our system would be evacuated and the distant base on Dong'ar abandoned. My guesstimate was that it would take another four to six hours to complete and the fleet should appear by the end of next sleep cycle. It was unsettling for me that the next time that I descended to my sleeping quarters would be the last time I would sleep in orbit around my world.

Before I knew it, the dreaded time had arrived, and my duty cycle to direct the scanning operation was over. It was time for me to have a snack and take a nap. On the way to the fifth level's interconnect, I decided to alter my routine with a quick sonic shower and a change of clothes. Then I went on to the mess station. To my relief, the food processor was in a better mood this time. Its menu included a spicy roast wild boar dish called Ha'alah and a bread-like pastry that we called Ja'kar. A hot lime drink called Da'ur was also part of my brief feast. It seemed that the computer knew the importance of a good meal in making one's roughest times go more smoothly. While I sat at the mess table, I reflected on the past few days and the sudden interest that my uncle had showed in me. Several times, he had taken the trouble to send me messages concerning the events that were taking place. I was amazed that my uncle had promoted me so quickly to a position of great respect. I hoped that the tasks I was about to

perform would increase my prestige until I had completed my service time with the Planetary Guard. I hoped to be able to spend a lifetime with Da'ron without having to worry about my duties in the P. G. I finished my meal, returned the tray to the conveyor and headed for the sleep quarters on the opposite side of the fifth level. This time, I chose the bed nearest the intercom and went to sleep.

The emergency claxon and a battery of blinking lights woke me after what seemed only an instant. I hastily turned to the intercom and asked for a report. I was shocked by the reply and demanded quick action. The computer had stated that the scanners of my old ship, the CV-102, had picked up the first Dinoid scout ships emerging from light speed near the orbit of Dong'ar. The moment I had dreaded had arrived. I literally flew up the ascent tube and through the interconnect to the flight deck. My first duty was to scan the quadrant and put the ship in cloaking mode. Just as I reached the duty station, a Dinoid scout ship appeared off my bow and fired its gravity wave cannon. It was evidently a warning shot, or merely an attempt to better gauge my position. The near-miss jolted me and caused me to hasten my orders for cloaking and position change. In what seemed like a second later, a series of gravity wave beams tore into my former position. Quick maneuvering had saved my ship.

The few Dinoid scout ships quickly became a multitude. Sensing that the service fleet was either in, or going to, its cloaking mode, the Dinoids fired randomly in all directions. My screen recorded the explosions of two ships, the CV-14 and the CV-106. I had known the senior crew chiefs assigned to both vessels. It was a tragic loss of life. With their attack on the service fleet, the Dinoids had served notice of their presence. The rest of the service fleet had no doubt headed for their dispersal points and a rapid acceleration into light-speed. By now, fifteen minutes after the first attack, the rest of the fleet was gone. I checked the scanner and dodged a series of Dinoid troop transports heading into deep planetary orbit. My cloaking device was working. The whole fleet did not know of my presence in their midst. I hurriedly scanned the surface and discovered that only Dinoid soldiers were now on the surface. Somehow, my uncle had achieved the miracle of total evacuation before the invasion fleet arrived. Fearing discovery if I stayed in too obvious a position over my home planet, I retreated to an orbit around the blue moon, Ach'am.

If my uncle had had the time required to remove or destroy the technology that the Dinoids sought, their rage would surely lead to the destruction of my world. Added evidence of this assumption appeared on the screen. It showed the fabled command station of the supreme leader, or Bubar, an entity called Tarlak, who was considered the wildest and fiercest creature in the galaxy. His ship was a sphere almost 1,000 miles (1,600 kilometers) in diameter. Silvery in color, it was the size of a small moon. I scanned the ship and locked on to its primitive communication center. I immediately called up the universal translator and listened in on their conversation. The Bubar spent the first hour of his orbit receiving his troop commanders' reports of their discoveries on the planet's surface.

The troop commanders reported no sign of the planet's inhabitants. Further, major command bases had been either dismantled or destroyed. No civilian or military vehicles were visible on the planet's surface. All laboratories were already ransacked and/or burned. All marine vehicles were also not in evidence on the planet's surface. Reports continued to pour in from different

areas of the planet. As time passed, the Bubar became enraged. He swore that he would find us and gladly administer the final blow. He swore on his ancestors that our end would be terrible and swift. To dilute his rage, he travelled to the second planet, Sar'am, and declared it a permanent memorial to the brave Dinoids who had perished at the hands of the cowardly Cem-Lamans who had fled his august presence. He continued to rant for the next six hours. I, the warrior or the fool, observed it all and recorded it on special tape.

After a couple more hours of observing the Bubar and his troop commanders, I decided to rest and have something to eat. So far, my cloaking system had been equal to the task of keeping my ship undetected. It seemed that the Bubar would not do anything rash until he was certain that all avenues had been covered. I based this conclusion on the thoroughness of the search for any clues to the origins of our cloaking technology. My decision to remain in orbit around Ach'am had proven to be a stroke of genius. The vast Dinoid fleet was in orbit around my world. Yet somehow, they had left the two moons alone. If they searched those moons, they would more likely look on Gran'is first, before moving to the smaller, seemingly uninhabited, near-moon of Cem-Lam. In order to take a nap and eat, I had to give the computer an unusual series of orders. First, I ordered any communications that we detected to be transmitted to the sleeping and mess quarters. Secondly, I ordered that, once I acknowledged the beginning of my sleep cycle, I be awakened the instant a Dinoid ship approached our ship. Having given these orders, I headed to the fifth level. I grabbed a quick snack and headed for the mess station. The snack menu was not as large as usual so I ordered a Git'alah (roast wild boar wrapped in pastry somewhat like your pita bread), with assorted bland vegetables. After finishing my meal, I made for the sleeping quarters and a well-deserved rest. Once I arrived, I notified the computer to ensure that my earlier orders remained in effect. Then I settled down for a nice nap.

About an hour later, I was awakened by the claxon and the blinking of lights. Without questioning the computer, I headed to the flight deck. What I saw on the main viewing screen astonished me. The Bubar's command ship had returned from Sar'am and was parking in an orbit close to Ach'am. My little adventure was suddenly becoming more exciting. The Bubar had dispatched a small vessel to set up a temporary command post on Ach'am. As I watched, the ship landed and pressure-suited Dinoid soldiers formed a perimeter around a pre-selected site. In many ways, our Ach'am was like your moon. It always had one side facing toward our planet and the other facing away. This strange phenomenon was owing to our scientists' first attempts to alter the orbital state of a heavenly body. It had happened 5,000 years ago after one of our merchant companies had returned from an expedition to Altair in the Aquila star group. That had been one of the last of the deep space trading expeditions for which we had been known in our storied past.

After one hour of further measuring the space controlled by the Dinoid troopers, another ship, shaped like a warped marble, left the Bubar's ship and headed for Ach'am. It hovered over the selected site and released an object from its warped side. The object floated down to the surface and encompassed the site surrounded by soldiers. The soldiers then seemed to anchor the semi-circular object on Ach'am's surface. When I looked back at the ship that had dropped the object on its surface, I noticed that its warped side had disappeared. Evidently, the ship was a kind of transporter for the Bubar's command ship. After a few more minutes, the transport ship was

swallowed by the Bubar's vessel. It seemed that the grand Bubar of the Dinoids was about to leave his ship and travel to the moon that I had hoped they would never inspect.

Another half-hour went by and still nothing happened. The ship of the Bubar was surrounded by three huge star cruisers. Suddenly, it happened. The Bubar's gold-colored transport ship emerged from the command ship. Around it were thousands of scout ships that stayed within 300 feet (100 meters) of the vessel. They remained in this formation all the way to the moon's surface. The Bubar's ship landed beside the pressure dome. A tube-like object emerged from the side of the vessel and attached itself to the dome. The soldiers guarding the segment of the dome where the ship had landed changed formation and re-formed around the tube, which had become a passageway between the dome and the ship. Evidently, the Bubar was about to transfer his operations to Cem-Lam's inner blue moon.

Anxious to discover if what I surmised was actually to happen, I re-scanned the surface of Ach'am and attempted to discover the positioning of the communication station in the dome of the ship. It took my computer a few minutes for a successful scan to find its target. The Bubar was still on the command ship. Communication experts were onboard the Royal Shuttle and were preparing to set up the necessary communication links between the command ship, the fleet and the newly-installed dome. For the next two hours, test patterns, voice drills, and other mundane signaling went on.

The suspense was unbearable as I awaited my first chance to actually see the control board of the Dinoid Confederacy. No member of our planet had ever observed one before. To me, it was well worth the danger. After another three hours of preparation, a second gold-colored ship emerged from the command ship. As it did so, the first ship quickly returned its tube-like object to the original position. Finishing this task, it took off and hovered over the dome. Then the second gold-colored ship landed in the same spot as the first ship and extracted a similar tube to link up with the dome. Soon after this maneuver was completed, the Bubar, Tarlak, appeared the communications channel and announced that the Confederacy would hold its first meeting in the now-seized Anix star system.

The ceremony began within the dome in what appeared to be a makeshift conference center. The dome seemed to be a temporary throne room that the Bubar carried with him on the command ship. The Bubar probably believed that, since our planet was controlled by a magnetic gyro that had been built about 3,000 years ago, the gyro was rigged to explode and blow up our world. Therefore, he had established Ach'am as his capital until the gyro's mechanism could be examined. My uncle had had the good sense to sabotage the elevators that led to the control gyros. The Dinoid engineers stated that it would take about a week to fix the elevators and thoroughly examine the gyro mechanism. The Bubar's ceremony concluded with a ranting speech against us that lasted another hour. My uncle would have loved to have seen the whole charade. Various ambassadors from the Dinoid system were in attendance and cheered whenever the Bubar emphasized a point about the cowardice of the inhabitants of the Cem-Lam system. I wondered how he would have felt had he known that a certain member of this accursed race was busy recording the whole event for posterity.

Following the ceremony on the inner moon of Cem-Lam, the Bubar instructed his commanders to comb the star system for possible stragglers. It seemed that he finally was sensing my presence. The mighty Dinoid armada spent the next two days searching all the moons and all of the seven planets of our system for loiterers. Their search resulted in the conclusion that all enemy vessels had evacuated the area. Moreover, the enemy ships had no energy left to determine where they had gone. The Bubar was incensed at their report. He ordered them to redouble their efforts and not to report back until the matter was resolved. Although my technology was still able to hide me from the grand Bubar, the Bubar sensed that something, or someone, was watching his every move.

I soon observed the massing of the fleet near the orbit of the orange outer moon, Gran'is. It was in its first quarter and posed like an odd backdrop to the enormous number of egg-shaped vessels that had gathered in formation at its side. It seemed to me that a curious ceremony was about to take place. At the Bubar's command, the ships divided into two fleets of about 100,000 vessels each. Soon after, the first battle planet appeared at light speed and stopped half-way between the orbit of Cem-Lam and our fifth planet. It was indeed a terrible and awesome sight. The object was round and about 2,000 miles (3,200 Kilometers) across. Orange in color, it had a huge bluish central indentation that looked like a huge depression. This dent was probably the focal dish for the planet-killing gravity wave cannon that we had heard so much about. The weapon that would lay waste to my world had finally arrived.

The Bubar ordered the battle planet commander to stay in a locking parallel orbit with Cem-Lam until further notice. The more I looked at it, the more I was enveloped by a dreadful queasiness. After the Bubar's orders, the star cruisers left the orbit of the outer moon and began to surround the main battle planet. At the same time, a series of small escort fighters emerged from within the battle planet and began to conduct what appeared to be defensive maneuvers. The ship was now incredibly protected by the heart of the Dinoid fleet.

Next, the Bubar ordered the soldiers on Cem-Lam's surface to re-inspect its major cities for evidence of any advanced scientific research. He still appeared not to have given up hope that somehow, my uncle in his haste had forgotten to blow up, or take away, crucial key to the cloaking device. For the rest of the day and the following one as well, the same negative reports were delivered to the Bubar. We had escaped to who knows where and done a brilliant job of taking our technology with us. The more he listened to these reports, the more his rage seemed to grow. His grand master plan to win the war against the Planetary Union had failed. There was no doubt in his mind that our trickery was responsible. The people of Cem-Lam must be found and punished for their insolence. All the while, I was listening to this incredible scenario and wondering when the Bubar, in his rage, would finally order the battle planet to turn Cem-Lam into an asteroid belt. I figured that the time would probably come when the Bubar's engineers finally reached and inspected the orbital gyro.

In the meantime, I settled into a daily routine of spying on the Bubar and his henchmen. When I looking back on the whole affair, it seems that the Bubar sensed my presence but, after awhile, did not care. By the third day of the invasion, they had ceased searching for me. Yet, I had to maintain my vigilance and keep in mind the dire consequences a mistake or sudden mechanical failure could bring. My ship was too slow and lacked the maneuverability of the Bubar's vast

fleet. One shot from their gravity cannons in the right spot and I would be no more. This awareness kept me from returning to anything that resembled a normal routine. When not observing their fleet, I constantly rechecked the ship's systems so as to anticipate any possible failure of the main systems. It was also necessary to recheck the times when the moon, Ach'am, would be in conjunction with our star, Anix. If my time charts, based on the monitored Dinoid conversations, were correct, the moon should be passing out of its conjunction at the time the planet was destroyed. This meant that the explosion's force should throw me clear of the sun and into deep interplanetary space. At that point, the star drive and the more advanced CS-40 cloaking system would enable me to make my escape from the Dinoid-infested Anix star system.

After the fourth day of the invasion, a curious event occurred on the surface of Cem-Lam. The central districts of major cities began to blink on and off as if they were reflecting the sunlight from Anix. I at first assumed that the Dinoids were in the process of conducting bizarre experiments on Cem-Lam's surface. Right away, I tuned to the special channel reserved for the Bubar to see if I could learn anything and discovered that troop commanders on the surface were as surprised as I was. It seemed that my uncle had left the Bubar and his men a parting gift. The blinking light indicated that the Planetary Guard had wired the planet with a certain explosive that would cause particles of the planet to radiate out in trajectories even more deadly than the Dinoids could have imagined. It was a signal that, if they destroyed our planet, they would also destroy a large part of their fleet.

The Bubar was furious at this new development. It meant that, unless he neutralized the explosive, he would be unable to destroy our world. For half a day, the Bubar raged to his lieutenants about the new discovery. He ordered them to solve the problem or face demotion, or even death. The Dinoids also discovered that many entrances to the sacred caverns where we bury our dead were booby-trapped and could not be entered. My uncle had done a superb job in both evacuating and preparing our planet for the Bubar's surprise visit. It only added to his fury and generally bad disposition. I knew how much my uncle would enjoy the program I was preparing on the early part of the Dinoid invasion. For the rest of the day, the Bubar constantly monitored and commented on what was occurring. His threats and bellows seemed to me a normal aspect of his personality. No wonder he was noted as one of the fiercest and ill-tempered entities in the galaxy!

The following day, the Bubar ordered the strength of the explosive charges to be measured accurately to ensure that the command ship's computers' original estimates were accurate. Moreover, he demanded that a timetable for purifying the star system be begun. He seemed determined to destroy our world, and as quickly as possible. By the end of the day, the engineers and scientist sent down by the Bubar had concluded that the explosives could be neutralized by a chemical commonly carried in great quantities on their ships – potassium chloride, the Dinoids' salt. They immediately set about their task. As I watched the main viewing screen, one transport ship after another landed on the planet's surface. The soldiers and their accompanying corps of slave workers busied themselves in spreading Dinoid salt on the areas where explosives had been detected. The one remaining question was whether the entire store of explosives had been discovered. A further supply could be found in the booby-trapped sacred caves. As a result, the Bubar ordered that the caves be explored and a final determination made to see if they were a

source for the deadly explosives. Using slave labor, the Dinoids began to re-explore our sacred caves.

For the next two days, the commando forces, comprised of slave laborers and their guards, combed the caves for booby-trapped safe pathways into the caves. As an unfortunate outcome of their clumsy search, a great many slaves were killed and the cave entrances were buried in massive collapses. The results of their work only left the Bubar in an even greater fury. He ordered the immediate executions of all surface commanders in charge of the ill-fated operation. Next, he commanded his fleet to leave the star system until Cem-Lam was demolished. He seemed more determined than ever to exact revenge. Meanwhile, he turned his attention to a crew of special engineers who were attempting to repair the elevators leading to the central core and the control gyro chamber. Although progressing more slowly than planned, they were managing quite successfully to restore the elevator's main shaft. They hoped to complete the task in another two or three days. This positive news seemed to make the Bubar happy because, for the first time, my screen actually displayed a smile growing across his thin Dinoid lips.

It had been nearly a week since the Dinoids' invasion of my star system. My observations of the Dinoid fleet had revealed all the vile characteristics my uncle had described to me. The Bubar had proved to be at least as foul-tempered and evil as I had been led to believe. The surprises left behind by my uncle had proved too much for the Dinoids to easily handle. The most difficult part of the trip would be how to survive the gravity wave blast from the battle planet. This eventuality was to be determined by the time it took them to bring the elevators to the core back into operation. It took their engineer three days to solve this technological puzzle. When the Bubar was informed of their success, he directed them to stop and await his presence. About five minutes later, the huge gold sphere arose from the surface of Ach'am and headed for the main gyro entrance just outside Vel-cor city. It seemed that the Bubar himself was going to personally inspect the elevator shaft and the gyro control cavity in the planet's core. If there was ever a need for a delayed booby-trap, that time, most definitely, was now.

I watched as the command ship landed at the elevator shaft's entrance. Amid excessive ceremony, the Bubar strode down the gangway of his ship. He stopped at the gangway's base and waited as six slave laborers positioned a peculiar-looking vehicle in front of him. Mounting it, he sat down on what looked like a throne in the middle of the vehicle's central platform. The six slaves pulled the vehicle to the entrance to the elevator shaft. The Bubar dismounted and entered the main elevator to the planet's core. I waited for at least an hour, hoping that an undiscovered booby-trap would put an end to the grand Bubar of all the Dinoids. I was disheartened when, barking a series of commands to his troops, he reappeared. In an impromptu three-hour speech, he announced that the gyro core was secured, and the final steps to rid this star system of any trace of the Cem-Lam vermin that once inhabited it had arrived. It seemed that the Bubar was about to follow through with his preparations for turning my world into a mere collection of asteroids. It was tragic that my uncle had been unable to booby-trap the gyro mechanism. It would have destroyed our world, but at least it would have taken the Bubar and half his fleet to a place they did not want to go.

Following the brief closing ceremony, the Bubar was carried on his vehicle back to his golden command ship and he ascended the gangway. A few minutes later, the gold sphere rose from the

Vel-Cor plateau and began its return journey to the dome on Ach'am. It was a somber moment for me. Now, certainly, Cem-Lam's days were numbered. It was essential that my CV-12 be favorably positioned when the calamitous force of the battle planet's gravity wave cannon hit the planet. It was imperative that I undertake the all-day monitoring of the Bubar's channel.

To that end, I ordered the computer to monitor the Bubar's communications with his troops and, especially, the battle planet. If it intercepted any orders regarding the destruction sequence for Cem-Lam, those orders were to be relayed to me at once. The computer's scanning processor would be thorough and undetectable by the Bubar's fleet. As I look back on the entire affair, I am continually amazed that the Bubar's forces were incapable of detecting a probe of their communication channels from a cloaked space vehicle. It only confirmed my opinion of the primitive nature of the Dinoids' technology!

The next three days were filled with constant orders between the command ship and the planet's surface forces. Clearly, the Bubar wished his troops to complete one final exhaustive search before he ordered Cem-Lam's destruction. Repeatedly, the Bubar's men were unsuccessful in their final attempts to enter our sacred caves. The ingenious booby-traps continued to bamboozle the fearsome Dinoid storm troopers. After the loss of yet another 2,000 slaves on the third day of their quest, the Dinoids finally abandoned their attempts to enter the sacred caves.

In addition to their unsuccessful attempts to enter the sacred caves, the Dinoids sent their troops to the various Planetary Guard bases that covered Cem-Lam's surface. Their aim was undoubtedly to learn if they could have overlooked equipment or important papers in previous searches. To record these Dinoid patrols, I concentrated my efforts on two important bases: the main fighter base and the main control base, both on the outskirts of Vel-Cor city. The main control base was the heart of P.O. operations. From here, the service fleet Quadrant Commander had issued his orders. It was also the location of the my uncle Sher'e's offices. As home base of the service fleet, it was the point from which the shuttle to my ship had been launched. It now lay deserted and destroyed. Doubtless my uncle had ordered all its major components to be transferred to the new world or destroyed. The command buildings were gutted. The base looked like an ill-maintained and deserted military base from some long-forgotten war. Scurrying hither and thither among its rubble was a vast contingent of Dinoid soldiers. They seemed bewildered and lost, hurrying about like a blind men trying to discover the whereabouts of a new and yet-unvisited acquaintance. It seemed that, like their predecessors, they were unable to locate any significant data on the much sought-after cloaking device. Little did they know that my uncle had made one minor error: in the area of his former offices, he had left behind a detailed diagram of the CS-40. But the Dinoids, seeming not to catch this possibly fatal error, burned the tell-tale blueprint with bothering to closely study it. Had the grand Bubar known of their fortunate misdeed, he would have executed them on the spot. As the paper burned, I heaved a sigh of relief. My uncle's only oversight had been made right by sheer Dinoid stupidity!

At the fighter base, I saw the same level of destruction observed at the main P.O. base. The Dinoid patrol assigned to this base seemed more aware than the previous group because they were commanded by one of the engineers that I had seen at the elevator shaft a few days before. He was painstaking in his search of abandoned ships and destroyed maintenance yards. It was lucky that his kind had not been a part of the other, more bumbling, patrol. Fortunately, all

important documents and devices had been removed or destroyed before the Dinoid invasion. Their three-day search came up empty-handed.

With all major searches on the planet completed, the Bubar ordered his various troop commanders to prepare their activity reports. And, once searches of the crucial areas were complete, he directed complete evacuation of all important personnel. All evacuations were to be accomplished within the next five days. With these orders, the Bubar closed his channel and turned his attention toward the nearby battle planet. Since its arrival, the battle planet had maintained an orbit parallel with Cem-Lam and our fifth planet. The battle planet informed the Bubar that it would be another five days before the correct planetary alignments could happen. Once these alignments were in effect, it would be a simple matter for Cem-Lam to be destroyed with few consequences for the other Anix star system planets. The battle planet's response was auspicious because it was within the time after the sun had passed into direct conjunction with Ach'am. My calculations about a safety period for my escape were correct.

After the report from the battle planet's commander, the Bubar – Tarak the Magnificent as he called himself – sounded very pleased. He announced over the Fleet communication system that their recon quest of Anix was almost complete. Henceforth, the main planet would be Sar'am, where memorial cities of the Dinoids' honored dead would again serve as visible shrines to honor the vast Dinoid empire. Henceforth, the newly conquered star systems would be incorporated under new names and neutral zones abolished from star maps. Henceforth, the new name for Anix would be Turif, meaning conquest. The Dinoids were exploiting their occupation of our star system to claim it, and deny it from us, for all time. But, if I knew my people, their imperious claim would prove eventually to be an empty threat.

With only five more days before the death of my world, I began to re-inspect my ship's most critical operating systems. Among them were the computers themselves, because it was they that operated the cloaking, navigation and propulsion systems. I had to be assured that the incredible blast of the battle planet's gravity wave cannon was feasible. A series of potential scenarios was drawn up, which I used to simulate the different possible sequences that could happen seconds after the gravity wave slammed into Cem-Lam. All of my studies reaffirmed that it would be a bumpy ride. However, the main bulkheads of the CV-12, as well as the force fields that cloaked the vessel, were likely to survive the attack if shielded sufficiently by the moon, Ach'am. After three days of simulations and inspections, the CV-12 was ready for the big event. For the first time, a Cem-Lam ship was equipped to survive a battle planet attack and would be able to recount, in great detail, the Dinoids' detonation of a planet at extremely close range. It promised to be an unprecedented event!

I spent the final few days observing the activities of the Bubar and his fleet. Two days before, the Bubar returned to his huge command ship. By the end of that day, the oddly-shaped vehicle had retrieved the dome and returned to the Bubar's command ship. The huge ship left Ach'am's orbit and located itself just behind the battle planet. With its departure, more and more troop transports hurriedly relocated between the large Star Cruisers and Cem-Lam's surface. The day of reckoning approached for me and for the CV-12. The time had just about arrived for the beginning of our auspicious journey to Terra and the Cancer star group. Soon, we would know if our calculations were correct and the scenarios we had constructed were accurate. Bit by bit, the

Dinoids were obliterating my world. Filled with hypocritical justification for their horrendous deed, they prepared to snuff out a world that for untold millennia had been our home. We could replace or even duplicate its unique features, but its unsullied memory would remain forever in our hearts. It was a part of us that mere physical destruction could not erase.

As the evacuation continued, I began to observe the Dinoid fleet. For the most part, it had withdrawn to two positions, either near the Bubar's ship or towards the other side of the sun. The area immediately around Cem-Lam was rapidly emptying out. To test the security of my deep scanning instruments, I locked on to the Bubar's communication channel and to the channels used by the command ship. To no one's surprise, the Bubar was still boasting to all of his fleet commanders that, in spite of the successful evacuation of the star system, the people of Cem-Lam would be discovered and destroyed. He told his people that, in effect, these people could run, but they could not hide indefinitely. Sooner or later, the vermin's new hiding places would be found and the results would be inevitable. The Dinoids would annihilate them and their excuse for a civilization. In a matter of a few weeks, we had progressed from mere adversaries to the Dinoids' bitterest enemies. It was a weird turn of events.

The Bubar's rants continued but I grew less and less willing to listen. His constant deranged statements about my people had convinced me of one thing. As long as the Bubar, Tarak, was the Dinoid Confederacy leader, the people of Cem-Lam would know no peace. Only a devastating war would induce the Dinoids to end their illogical hostility. My mission to Terra and the Cancer star group became all the more important. Success was crucial if we were to secure the means to reinstate peace in this indispensable sector of the galaxy. This truth made me even more determined to succeed. Observing the battle planet in action at such close range should enable our engineers and scientists to neutralize these most deadly of space ships. The Dinoids' dependence on their armada, with all of its available firepower, could be overcome by new technology. That technology was waiting for me in the Cancer star group. Space-time technology was the new key to peace. With it, our ships could easily penetrate the heart of the Dinoid state and, in a matter of minutes, destroy their main battle fleets. In a couple of weeks, either the Dinoid Confederacy would be in shambles, or the Bubar and his henchmen would be begging for peace. It was a scenario that I hoped my mission would make a reality.

As the time for the fatal attack approached, I shortened my sleep cycle to one hour of nap time and four hours of flight deck duty time. I knew that once the ship was safe and cloaked in the new CS-40 system, I could get all the sleep I needed. I had to be awake because I was the most important cog of the command wheel. The computer would not engage its programmed default scenarios unless I ordered it. While we could guess as to when the Bubar would most probably execute the command for destruction, it was impossible to know the exact time. Toward the end of the last day requested by the battle planet to prepare its weapons, I began my final check of our major operating systems. It was never a bad decision to recheck the most important parts of one's ship before such a possibly catastrophic event. The time had arrived to bear witness to that most gruesome of sights: the destruction of a world you had come to love and think of as your surrogate mother.

At last, the time neared for the use of the Dinoids' battle planet. The Bubar asked the huge ship's commander if he was ready to commence the firing sequence of the gravity wave cannon. The

commander increased suspense by insisting the Bubar wait another two hours before its ignition. He reasoned that he wanted both moons to survive the blast and he needed to re-inspect the battle planet's main firing tubes. Those extra two hours gave me the flexibility to definitely clear the sun and escape the Dinoid fleet. The commander's logic demonstrated what I sensed were their intentions for our moons. They hoped to capture them and use them as bases to control the star system. Their advanced anti-gravity technology would enable them to use the moons as mobile bases on which to station soldiers and their supplies.

After a two-hour wait, I positioned the CV-12 on the far side of Ach'am and awaited the blast. Fifteen minutes later, the Bubar once again commanded the battle planet to fire when ready. The commander replied that he would initiate the pre-ignition phase in five more minutes because final inspection had taken longer than planned. Six minutes later, the commander gave the pre-ignition order. Two minutes after that, the station commander announced that final ignition was ready and asked for permission to fire. Once the Ballistics Chief had declared that their aim was perfectly on target, the order was given. Seconds later, a huge force field was ejected towards Cem-Lam. Two minutes later it tore into my home world with unabated fury. Cem-Lam rumbled and shook as its oceans and landmasses buckled and then, in another ten seconds, exploded. The blast was even more immense than my scenarios had projected. The inner moon, Ach'am, was sent off on its wayward journey at close to 24 C. As I had predicted, the CV-12 was carried past our sun's oncoming dangers. As we neared the inner planets, we rose on a trajectory that carried us past them in less than twenty minutes. As we had hurtled past the sun, Anix, we had accelerated to nearly one-half the speed of light. The experience reminded me of a scary amusement ride that I had taken on Sar'am about fifty years ago. The journey continued onward as we crossed Cem-Lam's path on the far side of the sun. For the first time, I could look back through my scanner and observe the destruction done by the battle planet. My world had been reduced to a glowing hulk, surrounded by outward-rising flaming globs of matter. Over the next 50 to 100 years, these pieces would cool to become asteroids or planetoids. In one catastrophic blast, Cem-Lam had been reduced to a mere memory.

As my ride through the skies continued, I decided to inspect my ship's vital signs. All major operating systems were in perfect working order. I was amazed that the blast had not affected the ship's cloaking system. For this, I credited our own advanced technology. This vermin was not about to become Dinoid food if he could help it. I began a pre-flight check of the star drive and navigational computer. In total, it took me thirty minutes to complete the check. My goal had been to assess the kind of tractor beam the Dinoids might use to capture Ach'am. Having ascertained this knowledge, I had to engage the star drive and hightail it out of the Anix as fast as my CV-12 could go.

It did not take much longer to reach my moment of decision. Another battle planet was stationed between the orbit of the fifth and sixth planets. Its task was the probably to collect my moon and transfer it to wherever the Bubar wanted it to go. The capture process would be complicated. The moon would have to be slowed down and its trajectory altered to prevent capture by any nearby planets. It would be interesting to record this operation for posterity. The moment my scanner spotted the tractor beams that were meant to slow down Ach'am, I ordered the CV-12 to move away from the ill-fated moon and observe its capture. The scanner observed the full extent of this dangerous maneuver. In all, the procedure took the battle planet only two hours. As I regretfully

looked on, Ach'am was towed toward the former orbit of Cem-Lam. There, it would be transformed into the mobile security that the Bubar needed to patrol his newly-acquired realm. It was time for me to depart my home solar system and begin the long ten-year journey to Terra.

My first task was to initiate procedures for the star drive. First, I asked the computer if its various crystal components were balanced and ready for inclusion in the standard flow patterns of the tachyon engines. In five minutes, the computer gave an affirmative answer. Next, I had to order the navigational computer to plot our ship's exact position and to prepare to plot its position at above light speed. The computer complied in another two minutes. Finally, I was ready to give my long-awaited orders. I ordered the navigation computer to plot a course to Terra. In less than ten seconds, our course was keyed in. Next I told the main computer to engage the star drive. Ten seconds later, the main computer responded that star drive was engaged and speed was set. I asked that we cruise on full speed of 71C until further notice. The computer answered that we would reach the site of the old border to the Forbidden Zone in less than two weeks. Knowing this, I asked if the CS-40 cloaking system had been engaged and the computer acknowledged the order. I asked the computer to monitor the new system and report back on its efficiency.

A half-hour later, the computer reported back to me on the cloaking system. The system malfunctioned as a result of an improperly installed crystal interfacing with the older CS-32 system. Shutdown of all cloaking systems was standard procedure to repair the interface. In this case, the procedure was impossible because we needed at least a day of maximum light speed to ensure our escape from the Dinoid fleet. We had a minor crisis. I asked the computer if we could use the old CS-32 system until we cleared the danger zone. Computer agreed and quickly reengaged the old system. I ordered a complete analysis of the interface crystal. The computer replied that the crystal was undamaged and in excellent condition. The switch in the interface connection was most likely a result of the cataclysmic explosion and the CV-12's resulting wild ride. In any case, the crystal would take about an hour to cool down sufficiently to be handled. I had two alternatives. The first was to delay for one day, and then follow standard procedures to correct the problem. The second was to use a specialized instrument, called a P'enult, to make the repair. If the P'enult ruptured the energy bottle in the cloaking interface, it could detonate the system and disable the power supply. Basing my decision on the reaction of the Dinoid scout ships, I decided to wait for a day before beginning repairs on the CS-40 interface.

As I waited for the one-day repair phase to begin, I continually monitored the crystal's condition. I ordered the computer to inspect the crystal every 15 minutes and reported them to me at the end of every hour I was on duty. I also ordered the scanner to search for Dinoid patrols in both deep space and near space. My scanner could operate on a deep mode of 0.2 parsecs (a distance of approximately three and one-quarter days' travel), and a near-space mode of 0.00002 parsecs (a distance of approximately one-half minute's travel). The scanner's computer enhancement function also allowed me to zoom outward in any direction. I used this capability to ask the computer to selectively scan my right path and the area from which I was leaving. This way, I could determine if Dinoids were in my vicinity.

Dinoids habitually tended to seek out survivors from recently conquered star systems with the use of three- to six-vessel patrols, usually consisting of smaller, egg-shaped star destroyers. The ships were highly mobile, packed with a full range of gravity wave cannon and space energy

howitzers. These weapons were highly effective at disabling anything, from a small transport to a large star cruiser. The Dinoids' strategy was to use their speed to attack any vessel. Once the attack was completed, they continued to track the vessel and/or fleet until re-enforcements arrived. The major worry, early in my trip, was the damage an encounter with these wolf packs of space would cause. Therefore, I redoubled my efforts to learn their whereabouts before they discovered mine. Repairs to the CS-40 could not be made unless all Dinoid patrols were found not to be in the vicinity.

By the end of the first's day's travel, I had to decide if it was appropriate to repair the ship's cloaking device. First I had to see how long the cloaking system needed to be shut down for the interface repair. Repair time was estimated at thirty minutes. The interface needed to be removed and repaired and the entire energy bottle, with its circuitry, had to be checked and calibrated. It would not be easy, but the sudden appearance of a Dinoid patrol could prove fatal. After another hour of deep and near space scanning of our sector, we decided to make immediate repairs. Life support was turned on in the third level and turbo lift quickly brought us to the interconnection. A brief security check (snout print) got me into the third level's cloaking computer and the mechanical and electrical devices it monitored. In only ten minutes I located the interface and remove the module containing the ill-fitting crystal. In removing this module, I discovered that it had been fused to the support brackets. I would have to cut off the fused brackets and replace them. The additional procedure took me an hour, rather than the half-hour I had planned. This extra time almost proved costly for me and the CV-12.

Forty-five minutes into the repair operation, the computer reported that a small Dinoid patrol had just entered the edge of the deep space scan. Their path was from a point almost directly in front of us. Their course suggested that they were returning from a search for Cern-Lam survivors. If repairs were not completed quickly, they would find us. It was a precarious situation. I asked the computer to determine when they would possibly pick us up on their scanners. The computer's answer was eight minutes, with an additional twelve to fifteen minutes for the Dinoids to respond to our weapons' fire. If the computer was correct, I had twenty to twenty-three minutes to finish the job and return to the flight deck. The repairs took another fifteen minutes and I arrived on the bridge some four minutes later. I immediately ordered the cloaking system put in place and the initiation of standard evasive maneuvers. The Dinoid patrol passed over us and began firing their cannons in a wide series of interlocking arcs. Several of their shots exploded in front, or to the side, of the CV-12. Luckily, they were all too far away to do any damage. Their only effect was to give me another bumpy ride and a slight scare. Now I knew that the Dinoids would continue their patrols in the space sectors of that lay ahead of me. The big prize so fiercely coveted by the Bubar was the CS-40 cloaking system. It was being transported by fighter ship, which, ironically, seemed headed toward his own territory, the Forbidden Zone!

The near-fatal incident with the Dinoid patrol convinced me to maintain my vigilance even when it seemed unnecessary. I had hoped this first leg of my journey to be the closest to a pleasure cruise one could get. Instead, my discovery by the Dinoid patrol had alerted the Bubar to the presence he had felt but not seen. At this very minute, he was probably ordering his commanders to send out patrols from Anix in search of me. He was probably also increasing patrols at the old border of the Forbidden Zone. My near-fatal mistake had made me one of the most highly-prized

quarries in Dinoid-held territory. From now on, this odyssey could never again be considered a pleasure cruise. It had become a journey through a deadly nightmare, the land of the Dinoids.

Four hours after the incident with the first Dinoid patrol, we picked up a second patrol about 0.16 parsecs ahead of us. A half-hour later, in scanning our rear sector we found a large patrol of Dinoid ships some 0.19 parsecs away. Clearly, my worst fears were being realized. The Bubar had decided to make an all-out effort to find and disable me. My captured ship would be the prize that till now had eluded him. I wondered if the Bubar had ordered the ships to fire indiscriminately, or wait until possible contact was made. The CS-40 was a system that should be able to meet any detection test that the Bubar's men could muster. My only fear was that I might be caught in a deadly crossfire of the patrol's cannons' random firing. At that moment, a curious fact came to mind. My uncle had built our ultra-fast fighter to resemble the CV transport class. The Bubar could not possibly know if my ship was a super-slow transport or a fighter capable of a speed of well over one million times the speed of light!

My hopes that the Bubar's men would not find me was borne out by their constant overpasses of my position. It seemed that they had a better chance of crashing into me than of detecting my presence. This relieved some of my fears but also created new ones. From now on, I would have to be on constant alert for the Dinoid patrols. Since my ship was not visible to them, they had a good chance of crashing into it. Only an alert scanner and efficient evasive maneuvers could defend me against the Bubar's men.

The first day after my near fatal-encounter with the first Dinoid patrol passed uneventfully. Having swept my sector of space, the Dinoid patrols were visible on my scanner only at the maximum distance and on courses that took them away from my ship. My only excitement was in spotting a large patrol of six ships and identifying their class and type. For the most part, the closest any of them got to my position was one patrol that came to within 0.13 parsecs away. The immense star cruiser's proximity had worried me at first, but soon veered away and headed toward the Anix system. My position remained unknown to these sharks of interstellar space.

The enemy ships' apparent inability to discover me gradually made me feel that, barring major disaster, I should easily reach my destination within the calculated time of ten years. With the computer set on a constant scanning routine, I decided to try something that I had always wanted to do while on duty above Cem-Lam. The time had arrived for me to explore the main computer's unlimited graphic capabilities. The drawing program on the CV-12's computer was quite advanced, even for our technology. It could sketch a picture that mirrored life in every detail. The 3-D image could be altered or rotated. Objects would obey your wishes, even to the point of dancing, singing, or carrying on an interesting conversation. The computer's capabilities let me illustrate scenes from our history or just remember sights and sounds of a world that no longer existed. This new exercise allowed me to devote hours to activities that would engage my curiosity. To take a long space voyage by oneself was unimaginably boring and lonesome. At least I had found a way to enjoy myself and even invent a wide array of characters to talk to.

Toward the end of the second day, I had another brief scare. The energy bottle that carries space energy from the tachyon engine intakes began to emit a series of strange readings. The situation's seriousness forced me to end my first attempt at staging an epic battle of the last period of the

reign of the Sha-Ba'zor. I hurried to the third level and asked the cloaking computer to analyze the output. The computer responded that the part of the energy bottle that interconnected with the main engines was probably warped. Only complete shutdown of all systems involved and a simple adjustment of the intake nacelle would cure the problem. Once again, I was being forced to make a major decision concerning my ship's safety.

The first part of my task involved ascertaining how long the repairs would take. The computer answered that a shutdown would take one half-hour and repairs about twenty minutes. Start-up would take another twenty to twenty-five minutes. Total elapsed time for the repairs should be around seventy-five minutes. The first step was to check the scanning routine to find out whether any Dinoid patrols were within our ship's range. After a complete 360-degree deep mode scan (ten minutes), the computer responded that the sector was clear of Dinoid patrols. I began the shut-down of the main engines and cloaking device. For the rest of the procedure, we would be at near dead stop and extremely visible to Dinoid scanners. On schedule, the main engines shut down and the cloaking device moved into down mode. Now it was safe to enter the main nacelle for the cloaking devices. Ordinarily, the nacelle contained enough space energy to kill a person in less than one second and vaporize him in less than ten seconds. Now, it was empty, dark and unpleasant. The nacelle was big enough for me to crawl quickly to its main interconnect with the tachyon engines. There, I saw the warp that the computer had mentioned in its repair report. Removing a special rubberized hammer, I hit the warp straight-on. The exceptionally resilient alloy sprang back into place with an odd thunk and the repair was complete. Now I had to quickly expel the air forced into the chamber during repairs. A special blower attached to the crawl space opening quickly achieved the task in mere minutes. It was time to begin the start-up procedures. Ten minutes into the process, the computer announced that a large group of scout ships was heading into this sector. Estimated distance was 0.16 parsecs and rapidly closing. The scouts were traveling at a speed of 14,500C and would arrive in about 17 minutes. The sighting made start-up success, and our use of evasive maneuvers at full speed (71C), imperative.

At the end of another fourteen minutes, start-up was complete. First, I engaged the star drive and then the CS-40 cloaking system. Once cloaked, I initiated a series of turns that brought me below and behind the enemy scouts. As I had expected, the scouts opened up with a series of cross-fires in the area of my last position. With a sudden turn, they fired more volleys behind their position. Fortunately, these shots flew over the top of the ship and exploded harmlessly. I scanned their communications and learned that they believed I had accelerated at high light speed and was escaping. After communicating their position to a control base in the Anix system, they departed at high speed (over 20,000C) along my last visible path. Once more, I had managed to avoid a disastrous encounter with a Dinoid patrol. I had learned to not take even the most peaceful of times for granted. One never knew when an emergency, or even the errant Dinoid patrol, would appear. Vigilance was to be the order of the day.

Immediately after I had finished inspecting the engines and cloaking systems, the computer alerted me that an unfamiliar vehicle nearby. I rushed back from engineering to the flight deck via turbo lift. The object turned out to a Scyllian freighter far off-course. The Scyllians were a friendly Amphiboid civilization in the Gemini star group. Unlike the Dinoids and their ilk, the Scyllians were a peaceful and advanced race with whom we constantly traded. Their freighter

was likely making its rounds in our sector and, owing to communications problems, was unaware of the disaster that had befallen Cem-Lam. A few minutes after we spotted the freighter our scanner spotted a Dinoid patrol at a distance of 0.18 parsecs. It appeared to be the same one that we had engaged with before. Now, it was joined by three more Star Destroyers and a Star Cruiser. They quickly spotted the freighter and turned to attack. The Star Cruiser lowered its triangular weapons' pod and opened up with a full volley from its gravity wave cannon. In less than ten seconds, the waves tore into the Scyllian ship and it disappeared in a momentary blinding explosion. The Dinoids observed the horrible sight for a few seconds and then returned to their original destination, the Anix system. My former home had become a base for the most treacherous sharks in space, the Dinoid Confederacy.

Chapter 4 - The Orion Pirates

With the destruction of the Scyllian ship, I entered the edge of the Forbidden Zone. The first leg of my journey would take me through the part of the Zone frequented by a depraved and dangerous group of reptiles known collectively as the Orion Pirates. They formed a major semi-autonomous league within the Dinoid Confederacy. In fact, legend had it that these Orion Pirates were the original creators of the infamous Confederacy itself. According to that legend, the various star systems that formed the right leg and belt of Orion had been the first Dinoid race to achieve interstellar travel. Their goal was conquest and booty. The Orions wished to establish a glittering empire that, by pooling its knowledge, would conquer the rest of the vast Orion star group, and the adjacent Gemini and Eridanus star groups as well. Some 50,000 years later, their attempt at conquest was stopped by another conquest-minded Amphiboid race from the Lepus star group. This temporary setback resulted, 10,000 years later, in another war in the Auriga star system over rights to the Capellan star system. From that war, lasting 2,000 years, was forged the Dinoid Confederacy. The Dinoids gave their members territorial rights and the ability to rule their designated lands with impunity. Further, each member star system and star groupings owed homage to the Central Council of Notables which chose its leader, or Bubar. The Bubar was to remain in power as long as the Central Council voted in his favor at its bi-annual session.

Thus, origins of the Bubar's power came from the Central Council and the major star systems that it represented. However, generation upon generation of Bubar had learned one simple fact. War and conquest were the keys to retaining power. As long as the Confederacy was at war or on a war footing, the Bubar could request that the Central Council provide him with armadas of ships and vast armies of fierce soldiers. The soldiers in turn provided the Bubar with power to control the Council. Gradually, war and corrupted power changed the original intent of the Confederacy's founders. In an effort to prove their continued independence from the Bubar's command, the Orion League, as they called themselves, began to prey on the far-flung trading routes that crisscrossed this section of the galaxy. My ancestors had written many a grim tale about the ill-fated ship or convoy that met its untimely end at the hands of these unscrupulous pirates.

My major concern was that the pirates may have discovered a detection system more advanced than that of the Dinoid fleet. It would be par for the course for such felons to attempt to keep the technology to themselves. They felt no trust in the Bubar and his henchmen on the Central Council. If they could find a good pretext to launch a successful rebellion, there was no doubt in my mind that they would. My route through the edge of the Zone would soon take the CV-12 into one of the most famous of my ancestors' routes. This was the so-called Trans-stellar Spaceway, part of which was notorious for being filled with Orion League patrols. If the Dinoids were space's sharks, the Orion pirates were its barracudas.

To prepare for insertion into the first leg of the Trans-stellar Spaceway, I changed my duty cycle to a one-hour sleep every eight hours. It was essential that we avoid the pirates at all costs. To do so, our course was slightly altered to a more zigzag pattern. This change was effected to make it more difficult for the pirates to discover my position. Suffice it to say, the pirates' detector would have a harder time picking me out of a pattern of space dust if I zigzagged. As we moved deliberately through the border with the Zone, I increased my scanning of the area in front of us. My deep space mode continued to register no contact beyond the usual assortments of space dust and radiation clouds. As one would say, "so far, so good".

After the first six hours in the Trans-stellar Spaceway, no incident had occurred. The scanner was only picking up the usual assortment of interstellar dust and hydrogen gas clouds. It seemed that my worries were mere symptoms of an overactive imagination. Suddenly, the scanner picked up a strange blip at the outer edge of our scanning range. It was closing at a very high light speed and could only be a warship. I immediately ordered that we begin our zigzagging maneuver. In about a half-hour, the ship had closed to a distance of 100,000 miles (162,000 kilometers) and gone sub-light. It began to mirror our moves as we passed below it and to follow at our light speed of 71C. It was not a Dinoid ship since it was not egg-shaped. Rather, the vehicle was a perfect oval, on which each half was red with a yellow center section. It was nearly 6,000 feet (1,830 meters) in length and nearly 1,000 feet (300 meters) in height. As it tailed me, I wondered if it would fire at me or leave to return with more ships. Remember, they did not know from my shape if I was a freighter or a heavily-armed warship. As I expected, the ship left my position and returned whence it had come. It would a matter of time before it returned with at least five or six more ships. I decided to revert to a straight course and end my evasive maneuvers. Perhaps I could trick them into believing I was not a harmless transport ship.

After another twenty minutes, the Orion pirate returned with his friends. The armada of seven ships searched frantically for my position. For some strange reason, I was no longer visible to their sensors. Evidently, my zigzagging must have disturbed their deep space sensor and allowed them to discover me. After another twenty minutes of frantically searching every square inch of the sector, they began to blast the region with space energy lasers. The blasts lit up the dark near-starless void and gave me some scary moments. After another 15 minutes, they ceased fire and raised their curved triangular weapons' pod back into the nose of their warship. Soon after, the deadly pack of space barracudas disappeared into the deep space that had spawned them. I gave a sigh of relief and continued onward.

I spent the next few days on full alert. I had seen my first Orion ship and did not wish to see more. It seemed that the key to my safety was to 'straighten up and fly right'. I cancelled the evasive maneuvers and decided to remain in routine flight unless there was danger of collision. The sensors of the Orion ships could somehow pick up the twisting path of my ship, but not its straight path through space. It remained an oddity that I still have not solved. The encounter had left me somewhat worried, but at least now I knew how to avoid these monsters of deep space. The next encounter would test my hypothesis.

It was another week before my next run-in with them. It occurred at the end of a duty cycle as I was preparing to get a meal and some well-deserved sleep. Again, the scanner spotted a series of blips approaching us at great speed. The moment of truth had arrived. The five ships were still

moving at 10,000C as they passed above us. They had failed to see us. My hypothesis had been proven correct. Maybe a way had been discovered to get us safely across the Forbidden Zone and to our destination on the Planet Terra.

For the next two weeks, my trip through the Forbidden Zone was largely uneventful. Aside from an unusual series of cloud nebulas, the route that I had chosen was devoid of any spacecraft. But just as I was lulled into feeling that no additional trouble would be encountered, something unusual and nearly fatal occurred.

One day, I was finishing my duty cycle when the scanner noticed an unusual stellar flash ahead of us. After the flash, we encountered a great deal of magnetic abnormalities and a series of unaccounted-for space/time distortions. Immediately, I asked the computer to analyze the data and attempt to inform me of what had happened in space in our sector. My inquiry produced a series of possible scenarios. A huge star had nova-ed was one possible cause, and the testing of a new superweapon by the Dinoid Confederacy was another. I decided to investigate the matter and solve this baffling riddle. The computer estimated that the strange flash had come from a star called C'ier near us at the edge of the right leg of Orion. It would take us about two weeks' journey out of our designated path to see what was going on.

We spent the two weeks studying the evidence at hand. At first, we encountered more strange time dispersions and seeming ruptures in space or space warps. These warps pulsed at very high frequency and glowed in majestic hues of indigo and dark purple. As we neared them, our ship would begin to vibrate and strange energy emissions draining from the warps made the cloaking fields of the CV-12 glow in shades of bright reds, greens and oranges. This last effect troubled me since it defeated the purpose of the cloaking system. My fondest hope had been that the ship would not encounter Orion pirates or Dinoids while affected by the strange energy fields. As the days passed, the energy caused the ship to vibrate more and to glow even more brightly. By the end of the first week, our glowing phenomena had become constant. In an effort to prevent any overloading of the system, I switched off the cloaking system entirely. Now, it was imperative that we not encounter any enemy patrols. This seemed highly unlikely. Yet, as we approached the source of the phenomenon, we continued to find an absence of any enemy vessels. I was beginning to believe that perhaps this strange episode was a Dinoid or Orion trap and I was taking the bait.

A few days from the presumed source of the strange flash, we saw a highly unusual event. Normally, space is dark and devoid of any easily discernable light source. There is only a sea of dimly-lit stars with no clearly definable pattern. Yet suddenly, we were surrounded by light, and glowing patterns of what seemed to be planetary-size orbs. The ship's scanner acknowledged existence of twelve globes, each about 6,000 miles (9,700 kilometers) across. Each globe was made of an unknown substance and apparently by an intelligent being. The globes were transparent and seemed to emit a glow of one hue inside and a different one on the outside. They circled our ship at a distance of 50,000 miles (81,000 kilometers). There seemed to be intelligently controlled. The questions remained who were they, and why had caused the strange glow in the first place? Since the globes had begun directing us toward the light source, we followed, knowing that our questions would soon be answered.

The globes put the ship in a tractor beam and then accelerated to a speed of nearly 10,000 C. It took us only a day to reach the unusually bright star that we had first seen a little over a week previously. As we approached the star, the globes suddenly disappeared. The CV-12 rapidly decelerated to a more normal light speed of 71C. By then we were caught in the tractor beam and led toward the brightly glowing ball. As we approached, I ordered the scanner to measure the ball. It was over 100,000 miles (162,000 kilometers) in diameter. Its technology was Light Years ahead of anything that I had ever dreamed possible. In another brief instant, the glowing ball swallowed us and deposited the CV-12 in what appeared to be a huge meadow.

Without warning, the communications system on my ship emitted a greeting of welcome. The pleasant voice asked me to come down to the meadow and meet some friends. After a brief moment of thought, I agreed and stepped toward the transporter. Before I could move two steps, I surrounded by meadow and a group of individuals dressed in white garments was approaching me. They looked like Amphiboids, and my good feelings about them vanished. One of the taller ones, about six feet (1.9 meters) tall, walked toward me. His energy was delightful and my fear dissolved. Speaking my language in a perfect Sem'ang dialect, he asked if I was in need of drink or food. My reply was that I did not need any refreshments at this time. I only wanted to know the meaning of the glowing globes and the strange flash that had brought me here in the first place. He said all would be answered shortly, and asked me to accompany him to his palace on the far side of the meadow. Then he turned and I followed the strange entity to his home.

After a few steps, the meadow quickly disappeared and was replaced by the main hallway of what proved to be his palace. He turned towards my now-startled self and introduced himself. He said his name was K'ilte Tra'um and he was the ruler of this land. His seers had observed my presence in this sector of the galaxy and told him to help me. They told him that I had a great destiny and would need the help of all interested parties to ensure my success. He had listened to them and decided to help. The flash was to draw me to them, and the globes and glowing energy warps were a means to help me safely arrive at my destination. He called this huge bright ball Be'dhetu. His were a race of highly-evolved souls who hoped that, one day, the peoples of the Dinoid Confederacy and the Orion League would end their warring ways. Their reformation could be close at hand if a number of shocking events came to pass. At that point, he stopped his rapid delivery of facts and asked me about myself. He noted that his seers had stated that I was young (a mere 215 years old) and desperately in need of training in the advanced sciences of mind control and spiritual integration. He wanted to know what I had learned in those fields. At this point, I mentioned that I was a two-degree black belt in a fighting and spiritual/mind discipline that my people called Prac'Lah. He noted that his seers had noticed that my development in these areas had been unusually swift and asked if I agreed. I answered in the affirmative and asked why he was interested in me in the first place. He repeated his earlier answer and invited me to accompany him to his study for more conversation and a few refreshments.

There, we were joined by a group of six more entities robed in white. The ruler told me that the six people were his council of seers. They were anxious to meet me, a person of such great destiny, for themselves. Again, they refused to acknowledge the import of this great destiny. They all replied that destiny must be experienced to be real. It cannot be imagined. Help would be provided now that they all had sensed my energy pattern. They told me not to fear for my

future, only to live it. What was meant to be would be. That fact was an irrefutable reality for this physical dimension. In addition, they mentioned that they had pledged to assist me and they would give that help freely. However, I would have to pass many tests to achieve a final victory. They said to trust in myself and the life force that flows within me. If I did, the victory that was my destiny was assured. I must only await the time and circumstances for that final triumph. 'Fear not, Gori-An Sher'a, your destiny will be glorious'. After their joint statement, I found myself back on the flight deck of the CV-12. I rushed to the main view screen and saw nothing but deep space around me. Somehow, the immense ball had disappeared and been spat back into space. To my further amazement, I discovered that I was returned to the original point where I had first seen the strange blinding flash.

For the next three or four days, I was bewildered by the strange occurrences that had beset me. Once again, a group of seers had told me of a great destiny that they could not reveal. What was this grand destiny to which I supposedly was being irresistibly drawn? I grew more and more curious as to what it might be. So great was my concentration on my destiny that I forgot to switch the CS-40 cloaking system back on. Instead of watching my instruments, I was busy attempting to figure out my future. A sudden series of alarm claxons brought me back to reality. Six Orion pirate warships were approaching us rapidly. Their distance of 1.9 parsecs gave me time to turn on my cloaking system and slightly alter my course. The warships approached, following their standard procedure of slowing to sub-light once they thought they were close to their quarry. My sudden disappearance made them suspicious and worried about a Dinoid trap. They broke up into two groups and proceeded to fire volleys in all directions. A few shots barely missed my ship, while others caused us to vibrate wildly. I worried whether they would be our undoing. Fortunately, the pirates' wild cross-fires ended twenty minutes later. And, despite the wild rattling of the CV-12, we had remained undetected. As quickly as they approached, the Orion pirates left. Once again, I was alone in the deep and dangerous vastness of space.

The rest of this eventful fortnight was spent in attempting to figure out what the seers had meant. Their destiny story had been repeated again and again, first by my uncle and now, by this exotic Amphiboid race. I wondered what it all would lead to. The mission I had just begun was important. It did not seem to be so important to the future of my world or even the Dinoid Confederacy. The only possible answer was whether my visit to Terra and the Cancer star group were somehow to achieve even more than the objectives I had set for them. Only the future would be able to tell what the outcome would be.

As I pondered my future, the words of the ruler of Be'dhetu came to mind once again. He had told me that my destiny would be great heroic. His seers reminded me of an old legend rarely mentioned by the prophets. It concerned a journey of discovery, mixed with mercantile ambitions, made by a Sem'ang merchant named T'ang ShatuW'ei some 6,000 years ago. He had been one of the last merchant-explorers of my people. More famous as a storyteller, he had documented some of the most famous legends of my people. It was his story of the Cancer star group people that was the basis of my journey. He had visited them some 5,500 years ago and described his adventure in an obscure story that he entitled Fe'i Wah, or the star path. One of the first encounters in his story was with the infamous Orion pirates. Unlike me, he had a well-armed fleet of ships and a battle-tested crew. After he fought off the pirates' attacks, he was drawn to a strange flashing as large as a good-sized planet or small star. Many people who heard this part of

the tale thought it to be either a lie or a hallucination. Now, I too, had seen the bizarre spacecraft and spent time with its ruler.

In the tale told by T'ang, he was told that he would be one of the first to meet the people of Calim'ar, as the time/space people call themselves. He directed him to them and told him that they would trade for many of his spices and other sundries, but that the basis of their civilization, the Time/Space machine or Dackatronis, would not be given to him. It would be presented to another traveler from another time and another region of our world. This statement had baffled T'ang, who would later become a 12th-degree black belt of Prac'Lah. To his way of thinking, he was more than capable of absorbing the principles involved and of not abusing the machine's potential. He who would be given the secrets would be a magnificent soul with an auspicious destiny. The ruler had noted that it was not yet the appropriate time for the unveiling. T'ang had recorded his conversation with the ruler in its entirety. It ended with a brief tale, or myth, about the distant traveler of pure heart. Again, this person would meet the ruler of the land of Be'dhetu would be greeted in his native language. Their meeting would be an omen that a favorable outcome was assured, and that the trip to Calim'ar would be successful. In the past few weeks, I had met the ruler of Be'dhetu, been greeted in the Sem'ang dialect and told that I had a bright future. Had these seers chosen me to become their distant traveler of pure heart? The whole situation was becoming unsettling to me. Only the future would help me unravel this perplexing mystery.

I set aside my dilemmas over the meaning of the meeting with the people in the glowing globe when a huge armada of Orion ships appeared on the edge of scanning range. As they approached, I could see that they numbered in the hundreds. Evidently, the Bubar must have struck some kind of deal with them over my discovery. It was highly unusual for pirates to travel in so large a group. Many of these odd ships were shaped unlike any described to me. I conjectured that they probably contained instruments more advanced than those on the warships that had detected me when I first entered the Zone. It seemed that I was headed for interesting times.

As the Orion fleet approached my position, it began to split into small groups of six or eight ships that began to sweep the sector I occupied. Two groups crisscrossed, above and below me. After another hour of intensive searching, the ships regrouped and seemed preoccupied by some sort of meeting with their commanders. After a period that seemed to last forever, the fleet again separated, one a group of fighters and the other, the odd-shaped or science ships. At this point, glowing flashes once more appeared around me. The glowing globes that had drawn me to Be'dhetu reappeared in great numbers. They tauntingly danced around the pirate fleet, seeming to dare them to either engage or fire. Twenty minutes of taunts were too much for the pirates. The recently-regrouped fighter wings chased after the globes but the fighters were no match for them. The globes appeared and disappeared at will. Clearly, the Orion pirates were outmatched today. In the next hour, the pirates failed to strike even one globe. Abruptly, the globes slammed together, forming an even larger single globe that glowed bright purple. The globe emitted a rainbow flash that instantaneously made the whole fleet disappear for a half-day. When the fleet finally reappeared, they turned and headed at top light speed in the direction from which they had come. The ruler had told me that I was protected, and it seemed that a mighty force was indeed keeping me from harm.

Two days later, I spotted a smaller fleet. Again, they were equipped with the oddly-shaped ship that I had seen earlier. I will try to describe it. Its front was shaped like a head with cat-like whiskers radiating from all sides. The ship's center was ovoid and large, perhaps 600 to 700 feet (210 to 235 meters) across. The aft section was tubular, 1,000 feet (1.1 kilometers) long and 250 feet (77 meters) high. It looked very peculiar. I thought it must be a science ship used to define and explore the oddities of space. It was probably being used to see if they could detect my ship's presence. So far, they seemed unable to do so but the globes' sudden appearance persuaded me that they were probably approaching success. This could prove disastrous for my trip through the Forbidden Zone. Lacking the speed to outrun them, my only hope was that my technology remained ahead of theirs.

After a couple of days probing around my position, the fleet left and gave me a present – a minefield. They had strewn their mines so that my only hope was to backtrack from my current position and then go around them. I immediately ordered the CV-12 to retrace its position and continue to do so. An hour later, I started to circumnavigate the minefield. Unlike those left earlier by the Dinoids, these mines were much harder to detect. I was forced to go sub-light (0.2C) and to function for two days without sleep in order to resolve the complication. It seemed that the frustrated pirates were showing how important my capture/destruction was to them. However, I was too tired to be fearful or even to logically ponder the consequences. My only concern had been for the CV-12 to escape the minefield and to again be in open interstellar space. Now that the crisis was over, I rushed to the fifth level and some long-awaited sleep.

Following an unusually long sleep cycle of almost nine hours, I awoke refreshed and ready to continue my journey. My first stop was the intercom, where I asked the computer to report anything unusual during me sleep. The computer replied that all was well and uneventful. With nothing happening, I went to the mess station and asked for breakfast. In a matter of seconds, the food processor's view screen spat out a menu. I requested the Tawli'ak (mush made from a rice-like grain called Tawli) and a dish called Ke'ume (toasted bread made with cinnamon and Ume nuts). It felt good to eat a light meal after a long sleep. I ate my meal slowly and, fifteen minutes later, returned the tray to the conveyor. It was time to return to my duty station and see what fate had in store for me.

Back on the flight deck, I requested a computer display for a general report of the flight's last nine hours. It confirmed my suspicions. Not a single sighting in this sector of a pirate ship or even a Dinoid patrol. It was unusually quiet for so dangerous an area of interstellar space. We should at least encounter a lonely scout for the fleet that had set the minefield. None were to be found. It was as if the pirates had received such a scare that they were steering clear of our orbit altogether. As confirmation, I ordered the computer to remain in deep space mode and scan the ship's path for evidence that we were being followed.

After twenty-five minutes it reported that five pirate warships were approaching at 12,000C from our southwest. They would be in range in five minutes. I ordered the scan to be put on the main view screen when their ships were in the near-mode scanner's range. Next, I asked the computer to run a quick check of the CS-40 cloaking system and star drive. Both inspections took five minutes and were reported just as the Orion warships appeared on the main screen. The reports were normal – all systems were operating at maximum efficiency. The warships flew over my

position without stopping and continued until they were out of range. Then they turned in front of us and sped over our heads again, and away. It seemed that some warships designated as scouts were making broad sweeps of the sector in a futile effort to find me. I expected that, in the next few days, the oddly-shaped science ships would make a try. I assumed that the Orion League pirates feared the globes and the Amphiboid crews. In his famous tale, the ancient storyteller T'ang had stated that these special beings were among the most advanced creatures in the known galaxy. They seemed to have abandoned as a permanent home on a particular planet or star system, instead cruising the heavens in their extraordinary ball. They told T'ang nothing of their origins. The only clue was that they might be located in a sector of the Orion Star Group. They were enormously concerned about the future of this part of the heavens, and told T'ang that the future traveler from Cem-Lam was to be the luminous hope for Cem-Lam and the entire Orion Star Group. I wondered if this fact was playing a part in the remarkable drama unfolding around me.

My thoughts were interrupted by a sudden reappearance of two large globes in front of me. It was the first time we had sighted these ships in almost two days. Just as quickly, four more globes appeared. They moved together and swung rapidly into formation, surrounding my ship. Instants later, my ship was very close to the huge ball called Be'dhetu. I approached the ball and, for a second time, was swallowed up. This time, my ship landed in the midst of a huge spaceport. Its landing area was crowded with the globes I had observed outside the ship. At the edge of the landing points was a building that seemed to be a terminal. The moment I wondered about its interior, zip! there I was inside, facing a huge concourse jammed with stalls and overhead screens bearing unfamiliar writing. Oddly, in what seemed a bustling space dome, there were no people. Again, as I wondered where all the people were, zap! I was standing in another huge open space, thronged with the Amphiboid people I had met on a previous journey here.

One person, detaching himself from the crowd, approached and spoke to me in the Sem'ang dialect. He told me that he was a friend and wished to accompany me to the ruler's palace, and a special meeting with the science council and the ruler's seers. In an instant, the terminal disappeared and we were standing in the palace's entry foyer. I asked my new friend how we could so quickly without need of a transport pod. He replied that the mind is quicker than any means of conveyance. And, once one has mastered the ways of the universe, it is best not to rely on a quaint and inefficient machine. At that moment, the ruler reappeared and my friend bowed respectfully. The ruler introduced my friend as De'Hagu, his son. Both men accompanied me into the conference room next to the ruler's study. The Science Council, an august body of 200 Amphiboids, greeted us as we entered the large room. The ruler invited us to sit on the two chairs beside his on a raised platform at the front of the room. As he called the meeting to order, he asked my pardon for taking me from my duties on the CV-12. He said that the Science Council had determined the urgency of conducting a technological interface. In preface, the ruler felt that a brief historical background was necessary. He began by saying that the belt of Orion, as you call it, was their original home. Some 10,000 years ago, early members of the infamous Orion League had conquered their world. A group of rebel scientists had escaped, in an advanced space ship of their own design, and scoured the star group and its immediate neighbors for a way to end the tyranny of the League.

Their first attempts had failed. Finally, in a civilization on the fifth planet near a star called Je'gra, they discovered their answer. They were told of an advanced society inhabiting the Cancer star group. They were to travel to that planet and intone the holy words given to their ancestors thousands of years before. Thanking the people of Je'gra, the scientists set out on their epic journey to this land of promise. When they arrived, the planet's leader chanted the powerful incantation and the scientists instantly found themselves on an exotic and magical world.

Its inhabitants showed the Orion's Belt scientists every courtesy. They were told that the planet's secret was awe-inspiring and therefore deserved the greatest of honor and accountability. Before the scientists could be told its secret, they must prove their readiness by living among the magicians and perfecting their mental powers. After many centuries, the day of disclosure arrived and the Dekatron was revealed to the scientists for the first time. The device and its secrets were entrusted to them, and then placed in the great artificial orb called Be'dhetu.

They had called me before them to invest me with one of their most sacred trusts, the secret incantations that would summon the Cancer Star People. I would not receive these chants until I could justify the seers' beliefs by passing an oral test devised thousands of years ago by the Science Council. The first part of the test concerned the true nature of the universe: its second part was a skill test that would prove whether I was worthy of knowing the secret of space-time. The ruler asked me if I wished to take the test. I agreed.

The head of the Council approached the platform and introduced himself. He declared that he was pleased that one of my stature would take the test, and gave me assurances that it was a mere formality. After another hour answering serious questions concerning the nature of the universe, I moved on to the skill section of the test, which demonstrated my use of psychic powers, many of which I had mastered in studying Prac'Lah. A half-hour later, the Council's leader proclaimed the end of the test. He was proud to announce that I had passed with a near-perfect score. The Council felt confident that the seers' beliefs about me were correct. With conspicuous fanfare, six of the Council members mounted the raised platform and explained that they were about to teach me the sacred chant of their forefathers.

In the first part of the ceremony, I was instructed to slowly repeat the chant as it was told me. After saying it with me three times, they asked me to recite the entire chant back to them. They applauded when my very first try was word-perfect. I was told, after memorizing it, to enter it into my ship's computer. The chant was to be intoned only upon first entering the outer stars of Cancer. Otherwise, it would be of no use. These remarkable people had bestowed a great gift upon me. It was my key to the extraordinary beings I so dearly wished to meet. I had no doubt that, with such a blessing, my mission was assured of a favorable outcome. They had also revealed that the Cancer people deemed me responsible enough to carry the vital secret of space-time back to my own people. It was truly a shining moment in my life!

Now that their part of the mission was complete, the Science Council of Be'dhetu asked me if I had any questions about the nature of their huge sphere. I answered that, within reason, I would like to know everything about it. The Head of the Council suggested that we take a brief tour of their living quarters, labs and general recreational areas. Once this plan of action had been determined, the Council adjourned, after asking De'hagu to act as my guide for the tour of the.

A half-hour later, we left the palace to tour the land of Be'dhetu. The first stop was the meadow where I had landed the CV-12 upon arriving. De'hagu told me that this was the major recreational area for the scientists assigned to assist the Science Council's directors. I asked about Be'dhetu's educational system. De'hagu replied that all education involved a special thought process that people from the Cancer Star group had taught his ancestors. It enabled anyone to learn whatever they felt was important to them. This usually meant that only those with a strong interest in a specific area took the trouble to learn the basics of an advanced skill. If one became bored in this study, one could change one's focus without penalty. Such freedom usually meant that the young dabbled in many subjects and eventually, as middle age approached, settled into a discipline best suited to their nature and basic personality. This unique approach to education made me ask if they had ever adopted the use of any clan system. He answered that they had not and wondered why I had asked. I told him that the clan was the basis of society in my world. He replied that each society had its own way. With that, we moved on to a peculiar structure in a far corner of the meadow.

The octagonal building proved to be the science council's administrative center and main research complex. Here, De'hagu introduced me to his teacher, a man named Gi'redu who was nearly 2,000 years old. He told me that mastery of space-time virtually guaranteed immortality and was a curse to those who not know how to apply its miraculous wisdom. After his brief speech, he invited us to put on the same white gown he was wearing. He asked De'hagu to escort me through the complex, while avoiding areas where the Dackatron was in actual operation. It was time for me to see their incredible science laboratories.

One of the first things we saw was advanced physics laboratories, which analyzed the effects of time dilation on the immensely complicated star drive. The scientist in charge explained that combining light speed travel with time compression produced many astonishing outcomes. One of these was the formation of time warps that actually caused the speeding up or slowing down of time. If one could precisely control this rate of change, it would be possible to approach light speed and travel instantly to one's destination. Although they had made this new advance in star drives, they could not yet calibrate it. To accurately define this calibration was the purpose of their experiments.

After a brief demonstration by the head scientist, named Ha'gade, we moved to an area of the laboratories devoted to medicine. Here, we met a young woman named Hu'lops who told me that the use of space/time technology had made the study of medicine seem almost like a form of magic. By use of special restoratives treated in the lab by the Dackatron, it was possible to slow, or even reverse, aging or the ravages of disease. To prove her point, she demonstrated a remedy's ability to maintain skin vitality. Taking what looked like a laser, she burned a small patch of skin off the back of her hand. With the other hand, she opened a bottle and rubbed a sticky fluid on her wound. Ten seconds later, the burn was gone and no scar was visible. It was so remarkable that I saw it as a scientific miracle. She told me that what she had shown me was a very small example of the miracles her medicine was capable of. They could instantly heal broken bones; cure all vital organ damage; and retain the same mental and physical vitality as that of a young child. There were no limits to the healing properties of their potions.

Next, I was taken to their chemistry and biology laboratories. Once again, their scientists showed me discoveries that far outweighed our own technology. Before this amazing tour, I had felt deep respect for the science I had learned at home, but the work being done on this world far surpassed our own in every way. Compared to them, we were primitives. Their technological miracles finally inspired me to ask De'hagu why they had not attempted to stop the Dinoids and their allies from committing their acts of infamy. He answered that it was not their way to interfere in the ways of the barbaric races. The only hope for this sector of the galaxy was to help those capable of god-like consciousness to reach that advanced state. The galaxy was like a many-layered cake: some layers were good, and some bad. It was important for each person to choose their destiny and decide in favor of the good layer of the cake, rather than the bad. This was the work the people of Be'dhetu were meant to do. It was their duty to set me on the right path with the tools I would need to succeed. It was also their responsibility to offer advice and guidance on the right turns I must take on my chosen path. If I erred and took the wrong fork, it was their duty to ask why, and then let it be. No change could be made until I sought further assistance. It was clear that I was a traveler who would receive their help when I needed it.

Our next source of wonder was the terminal building where I had left my ship. De'hagu suggested that we tour his world in one of the small globes. That way, we could see much more in less time. I agreed, and we suddenly found ourselves in one of the small globes we had seen from the terminal. Travel in this vehicle is achieved by use of the mind. It will take you wherever you wish. As proof, he told me we would be going to a distant city on the remote side of his planet. In an instant, we were hovering above a large city. It was different from any city I had seen before. Instead of tall buildings, it consisted mostly of low structures that De'hagu described as single-family residences. Cities were meant to be places where one learned the meaning of life and discovered one's true self. Then he suggested I survey the cityscape and ask him anything I wished.

As I looked down at the city, it seemed to me that there was no way for residents to obtain food. He answered that all food was a form of energy, which was transferred through an underground tube to the various residences. A converter transformed that energy into whatever the resident required. Further, my guide replied, the converter freed residents from dependence on plant or animal matter as food. On Be'dhetu, vegetables were sources of beauty and joy. They were not to be eaten.

I observed that there did not seem to be any buildings designed for the distribution of goods and services. Again, De'hagu's answer was surprising. Dry goods were delivered by a computer system that, using converters, made whatever clothes and accessories were needed. Soiled or worn items were returned to the converter and replaced by a duplicate or new item. The same process applied to water, sewage and so forth. The purpose of a city is to serve its inhabitants, and not the other way around. Technology is no more than a tool by which to improve one's spirit and achieve one's full potential. This is a noble objective that has been pursued by galactic citizens over the last few millennia. Soon, your own civilization will also be able to attain this privileged status.

He finished speaking and we returned to the terminal. He wondered if I had any final questions about his world. I asked about the glowing globes I had seen and their relationship to the Orion

League's warships. He said that Orion's pirates were exceedingly fierce and fearsome. For the past few thousand years, the pirates had been trying to discover the origins and capabilities of Be'dhetu's intergalactic transports. I interrupted him to ask if he meant that the globes were intergalactic. If one controls space/time, one no longer respects needs to respect the barriers of time and distance. We may go to any dimension, anywhere we choose, in an instant. He continued his comments on the Orion pirates. They could be stopped by the mere appearance of the transports and a small show of their maneuverability. The pirates feared us as if we were ghosts returned to haunt their every move. For us to fight them on their level would require that we kill them, an event to be avoided at all costs. Our sudden appearances and disappearances helped limit their barbarism. Hopefully, your people's embrace of this noble cause will decrease the length of time needed to teach them the wrongness of their ways. You will find that, eventually, they will learn that what they do is wrong. The pirates' allies, the Dinoids, were even more savage and unbending in their attacks on innocent star systems. Your people can curb their arrogance if you develop the proper patience. With that, he left me in the terminal. His final words were prophetic. Do not worry about the pirates and your cloaking system. They were close to its discovery but abandoned it for a less reliable, quick fix. Be safe, and go in peace towards your destiny.

An instant later, I was aboard the CV-12 and once again, travelling in open interstellar space. My first act was to ask the navigation computer our present location and how it was maintaining our travel route to Terra. It responded that it was on course and, in fact, ahead of schedule. Again, the Be'dhetu had helped prepare my trip to the Cancer star system. They had put us two weeks ahead of schedule and calmed my fears that the strange science ships might be possibly used against me. Following the Science Council's advice, I entered their people's magical chant in my ship's computer. Then, I had the computer print the chant so I could see its correct tonal pattern. I instructed the computer were to immediately broadcast this chant on all deep space communication channels the instant we entered the Cancer star group. Acknowledging my orders, the computer replied that those procedures were now part of its protocol and would be deployed and used as when appropriate.

With our route to the Cancer star group now assured, it was time to see how the navigator computer viewed our trip to Terra. The computer stated that unforeseen forces had catapulted us to a position far ahead of our predetermined flight times. It asked if the senior crew chief could supply any input to explain this anomaly. I replied that a race of Amphiboids from a travelling sphere called Be'dhetu had used their space-time technology to shift us to our present course and position. Estimated time of arrival on Terra was nine years, eleven months, ten days solar time. Then I asked the main computer to restart the deep scanning procedures. Less than ten minutes later, the computer warned me that it had picked up a blip that appeared to be a lone Orion warship. Its distance was 1.2 parsecs and speed about 16,000C. Estimated arrival to our position was one hour and forty-five minutes. Soon, I would have proof if De'hagu's parting words were actually correct.

As I waited for the Orion warship to approach my position, I checked the current status of the cloaking system and the tachyon drive engines. After a twenty-minute inspection the computer answered that all components of both the drive and cloaking systems were normal and at peak efficiency. For the most part, we were prepared for whatever occurred. After what seemed an

eternity, the Orion ship entered near-space scanning range, still on its same course and speed. We remained undetected by its instruments. Applying what I had first learned in the near-attack by another Orion warship, I maintained my course and speed. At the expected time, the warship passed over my position without changing any aspect of its course. I breathed a happy sigh of relief. I hoped that this had been my last terrible encounter with the famed Orion pirates.

My next undertaking was what I had hoped to have time for, the chance to play interstellar tourist. The sector I was now entering was famous for the brilliant ring nebula that dominated its star charts. As we approached the best position to photograph the nebula, I asked the computer to select the most favorable times for a series of photographing runs of the nebula. The computer estimated that the optimum time would be in three days. The first runs should begin on the second duty watch scheduled for that day. Only a minor course adjustment would be needed for total success. The computer ended its message by saying that the pictures should be superb.

It had been nearly 5,000 years since a Cem-Lamer from any region had successfully made it this far into the interstellar space of the Forbidden Zone. This sector of our galaxy was an incredible photo opportunity. There was the famed Ring Nebula and the famed double, or binary, stars. This sector was unique in the sheer number of such star systems. I rejoiced to be able to quit worrying about the pirates and just appreciate the journey. It had been a long and arduous trip. The best one could do was to make the most of pleasures where one could find them. My tourist interlude was suddenly ended by the scanner, warning that a small group of six Orion ships had been spotted about 0.9 parsecs away and on a course to intercept ours in less than an hour. It was time to start worrying again. This time, two of the ships were the oddly-shaped science ships I had seen earlier. I sat in front of the main view screen and watched as the distant blips grew clearer and larger. In what seemed like no time at all, the moment of interception, and of destiny, had arrived.

To add to my worries, the ships decreased speed when they were 0.1 parsecs away. Due to this slowdown, it took them an extra twenty-five minutes to reach me. As they arrived, the two science ships began a circling maneuver that brought them both on top of the CV-12. After this near-collision, they ended their search and returned to their formation among the remaining warships. To me, it seemed very suspicious and I began to wonder if I had been discovered. Leaving formation, the four warships lined up, single-file, and began their weapons runs. I began to have no doubt that my photo tour of Orion's nebula was not to be. On their first run, the ships aimed for a section directly in front of my position (85,000 miles or 300,000 kilometers away). It seemed that either they knew my exact position and were taunting me, or they were guessing. Fifteen minutes later, they made a second run. This time, they hit a position about 12,000 miles (20,000 kilometers) to my rear. It now appeared that the Orion ships were making educated guesses as to my whereabouts. Somehow, they had figured out that I was in the vicinity but they did not know exactly where. I hoped that they would not unwittingly choose a position where their cannons' residual wave would pose a threat to my ship, the CV-12. For the next two fur-raising hours, they continued to make their weapons runs.

Some of the runs were close, but fortunately never close enough. To break the tension, I took a series of photos as the ships began and finished their runs. I wondered if I would ever be able to enter them in the yearly photo contests offered to aspiring Cem-Lam. Until now, I had entered

without thought of winning, but maybe these pictures of Orion warships firing near my position would wow the judges.

After completing their weapon-firing runs, the Orion ships returned to their original wedge formation and continued to probe the area near my position. I hoped that this was just a wild goose chase on their part and not a serious attempt to find me. Their search continued for another two hours. Still unsuccessful in their pursuit, the ships swiftly moved off in the direction of the famed Ring Nebula.

With the troublesome adventure with the pirates temporarily over, I needed a food and nap break. The whole incident had left me stressed and in urgent need of relaxation. I set the computer and retreated to level five.

At the mess station, I asked the computer for something that could make me forget the stress of having my ship fired upon. I selected a dish from the display menu called Mia'lah (wild boar pie, similar to English meat pies, but better). It was just what I needed and gave me the chance to think again about taking some thrilling shots of the Ring Nebula of Orion. The awe-inspiring aspect of the Ring was that it was multi-colored and, close-up, looked like a gigantic piece of twisted rope. As a child, I had spent many hours studying ancient photographs of the natural wonder and had never ceased to be awed by its beauty. I had always said that, given another chance to duplicate them, I would have taken these pictures from slightly different angles to better emphasize their unique formations. Now, I was about to live that dream. It was a heady moment.

In the sleep quarters, I turned on the intercom and asked the computer to repeat the instructions I had given it about the Orion warships. I told the computer that I was in the sleeping quarters and about to begin a sleep cycle. Due to the gravity of the current situation, I chose the airbed nearest the intercom and quickly fell fast asleep. When the claxon sounded two hours later, I awoke. It was time to return to my duty station and another six hours of travel through the wonders of the Orion star group.

I arrived at the flight deck and began my duty cycle by checking computer reports of the cloaking and propulsion systems' current status. I had decided that, since the Orion warships seemed determined to find me, I would have to check and recheck these systems. I could not let a simple unexpected mechanical failure be my undoing. Analysis revealed that all was well with these vital systems. When I asked the computer how the expedition to the Ring Nebula was doing, it responded that the course change had been laid in, and we should reach the photo site during the second duty shift tomorrow as planned. The thought of taking these photos in the way that I always wanted excite me all over again.

As the time for the photos drew nearer, my excitement increased. By the next day, all my considerable spare time was being spent in setting up the photo montage. Just as we reached the spot where we would begin our first photo run, I asked the scanner if we had any visitors. The Orion warships I had seen previously had been heading in my general direction. My scanner reported that space craft of any kind could be found on either a deep space or near space. Its response allowed me to focus my effort on the project at hand. The Ring Nebula was even more

beautiful than I had expected. It hung in the blackness of space like one of God's jewels, shimmering in the sharp contrast of utter darkness. I began the first of two photo runs that would produce an identifiable image every 15 seconds. Each run took about 15 minutes. When I finished, I had the photographs that would form the Ring montage I had always wanted to create. My heart brimmed with joy and gratitude.

In passing the Ring Nebula, we began a gradual turn that, over the course of a year, would bring us to the lower edge of what you call the Belt of Orion. This was the origin of the people of Be'dhetu. Although part of the Orion star group, it was heavily guarded by the Dinoids, but not by the Orion League. It was a place my ancestors had called Ti'l Ba'zu (the Void), where star systems were rare. It was a region where bizarre space/time warps, created by its many destructive wars, had torn the very fabric of the universe. It was a graveyard for both ancient and modern spacecraft. In his stories of the Orion star group, Master T'ang had mentioned this place, calling it the bottomless hole that snares the unwary. Even the Dinoids avoided it at all costs. It seemed to be the place to make up lost time in reaching Terra, and to find respite from enemy patrols. I planned to skirt its very edge and use the time gained to my advantage. For the present, my concerns would remain in avoiding any Orion warships.

For the next few weeks, I was amazed to notice that the scanner did not spot a single Orion patrol. I used this peaceful interlude to prepare my photo essay on the Ring Nebula. In my opinion, the final result of my efforts was a total success. The Ring Nebula was even more dramatic than I had imagined. In a three-dimensional photo, the contrast in colors and shapes was very clear. The Ring, as I discovered, was not really round but a kind of compressed oval, no doubt a result of the interaction of its many magnetic and space energy fields. The intermixing of noble gases and hydrogen, in their excited states, had produced an incredible array of color hues and intensities. Added to this splendor were the multicolored stars that served as a background for some of the shots taken by my computer controlled camera. It took me quite a bit of experimenting to find the proper set of bracketing that I used for the final set of photographs. It was well worth all my efforts. They were stunning!

Just as I was getting used to being alone in space, the obvious happened. My scanner picked up a sizable patrol of Orion warships. Since they were traveling at nearly 50,000C, we believed that they had not spotted us. They appeared to be a relief fleet for the starbase near the Ring that my photos had revealed. The League seemed to be keeping its advanced science station hidden from the Dinoids by disguising it as a part of the ring. I had discovered this deception in enlarging some of my more magnificent photos of the Ring's lower regions. The artist in me wanted to view the photos from every possible angle. The station was disguised by special fields that mirrored the wave displacement of the Ring. Close examination had revealed their clever ploy. This station was probably being used to test exotic weapons and new configurations for warships. This was very likely being done in preparation for the day when the Orion League would attempt to regain its autonomy from the Confederacy. It proved once again the truth of my uncle's lectures on the fragility of the Confederacy.

Once the Orion fleet had sped by me, I returned to my daily routine. It consisted of constant monitoring of the ship's major operating systems, a large block of time devoted to keeping a diary of my journey, plus a period for drawing and photography. The star systems I traveled

through had not been seen by Cem-Lamers in a very long time. As I passed, I used my deep scanner to take pictures of the planets and star system activity. For the most part, they seemed to be the same ones described many thousands of years ago by the aforementioned Sem'ang explorer-merchant, Master T'ang. He had written a brief story about each of the systems I passed through and I had entered some of those stories in my main computer's database. I enjoyed listening to the computer recite them while the scanner and computer camera provided close-ups of these intriguing worlds.

One of the oddest of the systems described by Master T'ang was a series of ten planets that surrounded a star that he called Ku'fer, or the Twinkler. Although this star behaved like a pulsar, it was a normal blue-green star hidden behind the major star you call Rigel. This star had produced a series of worlds with atmospheres poisonous to us oxygen breathers. A lizard-like creature had slithered to high intelligence and traded hospitably with the Sem'ang masters. Master T'ang described a green atmosphere with many strange realities, such as purple-lime seas with a porridge-like consistency. This system's inhabitants were an eager market for the highest potency spice plants that he obtained from Terra. He would exchange some of these samples in return for exotic jewels formed from an unusual alloy of crystallized rare earths. These jewels would later become the basis for the rare earth mineral crystals that powered the major systems of our CV-12.

As I drew closer to the stars that formed the lower half of Orion's belt, I stepped up my surveillance for Dinoid patrols. This region of Orion was closest to the supposed headquarters for the fleet of battle planets that were the heart of the Dinoid attack fleet. I approached, expecting to see the void of space filled with the famous Dinoids' patrol craft. I did not have long to wait. By the second day of my heightened observations of this sector, I noticed huge patrols of at least 10 or 12 ships crossing the area. By good fortune, their inability to detect my ship enabled me to observe them without danger. With luck, I would be the first Cem-Lamer to behold this fabled star-base and live to tell the tale!

As I approached the region where the base was supposedly located, the number of patrols grew even larger. The patrols were now headed by huge star cruisers many miles in diameter. I was very thankful that these Dinoid patrols could not see me. My plan was to deviate from my course and head straight towards the battle planet base. It was believed to be tightly guarded and the most secure of all military installations in the entire Confederacy. The Bubar had once boasted to a former Cem-Lam Ambassador that it was impenetrable – making it a challenge I could not resist. My thought was to sneak in, using the new cloaking device, and photograph the base. In doing so, I would provide my uncle with an accurate estimate of the number of battle planets in the Bubar's fleet. He would need to know that if our people were to regain the Anix system from its illegal occupiers.

It took me another two days' journey from my prescribed course to reach the major Dinoid base. Its outer perimeter was lined with space mines and force fields that acted as a kind of security fence. To circumvent the dangers of the force fields, I would instead have to traverse the mine fields. The mines employed by the Bubar's men were of a concussion variety, designed to disable a ship, not destroy it. The patrols would finish off the ship and capture its crew as slave labor and, eventually, dinner. My tactic for avoiding the mines was to plot their position with my

scanner and then, using the navigational computer, to plot a safe path through the field to the base. To my great surprise, the scheme was highly successful. It took the CV-12 only 25 minutes to cross the minefield. To ensure my continued success, I told the computer to plot a reverse path through this same minefield. I also had the computer scan the field before I re-entered it on my way out.

After traversing the minefield, I headed for the part of the base that supposedly contained the dreaded battle planets. This part of the base was truly awesome to behold. The Dinoids had assembled their immense dreadnoughts in a series of parallel orbits surrounding an immense sphere that I assumed served as the control base. It gave the appearance of a highly compact artificial star system. I observed that the Dinoids had 2,000 battle planets in orbit around the control base. I had never been able to imagine why any intelligent species would want to have such immense firepower at their disposal. Their size and numbers demonstrated to me how the Orion interstellar wars of the past 10,000 years had engendered the strange region of space that travelers called the Void. I felt extremely fortunate to be undetectable by these vile war-like creatures. Fueled with the twin emotions of fear and disgust, I began to make my way out of this huge Dinoid base. It took about two hours for me to reach the mine field and a further twenty-five minutes to safely re-cross it. The photos I had taken of the base should help raise me in my uncle's esteem. I had just achieved the impossible: I had penetrated the Bubar's main base. Proof of this incredible feat would be the photos I had taken of the base and its fleet of battle planets. If nothing else happened on this voyage, this feat alone had made it a tremendous triumph. I was exceedingly proud of my achievement and the great courage it required.

I left the area and resumed the original course of my trip to Terra. In regaining the part of the flight path I had adjusted to reach the Dinoid base, I noticed that a new minefield had been placed in my path. It was of the type left by Orion warships, and worried me since it seemed odd that they would know my whereabouts. I sensed that either the Orion pirates were good guessers, or they had an approximate idea of my actual position. It appeared that they were not finished in their attempts to defeat me.

Outside of the two careful hours it took to get the CV-12 past the minefield unscathed, I was able to continue on for several days with no contact whatsoever. I was approaching the outer star systems of the belt and expected to encounter transport convoys plying their standard trade routes. As I suspected, I discovered my first freighter convey on the third day after my encounter with the Orion minefield. It was a rather large convoy, consisting of more than 200 freighters and a fighter escort of over 3,000 Dinoid scout ships. Given its unusually large number of escorts, this must have been an important convoy. For the next few hours I watched the convoy approach my path. They were still 0.6 parsecs away when they were attacked by a large contingent of Orion warships. Descending quickly, they rained destruction down on the much smaller Dinoid scouts. The Dinoids were overwhelmed and the battle was over in less than a half-hour. All at once a flotilla of around 300 Dinoid Starcruisers appeared out of nowhere, causing the Orion ships to flee. Half the Dinoid flotilla then pursued the Orion ships. I followed the chase until both parties were out of range.

The skirmish was a fascinating highlight of my trip. Old Cem-Lam merchant explorers had always believed that the Orions used the concept of renegade forces to attack the Dinoids' major

convoys. This little battle was proof of their assumption. Much as my uncle Sher'e had surmised, the Confederacy was teetering on mighty shaky ground. It was obvious that the Amphiboid and Dinoid races of the Confederacy were locked in a power struggle. Probably, the other loathsome races that formed this organization were on the brink of the same open conflict. It appeared that it would not take much to topple their alliance, forcing into the open the internecine warfare that the Bubar's bluff wished to deny. It was a most comforting thought as I made my way through the heart of the Confederacy.

As I passed the now well-protected convoy, I scrutinized the immediate area to learn what could have happened to the Orion fleet. As my scanner scoured the area where we had last seen the two units of warships, we noticed large flashes far off in the distance. We could not make out what was actually happening. It was my belief that the Dinoids' superior firepower was exacting a high price for the Orion ships' incursion on the large convoy. The Dinoids must undoubtedly realize that the Orion ships, with their love of loot, would attack the convoy. They must have used the scouts as a decoy to ensure their chances of attack. Its results were now history.

As the convoy reached my scanner's outer range, the rest of the Dinoid Starcruisers joined their allies. Accompanying them were a number of the Orion warships that had attempted to flee. The crews appeared now to be prisoners. This small incident would probably fuel the flames of war that were steadily eating away at the core of the Dinoid Confederacy. I was still savoring these pleasant thoughts as the convoy finally slipped out of range. A few minutes later, I received another scare when my scanner sighted another huge minefield directly in my path. I was not relishing these surprise gifts from the Orion League at all. It took another harrowing two and one-half hours to successfully clear the minefield. Once clear, I noticed a small patrol of Orion warships right in front of me, and closing fast.

The Orion patrol was seemingly lying in wait for anyone who successfully navigated the minefield. The six warships passed over my position, turned and opened fire with small gravity wave cannon. Even though they had missed my position by a wide margin, the cannon's after-wave drifted across my path and caused the CV-12's cloaking field to shimmer at a higher frequency for a split-second. The trailing warship in their formation must have noticed this unfortunate effect. It turned quickly as it passed in my proximity and fired a second shot that went far to my rear. This time, the shot failed to betray me. By now, the remaining five ships had also turned and joined the hunt. They fired a series of cross-fires that were not as close as the first lucky shot. Their inability to locate me made them lose interest in continuing the chase. Firing one more pattern of cross-fires, they turned and left my sector at a speed in excess of 14,000C. I had survived another encounter with the notorious Orion pirates.

After my near-fatal encounter with the pirates, I ordered the ship's computer to check the condition of the CS-40's cloaking system. Despite the near-hit, the ship had not been damaged. Neither its force fields nor propulsion system were damaged. We had survived yet again. With the inspections showing no damage to the ship, I retired to the fifth level for something to eat and a sleep cycle. Before I left the flight deck, I ordered the computer to continue its scans and alert me in case of emergency. On level five, I went to the mess station and obtained some Fi'e Figu'ra (a lemon custard pie) and a satisfying cup of Cu'po (similar to apple cider). It was relaxing and

prepared me for a good snooze. I returned the tray to the conveyer and went on to the sleeping quarters. Hopping into the first bed by the door, I quickly fell fast asleep.

When I awoke, I asked the computer what had occurred while I slept. It had only spotted a comet, probably part of the star system we had passed within the last hour. It indicated no additional sightings of Dinoid patrols or Orion warships. I had hopes that we were in a safer area of Orion's belt that did not have a great number of enemy vessels.

I was disappointed when, in the next few hours, we spotted no less than four large convoys cocooned in a protective escort of Dinoid Star Cruisers. It was clear that the Confederacy was devoting a large part of its fleet to ensure the safety of its convoys from Orion pirate attacks. After the last of the convoys were out of range, I spied a series of Orion warship formations at the outer range of my scanner. Since their quarry was the convoys, they remained at high light speed as they crossed my path at a range of just over 1.6 parsecs. I was more than happy to avoid any more unexpected meetings with these space barracudas. It felt gratifying to see them disappear off my scanner. For the moment, I was free of further close encounters with these monsters.

Chapter 5 - The Incident

After the disappearance of the last Orion warships off my scanner, the empty vastness of interstellar space failed to reveal any new signs of enemy vessels. For the next week I was all alone. No one convoy or enemy warship was spotted. This free time got me an opportunity to plan another photographic endeavor. The region that I would approach in the next few weeks was famous for its unique binary and trinary star clusters. Such stars emitted singular light patterns. To photograph them at unusual angles would help me to understand their gravitational systems and see if some of the theorems postulated at the Physics Advanced Training Seminars were valid. In total there would be over 23 stars that I could choose to sample. In addition, I was going to use the special wide-spectrum camera that had always been included in transport ships. This camera would make it possible to examine the full gravitational field's spectrum in accurate detail. It was an experiment that most Cem-Lam P.A.T.C. graduates did not have a chance to perform. In our sector, there were few such star systems. Most of our research was based on conjecture from the available evidence of ancient star flights into this sector of Orion. As I had also been told that a portion of the Cancer star group possessed this same multitude of binary and trinary star systems, it would be a useful experiment to perform.

As the days went by, I became more excited over the chance to perform my small but critical experiment. To ensure its success, I asked the navigation computer to plot a modified flight path that would take us as close as possible to the major star systems that I felt were important to the experiment. While I was in the midst of assisting the computer in making its calculations, a something mysterious happened. The formerly black void of interstellar space began to glow. At first, I attributed it to the free gravitational fields that wander in strange random patterns throughout Orion's star group. These fields excite the space energy and cause it to glow. To prove my point, I asked the main computer to use its field analyzer and determine if gravitational fields were present. These fields were the result of large scale gravitational wave cannon discharges. The computer announced that no fields were analyzed as present by the detector. It left me puzzled. For the life of me, I could not decipher this mystery.

As the mystery deepened, my interest in the multiple star systems temporarily waned. These strange glowing flashes were an unique occurrence. No past log of the ancient merchant-explorers had mentioned it. To clarify my belief, I asked the computer to review the 2000 expeditionary logs that I had carried with me aboard the ship. It proved my belief to be true. Just as I sank into a deep quandary, the strange glow reappeared stronger than ever. I asked the computer to analyze the results of the instrument scanner and report back its findings. Maybe the known perimeters of the phenomenon would offer a clue to its origin. According to the instrument scanner, the section of space that we were passing through was experiencing strange space/time dilations. The very fabric of space was vibrating at an unusual series of frequencies that altered the perception of distance and time. In effect, we had prematurely entered a section of space that resembled the feared Orion Void. If I did not leave this region immediately, I could be "swallowed up" by a warp in space and sent to who knows where and at what time. It was time to make a swift and important decision. I told the navigational computer to reverse course and also to steer a course for the star system that we had spotted and checked in the previous half hour. Having given these instructions, I asked the computer to put the instrument scanner on its

deepest mode and see if there was a possible way around this dangerous region loaded with time/space warps.

One half hour later, we arrived at the star system that was not listed on our star chart. Our investigation of the system showed that it was a twelve planet system dominated by the Dinoid Confederacy. It was definitely not a friendly place for a furry Cem-Lamer to be. My amazement over the strange uncharted void was swiftly becoming bewilderment as to how to steer around this region. My instruments showed me that it was immense, well over the 2 parsec limit of my deep scanner. I was lucky to have survived it. My only course was to circumnavigate, using my gravity wave detector as a guide. With a belief that such an exercise would not take me too far off my course, I began my journey.

The first few hours of my unusual journey took off toward the region of the Ring Nebula. Abruptly, we changed course and began a series of meanderings that quickly reminded me of the traversing of a winding river on my former world. This rapid series of course changes continued for the next two and one-half hours. It was only the precision displayed by the navigation computer that kept us on course. As we moved around this immense, I kept the computer plotting the exact dimensions and locations of this previously-unknown void. At the end of another sixty hours of travel, we had reached the end of our journey. We were back on course.

The discovery of first void had been more exciting than I had believed possible. It left me drained and extremely tired. The trip around the void had consumed my total interest and concentration for the last few days. Now it was time to grab some much-needed sleep and some highly desirable nourishment. After programming the computer, I went directly to the sleeping quarters and attempted to pull off seven sleep cycles in one "sitting". When the wake-up claxon finally went off, I discovered that my attempt was successful. It was to be the longest sustained sleep of my journey to Terra. I arose and showered. Following a change of clothes, I went to the mess station and asked the computer for a report on the past fourteen-hour journey. My good fortune had continued. No ships had been spotted and no unusual readings on our instruments were recorded. All was continuing at a very standard and dull routine. This report allowed me to get a large meal. Since I had not eaten in the last three days, I was starved beyond belief. The menu given me by the food processor was no help. However, the condition of my hunger made the meal of two roast wild boars in seasoned gravy taste good. I gulped it down in record time and then sat at the lone mess table rejoicing as my huge hunger quickly dissipated. With my bodily needs taken care of, I returned to my duty station on the CV-12's flight deck.

When I arrived, I called up the navigation computer in order to see if my multiple star experiments were still possible. The computer replied that even though we were slightly off-course, it was still possible to alter our course and complete the experiment. Happily, I ordered the navigational computer to lay in the correct course and to give the precise time when the experiment could commence. The computer's answer was unexpected. It said that we would be able to begin the photographic runs in about six to ten hours. Somehow, our trip around the void had pushed my ship some four to six days ahead in time.

The strangeness of the computer's answer as to our position caused me to examine the time/location log of the journey. The results confirmed the computer's answer. We were exactly

4.326 days ahead of our predetermined position. It appeared that strange adventure through the Forbidden Zone was just getting stranger. As we neared the time to begin the multiple star experiments, I expected that we would discover that the gravitational relationships between the stars were somehow different than the honored theorems of Cem-Lam science predicted. It would not surprise me at all if their relationships were a part of some space/time displacement. When the time came to examine the spectrums taken by the cameras, I fully expected to see my opinion bear fruit.

At the appropriate time, the cameras came on and began their series of sweeps of the regions chosen for investigation. As the pictures were put on the screen, I asked the computer to examine the results and look for any anomalies. To my surprise, the initial analysis showed that the stars were behaving as predicted. Cem-Lam science had been vindicated. The strange warps were mostly the result of the savage warfare that the Dinoids and the Orion League had engaged in at the creation of their organizations. It was a fitting memorial to all sentient beings of the immoral brutality of some of the beings that inhibited the Orion star group.

With the experiment failing to turn up any new and unique data pertaining to the voids of Orion, I shifted my attention to the plotting of a course through the edge of the famed enormous "Void of Orion". Having had some brief experience with the dangers of travelling in a void, I was determined to recheck my course and see if it was as safe as it seemed to be. I also wanted to see if my travelling in the very edge of this enormous warp would create the same anomaly as the smaller unchartered void. It was one thing to lose a few days from one's journey and quite another to lose months or even years. My calculations only seemed to confuse the issue. It seemed that I was truly travelling into unchartered waters. After much discussion between my computers and myself on every possible facet of concern, I decided to proceed with my predetermined flight path. Only fate would determine our outcome, and it was not talking. My preoccupation with our approaching journey across the edge of the void had failed to keep me alert to the position of enemy ships in my section. This nearly proved disastrous. As I was finishing my final course corrections, the collision alarm suddenly came on. Ahead of me was a huge Dinoid Star Cruiser heading directly for me at high light speed (over 14,000C). The cruiser was still some 0.1 parsecs away when the alarm went on. I ordered the ship to alter course by ten degrees and saw the cruiser change its course to ours. At the last possible second, the Star Cruiser veered and passed some 10,000 feet (3,100 meters) to our left. It was close enough to brush our outer force field and cause it to vibrate. The Star Cruiser turned after this reaction and began to search for the spacecraft that it had nearly rammed. For the next two hours, it searched our section without finding us. In desperation, it began to fire its gravity wave cannon in a random sequence. Again, no luck was encountered in their vain attempt to discover my position. As the ship pulled away and began to engage its high-speed tachyon drive engines, I breathed a sigh of relief. Once again, for some unknown reason, I had been spared.

After the close call with the Dinoid ship, I decided to pay more attention to possible enemy vessels that would occasionally wander into my flight path. Up to now, I had been lucky to escape their attempts to discover my whereabouts. I could not rely on this luck to continue forever. To this end, I decided to institute a permanent search pattern in my scanner routine. The purpose of these precautions was to warn me of any danger before it got out of hand. Now feeling safer about the security of the ship, I returned to my main task. It was essential that a safe

path be discovered through the edge of the void. To not do so could finally spell the end to this important journey.

The more that I explored the perimeters that I had chosen for the slight excursion into the void, the more that I saw that the only path was the one that I had figured out before I began this long and dangerous sojourn. As I continued to fret over the ship's perimeters, the emergency alarm from the scanner suddenly rang. Instantly, I switched the main screen to the scanner. A large fleet of forty Dinoid warships was approaching my position at a speed of greater than 50,000C. I swerved to avoid them and hoped that my sudden change in flight path would not make myself visible to them.

The fleet shot by me without changing course or speed. Only one small scout ship left their formation and made for my former position. It began to zigzag around my ship and finally fired a small tachyon particle beam near my position. The beam hit my rear deflector screen and caused the entire cloaking field to vibrate. It was the first lucky shot that the enemy had on my ship. Fear gripped me as the scout turned to make a second run at my ship. Another lucky shot and my cloaking device might achieve a partial failure in the rear screen. He fired his beam weapon and missed by a large margin. By this time, the cloaking field had recovered and we were invisible to our attacker. I changed course slowly and the ship fired its next salvo at the wrong spot. It continued to fire at my former path and slowly began to head farther and farther away from me.

The scout then doubled back and resumed its wild and highly scattered firing of its deadly beam weapon. Suddenly, it got lucky and hit the lower right port side of my deflector screen. Again, the cloaking field vibrated and gave away our position. The scout ship turned and fired again at my position. His aim proved faulty and my deflector field resumed its natural frequency. As I disappeared, I slowly turned and then, after another minute, slowly turned back to my original flight path. The maneuvers failed to register in the enemy ship and it turned in the wrong direction. It began firing and failed to encounter me. After another twenty minutes of this wild firing, it left at great speed to rejoin its long-departed comrades.

This even closer call went a long way in convincing me that it was essential to maintain an unusually great deal of the ship's resources in the security sector. The Void would be a great risk to traverse; but the Dinoid and Orion warships were just as great a danger to my mission's success. To increase my security factor, I decided to devote more power to the deflector shields. This change in my power configuration would slow the CV-12 from a maximum of 71C to a new high of 69C. My hope was that the greater power to the cloaking device would decrease the chance that an enemy vessel would discover me. It was a hope that fate would shortly decide.

The next few days were quite uneventful. No ships of any kind were detected by my scanner. Three days after the incident with the scout ships, we detected a large Dinoid convoy some 1.8 parsecs distant. They would cross our flight path in another twenty minutes and still be some 1.6 parsecs from our position. To discover if my more powerful shields were a greater protection to the CV-12, I slowly altered my course. My course correction would allow the convoy to cross my path in seventeen minutes at the closer distance of 1.4 parsecs. Anxiously, I waited to see if they could detect my ship. At the precise time, the 2,000-ship convoy crossed my path and continued on as if I was not there. So far, it seemed that my new security system was working.

With a feeling of safety restored, I turned my attention back to the problem of the Orion Void. To shorten my trip by one month, I would have to venture a distance of 0.2 parsecs into the void. My experience indicated that the edge of this vast Space Warp was not as dangerous as those deeper aspects. It would probably be asking too much to navigate the CV-12 through the Void. My hope was that, with the aid of the technology of the Cancer star group, such a trip would eventually be possible. My concentration on this subject was interrupted still again by the sudden appearance of an Orion warship. This ship must have been on a raid of the convoy that had just passed by me. Its hull showed signs of deterioration and its speed was only 500C. I expected at any moment to see a Dinoid Star Cruiser in hot pursuit. The warship stopped and began to give off a strange glow and funny field readings. It appeared that its tachyon engines were leaking and it might explode. My first thought was to get out of its way as quickly as possible. As I turned to set a course away from it, the inevitable happened. Its four main tachyon engines imploded and for a few seconds, it resembled a small nova. The force field expanded out at 54C and I was able to avoid the major shock wave. However, a parasympathetic wave caught my ship and gave us a very rocky ride for two seconds. The result of the explosion was that my cloaking field was vibrating again and leaving me a sitting duck. After a period of one hour, my ship returned to its former state. During this time, no other enemy vessels were spotted.

Since I had never before seen the result of an engine implosion on a star ship, I decided to go back to the sight of the accident and see what happened. When I got there, there was not much to look at. The majority of the ship had been vaporized by the heat of the exploding engines, only a few pieces of space debris could be discovered. It was obvious that the entire crew had been killed in the enormous explosion. The only debris of note was the flight recorder, which was jettisoned before the explosion. I maneuvered my ship to a point where we could pick up the recorder. It would be interesting to discover what type of information was put into such instruments by the Orion League. It took my tractor beam only a few minutes to recover the last remnant of this ill-fated star ship. When the tractor beam hauled the recorder into the ship, the unit was received into the decontamination chamber on Level Three. After a three-hour decontamination procedure, the recorder would be ready for my inspection. I could hardly wait to see what it contained.

After the completion of the de-contamination procedure, I rushed down to the third level to see what I had brought aboard. The actual device turned out to be no more than a round sphere just 11 feet (3 meters) in diameter. My first task was to check if the device contained any booby traps. This operation was accomplished by doing a complete scan of its contents. Once done, it revealed that the Orion ship recorder had indeed been booby trapped. My solution was to subject the explosive to a high radiation source from the tachyon engines. This procedure neutralized the explosive and finally allowed me access to the ship recorder. Slowly, I pulled the recorder out of its shielded casing and put the two computer cassettes into my computer. The results were astonishing. For the first time, a member of the Cem-Lam Planetary Guard saw the insides of an Orion warship. The first scenes were of the main flight deck of the Orion warship. Its captain, a Major Dumart, was explaining the condition of his ship and the possibility that it might explode. He described their mission (a convoy attack) and stated that they had crippled one of the main ore carriers in the convoy.

The objective of the Orion attacks was now made clear to me. The pirates were attempting to slow down the delivery of raw crystal ores to the factories of the Dinoids that dotted the star systems closest to Orion's Belt. In this way, they hoped to stop the production of Tachyon engines needed to build new warships and refit old ones. This activity was being done in the vain hope that sometime in the next few centuries, the new types of ships being developed in the Ring Nebula would defeat the Dinoid Confederacy. They were willing to take the large loss of ships and crews in order to re-establish the primacy of the Orion League. For the first time, I understood the long-range strategy of the magical orb called Be'dhetu.

As I reviewed the second tape, I got another long glimpse at the makeup of an Orion starship. These ships were built for speed and maneuverability. They were capable of speeds up to 1,000,000C and did contain a field motion detector. Such a detector was the cause for a number of unwanted encounters with the pirates. Their firepower was not as great as a typical Dinoid ship of the same design and class. They did not contain cumbersome gravity wave cannons, but smaller and less potent beam weapons. It meant that the Orions had to use their speed to quickly break through a convoy's defenses and head for the specific target that they wanted to destroy. If engaged by enough ships of greater firepower, they were doomed to disaster. The Orion pirates were attempting to re-establish their independence. Such independence did not mean that they would immediately alter their ways. But now at least, I understood some of the reasons why the ruler of Be'dhetu was looking for people who would help him change the aggressive and hostile ways of the pirates. It would not be an easy task to perform. The pirates seemed steeped in their long unblemished tradition of raiding convoys and seeking booty. It would take a long cultural and military campaign to rid the pirates of these nasty habits. However, the people of Be'dhetu seemed to feel that, with the proper allies, such a successful campaign could achieve their lofty objectives.

Having seen the results of my bringing the Orion ship recorder aboard, I returned the cassettes to the recorder and stored the whole device in an empty locker shelf on the fourth level. Having finished my task, I returned to the flight deck and rechecked my position with the navigation computer. The task had taken some two hours to complete and the ship had drifted on its course past the Orion's ship's debris. We were headed for a star system that was a bastion for the pirates. Undoubtedly, the Orion warship had come to my position since it hoped that the recorder would be recovered by another ship either coming or going to their base. In the cassette, the Orion's called the star system Casiom and told of its importance to the cause. Its leader was identified as an Admiral Kusoi, a renegade from the Dinoid fleet based near Rigel or Kemoe. He was also a former confidant of the Bubar himself. Given the Bubar's temperament, this Admiral Kusoi and his men had a high price on their heads. I decided to see if I could enter the Orion base as easily as the Dinoids. It would allow me to see if the pirates were as primitive in their security procedures as the Dinoids. This attempt was one that I could not pass up.

The immediate thought was to see if the pirates had seeded their approach to their main planet with mines. The Orion minefields had proven to be much harder to cross than the Dinoids. The star system that contained their main base consisted of eight planets that were quite large (over 30,000 miles or 48,000 kilometers across). Since most of the planets contained atmospheres that were uninhabitable for oxygen heathers, I narrowed my choices down to three planets: the second, the fourth, and the fifth. The massive number of minefields around the second planet

seemed to decide the matter. Before navigating the outer layer of minefields, I hid next to the sixth of the planet's seven moons to look for incoming or outgoing raiders. It was a useless act of courage to attempt to traverse a minefield that was only a clever decoy. My ploy worked and I saw over 1,000 ships near the moons in the next two hours alone. In my mind, I had discovered the main base of the raiders. The next move was to have the navigation computer plot the location and depth of the minefields. If I was to successfully cross in a low orbit, I had to know what the pirates had established as their security perimeters. This activity took the CV-12 about another two hours to accomplish. With our course plotted, we began our slow trip across the first of no less than six enemy minefields. All in all, the harrowing journey took six hours to accomplish. My hope was that the tortuous zigzagging required did not alert the enemy fleet to my presence. My hopes were dashed when I completed my successful crossing of the last minefield. Waiting for me were six enemy warships. I slowly altered my course as before, with the hope that their shots would not inflict any damage on my vessel.

Fortune was still with me and the warships' shots missed my ship and the cloaking fields by wide margins. The ships surrounded the minefield and began to fire wildly at supposed targets. After a total of three hours of this odd behavior, the warships turned and headed back to their base at sub-light speeds. I followed them, and used their landing to locate their base on the planet's surface. The base was a huge one and contained over 20,000 warships. My next act was to scan the surface and see how many bases were contained on this huge and foreign world. Either way, the results would have been the same. A huge Dinoid attack fleet would have come and reduced this planet's massive asteroid belt. Yet the Orion pirates seemed not to worry about this eventuality. They somehow believed that they could destroy any small patrol with the number of ships available and the ability of their mines to quickly annihilate their opponent.

As I was concentrating on my spy mission, I failed to notice a single Orion warship and it nearly hit me. For some strange reason, the new collision alarm procedures had not been followed by the computer. The ship brushed my cloaking field and caused it to vibrate. Now visible to the ship's field motion detector, I was a possible sitting duck. My only hope was that neither the ship nor its ground control would notice me. This at first seemed to be the case, but the unusually long vibratory period of fifteen minutes' duration gave away my position. Soon, my position was being inspected by two warships that were sent up from the surface base that was below me.

Fortunately for me, the two warships came into view just as my cloaking field returned to its normal frequency. No longer easy prey, I slowly raised my orbit and waited to see what the ships would do. They followed what to me now was standard procedure. They fired, their weapons at random pre-selected targets and seeing no results returned to their base. My first concern was why the new anti-collision procedure had failed me. The reason turned out to be a faulty memory circuit in the ship's main computer. I corrected the problem by isolating the circuit and replacing it with another module that I found in a storage locker on the third level. I immediately reprogrammed the newly installed circuit and waited for the computer's diagnostic test to see if it was a reliable replacement. The tests were positive and I could finally return to myself imposed spy mission.

I was fortunate that the new system was installed and working. For as soon as the system was in place, it began to ring the alarm claxon. Two enemy warships travelling in close formation

nearly hit me again. Given the time to react to the crisis, I was able to steer the ship out of harm's way. My next encounter occurred soon after these two ships crossed my former path. This time twenty ships, also travelling in very close formation, nearly collided with the CV-12. This area of space was beginning to get too crowded for my comfort. It seemed that the Orion base was in the process of launching a raiding party. To see if the entire planet was launching a huge raid on a convoy, I decided to view the other main base and see if it was also in the process of launching a strike against the Dinoid Confederacy. To my surprise, they were not launching any of their ships to join their brethren on the raid. It looked like the raids were not as large as I had assumed. I decided to observe the bases for another five hours and then beat a hasty retreat into interstellar space.

After the five additional hours of surveillance were completed, I began my hasty retreat from the Orion League command planet. As I was about to leave orbit, two Orion warships appeared on my scanner. They closed on my position and used their speed to head me off. They then turned and surrounded me. In a panic, I raised the computer to see if the cloaking device was operative. The response was immediate that all shields were in working order. If this fact was so, the Orion warships should be unable to see me. Yet their actions indicated that I was quite visible to them. The warship in front of me opened its hailing frequencies and asked me to identify myself. The other ship shot its space energy beam across the outer edge of my rear cloaking shield. As with the other hits I had endured, the shield began to vibrate and glow. It looked like the Orion pirates had finally caught me. I had to think quickly and try to invent a way to get them to let me go.

After a few minutes of thought, I came up with a scam that I hoped would allow me my freedom. I told the Orion ship that my vessel was protected by the magical world called Be'dhetu. I was on a mission of great importance to them and must not be interfered with. My mission had included the observation of important renegade star systems and it was important that I be allowed to proceed with my departure at once. After another tense period of nearly ten minutes duration, the reply came from the base station on the planet's surface to let me go. Further, Admiral Kusoi had ordered that my ship be escorted to the secret force field that allowed one to leave the planetary system without having to traverse the minefields. This kindness permitted me to get into interplanetary space in less than twenty minutes. The fact that my alibi had worked made me wonder what relationship the Orion pirates had with the strange Amphiboid race on Be'dhetu. As I left the star system, my worries increased concerning how the pirates had been able to detect me. In the past they had come close, but been unable to actually discover my position. My query to the computer was how did they manage to accomplish this minor miracle? The computer analyzed all available data and decided that the answer was simple. A part of the low orbit we assumed was cluttered with fields of fine dust particles. Some of these particles were electrically charged and had adhered to our field's outer perimeter. It was this layer of dust particles that were our undoing. My next question concerned the fact that if the particles were detectable was there a way to assure us of no repeat incident. The computer reported back that the return to light speed had filtered the remaining particles from our cloaking shields. Furthermore, it was highly unlikely that the shields would pick up these dust particles while we travelled at light speed. The computer's answer was quite reassuring and in my mind closed the case on this potentially fatal phenomenon. With this problem out of the way, I reviewed the data that I had discovered while on my brief spy mission. As I was doing so, I asked the navigation computer to lay in a course

that would return the CV-12 to predetermined course. It was time once again to return to my worries about our brief trip into the edge of Orion's Void.

The worry about my shields returned when I saw a Dinoid patrol turn and make for my ship. If the renegades of Admiral Kusoi could be bluffed, there was no chance with the Dinoids. The scanner showed that the six ships were travelling at 12,000C and closing fast on our position. To my amazement, the Patrol passed over my exact position without slowing. It was just a lucky coincidence that had brought these scavengers to my vicinity. As the ships turned, I saw some of the same Orion warships that I had observed on Admiral Kusoi's planet. It was clear that a brief skirmish was about to be fought in my proximity. I put the scanner on deep space mode and waited to observe the fireworks. The Orion warships altered their course and the first volleys from the Dinoids missed their mark. The Dinoid patrol turned again and headed for my position at high light speed. My collision alarm sounded and I barely had enough time to dive out of their way. As they passed, one of the scout ships grazed my upper cloaking shield and caused it to vibrate. The glowing field was seemingly not important to them as they soon disappeared from my scanner's range. I waited for a few additional minutes and then decided to alter my course. It took the errant shield some twenty minutes to return to its nominal mode.

After the incidents in open interstellar space, I began to wonder how much longer my luck would continue to hold out. If it was not one thing, it seemed to be another problem that plagued me. The traversing of the Orion Void was suddenly seeming to me to be a less dangerous difficulty than a long voyage through the Forbidden Zone. I was beginning to understand why the ancient leaders of my world had finally been forced to end all voyages through this most despicable region of the known Milky Way Galaxy. Just as I was completing my thoughts on this matter, I got an alarm from my scanner. A Dinoid war fleet of 20,000 Star Cruisers and assorted Star Destroyers was heading in my direction. To the rear of their formation was an infamous battle planet. I wondered if this fleet was the one that Admiral Kusoi had feared. Their course would put them in a direction that would pass close to his base in the star system that I had just left. I slowly altered my course and watched for the next hour and one half as the enemy fleet passed over my position. It brought me shivers to finally watch the battle planet pass over and eventually disappear from my viewing screen. At least, my cloaking field had worked. The CS-40 cloaking system was as good as my uncle had boasted to me at one of his famous luncheons. With the passing of the fleet, I was again all alone in deep interstellar space.

For the next day, I remained alone and without a glimpse of any enemy ships. However, this situation did not last for long. Soon, I espied a rather large convoy of freighters accompanied by the usual contingent of Dinoid warships. Their direction seemed odd to me as they were on a course that would take them to the vicinity of the Admiral's star system. It appeared for sure that the renegade's days were numbered. Somehow, I hoped that the people of Be'dhetu could aid him in his hour of need. It would be reassuring if I could see any sign that the strange glowing globes were nearby. My scanner was put on a complete deep scan, but I was unable to observe them anywhere in the region. I hoped against hope that these next days would not spell the end to one who had been so kind to me in a most desperate and near-fatal position. The next few weeks would be spent looking into the possibilities for a course correction to avoid the Orion Void entirely. It seemed to me that a slight increase in the great curve that was our flight path through the Forbidden Zone was quite possible. If done it would allow us to skirt the Void. This

possibility gave me great comfort and allowed me to feel more positive about my journey. The ship was holding up well at the high light speed that I had been allowing ever since we left the Anix star system. My only complaint was the food. Planetary Guard chow was not even close to average restaurant fare. It made the lousiest greasy spoon seem like a gourmet dinner. Except for a few outstanding meals, it was a bland and tasteless affair. The ship's food processor was a good unit. The fact was that it was just badly programmed. It reminded me of my Uncle Sher's comment that food was not important, just its adequate service. The ship's food processor seemed to view this comment as a verifiable truth.

While I was waxing and waning into my ship's log about the food on the CV-12, the collision alarm sounded. I immediately put the ship in a rapid course correction. We barely escaped the clutches of a huge vehicle the size of a small asteroid. The vehicle was nearly 800 miles (1,300 kilometers) across. After it passed, I examined its appearance on the main screen. The object was made to look like a small moon. It seemed to be made of rock and showed signs of volcanism on its surface and hilly masses that were eroded. In addition, it was covered with craters and strange masses that were glowing eerily in the darkness of space. I wondered what it was. It moved away slowly, at only 62C. I had finally found an object in the Orion star group that was slower than the CV-12.

Curiosity forced me to correct my course and follow this highly unusual object. As I approached it again, the object let out a tractor beam that trapped my ship. Slowly, I was being pulled toward the object. It took another half hour before I was close enough for a large dried lava bed to move and reveal a hatch. This hatch opened and the CV-12 was pulled through it to a brightly-lit hangar bay. The beam set the ship down on a landing pad and the hatch above us started to close. After another twenty minutes, the hatch was closed and a spotlight was cast on our position. Soon, a crew of twenty dressed in space suits scurried around us and, for the first time, I heard a voice. This computer-like voice asked us to shut down the cloaking and propulsion systems and to prepare for boarding. Fear gripped me that this ship was another high-tech Orion pirate. Five minutes after I had shut down the ordered systems, the entities in space suits entered the disintegrator chamber hatch. A half-hour later, they were asking permission to pass through the interconnect and enter the flight deck. I decided to permit it and passed the appropriate buttons. They entered and still clad in their space suits made their way toward me. The person in front of the group appeared to be their leader and was the first to take off his helmet. He asked why I had pursued them. My answer was that, to me, they were an oddity worth investigating. I was an unarmed transport ship from the now-invaded Anix star system and meant them no harm. He replied that they had been waiting for someone like me for a long time and were glad to see me. I wondered what it all meant.

After the initial asking of information about my ship, the rest of the group also took off their helmets. They told me that their world was a camouflaged escape pod from a world called Bezgyes, which had been invaded by the Confederacy some 6,000 years ago. The former star system was called by them, Gzuters, and was a minor star system in the very center of Orion's Belt. The Dinoid invasion had caused the majority of their population to be either killed or enslaved. Since that horrible time, they had been wandering the Orion and related star groups in search of a suitable planetary system that was devoid of Confederacy influence. Their quest had been unsuccessful and they were forced to continue to use this cramped pseudo-world as their

home. The leader, who called himself Keducz, told me that I was to consider myself an honored guest. My ship was free to leave his world whenever I pleased. He completed his statement by asking me to don a spacesuit and accompany his group to more friendly quarters.

I went with them to level five and chose a suit that was not as cumbersome as theirs. After I finished putting on the suit, we went to the hangar deck by turbo lift and the airlock that returned us to the floor of my landing pad. Keducz led me to the exit door on the far side of the landing docks and we entered into a strange world. Like my earlier experience on Be'dhetu, this new planetoid was filled with chambers that mirrored a surface world. There were clouds and hills and even rivers that stretched as far as the eye could see. I was amazed that another world could exist that rivaled Be'dhetu in beauty. We continued on for another forty-five minutes and reached a small group of modern-looking houses. This is the guest colony and you may choose any house you wish. He told me I was their only guest and a transport would be by to pick me up in the morning. Food would be provided by a special processor that could produce any dish desired. If I had any additional questions regarding the colony feel free to ask. My reply was that I would rather be allowed to stroll around the planet's different chambers and discover its beauty for myself. His final reply was that my request could not be granted till morning. They departed by use of an anti-gravity transport and left me to my own devices at the guest colony.

My first task was to choose a house and find out what it had to offer. I stood on the hill overlooking the colony for ten minutes trying to decide. Finally, I chose the bright red house with bright white trim. I walked down the hill to the nearest door and looked for a way to enter the building. The door was just a huge slate with no markings on it whatsoever. In a quandary, I decided to just ask the door to open. One second later, the door disappeared, leaving an open doorway. I walked into the house and the door reappeared behind me. The foyer was huge and devoid of furniture. It looked like a house that had just been moved from. I walked into the next room and found a room filled with furniture. There were chairs, sofas and lots of end and coffee tables. The chairs were comfortable and even had an appropriate section for a tail. I sat down and wondered about the events that had just transpired. Soon, I got hungry and went in search of the aforementioned food processor. I found it in the next room and ordered a feast of various types of barbequed wild boar dishes that I had not had since the start of my journey. To my amazement, the dishes looked authentic and tasted fantastic. I settled down to an excellent meal.

After dinner, I retired to the first room that contained all the furniture and sat down on a comfortable sofa. I asked out loud for some music and was instantly rewarded with a nice, familiar melody. Sitting there, it seemed so strange. Yet it was clear that the inhabitants valued my friendship. It would be good to sleep again in an airbed that was anchored to a real bedroom and not a spaceship flying through very dangerous territory. After three more hours of thinking and listening to some delightful music, I felt that it was time to retire for the night. The time had come to find a suitable bedroom and go to sleep. The house contained a number of bedrooms that failed to meet my requirements. After another half hour of searching, I found my bedroom. To my surprise, the bedroom looked very similar to my bedroom in my house on Cem-Lam. I climbed into a nice comfortable airbed and was soon fast asleep.

Early the next morning, I was awakened by a sound that appeared to be my old wake-up tape. For a second, I lost a sense of reality and believed that I was home. It was a most strange and

eerie feeling. As I awoke completely, I realized that I was just in this familiar-looking bedroom on a far and distant world. After breakfast, the same transport unit that had taken Keducz and his party away appeared near the doorway. After an odd noise, I found myself inside the transporter. A few moments later, the transporter was activated and we disappeared. We reappeared in what seemed to be a major transporter center. People were milling about in great numbers and seemingly awaiting a transporter to take them to their destination. When I alighted from the vehicle, a person came up to me and told me to follow him. We walked for another ten minutes and arrived in front of an octagonal-shaped building made up of three stories. The person who had met me at the station opened the door and then disappeared. I walked in and found Keducz seated at a large round table with six other people sitting around it. He rose and greeted me. He then took me to a chair opposite his at the table. He told me this meeting was with the leaders of the working committee of the planetoid's ruling council. He ended his brief statement by stating that I could now ask any question that I wished.

My first question concerned the technology in the house that I had stayed at. One of the committee members, named Kumare, told me that the computer running the house was a type that worked off the thought patterns of the inhabitant. Whatever I wished, the house would provide. It assembled the whole contents of the house from the energy/matter converter that was part of its internal processors. My next question was about being given a tour of this strange world. The reply was that as soon as the meeting was over, I would be given a complete tour of their world. Finally, I asked Keducz to give me a brief history of their world. He began by stating that the Dinoid Confederacy had long wanted to conquer his world and related star system. Not until the dreaded battle planet was introduced to the Confederacy's attack fleets did it become possible to succeed at their task. His people had used their energy/matter converters to create a bogus star system that masked their real world. With the addition of the battle planet, the Confederacy fleets had a weapon that could destroy our false creations and reveal our real worlds.

To make a long story short, the ancestors had created a battle planet of their own and sent it off to raid the Confederacy. This planetoid was the last of these spacecraft and was used to allow a group of inhabitants to escape the tyranny of the Dinoids.

After hearing this statement, I asked if the planetoid still possessed any weapons. Keducz replied that the planetoid was equipped with a gravity wave cannon of immense power. This particular battle station had destroyed the Dinoids' major battle planet in a skirmish that occurred just before the attack that ended the freedom of his star system from Dinoid tyranny. However, battles and wars were the purpose behind the origins of life in this star group. We were also philosophers and explorers who traded with your people in the time before the ancient Bubar Tinak came to power. Tinak wished to have all parts of his Confederacy adore him and praise his rule. He used the power of his position as Bubar to gradually crush all opposition. After his rule, the succeeding Bubars continued to crush all attempts to trade or even to treat non-Confederacy members fairly. The rest was a history that has extended even to the present day.

It was a sad story that seemed to mirror the story told by the ruler of Be'dhetu. To this end, I asked him and the members of the council if they had heard of Be'dhetu. Each member replied that they had. The peoples of the two sunless worlds had a long history of cooperating with each

other. As a matter of fact, the ruler of Be'dhetu had told them of my appearance in their sector and asked them to look out for and safeguard me. This warning was the reason that they had not fired upon me, but had just captured me in their tractor beam. It was also why I had been brought to the guest colony to rest before this meeting. Their answers were most reassuring, but I wanted to know what their relationship was to the Orion pirates. They said that they were associated with Admiral Kusoi and supplied him on occasion with necessary supplies. The purpose of the association was only to get back the star system that the Dinoids had captured so many thousands of years ago. Admiral Kusoi was a potential tyrant like the Bubar, but he had a moral streak in him that hopefully could be used to prevent overt oppression. At this point, I told my hosts that I had seen a very large Dinoid attack fleet headed in the direction of the Admiral's home star system. They stated that they knew of this strategy by the Dinoids and that the admiral had the ability to disguise his star system if he so chose. They also stated that it would take a much larger fleet to even give the Admiral a good battle. It was still a long time before the final showdown between the Admiral and the Bubar.

With our meeting now complete, we began a thorough tour of their world. As part of this tour, they promised to show me the initial staging room and firing console for the gravity wave cannon. It promised to me a most interesting experience. Our first stop was the main town next to the central meeting place. This town, which we call Kendu, was a sort of capital of our small world. It contained not only this meeting center, but also a series of adjacent buildings that served as our various departments of governance. With this statement, we walked into the nearest building and began to walk down a winding hallway that exited onto a series of offices. These offices represented different ministries of our government and were manned by our citizens for the service of all our people. Let us go to a service center and see how our people transact their daily business. With these words we were instantly transported to a large oddly-shaped building. The tour was shaping up as quite an interesting adventure.

In this building, there were several levels. Each level was devoted to a specific service such food and clothing. Here, I was told, was one of the main market centers for the town. Centers like this one were scattered throughout the town at sites that were central to each sections' needs. In addition to specific needs such food and clothing, these centers also served as branches for the government. Thus, it was possible to shop for your daily or weekly goods and also be able to contact any essential government ministry about any matter that was important to you. This concept proved interesting to me, as it mirrored the clan-based government that I had known on Cem-Lam. After this brief tour of the service centers, we went to one of their factories on the outskirts of the Kendu.

The factory was completely automated and featured several odd-looking robots. Keducz referred to these robots as bio-androids. By this term, he meant that the robots were constructed out of material that resembled organic material and were run by a central processor that was organic in nature and closely resembled in its functions a natural brain. This technological feat was one of their greatest achievements. It had allowed the inhabitants of this planetoid to be freed from menial labor and to use the robots as guinea pigs for medical experiments that had virtually ensured the members of this world near immortality. At this point, Keducz told me that he was over 2,600 years old. The average age of an inhabitant was around 2,100 years old. This really amazed me. Here was a world in which death was virtually unknown. After I heard this amazing

fact, my guides suggested that we tour the military installations. To do this, we had to return to the transport center and take their transport cars to a military factory located on the far side of their world.

It took only a few minutes to reach our destination. The factory in question was an installation that produced the parts for the gravity wave cannon. It was a relatively small building that was guarded by a series of powerful force fields. We alighted from our transports and Keducz took out a curious instrument resembling a hand-sized cube with multi-colored flashing lights on each side. He pointed the edge of the cube at the building, and the fields on the side closest to us were opened. He told me that these devices opened a portal in the fields and, to be safe, I should follow behind him all the way into the building. After we got inside, he told me that force fields were maintained to keep curious people out of the building. The activities going on here were very dangerous. To expel a gravity wave successfully, it necessary to produce an extremely potent magnetic deflection beam. This beam had two functions. First, it guided the gravity wave out of the firing weapons and second, it guided the wave in its highly concentrated form to the desired target. This factory built the magnetic wave focuser that produced the important guiding field. To assure success, the completed field focuser had to be tested to see that it was properly focusing and calibrated before being delivered to the actual cannon site. The purpose of this tour was to allow me to examine the manufacturing and testing procedures.

Our first stop at the factory was the small assembly line for the parts that were the basic components of the magnetic field focuser. Keducz stopped us and climbed a flight of stairs to a booth above the assembly lines. We followed and soon were in the booth with him. Keducz stepped to the front and began to point out the major aspects of the assembling process. He noted that it took the factory approximately six months to complete one wave focuser. The completed devices were either stored at another site or installed as needed. Since a focuser was under incredible pressure when in use, it normally would last for only two to five shots of the cannon. Hence, a working battle station needed several of these focusers in a position to be installed when required. To replace this unit required on average about fifteen minutes from start to finish. The other major components of the cannon, the actual gravity wave rectifier and accelerator, would be viewed at the next factory site.

After this tour was completed, we followed the reverse procedure to return to our transporters. When we had all gotten aboard them, we left for our next destination. Again, the trip took a few minutes and took us to a site just outside their capital. Here, we stopped at another factory that was larger than the first one. Keducz alighted from his transporter and took out the strange cube and repeated the procedure that he had accomplished at the first factory. We followed him into the building and beheld a wondrous sight. In the foyer of the factory, a beam was causing a large metallic ball to hover off the floor and change color and density at the same time. Keducz turned to me and stated that the ball was simply demonstrating the affect of a polarized and focused gravity wave on matter. The beam was strong enough to achieve the desired results and not to permanently disassemble the ball. I stopped in front of the curious experiment and stared at it for the next five minutes. My concentration was disturbed when Keducz told me that it was time to examine the plant and to discover even more wonders.

We entered the main offices of the factory and Keducz introduced me to a person called Tibutz, who was the chief scientist and manager of the factory. Tibutz told me to follow him to his office. He took me to a large office that had on its rear wall a huge window covered by a set of pleated drapes. Tibutz stepped to one side of the wall and pressed a button near his desk. The drapes parted and revealed the main assembly line for the cannon. He began to tell me that the wave rectifier was the key to this enormously powerful weapon. A Dinoid scientist named Kebak had discovered its principle of operation quite a few thousands of years ago. For some reason, he had foreseen its misuse and transferred the technology to others through a clever tool – the anti-gravitational transporter. This device was traded widely by the Dinoids to their neighbors in the Orion and Eridanus star systems. This special polarizing tube held the secret to the control and use of nature's most powerful force Gravity Waves. This factory manufactured a large version of this tube and added two peripheral units – a polarizer and an accelerator unit. These units together acted in a fashion similar to an X-ray laser and permitted the concentrated wave to become a planet buster. He told me that our next course of action would be to go on the floor of the factory and actually observe its manufacture.

The first stop on the factory floor was the entrance to the clean room in which the actual tube was assembled. We pressed against the glass and the first thing that he mentioned to me was that the transparent substance was not glass. It was copper-colored because it was a transparent copper. Such elements could be made transparent if their vibratory rate was slightly increased in a fluxing field till a near-amorphous state was realized. It was merely a matter of tuning the mal-aligned atoms till the proper transparent state was reached. Such metals were able to resist the weakly-released side band radiation of a gravity polarizer and provide protection for a cannon's crew or, in this case, the manufacturing personnel. We peered inside the glass and Tibutz pointed out the connectors that were used to form the tube. These connectors are made out of a semi-transparent gold and serve as the wave guides for the gravity waves. Once they reach the focuser, they will be ready to accomplish their job because of the connectors. Then he took me aside and delivered a half-hour chalk talk on the principles involved. For the first time, I actually got to see the principles of the gravity wave cannon and to easily understand them. Tibutz would have been an excellent physics instructor at the Advanced Training Center. After our talk, we returned to the offices where we had left Keducz and his party.

When we returned, Keducz greeted us and asked if Tibutz had given me a good understanding of the inner workings of the gravity wave cannon. My reply was that his tour was most satisfactory and had given me my first true understanding of this powerful weapon. Keducz answered that it was now necessary to go to one of the three cannon sites on the planetoid for an inspection of a fully operational cannon. We thanked Tibutz for generously giving so much time to take me on such an excellent tour of his facility, and then departed using our transporters.

We arrived in a few minutes at what Keducz described as the main gun deck of the planetoid. The focuser was hidden in the artificial volcanoes and was actually slightly below the surface of the volcano's cone. The rest of the device was stored on this huge gun deck that was the first two levels of the planetoid. This structure was used to house the enormous electronic control circuitry and the electro-gravity power source itself. The power source was of a special design and should be able to last for at least one million years or more. Consequently, no replacement parts were stored on the planetoid. To demonstrate the efficacy of the power source, Keducz proposed that

we alter the course of the planetoid by a matter of a few degrees. He then ordered some people that were sitting in front of an immense control panel to alter our course by six degrees for a period of ten minutes and then come about to our original course. This maneuver was immediately done and I watched the meters on the panels rise dramatically. He concluded this demonstration by noting that this brief maneuver had consumed the equivalent of over 15 billion-billion watts. This amount of energy was only one-tenth the total power potential of the electro-gravity power source. He stated that our next step should be an examination of this remarkable device. Then we walked toward a very large steel door.

We approached to within a few feet of the door and stopped. Keducz took out his all-powerful cube and pointed it at the door. After a few seconds the door opened and we stepped aside as the door slowly swung by us. We stepped into a very large and cavernous room. In the center of the room was a huge crystal that must have measured fifty feet (15 meters) high and about fifteen feet (5 meters) across at the base. This crystal was one of several, according to Keducz, that provided the power for the planetoid and its gravity wave cannons. In addition, a special depolarizing defense shield could be powered by these crystals. In total, there were over 2,000 of these crystal circuit rooms on the planetoid's two upper decks. Our final stop would be the actual main cannon firing and control rooms. We stepped out of the huge circuitry room and, with his cube, Keducz closed the room's large swinging door. The special steel alloy was used to line the door and the room to control the emission of deadly radiation when this room was in operation. With this statement, we left the antechamber in front of the door and headed down a hallway towards another huge steel door.

This hallway was more like a gallery in some huge and ancient building. It was made of something that resembled stone and was more than fifty feet (15 meters) in height and over twenty feet (nearly 8 meters) in width. After a ten-minute stroll, we reached the doorway and again Keducz took out his magical cube. The steel door quickly swung open and revealed another huge room. We stepped inside and after we had passed, the steel door swung shut behind us. Keducz walked up to a huge tube that was stretched from an odd-looking encased floor mount up to a metallic object mounted on the ceiling of the room. The tube was over ninety feet (32 meters) in length with the floor mounting being about ten feet (3 meters) tall and about twenty feet (6 meters) in average width. This device was the firing tube of the gravity wave cannon that I had just observed being manufactured. It was now fully assembled and operational. The mounting material that I saw on the floor was the connector from the combined crystal circuitry rooms that were assigned to power this cannon. The ceiling mount was the beginning of the focuser that I had seen at our first factory inspection. For the first time, a Cem-lamer was actually able to see a dreaded gravity wave cannon. Our next stop was to be the control room that was capable of firing this most powerful weapon.

We stepped toward the far side of the firing chamber and, as we did, Keducz noted that when the cannon fired the radiation produced in the room was enough to vaporize a body. It was therefore a safety precaution that the cannon could not fire unless an automatic sensor in the firing mechanism detected that no one was still in the firing chamber. When we reached the far wall, Keducz took out his cube and a small doorway suddenly appeared in the seemingly solid wall. We walked into the doorway and emerged in a large room filled with all sorts of panels littered with meters, lights and switches. This room was the control room for the actual firing of the

cannon. It contained the instruments required to monitor the various stages involved in the cannon's firing. In addition, there were instruments that monitored the focuser and saw to it that the gravity wave was brought to its target still at its full potency. With that statement, Keducz stepped back and said that this part of the tour was now complete. It was time to return to the transporters and our trip back to the main transport center in Kendu. With that said, he pressed a light on his cube and we found ourselves back with our party on the edge of the gun deck. All together again, we quickly headed for the transporters and the return trip to Kendu.

After our arrival at the transport center, Keducz dismissed the rest of his party and we continued on alone to his office. Along the way, Keducz asked me if I still wanted to see the recreational areas and parks that also were an important part of his world. I replied that, after our discussion at his office, such a trip would be quite enjoyable. He stated that our business should take no more than another half-hour of our time and then he would be more than happy to personally escort me on such a tour. After a ten-minute walk, we arrived at the octagonal building that contained his office.

Keducz led me to his office in the rear of the building on the office building's third floor. He sat down at his desk and I sat in a nice, comfortable chair that reminded me of the ones at home. Keducz opened the conversation by stating that he had shown me the major strategic capabilities of his battle station. This particular artificial planetoid had endured many thousands of battles against the forces of the Dinoid Confederacy. He was extremely happy that I had met the people of Be'dhetu and been so favorably honored by their seers. They were noted as one of the most accurate predictors of the future and one's destiny in this star group. It was because of the messages from them that we slowed our vehicle and tried to locate you. Like the ruler and people of Be'dhetu, this planetoid battle station wishes you to know that we gladly place our home at your disposal to use as you wish. This brief statement by Keducz astonished me. Once again, a fellow opponent of the Dinoids was offering his help to me as though I was their great hope against this vicious empire. After a two- or three-minute delay, I gladly accepted his offer of help and said that when the time was right, I could call upon him for his aid. With the completion of this part of the conversation, Keducz turned his attention to the rear wall. He pushed a button on his desk and suddenly a 3-D map of the battle planet appeared.

He walked to the wall and began to lecture me on the various capabilities that his ancestors had given his ship. He stated that the true maximum speed was actually 5,000C and that the range was limitless. All natural resources could be obtained by the conversion of space energy into matter. These raw materials were converted by the ship's factories into the weaponry and the service goods that I had seen on my tour. For safety's sake, the inhabitants live on the inner levels of the ship. The transporters acted like elevators and took us from one level to another. In addition, they had the capability to travel in one level and go to wherever we desired. Using the energy converter, the ship was able to manufacture a sky and make the living areas seem like they were really on the surface of some planet. This illusion helped to maintain the morale of the inhabitants and permit the youngsters born on this world to realize what their home star system was originally like. He finished his lecture by asking me if I had any additional question about his world. My reply was that I would save them for the tour of the parks and recreational areas. Without further ado, we left his office for the transport center.

Our first stop would be the family park system that was located on the lowest level of the planetoid. Keducz noted that this part of the ship was the safest, since it was within a special anti-gravity wave shield and would survive if the planetoid took a direct hit from a Dinoid battle planet. At the core of the planetoid was an emergency crystal power generator; an auxiliary propulsion system; and an emergency life-support system. All inhabitants with families were required to live on one of the bottom 12 levels protected by the shield. The guest colony where I had stayed was located on the upper, or twelfth, level. I asked if the planetoid had ever come close to taking a direct hit from the Dinoids' vessel. Keducz answered that on several occasions they had come close, but their wave deflector field had saved them.

As we walked through what appeared to be a meadow lit by sunlight from an orange star in the midst of a dark yellow sky, I asked about the field deflector. This deflector was a field of encapsulated anti-matter. When the wave disturbed the anti-matter inside the magnetic bottle, it dispersed and became harmless. This shield was discovered by accident some 6,000 years ago by our ancestors. They were unable to perfect its enlargement to a size that could defend our planetoid or even their home world. In the past 1,000 years, our experiments have proven to be successful. We no longer fear the Dinoids and their terrible weapons. We have attacked them regularly and suffered no damage or casualties during these attacks. As we continued across the beautiful blue-green meadow, I wondered if this invention could have saved Cem-Lam from its cruel fate.

After our walk through the meadow, we came to a large lake surrounded by trees that in appearance resembled the Ju'ba trees of my home world. Keducz spied a large flat rock at the edge of the lake and we sat down to talk. He asked me if this recreation of his world was similar to mine. My response was that it was similar; except for the color of the grass and the misty fresh fog-like air we called the Di'or. He sat back, closed his eyes for a moment, and suddenly, I felt the first wisps of the yellow Di'or on my back. It made me homesick and I nearly wept from the sudden grip of sadness that took hold from my head to my feet. It is possible to transform our environments to any that we so choose. It was one of the abilities possessed by the converter system that creates and maintains this park-like environment. Again, I was quite impressed by the technology of this unique world and the kindnesses that it had been shown me.

Keducz suggested that it was time to visit a recreational region and to allow me to see what kind of games the people of the planetoid played. He clicked a light on his cube and we were instantly transported to a large enclosed area that looked like a gymnasium. Keducz took me aside and told me that this room was called a Gediz and was the area for a game called Mardok. In the game, a player with a rubber bat attempted to prevent a thrower of a yellow air-filled plastic ball from hitting a three-foot tall stick. The thrower had three tries to hit the stick and the batter three attempts to prevent it. If the ball hit the stick, the batter was "out". If the batter hit the ball, it had to be caught before it hit the ground or the batter would get a point. To catch the ball, the thrower was given three catchers who he could position as he preferred. The game went on until the batters got three points or the thrower got three hits. Keducz said that this game was one of the most popular on his world. As one might say, baseball it was not.

Following a brief observance of the playing of Mardok, we left the recreational area and headed for the guest colony. Keducz told me I was welcome to stay as long as I liked. I replied that I

wished only to stay the night and, in the morning, return to the CV-12. I would have a long flight to Terra and I must get on with it. We smiled at each other and waved as we departed. It was time to get what I thought would be my last recreational time before the actual orbiting of Terra. I stood alone on the hill overlooking the colony and decided to go back to the same house I had slept in previously. I walked down to its front door and followed the proper procedures to get inside. The rooms were full of furniture and paintings that reminded me of home, back on Cem-Lam. At least this last night would be enjoyable. I sat down in front of what looked like an entertainment center. I got out the control and turned the device on. It was filled with old programs that I used to enjoy watching. For the next four hours, I sat captivated in front of the device and watched programming that I had thought I would never see again. After this truly luscious time, I began my search for the proper bedroom. It was found in less than ten minutes. As before, the bedroom resembled my own at home. It took me another ten minutes to prepare for bed. Before I knew it, I was asleep and dreaming of the wonders that were Cem-Lam and the events of the past few days.

When I awoke, it was already well past daybreak. I got up and ordered a typical breakfast. It was the first time that I had eaten genuine Tap'ik pancakes since the fateful morning of the last planetary Gum'd emergency drill. They tasted very good and the thought of doing this wonderful thing for the next few days seemed very tempting. However, I had a destiny, as the seers and my uncle had suggested. It was time to get back into the CV-12 and resume the long voyage to Terra.

I ordered a transport and returned to the transport center in Kendu. After I got there, I walked to the government center and asked to speak to Keducz. He came out and told me that his chief aide, Murdug, would take me to the ship and attend to my needs. I thanked him for all his kindnesses and said that I would not forget them. He again offered his help and said that he could be contacted through the ruler of Be'dhetu. We hugged and then he returned to his office. Murdug and I headed toward the transport center and the return trip to the location of the CV-12.

It took us about ten minutes to reach the airlock room that led to the hangar where my ship was docked. We gingerly put our spacesuits back on and then entered the airlock to the hangar deck. In a few minutes, we were at the base of the CV-12.

Murdug told that we should go up to the flight deck of the CV-12 and there discuss the departure procedures. We immediately climbed up to the hangar deck of my ship and took the turbo lift to the flight deck. Once there, I took off my suit and asked Murdug what procedures were required to safely exit the planetoid. She said that it was necessary to request egress by tractor beam. Before I did this it would be necessary to determine what flight path I wished to follow. I told her about the trip to Terra and she stated that such a maneuver could be accomplished in the next few hours. She left me with the impression that the egress would happen quickly and leave me back where I had been before my fortunate encounter with the planetoid. A few hours later, the CV-12 glided upward on a mysterious beam and its return to the vastness of interstellar space.

In the distance, I could see the planetoid and it was rapidly growing smaller. My scanner indicated that it was leaving me at the speed of 1,000C. In less than twenty minutes, it was out of range and we were alone again in interstellar space. Once again, I was left with the impression

that even though I was now alone, I had made another devoted friend. The knowledge gained by my few days with Keducz and his fellow inhabitants of the planetoid had changed my outlook. In my mind, the mission was already a success. The technology available to me was enough to easily rout the Dinoid Confederacy and return Anix to its rightful owners. It made me so happy that I decided to check my position and then grab a proper snack. The fact that my ship had been jettisoned left me some two weeks ahead of schedule. I had gotten back the time that my side trip to Admiral Kusoi's star system had lost. Leaving the computer on automatic, I retired to level five and a joyous snack from my food processor. It was good that fate had given me such excellent friends. I could hardly wait to see who would be the next persons fate brought my way. For now, it was enough to be able to celebrate my good fortune.

Chapter 6 - Adrift!

After two days of silence, my rest time was broken by the blip of a warship on my screen. The scanner showed that the ship was approaching at a speed of over 16000C. There could be no doubt it was a warship. After an hour of watching the ship approach my vessel, I was able to identify it as an Orion warship of a type more advanced than I had seen previously. It sped over my head and was gone, without changing course or speed. I wondered if this ship was a scout for a raiding party or just a lone traveler on its way to an unknown destination. My answer was not long in coming. An hour after the first ship had disappeared from my screen, a large group of over 200 warships showed on my screen. They were travelling in the same direction as the first ship, but at the much slower speed of 15000C. My first assumption concerning the scout ship had been borne out. I watched for the next two hours as the attack force passed over my position. My wondering continued as to what purpose these ships were going to be used for. Off in the distance, I suddenly caught a truly strange sight. The ships were disappearing into one of the many small voids that pockmarked this region of space. It seemed that somehow, this group of Orion warships had mastered the dangers of the void. It made me think even more about the connection of the Orion Pirates to the two small free-floating worlds that I had met since entering the Orion star group.

After the war fleet had disappeared into the void, I saw the Dinoid fleet of over 20,000 vessels suddenly appear on my screen. As they approached the void, they altered course and split up into smaller contingents of around 200 ships each. They began to fan out and search carefully for any clues that would determine where the Orion ships went. This large search was still going on as the fleet disappeared from my view. Evidently the use of these voids was a novel method of escape from the grasp of the Dinoid avengers. It was probably a method just taught to them by Keducz and the members of the planetoid Battle Station. Anyway, it sure had worked against this large Dinoid fleet that seemed on the verge of outrunning them. It would be interesting to see if this method of escape was used again while I was busy observing their struggle with the Dinoid Confederacy.

For the next two days, this routine became the norm. My source of amusement lay in trying to estimate how long it would be until I spotted another ship. My wait ended on the morning of the third day. My scanner reported the approach of a huge Dinoid fleet of nearly one million warships. This Armada was one of the main Dinoid attack fleets controlled by the Bubar himself. They were crossing my path and were some 0.16 Parsecs behind me. From their direction, they were on their way to attack the ships or star systems of the Planetary Union. It seemed that the war between the Humanoids and the Dinoids was still continuing in its reported fury. I watched to see how many of these precious battle planets were included in the fleet. Surprisingly, the fleet only included a 1,000 of these dreadnoughts. It was most probably an attack on the star fleets of the Planetary Union.

After the two and one-half hours, the fleet had passed and I wondered what the human battle fleets looked like. Our merchant-explorers had had very little contact with the humans. For the most part, the contact had been mixed. The humans were mostly a savage and aggressive race scattered willy-nilly across one of the farther arms of the Milky Way Galaxy. However, there were many groups of them that had abandoned their savage ways and become civilized. My

uncle had spoken fondly of these humans and hoped that some day we would be able to resume trade and cultural exchanges with them. It would be good one day to see how accurate my uncle had been in these matters.

As my thoughts faded, the scanner alarm came on and my attention was diverted to the images on the main screen. Ahead of me, a group of six ships of unknown origin were approaching. They were 0.16 parsecs away with a speed of 126C. It was a suspiciously slow speed and I watched intently as they approached. In another ten hours, the ships were atop my position and beginning to surround me. These ships were different from any that I had seen before. They were shaped like a huge ball that was 5,000 feet (1600 meters) across. The ships were covered with strange multi-colored running lights and gave off a pale blue and red glow from their excited force fields. After an hour of surrounding me, the leader attempted to hail me in a strange language. I called up my translator and asked it to see if it could interpret the language in which we were being addressed. At first the computer was unsuccessful and could not translate their language into mine. This inability of the translator amazed me. It was supposed to be able to translate any language, regardless of its content. It was the first known failure of this unit to aid the communication process. To help, I got on my radio and addressed them in an Apli-ant monotonal dialect. To my surprise, the leader was now able to convert his address in this easy-to-understand dialect My Vel-Cor dialect, with its 22 tones and various clicks, would have been too difficult for these strangers. After the dialogue finally began, I realized that I had gotten in touch with the forward battle group of another Dinoid rebel group from the star systems that formed one of the arms of Orion. They, like my star system, had developed types of cloaking systems and a means to detect them. They asked me to accompany them to a nearby star base. My reputation in this star group was following me wherever I went.

It took us six hours of travelling to reach the star base. When we approached, we found the base surrounded by a large number of randomly-placed minefields. The patrol ships guided me through them. Happily, they told me that some of the minefields were cloaked. When the Dinoids went through them as many two or three thousand ships could be destroyed at once. Therefore, their guidance through these fields was required. I agreed, as I swerved around obstacles that I could not see. Since my uncle had long believed that the Dinoids had attacked us to get our cloaking technology, I asked their leader how long they had had this technology at their command. He answered that they had had it for at least 200 years, and had been at war with the Dinoids for the last 2,000 years. Their advanced technology had proven to be the deciding edge in their long struggle against the huge armadas arrayed against them. It had not always been that way. In the beginning, the Armcians had been peaceful traders that were a member of the Confederacy and hoped to be left alone. The rise of the more despotic Bubars had alienated them from the Confederacy. Eventually, a time came when the Bubar who was named Aklan asked them to become the designers of advanced warships for the Bubars' fleet. Sensing the danger to their star system, they refused and were attacked by the Bubars' fleet. They were prepared, and fought off the attack with special minefield screens and other highly sophisticated force fields. Since that time, every Bubar has maintained the state of war first begun by Aklan. They stated, as we reached the star base, that they had been looking for me since I was supposed to be a symbol for hope and a final victory over the dreaded war-loving Dinoid Confederacy.

When we arrived at the star base, our ships were pulled into it by a tractor beam. Inside, I met my new friends and they promised to take me to the next meeting of their central council. This meeting was scheduled for the next day. In the meantime, I was to be taken on a complete tour of their star base. They introduced themselves as Attuk and Yeman and were the chief coordinators of the various attack fleets that battled the Dinoid Confederacy. Our first stop was the control room for the star base. It was reached by use of a transporter that sent us to our destination in a matter of seconds. The control room was a huge cavern-sized hall that was over 620 feet (200 meters) wide and over 150 feet (47 meters) long. The hall reached a height of two stories. Yeman addressed me first and told me that this room was the heart of the ship. In it were located the various instruments that controlled the major operating systems of the ship. In addition, the section devoted to regulating the warships sent out to either defend the ship or attack the Dinoids was located in the rear section of this room. Attuk told me we were going to start our tour at this combat control center. We slowly began our walk past busily occupied crewmen at work on their duty stations.

Attuk stopped when he reached a large table situated in the very back of the room. He took me over to it and stated that this table was the situation and strategy control center. Here were located various 3-D pop up monitors that could instantaneously tell the sector commander the status of any enemy attack or the position of its fighter or attack craft. To demonstrate, Yeman took out a special Pen-like device and pointed it at the table. Several monitor screens suddenly appeared above the table. These screens told Yeman the exact status of the region around the base star and if any attacks had been ordered against the Dinoids. In addition, the screens also told us what the status was of any ships now aboard the star base. Attuk then pointed his "pen" at the region directly in front of me and a communications console quickly popped up. With this unit, they both stated, it was possible to communicate either within the star base or with any of our warships. With this demonstration over, they pointed to the overhanging gallery that ran around the upper level of the control room. This gallery was built to allow us to communicate directly with the navigation center that was located in the level above us and was situated in the room located next to the rear of this room. After we finished our tour of the control room, we will go to this room. During a combat situation, it became necessary to move the star base without the Dinoids knowing of our intentions. To do this, it was necessary to have personnel from the navigation room come to the combat center to take our commands without talking to us on the intercom. In this way, it was possible to maneuver the ship without the Dinoids knowing of our next positions. Let's now stop at the actual steering section in this huge hall. With that command, they led me to the center of the room.

Here, we met the commander of the vessel ? a Captain Popuset. He informed me that he would be glad to show me the actual workings of the steering command. Steering of the vessel was done by use of a huge control panel. This panel was 50 feet (15 meters) long and 10 feet (3 meters) in width. Steering was done by means of a series of touchpads that were crewed by anywhere from ten to 15 crew members. With a skilled crew member, it was possible to move the huge ship as easily as your much smaller craft. To end this part of the tour, I was allowed to man one of the touch pads and to type into the control unit the commands for moving the ship. My touchpad controlled the intensity of the right rear control force field of the ship. It was a nice and fun touch for my tour of this huge ship. Our next stop was scheduled to be the weapons control center in the section of the room where we had first entered.

The weapons section consisted of another large control panel and another table unit. The head of this section was a woman named Captain Genzel, and she proceeded to take me through her section just as Captain Popuset had done before her. The first stop was the table. It functioned just as the first one in the strategy center had. She took out her pen-like device and a series of monitor screens again popped up. These screens Captain Genzel explained were used to regulate targeting and firing procedures. To demonstrate, she had one of her crew select a target and feed it into the targeting computer through one of the touchpads at the control console. Quickly, the coordinates appeared on one of the view screens. By using the "pen", she was able to magnify the target until it became fully visible on the screen. Once the target was visible, the type of weapon to use was analyzed by the computer and its recommendation came on to another screen. The choice was selected by pointing the "pen" at one of the options. The firing sequence was then locked in by use of one of the touch pads. After this was accomplished, the commander need only order the start of the firing sequence. The targeting computer and the weapons pods did the rest. The targeting computer was able to follow the target as it changed direction and alter its direction of fire accordingly. To aid us, the control panels that you have already seen demonstrated provide backup to the screen displays. Together, both segments of the weapon section make it possible to bring the enormous firepower of this star base to bear on any one who somehow gets beyond our cloaked minefields. With these words, Captain Genzel concluded her tour of the weapons section. Our next stop was the navigation section.

To reach the navigation section, we again got into our transporter pods and reappeared in the front section of the navigation section. Yeman first took me to the gallery so that I could see how the messengers stood on the gallery and passed their information back and forth. This system was necessary the communication system that they employed was similar to the one used by the Dinoid Confederacy. Their advances had been all chartered into the cloaking system and an advanced version of the gravity wave cannon. This cannon would be seen after we met with the council at their weekly meeting on the morrow. Yemen then led me back to Attuk, who was now standing next to a control panel in the very center of the navigation center.

Attuk told me that this room was unique in that all crew members were androids. The android had been developed by his people in the last thousand years and had been perfected to the point that it was practically impossible to tell them apart from other members of the crew. To demonstrate his point, he introduced me to the commander of the navigation section. The commander, named Ruggil, was an android. I was amazed at the resemblance to Attuk. Attuk stated that his uncle was responsible since he had designed the androids used in this room. It was always a ego trip for him to come to this section of the ship and look at all the androids that looked like him running the ship. With that statement, Attuk returned to his tour of this vital part of the ship.

The central panel was the star finder. This unit was connected to an even larger unit that was situated in another part of the ship. This section called the computation center contained all the computers used in the ship. This section would be the stop on our tour. The navigator worked by keeping a log of all known star positions and distances. This log was used to calculate the plotted course that the star base wished to take. As we passed through various star systems

recorded on the log, the navigator checked this log against our plotted position and was able to determine our actual position. In this way, the navigator was able to determine our exact position at all times. In addition, the navigator was able to give information to the steering section as to what a course correction would entail. This information was displayed on the control panel that we saw while we toured that section of the control room. Another part of the navigation room was the large log analyzer system. This computer's task was the preparing of the main ship's star log that was the basis for the proper steering of the vessel to its desired location. At this point, Yeman led me to the rear of the navigation room.

At the rear of the room, there was located a large unit that seemed to be a central processing computer. Attuk responded that this unit was just a machine. This unit was dedicated to just one task. Analyzing the data compiled by our astronomers. In this way, the machine could add to our already extremely large star chart. Our hope, stated Yemen, is that someday our star base will be able to utilize the Time/Space drives that have been given to some of our brethren. It was also our hope that with this new technology we can finally drive the Confederacy from our star system. In saying that, they struck in me a very sympathetic chord. Upon hearing this statement, I asked them what their connection was to the world called Be'dhetu. They replied that Be'dhetu was from the next star system nearest their own. They had shared a common legacy for thousands of years before the Dinoid attack had forced them to flee and attempt to fight against the tyranny and oppression of the Confederacy. Once again, I found a common background in the rebel forces that had taken me into their confidences. The Dinoids had attacked and conquered a number of advanced civilizations that were determined to find a means that allowed them to return to their home star systems. It now seemed that my own could be added to this long and growing list.

After our conversation continued on the similarities of the different rebel groups, Attuk suggested that we go to the central computer room and complete our tour of the ship. We again stepped onto the transporter pods and were sent to a room filled with large processing units. We alighted from the pods and found ourselves in a large room about 400 feet (130 meters) in length. At the end of the room, there was a panel that covered one wall and went up to the ceiling. We went to it in order to start our tour of the room. Attuk stated that this panel was the mirror of the main circuitry of the computer room. Here, one could quickly determine the status of the processors located here. After gazing at the panel for a few minutes, we walked to the center of the room to get a better look at one of the processor units.

The unit was lying on its side and was enormous. It was 100 feet (30 meters) in length and nearly 30 feet (10 meters) wide. Attuk opened an inspection port located on the right side of the unit while Yeman explained the capabilities of the unit. According to them, the processors had the same capacity as the unit located on the CV-12. In addition, they also had the ability to inter-phase with the androids that commanded the Navigation section and the star chart log being prepared in a separate section of the ship. Moreover, the computers were able to control every major operation of the star base. It was no wonder that this room was considered by Attuk and Yeman to be the very heart of the star base. After our brief tour was completed, Yeman suggested that we adjourn to the cafeteria and have a snack. I was in complete agreement and we headed off for the cafeteria down a short but winding hallway.

When we reached the cafeteria, Attuk asked me what I wanted for my snack. My answer of barbecued wild boar seemed to floor him. He stared blankly at me for a few minutes. Finally, Yeman told me that all crew members of the star base were strict vegetarians. Such fare as I wanted was unavailable. To relieve any possible tension, I asked if any pies were available. Yeman said that a very tasty stew featuring a delicacy called Hetak, a type of potato, was to be recommended. I told her to order it for me with a suitable beverage. She replied that a drink called Bigik, made from a cocoa-like bean, would be quite suitable. I answered in the affirmative and we entered the cafeteria. Attuk explained that this cafeteria was one of 100 located on the star base. This one was mainly visited by technical staff from the computer control room and the science labs that surrounded it. We quickly got our food, went to an empty table and sat down. Yeman remarked that the cafeteria was so empty because we were eating at the end of a major meal cycle. Normally, this particular cafeteria was the busiest one on the star base. While we were eating, Attuk told me that I would be staying in what was known as the Guest VIP Quarters. This housing consisted of two bedroom suites, two bathrooms, and a living and recreation room. He hoped that it would meet my requirements. My answer was that undoubtedly it would. After our meal, Yeman informed me that they would take me to my quarters. Our meal completed, we started for the section of the star base that contained the guest quarters.

It took us about twenty minutes to walk to the quest quarters. Attuk stated that we walked to this section so that I could familiarize myself with the ship's layout near the guest quarters. His best advice, though, was to stay in my quarters until they fetched me in the morning for the council meeting. If I wanted to take a walk, it would be best to put on the VIP badge to be found on the front desk of the living room in the guest quarters. This ID would alert all personnel to my special status and permit them to adjust a translator for communication purposes. They showed me to my quarters and Yeman led me on a tour of my temporary housing. They showed me how to order a meal and how to use the entertainment unit in the recreation room. Their task completed, they wished me a good evening and said they would see me for breakfast and any discussion that I might want before the council meeting. After saying these words, they left and for the first time in over half a day, I was alone.

Since I had a whole evening and night to spend, I decided to first check out the entertainment center. After turning it on as demonstrated by Yeman, I attempted to do some three-dimensional drawing. The unit proved unsatisfactory since its programming was not used to my requests for fauna and background scenes. My opinion quickly established that this world was extremely different from mine. Its vistas were of harsh deserts and shallow, lagoon-like seas. It was a largely brownish and arid planet that they had evolved from. Blue-green plants were virtually non-existent. Cactus-like plants and other succulents were the dominant plant life. The majority of their diet probably consisted of tubers and kelp-like aquatic plants. Animals were mostly amphibian and reptilian, with a niche reserved for bony fishes and a weird type of insectoid life. I put on a scientific and historical tape on evolution of sentient beings in their star system. The results were pretty much as I had surmised. Their evolution had led to a reptilian/amphibian sentient being of great intelligence. Their blue and orange skins were the result of this evolution. It was a joy to spend time by oneself and discover the origins of another intelligent species that shared the galaxy with me and my kind.

After the tapes were finished, I decided to use the method that Yeman had suggested to order my meal. Next to the recreation room was a large room the resembled a TV monitor. I pressed the proper buttons and presto, a meal menu in my language was flashed onto the screen. My choice was a tuber casserole called Ryhul and another cup of the drink that I had had in the cafeteria. The meal was delivered to me in twenty minutes from a dumbwaiter located on the rear wall of the living room. I took the meal to a table in the center of the room and got a suitable chair. While I was eating, music was piped into the room from the entertainment center in the rec room. The music center had proven to be self-programming. This fact allowed me to dash off a few tunes that I had not heard in quite a while. As a result, it turned out to be a fine meal. After dinner, I returned the dishes to the dumbwaiter and retired to the recreation room. The series of tapes available for the video center was crammed with history and science tapes. I chose a few of each and listened to them through the translator headset attached to the unit. It was most enjoyable, and I spent the next three hours listening intently to the tapes that I had selected.

Soon after I finished listening to the tapes, the alarm gong rang in the rec room. After the alarm rang and startled me, a recorded voice came on and stated that it was time to go to sleep. Heeding its warning, I decided to retire for the night. I looked in the closet and found a nightshirt of the proper size and put it on. This night would be the first that I would spend in a bed that was not suspended. Unlike a proper airbed, their beds were made out of a springy material that was somehow permanently joined to the floor. Anyhow, the bed was to prove to be quite comfortable. A few minutes after climbing in, I was fast asleep. Morning and my wake-up call seemed far away as I got a good night sleep and a chance to dream once again about Da'ron and my family back on the new version of Cern-Lam.

In the morning, I awoke as the alarm was sounding and attempted to get a sonic shower. The bathroom only had a tepid water shower. So I took one and relished it immensely. It was the first water shower that I had had since I had left that fated morning for duty on the CV-12. It was also refreshing that a sonic dryer was furnished as a part of the bathroom. It got me dry and fluffy in just a few minutes. It was a wonderful feeling to be really clean and refreshed. After dressing back into my Planetary Guard uniform, I awaited the return of my guides, Attuk and Yeman. They rang the door alarm some five minutes after I stepped into the living room to wait for them. We went to a special cafeteria next to the council chambers to have breakfast. My choice for breakfast was a tuber similar to Tap'ik, made into flour and then into pancakes. In place of Mang'or, I had another similar tuber that had been boiled and a sauce called Dasbhuit put over it. The breakfast and the shower had put me in an excellent mood. I could not wait to go to the council chambers and get the meeting over with. Attuk told me that I would have a one-hour wait before the meeting and suggested that we take a brief tour of the government center of the star base. We agreed to start immediately and set off on another tour of the ship.

Our first stop was the central processing center for the government. It was linked to the central processing center that we had inspected on the previous day. Its purpose was to arrange the everyday affairs of the ship. In so doing, it prepared the schedule for such diverse events as the concerts at the crew's rec center or the type and amount of repairs needed for the fleet attached to the star base. It knew the birthdays and vital statistics of every crew member. After a short stay of 15 minutes in this room, we left for the main office complex on the other side of the council chamber. This center was responsible for the daily operation of the non-strategic activities

aboard the ship. The military operations were handled in the control room that we had first visited yesterday. Attuk, for the first time, told me that his duties were to act as the chief operations officer for the government center. In effect, he was the "Mayor" of the star base. Yeman, who was his wife, was the strategic operation officer or, in other words, the general in charge of all military forces at the star base. They were both proud of the high rank that they had risen to. They hoped that we could be friends, besides being allies, in the fight against the Dinoids. My reply was that the two of them were already considered by myself to be very close friends. With that remark, we all hugged and went down the hallway into the council chambers.

The council chambers were much larger than I had imagined. Attuk told me that this chamber room was an exact replica of the original on their now destroyed world. Hence, it was looked upon as a sacred place. It was only to be entered when one had to accomplish a required task and otherwise, not at all. Mostly, it sat unlit, except for the light from the sacred council fire that burned in a huge gold chalice supported by a marble column. This fire was situated below the center of the dome that served as the room's ceiling. It was a most magnificent setting in which to hold a meeting with the council. This council was selected from the prominent founding families of their world's civilization. Their selection was due to the degree of honors and ability that they had shown as they matured. Each term was limited to sixty years and no two terms could be served concurrently. Just as Attuk finished his statement, the gong calling the meeting to order rang and the room fell silent. The meeting that I had been waiting for was about to begin.

At the center of the dais, there was seated a group of forty members of the council. Attuk whispered in my ear that this group was the working committee for their council. Its chairman, Katuh, was also the leader of the majority party in the council. In effect, he was the supreme leader of the star base. Katuh rang the assembly bell three more times and then signaled by raising his hands that the meeting was now in session. He began his opening speech with a comment that the star base was fortunate to have received a most distinguished visitor. My translation belt had been adjusted by the maintenance department of the star base and I had no problem in understanding the speeches of the council members. I rose as the council leader finished his most laudatory speech and received a large round of strange-sounding whistles. This whistling was the way appreciation and approval were shown by these people. It was most gratifying to receive it. The council members asked for a speech and Katuh directed me to come to the main dais. I left my friends behind and slowly walked to the front of the magnificent council chambers. It was turning out to be a most excellent day.

Katuh introduced me as the traveler from the Anix star system in the Cetus group that the seers of Be'dhetu had inscribed as a great future hope for all peoples of Cetus and the Orion star groups. With this statement, the whistles reached almost ear-shattering proportions. I walked toward the speaker's podium and Katuh raised my hand, together with his, high into the air. With that move, the whistling got even louder and I started to get a slight headache from the constant ringing in my ears. Fortunately, the noise stopped when Katuh lowered our hands and there was near silence.

He then asked me to speak about my impressions of the star base. My speech opened by thanking my good friends and tour guides, Attuk and Yeman, for their help and guidance in showing me the ship and providing a most informative talk about its major operations. I thanked the council for providing a most comfortable guest quarters and finally told them that it would be a most excellent time for the dissident elements of Orion to join the Planetary Alliance in its war against the evil and tyrannical Dinoid Confederacy. This statement started the extra-loud whistling all over again. With the conclusion of my speech, Katuh joined me on the podium and again raised our hands. The whistling became deafening. I was glad when it was over. Katuh gave me a plaque and told me that it allowed me to be treated as a dignitary of the highest order. He told Attuk that all areas of the highest security rating were now open to my inspection. He concluded his remarks by stating that he would be able to offer me any help I desired in combating the Dinoid Confederacy. For too long, we have suffered alone without the cohesiveness required to attain victory. Let us hope that our visitor, during his travels, will provide us with the cohesion required to render the power of the Confederacy useless against us. As he completed his closing remarks, the star base was shaken and the lights temporarily dimmed. The meeting was immediately adjourned and we were led to the communication center that we had toured before the meeting.

Katuh immediately called up the main control room and asked what was going on. The commander of the room, Captain Redik, answered that a group of Dinoid scout ships had somehow broken through the minefields and attacked the stabilizer gyros. The gyros were under repair and all the scout ships had been destroyed. He apologized if any incontinence had occurred because of this surprise attack by the Dinoids. Katuh asked Yeman to double check on the status of the defense fields around the star base and she promised to report back in the next 15 minutes. Katuh asked council members if they wanted to return to the chamber and resume the meeting. Everyone agreed and Katuh asked me if I wanted to see how everyday affairs were conducted by the council. I agreed and we all returned to the chamber. Katuh went to the dais and rang the assembly bell three more times. He then called the meeting to order. The council secretary, Derutu, stated the agenda at hand. Katuh called up the first item and opened it to discussion. For the next three hours, the council discussed and reached a consensus on all the items on the agenda. During these discussions, Yeman arose and gave a brief report on the status of the defense system. All was well with the star base and its protective ring. With this report given and the agenda discussed, Katuh called the meeting to an end. They all arose and repeated the sacred oath of obedience. After that oath was finished, the council members began to file out of the ornate council chambers. Overall, it had been a most interesting morning.

Attuk and Yeman took me aside after the meeting and asked me if I wanted to tour the weapons area of the star base and see one of their warships up close. I agreed to their request, but also had one of my own. It was time for some lunch! They took me to the VIP cafeteria and, after ordering our food, sat down to eat and talk. Yeman opened our discussion by noting that the Dinoid attack was highly unusual. It was the first time that a Dinoid ship had breached the minefields. The cloaked fields were usually impossible to breach and it meant that the Dinoids had developed some new weapon to accomplish it. Attuk asked if the new stronger fields were ready to be utilized. Yeman stated that they were, and she had ordered their immediate deployment before returning to the chambers to give her report. After dinner, we walked down the hall to the nearest transporter and went to the special weapons pod for the star base. The

weapons pod was an enormous place. It made up the entire front section or "nose" of the star base. Within its confines were over twenty gravity cannon and the receiver and transmitter for the cloaking device that guarded the minefield from detection. As we entered, the service crews were in the process of altering the cloaking devices. Attuk deferred to Yeman since this pod was her area of expertise. Her first stop was the aforementioned cloaking devices.

She stated that the new cloaking device was not just an improved version of the presently utilized units. Rather, the new units were a different approach, and involved an entirely new technology. This technology had been discovered in the last ten years and only now had finally become operational. With the coming of this new system into the forefront, it should be possible to nullify any new weaponry in use by the Dinoids. Yeman concluded these remarks by stating that the new system should be fully operational before the day was out. Therefore, any worries about another attack should be immediately dissipated.

After those remarks, she turned our attention to one of the gravity wave cannon batteries. Each of the cannons was mounted on a swivel that could take up to four of these units. In all, the use of five fully mounted swivels functioned as a separate battery. These batteries were controlled by the weapons section that we saw in the control room at the start of the tour. We were now at the other end of the firing command loop. If the pod had to be retracted into its firing mode, the area would immediately be evacuated and depressurized. The cannon seemed to work most efficiently when operating in an environment similar to space. Yeman asked me if I wanted to see the firing wave guide tube and the focusing ring. She then asked for a tube to be taken apart for my inspection. Five minutes later, the weapon was ready for my inspection. I looked at it for the next ten minutes and asked questions as to type of metal alloy used; power source employed; and how the fields were actually generated. It was interesting to see another more powerful version of a gravity wave cannon. My immediate suspicion was that this version was much closer to the actual type used by the Dinoids' battle planet. With this tour complete, Yeman led us back to the star base's main flight deck. The deck had been pressurized for maintenance work and we were able to go there without donning space suits. Our first stop was to review the configuration and armament of their average fighter.

As we walked to the fighter, I saw my first glimpse of the CV-12. It was good to see the old gal again. Yeman stopped in front of the fighter and asked the service crew to lower the weapons pod. The main weapon was a mini version of the powerful gravity wave cannon. Four of these units were mounted in a swivel much as the units were mounted in the star base's main weapon's pod. The pod also contained a series of six space energy beam weapons. This weapon was to be used for close in fighting and for the attacking of a ship that was too maneuverable to properly use the cannon on. She stated that the ship was highly maneuverable and had a top speed of just over 40,000C. It was a good ship, but for sheer hominess it could not compare to the CV-12. Yeman concluded her tour by asking if I wanted to take a test flight aboard the fighter. She asked the crew chief to tell which ship was ready for combat, and a ship on the far side of the hangar was pointed out to her. We immediately headed in that direction.

The ship was designed to hold three crewman and Yeman stated that she would act as the chief pilot. She was one of the most decorated pilots at the star base before her recent promotion. A special cylinder was lowered to cover the ship and soon the cylinder and the ship rose together.

As we reached the top of the room, a hatch opened up and we entered a large tube that led to the ship's outer hull. Once in space, the ship was put through its paces by Yeman. She maneuvered it deftly and showed off its quick high-powered turns and the ease of targeting its weapons. Finally, she told me that we had reached a area inside the defense perimeter that was used to test-fire the weapons. Yeman asked me if I would like to fire the cannons. It was a most unique honor and I could not resist. No person from Cern-Lam had ever fired a gravity wave cannon before. She showed me how to run the targeting and firing sequencer and I was soon on my own. She made a wide turn and I began my "run". In a few seconds, the cannons fired and destroyed an unarmed space mine. With the demonstration over, we headed back to the star base. It had been an interesting afternoon and I was looking forward to what they had planned for my evening's entertainment.

When we arrived at the hangar deck, the large tube that had engulfed us was raised and we disembarked from the fighter. Attuk suggested that I return to my guest quarters and have my meal there. A few hours after my meal, they would pick me up and take me to a special event scheduled in my honor. They hoped that I was enjoying my stay at the star base. As we walked off the hangar deck, I replied that I had found my stay to be most comfortable and quite enjoyable. At the other side of the airlock from the hangar deck, there was a series of transport pods. We got on them and were quickly in front of the entrance to my guest quarters. I bade them a farewell and walked through the entrance of my quarters. My first stop was at the food processor. I ordered a full barbequed wild boar with all the fixings and sat down to an enjoyable and hearty meal. After dinner, I placed the dishes in the dumbwaiter and retired to the recreation room. My first thought was to look over some more of the tapes that I had discovered in the tape library next to the entertainment center. It was interesting to see how different a world their species had evolved on. It had a much harsher and more inhospitable environment than Cern-Lam. We had grown up in the constantly foggy mists or Di'or and the lush semi-tropical forests that dotted our world. Their sun seemed intent on allowing life only as a last resort while our star, Anix, gave her favors to us in abundance. The different was still amazing to me as I watched the tapes spellbound for the next few hours.

Just as the last documentary finished, I heard a melodious gong go off. It was Attuk and Yeman at my door waiting to take me to the festivities. I rushed to the door and pressed the button that opened the door. They walked in and announced that the festivities would start in fifteen minutes. Katuh and the council members would attend, as well as the most prominent members of their community. To help me out, they had come early to demonstrate some local customs so that they would not cause me or them any problems. They proceeded to teach me how to greet people at the party and how to best express feelings of satisfaction and conviviality. After the brief lessons, we left my quarters and headed for a set of transport pods at the end of the hallway. We wound up in a large banquet-sized ballroom that was packed with people. I was wearing my translator belt and was ready for action. At the front of the room was a raised platform that held two very long tables that were separated by a dais. On the tables were long rows of what looked like flowers and sculptured ice figures. At the head of the tables, near the dais, stood Katuh. Seeing me walk toward him, he turned to greet me. Using the gestures taught hurriedly by my friends, I greeted him and he gave me a broad smile. He was clearly pleased at my attempt to accommodate their local customs. After the greetings were completed, he took me to the next table and introduced me to his wife, Uteran. She greeted me and was surprised that I knew their

customs. Katuh then rang the special bell that was in front of him at the table and the guests hurriedly scrambled to their places at tables set in front of the main platform.

With the guests all seated, Katuh walked to the dais and began a long twenty-minute speech that was highly laudatory of my accomplishments. He finished the speech and introduced Attuk. As the official head of the bureaucracy, Attuk stated that he was most happy to give me an award of merit and to introduce me to this distinguished audience. With these comments, he asked to rise and walk to the dais. I rose and quickly walked to the dais. Attuk presented me with the award and then asked me to say a few words to the audience. Speaking off the top of my head, I gave a brief speech of about ten minutes. After this speech, the ballroom exploded into a cacophony of loud, shrill whistles. The result was a rapid ringing in my ears and a slight headache. Attuk noticed my discomfort and raised and lowered both hands. When he lowered his hands, the whistling stopped and my headache began to quickly fade. Attuk then asked for the entertainment program to begin. To our left, the ballroom wall suddenly parted and a stage appeared. The stage lighting was lowered from the roof above us and the music began to play. A troupe of dancers burst onto the stage and began to perform a strange dance. Being one highly interested in the culture of others, I asked Attuk what the dancers were doing and its cultural significance. He replied that this company of dancers were performing the welcoming ritual traditional given only to visiting royalty. The significance of the gesture touched me deeply.

After the dance was completed, Katuh walked onto the stage and asked for appreciation of the work of the dancers. The company reappeared and was greeted with a few minutes of ear-popping whistles. Once this was accomplished, the dancers left and a large orchestra and a group of singers appeared on the stage. They explained the significance of their chants to the audience and especially to their honored guest. They then proceeded to sing about a dozen songs and were greeted with the now familiar whistles after each one was finished. At the end of their medley, Katuh reappeared and asked me to come to the center of the stage. I got up and crossed the platform's floor until I reached the stage and then leaped onto it. Katuh took a badge out of the satchel that he always carried with him. He gave it to me and asked me to pin it to my uniform. As I did so, Katuh stated that this badge was the highest award for meritorious service offered by his civilization. He was very proud to offer it to one who had showed such great courage and offered great hopes to so many. When I finished pinning the badge on my uniform, the crowd again broke out in a loud whistling. With this act, the lights dimmed and I was bathed in a bright golden spotlight. It was a great and unasked-for honor.

We all returned to our seats and Attuk went to the dais and told the audience that the time had arrived for the second set of festivities to begin. The stage was pulled back into the wall and on the opposite wall, a band was wheeled into play along with several tables loaded with food. The people sitting in front of the dais arose and the tables suddenly lowered into the floor. A huge open space was now opened on the ballroom floor. The band began to play and the audience started to dance. Curious as to how to perform the dances now going on, I turned to Attuk and Yeman and ask for instructions.

Yeman took on the ballroom floor and began to teach me some steps that reminded me of the Sem'ang tribal dances. I caught on quickly and was able to start leading in less than ten minutes of instruction. I spend the rest of the party dancing with the wives of various dignitaries after

Attuk or Yeman had introduced me to them. By the end of the evening, I was the life of the party. I had not had so much fun in quite a long time. Part of my fun had involved teaching the band various Cem-Lam songs, and playing dance instructor to the honored guests. It was nearly morning before the party ended. All were very tired and happy, Attuk and Yeman took me back to my guest quarters. I quickly bade them farewell and literally fell into bed for a good night's sleep.

Early in the afternoon, the door gongs woke me up. Attuk had arrived to tell me that my ship was ready to depart whenever I wished and to assure me that my time at the star base did not delay my trip in any way. My ship would be shot out of a fighter's catapult at 14000C. By the time that I slowed to my normal speed of 69C, the CV-12 should be a month ahead of schedule. In addition, the star base maintenance crew had equipped my food processor with the option to produce food from space energy. It would not be real wild boar that I would eat, but it would taste like it and be at least as nutritious. I thanked them for their gift and told them that I would give the original to my uncle Sher'e when I arrived at the new Cem-Lam. Attuk asked if I wanted to eat or freshen up before I left. My answer was that I liked their showers and wanted to enjoy one more of their meals. Attuk told me to ring him up on the intercom when I wanted to leave. I walked him to the door and hugged. It appeared that the time to resume my journey had come.

After a quick shower and a last meal, I called up Attuk on the intercom and told him that I was ready to go. He stated that Yeman would take me to my ship and wished me a happy and successful flight. A few minutes later, the door gongs rang and I greeted Yeman at the door. On the way to the hangar deck, she explained that my ship had been loaded on to a special catapult that was really a magnetic accelerator of vast power. Since my ship's instruments would not handle the acceleration, I was told to switch off all computers except for the navigator. It was the only computer that was designed for incredibly faster ships than my CV-12. It would be able to successfully tell me my position and speed. When I reached normal speed, the ship would be on the very edge of the vast Orion Void. To aid my journey, they had added to the navigator a "time map" of the Void. By using it properly, I could cut years off my trip if I so desired. However, be forewarned that if I was more than a tenth of a second off in my calculations, it could spell disaster to myself and the CV-12. With these words, we arrived on the hangar deck. The CV-12 had been fully serviced. It sparkled against the lights of the hangar deck. I waved to Yeman and crawled into the airlock of the CV-12. It closed behind me and I made my way to the turbo lift. Once inside, the lift began its journey to the flight deck. As instructed, I turned off all the systems except the navigator. With that done, I called Yeman and told her that I was ready to be catapulted into space. She told me to sit in my chair and prepare to experience a real thrill. A few minutes later the star base's outer hatch was opened and the catapult was fired. My unique amusement ride had begun!

It was a strange sensation to be travelling at such a great speed across interstellar space. The interplanetary transport ships only travelled at 500C on their journeys to the second or third planet of my system and Cem-Lam. Deducing the speed from the correction changes of the navigation computer, my speed estimate came to an initial takeoff velocity of about 14,600C. After my first hour of deceleration, it appeared that my ship would resume its normal speed in another four hours. The stress measurements from the computations of the navigation computer indicated that I could switch on the cloaking and propulsion systems in another one and one half

hours. Until then, I was a sitting duck for any Orion or Dinoid warship that would happen onto my path. Being well-rested and fed, I could stay at my duty station and just marvel at the great rate of speed that I was travelling at. My thoughts centered on the wish that this rate of speed, or an even faster mode of travel, would be my way to return home to Cem Lam. The people of the Orion star base had done an excellent job of

servicing the CV-12. Fortunately, they had been unable to discover the star charts that marked the location of our new home. The cyto-coded password and assorted entry codes had not been breached. A counter enclosed in the software was at the proper number when I checked out the computer before the catapult was activated. At the proper time and place, I would disclose this vital data to the right persons. That time and place had not yet arrived.

As I began to increase my rate of deceleration, the viewing screen became more normal in its picture output. At the beginning, the picture was a giant blur that no rate of magnification could alter. As the speed approached the normal rate, the decrease in magnification cleared the picture and some images could begin to be made out. With the two and one-half hour boundary breeched, I ordered the main computer to begin the start-up procedure for the cloaking device. In addition I ordered that the regular main field screens be put back online. Ten minutes later, the main screens were on and the cloaking device was ready to be deployed. The propulsion system was returned to an online condition for five minutes. This action was taken to start the recharging cycle of the power generators. The generators would have to run on full power drain in order to maintain the screens and the cloaking device. With these procedures completed, the cloaking device was turned on and powered up to its fully functional condition with no problems. My ship was back in business. After three hours of travel, the ship was still without the use of its scanners. It would be another one and one-half hours before these vital detectors could be put online. Until that moment, the CV-12 was relying that the star base had sent us on a path that was devoid of enemy transports or enemy patrols. So far, our travels had been without a sighting of any space craft or even the presence of space dust or radiation clouds. It had been a straight shot though a seemingly endless void. These thoughts brought up to me an important point. The infamous Orion Void would be reached within an hour once I resumed original course and speed. My command to the navigation computer was to search its star charts to see if any additional data had been added about the Orion Void. The computer's answer was that the star base had provided an addendum that included parts of the void to be avoided. Hopefully, this data would make my brief journey in the Void a successful one.

As I neared my potentially perilous destination, I checked my flight path against the new chart of the Void. It showed what I feared. The worst time warp in the Void was on the edge that I wished to navigate. To correct this problem, my path was swung around the deadly patch of timelessness that stood in my path. My thanks were once again given to my new-found friends. They had literally saved the day. When we neared the Orion Void, the images on the screen became bizarre. Space actually began to glow and seemed to fold in on itself. It was an image that I had not seen before in such depth and scope. The Void seemed to stretch as far as one could see. It slowly was becoming a most terrifying sight. To make matters worse, the scanners, now back in operation, picked up a Dinoid patrol of six warships coming out of the Void. To be in this area, the patrols were probably trying to discover the whereabouts of any Orion warships. The vicious struggle between the Dinoid Confederacy and the rebel units of the Orion League

was getting more intense than earlier suspected. However, the problem that worried me was that the Void seemed to cause the shields on the Dinoid warships to glow. I hoped that this effect would not give my position away.

As I approached the Void, I slowed to sub-light speed and hoped that the Dinoid patrol would be out of my scanner range by the time that I actually reached the very edge of the Void. This maneuver proved to be a good one, since the Dinoid patrol decided to vacate the area and left at high light speed. As I entered the Void, the glowing effect began to engulf my space ship. With my cloaking device now rendered useless, I had the computer switch it off to conserve unnecessary wear and tear on the unit. After a total of thirty minutes into the Void's edge, my ship began to take on a purplish and blue hue. This color effect was visible on my main screens and began to get more intense as we went deeper into the Void. Soon, the entire ship, inside and out, was bathed in this eerie glow. Some of my instruments began to register odd, abnormal readings. The deflector screens began to literally warp, like an old piece of wood left too long in the rain. Off in the distance, an even stranger yellowish-green zone was fast approaching. The navigational computer told me that this was the huge time warp described on the chart. We would slow to 15C and begin a small loop that in one day's time would bring us onto our original course headings. By so doing, we would avoid the oddly glowing time warp now dead ahead of us. It seemed that all was going well. Being hungry, I decided to retreat to the fifth level and try out the new food service unit that Attuk and Yeman had given me.

When I reached the food service level, I made a beeline for the mess station. To my surprise, the unit seemed to be the same one with which I had started this journey. As was the usual custom, I asked the processor's computer for a luncheon menu. The menu that it gave me was much larger than the usual one. It included over a hundred main courses and a thousand side dishes. It was like the unit at home when it was fully stocked. I was beside myself with joy. For the first time, this trip was going to be fun. Quickly, I picked a couple of side dishes from the Apli-ant menu and sat down to enjoy a most welcome meal. In spite of the danger caused by the glowing effect, the feasts now at hand promised to make my crossing of the Void quite enjoyable.

After finishing a quite tasty meal, I returned to the flight deck. The computer was still in the process of steering the loop around the time warp. No enemy warships were reported in the vicinity by the scanner. The voyage was becoming routine. If it stayed this way, I would be able to take a full sleep cycle in the next two hours. My eyes were becoming mesmerized by the strange yellowish-green glow emanating from the time warp. It seemed so innocuous to me. Yet to enter it would spell instant doom for my journey. Yeman had told me that the warp was capable of taking a ship to a point out of this galaxy, and a time either millions of years ago or into the future. No explorer of the warp had ever returned. It was a one-way ticket to nowhere. As I continued to watch this celestial oddity, the scanner returned to the viewing screen with a series of blips. They were at the edge of the deep space mode of 2.0 parsecs. Their path indicated that they were following us. "What a time", I thought, "for visitors."

It took the ships about two hours to get within range of the CV-12. As they approached, they opened their hailing frequencies and requested a reply. My answer was for the two ships to identify themselves. The leader stated that she was Akusan, an Aide to Yeman. Yeman had sent them to warn us that a massive Dinoid fleet was gathering at the far side of the Void. Please

avoid this area as the glowing effect from the Void takes several hours to fully dissipate. I thanked them for their warning and the two ships turned and headed back to the star base. This new development was an interesting twist for the navigational computer. The need for a new heading was fed into the computer. It took the computer a total of two more hours to figure out an option for two new courses. It asked me which of them I would prefer. I decided to play it safe and choose the course that took us the furthest from the supposed position of the massing Dinoid fleet. It would be another three days before I would find out if I had chosen correctly.

As once again I turned my attention to the time warp, I realized that the Dinoids were out somewhere in the Void organizing a huge strike force. My hope was that this force was not meant for the star base. If it was, I was sure that Yeman and her defense forces could successfully beat back any immense threat that the Bubar could throw at them. My main worry quickly became how my slow, unarmed CV-12 could avoid these space sharks. If our calculations were correct, the fleet would be at least 20 parsecs from us when we left the Void of Orion. This distance should permit us to lose the after-effect glow before we came into range of the enemy fleet. Meanwhile, my best bet was to not worry and just enjoy the oddities that pervaded the Void. One of the most unusual effects besides the time warp was the stream of odd magnetic particles that were swarming around the edges of the ship's shields. My magnetic particle counter was constantly going to its maximum position and forcing me to up its scale to the next highest level. In free space, this type of anomaly was unheard of. For the most part, it was commonplace to do just the opposite and constantly turn the counter downward to get any sort of reading. Another unusual characteristic was the colored, glowing field itself. It was seemingly inexplicable. The particles were not the cause. It was as if someone had decided, as a joke, to make all ships that transverse the Void to glow. Even to this day, the effect mystified me.

While I was wondering as to the cause of the strange glow engulfing my ship, the scanner alerted me to the fact that a series of blips was approaching my position. To my astonishment, the blips altered course and headed for an exit from the Void that was near the position of the Dinoid fleet. An hour after they had passed me, I saw a large armada of ships enter the Void and head in the same direction as the ones that I had spotted earlier. My belief was that the unknown fleet was from the star base and Yeman was leading an attack on the Dinoid fleet. The enemy fleet would not expect such a large force to attack them through the Void. After the last of the ships left my

Scanner, there appeared strange heavy indigo waves that passed through the Void. They looked like shock waves and were travelling at a speed of about 20C. To me it appeared that perhaps these waves were the aftershock waves from the firing of large gravity wave cannons. I was interested in the outcome of the battle, but my inner feeling was that for my own safety, I should stay on course. An hour later, a number of large warships crossed my path and maintained their course. These ships were probable remnants of the fleet that I had seen a few hours earlier. My scanner was adjusted to deep space mode and I looked anxiously to see if any dreaded Dinoid warships would enter my sector of the Void. For the next three hours, no ships were spotted. I became more relaxed and began to believe that any potential crisis was quite moot.

As I was about to leave the flight deck, the scanner sounded the alarm. A Dinoid Star Cruiser was less than 1.6 parsecs from the CV-12 and closing fast. As it closed on me, a second blip was added to the viewing screen. This ship was 1.8 parsecs behind me and on a similar flight path.

The two warships met near my position and exchanged a volley of shots from their cannons. The aftershocks rippled around my ship and tossed the CV-12 around like a rowboat caught in a heavy ocean storm. After this scary ride, the rescue of my ship would be most gracefully accepted. The battle went on for another five minutes. The shields of the star cruiser were ripped away by the other ships' accurate shooting. The Dinoid ship fled and the rescuer chased the enemy vessel out of my scanner's range. It was a close call. One of my trips back would have to be to the star base to thank Yeman for the fine job that one of her fighters had performed in my behalf.

With my excitement for the moment completed, I decided to go down to the fifth level and get some sleep. It had been a long while since my last sleep cycle. As I was getting very fatigued I was of little use to my ship's continued safety. Fortunately, the ship did not encounter any ships as it continued through the Void. When my sleep cycle was completed, I returned to the flight deck and continued our surveillance of the sector ahead of us. It would be another two and one-half days before we would be able to exit the Void. It was still a very long journey for a ship as unprotected and as slow as the CV-12. Our worry was compounded when we were spotted by what looked like an Orion warship. This time, there was no place to hide and we were clearly visible to his scanner. It looked like the jig was up. The warship turned and headed on a course that would cross ours in the next twenty minutes. As I watched it approach, I thought that this was a most strange and ungodly place to end a voyage of such supposed importance.

As the twenty-minute period drew to an end, the enemy warship passed overhead and suddenly something odd happened. It just plain disappeared! The scanner only revealed empty space around me for the full distance of my scanning range. Somehow, the infamous Orion Void had risen and swallowed a 6000 foot (1900 meters) long star cruiser without so much as a burp. I was overjoyed! Instead of doom, now there was time to croon. It was time to celebrate. However, just as I was setting the computer to automatic, the scanner recorded an enemy vessel back on the main view screen. It was the same star cruiser! This time, it was 1.8 parsecs to my rear and closing fast. When it reached a distance of 0.6 parsecs, it disappeared again! This habit of popping in and out of the Void was beginning to get on my nerves. Again, I had the scanner set itself at its deep space mode and again, there were no ships to report about in our sector. For the next half-hour, the scanning was continued with no ships to report. Finally, it was safe to assume that the ship was really gone. The time had arrived to go down to the mess station, grab a cool one and loosen up.

After I returned from my brief celebration, I surveyed the situation in my sector. No ships had been spotted, and no anomalies other than the ones already noted had been detected. My voyage into the great unknown was starting to become hum-drum. But I had spoken too soon. As soon as I stopped making long scans, near-disaster came down upon me. An Orion warship was seen less than 0.1 parsecs from my position. Two minutes later, the ship passed, quickly turned and fired. Luckily, the pilot was a very poor shot. The beam weapon missed me by at least two miles (3.2 kilometers). The ship turned and made a second run. Again, the beam passed nearly a mile (1.6 kilometers) in front of my position. It seemed that the Void was in this vicinity, distorting the beam from his weapon. His targeting computer was probably unable to successfully correct for this distortion. Maybe these weird conditions were the reason that I was not being reduced to space dust. After six more equally ill-fated runs, the warship got the message and left at a high

light speed of 14000C. Man, oh man! Was I glad to see that turkey leave! Fate had somehow saved me from destruction.

It seemed that the closer I got to the end of this trip through the Orion Void, the more near-calamitous situations developed. The question quickly became how much luckier could I become. The last few close calls were too terrifying to be believed. My hope was that this final sector that I was passing through would maintain the distortion factor that made a successful attempt at my ship impossible. As I came closer to the far edge of the void, yet another oddity occurred. The Void turned to an orange red color and the magnetic particle counter stopped going off the scale. This effect was no doubt due to the strange frequency changes that the void was known for. Yeman had warned me to beware of just such a frequency and color shift. It was usually accompanied by strong eddies that could literally blow one off course. This possibility became my number one concern as I approached the end of the Void. The scanner was kept at its deepest mode and any strange readings were to be reported immediately to the main viewing screen. This last part of the trip could prove to be the most dangerous to our journey's success.

As our watch continued, the strange color changes increased in intensity. The oranges became some of the most beautiful tones I have ever seen. Just as I seemed to become mesmerized by the richness of the colors in the Void's edge, the scanner reported that the blips seen at the edge of our range were Orion warships. There were three of them at the distance of 1.9 parsecs and closing. In another two hours, they would be upon us and I would see if their intentions were friendly. The wait was very difficult, yet it was the only way to discover if our time was up. As the warships approached near our position, they split up and encircled the CV-12. The tactic did not prove a good omen for their intentions. When the leader passed in front of me, he turned and opened his hailing frequencies. The commander, whose name was Lieutenant Juht, asked me to identify myself. My reply was that I was a Planetary Guard vehicle of the CV class and my name was Crew Chief Gort-An Sher'e. The reply was that their patrol had heard of me and that they would be grateful if I was willing to allow them to escort me out of the Void. This unusual reply was happily accepted and the ships reformed in front of my ship at a distance of two miles (3.2 kilometers). We were now ready to move our convoy out of the dreaded Orion Void.

The ships in front of me must have thought that my ship was a real old junker. We were doing lightspeed, but just 69C! Their takeoff speed was probably greater than the CV-12 was capable of. It was a great feeling to know that the CV-12 was in good hands. For the present, I had an armed escort and did not need to fear an attack by anyone. As we proceeded, my scanner picked up a series of blips that were entering the Void in front of our path. The warships peeled off and headed toward the unknown blips. Twenty minutes later, the ships met and battle ensued for the next ten minutes. The three enemy vessels were destroyed, while our task force had one ship lost and another injured. The wounded pilot and an escort left our convoy and went on their way back to the base. The three warships remaining included Lieutenant Juht's, and he was able to assure me that my safety was of paramount importance. He estimated that our time to the boundary was another day and a half. Our only problem would be the occasional intrusion by Dinoid scout ships. A raid had been successful in destroying a large 200,000-ship convoy and the Dinoids were on the lookout for stragglers from the attack forces. But my worries should be allayed by the fact that the best fighters in the attack fleet were now guarding my ship.

For the next day, the time passed in uneventful fashion. My observations were continuing on the totally odd nature of the Void, while my navigation computer followed the path prescribed by the fighter convoy. At the end of the day, we suddenly spotted a large Dinoid patrol. The patrol spotted us and approached us in attack formation. As they neared, the closest ships fired on our positions and hit our leader's ship. The now-injured fighter was still able to direct our counterattack and, after a brief fight of twenty minutes, the enemy was driven off. The danger to us was that the fighters, though driven off, would return with a full-scale attack fleet. If we were still in the Void, our slow speed and visibility to the approaching enemy could spell our doom. The now-injured Lieutenant asked me if there was any way to speed up the ship. My answer was that there was not. His reply was for us to hope that the enemy fleet was either widely dispersed or very distant from us. Only fate would provide the answer.

As the hours wore on, we seemed to be lucky. No enemy task force was spotted by our scanners. We now had a little over a day left before we emerged from the strange enigma that was the Void. Our hope continued that we would not be engaged until that time. The fighters that had left would be at their base by now, and a relief column of warships should be on their way to us. If we were unfortunate enough to be attacked by an enemy fleet, our other hope was that this relief column was large enough to hold them off until my ship could regain use of its cloaking device. After another half-day of no contact, we felt that our luck could probably hold for our remaining time in the Void. Unbeknownst to us, our luck was about to run out.

About two hours later, we picked up the first of many blips travelling toward us at great speed. To us, it could be only one thing - the enemy fleet! Lieutenant Juht told his three remaining fighters to disperse and prepare for battle. It would be a suicide mission, but the CV-12 must be given every possible chance to survive. Twenty minutes later, the fighters left my position and began their solemn task of harassing the enemy fleet. Just as they left, I picked up the emergence of a large fleet from the area in the Void that we had just travelled through. My hope was that this other fleet were our rescuers. Ten minutes later, the two large fleets attacked each other. The battle was a long one that lasted for over two and one-half hours. More than half of both fleet's numbers were lost during the furious combat.

During the titanic struggle, my ship received quite a few aftershocks from the constant firings of gravity wave cannon on both sides. It seemed at times that I would become an unwilling victim of the quite savage combat. Despite these dangers, it was fascinating to observe the combat tactics of the two sides. The Dinoids attempted unsuccessfully to penetrate the cloud of warships that my protectors had placed around me. On the other hand, my side was determined to "take out" the enemy commander's warship. Judging from their respective tactics, it seemed clear to me that the Dinoid fleet was dependant for its integrity on the safety of its commander, while the other fleet was run in a fashion more akin to the style that I was more used to. Having never fought a Dinoid fleet before, it was interesting to discover this major weakness in what otherwise seemed a near-invincible foe. The importance of my observation was proven when, after taking a great series of losses, the rescuing fleet finally crippled the Dinoid command ship. The Dinoid fleet immediately broke off its kamikaze-like attacks on my ship's defenders and surrounded their commander's warship. With this sudden change in events, the battle ended as suddenly as it had started. The Dinoid fleet was now only in defensive mode. For the next two hours, the two

fleets stared each other down. Neither would give the other the satisfaction of a fatal blink. As the quickly-created truce continued, the Dinoid command ship continued to give off strange field strength signals. Its tachyon engines were destroyed beyond repair and it was only a matter of time before a massive implosion sealed its fate. Sooner or later, the command must join another ship and a decision made to fight on or flee. My rescuing fleet retained its distance and waited for the circumstances of the moment to shape the Dinoid commander's decision.

The Dinoid commander waited almost to the last possible minute before he evacuated the command ship. Four minutes after he and his crew were safely aboard the other star cruiser in the fleet, his command ship imploded in a most brilliant explosion. The aftershock from this blast caused the CV-12 to twist and turn like a falling leaf caught in a windstorm. Within another fifteen minutes, the effects of the explosion were entirely dissipated. Using the explosion as cover, the Dinoid fleet rapidly retreated from our midst. My rescuers, at great cost to themselves, had saved me from the scourges of the Dinoid fleet. The commander of the relief column was an Admiral Yigh, who informed me that the commander of the Dinoids had probably just retreated to interstellar space less than a parsec from the Void and called for reinforcements. Dinoids did not like defeat and the loss of an advanced star cruiser was too bitter a pill for them to swallow. Due to his exceedingly child-like behavior, we had not seen the last of this commander, whose name Direk. He was the first cousin of the Bubar, and one of his best and most trusted officers.

To avoid a massive enemy fleet, Admiral Yigh suggested that we alter course and make for the central time warp near the far edge of the Void. If the Dinoids followed, they would be caught up in the maelstrom that was the Time Warp and destroyed. She estimated that it would take us six hours to reach our destination at our present speed of 69C. With this course of action agreed to, we headed for the dreaded Time Warp. Just as we reached our point of departure from the Void, the Dinoid fleet descended into the Void and rushed to attack us. Admiral Yigh's ploy worked to perfection. The majority of the enemy fleet was sucked into the huge black swirling mass that was the Time Warp. The fleet that remained was easily disposed of by my ever-protective Admiral Yigh and her fleet of warships. Admiral Direk and the tattered remains of his fleet retreated and we were now able to leave the Void and re-enter interstellar space.

It felt good to be out of the Orion Void and all the strange phenomena that it contained. The fleet would guide me back to the original exit point for my journey. Hopefully by this time, the strange magnetic field effects would have worn off and, with the cloaking device working, I could continue on alone. The estimated time of arrival was given by the Admiral as about twenty-three hours. During this time, we would have to be on the outlook for scout ships from Direk's fleet. Direk was considered to have a temper as insidious as the Bubar. He would not quit until he found us and destroyed or crippled every single ship in our convoy. Our best hope was to disperse and attempt to destroy any Dinoid scout before it knew enough to signal the by-now extremely irate Dinoid commander. After implementing our battle plan, we had to wait only seven hours to spot the first Dinoid scout. Two warships finished him off with one volley and we hoped that he had not given away our position. Two hours later, we spotted and destroyed another Dinoid scout. Yet still we spotted no large massing of enemy warships. We hoped that our luck would continue to hold out.

For the remaining time till we reached our destination, we anxiously kept watch on the heavens. As we neared our point of departure, we were attacked by a Dinoid patrol of six scout ships. No doubt that these ships had reported our position and course. The men of Admiral Direk would soon be upon us. Our only hope was that the effects of the Void had worn off by then. Based on its position in space and the probable distance and direction of the Dinoid star base, Admiral Yigh estimated that it would take the enemy fleet another six hours to attack us. In addition, she stated that a friendly battle station was in our vicinity. She contacted the station and got it to rendezvous with us. With some good fortune, the battle station would arrive "on station" before the Dinoid fleet finished massing. Like sharks or barracudas, Dinoids prefer to make a demonstration of their large numbers before attacking. Perhaps they felt that striking terror into their victims added to their enjoyment of the kill.

At the appointed time, we reached the departure point. Just as we did, a huge Dinoid fleet of over 20,000 vessels surrounded us. Things did not look good. As the Dinoids prepared to attack, the battle station appeared on the scene. Thinking the better of their intended actions, the Dinoid fleet suddenly backed off. Once again, we were caught in the midst of a "Mexican stand-off". By this time, my cloaking device was activated. It was the moment to bid adieu to my protectors. Graciously, I thanked them for their deeds of undaunted valor on my behalf. With the good-byes complete, I turned onto my prescribed path for Terra. In all my days, I will never be able to thank my new Orion Allies and the way that they had made my trip through the infamous Orion Void such a success. Perhaps it was my destiny to one day help end the evil scourge of the Bubar and his Dinoid Confederacy.

After two days of silence, my rest time was broken by the blip of a warship on my screen. The scanner showed that the ship was approaching at a speed of over 16000C. There could be no doubt it was a warship. After an hour of watching the ship approach my vessel, I was able to identify it as an Orion warship of a type more advanced than I had seen previously. It sped over my head and was gone, without changing course or speed. I wondered if this ship was a scout for a raiding party or just a lone traveler on its way to an unknown destination. My answer was not long in coming. An hour after the first ship had disappeared from my screen, a large group of over 200 warships showed on my screen. They were travelling in the same direction as the first ship, but at the much slower speed of 15000C. My first assumption concerning the scout ship had been borne out. I watched for the next two hours as the attack force passed over my position. My wondering continued as to what purpose these ships were going to be used for. Off in the distance, I suddenly caught a truly strange sight. The ships were disappearing into one of the many small voids that pockmarked this region of space. It seemed that somehow, this group of Orion warships had mastered the dangers of the void. It made me think even more about the connection of the Orion Pirates to the two small free-floating worlds that I had met since entering the Orion star group.

After the war fleet had disappeared into the void, I saw the Dinoid fleet of over 20,000 vessels suddenly appear on my screen. As they approached the void, they altered course and split up into smaller contingents of around 200 ships each. They began to fan out and search carefully for any clues that would determine where the Orion ships went. This large search was still going on as the fleet disappeared from my view. Evidently the use of these voids was a novel method of escape from the grasp of the Dinoid avengers. It was probably a method just taught to them by

Keducz and the members of the planetoid battle station. Anyway, it sure had worked against this large Dinoid fleet that seemed on the verge of outrunning them. It would be interesting to see if this method of escape was used again while I was busy observing their struggle with the Dinoid Confederacy.

For the next two days, this routine became the norm. My source of amusement lay in trying to estimate how long it would be until I spotted another ship. My wait ended on the morning of the third day. My scanner reported the approach of a huge Dinoid fleet of nearly one million warships. This Armada was one of the main Dinoid attack fleets controlled by the Bubar himself. They were crossing my path and were some 0.16 Parsecs behind me. From their direction, they were on their way to attack the ships or star systems of the Planetary Union. It seemed that the war between the Humanoids and the Dinoids was still continuing in its reported fury. I watched to see how many of these precious battle planets were included in the fleet. Surprisingly, the fleet only included a 1,000 of these dreadnoughts. It was most probably an attack on the star fleets of the Planetary Union.

After the two and one-half hours, the fleet had passed and I wondered what the human battle fleets looked like. Our merchant-explorers had had very little contact with the humans. For the most part, the contact had been mixed. The humans were mostly a savage and aggressive race scattered willy-nilly across one of the farther arms of the Milky Way Galaxy. However, there were many groups of them that had abandoned their savage ways and become civilized. My uncle had spoken fondly of these humans and hoped that some day we would be able to resume trade and cultural exchanges with them. It would be good one day to see how accurate my uncle had been in these matters.

As my thoughts faded, the scanner alarm came on and my attention was diverted to the images on the main screen. Ahead of me, a group of six ships of unknown origin were approaching. They were 0.16 parsecs away with a speed of 126C. It was a suspiciously slow speed and I watched intently as they approached. In another ten hours, the ships were atop my position and beginning to surround me. These ships were different from any that I had seen before. They were shaped like a huge ball that was 5,000 feet (1600 meters) across. The ships were covered with strange multi-colored running lights and gave off a pale blue and red glow from their excited force fields. After an hour of surrounding me, the leader attempted to hail me in a strange language. I called up my translator and asked it to see if it could interpret the language in which we were being addressed. At first the computer was unsuccessful and could not translate their language into mine. This inability of the translator amazed me. It was supposed to be able to translate any language, regardless of its content. It was the first known failure of this unit to aid the communication process. To help, I got on my radio and addressed them in an Apli-ant monotonal dialect. To my surprise, the leader was now able to convert his address in this easy-to-understand dialect My Vel-Cor dialect, with its 22 tones and various clicks, would have been too difficult for these strangers. After the dialogue finally began, I realized that I had gotten in touch with the forward battle group of another Dinoid rebel group from the star systems that formed one of the arms of Orion. They, like my star system, had developed types of cloaking systems and a means to detect them. They asked me to accompany them to a nearby star base. My reputation in this star group was following me wherever I went.

It took us six hours of travelling to reach the star base. When we approached, we found the base surrounded by a large number of randomly-placed minefields. The patrol ships guided me through them. Happily, they told me that some of the minefields were cloaked. When the Dinoids went through them as many two or three thousand ships could be destroyed at once. Therefore, their guidance through these fields was required. I agreed, as I swerved around obstacles that I could not see. Since my uncle had long believed that the Dinoids had attacked us to get our cloaking technology, I asked their leader how long they had had this technology at their command. He answered that they had had it for at least 200 years, and had been at war with the Dinoids for the last 2,000 years. Their advanced technology had proven to be the deciding edge in their long struggle against the huge armadas arrayed against them. It had not always been that way. In the beginning, the Armcians had been peaceful traders that were a member of the Confederacy and hoped to be left alone. The rise of the more despotic Bubars had alienated them from the Confederacy. Eventually, a time came when the Bubar who was named Aklan asked them to become the designers of advanced warships for the Bubars' fleet. Sensing the danger to their star system, they refused and were attacked by the Bubars' fleet. They were prepared, and fought off the attack with special minefield screens and other highly sophisticated force fields. Since that time, every Bubar has maintained the state of war first begun by Aklan. They stated, as we reached the star base, that they had been looking for me since I was supposed to be a symbol for hope and a final victory over the dreaded war-loving Dinoid Confederacy.

When we arrived at the star base, our ships were pulled into it by a tractor beam. Inside, I met my new friends and they promised to take me to the next meeting of their central council. This meeting was scheduled for the next day. In the meantime, I was to be taken on a complete tour of their star base. They introduced themselves as Attuk and Yeman and were the chief coordinators of the various attack fleets that battled the Dinoid Confederacy. Our first stop was the control room for the star base. It was reached by use of a transporter that sent us to our destination in a matter of seconds. The control room was a huge cavern-sized hall that was over 620 feet (200 meters) wide and over 150 feet (47 meters) long. The hall reached a height of two stories. Yeman addressed me first and told me that this room was the heart of the ship. In it were located the various instruments that controlled the major operating systems of the ship. In addition, the section devoted to regulating the warships sent out to either defend the ship or attack the Dinoids was located in the rear section of this room. Attuk told me we were going to start our tour at this combat control center. We slowly began our walk past busily occupied crewmen at work on their duty stations.

Attuk stopped when he reached a large table situated in the very back of the room. He took me over to it and stated that this table was the situation and strategy control center. Here were located various 3-D pop up monitors that could instantaneously tell the sector commander the status of any enemy attack or the position of its fighter or attack craft. To demonstrate, Yeman took out a special Pen-like device and pointed it at the table. Several monitor screens suddenly appeared above the table. These screens told Yeman the exact status of the region around the base star and if any attacks had been ordered against the Dinoids. In addition, the screens also told us what the status was of any ships now aboard the star base. Attuk then pointed his pen at the region directly in front of me and a communications console quickly popped up. With this unit, they both stated, it was possible to communicate either within the star base or with any of our warships. With this demonstration over, they pointed to the overhanging gallery that ran

around the upper level of the control room. This gallery was built to allow us to communicate directly with the navigation center that was located in the level above us and was situated in the room located next to the rear of this room. After we finished our tour of the control room, we will go to this room. During a combat situation, it became necessary to move the star base without the Dinoids knowing of our intentions. To do this, it was necessary to have personnel from the navigation room come to the combat center to take our commands without talking to us on the intercom. In this way, it was possible to maneuver the ship without the Dinoids knowing of our next positions. Let's now stop at the actual steering section in this huge hall. With that command, they led me to the center of the room.

Here, we met the commander of the vessel, a Captain Popuset. He informed me that he would be glad to show me the actual workings of the steering command. Steering of the vessel was done by use of a huge control panel. This panel was 50 feet (15 meters) long and 10 feet (3 meters) in width. Steering was done by means of a series of touchpads that were crewed by anywhere from ten to 15 crew members. With a skilled crew member, it was possible to move the huge ship as easily as your much smaller craft. To end this part of the tour, I was allowed to man one of the touchpads and to type into the control unit the commands for moving the ship. My touchpad controlled the intensity of the right rear control force field of the ship. It was a nice and fun touch for my tour of this huge ship. Our next stop was scheduled to be the weapons control center in the section of the room where we had first entered.

The weapons section consisted of another large control panel and another table unit. The head of this section was a woman named Captain Genzel, and she proceeded to take me through her section just as Captain Popuset had done before her. The first stop was the table. It functioned just as the first one in the strategy center had. She took out her pen-like device and a series of monitor screens again popped up. These screens Captain Genzel explained were used to regulate targeting and firing procedures. To demonstrate, she had one of her crew select a target and feed it into the targeting computer through one of the touchpads at the control console. Quickly, the coordinates appeared on one of the view screens. By using the "pen", she was able to magnify the target until it became fully visible on the screen. Once the target was visible, the type of weapon to use was analyzed by the computer and its recommendation came on to another screen. The choice was selected by pointing the pen at one of the options. The firing sequence was then locked in by use of one of the touchpads. After this was accomplished, the commander need only order the start of the firing sequence. The targeting computer and the weapons pods did the rest. The targeting computer was able to follow the target as it changed direction and alter its direction of fire accordingly. To aid us, the control panels that you have already seen demonstrated provide backup to the screen displays. Together, both segments of the weapon section make it possible to bring the enormous firepower of this star base to bear on any one who somehow gets beyond our cloaked minefields. With these words, Captain Genzel concluded her tour of the weapons section. Our next stop was the navigation section.

To reach the navigation section, we again got into our transporter pods and reappeared in the front section of the navigation section. Yeman first took me to the gallery so that I could see how the messengers stood on the gallery and passed their information back and forth. This system was necessary the communication system that they employed was similar to the one used by the

Dinoid Confederacy. Their advances had been all chartered into the cloaking system and an advanced version of the gravity wave cannon. This cannon would be seen after we met with the council at their weekly meeting on the morrow. Yemen then led me back to Attuk, who was now standing next to a control panel in the very center of the navigation center.

Attuk told me that this room was unique in that all crew members were androids. The android had been developed by his people in the last thousand years and had been perfected to the point that it was practically impossible to tell them apart from other members of the crew. To demonstrate his point, he introduced me to the commander of the navigation section. The commander, named Ruggil, was an android. I was amazed at the resemblance to Attuk. Attuk stated that his uncle was responsible since he had designed the androids used in this room. It was always a "ego" trip for him to come to this section of the ship and look at all the androids that looked like him running the ship. With that statement, Attuk returned to his tour of this vital part of the ship.

The central panel was the star finder. This unit was connected to an even larger unit that was situated in another part of the ship. This section called the computation center contained all the computers used in the ship. This section would be the stop on our tour. The navigator worked by keeping a log of all known star positions and distances. This log was used to calculate the plotted course that the star base wished to take. As we passed through various star systems recorded on the log, the navigator checked this log against our plotted position and was able to determine our actual position. In this way, the navigator was able to determine our exact position at all times. In addition, the navigator was able to give information to the steering section as to what a course correction would entail. This information was displayed on the control panel that we saw while we toured that section of the control room. Another part of the navigation room was the large log analyzer system. This computer's task was the preparing of the main ship's star log that was the basis for the proper steering of the vessel to its desired location. At this point, Yemen led me to the rear of the navigation room.

At the rear of the room, there was located a large unit that seemed to be a central processing computer. Attuk responded that this unit was just a machine. This unit was dedicated to just one task. Analyzing the data compiled by our astronomers. In this way, the machine could add to our already extremely large star chart. Our hope, stated Yemen, is that someday our star base will be able to utilize the Time/Space drives that have been given to some of our brethren. It was also our hope that with this new technology we can finally drive the Confederacy from our star system. In saying that, they struck in me a very sympathetic chord. Upon hearing this statement, I asked them what their connection was to the world called Be'dhetu. They replied that Be'dhetu was from the next star system nearest their own. They had shared a common legacy for thousands of years before the Dinoid attack had forced them to flee and attempt to fight against the tyranny and oppression of the Confederacy. Once again, I found a common background in the rebel forces that had taken me into their confidences. The Dinoids had attacked and conquered a number of advanced civilizations that were determined to find a means that allowed them to return to their home star systems. It now seemed that my own could be added to this long and growing list.

After our conversation continued on the similarities of the different rebel groups, Attuk suggested that we go to the central computer room and complete our tour of the ship. We again stepped onto the transporter pods and were sent to a room filled with large processing units. We alighted from the pods and found ourselves in a large room about 400 feet (130 meters) in length. At the end of the room, there was a panel that covered one wall and went up to the ceiling. We went to it in order to start our tour of the room. Attuk stated that this panel was the mirror of the main circuitry of the computer room. Here, one could quickly determine the status of the processors located here. After gazing at the panel for a few minutes, we walked to the center of the room to get a better look at one of the processor units.

The unit was lying on its side and was enormous. It was 100 feet (30 meters) in length and nearly 30 feet (10 meters) wide. Attuk opened an inspection port located on the right side of the unit while Yeman explained the capabilities of the unit. According to them, the processors had the same capacity as the unit located on the CV-12. In addition, they also had the ability to inter-phase with the androids that commanded the Navigation section and the star chart "log" being prepared in a separate section of the ship. Moreover, the computers were able to control every major operation of the star base. It was no wonder that this room was considered by Attuk and Yeman to be the very "heart" of the star base. After our brief tour was completed, Yeman suggested that we adjourn to the cafeteria and have a snack. I was in complete agreement and we headed off for the cafeteria down a short but winding hallway.

When we reached the cafeteria, Attuk asked me what I wanted for my snack. My answer of barbecued wild boar seemed to floor him. He stared blankly at me for a few minutes. Finally, Yeman told me that all crew members of the star base were strict vegetarians. Such fare as I wanted was unavailable. To relieve any possible tension, I asked if any pies were available. Yeman said that a very tasty stew featuring a delicacy called Hetak, a type of potato, was to be recommended. I told her to order it for me with a suitable beverage. She replied that a drink called Bigik, made from a cocoa-like bean, would be quite suitable. I answered in the affirmative and we entered the cafeteria. Attuk explained that this cafeteria was one of 100 located on the star base. This one was mainly visited by technical staff from the computer control room and the science labs that surrounded it. We quickly got our food, went to an empty table and sat down. Yeman remarked that the cafeteria was so empty because we were eating at the end of a major meal cycle. Normally, this particular cafeteria was the busiest one on the star base. While we were eating, Attuk told me that I would be staying in what was known as the Guest VIP Quarters. This housing consisted of two bedroom suites, two bathrooms, and a living and recreation room. He hoped that it would meet my requirements. My answer was that undoubtedly it would. After our meal, Yeman informed me that they would take me to my quarters. Our meal completed, we started for the section of the star base that contained the guest quarters.

It took us about twenty minutes to walk to the quest quarters. Attuk stated that we walked to this section so that I could familiarize myself with the ship's layout near the guest quarters. His best advice, though, was to stay in my quarters until they fetched me in the morning for the council meeting. If I wanted to take a walk, it would be best to put on the VIP badge to be found on the front desk of the living room in the guest quarters. This ID would alert all personnel to my special status and permit them to adjust a translator for communication purposes. They showed me to my quarters and Yeman led me on a tour of my temporary housing. They showed me how

to order a meal and how to use the entertainment unit in the recreation room. Their task completed, they wished me a good evening and said they would see me for breakfast and any discussion that I might want before the council meeting. After saying these words, they left and for the first time in over half a day, I was alone.

Since I had a whole evening and night to spend, I decided to first check out the entertainment center. After turning it on as demonstrated by Yeman, I attempted to do some three-dimensional drawing. The unit proved unsatisfactory since its programming was not used to my requests for fauna and background scenes. My opinion quickly established that this world was extremely different from mine. Its vistas were of harsh deserts and shallow, lagoon-like seas. It was a largely brownish and arid planet that they had evolved from. Blue-green plants were virtually non-existent. Cactus-like plants and other succulents were the dominant plant life. The majority of their diet probably consisted of tubers and kelp-like aquatic plants. Animals were mostly amphibian and reptilian, with a niche reserved for bony fishes and a weird type of insectoid life. I put on a scientific and historical tape on evolution of sentient beings in their star system. The results were pretty much as I had surmised. Their evolution had led to a reptilian/amphibian sentient being of great intelligence. Their blue and orange skins were the result of this evolution. It was a joy to spend time by oneself and discover the origins of another intelligent species that shared the galaxy with me and my kind.

After the tapes were finished, I decided to use the method that Yeman had suggested to order my meal. Next to the recreation room was a large room that resembled a TV monitor. I pressed the proper buttons and presto, a meal menu in my language was flashed onto the screen. My choice was a tuber casserole called Ryhul and another cup of the drink that I had had in the cafeteria. The meal was delivered to me in twenty minutes from a dumbwaiter located on the rear wall of the living room. I took the meal to a table in the center of the room and got a suitable chair. While I was eating, music was piped into the room from the entertainment center in the recreation room. The music center had proven to be self-programming. This fact allowed me to dash off a few tunes that I had not heard in quite a while. As a result, it turned out to be a fine meal. After dinner, I returned the dishes to the dumbwaiter and retired to the recreation room. The series of tapes available for the video center was crammed with history and science tapes. I chose a few of each and listened to them through the translator headset attached to the unit. It was most enjoyable, and I spent the next three hours listening intently to the tapes that I had selected.

Soon after I finished listening to the tapes, the alarm gong rang in the recreation room. After the alarm rang and startled me, a recorded voice came on and stated that it was time to go to sleep. Heeding its warning, I decided to retire for the night. I looked in the closet and found a nightshirt of the proper size and put it on. This night would be the first that I would spend in a bed that was not suspended. Unlike a proper airbed, their beds were made out of a springy material that was somehow permanently joined to the floor. Anyhow, the bed was to prove to be quite comfortable. A few minutes after climbing in, I was fast asleep. Morning and my wake-up call seemed far away as I got a good night sleep and a chance to dream once again about Da'ron and my family back on the new version of Cern-Lam.

In the morning, I awoke as the alarm was sounding and attempted to get a sonic shower. The bathroom only had a tepid water shower. So I took one and relished it immensely. It was the first

water shower that I had had since I had left that fated morning for duty on the CV-12. It was also refreshing that a sonic dryer was furnished as a part of the bathroom. It got me dry and fluffy in just a few minutes. It was a wonderful feeling to be really clean and refreshed. After dressing back into my Planetary Guard uniform, I awaited the return of my guides, Attuk and Yeman. They rang the door alarm some five minutes after I stepped into the living room to wait for them. We went to a special cafeteria next to the council chambers to have breakfast. My choice for breakfast was a tuber similar to Tap'ik, made into flour and then into pancakes. In place of Mang'or, I had another similar tuber that had been boiled and a sauce called Dasbhuit put over it. The breakfast and the shower had put me in an excellent mood. I could not wait to go to the council chambers and get the meeting over with. Attuk told me that I would have a one-hour wait before the meeting and suggested that we take a brief tour of the government center of the star base. We agreed to start immediately and set off on another tour of the ship.

Our first stop was the central processing center for the government. It was linked to the central processing center that we had inspected on the previous day. Its purpose was to arrange the everyday affairs of the ship. In so doing, it prepared the schedule for such diverse events as the concerts at the crew's rec center or the type and amount of repairs needed for the fleet attached to the star base. It knew the birthdays and vital statistics of every crew member. After a short stay of 15 minutes in this room, we left for the main office complex on the other side of the council chamber. This center was responsible for the daily operation of the non-strategic activities aboard the ship. The military operations were handled in the control room that we had first visited yesterday. Attuk, for the first time, told me that his duties were to act as the chief operations officer for the government center. In effect, he was the "Mayor" of the star base. Yeman, who was his wife, was the strategic operation officer or, in other words, the general in charge of all military forces at the star base. They were both proud of the high rank that they had risen to. They hoped that we could be friends, besides being allies, in the fight against the Dinoids. My reply was that the two of them were already considered by myself to be very close friends. With that remark, we all hugged and went down the hallway into the council chambers.

The council chambers were much larger than I had imagined. Attuk told me that this chamber room was an exact replica of the original on their now destroyed world. Hence, it was looked upon as a sacred place. It was only to be entered when one had to accomplish a required task and otherwise, not at all. Mostly, it sat unlit, except for the light from the sacred council fire that burned in a huge gold chalice supported by a marble column. This fire was situated below the center of the dome that served as the room's ceiling. It was a most magnificent setting in which to hold a meeting with the council. This council was selected from the prominent founding families of their world's civilization. Their selection was due to the degree of honors and ability that they had shown as they matured. Each term was limited to sixty years and no two terms could be served concurrently. Just as Attuk finished his statement, the gong calling the meeting to order rang and the room fell silent. The meeting that I had been waiting for was about to begin.

At the center of the dais, there was seated a group of forty members of the council. Attuk whispered in my ear that this group was the working committee for their council. Its chairman, Katuh, was also the leader of the majority party in the council. In effect, he was the supreme leader of the star base. Katuh rang the assembly bell three more times and then signaled by

raising his hands that the meeting was now in session. He began his opening speech with a comment that the star base was fortunate to have received a most distinguished visitor. My translation belt had been adjusted by the maintenance department of the star base and I had no problem in understanding the speeches of the council members. I rose as the council leader finished his most laudatory speech and received a large round of strange-sounding whistles. This whistling was the way appreciation and approval were shown by these people. It was most gratifying to receive it. The council members asked for a speech and Katuh directed me to come to the main dais. I left my friends behind and slowly walked to the front of the magnificent council chambers. It was turning out to be a most excellent day.

Katuh introduced me as the traveler from the Anix star system in the Cetus group that the seers of Be'dhetu had inscribed as a great future hope for all peoples of Cetus and the Orion star groups. With this statement, the whistles reached almost ear-shattering proportions. I walked toward the speaker's podium and Katuh raised my hand, together with his, high into the air. With that move, the whistling got even louder and I started to get a slight headache from the constant ringing in my ears. Fortunately, the noise stopped when Katuh lowered our hands and there was near silence. He then asked me to speak about my impressions of the star base. My speech opened by thanking my good friends and tour guides, Attuk and Yeman, for their help and guidance in showing me the ship and providing a most informative talk about its major operations. I thanked the council for providing a most comfortable guest quarters and finally told them that it would be a most excellent time for the dissident elements of Orion to join the Planetary Alliance in its war against the evil and tyrannical Dinoid Confederacy. This statement started the extra-loud whistling all over again. With the conclusion of my speech, Katuh joined me on the podium and again raised our hands. The whistling became deafening. I was glad when it was over. Katuh gave me a plaque and told me that it allowed me to be treated as a dignitary of the highest order. He told Attuk that all areas of the highest security rating were now open to my inspection. He concluded his remarks by stating that he would be able to offer me any help I desired in combating the Dinoid Confederacy. For too long, we have suffered alone without the cohesiveness required to attain victory. Let us hope that our visitor, during his travels, will provide us with the cohesion required to render the power of the Confederacy useless against us. As he completed his closing remarks, the star base was shaken and the lights temporarily dimmed. The meeting was immediately adjourned and we were led to the communication center that we had toured before the meeting.

Katuh immediately called up the main control room and asked what was going on. The commander of the room, Captain Redik, answered that a group of Dinoid scout ships had somehow broken through the minefields and attacked the stabilizer gyros. The gyros were under repair and all the scout ships had been destroyed. He apologized if any incontinence had occurred because of this surprise attack by the Dinoids. Katuh asked Yeman to double check on the status of the defense fields around the star base and she promised to report back in the next 15 minutes. Katuh asked council members if they wanted to return to the chamber and resume the meeting. Everyone agreed and Katuh asked me if I wanted to see how everyday affairs were conducted by the council. I agreed and we all returned to the chamber. Katuh went to the dais and rang the assembly bell three more times. He then called the meeting to order. The council secretary, Derutu, stated the agenda at hand. Katuh called up the first item and opened it to

discussion. For the next three hours, the council discussed and reached a consensus on all the items on the agenda. During these discussions, Yeman arose and gave a brief report on the status of the defense system. All was well with the star base and its protective ring. With this report given and the agenda discussed, Katuh called the meeting to an end. They all arose and repeated the sacred oath of obedience. After that oath was finished, the council members began to file out of the ornate council chambers. Overall, it had been a most interesting morning.

Attuk and Yeman took me aside after the meeting and asked me if I wanted to tour the weapons area of the star base and see one of their warships up close. I agreed to their request, but also had one of my own. It was time for some lunch! They took me to the VIP cafeteria and, after ordering our food, sat down to eat and talk. Yeman opened our discussion by noting that the Dinoid attack was highly unusual. It was the first time that a Dinoid ship had breached the minefields. The cloaked fields were usually impossible to breach and it meant that the Dinoids had developed some new weapon to accomplish it. Attuk asked if the new stronger fields were ready to be utilized. Yeman stated that they were, and she had ordered their immediate deployment before returning to the chambers to give her report. After dinner, we walked down the hall to the nearest transporter and went to the special weapons pod for the star base. The weapons pod was an enormous place. It made up the entire front section or "nose" of the star base. Within its confines were over twenty gravity cannon and the receiver and transmitter for the cloaking device that guarded the minefield from detection. As we entered, the service crews were in the process of altering the cloaking devices. Attuk deferred to Yeman since this pod was her area of expertise. Her first stop was the aforementioned cloaking devices.

She stated that the new cloaking device was not just an improved version of the presently utilized units. Rather, the new units were a different approach, and involved an entirely new technology. This technology had been discovered in the last ten years and only now had finally become operational. With the coming of this new system into the forefront, it should be possible to nullify any new weaponry in use by the Dinoids. Yeman concluded these remarks by stating that the new system should be fully operational before the day was out. Therefore, any worries about another attack should be immediately dissipated.

After those remarks, she turned our attention to one of the gravity wave cannon batteries. Each of the cannons was mounted on a swivel that could take up to four of these units. In all, the use of five fully mounted swivels functioned as a separate battery. These batteries were controlled by the weapons section that we saw in the control room at the start of the tour. We were now at the other end of the firing command loop. If the pod had to be retracted into its firing mode, the area would immediately be evacuated and depressurized. The cannon seemed to work most efficiently when operating in an environment similar to space. Yeman asked me if I wanted to see the firing wave guide tube and the focusing ring. She then asked for a tube to be taken apart for my inspection. Five minutes later, the weapon was ready for my inspection. I looked at it for the next ten minutes and asked questions as to type of metal alloy used; power source employed; and how the fields were actually generated. It was interesting to see another more powerful version of a gravity wave cannon. My immediate suspicion was that this version was much closer to the actual type used by the Dinoids' battle planet. With this tour complete, Yeman led us back to the star base's main flight deck. The deck had been pressurized for maintenance work and we were

able to go there without donning space suits. Our first stop was to review the configuration and armament of their average fighter.

As we walked to the fighter, I saw my first glimpse of the CV-12. It was good to see the old gal again. Yeman stopped in front of the fighter and asked the service crew to lower the weapons pod. The main weapon was a mini version of the powerful gravity wave cannon. Four of these units were mounted in a swivel much as the units were mounted in the star base's main weapon's pod. The pod also contained a series of six space energy beam weapons. This weapon was to be used for close in fighting and for the attacking of a ship that was too maneuverable to properly use the cannon on. She stated that the ship was highly maneuverable and had a top speed of just over 40,000C. It was a good ship, but for sheer hominess it could not compare to the CV-12. Yeman concluded her tour by asking if I wanted to take a test flight aboard the fighter. She asked the crew chief to tell which ship was ready for combat, and a ship on the far side of the hangar was pointed out to her. We immediately headed in that direction.

The ship was designed to hold three crewman and Yeman stated that she would act as the chief pilot. She was one of the most decorated pilots at the star base before her recent promotion. A special cylinder was lowered to cover the ship and soon the cylinder and the ship rose together. As we reached the top of the room, a hatch opened up and we entered a large tube that led to the ship's outer hull. Once in space, the ship was put through its paces by Yeman. She maneuvered it deftly and showed off its quick high-powered turns and the ease of targeting its weapons. Finally, she told me that we had reached a area inside the defense perimeter that was used to test-fire the weapons. Yeman asked me if I would like to fire the cannons. It was a most unique honor and I could not resist. No person from Cem-Lam had ever fired a gravity wave cannon before. She showed me how to run the targeting and firing sequencer and I was soon on my own. She made a wide turn and I began my "run". In a few seconds, the cannons fired and destroyed an unarmed space mine. With the demonstration over, we headed back to the star base. It had been an interesting afternoon and I was looking forward to what they had planned for my evening's entertainment.

When we arrived at the hangar deck, the large tube that had engulfed us was raised and we disembarked from the fighter. Attuk suggested that I return to my guest quarters and have my meal there. A few hours after my meal, they would pick me up and take me to a special event scheduled in my honor. They hoped that I was enjoying my stay at the star base. As we walked off the hangar deck, I replied that I had found my stay to be most comfortable and quite enjoyable. At the other side of the airlock from the hangar deck, there was a series of transport pods. We got on them and were quickly in front of the entrance to my guest quarters. I bade them a farewell and walked through the entrance of my quarters. My first stop was at the food processor. I ordered a full barbequed wild boar with all the fixings and sat down to an enjoyable and hearty meal. After dinner, I placed the dishes in the dumbwaiter and retired to the recreation room. My first thought was to look over some more of the tapes that I had discovered in the tape library next to the entertainment center. It was interesting to see how different a world their species had evolved on. It had a much harsher and more inhospitable environment than Cern-Lam. We had grown up in the constantly foggy mists of Di'or and the lush semi-tropical forests that dotted our world. Their sun seemed intent on allowing life only as a last resort while our

star, Anix, gave her favors to us in abundance. The different was still amazing to me as I watched the tapes spellbound for the next few hours.

Just as the last documentary finished, I heard a melodious gong go off. It was Attuk and Yeman at my door waiting to take me to the festivities. I rushed to the door and pressed the button that opened the door. They walked in and announced that the festivities would start in fifteen minutes. Katuh and the council members would attend, as well as the most prominent members of their community. To help me out, they had come early to demonstrate some local customs so that they would not cause me or them any problems. They proceeded to teach me how to greet people at the party and how to best express feelings of satisfaction and conviviality. After the brief lessons, we left my quarters and headed for a set of transport pods at the end of the hallway. We wound up in a large banquet-sized ballroom that was packed with people. I was wearing my translator belt and was ready for action. At the front of the room was a raised platform that held two very long tables that were separated by a dais. On the tables were long rows of what looked like flowers and sculptured ice figures. At the head of the tables, near the dais, stood Katuh. Seeing me walk toward him, he turned to greet me. Using the gestures taught hurriedly by my friends, I greeted him and he gave me a broad smile. He was clearly pleased at my attempt to accommodate their local customs. After the greetings were completed, he took me to the next table and introduced me to his wife, Uteran. She greeted me and was surprised that I knew their customs. Katuh then rang the special bell that was in front of him at the table and the guests hurriedly scrambled to their places at tables set in front of the main platform.

With the guests all seated, Katuh walked to the dais and began a long twenty-minute speech that was highly laudatory of my accomplishments. He finished the speech and introduced Attuk. As the official head of the bureaucracy, Attuk stated that he was most happy to give me an award of merit and to introduce me to this distinguished audience. With these comments, he asked to rise and walk to the dais. I rose and quickly walked to the dais. Attuk presented me with the award and then asked me to say a few words to the audience. Speaking off the top of my head, I gave a brief speech of about ten minutes. After this speech, the ballroom exploded into a cacophony of loud, shrill whistles. The result was a rapid ringing in my ears and a slight headache. Attuk noticed my discomfort and raised and lowered both hands. When he lowered his hands, the whistling stopped and my headache began to quickly fade. Attuk then asked for the entertainment program to begin. To our left, the ballroom wall suddenly parted and a stage appeared. The stage lighting was lowered from the roof above us and the music began to play. A troupe of dancers burst onto the stage and began to perform a strange dance. Being one highly interested in the culture of others, I asked Attuk what the dancers were doing and its cultural significance. He replied that this company of dancers were performing the welcoming ritual traditional given only to visiting royalty. The significance of the gesture touched me deeply.

After the dance was completed, Katuh walked onto the stage and asked for appreciation of the work of the dancers. The company reappeared and was greeted with a few minutes of ear-popping whistles. Once this was accomplished, the dancers left and a large orchestra and a group of singers appeared on the stage. They explained the significance of their chants to the audience and especially to their honored guest. They then proceeded to sing about a dozen songs and were greeted with the now familiar whistles after each one was finished. At the end of their medley, Katuh reappeared and asked me to come to the center of the stage. I got up and crossed the

platform's floor until I reached the stage and then leaped onto it. Katuh took a badge out of the satchel that he always carried with him. He gave it to me and asked me to pin it to my uniform. As I did so, Katuh stated that this badge was the highest award for meritorious service offered by his civilization. He was very proud to offer it to one who had showed such great courage and offered great hopes to so many. When I finished pinning the badge on my uniform, the crowd again broke out in a loud whistling. With this act, the lights dimmed and I was bathed in a bright golden spotlight. It was a great and unasked-for honor.

We all returned to our seats and Attuk went to the dais and told the audience that the time had arrived for the second set of festivities to begin. The stage was pulled back into the wall and on the opposite wall, a band was wheeled into play along with several tables loaded with food. The people sitting in front of the dais arose and the tables suddenly lowered into the floor. A huge open space was now opened on the ballroom floor. The band began to play and the audience started to dance. Curious as to how to perform the dances now going on, I turned to Attuk and Yeman and ask for instructions.

Yeman took on the ballroom floor and began to teach me some steps that reminded me of the Sem'ang tribal dances. I caught on quickly and was able to start leading in less than ten minutes of instruction. I spend the rest of the party dancing with the wives of various dignitaries after Attuk or Yeman had introduced me to them. By the end of the evening, I was the life of the party. I had not had so much fun in quite a long time. Part of my fun had involved teaching the band various Cem-Lam songs, and playing dance instructor to the honored guests. It was nearly morning before the party ended. All were very tired and happy, Attuk and Yeman took me back to my guest quarters. I quickly bade them farewell and literally fell into bed for a good night's sleep.

Early in the afternoon, the door gongs woke me up. Attuk had arrived to tell me that my ship was ready to depart whenever I wished and to assure me that my time at the star base did not delay my trip in any way. My ship would be shot out of a fighter's catapult at 14000C. By the time that I slowed to my normal speed old 69C, the CV-12 should be a month ahead of schedule. In addition, the star base maintenance crew had equipped my food processor with the option to produce food from space energy. It would not be real wild boar that I would eat, but it would taste like it and be at least as nutritious. I thanked them for their gift and told them that I would give the original to my uncle Sher'e when I arrived at the new Cem-Lam, Attuk asked if I wanted to eat or freshen up before I left. My answer was that I liked their showers and wanted to enjoy one more of their meals. Attuk told me to ring him up on the intercom when I wanted to leave. I walked him to the door and hugged. It appeared that the time to resume my journey had come.

After a quick shower and a last meal, I called up Attuk on the intercom and told him that I was ready to go. He stated that Yeman would take me to my ship and wished me a happy and successful flight. A few minutes later, the door gongs rang and I greeted Yeman at the door. On the way to the hangar deck, she explained that my ship had been loaded on to a special catapult that was really a magnetic accelerator of vast power. Since my ship's instruments would not handle the acceleration, I was told to switch off all computers except for the navigator. It was the only computer that was designed for incredibly faster ships than my CV-12. It would be able to successfully tell me my position and speed. When I reached normal speed, the ship would be on

the very edge of the vast Orion Void. To aid my journey, they had added to the navigator a "time map" of the Void. By using it properly, I could cut years off my trip if I so desired. However, be forewarned that if I was more than a tenth of a second off in my calculations, it could spell disaster to myself and the CV-12. With these words, we arrived on the hangar deck. The CV-12 had been fully serviced. It sparkled against the lights of the hangar deck. I waved to Yeman and crawled into the airlock of the CV-12. It closed behind me and I made my way to the turbo lift. Once inside, the lift began its journey to the flight deck. As instructed, I turned off all the systems except the navigator. With that done, I called Yeman and told her that I was ready to be catapulted into space. She told me to sit in my chair and prepare to experience a real thrill. A few minutes later the star base's outer hatch was opened and the catapult was fired. My unique amusement ride had begun!

It was a strange sensation to be travelling at such a great speed across interstellar space. The interplanetary transport ships only travelled at 500C on their journeys to the second or third planet of my system and Cem-Lam. Deducing the speed from the correction changes of the navigation computer, my speed estimate came to an initial takeoff velocity of about 14,600C. After my first hour of deceleration, it appeared that my ship would resume its normal speed in another four hours. The stress measurements from the computations of the navigation computer indicated that I could switch on the cloaking and propulsion systems in another one and one half hours. Until then, I was a sitting duck for any Orion or Dinoid warship that would happen onto my path. Being well-rested and fed, I could stay at my duty station and just marvel at the great rate of speed that I was travelling at. My thoughts centered on the wish that this rate of speed, or an even faster mode of travel, would be my way to return home to Cem Lam. The people of the Orion star base had done an excellent job of servicing the CV-12. Fortunately, they had been unable to discover the star charts that marked the location of our new home. The cyto-coded password and assorted entry codes had not been breached. A counter enclosed in the software was at the proper number when I checked out the computer before the catapult was activated. At the proper time and place, I would disclose this vital data to the right persons. That time and place had not yet arrived.

As I began to increase my rate of deceleration, the viewing screen became more normal in its picture output. At the beginning, the picture was a giant blur that no rate of magnification could alter. As the speed approached the normal rate, the decrease in magnification cleared the picture and some images could begin to be made out. With the two and one-half hour boundary breeched, I ordered the main computer to begin the start-up procedure for the cloaking device. In addition I ordered that the regular main field screens be put back online. Ten minutes later, the main screens were on and the cloaking device was ready to be deployed. The propulsion system was returned to an online condition for five minutes. This action was taken to start the recharging cycle of the power generators. The generators would have to run on full power drain in order to maintain the screens and the cloaking device. With these procedures completed, the cloaking device was turned on and powered up to its fully functional condition with no problems. My ship was back in business. After three hours of travel, the ship was still without the use of its scanners, It would be another one and one-half hours before these vital detectors could be put online. Until that moment, the CV-12 was relying that the star base had sent us on a path that was devoid of enemy transports or enemy patrols. So far, our travels had been without a sighting of any space craft or even the presence of space dust or radiation clouds. It had been a straight

shot through a seemingly endless void. These thoughts brought up to me an important point. The infamous Orion Void would be reached within an hour once I resumed original course and speed. My command to the navigation computer was to search its star charts to see if any additional data had been added about the Orion Void. The computer's answer was that the star base had provided an addendum that included parts of the void to be avoided. Hopefully, this data would make my brief journey in the Void a successful one.

As I neared my potentially perilous destination, I checked my flight path against the new chart of the Void. It showed what I feared. The worst time warp in the Void was on the edge that I wished to navigate. To correct this problem, my path was swung around the deadly patch of timelessness that stood in my path. My thanks were once again given to my new-found friends. They had literally saved the day. When we neared the Orion Void, the images on the screen became bizarre. Space actually began to glow and seemed to fold in on itself. It was an image that I had not seen before in such depth and scope. The Void seemed to stretch as far as one could see. It slowly was becoming a most terrifying sight. To make matters worse, the scanners, now back in operation, picked up a Dinoid patrol of six warships coming out of the Void. To be in this area, the patrols were probably trying to discover the whereabouts of any Orion warships. The vicious struggle between the Dinoid Confederacy and the rebel units of the Orion League was getting more intense than earlier suspected. However, the problem that worried me was that the Void seemed to cause the shields on the Dinoid warships to glow. I hoped that this effect would not give my position away.

As I approached the Void, I slowed to sub-light speed and hoped that the Dinoid patrol would be out of my scanner range by the time that I actually reached the very edge of the Void. This maneuver proved to be a good one, since the Dinoid patrol decided to vacate the area and left at high light speed. As I entered the Void, the glowing effect began to engulf my space ship. With my cloaking device now rendered useless, I had the computer switch it off to conserve unnecessary wear and tear on the unit. After a total of thirty minutes into the Void's edge, my ship began to take on a purplish and blue hue. This color effect was visible on my main screens and began to get more intense as we went deeper into the Void. Soon, the entire ship, inside and out, was bathed in this eerie glow. Some of my instruments began to register odd, abnormal readings. The deflector screens began to literally warp, like an old piece of wood left too long in the rain. Off in the distance, an even stranger yellowish-green zone was fast approaching. The navigational computer told me that this was the huge time warp described on the chart. We would slow to 15C and begin a small loop that in one day's time would bring us onto our original course headings. By so doing, we would avoid the oddly glowing time warp now dead ahead of us. It seemed that all was going well. Being hungry, I decided to retreat to the fifth level and try out the new food service unit that Attuk and Yeman had given me.

When I reached the food service level, I made a beeline for the mess station. To my surprise, the unit seemed to be the same one with which I had started this journey. As was the usual custom, I asked the processor's computer for a luncheon menu. The menu that it gave me was much larger than the usual one. It included over a hundred main courses and a thousand side dishes. It was like the unit at home when it was fully stocked. I was beside myself with joy. For the first time, this trip was going to be fun. Quickly, I picked a couple of side dishes from the Apli-ant menu

and sat down to enjoy a most welcome meal. In spite of the danger caused by the glowing effect, the feasts now at hand promised to make my crossing of the Void quite enjoyable.

After finishing a quite tasty meal, I returned to the flight deck. The computer was still in the process of steering the loop around the time warp. No enemy warships were reported in the vicinity by the scanner. The voyage was becoming routine. If it stayed this way, I would be able to take a full sleep cycle in the next two hours. My eyes were becoming mesmerized by the strange yellowish-green glow emanating from the time warp. It seemed so innocuous to me. Yet to enter it would spell instant doom for my journey. Yeman had told me that the warp was capable of taking a ship to a point out of this galaxy, and a time either millions of years ago or into the future. No explorer of the warp had ever returned. It was a one-way ticket to nowhere. As I continued to watch this celestial oddity, the scanner returned to the viewing screen with a series of blips. They were at the edge of the deep space mode of 2.0 parsecs. Their path indicated that they were following us. What a time, I thought, for visitors.

It took the ships about two hours to get within range of the CV-12. As they approached, they opened their hailing frequencies and requested a reply. My answer was for the two ships to identify themselves. The leader stated that she was Akusan, an Aide to Yeman. Yeman had sent them to warn us that a massive Dinoid fleet was gathering at the far side of the Void. Please avoid this area as the glowing effect from the Void takes several hours to fully dissipate. I thanked them for their warning and the two ships turned and headed back to the star base. This new development was an interesting twist for the navigational computer. The need for a new heading was fed into the computer. It took the computer a total of two more hours to figure out an option for two new courses. It asked me which of them I would prefer. I decided to play it safe and choose the course that took us the furthest from the supposed position of the massing Dinoid fleet. It would be another three days before I would find out if I had chosen correctly.

As once again I turned my attention to the time warp, I realized that the Dinoids were out somewhere in the Void organizing a huge strike force. My hope was that this force was not meant for the star base. If it was, I was sure that Yeman and her defense forces could successfully beat back any immense threat that the Bubar could throw at them. My main worry quickly became how my slow, unarmed CV-12 could avoid these space sharks. If our calculations were correct, the fleet would be at least 20 parsecs from us when we left the Void of Orion. This distance should permit us to lose the after-effect glow before we came into range of the enemy fleet. Meanwhile, my best bet was to not worry and just enjoy the oddities that pervaded the Void. One of the most unusual effects besides the time warp was the stream of odd magnetic particles that were swarming around the edges of the ship's shields. My magnetic particle counter was constantly going to its maximum position and forcing me to up its scale to the next highest level. In free space, this type of anomaly was unheard of. For the most part, it was commonplace to do just the opposite and constantly turn the counter downward to get any sort of reading. Another unusual characteristic was the colored, glowing field itself. It was seemingly inexplicable. The particles were not the cause. It was as if someone had decided, as a joke, to make all ships that transverse the Void to glow. Even to this day, the effect mystified me.

While I was wondering as to the cause of the strange glow engulfing my ship, the scanner alerted me to the fact that a series of blips was approaching my position. To my astonishment, the blips

altered course and headed for an exit from the Void that was near the position of the Dinoid fleet. An hour after they had passed me, I saw a large armada of ships enter the Void and head in the same direction as the ones that I had spotted earlier. My belief was that the unknown fleet was from the star base and Yeman was leading an attack on the Dinoid fleet. The enemy fleet would not expect such a large force to attack them through the Void. After the last of the ships left my

Scanner, there appeared strange heavy indigo waves that passed through the Void. They looked like shock waves and were travelling at a speed of about 20C. To me it appeared that perhaps these waves were the aftershock waves from the firing of large gravity wave cannons. I was interested in the outcome of the battle, but my inner feeling was that for my own safety, I should stay on course. An hour later, a number of large warships crossed my path and maintained their course. These ships were probable remnants of the fleet that I had seen a few hours earlier. My scanner was adjusted to deep space mode and I looked anxiously to see if any dreaded Dinoid warships would enter my sector of the Void. For the next three hours, no ships were spotted. I became more relaxed and began to believe that any potential crisis was quite moot.

As I was about to leave the flight deck, the scanner sounded the alarm. A Dinoid Star Cruiser was less than 1.6 parsecs from the CV-12 and closing fast. As it closed on me, a second blip was added to the viewing screen. This ship was 1.8 parsecs behind me and on a similar flight path. The two warships met near my position and exchanged a volley of shots from their cannons. The aftershocks rippled around my ship and tossed the CV-12 around like a rowboat caught in a heavy ocean storm. After this scary ride, the rescue of my ship would be most gracefully accepted. The battle went on for another five minutes. The shields of the star cruiser were ripped away by the other ships' accurate shooting. The Dinoid ship fled and the rescuer chased the enemy vessel out of my scanner's range. It was a close call. One of my trips back would have to be to the star base to thank Yeman for the fine job that one of her fighters had performed in my behalf.

With my excitement for the moment completed, I decided to go down to the fifth level and get some sleep. It had been a long while since my last sleep cycle. As I was getting very fatigued I was of little use to my ship's continued safety. Fortunately, the ship did not encounter any ships as it continued through the Void. When my sleep cycle was completed, I returned to the flight deck and continued our surveillance of the sector ahead of us. It would be another two and one-half days before we would be able to exit the Void. It was still a very long journey for a ship as unprotected and as slow as the CV-12. Our worry was compounded when we were spotted by what looked like an Orion warship. This time, there was no place to hide and we were clearly visible to his scanner. It looked like the jig was up. The warship turned and headed on a course that would cross ours in the next twenty minutes. As I watched it approach, I thought that this was a most strange and ungodly place to end a voyage of such supposed importance.

As the twenty-minute period drew to an end, the enemy warship passed overhead and suddenly something odd happened. It just plain disappeared! The scanner only revealed empty space around me for the full distance of my scanning range. Somehow, the infamous Orion Void had risen and swallowed a 6000 foot (1900 meters) long star cruiser without so much as a burp. I was overjoyed! Instead of doom, now there was time to croon. It was time to celebrate. However, just as I was setting the computer to automatic, the scanner recorded an enemy vessel back on the

main view screen. It was the same star cruiser! This time, it was 1.8 parsecs to my rear and closing fast. When it reached a distance of 0.6 parsecs, it disappeared again! This habit of popping in and out of the Void was beginning to get on my nerves. Again, I had the scanner set itself at its deep space mode and again, there were no ships to report about in our sector. For the next half-hour, the scanning was continued with no ships to report. Finally, it was safe to assume that the ship was really gone. The time had arrived to go down to the mess station, grab a cool one and loosen up.

After I returned from my brief celebration, I surveyed the situation in my sector. No ships had been spotted, and no anomalies other than the ones already noted had been detected. My voyage into the great unknown was starting to become hum-drum. But I had spoken too soon. As soon as I stopped making long scans, near-disaster came down upon me. An Orion warship was seen less than 0.1 parsecs from my position. Two minutes later, the ship passed, quickly turned and fired. Luckily, the pilot was a very poor shot. The beam weapon missed me by at least two miles (3.2 kilometers). The ship turned and made a second run. Again, the beam passed nearly a mile (1.6 kilometers) in front of my position. It seemed that the Void was in this vicinity, distorting the beam from his weapon. His targeting computer was probably unable to successfully correct for this distortion. Maybe these weird conditions were the reason that I was not being reduced to space dust. After six more equally ill-fated runs, the warship got the message and left at a high lightspeed of 14000C. Man, oh man! Was I glad to see that turkey leave! Fate had somehow saved me from destruction.

It seemed that the closer I got to the end of this trip through the Orion Void, the more near-calamitous situations developed. The question quickly became how much luckier could I become. The last few close calls were too terrifying to be believed. My hope was that this final sector that I was passing through would maintain the distortion factor that made a successful attempt at my ship impossible. As I came closer to the far edge of the void, yet another oddity occurred. The Void turned to an orange red color and the magnetic particle counter stopped going off the scale. This effect was no doubt due to the strange frequency changes that the void was known for. Yeman had warned me to beware of just such a frequency and color shift. It was usually accompanied by strong eddies that could literally blow one off course. This possibility became my number one concern as I approached the end of the Void. The scanner was kept at its deepest mode and any strange readings were to be reported immediately to the main viewing screen. This last part of the trip could prove to be the most dangerous to our journey's success.

As our watch continued, the strange color changes increased in intensity. The oranges became some of the most beautiful tones I have ever seen. Just as I seemed to become mesmerized by the richness of the colors in the Void's edge, the scanner reported that the blips seen at the edge of our range were Orion warships. There were three of them at the distance of 1.9 parsecs and closing. In another two hours, they would be upon us and I would see if their intentions were friendly. The wait was very difficult, yet it was the only way to discover if our time was up. As the warships approached near our position, they split up and encircled the CV-12. The tactic did not prove a good omen for their intentions. When the leader passed in front of me, he turned and opened his hailing frequencies. The commander, whose name was Lieutenant Juht, asked me to identify myself.

My reply was that I was a Planetary Guard vehicle of the CV class and my name was Crew Chief Gort-An Sher'e. The reply was that their patrol had heard of me and that they would be grateful if I was willing to allow them to escort me out of the Void. This unusual reply was happily accepted and the ships reformed in front of my ship at a distance of two miles (3.2 kilometers). We were now ready to move our convoy out of the dreaded Orion Void.

The ships in front of me must have thought that my ship was a real old junker. We were doing lightspeed, but just 69C! Their takeoff speed was probably greater than the CV-12 was capable of. It was a great feeling to know that the CV-12 was in good hands. For the present, I had an armed escort and did not need to fear an attack by anyone. As we proceeded, my scanner picked up a series of blips that were entering the Void in front of our path. The warships peeled off and headed toward the unknown blips. Twenty minutes later, the ships met and battle ensued for the next ten minutes. The three enemy vessels were destroyed, while our task force had one ship lost and another injured. The wounded pilot and an escort left our convoy and went on their way back to the base. The three warships remaining included Lieutenant Juht's, and he was able to assure me that my safety was of paramount importance. He estimated that our time to the boundary was another day and a half. Our only problem would be the occasional intrusion by Dinoid scout ships. A raid had been successful in destroying a large 200,000-ship convoy and the Dinoids were on the lookout for stragglers from the attack forces. But my worries should be allayed by the fact that the best fighters in the attack fleet were now guarding my ship.

For the next day, the time passed in uneventful fashion. My observations were continuing on the totally odd nature of the Void, while my navigation computer followed the path prescribed by the fighter convoy. At the end of the day, we suddenly spotted a large Dinoid patrol. The patrol spotted us and approached us in attack formation. As they neared, the closest ships fired on our positions and hit our leader's ship. The now-injured fighter was still able to direct our counterattack and, after a brief fight of twenty minutes, the enemy was driven off. The danger to us was that the fighters, though driven off, would return with a full-scale attack fleet. If we were still in the Void, our slow speed and visibility to the approaching enemy could spell our doom. The now-injured Lieutenant asked me if there was any way to speed up the ship. My answer was that there was not. His reply was for us to hope that the enemy fleet was either widely dispersed or very distant from us. Only fate would provide the answer.

As the hours wore on, we seemed to be lucky. No enemy task force was spotted by our scanners. We now had a little over a day left before we emerged from the strange enigma that was the Void. Our hope continued that we would not be engaged until that time. The fighters that had left would be at their base by now, and a relief column of warships should be on their way to us. If we were unfortunate enough to be attacked by an enemy fleet, our other hope was that this relief column was large enough to hold them off until my ship could regain use of its cloaking device. After another half-day of no contact, we felt that our luck could probably hold for our remaining time in the Void. Unbeknownst to us, our luck was about to run out.

About two hours later, we picked up the first of many blips travelling toward us at great speed. To us, it could be only one thing - the enemy fleet! Lieutenant Juht told his three remaining fighters to disperse and prepare for battle. It would be a suicide mission, but the CV-12 must be given every possible chance to survive. Twenty minutes later, the fighters left my position and

began their solemn task of harassing the enemy fleet. Just as they left, I picked up the emergence of a large fleet from the area in the Void that we had just travelled through. My hope was that this other fleet were our rescuers. Ten minutes later, the two large fleets attacked each other. The battle was a long one that lasted for over two and one-half hours. More than half of both fleet's numbers were lost during the furious combat.

During the titanic struggle, my ship received quite a few aftershocks from the constant firings of gravity wave cannon on both sides. It seemed at times that I would become an unwilling victim of the quite savage combat. Despite these dangers, it was fascinating to observe the combat tactics of the two sides. The Dinoids attempted unsuccessfully to penetrate the cloud of warships that my protectors had placed around me. On the other hand, my side was determined to "take out" the enemy commander's warship. Judging from their respective tactics, it seemed clear to me that the Dinoid fleet was dependant for its integrity on the safety of its commander, while the other fleet was run in a fashion more akin to the style that I was more used to. Having never fought a Dinoid fleet before, it was interesting to discover this major weakness in what otherwise seemed a near-invincible foe. The importance of my observation was proven when, after taking a great series of losses, the rescuing fleet finally crippled the Dinoid command ship. The Dinoid fleet immediately broke off its kamikaze- like attacks on my ship's defenders and surrounded their commander's warship. With this sudden change in events, the battle ended as suddenly as it had started. The Dinoid fleet was now only in defensive mode. For the next two hours, the two fleets stared each other down. Neither would give the other the satisfaction of a fatal blink. As the quickly-created truce continued, the Dinoid command ship continued to give off strange field strength signals. Its tachyon engines were destroyed beyond repair and it was only a matter of time before a massive implosion sealed its fate. Sooner or later, the command must join another ship and a decision made to fight on or flee. My rescuing fleet retained its distance and waited for the circumstances of the moment to shape the Dinoid commander's decision.

The Dinoid commander waited almost to the last possible minute before he evacuated the command ship. Four minutes after he and his crew were safely aboard the other star cruiser in the fleet, his command ship imploded in a most brilliant explosion. The aftershock from this blast caused the CV-12 to twist and turn like a falling leaf caught in a windstorm. Within another fifteen minutes, the effects of the explosion were entirely dissipated. Using the explosion as cover, the Dinoid fleet rapidly retreated from our midst. My rescuers, at great cost to themselves, had saved me from the scourges of the Dinoid fleet. The commander of the relief column was an Admiral Yigh, who informed me that the commander of the Dinoids had probably just retreated to interstellar space less than a parsec from the Void and called for reinforcements. Dinoids did not like defeat and the loss of an advanced star cruiser was too bitter a pill for them to swallow. Due to his exceedingly child-like behavior, we had not seen the last of this commander, whose name Direk. He was the first cousin of the Bubar, and one of his best and most trusted officers.

To avoid a massive enemy fleet, Admiral Yigh suggested that we alter course and make for the central time warp near the far edge of the Void. If the Dinoids followed, they would be caught up in the maelstrom that was the Time Warp and destroyed. She estimated that it would take us six hours to reach our destination at our present speed of 69C. With this course of action agreed to, we headed for the dreaded Time Warp. Just as we reached our point of departure from the Void, the Dinoid fleet descended into the Void and rushed to attack us. Admiral Yigh's ploy worked to

perfection. The majority of the enemy fleet was sucked into the huge black swirling mass that was the Time Warp. The fleet that remained was easily disposed of by my ever-protective Admiral Yigh and her fleet of warships. Admiral Direk and the tattered remains of his fleet retreated and we were now able to leave the Void and re-enter interstellar space.

It felt good to be out of the Orion Void and all the strange phenomena that it contained. The fleet would guide me back to the original exit point for my journey. Hopefully by this time, the strange magnetic field effects would have worn off and, with the cloaking device working, I could continue on alone. The estimated time of arrival was given by the Admiral as about twenty-three hours. During this time, we would have to be on the outlook for scout ships from Direk's fleet. Direk was considered to have a temper as insidious as the Bubar. He would not quit until he found us and destroyed or crippled every single ship in our convoy. Our best hope was to disperse and attempt to destroy any Dinoid scout before it knew enough to signal the by-now extremely irate Dinoid commander. After implementing our battle plan, we had to wait only seven hours to spot the first Dinoid scout. Two warships finished him off with one volley and we hoped that he had not given away our position. Two hours later, we spotted and destroyed another Dinoid scout. Yet still we spotted no large massing of enemy warships. We hoped that our luck would continue to hold out.

For the remaining time till we reached our destination, we anxiously kept watch on the heavens. As we neared our point of departure, we were attacked by a Dinoid patrol of six scout ships. No doubt that these ships had reported our position and course. The men of Admiral Direk would soon be upon us. Our only hope was that the effects of the Void had worn off by then. Based on its position in space and the probable distance and direction of the Dinoid star base, Admiral Yigh estimated that it would take the enemy fleet another six hours to attack us. In addition, she stated that a friendly battle station was in our vicinity. She contacted the station and got it to rendezvous with us. With some good fortune, the battle station would arrive "on station" before the Dinoid fleet finished massing. Like sharks or barracudas, Dinoids prefer to make a demonstration of their large numbers before attacking. Perhaps they felt that striking terror into their victims added to their enjoyment of the kill.

At the appointed time, we reached the departure point. Just as we did, a huge Dinoid fleet of over 20,000 vessels surrounded us. Things did not look good. As the Dinoids prepared to attack, the battle station appeared on the scene. Thinking the better of their intended actions, the Dinoid fleet suddenly backed off. Once again, we were caught in the midst of a "Mexican stand-off". By this time, my cloaking device was activated. It was the moment to bid adieu to my protectors. Graciously, I thanked them for their deeds of undaunted valor on my behalf. With the good-byes complete, I turned onto my prescribed path for Terra. In all my days, I will never be able to thank my new Orion Allies and the way that they had made my trip through the infamous Orion Void such a success. Perhaps it was my destiny to one day help end the evil scourge of the Bubar and his Dinoid Confederacy.

Chapter 7 - Across the Forbidden Zone

The next few months after my adventures involved with the traversing of the Orion Void were quite uneventful. My path was evidently in a part of the Orion star group that was out of the standard traffic routes. However, I knew that because of the vast range of the star group there would be contact with a convoy or enemy patrol before long. As the weeks wore on, I developed a routine that by the end of the first month became extremely boring. To aid my enjoyment of the long and arduous journey, I decided to constantly alter my actions. As part of fighting boredom, a special use was made of the unique holographic imagery of the main computer. Anticipating a less than exciting voyage, I had smuggled the parts for a fully equipped P'rong table and a set of regulation paddles aboard ship. My rec. room became the rearward room of the flight deck. Borrowing spare tools from the lockers on level three, it took me only a week to assemble the table and create the regulation court for P'rong. My next step was to have the computer create a worthy opponent for my tournament. Here, the use of lifelike holographs established a composite of the better attributes that a champion P'rong player must possess. P'rong is similar to a game on Terra called table tennis. The major difference was size. Our table looked more like a very tall coffee table. The table was three feet (about one meter) high, with dimensions of four feet (1.3 meters) long and three feet (one meter) wide. Instead of a small net, we used a series of crisscrossed rubberized ropes to divide the table into two parts. An area of three feet behind the far edge was included in the court. Scoring was simple. If a ball hit or crossed the net and bounced twice before being returned, a point was given to the server. A total of five points scored, with no score for the opponent, won. The other way to win was to score three more points than your opponent. The rules made for an exciting way to pass ones time.

With my computer creating opponents for me, I started a ship's championship tourney. My specialty was the use of a special reverse spin-shot that dropped the ball dead on the other edge of the net. It had made me virtually undefeatable in every tournament for the past ten years. The computer knew only the standard strategy for playing P'rong. It would be interesting to see how it adjusted to the highly unorthodox shot that was my specialty. A lot of players had played up close in an attempt to guard their net. This strategy had allowed me to shoot rockets over their heads and score heavily. Nobody had figured out my shot's proper defense and I was not about to reveal it to anyone.

The first opponent that the computer created was a sucker for my drop shot. His demise was swift and, in less than a half-hour, I had beaten him by a 5-0 score. The second opponent was more formidable. My victory took me nearly an hour and I needed a score of 6-3 to win. My feeling was that the computer was catching on to the game. The computer's ability to learn was making my tournament enjoyable. The next opponent was sneaky. He tried to hit the ball so it had a reverse spin on it. This action made the drop shot harder to control. A few attempts actually landed close enough for my opponent to return it. This unique strategy made my victory taste quite sweet. It took an hour and one-half and the score was 11-8. A game that required the winner to score in double digits was quite rare. The computer was learning tricks of its own at a quite rapid pace. The next opponent was for the championship. The computer created an opponent who was a really difficult player. Not only did he put a reverse backspin on the ball, but he also hit the ball toward the hand opposite the one holding the paddle. The strategy worked at first. Early in the contest, the computer had a 5-3 and a 7-5 advantage. However, I adjusted

well to this strategy and was able to get four straight points and eventually win the game by a score of 13-10. My experiment had turned out better than I expected.

While this first of many tournaments were going on, the realm of interstellar space remained a largely untraveled void. From my previous experiences I knew that contact would soon be made. What I did not expect was the huge length of time and distance that were traversed before contact of any kind would be made. In the meantime, my only way to prevent boredom and maintain my physical fitness was to play P'rong and occasionally to practice Prac'lah. If the dangerous Void was overloaded with constant fear, this part of the flight was burdened with boredom. Even when I passed by a star system, there were no signs of enemy patrols. The star systems in this sector were supposed to be the so-called penal colonies of the Confederacy. Any soldiers or pilots who survived any coups on the Bubar were sent here to languish on planets with little water, very hot temperatures, and desert-like conditions. These regions were supposedly patrolled by Dinoid patrols that had 'shoot on sight' orders for any approaching vessel. So far, I had seen nary a vessel in my crossing of this most desolate section of the Orion star group.

Finally, after a very long period of isolation, my scanner spotted our first enemy patrol. The computer alerted me during a close and very intense game of P'rong. Unable to finish the game, I rushed to the front of the flight deck and beheld the Dinoid patrol of six warships. Included in their patrol was a star cruiser of quite recent vintage. This ship was usually not to be found patrolling the Confederacy's backwater areas, but was a vital part of a vast battle fleet. Its presence made me wonder if Direk's vendetta was still in effect. Like the proverbial elephant, Dinoids could never forget an affront or insult of any type. My worry was that if the Dinoids had access to any kind of anti-cloaking technology it would be in the star cruiser. It took their patrol about a half-hour to reach my position. As expected, they overflowed it without stopping and continued on their way till they were out of range. My worry was abated and I continued merrily on my path. Suddenly, my ship started to shake violently. The passing Dinoid ships had sent out an interfering signal that acted as a sort of virus on my cloaking field. My only hope was to quickly discover this set of interlocking frequencies and counteract them. This activity was easier said than done. My frequency counters attached to the cloaking computer took at least ten minutes to eradicate the virus. By that time, some minor damage had been done to the sensitive power generators on the third deck. I was forced to spend the next four hours on the third deck making repairs to my generators. Luckily, the Dinoid virus had been unsuccessful in its main purpose ? making my ship visible to the patrol. At least they had not caught me when I was at my most vulnerable. As the patrol faded off my screen, I realized that the Dinoids were getting close to producing a potential weapon to use against the cloaking device. It would only be a matter of time before the Dinoid scientists hit upon the right set of frequencies that could negate the cloaking screen. The space/time devices were beginning to take on additional importance. It was now more essential than ever that my mission succeeded. It was vital to our strategy that our ships and our allies be equipped with these extraordinary machines.

My hope was either that that Dinoid or another similarly-equipped patrol crossed my path. If I could program the anti-virus frequencies into the cloaking computer, the cloaking computer could counteract the virus as soon as it encountered our cloaking field. As my journey continued, the ship's scanners began to look for any signs of an enemy patrol. It would take another two

months of waiting to find our quarry. This Dinoid patrol also contained a newly built star cruiser. Luckily, the patrol headed across our bow and brought with it a virus. My computer was able to counteract it in a matter of minutes, with no damage to the ship. My concept for an effective counter-measure had proven to be correct. Hopefully, the hi-tech of the Dinoids was as low brow as this concept had proven to be. If so, my Uncle's scientists would easily defeat the Dinoids' clumsy attempts at eliminating the effectiveness of the cloaking device. This successful conclusion to my efforts left me content and happy to realize that the Dinoids' new weapons posed no real threat to the Alliance or its newly-discovered friends.

After the success of my invention against the Dinoids' weaponry, I settled in for another long boring stretch of nothingness. This time, my period of no contact lasted for two years and nine months. It was amazing to me that one could travel so great a distance and not find even a stray ship crossing one's path. This outer edge of Orion was noted as a border zone between small but advanced colonies of humanoids and the Confederacy. It was my hope that, for the first time, I would see a Planetary Union warship or transport convoy. It seemed strange that not one single solitary ship was spotted by my ship's scanner. I was disappointed to not spot a Planetary Union warship. My uncle had told me that humans were quite advanced in their technology and friendly towards our Alliance. The rise of the Dinoids and their Confederacy had doomed our early efforts at establishing a successful and continuing contact. This development was unfortunate, since these contacts had proven to be quite successful. The Sem'ang peoples had proven to be the most successful, and preserved legends of a number of humanoid dominated star systems. It was largely their logs that had convinced me to make this long and dangerous trip to Terra in the first place.

As I continued along, my thoughts grew about the probable civilization that I would find on Terra. It had been thousands of years since the last Cem-Lam traders had brought back any descriptions of the planet and the fellow planets in its star system. Terra was the most beautiful of the planets in this system. It had an unusually large amount of water on its surface and was inhabited by many creatures that had developed advanced civilizations on other worlds. This fact made the humanoid population's dominance all the more amazing. The Sem'ang merchant-explorers were in wonderment over the strange and primitive beliefs of the various human clans. Each clan retained a series of primitive cult philosophies that they constantly were willing to fight wars over. This primitive savagery was always a point of wonder with the merchants from my world. Despite these drawbacks, Terra was a very special place. It contained spices and plants that were quite useful to our concepts of trade and as a source for knowledge. In addition, it was one of the few places where the Sem'angs had left our most precious commodity, that wily and capricious wild boar. Here, surely, I could replenish my food lockers with fresh wild boar and even enjoy the privilege of a wild boar hunt. It would be good to see grass, trees and fresh wild boar after such a long journey.

As I pondered the probable scenarios that marked the planet of my destination, I failed to realize that any civilization could possibly make the wily and capricious wild boar a pet. The thought was beyond my experiences. Anyway, I will not give you a series of long-winded lectures on the wild boar and its true origins. Suffice to say that the wild boar was the basis of our civilization's advancement to the high level it now enjoys. This development was made possible by seeing the

wild boar as a food and most definitely not as a pet. Enough said: it is now time to return to the days of yore and my journey to Terra.

One of the major sources of entertainment during my journey was a number of musical instruments that I was able to smuggle onto the CV-12. The most useful of these musical devices was a Klesto. A Klesto was a wind instrument that in many ways resembled your oboe. Its reeds were made from the fibrous dried leaves of the Ju'ba tree. Its various tunings were made possible by the use of a set of well-defined holes served by a miniscule diaphragm system. One played the instrument by setting the pressure levels (degree of tightness) on the diaphragm and adjusting the corresponding levels on the reeds. Then one blew into the mouthpiece with a prescribed breath and used one's fingers to produce a series of ordered tones out of the instrument's horn. This instrument had long been the favorite of many generations of my ancestors. Using it, with the computer as an accompanying orchestra, I was able to quite happily pass many days and weeks.

Another source of entertainment was a heavy instrument that was a kind of xylophone and piano rolled into one. This instrument was called a Zybang. It consisted of 88 pure iron tiles that were sized to create a definite tone. In addition, a special series of strings and pulleys allowed one to adjust the tone by altering the vibrational characteristics of the tiles. The tiles were played either by hitting them with a special mallet made of Tum'ba wood, or using the hands. Once again, I was able to use the computer to record my instruments or else as a mere accompaniment. Being a graduate of a training center involved with music and its composition, I was able to compose my own songs or to transcribe them for the computer. Music and dance have always been a great source of entertainment for me. For the first time, my otherwise boring trip through Orion was helping me to express my musical inclinations as I had not done since music school ended.

As I spent the next few months concentrating on my hobbies, the time went by quickly. It was amazing how the region that I was entering was devoid of space ships. It seemed that this region of Orion was either extremely docile or had not yet been introduced to space travel. The next year was to be equally devoid of interstellar traffic. This region must be the "dead zone" as far as Dinoid space ships were concerned. Day after day and week after week went by with no contact. To take advantage of this situation, I began to increase the length of my sleep cycles. In addition, I began to increase my recreation time to include most of my duty hours. It seemed to me that I would not see another ship until I formally entered the domain of the Planetary Union.

At last, after years of no contact with anybody, my scanner picked up a blip that was headed toward us at high light speed. This contact soon proved to be a whole host of ships. It was a Dinoid battle fleet returning from one of its intermittent struggles with the humans. During the course of his many luncheons with me, my uncle often went into detail on the origins of the conflict between the Dinoids and the Humans. Over 100,000 years ago, marauding bands of Humans had encountered the Orion star system and its still-primitive clusters of Dinoid and Amphibian cultures. Wars had broken out throughout the Orion system and the accompanying system of Eridanus. Over the intervening years that linked us to the present, the war had spread to include most of the human-dominated systems as well. This senseless war continued up to the present with no end in sight. The number of casualties in terms of lives and star systems annihilated was incalculable. The only good side to all of this madness was that the Humans were capable of keeping their agreements and acting in an honorable fashion. They had a

potential for growth of consciousness that the majority of the Dinoids did not seem to possess. This difference had led to my world's destruction and my long voyage to the world of the Humans Terra.

As the battle fleet disappeared into the voids of space, my scanner spotted another fleet in hot pursuit. Perhaps, this fleet was to be my first look at a Humanoid battle fleet! As it approached, my main viewing screen was put on full magnification. What the screen revealed was a group of most unusual vessels. The largest of the as yet unknown fleet's members was shaped like an ablated spheroid. It was over 10,000 feet (three kilometers) in length and had a maximum height of nearly 2,000 feet (1.4 Kilometers). The fleet was moving at a high rate of speed, estimated by my computers as nearly 16,000C. The scanner spent the next hour counting the fleet and arrived at a total of 5612 ships. This was about twice the number of the Dinoid fleet that it was pursuing. Given the circumstances, there was no doubt that this unknown fleet was human. The only question was from whence they had originated. After the fleet left my screens, I asked the navigational computer to estimate a possible point of origin. The computer calculated for the next twenty minutes and finally came up with a reply. The fleet was most probably either from the Eridanus system or the Canis Minor system. Of the two, the more probable was Canis Minor.

This system was filled with humanoid colonies and was a major point of contention between the two warring parties. As I swung out of Orion and headed for Terra, I would brush by the tip of the Canis Minor system closest to Orion. This 30-parsec leg of my voyage was most probably the site of the battle that had caused the Dinoid fleet to flee in haste to its forward bases and safety from the pursuing Human fleet. Neither fleet would in all likelihood meet before the Dinoids reached safety. It was too bad that such would be the outcome of this battle. The Dinoids had finally met their match in the Human race. This fact puzzled me because I had not spotted a single Battle Planet or Station among the pursuing fleet. Hopefully, I would see these vessels when I drew closer to the end of my trip across the Forbidden Zone. At least that was my hope as I scanned the region around me for any possible glimpse of such a vehicle.

About two days later, I was again crossing the path of the Humanoid fleet as it swiftly returned to its base star. This time the fleet was clocked at a speed of 200,000C. They were really in a hurry to exit the Orion system. As I watched them go rapidly out of range, the ship's scanner espied another fleet behind them. This fleet was travelling at only 60,000C and consisted of over one million ships. From its profile, this fleet was a Dinoid attack armada. Its purpose was to continue the war between the Humanoids and the Dinoids. By now, I had become clearly one-sided and hoped that this monstrous fleet was obliterated by the Humanoid fleets. The battle, if any, would most likely occur far out of my scanner's range. The outcome would undoubtedly be determined by the condition of Dinoid ships that would return to their base in the next few days. In all probability, my scanner would be able to pick up the returning fleet as it passed close to our undetected pathway to Terra.

For the next few days our main objective was to scan the desolate void of interstellar space and search for any sign of the Dinoid fleet. On the third day of our search, we picked up the first blips of the enemy fleet. The Dinoid had been reduced to just 300,000 ships and over half of them were severely damaged. The fleet was returning at the reduced speed of 2000C and even at this speed seemed to contain a large number of stragglers. Some ships were even reduced to a

speed of just over 100C and were surrounded by a large number of Dinoid scout ships. Their fleet had suffered great defeat. Given the Bubar's great temper and that of his cousin, Direk, the commander of this fleet could not be guaranteed a long life.

For the greater part of a day, the defeated enemy passed before me. After they left, a great nothingness overtook me again. For the next few months my routine returned to the one that had become commonplace. As the days and weeks rolled on, I began to yearn for another adventure. It would be good to be able to see another strange place filled with mystery and the great discoveries of a highly advanced science. The previous events had greatly helped me to define in greater detail the real importance of my mission to Terra and, especially, the Cancer star group. I desperately wanted to meet someone who knew humans and could tell me what they were like. Despite my wishes for a source to reveal itself, no immediate opportunity for such a meeting seemed in the offing. I seriously began to wonder if such a group of enlightened beings existed.

As the realm of interstellar space seemed devoid of any sentient beings, I settled back into the routine I had become most accustomed to. The next month was devoted to composing two new sonatas and more than two dozen new songs. Also, I drew over 500 images of the places on Cem-Lam that I loved best. In addition, the camera took over 1,000 photos of the stars and attempted to identify the most interesting. By now, the computer had exhausted its strategies for Defeating me at P'rong and I was swiftly losing my interest in playing it. After 5,000 straight wins, one begins to lose one's interest in continuing the quest. To make up for the hour upon hour of boredom, I decided to interest the computer in a drawing contest. It was the one category where the computer and I were equal in ability. We started with simple star photos and finished with more complicated portraits of Da'ron in various natural poses. At least, it was a nice way to kill the seemingly endless moments of nothingness that constantly stretched before me.

Just as I was beginning to reach a new low in my boredom, something weird happened to my ship. For some strange reason, the ship suddenly stopped dead in its tracks and remained so for the next three hours. Desperately, I had all the major systems of the ship checked and rechecked. The results were that all systems were in perfect working order. According to the scanner, we were not in the hold of any tractor beam or force field net of any known kind. It was as if the fabric of space had turned into a type of unique flypaper and caught us. We were one angry and confused fly. As a last futile move, I ordered the computer to reverse engines. This maneuver proved totally unsuccessful. We were just stuck, stuck, stuck. But just as suddenly as we had been caught, we were released. The CV-12 was catapulted forward at a speed of 10,000C. This action forced me to order the rapid shutdown of all major systems. The navigation computer measured our positions and came up with an acceleration of 50,000C/hour. This speed was incredible and if maintained would be fatal to the ship. The added stresses to the ship were far above its fatigue limits. To maintain it for more than six or eight hours could cause the ship to break up. As the acceleration continued, my love for boredom began to increase.

After four hours of incredible acceleration, the ship began to slow quite rapidly. Two hours after the deceleration had begun, the ship was back to its normal velocity of 69C. It had been a most frightful ride. Fortunately, the ship was still in piece and the stress indicators demonstrated that the hull's integrity was still quite high. We were still in one piece and had a major mystery to

solve. To wit, what had happened? It was not in the course of natural events to find the fabric space reduced to a sticky adhesive or for it to act like a massive slingshot and cause a massive acceleration of your spacecraft. Our course was still being maintained despite the odd incident. This fact was even more amazing than the totally odd events of the past few hours. Our charts, and even the addenda obtained from Yeman, had not mentioned this phenomenon. It was a great wonderment as to why this event had occurred.

Our first guess was that some kind of trap had been set by the Humans to startle the Dinoid fleets and catch them off-guard. If so, we had stumbled into it and perhaps, they had released us. But how to account for the weird acceleration effect? This action was to remain a mystery to me over the next few days. It seemed that my first contact with a strange yet advanced civilization was about to occur once again. This time, the contact was not as friendly as had been the previous contacts. This adventure began some two hours after my ship had stopped decelerating and the scanner noticed that some 1,000 warships of an unknown type were crossing our path at a distance of some 1.6 parsecs. As we approached the warships, one of the smaller members of their fleet left their formation and headed toward us. We hoped that we had not been discovered and maintained our course and speed. The warship opened its hailing frequencies and demanded that we follow it back to the fleet. We continued onward and he fired a strange beam weapon across our bow. We turned and followed his lead. To speed us up, the vessel dropped its tractor beam and took us in tow at the speed of 10,000C. Soon we were flying in formation with the fleet. The question remained as to where we were going.

The fleet continued on its way for another twenty minutes then began to slow. We encountered a huge org some 10,000 miles (16,200 kilometers) in diameter. Since there were no other planets in sight and the star that it could be orbiting was not in view, my assumption was that it was artificial in origin. The what-ever-you-call-it was quite impressive. It had a series of rather large oceans and broad expansive lands that functioned as continents. The atmosphere was breathable and contained a quite active and cloud-filled atmosphere. It resembled Terra as I imagined it, but its locale and lack of other planets convinced me that it was not Terra. After settling in for quite a few orbits of this new world, Suddenly I was whisked away from the flight deck and transported to the command ship of this unknown fleet. My destination was not a good place to be: I was in the brig of this large unidentified vessel. My first thoughts were founded on the wish that this fleet was in no way related to the Dinoids. My captors gave me another six hours to worry over my fate.

Just as my hunger was reaching abnormal proportions, two lizard men came to the front of my cell. They were dressed in the livery of the Confederacy and my worries for my safety immediately grew. They escorted me out of the holding cell and led me to their commander. His office was in a huge building adjacent to the prison. After my guards led me into his office, he arose and introduced himself as Admiral Durok, the supreme commander of all forces on their world. He told me that this planet was called Jadec. It was an independent world that was noted for travelling from one star system to another. Its inhabitants were hardened warriors and were beholden to no one. As a matter of fact, in the past two weeks, they had attacked both an outpost of the Dinoids and a star base of the Planetary Union. To put it bluntly, they were interstellar pirates with few redeeming qualities. They wanted to sell me and my ship to the highest bidder. Until then, I was their prisoner. After this brief conversation, I was led back to prison and

deposited in what they called a VIP lock-up. As they sealed the magnetic couplings that served as my only exit, I wondered what it would take to get me out of this most dangerous dilemma.

For the next 48 hours, I was kept in the lock-up without any food. Toward the end of the third day, a guard appeared with a plate of food. It was a type of strange green and bluish gruel that tasted yech! To a very hungry man, it was as good as a plate of barbequed wild boar with all the fixin's. Two days later, the guards escorted me back to Admiral Duroc's office. The Admiral stated that the people of a strange world called Be'dhetu had offered the highest trade for my person and the CV-12. The exchange would be made in three days. For my remaining time on Jadec, I would be allowed to enter all non-military facilities. My residence would be moved from the VIP quarters in the prison to the visiting guest quarters on the far side of the planet. The CV-12 would be moved to a spaceport near this facility. Admiral Duroc concluded his remarks by saying that I should mind my P's and Q's and not try any wrong moves. It would be most embarrassing to the command staff of Jadec if all they had to return to the people of Be'dhetu were my remains. Their straightforwardness in this matter made most me unhappy with this group of intelligent barbarians.

Without fanfare, I was marched toward the spaceport where we had landed. The commander of the lead ship told me to pilot the CV-12 to the designated spaceport on the far side of Jadec. This field was called Himdtsu and was the primary landing port for visiting dignitaries. For the next ten minutes, we flew our small fleet of five ships to the new landing port. After landing, I was escorted from my ship to a small compound of three bungalows. These quarters were for visiting VIPs. Here, one could answer every possible need. The food processor could be programmed to create any desired menu. The entertainment center was also capable of fulfilling any possible desire. The sleeping quarters were fully secured and could accommodate the sleeping needs of over 20,000 different sentient species. With those words, the leader of my guard detachment left me and marched his men to the entrance of the VIP compound. I had become a prisoner again, but this time, it was in a gilded cage.

For the next three days, I tried to find ways to pass the time. Despite all their assurances about comfort, my quarters were not made for Cem-Lamers. To start with, the food was atrocious. No wild boar dishes were on any of the menus in the food processor. For three days, I had to eat exotic vegetable dishes. It was a completely yuck experience. The beds were not firm or even properly hung as a regulation airbed. By the end of the third day, I was tired and grumpy from inability to sleep more than an hour at a time. To top it off, the entertainment section was filled with garbage music and lousy documentaries. But then I what can one expect from a civilization of unenlightened

Lizards? At the end of the third day, I was led to the conference center at the compound. The Admiral was there with a familiar face, De'hagu, son of the ruler of Be'dhetu. The Admiral turned me over to him after De'hagu signed some strange-looking document. The time to depart had arrived! De'hagu led me to the spaceport and told me to enter the CV-12. First, I hugged him and told him to tell his people how grateful I was for their rescue. His only reply was that I had a destiny and it must be fulfilled. I asked what they had bartered for my release. De'hagu stated that it was a quite primitive cannon design that he suspected the Admiral would sell to the Dinoids for some favors. But it did not matter since, unbeknownst to the Admiral or the Dinoids,

the cannon was easier to neutralize than the present Dinoid arsenal. With that remark, De'hagu winked and I found myself on the flight deck of my ship. To my surprise, the CV-12 was travelling at high speed away from Jadece.

This speed of 1,000C continued for another hour, and took me far from the clutches of Admiral Duroc and his band of pirates. When my ship had decelerated, it was back on its intended course and at least one month ahead of its schedule. For now, this ship and its captain had had their fill of adventure. My only hope was for some peace and quiet. What had bored me in the previous weeks now seemed positively exciting. I knew that this euphoria over simple daily tasks could not last forever. But at least they would suffice for now. The following weeks of no contact would gradually give way to a return of my ennui. However, remembrance of the incident with the Pirates of Jadece would quickly keep me from complaining too much.

For the next six months, my ship was travelling through the outer reaches of the Orion star group and was unable to make contact with any ships. We seemed to be in part of Orion that was rarely travelled, except for the purposes of making war on another nearby star group. Fortunately for the CV-12, the Dinoids or any other group were not presently so occupied. This lack of contact led me to construct a daily routine and to increase the amount of time devoted to sleep and to recreation. The previous adventure on Jadece had convinced me that it was okay to get bored. Besides, boredom was not dangerous to one's health if faced with the proper attitude. My favorite pastime was to look through the scanner and spot a star cluster that had photographic value and wonder what was the best way to block off the shot. This hobby usually lasted for a two- or three- hour period. It gave me an excellent excuse to learn the key stars and star clusters that the navigational computer used as its reference. My goal was to be as good a navigator as the ancient merchant-explorers.

One of the ancient ones that really impressed me was a person from the Apli-ant region, whose name was Shurdig Ferjusek. His nickname was Cujud which means "the brave one". Along with the famous Sem'ang explorer, T'ang, Cujud was the first leader of an expedition into the Cancer star group. His forte was navigation. The navigation charts that were the basis for my journey were first prepared by Cujud over 4,000 years ago. As I studied the star charts prepared by the navigation computer, I often pretended that I was Cujud. Each grid and positioning of a specific astral phenomenon had to be achieved in a special manner, using means that had been tried and proven over a couple of centuries of long and arduous travelling through the known and barely known stretches of the galaxy. It was a lonely, boring, but exciting lifestyle. Often I thought how good it would be to resurrect those days, and allow our culture and knowledge to be strewn among the stars. The worlds of the galaxy needed our ways, and we needed to grow by knowing theirs.

Every day, I would arise and wonder which of the events that I had planned would actually be accomplished. Lack of adventure and no contact were slowly taking its toll on me. Constantly, I told myself that my trip was bound to be filled with long stretches of being on my own. As many explorers had remarked in their diaries, the hardest part of any voyage was the good fortune of encountering no one. When any form of ennui set in, I reminded myself of the Pirates of Jadece. This memory would help briefly to stem my feelings of aloneness. However, this attitude was starting to wane by the time we reached the stars that made up the famous belt of Orion. This

Belt was not what the charts make it appear. It was a thick, amorphous blob of stars and star clusters. Here, the various civilizations that I had made contact with had been originally located. This place was also one of the ancestral homes of the Dinoid empires that had eventually become the Dinoid Confederacy. As I neared it, I knew that the time of ennui was now over. The rest of my voyage through the belt would be filled with constant contacts and a chance to observe the Dinoids in their own environment. The present Bubar, Tarak, had been born on the fifth planet, Vuter, in the Deras star system in the heart of the belt. My route would be within 0.1 parsecs of this system. It was not an experience I was looking forward to.

In the next two weeks, we gradually entered the fabled Belt of Orion. As we drew closer, the number of contacts with enemy patrols increased. It seemed that this edge of the Belt was a virtual armed fortress. For the first time, I was nearing the heart and brain of the Beast. During the third day of my travel through the Belt's edge, we were startled when we spotted the Bubar's command ship. Knowing that he could sense us but not find us, we decided to tag along and discover what our old nemesis was up to. We drew up to within 20,000 miles (32,000 kilometers) of his fleet and opened the special command channels used by the Bubar. He turned out to be as boastful and barbaric as ever. After six hours of his mad chatter, we left their formation and headed back to pre-arranged flight path. The Bubar's ships were everywhere. For the first time, we discovered the position of the main factory for the production of their Battle planets. These horrible weapons were manufactured near a star called Sipcus that was noted for its blue-white light. Around this factory were innumerable star cruisers and star destroyers. They seemed to clutter the heavens with their presence. It was quite a sight to behold.

After we passed the Sipcus star system, the vast number of warships was replaced by an equally large number of unescorted convoys of Dinoid freighters. Our suspicion that this region was the heart of the Confederacy was proving to be quite correct. In all my days, I have not seen as many freighters as were constantly displayed on my main viewing screen. Each hour, it seemed, was marked by another convoy of over 20,000 ships travelling in one direction or another. As I viewed this vast collection of ships, a thought occurred to me. If I were a fighter equipped with an advanced gravity wave cannon, my cloaking device and the special space/time drive from the Cancer star group, I could wreak such havoc in the space of a couple of hours that would take the Dinoids years to recover. Anyway, it was a thought.

While in the midst of this multitude of the enemy, I did not feel like sleeping. My eating cycle also was susceptible, as I was gripped by the excitement of seeing the vast numbers of the Dinoid combat and merchant fleets. After three days of this upset to my natural cycles, I was so tired and hungry that I had to adjourn to the fifth level. Here, I ate a very large meal and gave myself a double sleep cycle of four hours' duration. Luckily, the Dinoids' technical prowess had not improved. To them, I was quite invisible and hence undetected. My wanderings among them promised to be memorable. My only worry was that my collision alarm would malfunction due to the large number of ships constantly in the vicinity. This worry would eventually prove unfounded. However, at the time, it seemed to me to be a real concern. The warships that the Dinoids had to protect their heartland seemed to move about in irregular fashion and very high light speed. Sometimes, I wondered how they stayed on their appointed rounds without colliding into one another. This hyperkinetic patrol strategy could only be the work of the Bubar himself. Surely, it suited the personality traits that I had observed. Only the Bubar would force the best

fighter pilots in his defense fleet to act like a bunch of teenagers out on a "joy ride" to nowhere. It was quite a sight to see.

As I passed through the edges of the accompanying star systems, my scanner was constantly picking up the patrols that dotted these regions. It was one of the most congested stellar "roadways" I had ever seen. The Bubar must have been highly suspicious of his own fleet commanders and the humanoid-dominated Planetary Union to post so many ships under so many different commanders in these quadrants. At one point, my computer was able to discern at least two dozen different commanders in charge of a small sector of space (3 parsecs by 1 parsecs) nearest the headquarter star system. It emphasized to me the vast extent of paranoia that the Bubar and his ilk must deal with, every day of every year. No wonder the Confederacy was considered to be so difficult to deal with. It was constantly in fear of a counter-coup or a sudden attack on their very heartland. Such an attack would be possible if my mission was successful. All their strange defenses would be of little use if we could attack with our cloaking system and the new space/time star drive.

With the worst part of my journey through the edge of Orion's Belt complete, I settled into a simple routine of watching the vast number of enemy patrols pass by me and act as if nothing was there. It allowed me to register a whole slew of new class star cruisers and star destroyers that had just entered the fleets of the Dinoid Confederacy. Among the most interesting of these marauders of space was an egg-shaped vessel that was over 10,000 feet (2.8 kilometers) in length and about 6,000 feet (1,800 kilometers) in width. It was a dark green in color and had a uniquely placed weapons pod. This pod was not the usual triangle in the nose. Instead, the pod was a huge circular array that was stored amidships. The weapons trays simply opened up in a giant rim that surrounded the ship and gave it the ability to fire on its target without actually turning to fully give away its intended target. It was a nice piece of weapon engineering and could only have come from the more friendly members of the Orion League. Its presence indicated that the Dinoids were still attempting to win battles by use of large numbers, combined with a fleet composed of ultra-fast and highly-armed ships. In spite of these facts, the ship was quite a sight to see when it was used in a practice run on unarmed and unmanned target vehicles.

My opportunity to watch these ships practice their targeting procedures came at the next star system that I passed. Here, a fleet of nearly a 100,000 of these new classes of warships were allowed to freely fire on pre-selected target vehicles. These vehicles were specially designed for this task and constantly being brought out to the designed target area as their predecessors were destroyed. These large convoys of target ships were a truly unusual sight. It was considered by the Bubar as a key to the effectiveness of his fleets. So important that the supreme commander of the Bubar's battle fleets, an Admiral called Merik, was present as the targeting runs took place. This fleet was destined to fight the fleets of the Planetary Union and it must be prepared for its mission. The Admiral was always on the radio directing the star cruisers on the type of tactics to employ when attacking the target drones. His every word was obeyed without question. The six hours that I spent eavesdropping on the Admiral were quite enlightening as to the nature of standard Dinoid fleet attack patterns. At some time, these tactics would come in handy and be essential for all who would attack the Dinoids to know.

While I was watching the various tactics employed by the Dinoid fleet, a curious thing happened to my ship. The ship must have been sucked unknowingly into a void and all our sense of reality seemed to disappear. The darkness of space was gone and it was replaced by a multi-colored brightness that swirled around the ship. My only thoughts were that the mission was now lost and my great destiny was not meant to be. Just as I thought this, the lights stopped and the familiar sight of a dark star-filled heaven reappeared. The navigation computer was amazed by the results of its triangulations. We had been thrown forward on our exact flight path for a distance of 26.6 parsecs. Henceforth, we were out of the main defense zone of the Confederacy. The stars ahead of us had not been visited by our people for the last 5,000 years. We were about to enter the heart of Orion's belt. As we surveyed our position, my order to the computer was to pinpoint the exact location of the void and why we were unable to discover it before it was too late. It took the computer about five minutes to investigate and analyze the data and prepare a report. The conclusion of the computer was that the constant firing of the gravity wave cannon had quickly opened a void directly in our path. The void was too close to our position to allow the computer to even warn the flight deck of its sudden appearance. Fortunately, the torn hole in the fabric of space was so minor that it only brought us forward on our path by over 26 parsecs.

After the review of our situation was completed, my decision was to determine a new arrival time for Terra and explore this largely unknown region of space. This part of Orion's Belt was one of the most densely-populated regions of the known galaxy. It contained millions of star systems that were inhabited by old and very advanced civilizations. Most of these civilizations had developed on worlds largely devoid of large bodies of salt or fresh water. These desert-like worlds had spawned a unique group of peaceful races. In the course of my travels, I had had the good fortune to be visited by their descendants. It was a strange feeling to know that now these star systems were largely controlled by the Confederacy. The Confederacy ruled these worlds with a tight despotic hand. Hence, a majority of these civilizations had their home worlds destroyed. The reputation of the Confederacy as a bunch of ruthless barbarians had been established in the course of their conquest of these worlds. As I passed through the outer edge of this now-captured and forcefully-occupied realm, I remembered the many history lessons that my new friends had given me. It would be good one day to be able to end their exile and allow them to return to their rightful homes. It was a mighty big task that my mission had taken on.

As I passed by the system that the old explorers called Gandol, my ship was surrounded by a Dinoid patrol. Since the patrol did not see me, I wondered what they were doing in this strange formation. It seemed that the inhabitants of the Gandol system were to be used as a symbol of the new toughness of the Confederacy. As a part of this new harsh policy, the patrol was waiting to ambush a freighter convoy that would be unprotected and unarmed. By destroying this convoy of 1,000 ships, the Confederacy was going to show all the lesser powers under its jurisdiction that they could not trade with each other on a secretive level without paying the high duties expected by the Confederacy. Up till now, this trade was allowed. The time had come to end it and demonstrate the Bubar's displeasure with it. It seemed that I was in the middle of a pack of space sharks waiting to feed upon their helpless prey. This attack would be another sign of the reasons why the Confederacy as it now existed was just too dangerous to be allowed to continue.

By now, my ship was busily scanning for artificially-created voids whenever we passed a star system that had been the scene of a great battle involving the Dinoid fleet. The last thing we

needed was to be dropped into a void and be sent who knew where. The system that seemed to be the most dangerous was the Diskar system. Here, Dinoids had destroyed seven planets of a nine-planet system. The destruction had totally twisted the fabric of space and created voids of all sizes and shapes. As we approached the ill-fated system, we began to notice all sorts of odd displacements in space. It was as if the whole universe had been sucked into this small area around the former orbits of the two outer planets of the Diskar system. The magnetic anomalies were incredible. They seemed to be a replay of the unorthodox occurrences found in the Great Void of Orion. The Dinoid weaponry was as dangerous to the Galaxy as nuclear weaponry would be to planetary cultures. It seemed to promise the eventual destruction of a large sector of our galaxy. Besides, the aftermath of gravity wave weaponry was an eerie and most unpleasant sight to behold. The star, Diskar, had even changed color from yellow-white to a blue-white and its magnetic field was permanently distorted. The two remaining planets were cast in the midst of a tremendous time warp and were on the verge of being lost to the growing and rapidly shifting void. My mission here was to photograph the sight, and record the strange anomalies on my recording equipment. Following this assignment, my chief worry became a simple one. Did the Anix system now harbor a warp or void similar to the ones that I had encountered on my journey? As I reviewed the tapes to edit them, my worries increased. What had those infernal Dinoids done to my home system and the planets that once surrounded her?

As I was doing the final edits to the record of the remains of the Diskar system, my ship's collision alarm went on. I rushed to the main viewing screen and noticed that another void was only 0.00006 parsecs in front of us. Immediately, my orders to the computer were to alter course and follow the edge of the void until we had returned to our original flight path. This command proved impossible, as the outer field couplings of the void began to pull us toward its center. We attempted to reverse course, but the void's field was too great for our thrust potential. The CV-12 was on a trip to who knew when or where. As the field of the void took over, we began to tumble into a huge multi-colored spiral that gave way to an immense, bright white light that lit up our entire screen. As we got deeper into the void, the light got brighter and brighter until finally, we were nearly blinded whenever we attempted to look at the screen. At that moment, I became completely disoriented and fainted. As I hit the floor of the flight deck, my last memories were of the brightness of the room and a strong whirring noise that, slowly but surely, was growing louder.

When I awoke, my head was still spinning. The room was back to its normal dim lighting and the screen showed the familiar view of space. My first action was to ask the computer for our bearings and how far we had been drawn off-course. Its answer amazed me. We were still on course, but we had accelerated some 2.35 parsecs ahead of our previous position. In lieu of this reply, I asked if there had been any time displacement. The computer answered that the only displacement was in our advanced position on the main course plotter. As a result, we had taken a leap of just over forty days from our arrival time. For the second time, our trip through a void had speeded up our arrival in orbit around Terra. We wondered how long our good luck would hold out. Just as we were busy patting ourselves on the back over our good fortune, the collision alarm rang once again. This time, our barrier was a huge planetoid that seemed to be a fragment of a world destroyed long ago by the Dinoids. We swerved to its right and were able to avoid colliding with it. We watched with caution as the huge bit of space flotsam slowly floated out of sight. For a brief instant, we had hoped that it would turn out to be like the strange craft that we

had met during our voyage of the Orion star group. However, it proved to be what it had appeared to be: just a huge bit of space debris on its lonely way to an unknown destination. Behind it was another Dinoid patrol of three new class star cruisers. Each cruiser was taking turns using its cannon on the unfortunate planetoid. This target practice had created a huge aftershock that the CV-12 ran into after it swerved to avoid the collision. We found our cloaking field affected by the unwanted reaction with the wave and we went visible for the next ten minutes. Luckily, the scanners on the starcruisers did not see us for a total of eight minutes. By the time they turned and started a target run, the field had returned to normal and they broke off their runs. The ships circled around me and, not knowing my position, fired a series of volleys in the wrong direction. After another twenty minutes of searching for my whereabouts, they broke off and returned to chasing the planetoid. In another five minutes they were completely off my viewing screen. It had been another close call for me and the CV-12.

But the worst was yet to come. Behind the Dinoid patrol was a series of small fleets of 500 ships each. These ships were led by junior command officers of the Confederacy. Their purpose was to train for combat with the humans and the Planetary Union. Suddenly, we had been thrust into a free fire zone. Each fleet was in the process of sending its warships into a combat-like simulation. Unfortunately, the combat exercise was being fought with real ammo. The gravity cannons of the Dinoid ships were blasting away at each other in a seemingly non-stop fashion. My mission was to get by them without hitting any aftershocks or, even worse, taking a direct and fatal shot from their cannon. It seemed another impossible mission for my ship. So, I asked the computer to alter course and avoid the zone of combat practice. This order was more difficult than I imagined. The fleets started to change their course once we had changed ours and we began to cross their mutual lines of fire. By some miracle unknown to me, we made it across their fire lines and survived without giving ourselves away. To this day, I do not know how we did it.

The CV-12 was proving itself to be quite a vessel. Time and time again it had survived what seemed to be impossible odds. Now, as the two enemy fleets disappeared from my screen, another disaster appeared. Behind these fleets was another fleet of about 5,000 warships that seemed to have returned from deadly combat. Most of the ships showed signs of either battle scars or partially disabled power or weapons systems. They limped along at less than 5,000C. To aid their progress, the ships were firing randomly their super-powerful gravity wave cannons. These ships were firing on them at full power. One hit would not disable me. It would vaporize me. The whole situation was being to resemble some gauntlet line that the Dinoids used to punish slaves and soldiers that disobeyed their orders. This next link in the gauntlet line was obviously the most dangerous. Our only hope was that a random shot did not hit true. As the fleet drew closer, our resolve increased. Somehow, we would survive this danger as we had numerous others. The time had come to hope for another miracle!

In another ten minutes, the ships were upon us. It seemed that, as we approached, the firing of their cannons seemed to cease for an unknown reason. Shortly after they passed, the fleet began once again to fire their cannons at random in all directions. Luckily, by this time, the CV-12 was out of range and our crisis had passed without a shot being fired. We had somehow gotten our miracle. The quiet of the next two hours came as a great relief to me. Our gauntlet appeared to be past and, with its end, came the conclusion of our run of near-disaster. It was now time to

celebrate and to thank all responsible for our success in avoiding disaster. To accomplish this ritual, I retired to the fifth deck and asked the food processor for a special order of Ha'elah or the sacrificial wild boar. In compliance with the sacred ritual, I burned the wild boar on the ship's altar and said the sacred prayer of eternal and everlasting thanks to those responsible for our survival. It was a time to thank those responsible for their kind actions and continued support on our behalf.

After the completion of my ceremony, I returned to the flight deck and resumed my command station. The scanner showed that we were approaching the outer perimeter of a Dinoid star base. The star base was guarded by a large fleet of over 100,000 vessels. The commander of this fleet was an Admiral Jirad, who from his demeanor seemed to regard his assignment as a result of a lost battle with the Planetary Union. Several times, he mentioned to a Commander Spirak that he wished that the battle for the Fuhit system had gone differently. This star base was evidently a mere supply and repair base far in the rear of the Dinoids' front line. Admiral Jirad felt that this command was his punishment for losing over 260,000 ships and an important battle in the Dinoids' futile attempt to wrest the only remaining sector of Eridanus from the Planetary Union. As I passed the last ships that formed the base's inner defense, I got my first good look at a Dinoid star base. The base was shaped like a huge white ball some 14,000 miles (22,700 kilometers) across and punctured with enormous slots some 200 miles (325 kilometers) across. These slots were probably the only entrances to the interior of the star base. To prove my assumptions, a star cruiser suddenly appeared in one of the slots. Even though I was curious to see the inside, my better judgment decided against it. It was time to continue my journey to Terra.

After leaving the area of the enemy star base, we veered toward the center of the Belt and the pathway to Terra. It would take me another seven years of travelling to reach my destination. What had seemed like such a long and perilous journey was still in its early stages. At least my travels had been filled with moments of adventure and strange, unexplained incidents. It would be interesting to see what fate would next put in my path. As I was thinking about my travels, the screen suddenly displayed an eerie sight. In front of us was another of those small and largely uncharted voids. that seemed to dot the entire Orion star group and were all probably remnants of the violent history and present condition of the star group. For too long, the various factions in the Orion star group had waged a bitter conflict over supremacy of the star group. The latest combat involved the war between the Planetary Union and the Confederacy over the control of the Eridanus star group. This combat had gone on for at least the last 6000 years. It was a struggle that had proven to be a terrible drain on both sides. Yet the Dinoids had refused to negotiate and continued to fight a no-holds-barred war against the humanoids that were native to Eridanus and their allies.

For the next three months, we were able to observe a large number of military convoys travelling in both directions along one of the chartered "interstellar highways". It was just another sign of why we had to give up the lucrative trade that had made us famous throughout the region that I was now travelling through. Control of the Confederacy in this sector of the Belt was now increasingly complete. By now the familiar voids were becoming more numerous. It seemed that we were entering an area that had seen a recent quite a bloody battle. Judging by the distance from any known Planetary Union star base, this battle would have had to be a rebellion of some

sort. This possibility led me to decide to investigate the nearby star system of Ukindes. This system was controlled by a strange life form also called the Ukindes. They were an amphiboid race mixed with a bit of Dinoid strain, and were known for their advanced culture and relatively passive nature. The Ukindes were highly developed as far as their psychic abilities. From the descriptions in the logs of the ancient explorers, it would seem odd that they would rebel against anybody.

To reach this star system, the CV-12 had to veer off the flight plan by more than 1.2 parsecs. It was done and we arrived at our destination after a 36-day journey through all sorts of hidden minefields and unusually large numbers of enemy patrols. As we passed through the outer planets of the ten-planet system, we noticed a large void where the sixth planet should have been. This development appeared to lend credence to a rebellion having occurred in this quadrant in the recent past. Another hard bit of evidence was the prison colonies on the fifth planet. These colonies featured Ukindes prisoners almost exclusively. The Dinoids rarely put one type of race together since they feared rebellion. The fact that the Ukindes were being put on this one planet in their system was a sign of punishment often employed by the Confederacy. My assumptions seemed to be correct and so it was time to depart. Little did I know that this departure was about to be delayed by unknown circumstances.

As I turned to begin my maneuvers to leave the star system, the CV-12 was suddenly caught in a strange beam that stopped us like a fly entrapped in flypaper. It did not seem to be a tractor beam, but it acted like one. For the next three gut-wrenching hours, my ship was caught in this unusual energy beam. Perhaps, I thought as the hours dragged on, this beam was meant to be a barrier of some sort. Any way one looked at it, the device had stopped my ship and it must have registered that reality to somebody in this star system. Sometime soon, someone would come to see who had fallen into their clutches. Much to my delight, the ships that came for me were not Dinoid but I could not make out from which system they were from. The design and color scheme were totally foreign to me. The seven ships were perfectly round and about 1000 feet (300

meters) in diameter and were all a glistening pastel blue in color. Ships surrounded my position and then turned off the beam. My ship rapidly accelerated and left them far behind. Two minutes later, it was again mired in a beam that stopped it cold. Ships were quickly around me again and this time took me in tow. Their destination was a moon that orbited the second planet of the Ukindes system. This moon had a diameter of over 2500 miles (40500 kilometers) and was cloaked in a strange green-blue atmosphere.

As we approached the surface of the moon, a shield that surrounded the moon disappeared. We landed at a spaceport near the north pole of the moon. After landing, a special enclosed gangway was lowered so that it fit tightly around the entrance to my ship's hangar deck. The specially sealed door to the CV-12's hangar deck was somehow opened and the crew from the spaceport got in one of turbo-lifts and headed for the flight deck. To get a first look at them, my point of retreat was the transporter room adjacent to the main control and duty stations. When they stepped off the turbo-lift, they would have to pass by the transporter room to approach the control panels in the center of the room. Anxiously, I waited for the turbo-lift door to open.

Five entities got out of the turbo-lift, they walked across the flight deck and passed by my position in the transporter room. The spacesuits that the five creatures were wearing revealed little. Their helmets were silvered where a front viewing panel should have been. The rest of the suit was a dark blue and only showed that this particular creature did not have a tail and was quite big. They ranged from seven feet (2.15 meters) to nearly seven and one-half feet (2.3 meters) tall. They were the height of Dinoids, yet their physical appearance was entirely different. My guess was that they were members of the oppressed Ukindes race. Therefore, I decided to introduce myself to them. After they had passed, I turned on the intercom and asked them to identify themselves. They began to talk in a tongue totally foreign to me. It took the translator about two minutes of searching its data banks to work out an easy translation system. The decoding of their first message proved that they were indeed the lost Ukindes people. They hoped that my ship was the one of the great seer who sought the downfall of the Dinoids. Once again, it seemed that my reputation had preceded me on my journey through the Belt of Orion.

After introducing themselves to me, the leader, who was called Fingay, told me that their atmosphere was inhospitable to me. Hence our visit would have to be limited to a brief discussion of their history and their present situation. Like so many of their fellows in Orion's Belt, the Ukindes had come under the control of the Orion League and later the Dinoid Confederacy. They were a peaceful people and hoped that their new masters would allow them to continue to freely trade and practice their culture. At first, the League and its successor, the Confederacy, complied with their wishes. However, after the rise of the first few tyrannical Bubars, conditions in the region changed drastically. Being a passive people, the Ukindes allowed the Dinoids to use their technology to construct ships of war. These battle planets became the major weapon for the rapid expansion of Confederacy territory. But the Bubars' wishes became greater and greater. Each Bubar wanted them to build ships of even greater destructive potential. Fearing the retribution of the Bubar, the Ukindes continued to develop new classes of ships for the mighty armadas of the Confederacy. After another 3,000 years of such cooperation, the Ukindes rebelled at their oppressors and refused to make any further ships for the Bubars' fleet.

The Bubar sent a large armada and demanded immediate compliance. The Ukindes again refused and the Bubar blew up the outermost planet in their star system. The leader of the Ukindes sent a message to the Bubar that, if his demands were not altered at once, his fleet would be decimated. The Bubar only laughed and killed the messengers. The leader called Unginfet ordered the putting up of the field barrier in front of the second planet of the system. The Dinoids attacked and captured millions of Ukindes, making them slaves of the industries that had been established on the third planet or Uranges. Since the order by their leader, the remaining Ukindes had stayed behind their barrier and dared the Dinoid to attack them. Each attack was waged with the same result. The entire fleet was destroyed when it attempted to breach the energy barrier. Luckily for me, the outer layer of the barrier is just a tractor field and was able to hold me. The next layers were disrupter fields that meant certain death if entered. These fields were of such composition and construction that it was impossible to breach them, a sad fact that the Dinoids had failed to believe for the last 3,000 years. Their deepest hope was that, somehow, I would be able to solve their terrible dilemma. At present, the remaining Ukindes had been altered by the Dinoids to work in an atmosphere suitable

for the Dinoid guards. In these designated prisons on the Uranges, the captured Ukindes were forced to design the future warships of the Confederacy. To slow down the advance of the Bubar's minions, the Ukindes had kept the introduction of new technology to a minimum. Ukindes spies had told their leader that the Dinoids were attempting to use technology gleaned from captured Planetary Union warships in their new star cruisers. So far, these advances only included new star drives and a more effective gravity wave cannon. Cloaking technology had not yet been deciphered by the Dinoids. They sincerely hoped that my appearance in their system was a sign that their oppression was nearly over. With these words, they hugged me and left the flight deck. A few minutes later, I was allowed to take off and shown a way through the barrier. It had been a very interesting side trip and was well worth the time lost from my journey.

As I left the Ukindes system behind, my hope was that my journey would prove successful in ending the long reign of terror imposed by the last twelve Bubars. For too long these strange and dangerous entities had been allowed to control a vital sector of our galaxy. The time had come to end their empire and bring them onto the road to an evolution of their being. If I was to be the instrument, then so be it. Along the route back to my original flight path, I constantly spotted Dinoid patrols. For the most part, the warships utilized were the new class of star cruiser that I had seen earlier. It was too bad that this ship had been built under the oppressive circumstances that the Ukindes had described. At least, the Dinoids were still unable to break the technological code that made cloaking systems feasible. I sighed with relief to know that these monsters were unable to know that I was in their vicinity. As I got farther away from the Ukindes system, the number of patrols lessened. By the time that I got back to the course that I was to take to Terra, the number of patrols near me had gotten down to about one every two to three days. Also, the patrol craft had changed from top-of-the-line models to ancient scout ships. The Dinoids undoubtedly felt that the captured engineers of the Ukindes were one of their most precious commodities.

For the next two months, traveling through Orion's Belt proved to be quite boring. To keep myself interested, I re-established the by now long-abandoned art contest with my computer. Also, I tried to reeducate the computer in the subtle complexities of P'rong. Each day was filled with the excitement of a new match on the improvised recreation quarters and a new goal for our drawing contest. One good point was that the computer was able to better handle my strategy in P'rong. It still could not completely solve my drop shot, but it had a very good long game and had gotten better at rushing the net on the table. This new-found expertise even allowed it to win a few games and end my winning streak of 5312 games in a row! In drawing, the computer was as good as any first-class student in an advanced training center. Our contests were becoming the type that really needed an excellently-trained judge. I was surprised that the computer was so talented in its graphic capabilities. It made me proud of the fact that the computer was a product of my race's technological prowess. It was too bad that I had no one to share my art work with. However, I was sure that, when I reached Terra, there would be someone who could appreciate how beautiful our creations really were.

As I neared the center of Orion's Belt, the number of Dinoid patrols again started to increase. At first, these ships were no more than the old warships I was familiar with. However, by the time I reached the place for my great arcing course correction in the heart of the belt, it had changed. The ships were now more numerous and of the latest design. The star cruisers were accompanied

by a new type of escort that appeared similar to the Planetary Union star cruisers. This ship was probably one of the ships that had been designed by the Ukides slaves on Uranges. It was sleeker and seemed to contain more firepower than its older counterparts. Evidently this sector was preparing either for an attack, or getting ready to be part of an attacking armada themselves. Whatever the truth, it was unsettling to be so surrounded by these deadly denizens of interstellar space.

As I began my arc maneuver, the ships seemed to follow me. Soon their patrols were both behind me and far in front of me. Since my arc was a gradual one of six months' duration, I expected that I would have to become used to their constant appearance on my main viewing screens. For the first two weeks of my maneuver, Dinoid patrols were as thick as thieves. Strangely, for the next two months, they began to thin out. The reason became clear at the end of the maneuver's third month. Up ahead of my ship was a huge uncharted void. It must have been over 23 parsecs across. My worry became how to safely get around this immense energy barrier. My navigational computer suggested that we circumnavigate it at a uniform distance of 3 parsecs. If our calculations were correct, this distance should be quite a safe interval for our ship to also study this truly awesome phenomenon. The computer set up a revised arc for our flight path and after an hour of careful review, I approved it.

It took us another month to reach the starting point for our circumnavigation of this curiosity. This Void was a different color than the first ones that we had observed. It was a huge yellow swirl and appeared to have a rather large (5 parsecs across) bright white core. The yellow colored swirling mass of nothingness seemed like the curved spokes of a bicycle wheel meant for an enormous giant. The force field readings were the same as before, and filled my meters with constant magnetic anomalies. As before, these huge holes in the fabric of the Universe were the result of some titanic battle waged for an as-yet unknown cause. I wondered if this one was the result of a battle over the star systems that I had just passed. These stars were highly populated and were known to my ancestors. Master T'ang had remarked in one of his logs that the people of this quadrant were quite fierce, but fortunately were quite primitive technologically. Maybe these people were used by the Dinoids as their basis for the crews of their warships. If so, that might explain this void, to conjecture if I may. The Planetary Union may have tried to invade and prohibit the possible prime source of crews for the Confederacy. They may have touched off an immense battle involving millions of ships. The result of this battle could have this unbelievably huge rip in the fabric of our galaxy. Anyway, it was just a thought. Hopefully, a good one, worthy of the huge void that my ship was now circumnavigating.

As we continued around the void, we began to notice something very strange happening. Warships of all descriptions kept appearing and then disappearing. It was quite odd to see a ship pop in, and then out, of one's reality. I did not know if they were ghost ships or real ships caught in the magnetic maelstrom that was the void. As I began to see more of this odd occurrence, I ordered the ship to photograph the ships and attempt to analyze what was occurring. The ship's instruments were as puzzled about the event as I was. Perhaps, these were ghost ships trapped in the void when the battle that created it was still raging. To see the validity of this hypothesis, I had the ship's computer go through the logs that I had brought aboard for our reference manual. Their descriptions seemed to bear out my beliefs. What a truly horrible fate for their crews!

Trapped for eternity in a timeless void and doomed to fight a battle that had only a beginning and no ending!

For the rest of my journey around the void, it became quite common to notice these phantom ships. From the descriptions of the old ship's logs, my estimation of the battle's occurrence was about 5,000 years ago. If that was the case, this void signified that the regions were one of the first counterattacked by the newly formed Planetary Union, met by a series of fleets from the Confederacy before the formation of the Union. The humanoids and their Allies had been splintered into a series of small alliances that cooperated with each other where possible. Only the emergence of a powerful Dinoid enemy had united them into the Planetary Union. Before the formation of the Union, my ancestors had traded with a number of the humanoid colonies that were spread throughout the known galaxy. Their knowledge of spices and medicinal herbs had provided my ancestors with a reason for trade. So confident had my ancestors become of the eventual progress of certain Humanoid colonies that they had even given the more primitive ones our most precious possession the wily and callous wild boar.

As we advanced closer to Terra, my main concern became the food supply. Fortunately, we had on board the gift that Yeman, an Attuk, had given us. With it, we were able to survive without worry about our supply of frozen wild boar. It was good that my travels had made new friends and potential trading partners once the Dinoids were finally put in their place. My thoughts were briefly interrupted by the strange force fields that were emanating from the void. It meant that our ship would have to increase the safety interval up to a distance of four parsecs. Even at that incredible distance, the void was a most impressive sight to behold. Its yellow arms seemed to spiral like the crooked spokes on an immense wheel. Every so often, the wheel would emit a bright flash and a phantom would briefly appear. The ship occasionally would be buffeted by the shock wave from these sudden flashes. It would nearly blow our cover by energizing the cloaking field. These alterations in our field density caused me brief periods of worry. Mostly, the rapid increase in the field density and increased frequency put additional tension on the field generators and, indirectly, the propulsion system. Each time the meters would jump, so would I.

To compensate for the increased strain, I began again to take longer sleep cycles. In this way, I hoped to prepare myself for the constant reading of the field meters and interpretations of readouts over the main screen that my filled day. By the end of the year, we had just about accomplished our detour around the uncharted void. To help me in my return travels, I had the computer label the void as the battle void or Orion's Buckle. It was good to finally be free of the worry of navigating the outskirts of this uncharted void. As we pulled away from at full thrust, I noticed something that I had not seen before. The central core was expanding and looked like the hub of a huge water wheel. At the top, the hub was a blinding pure white and seemed to pierce the darkness of space like a large, unknown lamp. Near its top were a number of star systems that seemed slowly being forced into the unknown light. It was an eerie sight to see on the viewing screen. My hope was that this sight was not an ill omen for the future of the Orion star group.

Chapter 8 - Closing in on Terra

For the next two years, I continued my journey through the outer edges of the Orion star group. Mostly, my journey returned to a very uneventful and ordinary venture. Each day seemed to mirror the next. My primary pursuits consisted of keeping a daily log of my voyage and creative recreational activities. The CV-12 was performing as it was designed and all its major and minor operational systems were running in an unerring manner. As we neared the Eridanus star group and our final destination, we started to pick up some actual ship convoys. Seeing these ships was a true revelation to me. Ever since the ending of our galactic trading and exploration, our people had not seen ships of the Eridanus star group or from the most distant edges of Orion. These ships were quite different from those described in the ancient ship logs. In the old logs, these ships were rather oblong and bulky-looking. The ships that I saw now were still oblong, but they were much sleeker. They were also faster. My navigation computer was able to measure the first convoy as travelling at a speed of 15,000C and the second at a velocity of 21,000C. They were different from the ships in the logs in another way. The smaller ships, which were most probably war ships, had weapons pods attached to their bow and stern in a fashion similar to those of the Orion League. It seemed that the people of Eridanus had also learned the fearsome use of the gravity wave cannon.

As we approached the first stars of the Eridanus system, we observed our old nemesis, the Dinoids, in action. On the outer limits of our scanners, we picked up the end of a battle between a Dinoid fleet of about 20,000 ships and another unknown group's fleet of nearly the same number. Our glimpse of the battle consisted of the final two hours of this less than monumental conflict. The two groups seemingly had fought to a standstill and were in the process of disengagement when we finally got a good view of their activities on the scanner. My first task was to try to identify the task force that was battling the rather small fleet of the Dinoid Confederacy. My data banks were unable to determine their origin based on either various insignia picked up or their shape. My initial conclusion was that sometime in the near future, their identity would be revealed to me. As the ships began to depart from the region of their conflict, my concern became whether any type of void had been formed in the near vicinity of my flight path. The first scans produced a negative result and seemed to indicate that I would have no trouble while travelling through the battle zone.

After passing through the combat zone, I noticed that my instruments were beginning to pick up strange signals. Alerted by this fact, my orders were to have the scanners begin a more thorough search at the closer range of 100,000 miles (162,000 kilometers) in front of the CV-12's flight path. Either some form of debris was ahead of us, or else we were encountering the still outpouring pangs of a future void. The ship passed through this potentially dangerous region without incident and we entered the edge of Eridanus that was part of my flight plan. Our trip would now encompass a minimal arc through this largely unknown star group. It was a place where the Dinoids had met both defeat and victory. It was also a place where the humanoid civilizations had a toe-hold on important gateways in this star group. I was sure that somehow along my journey I would encounter either a void or my first human contacts. These thoughts kept me even more vigilant than usual. My first indications of a humanoid-dominated star system came at the end of my first month in the Eridanus system. My scanners caught a conversation

between ships of a convoy that was only 1.2 parsecs from the CV-12. Their language was strange to my ears and their ship of a completely unknown type. It was interesting to observe their actions and wonder what relationship, if any, they had to my final destination, the planet Terra.

In a few days, the convoy faded from my screen and I was left alone in the great emptiness that was interstellar space. It became clear that humanoids, while different in most ways from Dinoids, had one dangerous trait in common, a tendency for overt aggressive behavior. This personality trait might prove an eventual handicap when I decided to make actual contact with them. It worried me that a great galactic war was being waged between them. This conflict seemed to know no bounds and had caused much grief and destruction in the various star groups that surrounded their ancestral home. My hope was that, like my experiences in the Orion star group, I would find allies that would allow me to safely contact the Planetary Union. In this way, my journey would allow me to reinstitute the diplomatic exchange that we had had in common for 5,000 years. My uncle had told me quite a few times that his task would be a lot easier with a means to establish contact between warring factions. Our planet and its allies had been unable to maintain diplomatic procedures of any kind once the Dinoid menace reached the level that it had some 5 millennia ago. It would be good to accomplish at least this task while in orbit around Terra.

As I turned my attention to the problems of successfully contacting humans, I failed to heed a collision alarm from the main scanner. Luckily, the unknown warship that crossed my bow missed the CV-12 by 200,000 feet (six kilometers) and failed to encounter the outer shell of my cloaking device. It quickly disappeared, but left behind a most unfortunate present, a cloaked minefield! The scanners were able to pick up the field's location and the ship was slowed to sub-light so that a safe path could be plotted around the minefield. This process took about ten minutes, and our detour forced us on an unwanted excursion of two days' duration on a reduced speed of 2C.

After circumnavigating the minefield and its deadly contents, we arrived at a strange sight. Ahead of us, the space of our scanner showed a fleet of 20,000 unknown warships. Our first hope was that these ships were not hostile and that they were unable to detect our presence. As we drew near, it became obvious that they were the same ones that had created the minefield we had successfully avoided. In our opinion, the minefield had been meant for the Dinoids. Somehow, we had set our flight path in the area of Eridanus that was being hotly contested by the two warring parties. It seemed that the next two months were destined to be occupied with observing the conflict between the Humans and the Dinoids. In view of our conclusions, we decided for the present to institute a more intense period of longer duty cycles. In effect, my sleep cycles would be cut in half and my duty times nearly doubled. My fear was that the space through which we were travelling was strewn with all sorts of obstacles that the CV-12 needed its commander's help to survive. It was essential that I be awake and alert. Any and all types of emergency contingencies were possible. It was a period that promised to not be dull and devoid of adventure.

The next two weeks were without adventure. The fleets of ships that I expected to discover did not arise. Interstellar space had suddenly returned to normal and become devoid of war craft of any description. Seeing the crisis as over before it really began, I returned the ship's status to

normal and ordered myself to take a three-hour, much-needed sleep cycle. When I returned to the flight deck, the scanner showed another battle in progress between the foresworn enemies. The combat lasted for a whole month and permitted me to record daily descriptions of the battle. Each side had a fleet of one million vessels who were giving their all for a victory. Retreat appeared to be an unknown word to each respective commander. It seemed a dreadful battle to the death for each combatant. My fear was that the final result of this fearsome combat would create an immense void that might eventually mirror in size and scope those voids found throughout the Orion star group. To see if such an event might occur, my instruments were tied into the scanner. The results were most unsettling. Indeed, another hole in the fabric of space was occurring. It would be only a matter of additional days or weeks before the time/space inter-dimensional flex was bent beyond repair and swallowed up by both fleets. Soon, both enemy fleets could engage in their sordid combat for the remainder of eternity.

Their sad fate forced me to start my computer with the plotting of a course that would avoid the danger zone. The monumental battle was now some 0.12 parsecs directly ahead of us. This unforeseen detour caused yet another increase of 15 days in our flight time. It was indeed fortunate that we had been able to obtain a means to shorten our journey's time while in Orion. The constant conflicts occurring in Eridanus had greatly lengthened our projected flight time. On our charts, the computer was able to register a giant new void. As we completed the last segment of our detour, the void burst upon the embattled fleets and sealed their fates. For the next day, I scanned the region and could not pick up a single warship from either side. All that was left was the bright and immense maw that they had established. It was a place to avoid, but also a place to mourn. Eridanus' new void was a place of desperate ships and crews that would not know any piece until time's end. It took me about three days to get over the immensity of the tragedy I had just witnessed. Once again, the pursuit of violence had led to a great disaster. As I thought about the vast numbers of lost lives involved in their unfortunate conflict, I remembered the period that I had spent witnessing the death of my home world. I must never forget the smirk of the Bubar and his henchmen. It was my first encounter with a personality type that seemed to worship power and destruction. Somehow, the force that drove these individuals to such incredibly heinous behavior must be eliminated. It now seemed to me to be a quite formidable, and a virtually impossible task. Yet as I watched the flickering of the newly forming void of Eridanus appear on the view screen, it seemed a truly noble task. The sentient beings of this galaxy must find a way to avoid such a very destructive form of conflict. A way must be given them to end these ridiculous and protracted wars that plagued our known galaxy. Perhaps I could be a source of just such a solution. The more I thought about the possibilities, the more I became wedded to the idea of finding just such a workable solution.

While the tragic ending to the conflict had deeply affected me, it had not decreased my curiosity as to what Human Civilization was like. In their numerous writings, our ancestors had talked of a wide difference in the level of human development. The people of the two Canis star groups and the Centaurus system were mostly of a high order of civilization. For the most part, they shared this aggressive personality. Terra was supposedly like the other planets and star systems that they described. The decided difference was in its beauty. It was one of the less than ten per cent of all planets that were mostly water covered. Unlike my home world, it did not have one major ocean, but several. Each ocean was different in size and the type of land that it encompassed. In addition, unlike many other human-dominated planets, it had a many different races. As I reread

the logs of the ancients, my interest in this strange new world increased. It would be good to see how this diverse and beautiful world had evolved since a Cem-Lamer had last visited it.

As I completed my reflections, my scanner spotted the fleet that we had seen when we first entered Eridanus. It was headed in the general direction of the newly-created void and no doubt would be horrified by what had occurred. The only good thing about running into them was that it gave me the opportunity to observe them in much closer proximity. The ships were similar to those I had seen in the Orion star group. Their star cruiser was in the shape of an oblong spheroid that was nearly 10,000 feet (three kilometers) in length. The ships were of different colors that ranged from silvers and golds to yellows, blues and whites. Their weapons pods were not immediately visible and so I had to imagine what type of weaponry they possessed. Unlike the Dinoids, their formations were not as compact and seemed to be a type of diamond formation that was constantly repeated. The ships seemed to be more maneuverable than those of the Confederacy. It would be interesting to compare their interiors with the Dinoids. However, their speed of over 20,000 C denied me such an opportunity

With the passing of the foreign fleet, my activities returned to making a study of the star system that I was now passing through. In my log, I noted that, unlike the Orion system, the stars of Eridanus shone at a lesser magnitude. This difference probably meant that the stars of Eridanus had a better chance to have more uninhabited planets than Orion. Eridanus was a star group virtually swarming with intelligent life-forms. Unfortunately, two of these life-forms were at war with one another. If life was so abundant in this star group, undoubtedly there were pirate worlds, or just independent alliances that were using the war to maintain their viability. As I travelled in this star group, one of my tasks would be to see if I could discover just such groups. In the long run, they might prove to be the buffer worlds that could make a just peace enforceable. It seemed a proper task to be engaged in now. Just at that moment, my scanner spotted a ship of an entirely different design. It was in the shape of an ovoid spheroid with a pattern of half spheres covering it. The silver ship was 3,000 feet (1.2 kilometers) in diameter. It approached my vessel at a velocity of 2,000C and I was forced to swerve to avoid it. The ship turned and fired a tractor beam that froze my ship in its tracks. It seemed that I was finally going to meet a denizen of Eridanus, whether I wanted to or not.

As I was being pulled toward the ship, the side nearest me allowed one of its semi-orbs to open like a flower petal and engulf me. Inside the orb was an opening to a hangar deck. It took the tractor beam another fourteen minutes to slowly lower me onto the main deck of the hanger. My main concerns at this point were, who had captured me and were they friend or foe. As I busily pondered these questions, a crew of sentient beings dressed in space suits approached the CV-12. Their silver helmets and dark blue suits hid what they actually looked like. Their space suits were devoid of any insignias, a fact that continued to leave me without a clue as to who they were, or even where they were from. Seeing that my chances of escape were nearly hopeless, I opened the hatch to our hangar deck and waited anxiously for them to make their way to the main control room on the flight deck level. It took them an additional twenty minutes to make their way to where I greeted them as they alighted from the turbo-lift. Their party consisted of six people and the last to leave the turbo-lift seemed to be their leader. He stepped forward and pressed some buttons on what appeared to be a translator unit. His first words of greeting were a relief for me. His name was Althor and he was a section commander in their armed forces.

Their origin was a small star in the southern tip of Eridanus, which they called Bantar. The fourth planet in the seven-planet system was their home. They called it Mosthar. The leader ended his speech by asking me to identify myself and my intentions.

Looking at Althor, I stated that I was from a star called Anix in the tail of the Cetus star group. My mission was to reach the planet called Terra and later to journey to the Cancer star group. Curious as to their affiliations, I asked them what relation they had to the Dinoid Confederacy. Althor answered that the Confederacy was their sworn enemy and had been ever since the Confederacy's forces had ruthlessly invaded the Eridanus star system a great number of millennia ago. To this answer, my reply was that my home planet called Cem-Lam and the Anix star system were the victims of a sudden Dinoid invasion of enormous proportions. Althor sighed and welcomed me as a friend. For the first time, the Mostharians took off their helmets. They proved to be amphiboids from a large water world. Unlike the other amphiboids that I had seen previously in the Orion star group, they were more frog-like in appearance. All six of them were about my height and build. The major difference was their smooth, dark green skin and webbed hands containing six slender fingers. Althor introduced his crew members and then asked me if I had seen the large battle between the human forces and the Dinoid fleet. My answer was that I had witnessed this most tragic event. He warned that if I continued on my journey, I was bound to encounter the human-controlled star systems of Eridanus. "Avoid them until you have completed your mission and you will be a most happy traveler", he said. The humans were always cordial to my people, but they have a sense of superiority toward others. However, some were also quite enlightened on this principle. Just beware and mark your time before contacting them." With these statements, he left me in peace and returned to the turbo-lift with his cohorts. Soon they were gone and my ship was again travelling alone in interstellar space. As I watched their ship reach the outer range of my scanners, I wondered how much truth there was to his advice about the Humans.

It would another two weeks until the scanners would spot another ship. This one was definitely Dinoid in origin. It was probably on a scouting mission looking for the enemy fleet. The star cruiser sped right past me and continued its forlorn search as it passed out of range. The appearance of the Dinoid ship reminded me of the issues that Althor had mentioned. As I thought about them, I became more and more curious about humans and their civilizations. According to prevailing legends of the galaxy, humans had originated in the watery worlds that surround the star they call Vega in the Lira star group. They were an aquatic primate species that returned to land about one million years ago and slowly but surely began the road to advanced technological civilization. In the previous half million years, they had spread across nearly half of the known galaxy. Presently, they came in a seemingly endless number of shapes, sizes and colors. In the course of their almost evangelical migration, they had encountered their nemesis, the anti-mammalian societies of the Dinoid Confederacy. The resulting conflict had created the havoc that I had been witnessing since my journey had begun. If Althor was right about them, it might be possible at the right moment to contact them and achieve great success in negotiations over the future course of the known galaxy. Unlike the Dinoids, they were amenable to negotiation and an end to this ridiculous conflict. My hope was that when the right time came, a way could be found to successfully contact them.

The star system that we were approaching was given in my charts as the nine planet system of

Cotix. It was a minor yellow-white star, slightly bigger than the sun around which Terra orbited. Since the star was only a six-hour journey from my present position, I decided to order the CV-12 to enter the star system and check out each of the nine planets that orbited the star Cotix. The outer planets were strangely uninhabited. To avoid surprise attack, one would have surmised that at least some type of base or observation satellite would be found here. This discovery made me leery of continuing; but I decided to pursue my exploration of the system. I was curious to discover if Humans were in evidence here, and how they handled the matter of security and the conditions of their civilization in general. By the time that we reached the second planet, we had still not observed any life-forms. This system, despite its outward appearance, looked lifeless. On the second world, I got an unwanted surprise. The place was teeming with Dinoids! Confederacy troops were practicing invasion maneuvers while a fleet of 20,000 transports and star destroyers hid in orbit on the other side of the planet. Undoubtedly, the Dinoids were hoping to spring a trap on some unsuspecting Planetary Union scouts that might wander into this most appealing star system. Evidently, the Dinoids were hoping to capture a human and torture him into revealing the position of a large fleet. By attacking this fleet, the Dinoids would gain temporary control of this sector of Eridanus. Instead, their trap had only enticed a very curious Cern Lamer in a most undetectable space craft ? the CV-12. It was with a great deal of satisfaction that I left this system and returned to my original flight path. It had been a pleasant surprise to have found my foe engaged in such an unusual masquerade. I was glad that we were able to escape as easily as we had entered the Dinoids' well-planned trap.

After returning to our flight path, our daily tasks resumed their previous monotony. For the next three months, our journey was merely a daily boring routine of meaningless log entries and endless games of P'rong and drawing contests with the computer. As my three-month period of no contacts was ending, the ship's flight path entered the point where we would begin the large arc that would take us out of Eridanus and into the vicinity of the Solis and its third planet, Terra. At the start of this critical time of course corrections for the navigational computer, we began to pick up enormous Dinoid convoys. Numbering well over one million ships each, they seemed to be heading in the same direction as Solis. We desperately began to hope that Terra itself was not now the victim of the mass attacks that had doomed my home world. By the second week of establishing the pattern of the arc maneuver on our flight path, the enemy convoys ceased. The whole situation left us puzzled and worried about Terra's fate.

The next year also proved uneventful. By its conclusion, the arc maneuver had been fully executed. We also were able to encounter a number of unusual dust clouds and various stars in the early stages of formation. It had been the first time that any exploration vessel from Cem-Lam had encountered such a phenomenon since the last days of the Ancient Ones, some 5,000 years ago. My observations, when combined with the data gleaned so laboriously from the old ship's logs, should prove able to give scientists on my world a greater appreciation of the processes involved in the actual formation of stars in our galaxy. In addition to the dust clouds and first-stage proto-stars, we were able to encounter strange natural magnetic anomalies. These immense proto-gravitational fields were proof of the inter-dimensional energy transfers that were first expounded by teachers in my second year's studies at the Advanced Training Center in Physics. It was exciting to me to discover what had been largely theory up till now. Eagerly, I measured the fields and the rate and means of energy transfer. At last, my journey had produced some excellent scientific data that could aid the advancement of our scientific research on

galactic and inter-dimensional energy transfer. If my data was correct, the way had been paved for future inter-dimensional travel. It added a high level of worth to the largely dull period of time that my journey was encountering.

Following the discovery of the strange natural magnetic fields, I began to get instrument readings that were similar to those in the void. It appeared that the energy exchange regions were like a mini void. Only, unlike the artificial void, these regions were measurable and quite constant in the nature and amount of energy exchange. At the right time, an explorer could traverse these regions to a destination that could be as easily calculated as one on a standard star chart. It was a discovery that made me very happy. Not only did it prove the feasibility of the Cancer star group having a space/time machine, but it also gave a possible solution to the existence of the voids themselves. Perhaps in the near future, a series of well-placed explosions could seal off the voids and repair the terrible holes that the gravity cannons had rent in the fabric of space/time. At least, it was well worth a try.

Braced by this revelation, I spent the next two relatively uneventful months engaged in a possible scenario on how to best seal the voids of Orion and Eridanus. My initial results were hopeful, but still needed additional computation on a larger and swifter computer than that carried by the CV-12. My computer had been well-designed for its purposes, but it was unable to complete the task that I had assigned it. To aid our own purposes, I ordered the bulk of the computations erased and only the important equations and their preliminary derivations retained. With this part of my research completed, I returned to a more intense perusal of the Eridanus system. One of the first things that I was able to discover was the difference in energy transfer between the two star groups. Orion seemed to be a much older part of the galaxy. Its transfer points were stabilized and it was known for numerous artificial voids. Eridanus seemed slightly younger. It had more highly unstable transfer points and resembled the artificial voids in Orion. My questions quickly turned to what this relationship meant. In addition, the two star groups were attracting and repelling each other at slightly different rates. These interactions seemed to be related in some way to the inter-dimensional flux fields and energy transfer patterns of the natural voids in Eridanus and the unnatural ones in Orion. Somehow, my information would be useful to our scientists. At the very least, my preliminary analysis of the data should provide some important clues for their research.

As I continued to fuss over my data, I began to grow less interested with the voyage and more with the immensity of my discovery. Perhaps this data could convince the people in the Cancer star group of my sincerity and the need for sharing their vital knowledge with my people. For the present, that was my hope.

Just as I had given up on any further contact with the people of Eridanus, I spotted a convoy of 1200 ships that was crossing my flight path at a distance of 0.12 parsecs. The ships were of an unknown design, but slightly resembled the vessels from Mosthar. The major difference was that these ships were more ovoid in shape and seemed to be red and yellow in color. Since they were travelling at over 20,000C, it was impossible for me to chase after them. By a strange coincidence, the convoy began to zigzag in such a way that, by the end of the second day of our observing them, their distance had dropped to 0.1 parsecs. The convoy was now only a few hours' distance from my ship and easily observed by magnification on the view screen.

Throwing caution to the wind, I decided to open hailing frequencies and determine their origin. The lead vessel was a star cruiser from the Omyr star system, a distance of some 3.2 parsecs from my present position. These ships were in the midst of preparing a magnetic field bottle of immense size. This "bottle" was being created to trap a Dinoid attack fleet that one of their advance scouting patrols had spotted. The fleet was supposed to reach this region in the next two days. Accomplishing this defense scheme would ensure the defeat of the Dinoid fleet. The leader of the Omyr convoy told me to immediately alter my course and gave me the necessary coordinates to do so. These figures were put into my navigational computer and permitted me to continue safely on my sojourn to Terra. I was happy that I had decided to break my vow of silence and communicated with the strange ships. It had saved my ship from a potential disaster!

Following the completion of my circumnavigation of the Omyr minefield, my ship returned to its original flight plan. It would turn out that this encounter with the people from Omyr was to be the last contact that I would have while in the Eridanus star system. For the next year, as I slowly continued my arc through the outer edge of this star group, the only ships of any kind that I saw were on the distant outer limits of my scanner. As far as this aspect can be evaluated, the Eridanus system was filled with trade, as well as with the deadly convoys of war. Constantly, my scanner was able to pick up either a few ships travelling together or a large convoy. It was amazing to witness the size of these convoys. Mostly, they included merchant ships of all descriptions. We could see these ships going across our path in all the directions of the compass. Evidently, we were journeying through some of the major trade routes in this small section of the galaxy. As we continued on, it became a game between the computer and myself to estimate the final destination of the multitudes of ships we saw. Since we were unable to actually know even their intermediate stops, it remained a mystery as to where they were really going.

While we were engaged in our great game of guessing the merchants' final destination, a strange type of energy slowly began to pervade our ship. At first, it only affected the non-critical operations of the ship. In this case, our first indication of some anomaly present was the weird signals coming from the monitoring of the robots and the storage lockers. These early results were largely ignored and would not even have been bothered with if a few other developments had not occurred. About three months after the first discovery of the anomalies originating primarily on levels seven and eight, the first major system began to be affected by the unknown energy. The life support back-up system for the bottom level of the ship (hangar deck and levels 40 to 50) began to act up. To rectify this problem, the computer was ordered to analyze the situation and report back to me. For over two hours, the computer monitored the faulty systems and could not find an exact cause. This left me with no other alternative but to check the systems out directly. The ship was put on automatic mode with the usual special instructions. When life support was involved, it was necessary to put on a special light spacesuit. That done, I grabbed a special case filled with circuit and system analyzers and headed for the nearest turbo-lift.

In a few minutes, the turbo-lift brought me down to the hangar deck. It was my opinion that whatever was wrong could be discovered quickly on this level. It was the height of about ten regular levels, and was loaded with circuit output outlets that would permit easy access to the ship's main circuitry. My first checkpoint was the actual life support pumps for the levels involved with the anomaly. The pumps checked out as 100% efficient. The same held true for the rest of the system. By all accounts, the system should be in its nominal default mode. Yet, it was

not and continued to turn on and off as if being manipulated by some unseen hand. It was mystifying. As I redid my checklist, it occurred to me to use the field analyzer to see if some unknown energy was seeping into the ship. The first scan of the unit caused it to register a quasi-magnetic field that was resonating at an extremely high frequency. To block these energies from the ship, it would be necessary to experiment with the cloaking field generators on level two. This solution became my only hope for a quick resolution to the problem. To this end, I returned to the turbo-lift and a quick trip to the second level.

When I arrived, my destination was the control panel for the cloaking field generator. Before altering the special mix for the cloaking field, an adjustment was made to the monitoring panel that would allow it to be adjusted to the readings on the field analyzer that I had connected to the computer outlet panel in the hangar deck. This way, I would be able to properly monitor the relationship of new field mix to any changes in the amount of energy entering the hangar deck. My first adjustment was to form a denser cloaking field. My hope was that this denser field would not have to be raised to its maximum level. Any increase in the energy output of over 80% capacity would force me to slow the CV-12 down another ten per cent, to 62C. Such a new set of velocity parameters for the ship could spell possible disaster for the mission. This slowing of the ship could add as much as one additional year to our total flight time. It was a decision that I did not want to make.

When my alterations began, the field mix was at a density level of sixty per cent. My initial adjustment was to increase it to seventy per cent. The field analyzer noticed a drop by nearly fifty per cent in the amount of energy escaping into the hangar deck. I questioned whether this drop in energy seepage would be sufficient for our needs. The answer quickly came back that it was not. Vital systems in the lower decks were still failing when tested, despite a perfect fail-safe reading on the ship's instruments. My next attempt was to see if the problem was a need to purge the systems of accumulated excesses. This assumption proved to be unfounded and I was back to having to increase cloaking field density. To see the least possible increase utilized, my decision was to use one per cent density increments. Over the next four hours, by the time that we got to 74%, the energy levels had dropped to just under 10 per cent. This level was sufficient to cause a slowing in the CV-12 to a maximum speed of 65C. This decrease in velocity would add an additional six months to our journey's duration. Even though we did not wish it, this alteration in our ship's travel time to Terra was within acceptable limits. The best that could be gained from our situation we had accomplished.

With a much slower speed than ever, it became even more essential that the collision avoidance system be tuned to its maximum efficiency. Our margin of error had been drastically decreased by our slower operating speeds. To accomplish this, the scanners rotational ability was turned on its maximum. Moreover, the ship's analyzers were tied in directly to this system as well as to the main computer. I had to be sure that the computer, when on automatic mode, could determine the extent of an approaching object's speed and direct an act accordingly. Under certain circumstances, such a capability could decide whether or not the CV-12 would survive. It was my intention to ensure that in the final analysis we survived. At least, that intention was what motivated me.

With this problem temporarily resolved, I turned my attention to our journey's destination. Even though the planet Terra was still quite a few years away, it was my hope that I could contact some of the native population once I had completed a series of exact experiments. So far, it seemed that both Dinoids and Humans were unable to discover my ship's position when cloaked. If this assumption proved still correct when I reached an orbit around Terra, the ability of my ship to carry out its mission without being disturbed would be greatly enhanced. If it turned out not to be the case, then our mission parameters would have to be extensively altered. Most of my worry was centered on whether Terra had yet advanced to a technology suitable for interstellar space travel. If so, she was now definitely a part of the Planetary Union. Such a reality could spell disaster to my hopes that this world still harbored sufficient numbers of wild boars or domesticated swine to replenish the ship's larder. Planetary Union members, according to my uncle, tended to frown on our use of an animal as a prime source of food. Even though our ancestors had fully explained the historical link to our heritage that swines represented, many more advanced Human civilizations had not permitted us to trade our excess wild boars for their goods. One of these important exceptions had been the somewhat primitive civilizations of Central and South-Central Asia on Terra. Here, swine was easily accepted as a barter, good in exchange for a number of spices and edible plants. In addition, other parts of Asia had accepted some of our more exotic edible plants in exchange for valuable spices such as cloves and cayenne pepper. These medicinal and food substances greatly added to the vast amount of plant life that served as a major source of our diet. I saw the mission to Terra was seen as primarily a place to explore the truth of the ancient merchant-explorers' log entries and to restock my food supplies before beginning my return voyage through the Cancer star group. Any unforeseen delay or inability to replenish my stores could dramatically alter the success of my mission. Luckily, the great gifts of Yeman and Attuk had given me some alternatives if my worst case scenario materialized. I was forever thankful for their kindness and the immense importance of their gift to me.

As I mulled over my options, the collision alarm was suddenly sounded. A Dinoid star cruiser of newer design was headed straight toward me. My adjusted alarm system permitted the ship to swerve away from the star cruiser's path just before it encountered our outer cloaking field. It was too close a call for my comfort. Yet another odd event had occurred. A large object such as a star cruiser should be easily detected by our long-range scanner. Yet it had gone unnoticed until just before it was too late to avoid a disaster. My worry became the strange field that had permeated the ship was now affecting my most important instrument ? the ship's scanners. To check out this possibility, I had a field analyzer attached to the scanners input connections to the main computer. The computer relayed back what I had suspected. The strange force-field was still leaking through the less dense forward shields into the scanner's input sensors. If not corrected, this leakage could spell our eventual doom. It was time for a quick solution to this problem. One that would not cause me to increase the forward shield's density and indirectly lead to a further slowing in the overall velocity of my ship.

My first thought was to take some of the special amorphous shielding material and cover the scanner's input sensors. This operation took me about two hours to complete and reduced the field leakage by only 40%. To reduce the leakage to a more acceptable level would require a more ingenious solution. The answer appeared to me in a dream during my next sleep cycle. The weakest section of the forward shield surrounded the forward nose cone. This part of the ship

formed the famous snout configuration that had identified our ships since time memorial as being from Cern-Lam. The inside of the snout could be covered with the amorphous shielding material. This material, called Kelirp, was impervious to all known magnetic fields. A special tool called a Kistrup could be used to insert the Kelirp in the snout section. The operation would take about three hours to complete and should solve my problem once and for all.

To complete the task as rapidly as possible, I had the computer identify all possible storage points for Kelirp. Most storage points were on level eight and required me to go immediately to that level and find the location of the just-described locker rooms. This was easier said than done. The eighth level was basically the domain of the ship's robots. Security was extremely high and with the robots in their storage mode, locked down for the duration of the journey, this level was virtually off-limits to the regular ship's crew. Since I was the senior crew chief, security regulations normally allowed me to enter all levels of the ship when a possible emergency existed. To aid my chances for entry, I programmed an emergency scenario into the security computer. This scenario included the energy anomaly problem that the ship had just encountered. Following the completion of this task, I re-entered the security computer with my identification numbers and told it of the dangers to the ship. To solve the emergency, I must be given entry to level number eight without the robot storage and lockdown mode being altered. After a further delay of fifteen minutes, the security computer decided to allow me entry pending a successful snout-print identification before leaving the turbo-lift. Due to the importance of my repair task, I went to the turbo-lift immediately after receiving permission to enter.

At level eight, I successfully passed the snout print ID and was allowed to open the doors of the turbo-lift. It was entirely different than any other level on the ship, consisting of a huge central space filled with control panels that monitored every aspect of the ship's conservation activity. In this panel were the emergency start-up controls for the disintegration chambers and sorter rooms that turned the scattered atoms back into something useful. Controls for employing the robots and monitoring their activities were also to be found here. No wonder this floor was ruled "no admit" for the general crew! As I walked around this central section, I searched for the storage room. After a seemingly futile five-minute walk, I discovered the doorway to the appropriate storeroom. The next task was to enter and get the Kelirp. The door was secured by another snout ID unit, which I quickly passed through. It was time to enter the store room and return to the flight deck with the Kelirp. This was to seem easier than it actually was.

Once I entered the storeroom, I quickly saw that it was unlike any other storage space on the ship. Bins were arranged in several large tiers and, as fate would have it, the Kelirp was in a big closed bin on the top tier. The next questions were how to reach the bin and how to open it. It seemed that the bins were designed for the exclusive use of the supply robots that normally were stationed in this area. There seemed to be no steps or ladders that would reach the top tier of storage bins. I was a pretty good climber and decided to climb up the tiers to my destination. It took me twenty very difficult minutes to achieve my objective. Now came the problem of opening the bin marked Kelirp. It appeared that a special key was required. After five minutes of attempting to decide how to circumvent the lock, I tried the door and got a nice surprise. It was open! I flung all the Kelirp to the ground, closed the door and easily leaped to the floor some twenty five feet (eight meters) below. I gathered up the Kelirp, left the storeroom and returned to my work station on level three.

Reaching level three, I had the computer put together a template for the insertion of Kelirp inside the snout section of the ship. If a successful template could be cut, it would simply be a matter of inserting the material in the space provided between the sensor units and the protective containment structure of the snout. This operation took the computer and yours truly about half a day to construct. The difficulty lay in the fact that along certain cleavage lines, the Kelirp tended to get brittle and crack into very small and useless pieces. The computer solved this potential problem by cutting the template against the grain of the material. We were now ready to insert the template into its position under the ship's snout.

To accomplish this, it was necessary to open the top escape hatch above the main control room and crawl into the emergency escape tube. At the top of this tube was the entrance to the snout's sensors. To do this without activating the destruct sequencer would be difficult. It would be necessary to override the emergency trip switch that opened the hatch. My first attempt was to order the computer to tell the security computer to ignore the open hatch signal from the switch. But the security computer refused to obey, since it needed a special override command that I did not have. Taking a long shot, I had the computer display all emergency commands for starting and stopping destruct cycles on the ship. Sure enough, the command I needed was among those listed. Copying it into the database of the main computer, I asked the computer to override the security computer's destruct sequencer. It worked and I was finally able to open the hatch and prepare to solve the problem of a series of faulty sensor readings from the scanner. To my amazement, the escape tube was more than a means to get the crew to the center section of the ship in a hurry. It was equipped with a whole series of back-up monitoring equipment. It also had a number of extra space suits and a docking connector if such a maneuver was required. The doorway to the sensor unit was quite large and made the insertion of our template an easy task. It took a grand total of six minutes. It only remained to test our sensor to see if our template was accomplishing its assigned task.

Upon my return to the flight deck, tests were begun on the affect of the Kelirp on the sensor units of the scanner. The analyzer circuit found that we had reduced the seepage to a level that was within one per cent of normal. As they say in the movies, "mission accomplished"! And it was repaired none too soon, as far as the ship's safety was concerned. About three minutes after returning the scanner to my collision alarm system, the alarm sounded. Ahead of us, a Dinoid star cruiser was just 100,000 miles (162,000 kilometers) off our starboard bow. I swerved hard to port and narrowly missed a head-on collision. However, the near contact hit our cloaking field very hard and it began to vibrate. No doubt the Dinoid ship must have seen us, yet the enemy star cruiser continued on its way at high light speed (over 26,000C). Hopefully, it was on an important mission and could not stop to put us out of our misery. For the next two hours, the CV-12 was quite visible for all who cared to know of our existence. Luckily, the region around us was devoid of any ships for the next three hours.

Following the incident with the star cruiser, we returned our computer to the system that had kept us save during this part of our journey. Despite all of our worry about safety, we sighted not another ship for the next ten months. We decided that this section of Eridanus must be on the outskirts of the main shipping and trade space paths. We also began to believe that the star systems we were bypassing were largely primitive in nature, or had been abandoned due to the severity of the Human-Dinoid conflict. With nothing exciting to do, we decided to catch up on

our P'rong tournament. Here, a major upset occurred. The computer finally beat me in a marathon contest that lasted over six hours. It was one of the longest and most frustrating games of P'rong I ever played. It was also embarrassing. My family would never let me live down the fact that a novice computer had beaten the regional and former junior world champion. In a nightmare during the next sleep cycle, I went through a total razzing by my brother and his friends. It was more than one could take!

The computer could not help but start a program of bragging about its lone victory over me. For the next two days, it challenged me to another game and declared itself the champ. There was only one way out. The next day, we fought again for the P'rong title. It was a most glorious victory, and importantly, it lasted only three hours. In gloating over its win, the computer had forgotten to adjust its game for possible different strategies from me. Its predictability was its Waterloo. After the win by yours truly, the computer apologized for its behavior and asked for another game. The return challenge match was cancelled by the sudden appearance on our scanner of a fleet of 20,000 Dinoid warships. They were scouring the area, seemingly looking for us. It was lucky that we were invisible to their sensors. It nevertheless forced us to redouble our efforts to keep the ship from any possible near-collisions with the enemy fleet. It seemed that the Bubar's men were now able to see that the only way to find me was to force my cloaking field to vibrate until it was visible to them. The next two days were spent out-maneuvering this fleet of anxious sharks. When they left, we breathed a sigh of relief that we were still in one piece and still undetectable by the Dinoid scum.

The next two months after the brief incident with Dinoid fleet proved to be uneventful. For the most part, we began to monitor a large number of merchant ship convoys. Somehow, our flight path had brought us back into one of the main trade routes in this section of the Eridanus star group. Luckily, we were able to avoid any near-misses with the convoys and to clear the area without incident. Along these lines, it was necessary in order to determine possible origins and destinations of these convoys, to plot their courses and make a record of each ship's shape and size. As I analyzed the results of my initial recordings, it became clear that the vast majority of ships were previously unknown to us. It seemed that my investigation would be unable to discover anything of importance. The only fact garnered was that the ships came mainly from parts of this star system and were engaged in a form of interstellar commerce.

Following this failed attempt at discovering some important data about the convoys, I decided to conduct a brief survey on the Orion star system. No one from our section of the galaxy had been able to survey interstellar space from this vantage point for the past few millennia. It would be interesting to see how much the major star clusters had altered their basic positions from those given on the star charts of ancient interstellar explorers. To no surprise, the alterations fit the changes ordered by our astronomers and drawn in by our stellar cartographers. It was nice to know that their charts could be so accurate, even though we had not ventured out in this part of galaxy in so long a period of time. As the different pictures of the galaxy were processed by the main computer, we could see that many of the minor stars in the Orion system were not included in the ancient maps. Perhaps, the old ships that they travelled in were inclined to miss stars that were of no value to them. Aside from this discrepancy, the old charts were quite accurate and probably, in their day, works that displayed the genius of their masters.

As I became more adjusted to being alone in interstellar space, the long periods of open time were less of a burden to me. On Cem-Lam, my days had been filled with family, friends or duties. For the first time, this journey was ceasing to seem a burden. The large number of recreational activities created in me a need to examine myself and the goals that I was slowly developing. My uncle had long told me that at times solitude was a great curative for the soul. Up till now, I had not believed him and thought that life was best served in the company of others. This long and lonely flight, to some extent, was curing me of this notion. Yet to me, the company of others, especially those who were quite close, was an essential aspect of being. This journey was a watershed in my present life. It would cast its shadow over me for a long time and help me to establish the prerogatives of my life. More and more, I now began to look over my life and attempt to discover its purpose. Such prolonged seriousness was highly unusual for me. The last time I had done so was during my two years at the Advanced Training Center in philosophy, located in the suburbs of West Vel-Cor City. This trip was having a most unusual effect on me.

During this period of deep reflection over the immediate goals of my life, the trip to Terra became rather uneventful. It was as if fate had decreed that a total re-examination of my being was to be accomplished at this particular point in time. For the most part, this period of deep inner meditation lasted for about six months. It ended with the sighting of a Dinoid convoy as we reached the end of our swing through Eridanus. This convoy was different from the seemingly endless number that I had previously observed. The Dinoids, up till now, had usually allowed only a mixture of about one-third warships and two-thirds merchant vessels. In this convoy, the usual mix was reversed. Also, the majority of convoy warships were star cruisers of the latest design. The Dinoids evidently feared that a large and powerful force would attempt to attack this small fleet of 20,000 ships before it reached its destination. To me, the convoy was another sign of how badly things were going in their war against the Planetary Union.

By now, we were on the outskirts of the old demarcation line between the part of interstellar space dominated by the Dinoids and their allies. As we entered the border area, we began to see a change in the type of interstellar environment that we had encountered so far. The first striking difference was the amount of debris that the scanner began to pick up. It was a sure sign of the destruction of many ships by both sides. Leery of another uncharted void, we began to conduct field analyzer scans of every path in front of the ship. For the first week of passage, we failed to encounter any field anomalies. However by the third week's end, we started to receive back data that suggested that some slight degree of field distortion was present. After receiving another two weeks of this type of data, the anomaly readings ceased. It was quite puzzling unless it was no more than background radiation caused by the decay and transformation of space energy. This phenomenon was quite common near the edge of large star groups, due to the rapid field fluxing of the massive unitary fields that hold the star groups in place. Since I was near such an outer boundary, I finally decided to choose this alternative as the best explanation for what I had observed.

In another month, I was practically at the edge of the star group and it was time to begin the final segment of the arc that would take me to the star system that contained the planet Terra. At this point, I became quite elated. Even though my destination was still a few years away, it seemed to me that I had survived the most difficult part of my journey. It was going to be the start of my

journey through parts of the galaxy largely controlled by the Planetary Union. No Cem-Lamer had passed through this region in the last three to five thousand years. No doubt the people who populated this vast area of interstellar space had changed quite drastically from the days when my forebears traded with them on a regular basis. It would be interesting to observe them and discover how similar and how different they were from us. The diaries of the ancient ones had mentioned how emotionally and passionately attached to strange beliefs and primitive concepts they were. As an historian and recorder of my people's tradition, it was interesting to me to see if these beliefs of the humans were now more advanced and more logical than those previously described.

During the next two months, my ship grew closer to the boundary zone that marked the end of the Eridanus star group and the furthest reaches of Orion. Here, my ship would make another critical maneuver that would mark the successful completion of my journey to Terra. The maneuver would involve lowering the elliptical of the main course to a point that would permit us to intercept the star system that included Terra. The tactical maneuver took us about two days to complete and its accomplishment left me in no doubt that we would reach Terra within an acceptable time. With this task completed, we moved into the sector of space controlled mostly by the Planetary Union. My first sign of this fact was the series of convoys that I observed some six weeks after leaving Eridanus proper. These ships were most unusual in shape. They most resembled huge cylinders over 2,000 feet (600 meters) in length. Unlike the Dinoid convoys I had observed, these were protected by very few warships. The first convoy I spotted had a total of 3,200 ships and only 200 of them were warships. They were star cruisers of an oblong spheroid design that I had seen previously. The one difference was that these vessels were much larger. The warships were over 6,000 feet (1.8 kilometers) in length. Their massive weapons pods were displayed in the bow of each star cruiser. Judging from the size of the gravity wave cannons, one would not want to get in way.

After a brief flurry of convoy sightings, the next three weeks' journey became uneventful. It seemed that either the humans were unable to detect me or, unlike the Dinoids, chose to ignore my presence. Either way, it afforded me a chance to observe their ships in operation and make a catalog of their various types, sizes and shapes. At the end of my brief period of relative inactivity, I spotted a rather small Dinoid war party that was following my exact course. Since the ships were travelling at 15,000C, they swiftly overtook me and forced me to slightly alter my course in order to avoid a collision. As they passed overhead, I opened my radio channel to their standard frequencies in an attempt to discover the purpose of their mission. Spying got me little in the way of evidence, as they were limiting their conversations to course trajectories and arrival times. Based on these overhead numbers, it became obvious that the seven ships that I saw were on a course for Terra as well. Seemingly, the region around Terra must be the scene of some pretty severe skirmishes between the two bitter enemies. It was a most disquieting thought to realize that I was travelling to an area that might be fraught with danger.

Filled now a great sense of adventure and quiet desperation, I pressed on toward my destination ? the Planet Terra. At first the trip between the very edges of Eridanus and Orion was most boring. Since there were some two years left before arrival in orbit around Terra, I took the time to shoot some new star charts and to observe the various nebulae that I was close to. It had long been a very fascinating study for me. Unlike stars, nebulae were like the dead bodies or patterns of star

formations that had gone awry. Each nebula was different and showed the almost endless ways in which a faulty star could self-destruct. It never ceased to leave me in awe at the wonders of the vast universe. Its apparent timelessness could be seen in its infinite wonders. The Creator had indeed fashioned a most astonishing and exciting reality.

My worries for the fate of Terra further increased when I spotted the next Dinoid expedition some five days later. Like their predecessors, they were on a trajectory that would take them very close (less than 0.12 parsecs) to my destination. At the same time, I began to spot regular convoys from the just-left Eridanus system that were headed toward Terra. In my mind, Terra was beginning to be a most important speck in this vast section of the known galaxy. As I saw more ships, my curiosity began to heighten. Perhaps, the once primitive and savage humans of Terra were now civilized and an important outpost planet of the Planetary Union. This hypothesis was bolstered by the sudden finding of another small void some 2.1 parsecs dead ahead of my ship. As was the case before, this void had to mark the sight of a great battle between the bitter enemies of the galaxy ? the Humans and the Dinoids. As the CV-12 approached this artificial crack in the fabric of space, we began scanning the void for any sign of warships that were trapped in its midst. This time, our search was to no avail. The void seemed to be like the huge one formerly observed in Orion. It was just a huge energy loaded with the danger of hidden space/time warps. Such a phenomenon was to be most assuredly avoided.

As I was busy going around the void, my ship nearly collided with a lone Dinoid star cruiser. It seemed to be fleeing from some battle. As I swerved to avoid it, my scanners picked up a number of blips that resembled the Human warships noticed earlier. The ten ships were at the outer limits of my range and closing very fast. Our initial velocity estimate was for a speed of 22,000C. We temporarily lowered our flight path and waited for them to pass over us at high speed. Instead, the first nine ships went swiftly while the tenth dropped to a level near ours. This action alarmed me, but fortunately the ship kept up its rapid speed and passed to our right, at a distance 2,000 miles (3,300 kilometers). For a moment, we believed that the Humans could discover our whereabouts. Now, we decided that we were in no immediate danger. My assumption was that the Humans were only a little more advanced technologically than the Dinoids.

To me, this hypothesis seemed quite sound. Both forces appeared to fight with the same type of weaponry and similarly designed ships. Battle tactics appeared also to be quite similar. My remaining questions were largely concerned with the nature of Human civilization. My hope was that it was different from the well-known one practiced by the Dinoids. For too long, my people and our allies had been terrorized by the savage attacks and brutal colonization of the Dinoids. The Humans offered hope that another species of mammals could be both helpful and a potential ally against the incursions of the Dinoid Confederacy. The Bubar and his ilk had controlled the destiny of too many star groups for the past millennia. The time had come to topple this ill-formed Confederacy and provide for a new order in the known galaxy. It had increasingly become my great hope that an alliance of some sort could be forged that would allow us and the Humans to combine and, in this way, defeat the vast fleets of the Dinoid. If this feat could be accomplished, it might be possible to bring the Bubar to his senses sooner than believed possible. At least that was my deepest desire as I slowly approached my destination ? the beautiful blue world known as Terra.

After I cleared the void and had travelled for another two days, I came upon what was probably the sight of a recent small skirmish between the Dinoids and the Humans. The region of space I was entering was filled with debris. From its shape and size, it appeared to be the burnt-out hulls of five Dinoid star cruisers. Floating around this wreckage was the vast amount of hull material that must have been blown outward by the direct hits of space energy particle beams. Judging from the amount of damage done to the ships, the beam projectors had to have been either fired at close range or else these weapons were more powerful than I had initially suspected. It was a most impressive sight to behold and had probably been left by the Humans as a warning to any future Dinoid fleet that might pass in this direction. By the time I arrived at the wreckage site, all vestiges of the attacking Human fleet had dispersed. It left me with a series of questions as to what kind of ships had caused this incredible damage to the Dinoid star cruisers. In general, the Human star cruisers that I had seen carried no type of beam weapon. Perhaps this attack was also a warning to the Dinoids that Human ships were now equipped with deadly beam weaponry.

Two days out from the site of the Dinoid wreckage, my scanners picked up a large Human war fleet of some 4,000 vessels. This fleet was unusual in that it had no apparent destination. It seemed to be traveling in a very elliptical path whose sole purpose was to prohibit any unknown convoy from passing in its direction. It was a great comfort to me that my puny ship was undetectable. It was a sure thing that the CV-12 was no match for any of the ships of this mighty fleet. As I passed beneath their flight path, my scanner looked around for any sign of beam weapons. Once again, my scans could not find such weaponry on any of the ships in the fleet. It only added to my confusion as to what had actually happened to the destroyed Dinoid star cruisers.

The mystery was solved some two weeks later when I observed a Human star destroyer in action. At the time, my scanners had just picked up a comet head in the deepest parts of its elongated orbit around a star that my charts had labeled Hygarus. As I approached the comet in order to better observe the composition of the head, I happened to discover a Human convoy whose strength was nearly 3,000 ships. Unlike earlier convoys, this one was largely composed of warships of all types and descriptions. Out of nowhere, a pack of thirty Dinoid star cruisers rose up to attack. The smaller star destroyers fanned out and surrounded the enemy vessels. The whole battle was over in less than three minutes. The Human star destroyers opened up with beam weapons to blow out the shielding screens in a blinding flash of greens, reds and yellows. The now sub-lit and indefensible star cruisers' hulls were blasted apart by repeated salvos from the Human warships. The ships either imploded in little bits or burned until their electrical equipment had completely shorted out. It was a truly extraordinary sight. The suicidal attack had served no purpose. The Dinoids had managed to destroy the shields of two ships, but otherwise had inflicted no damage. The attack seemed to be another indication of the desperation of the Dinoid cause. It was another sign of the stupidity of the Bubar and his men.

As I passed the Human fleet and the wreckage of the Dinoid attackers, I had graphically proven that the Humans possessed beam weapons. These weapons were not mounted on the main weapons pod, but were attached to the hull directly and fired through a special configuration, a seemingly ornamental part of the warship's bow. It was interesting to have discovered the secret of where the Humans kept the weapons stored and how they used them in combat. As I had suspected, the Beam weapon was more powerful than those employed by the ships of the Orion

League. It was able to destroy the powerful defense shields of the Dinoids from a distance of 100,000 miles (360,000 kilometers). This was a weapon about three times stronger than that of the Orion Pirates. The Humans had indeed made some sort of technological breakthrough. It would be interesting to see what the Dinoids would do in an attempt to counteract this new weapons system.

Following this incident, my ship was unable to discover another vessel for a period of two weeks. This relative peace and quiet was shattered when we came upon another small Dinoid fleet of some three hundred vessels. Each star cruiser had somehow sneaked by the patrols I had observed in the past few months of my journey. It seemed that the purpose of this newly formed fleet was to harass the enemy convoys that plied this region of the galaxy. As they passed by me, the fleet began to circle, much in the manner of the Human fleet I had observed previously. Their purpose in so doing was to be ready to attack any convoy that passed within range of their elongated flight path. For the next two days, I observed their activities. Finally, my scanners proved insufficient for this task and I was forced to break off my contact with the Dinoid fleet.

Some three days later, my scanner spotted a huge fleet of some 200,000 Human warships heading in the same direction as the Dinoid fleet. Hopefully, the Dinoids would get the same disastrous results as the much smaller attack fleet that I had observed previously. After the passing of the Human fleet, the space around my vessel turned empty. For the next two weeks, no sightings of any vessel were made. It seemed strange since it was my belief that I was now travelling on some sort of very heavily traversed space way. Just when this belief seemed unfounded, I began to encounter a great many small (30 ships or less) merchant convoys. These convoys seemed to originate from every part of the Planetary Union. It became my chief interest to look over the various merchant fleets and attempt to discover their origins. To assist my guesswork, I relied on the log books of our ancient merchants and a constant eavesdropping on conversations between the ships of the different convoys.

What immediately impressed me was that most of the ships were headed to Terra or from it. This fact reinforced my belief that Terra, in the years since our merchants last visited, had developed into an advanced civilization of some merit. As this hunch deepened into a real possibility, it became my hope that the civilization on Terra was still eating swine and enjoying it. This hope opened up two good possibilities: first, that the people of Terra would allow me to restock my food lockers and second, that the leaders of Terra could be my link to the Planetary Union. At least that was my desire as I drew closer to Terra.

With each passing week, the Solis system that contained Terra grew closer. As my ship was busy completing the last part of our flight path, our scanner began to pick up more warship convoys. It appeared that Terra must have become an important part of the Planetary Union. In all of our journeys through the galaxy, we had never experienced the level of defenses that the Union had thrown around this star system. As part of the final maneuver to reach our destination, we swung in front of the farthest edge of Orion. In doing so, we began to see a constant movement of Dinoid fleets on our scanner. It was obvious that another major battle was imminent. We spent two days of our trip across the elliptic plane observing minor skirmishes between raiding forces from either side. The results of these battles were mixed, but it did not matter who had won.

The main concern on each side remained protection of their territories. Neither was willing to concede even a square centimeter of space to the other.

As I finished my crossing of Orion, the navigation computer was finally able to precisely indicate the position of Solis. It was the first time in many countless millennia that a Cem-Lamer had laid eyes on it. From our present distance of 5.2 parsecs, Solis looked no different from any other minor star in Orion or Eridanus. Yet around it orbited a most special planet ?Terra. Now, with my approach to it only a matter of weeks away, my basic endeavors were largely a review of the civilization of Terra and its geography. Terra was one of the less than one per cent of all planets that were true oceanic planets, or water worlds. The south sea of my world was insignificant compared to the large blue oceans that formed the bulk of Terra's surface. My main concern was to establish a general survey of the surface and its atmosphere. With this task accomplished, it would be time to heavily monitor the communication system of this world and determine what type of language was spoken. My curiosity was especially aroused on the question of language. It was my hope that a type of tonal language was used by the inhabitants. This would make it easier for me to learn their language quickly and make successful contact with them.

With each day, I became more excited by the possibilities of my encounter with Terra and its people. I hoped that my extremely long journey to this distant former trading partner would bring positive outcomes for my civilization and for me. Slowly, I was getting the feeling that I was an emissary who would join together the two quite different peoples in a common cause. Somehow, I had been selected to complete a mission that finally would bring peace to the galaxy. As my sense of its importance grew, it became more and more critical that I succeed in what I would shortly be in a position to do. For the past few millennia, our merchants and diplomatic corps had been unable to cross the Orion system to reach the territories controlled by the Humans in their various sizes, shapes and colors. Now, our new cloaking technology had made such a journey not only possible but successful. It was a great privilege to have had the skill to carry off this momentous journey. My hope now was that it was about to achieve its success.

As I was completing my thoughts about my journey to Terra, the collision alarm went off, startling me. Ahead of us lay an enormous minefield. It would be pure foolishness to go through it. My solution was to set our course so that we went over it. The computer concurred and quickly plotted a slight alteration to our course. The way to Terra was blocked with every sort of obstacle imaginable. First, the endless lines of Human fleets, and now minefields were forcing us to alter our flight plan. It took us another three hours to begin the crossing of the minefield. As we began our journey across, my comment to the computer was that it was very odd that such a large field should be so easily avoided.

Just as I finished speaking, we discovered why there was no attempt to cover it up. The minefields were some sort of contact mines that employed some kind of depth sensor to estimate a target's distance and speed. At the appropriate time, it fired a beam weapon at any unwary intruder. The mine closest to us had fired as we prepared to cross the field. It hit my forward shield straight on and collapsed it. The ship was immediately turned and we just missed a second volley that would have finished us. The computer's damage analysis was that the shield was only

temporarily down and would fully recover without repairs in another ten minutes. As we waited for the forward shield to return to full strength, it was necessary to reassess our alternatives and plot a path that gave us a wide berth around the mine field.

With the shield back up and no damage to major operating systems, we were very lucky. Our major dilemma was how to get around this unusual minefield. The problem was made worse by the sudden appearance, on the minefields' far side, of a Human fleet of 2,000 ships. This time, a sudden head-on encounter with a beam from the minefield could prove disastrous. It was even more important that we figure out an acceptable distance from the beam weapon. This decision took another day of constantly studying the strength of the beam and the distance of the attack. Finally, after going over our game plan for the nth time, we began our most hazardous leg of the journey to Terra. It would take us three days to go around the field at the reduced velocity of 54C. We slowed our speed in order to increase the probability that we could successfully evade any attack on the CV-12.

After our circumnavigation of the minefield was complete, I began to wonder if the Humans possessed the technology to see my ship and, if so why they were largely ignoring me. If Terra was the vitally important outpost planet it seemed to be, the Planetary Union warships should at least have made a slight effort to communicate with me. What a bizarre set of events! These ships keep acting as if they cannot see me, yet their secret booby trap nearly defeats me. This perverse set of circumstances was again in operation when I drove through the fleet that was waiting for me at the other end of the minefield. They acted like I was a ghost ship, totally ignoring my presence in their midst. As I left them and regained my full acceleration, they were still scanning the area in front of them, seeking any possible intruders. The question was still unresolved as I eased back into the original flight path and realized that I was now some ten and one-half days from the edge of the Solis star system. In little over a week, the trip's first giant leg across the galaxy would be completed. With no signs of any vessels in my vicinity, it appeared that what remained of the journey would be completed without incident. The time had come at last to see what had become of Planet Terra since we had last visited it. [last sentence in paragraph] Repetition of previous paragraphs:

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necessary to reassess our alternatives and plot a path that gave us a wide berth around the mine field. With the shield back up and no damage to major operating systems.

Chapter 9 - In Earth's Orbit

As I approached the Solis star system, the number of contacts with Human and/or Dinoid vessels increased. At first, I was amazed to find any Dinoid vessels so close to the star system. It seemed that the elaborate attempts by the Planetary Union would have negated their presence. Yet their appearance was without doubt extremely amazing. It seemed that somehow the Dinoids had found another, more elaborate route to this remote star system. In the following three days of travel, my ship encountered small Dinoid battle fleets of fewer than 2,000 vessels. As yet, no battle planets had been spotted. Terra was becoming even more of a puzzle than she had previously been. The mystery was deepened by scanning that revealed the Human battle planet called Malach in our path. It was bigger than some of the Dinoids' versions, with a diameter of 33,000 miles (53,000 kilometers) across. As I passed Malach, it seemed to glow. The glow emanated from the vast water system that comprised most of its surface area. Its atmosphere produced a cluster of thick clouds that seemed to hide most of the planet's land masses. My distance from Solis was now some four billion miles (6.8 billion kilometers). For the first time, my scanner could clearly make out the blue orb of Terra. It was most thrilling. My destination was finally less than one day's journey away!

It took the ship another two hours to cross the next planetary orbit. By this time, the ship was decelerating to below light speed. As we crossed Askar's orbit, our speed was down to 0.4C and dropping. My scanner began to focus on the exact position of Terra as we came in below the elliptic. Our plan was to cross the elliptic and enter the Solis star system from above the elliptic proper. It took another two and one-half hours to cross the plane of Anuk's orbit. Here we discovered a rather large Planetary Union star base. The base was probably the headquarters for all Planetary Union activity in this quadrant. It was interesting that, so far, the various spacecraft that dotted the immediate area close to the star base continued to ignore my presence. My first impressions of the star system were that it was nothing special. It reminded me a lot of the systems I had observed in Orion and near our own star, Anix. As I neared Terra, my excitement and anticipation levels began to rise.

The next two planets were much more spectacular. Unix was a large gaseous world, green in color, with a small set of rings that were common to most of the larger planets in this galaxy. Cronar was a most unusual planet with a quite well-developed set of rings. As I approached, I altered my course so as to swing by it and do a complete photographic survey of its most remarkable rings. By now, the ship was above the elliptic and had slowed to about 0.2 C. At this point, we observed a vast number of planetoids and other natural debris that were signs of a planetary catastrophe. This destroyed world, called Gedah, had been the last stand of the Dinoids in this star system some 10,000 years ago. It was yet another sign of the savagery of the struggle between Humans and their Dinoid foes. As we crossed the plane of the ruined planet's orbit, we gave thanks that, despite its heavy cost, another lair of the Dinoids had been destroyed. It was extremely tragic that so high a price had been paid for a small victory. Within the next hour, the red Planet, Horic, came into view. The time had come to swing into an orbit counter-rotational to that of Terra. This was the point in our flight plan to begin the actual encounter maneuver with Terra. It took about six more hours to begin to see Terra clearly on the scanner. It was even more beautiful than I had expected. Terra had one natural satellite and what seemed a veritable fleet of

observation craft surrounding it. It seemed that half the scientific scout ships in the galaxy were orbiting the planet. After such a long and lonely flight, it was an extraordinary sight.

The next few hours were spent observing the constant combat on the moon. The moon was nearly engulfed in strategically-placed pressure domes that were the sites of mining operations and small battles on the dark side of this moon. As well as having a thin but barely breathable atmosphere, the moon also possessed a gravity nearly two-thirds that of Terra. In addition, it orbited oddly so that only one side was visible to those people who viewed it from Terra's surface. It was most unusual. A small-scale war was occurring on the moon over mining and observation rights, while a large number of scientific vessels orbited the planet near the neutral point of attraction between the Terra-moon systems (some 43,000 miles or 70,000 kilometers from Terra's surface).

My first thought was to just stay out of a permanent orbit and see exactly what was happening. It was a most confusing sight. Either the planet was devoid of life or the planetary civilization was still primitive and had not yet discovered space energy and electro-gravities. This stage of development would also indicate a possible continued division of the planet's population and large-scale pollution problems. It was a massive let-down from what I had expected to find. My hope was that the various edible plants, and especially the swine population, had not been lost in their apparent warfare and natural disasters. Without these supplies to restock my food lockers, it would be a very difficult flight to the distant Cancer star group. It now appeared necessary for me to formulate a strategy in order to achieve my objectives.

My plan was to spend the first few months observing the situation and attempting to figure out exactly what was going on. To carry out this investigation, the CV-12 orbited the moon and began to listen in to conversations between the populace on the moon's surface. After a few days of eavesdropping, it became quite apparent that Terra was not even a member of the Planetary Union. Its humanoid population was divided into a number of small governing units. The people on the moon were engaged in controlling, enslaving, or trying to help the native population. Later, I learned that there was a subterranean cavern world and a much larger inner Terra civilization. These latter two groups were more directly engaged in the struggle for control of the more primitive surface world. It was a most confusing state of affairs and quite unlike what I had expected. Not only was the place divided into a number of different levels of planetary civilization; but the surface world was divided into two or three armed camps that were secretly trying to get the better of each other. And, just to make this mishmash more confusing, various Dinoid, Planetary Union and independent organizations were involved in numerous missions that seemed to take advantage of the factionalism inherent on the planet. It was no wonder that my confusion over the whole matter seemed to increase as I learned more about the situation. One of my first indications of the utter bizarreness of the situation was to discover that some distant members of the Dinoids' Confederation were cooperating with several surface governments. In addition, some independent humanoid civilizations had established bases on various parts of the surface world. To complete the whole mess, I discovered that all the "deals" were top-secret and that the existence of people from other worlds was publicly denied by their surface governments! It was a worse mess than I could ever have imagined.

With the problems involved in contact now too complex for our purposes, we decided to find a relatively safe permanent orbit of the planet and begin a program of investigation. In the ancient logs of the explorers of this world, the major landmass was described as similar in geography to our world. For that reason, the landmass was called K'ide Ant (new land). My early thoughts were centered on attempting to identify it. The process did not take long and I began to focus my studies on this part of Terra. The primitiveness and continued savagery of the planet amazed me. Large areas where population resided were without running water and sanitation facilities. Heat and cooking were provided by wood or organic waste products. The atmosphere was heavily polluted and suffering from a total lack of care and respect. If a civilization wishes to survive, it must take care of its air and its co-elements – the waters and the land. It was almost like the world described in ancient log books. Terra's population was a most amazing, yet disgusting, crew of "sentient beings".

As I observed the humanoid population, my scanners became aware of another group of sentient beings. Like the humans, they were a mammaloid species, possessing a much higher intelligence and greater grasp of reality. Strangely, this group was being hunted by the humans, who tracked them down with primitive radar and killed them with sharp steel projectiles expelled from an explosive driven device. In spite of their vast suffering, they seemed to understand the importance of the planet and the role of the human populace. Since their language was close to mine, I was able to open a dialogue with them over what I had observed in my first few months.

According to these wise beings, my forefathers' observations were quite correct. Terra was a beautiful and most important part of the Solis system. Its special herbs and grasses were indeed a wonder, most necessary for health and well-being. The Humans were no more than children and must be looked at in that regard. I was told to be patient, and prepared to spend time in this strange new world before I could get what I needed from it. At the same time, I was told to beware of the surface governments and the worlds that lay below them. All were involved in a struggle that ultimately would decide the fate of the entire planet. Extraterrestrials like you and others were here both to observe and exploit. There was little one could do to alter the present reality. The only important point was to constantly keep the proper perspective. Be aware that much good can be expected of many surface people. In the long run, it may be possible to develop friends who could be of benefit to you in your endeavors. In this regard, one of the wise ones that I contacted advised me to look to the landmasses that lay on the other side of the great waters. Here, he noted, one could find people capable of being excellent friends and confidants. Also, it might be necessary to create a master strategy that would enable you to succeed in your endeavors. Armed with this advice, I began to shift my observations from K'ide Ant to the landmasses largely undescribed by the ancient ones.

These lands, I was to discover, were called the Americas by the natives. To learn to communicate with them, my first observations were concentrated on the broadcast stations emanating from their land masses. As I had previously feared, the type of communications system used was at the bottom end of the space-energy spectrum. The video aspect of my reception was constantly filled with some aspect of violence. Either the use of primitive explosive weaponry or people hitting each other with their fists or something they could find at hand to harm one another. Hours of watching this nonsense left me numb and made me wonder if my trip was really worth it. The only redeeming value was that the wily wild boar was still

alive and well on the planet. Somehow, I must find a way to communicate with them and a means to fill my larder with enough wild boar to meet my needs. To this end, I began a program of study to learn a language that seemed to dominate the most technologically-advanced of the areas that comprised the landmass called the Americas.

To my mind, the easiest way to accomplish my task was to use the translator to absorb the contents of the various children's shows that comprised a great deal of the programming in the early morning and late afternoon hours. This method worked quite well. After the first month, the translator was able to easily understand these programs. By the end of the second month, the translator routine on the main computer was ready for its most ambitious task – translating the regular evening programming. Knowing the content of these programs proved that Humans were more primitive than I had thought. This discovery only seemed to make my journey's success more difficult. Through some sort of guile, I could probably liberate enough wild boar from the planet to fill my food lockers. The question remaining was how to accomplish these tasks. To this end, I decided to concentrate my efforts on that programming that described the peoples that inhabited this planet and their recent history.

In the local language these programs were called documentaries. I found them primitive as far as technique employed; nevertheless, they were quite fascinating. For the first time, I was able to begin to understand the nature of a primitive Human society. Their lack of a true group identity and unusual reliance on various artificial groupings, such as an organization they called government, was new to me. Also, their electoral process appeared to be flawed, and worked despite their every attempt to subvert it. Humans at this level of civilization were most illogical, and too deeply emotionally attached to their passions for their own good. More often than not, these emotions led to violence of a mental and/or physical nature. As I observed these passions being exhibited as drama on the evening programming, I wondered how Humans would eventually progress out of this insipid mind-state. Too many primitive civilizations visited by my illustrious ancestors were now extinct due to an inability to solve this problem. Perhaps, in return for some swine, I could share with these people some of the wisdom needed to overcome these difficulties. This was one of the possible early solutions to my immediate need to obtain fresh wild boar.

Anyway, I continued to observe and began to pick up some important facts about the division of the Americas' landmass. The most important part was an area called the United States. It occupied the central part of the northern land mass and was supposedly the richest and most technologically advanced area on the planet. Owing to these claims, I decided to concentrate my efforts on understanding these particular areas. It was a diverse land that included humans of many colors and beliefs. This discovery led to a most puzzling confusion. Each group of Humans seemed to have a primitive philosophy that they were ready to defend with their life if necessary. Most of their primitive philosophies were based on anthropomorphic deities that had given some ancient seer a true vision of reality. It was a most confusing joke. Their video programs were filled with adherents or ministers who constantly attempted to raise contributions for their cause. Watching these daily admonishments, my next idea was to adopt a philosophy that justified the sacrifice and eating of wild boar. All I had to do was to use my special communication devices to make my wishes seem like the word from one of their deities. On purely moral grounds,

I decided to scrap that thought. My intention was to try to understand Humans, rather than control them.

As my first year of study of their strange primitive continued, it became clear to me that a device to spread my message to them had to be developed. In this way, it would be possible to reveal myself at the proper time. During this period of study, I got my first glimpse of the U.F.O. concepts of the public and their cover-up by the government. It seemed odd that the governments of the world were unable to admit that such a thing as an extraterrestrial civilization could exist. It seemed to me that the primitive philosophies and the power- and control-oriented governments were unable to expand their equations to include people like myself. Added to these facts was the attempt by another of the primitive philosophies that called itself science (any resemblance between it and real science were pure coincidence) to suppress vital data and maintain its position of influence. This paranoia by the persons in authority began to be viewed by me as a real obstacle to achieving my objectives. It became clear that a truly unusual solution to my dilemma was required.

At the end of the second year of investigation of Terra, I had come no closer to a solution since the day I discovered that I had a serious problem. The food processor of Attuk and Yeman was turning out to be a godsend, to coin a phrase. Yet the lack of fresh swine was beginning to affect my health. It was at this time that I decided to see if there was a way to capture wild boar. My first concern was to not disturb those swine that were "pets" (a greater misuse of a word had never been used in any other part of the galaxy). Choosing rural areas in the southwest portion of the region, I swooped down in my scout ship and caught a swine in my tractor beam. When it was brought aboard, it was checked to see if it had any identification tags. If it had none, it was ready to be fed to the food processor. Luckily, this wild boar still retained the flavor of our commercially raised swine. It felt good to be able to finally rediscover the joy of consuming fresh meat.

With the problem of temporarily restocking my food locker solved, my attention was turned to developing a working personal knowledge of English. If I was to influence them to get me the things that I required, it was essential that a thorough understanding of their mindset be developed. It was one thing to rely on the computer for important cultural nuances, and quite another to base judgments on a deep knowing of their civilization's way of doing things. To aid me in this research, it was necessary to combine the language programs from the translator with actual children's programs that taught language and cultural skills. The result was a study program that would help me to deeply understand the actual underpinnings of the Human society that was now some 23,000 miles below me. This program, for the most part, would take about six months to complete and allow me to deeply understand the inner drives of the society that comprised the American landmass of Terra.

At first, the learning of a mono-tonal reflexive language was quite difficult for me. The closest to this type of communicative speech was the region of Apli-Ant on my home world. This group of dialects was largely similar to my own, with the exception of a lack of tones and accompanying clicks. In its place, the regional dialects of the Apli-ant used special words to replace the tones. This special version of our language forced the people from the region to develop the highly logical mindset that made them notable as our best scientists and mathematicians. To me, the

language called English had neither rhyme nor reason. Not only was it unable to set up an easy system of syntax; but it seemed to rely on many words that sounded similar and meant entirely different things. Another difficulty was the curious written language. Our world, with few exceptions, employed one basic system of spelling and grammar. Any exceptions had a logic to them that reflected the cultural history of a particular region. English was a mishmash of foreign phrases and usage intermixed with a spelling that was totally illogical. As I watched the different children's programs that my computer used to explain the language, my confusion steadily grew greater and greater.

By the end of my first month of the intensive study of this odd language, I had made little progress. It was very difficult for me to learn a language that was so completely different from my native tongue. Yet, I persisted and, despite constant frustration, continued to engage with this new way of expressing oneself. In the middle of the second month, my first steps toward self-mastery were made. By that time, I was finally able to comprehend the tenses and their accompanying changes. In my language, there was no direct concept of tense or gender. Such concepts were handled by the use of the context of the sentence or even the manner in which the statement was rendered. Hence, there was no difference between the use of 'I' or 'We', only the way in which it was used to distinguish them. The same applied to the concept of a past, present or future tense. Here, usage and sentence context were the key to such understandings. To me, despite my increased knowledge, English was a most confusing and highly limiting form of communication.

As I struggled to learn English, the multitudes of flotillas that covered the space above Terra began to make my stay more difficult. Owing to their vast numbers, it was becoming more and more difficult to avoid accidental collisions with their scout ships. By the end of second month in orbit above the Americas, near-collisions were coming at the rate of nearly one per hour. This potential for disaster caused me to try opting for a type of orbit that would be more acceptable to my needs. This was a more difficult problem than I had first imagined. Research and war vessels permeated seemingly every sector of the region that I was attempting to study. This problem was especially acute in the geosynchronous orbit that I had initially chosen above the East Coast. My first solution was to move my efforts to a region near the exact center of the landmass. This new location proved successful only for a few months. Soon, this area was also overrun by the vast number of foreign spacecrafts that orbited Terra. After a while, I thought I must be some sort of magnet that had managed to attract them to my new operational environment.

Slowly, I was being pulled across the land mass to the other shore, closer to my first target – the lands of Central Asia. Strangely, as I was forced across this huge landmass, my comprehension of English began to increase. It seemed that I was becoming more used to thinking in what was still, in my opinion, a very disorderly and highly illogical mindset. By the time I reached the West Coast, the computer was able to converse with me in a series of simple and thoroughly improvised conversations. Even though I was still on the level of an elementary school student, the progress I had made impressed me. It seemed that my first impressions of English's difficulty were beginning to become less proven in my mind.

At the same time, I became involved in one of the adventures that my ship seemed to attract. As you will remember, I had been horrified to find that the Dinoids had somehow become involved

in the affairs of this world. To me, this discovery was even more amazing since Dinoids and their allies simply loathed Humans and their culture. To most Dinoids and their allies in the Confederacy, Humans were a bunch of overemotional dunderheads that somehow were fortunate to have in their possession a quite advanced technology. Yet now, the Dinoids were controlling several world powers by promising to give them advanced technology. In reality, the Dinoids were only using them for a cheap source of food and a base to attack their unknown brethren. This peculiar course of events had been brought about by the forced crash of a Dinoid star cruiser and the policy of the Human-controlled Planetary Union to not grossly interfere in the development of more primitive Human civilizations. To that end, the Planetary Union had created a special command that was to observe the development of the unlikely Human/Dinoid alliance on Terra. At present this special command was engaged in a highly covert war on the Moon and the higher orbits of Terra. This war was also beginning to interfere with my attempts to gather a large enough supply of fresh wild boar for my return voyage, and discover a simple yet effective way to contact the ships of the Planetary Union now orbiting Terra. Such curious phenomena led to my brief adventure.

The improbable adventure began during the end of my second month in orbit above the Americas landmass. On occasion, I had been conducting forages of the various suitable areas in search of edible wild boars. Usually, I was able to collect about two or three wild boars on a three- or four-hour hunt. The best time for these hunts was early morning, before the star Solis rose in the eastern horizon. During one of these strolls through the woods, I happened to come upon a small Dinoid patrol of three soldiers. The soldiers were armed with small-beam weapons, what you on this world have called ray guns. Luckily, the wild boar I was chasing bumped into the patrol and let out a loud grunt of distress. Alerted by its noise, I doubled back to the clearing where the grunt had come from and made my worrisome discovery. At one side of the clearing was an opening that led into a huge cave, which seemed to encompass the bottom of a series of foothills. This strange discovery piqued my curiosity. Using my special teleporter system, I entered the cave and made an even more startling find. The cave was being used as a manufacturing site for small-beam cannons and small crystal tachyon drives. It seemed that the cave was a site for an armament factory with some sort of evil purpose. After returning to my ship, I decided to use my scanner to penetrate the cave and observe the goings-on.

The workers in the cave were captured Humans that had been turned into some type of organic robot by the Dinoids. Somehow, governments of this planet were allowing the Dinoids to exploit them. To me, the only logical explanation was that this arrangement must involve political power of some sort. Dinoids viewed control and domination of others as the ultimate goal of sentient life-forms. At the right time, they would use their leveraged positions of power to take control of the planet. My worry now became how complete was this control of Terra's governmental bodies. Now, putting aside my study of English, my main concern became to discover the depth of the trap the Dinoids had established. To my utter wonder, I learned that a number of Dinoid allies and some independent Humanoids had made the same deal. Terra was on the brink of becoming the scene of a near-civil war fought for its control. With that thought, my investigation turned to the Planetary Union command and how successful it was in countering this potential disaster.

The Planetary Union's special command was involved in a huge and covert battle for control of the Moon and, especially, its so-called dark side. This war was largely a series of commando raids that destroyed Dinoid base stations and independent Humanoid base stations. Among the worst offenders were the independent Humanoid planets who had established illegal mining operations on the Moon.

These mines were worth the risk since the rare earth metal ores on the Moon were among the purest in the galaxy. I made another grim discovery in observing these raids. Humanoids, like the Dinoids, were utilizing native Terrans as their work force. These activities were contrary to the rules of the Union and the special command was strictly enforcing these rules to the fullest letter of the law. My concern became how I could help them, yet still remain undetected. In this regard, it was necessary to learn how complete the alliance was between the extraterrestrial exploiters and the Terran governments. First, the CV-12 had to pinpoint the principle governmental city or capital and then do a complete surveillance of their operations. It took us about two hours to learn that the capital was a city called Washington, set on the upper midpoint of the East Coast. Surveillance was set up for this site, and also the financial capital some 500 miles (830 kilometers to the north). After two weeks of complete surveillance, a pattern began to establish itself. It seemed that certain people in high-level positions in the government and related financial institutions were cooperating, on the assumption that the huge technology they would be given would enable them to possess enormous political and financial power. It was a simple case of the fox trying to con his way into the chicken coop. As long as this power benefit 'carrot' was waved in front of them, these unscrupulous Humans would happily follow them to their doom. Now my problem was further intensified by having learned these heretofore unknown facts. To wit, extraterrestrials not only had no legal rights; but they could also be seized and killed in ways to demand any sort of retribution. To put it in simple language, I was worse off than a convicted criminal or even a slave. It was a fine predicament to be in!

Despite the added danger, I was determined to aid the Terrans in getting rid of the vermin and parasites they had attracted. They were a primitive and cruel people, but, deep down, I felt that they were also capable of love and caring. If I was to become the unseen avenger, I had to find out a way to help them realize the nature of their predicament. The Planetary Command was attempting to muddle through the crisis by doing what might be called damage control, or simply the fine art of placing enough fingers in the dike to stop the flooding. This was only preserving the status quo and allowing the rats to still run loose. The only way seemed to be the use of some communication to the masses. At first my option seemed to be dynamite, but since it required use of English, I set this plan aside. There had to be a better way to solve my dilemma.

To achieve this goal, I hit upon a truly brilliant idea. My communication system could be operated by bouncing signals off the various satellites in orbit around the planet. By broadcasting in a range used by Planetary Union warships and scouts, I could notify them of my data without giving my position away. To check out my strategy, I decided to bounce a test pattern off a telecommunication satellite located in the mid-Pacific. This attempt failed, as the boosted beam blew out the satellite's circuits and rendered it useless. My beam was more destructive than a simple communication device. As you say on this world, it was time to go back to the drawing board. My next try used a much less powerful beam aimed at a navigation satellite sited near the

location of the now inert communications satellite. Unfortunately, its results were duplicated. This time, the satellite created a small implosion and gave those nearby a little excitement.

My final try was with a type of carrier beam that I had modified from early communication modules pictured in the early explorers' logs. It worked, and gave me the means to begin to execute my plan. Now the time had come to begin my scheme. The first step was to broadcast to the Planetary Union about the situation on the planet and who I saw as responsible for the planet's difficulties. That done, I waited for the next two weeks for any type of activity from the special command unit. None was forthcoming. It was frustrating until I realized that there was little they could do. The anti-E.T. directives from most of the major world governments made it a near-impossible task. Any covert action was doomed to failure since the vermin and their friends were in control of the power structure. There was little one could do as far as immediate action was concerned. The answer probably lay in another unexplored alternative. The questions I asked myself were what this other direction might be and how to make best use of it once discovered.

Now the search was on for a new and ingenious way to force the villains to act. As part of my search, I once again took up the study of English. This time, I studied in real earnestness and had developed a working knowledge of the language in six month's time. I put my new-found knowledge to use by studying the fare on various local television stations. This research proved both appalling and hilarious. Terrans had a most unusual concept of comedy and an innate love of violence. To put it bluntly, it was quite an experience. After two months of watching programs on T.V. stations up and down the West Coast, this former Planetary Guardsman was completely drained. It was worse than training films, and funnier than any program that we could ever have put together. In the short time I had watched the Terrans, I had developed both a liking and a disdain for their culture. Somehow, I had to figure out a way to both help them and solve my own dilemmas.

It took me another five months to devise a possible solution to my problems. My first strategy was to plant detection devices at specific locations that I had identified. Using these devices, I wanted to see if it was possible to set up a type of disrupter frequency that could affect the special devices that had been put into the Humans to control them. My first set of disrupter frequencies failed. The next experiment proved much more successful and detected some forms of rebellion. With these successes as a parameter, I attempted to aid the Humans in their attempt to overcome and escape their mental constraints. The first successful escape occurred by the end of the third week. By the middle of the next month, more than thirty per cent of the Human prisoners had escaped. This forced the Dinoids to employ robots to guard the prisoners and, hopefully, cut down on the number of escaping prisoners. For the next month, the escape rate was cut down to nothing. It was time to set up some of my disrupter devices to cause the robots to malfunction. The first attempts were only partially successful because the robots were of a relatively primitive design. It seemed that a more intensive choice of signals would achieve what I wanted – the end of the robot guards. After I was able to make the first robot dysfunctional, the number of guards increased each day. It was my hope that my efforts would eventually end the Dinoids' slavery system and cause them to rethink their belief in easy conquest.

My hopes were dashed when the Dinoids began to increase security at their various detention and work camps. The first part of these actions was the discovery and removal of my disrupters. Since the units were booby-trapped, attempts at removal eliminated a few of the robots out of the grand total employed by the Dinoids. Now, I was faced with the problem of devising a new strategy to hold the robots at bay. My immediate solution was to use the ship's tractor beam to emit a disrupter field that could temporarily cause the robots to malfunction and the mental slavery devices to become dysfunctional. The danger in this scheme was that, eventually, my position would be discovered. However, it was worth the risk and for two weeks, my ship was able to make life miserable for the Dinoid prison commanders. After this interval, the Dinoids discovered my position and tried to blast me with a land-based cannon situated on the terminator line on the moon. This attempt was stopped when a Humanoid star cruiser blasted the dome that contained it. Nevertheless, the wicked vermin nearly got me with the third salvo before their own end came. It was a very close call, but confirmed that the Humans were taking some actions to silence the Dinoid threat.

With this phase of my operation completed, I turned to finding a more clandestine way to defeat the Dinoids' attempt to slowly take over the planet. The next device had to be more effective and harder to locate. In their frenzy to prevent escapes, the Dinoids had set up a mild force field over their camps. My first attacks on these fields were highly successful. In destroying these fields, I wished that I had some Planetary Guard Commandoes trained in Prac'lah to enable the people to escape. As I did not, my only hope was to drive these interstellar bullies to distraction and make their plans to succeed as difficult as possible. This attempt to foil them led me to my next great idea. Using the transporter, I devised more sophisticated disrupters and installed them in places that my scanner noted would be hard to detect. In addition, the new beams were omni-directional and therefore harder to spot. With these new devices, I was able to cause most of the robots at three different camps to suddenly stop, permitting the scanner system of my own design to allow them to escape. This success must have really infuriated the Dinoids, as they stopped using the mental devices and turned to a series of special mind-control drugs. The drugs allowed them to again use regular guards and a mix of robots at certain larger camps. The chemical dependency program would be much harder to fight, and my next "raids" were limited to disrupting the transport system that ferried these Human slave workers to sites on the Moon. The transport centers were located on the East Coast and in desert areas of the Southwest. Here, I used the ships' broadband field generator to overload tachyon star drives of the Dinoid ships. This tactic was possible only when the ships' engines were not switched on and their protective shields were inoperable. My first try was at a site located near a large East Coast Mountain range. It was highly successful, and I was able to prevent any loaded ship from departing for a period of two days. This action further enraged the Dinoids and they switched much of their transport duty to other bases in the Southwest. Here, I discovered that the Dinoids had set up a strong shield over their base to protect the star transports. It was my task now to defeat this new development.

To bring down the enemy shields, it would be necessary to find the correct disrupter frequency. Basing my strategy on known frequencies normally employed by Dinoid star ships, I began to attack the shields. After a half-hour of running my generator through a series of related frequencies, I hit upon the correct one and collapsed the shield. Quickly, I aimed my ship's scanner at the star transports and crippled their star drives. My success forced the Dinoids to try to attack me with beam weapons. At this point, I got a great surprise. A human star destroyer

suddenly appeared and, with a long two-minute salvo, silenced the attack upon me. Then the ship attempted to contact me by opening all its hailing frequencies and broadcasting messages in all its known languages. Since I wished to remain unknown to them till the right moment, I resisted the ship's messages and remained silent. The Humanoid ship departed and I returned to an analysis of the raid's effect on the Dinoids. The raids of the past two weeks had virtually stopped the transfer of new laborers to the mining and smelting operations on the Moon. Lack of new workers had cut their production quotas and made it easier for the Planetary Union to attack their Moon bases. These continued setbacks were sure to force the Dinoids' stooges to feel the full brunt of their ire.

To see if my predictions were accurate, I began to monitor communication lines in Washington and New York. Shortly after I began surveillance, the chief Dinoid commander spent a whole day shouting threats to his power-hungry stooges. To make things hotter, the CV-12 was returned to duty as a planter of disrupters at known bases. My one-person crusade was starting to show some degree of success in arresting the plans of the Dinoids for quick ill-gotten gains and eventual control of the planet. It was during this time that I got my first glimpse of activities used by the Planetary Union to fight the Dinoids' spurious efforts. For the most part, their actions were similar to mine in that they, too, employed field disrupters and similar devices to cripple the Dinoid prison labor system to prevent it from achieving its objectives.

While scouting for possible undetected Dinoid bases, I discovered a raid in progress by Planetary Union forces. The first wave of ships had knocked down the protective shields and destroyed the transports' star drives. The next wave, consisting of fifty ships, teleported a large group of soldiers into the midst of the camp. In a lightning-quick series of well-prepared moves, the commandoes released the prisoners and gave them an antidote to the mind-control drugs. They were then moved outside the enemy encampment and released. It was good to see that the Planetary Union special command was taking the type of limited actions required to curb the effectiveness of the nefarious Dinoid scheme. After the raid, I stayed behind in order to watch the enemy reaction to the successful storming of their once-impenetrable prison camp. Their reaction was to blow up the plant and camouflage the explosion as a minor earthquake. The soldiers and robots were teleported to an awaiting transport and returned to major base camp set up on the dark side of the moon. It was interesting to note the position of this major center for Dinoid activity. My concern was how to notify the Humans of its location.

To do this, I decided to rely on the satellite bounce system that I had developed earlier. This system proved successful, and I was able to send a message based on the universal grid system used in standard interstellar mapping of planets, stars and moons. Now, I waited to see if the Humans' special command would mount a large-scale attack on the lunar base camp. It took them two weeks to attack the base camp and, in a two-hour battle, utterly destroy it. Afterwards, the commanders of the successful raid sent out a note of appreciation on known hailing frequencies and languages. It felt good to know that I was able to bring about some sort of a counter-attack against the Dinoid conspiracy.

Two months after this successful attack on the Dinoids' main Moon base, their quislings had the Army put up a large set of what were called Reich cloud busters. These devices were set up next to their large camp on the East Coast and their huge base in the Southwest. Their purpose was to

create a low-tech and quite powerful defense of their most vital prison and base camps. The stooges were using their positions of power to assist the efforts of their overlords. In an attempt to rid these areas of yours truly, the Reich's weapons were kept in almost continual operation. This created a situation that made it nearly impossible to get close to the bases. Somehow their weapons had to be overloaded and their vile purpose defeated. To accomplish this, I used my weather-control technology to create unstable conditions. This action eventually caused a huge, unstable storm front that produced lightning strikes that seared the instruments and rendered them unusable.

With the Terran-made instruments rendered useless, I was able to re-inspect the Dinoid base and learn what had occurred before its new defenses were deployed. My discoveries were that the Dinoids had used their time to repair the damaged star transports and to force-recruit new laborers. Now they were ready to put their plan back into action. To delay this plan's implementation, I dropped an even more sophisticated interrupter into the base and used my scanner to destroy the newly repaired star drives. The Dinoids were beside themselves with anger. It felt good all over to see them so unhappy. My main concern was how to help the prisoners overcome their drug dependency. To find a successful scheme, my inquiries were directed toward the medical information bank that was part of the huge information system of my main computer. If I could discover the type of drug used, it would be possible to apply a proper series of electronic signals to the brains of the unfortunates, thus negating the effects of the drug. This action was easier said than done. To be successful, I had to know what diabolical medicine the Dinoids were injecting into their bloodstreams. To answer this important question, I decided to use my satellite bounce technique and hopefully receive a quick reply from the Planetary Union. Unfortunately, this reply took almost a full day in coming and I was unable to rescue any of them after crippling their transporters. I was determined that the next raid would allow me to liberate these base camps and to further cripple the efforts of the Dinoids. In this regard, I planned to attack the East Coast camp as soon as my new information could be organized in a form that would its use.

After another day of planning the attack, the time had arrived to begin the first attack run. It would be interesting to see what the Dinoids had in store for me! It took me about three hours to finish preliminary preparations for the attack. My preparations included construction of disrupters and setting up the general electronic signals needed to overcome the debilitating effects of the mind-control drugs. With these actions completed, it was time to begin the attack. My first worry was that, like the other base, some sort of Reichian instrument would be employed. Using my scanner, I discovered that this was indeed the case. It was now necessary to build up the same type of atmospheric instability in order to defeat this defense system. Since the air in this region was more unstable than at the first base, the ship was able to create countervailing storms in about two days' time. Once the defense system was down, the actual attack could finally begin. It would prove to be my most successful. The Dinoid defense shield was dropped in less than five minutes' time and the entire enemy fleet disabled in less than two minutes of well-placed attacks on their star drives. Next, I invaded the prisoners' area with a specially constructed signal and turned off the effect of the drugs on their brains. The prisoners broke for freedom and, as they did so, I opened up with a special audio frequency that disabled the Dinoid guards. As I left, the attack appeared to be a complete success. One more blow had been struck against the Dinoid conspiracy!

After this most successful of raids, I was curious as to how the Dinoids would react to it. I did not have long to wait. The Dinoid commander was soon on the phone, chiding his underlings for their incompetence. They had failed to prevent an important base from being invaded and important prisoners from escaping. Luckily, their stories would be disbelieved and most of them could be recaptured. It was essential that the project proceed. To this end, he warned the quislings that further failures would be properly punished. His veiled threats seemed to excite and worry them. Whatever he threatened them with, the stooges seemed to know what it implied. It would be interesting to see what their next actions would be.

As I waited to see what was next on the agenda for the Dinoids, I turned my attention toward the independent Humanoid groups that had somehow gotten the same sort of deal as the Dinoids. These groups were primarily interested in mining the precious rare earth ores available on the Moon. As far as Terra was concerned, their sole interest was in a type of general research on the inhabitants, both Human and animal. This research included both various animal mutilations and abductions of locals for research. Their approach was that of a graduate student overseeing an advanced student conducting a final graduate research paper. Their methods were both crude and uncalled-for. They left many of their fellow Human subjects both dazed and scarred. Fortunately for them, these extra-terrestrial Humans had been able to get the same type of powerful protection as the more nefarious Dinoids. However, it was only a matter of time before their meddling took on a more evil bent. After all, mining on the Moon was dangerous and, with the Planetary Union sniffing around, it would not be long before they were shut down. Soon, they would have to get into the same type of control mode as the Dinoids. Such a development would only take a little longer. There had to be some way to warn the vast populace of this potential problem.

As I watched the goings-on of the various groups involved in the illegal mining of the Moon, my concern was slowly deepening. Each aspect of a particular star system should be sacred to its inhabitants. Solis and its planetary system were most vital to the peoples of Terra and the surrounding planets. Yet the primitive dwellers on Terra were as guilty of gutting the planet as the foreign invaders were of despoiling the Moon. It was a most intriguing dilemma for anyone concerned with the welfare of the Solis system. The dilemma seemed to be responsible for the limited reaction of the Planetary Union to the whole situation. Somehow, they believed that all Human civilizations must be helped to develop; but this assistance must be as clandestine as possible. Sooner or later, the Union's special command would be forced to blow its cover and rid the planet and its only satellite of their deadly infestation. To speed up this reality, I was busily working to formulate a plan that would allow me to achieve my objective of filling my food lockers with fresh wild boar and appropriate assorted vegetables and fruits. Also, the plan should allow me the opportunity to introduce myself to the Planetary Command in a way that could be beneficial to both of us. In the beginning, these plans seemed an impossible task but, as time went on, a possible solution began to occur to me.

About the time of my arrival in the orbit surrounding Terra, a motion picture was released that featured an alien from outer space in the title role. As I learned English, constant reference was made to this fictional character. In observing the situation on Terra, it occurred to me that some sort of motion picture or television program would help solve part of my problem. It seemed like

a wonderful idea. A major problem was how to implement it and, because of this, the idea was put on a back burner and dismissed. At some future date, the idea could be explored and a possible plan worked out. My main concern remained the collection of data on the cultural nuances of Terran Human civilization.

In this regard, my scanner and its ability to search the landscape below me allowed me to compile a large data bank on the everyday habits of the Humans who made up a world that was some 23,000 miles (37,000 kilometers) below me. For the most part, their society was quite primitive and yet, was on the verge of great advances. If only they could learn to work together, their society could advance rapidly to much higher levels. The people of Terra were basically a good and helpful sort. Only their society's proclivity for competition was keeping them from the success they so richly deserved. Their strange overt love of competition permeated the entire society. The group mind that was the basis of my world's clan system and its present system of governance was largely not present in the Humans. The large numbers of sentient beings that appeared to possess it were mammaloids of the cetacean species. Their group mind was very strong and extremely beneficial to my purposes. It was a pleasure to be able to converse with those that were able to understand my predicament and offer me advice that could lead to eventual solutions. These gentle creatures were a great boon to my stay above Terra. It was unfortunate that they had been presently unable to influence the Humans as much as they had in the recent past.

As I pondered the differences between the Humans and my own people, I also saw some similarities. Both peoples were tied to a tradition that was the backdrop for their culture. In addition, they both had developed a great love for their home worlds. However, beyond these brief similarities lay a veritable cavern of differences. My hope was that, since these Humans were still quite primitive in their development, it was possible that, as their civilization grew more mature, it could grow to more resemble ours. In this respect, Humans of the special command of the Planetary Guard were probably psychic and more cognizant of the joys of storing a broad-based tradition in the collective consciousness of their species. It was a terrible thing to have a great tradition erased by the simple fact that one could not remember its occurrence. Present Human civilization on Terra was prone to forgetfulness. They were like a group of amnesiacs unable to remember their lineage, except for a foggy description from a few thousand years back. No wonder they had been so easily manipulated by the Dinoids and their ilk.

As I was pondering my options, the strangest of things began to happen to me. The hailing frequencies of my communications system began to receive messages that seemed to have no point of origin. They were greetings and salutations from my cetacean friends in the Pacific Ocean. They warned me that the Dinoids were planning to launch a series of secret devices that were a new type of cloaked space mine. The single purpose of these mines was to wipe out the pesky alien craft that was in geosynchronous orbit above them. I acknowledged the warning and thanked them for eavesdropping on my behalf. Now it appeared that the Dinoid counterattack was about to begin. This meant that I would have to increase my security systems again and raise them to the levels used in interstellar space. The next two days were spent in making preparations. When the actual space mines were launched under the guise of weather satellites, I was ready for any occurrence.

The weather satellites were equipped with a special pod that separated when the satellite was fired into high Terran orbit. These pods were tracked by my scanner unit and their trajectory evaluated and noted by the ship's main computer. The mines were put into an orbit that was supposed to be slightly irregular and could keep them away from the weather satellites. Their supposed cloaking system was too low-tech to escape my scanners. It was good to have had the warning and been prepared for the inevitable. It was nice also to know that at least some of the natives of Terra liked me. With the space mines successfully tracked, they now had to be blown up in a way that could get the Dinoids off my back for a while. In the disintegrator rooms of my ship, there were remnants of the dissolved metal garbage that was a regular part of our collection duties. These metals could be used to blow up the mines and make the Dinoids believe that their crazy scheme was successful. For it to be correctly done, I had to wait for two weeks until the mines were positioned properly. Once this happened, I ordered the main computer to eject the metal garbage close enough to the mines to set them both off. It was a great joy to see my plan work so well. Maybe I could now return to a study of the beautiful blue planet that lay beneath me.

Frustrated by the Human inhabitants of Terra, I turned to a study of the planet itself and, indirectly, to a study of English. The huge land mass below me was badly polluted and its human settlers were multiplying over it like a virus gone amok. There was neither rhyme nor reason to their abuse of air, water and land. The humans' group amnesia seemed to extend to the spiritual essence of the world that they inhabited. Every planet was a living entity and formed a community of pure spiritual essence with other planets and its major source of being, the sun. In turn, each star formed a magical connection with other stars. This magical interconnection of essence was the basis for our galaxy and the physical reality that presented itself to us every day. Each being, regardless of type, race or species, was part of this living web. To abuse the planet and its Moon was tantamount to abusing oneself. My problem was how to express this essential universal law to a world that denied the spiritual, except as a means of controlling its own populace. Some of their primitive beliefs were the hand-me-downs of ancient advanced civilizations that their group amnesia had distorted to unheard-of lengths. It was essential that their "human-ness" be allowed to emerge and alter this problem before it got too bad to easily correct. I wondered if my time spent here above Terra was part of the destiny that all the seers of Orion had predicted for me.

As I continued to study the inhabitants of Terra and their problems, my forays into the wilderness to hunt the wily wild boar began to increase. There was no creature in the galaxy more contemptuous of life than the wild boar. On the other hand, there was no creature better at survival than a hunted wild boar. They were a great way to take my mind off the problems at hand. Some nights, I would return without a single boar to throw in the food processor. On other nights, I would be fortunate to get up to six creatures. For the most part, the hunts also got me used to the local landscape. The mountains that made up the majority of the western part of this enormously beautiful land mass were almost as tall as the mountains that surrounded Vel-Cor city. In a way, they made me homesick for my planet and the family I had not seen in over ten years.

As my larder slowly filled with fresh wild boar, it became necessary to discover if there were native vegetables that were similar to those that I was used to. To my surprise, I found that a number of tubers were quite like those I was familiar with and I began to collect them. This collection was carried out in a very strange manner. Using my scout ship under a cloaking field, I would sweep down over a cultivated field at night and use the tractor beam to bring aboard the plants including edible tubers. My method was to cut out the tubers and return the plant to its point of origin.

My sleight of hand must have angered the locals, as they began to leave dogs and booby traps in the fields. Their actions proved only a brief setback. After resetting the controls of the tractor beam, I was able to detect booby traps and counter them. By decreasing my work nights to two or three a week, I was able to curb the anger of the locals and keep my table filled with yummy goodies. It was the best of both worlds. Besides, it kept me from worrying about those nasty Dinoids and their greedy henchmen.

My carefree days did not last as long as I might have wanted them to. Just when I was getting the hang of these operations, the Dinoids suddenly began to reinstitute a large enslaving program. Again, the situation was brought to my attention by my cetacean brothers. It forced me to abandon my food gathering and concentrate on freeing some of the recently enslaved prisoners. This time, the Dinoids were proving much more sophisticated in their methods. A micro-miniaturized neck control was employed that rendered the subject into a virtual zombie. To remove it without the necessary safeguard would short-circuit the brain and cause death. It was a most devious scheme! To foil this new development would take time. The only good point of the new regimen was that the Dinoids had reduced their guards to a minimum level, at least three-quarters less than used previously. Their only remaining defense was a more powerful shield to protect their transports from raids. The question was how to remove the neck control without killing the prisoner. To answer it, I attempted to trace the use of neck controls and then develop a frequency to knock them out. At the same time, it was important to use another frequency that would allow the brain to be returned to normal consciousness. At that point, the neck unit could be removed. It sounded simple; but, as they say, it was easier said than done.

My first raid occurred about two weeks after the warning was delivered to me. It took place on the large East Coast base I had attacked earlier. Again, it was quite easy to drop the enemy defense shields and destroy the star drives of the transports. It was a lot harder to get to the prisoners than I originally had thought. New quarters had been built for them, and it was difficult to use my tractor beam to blow up their magnetic locking system. Once this was done, I had to use a special set of hailing frequencies to counter the electronic control system and use a mild laser to explode the device. This action was accomplished and allowed them to escape the mountain caves where they had been interned. As before, the Dinoid guards were more bullies than brave soldiers. Robots who did respond were waylaid by use of appropriate frequencies that destroyed their central processors. The Dinoids once again had been partly stopped. It was all one small transport ship could possibly accomplish.

With the raid over, I returned to the CV-12 and wondered if any long-term program to fight the Dinoids could be implemented. My chief concern was that this limited fight against the Dinoids and their kind was senseless unless I could get more help. The special command of the Planetary

Union seemed handicapped by laws that forced it to keep its action low-key. Since I was not bound by these rules, I could attack them directly. The war on the Moon was another story entirely. The special command was using a full police action to keep the independents and the Dinoids at bay. The only alternative was to use the Terrans as hostages and force some concessions on the Moon mining operations. The Solis system was recognized as part of the Planetary Union's territories. The major problem was that people of Terra did not know this vital fact. Besides, even if they knew, it was an open question as to whether they would even allow the Union to act on their behalf. From the way things were going, it was a fact that the inhabitants of Terra would have to be informed of.

During the next year, I concentrated on making the occasional raid and generally trying to keep the Dinoids at bay. My main concern became that I was unable to find a place that had wild boar in large enough quantity to suit my needs. The other problem lay in finding adequate amounts of fresh vegetables for the food processors. By the way, I could do without the vegetables; but I definitely needed a large supply of fresh wild boar. To solve this dilemma, I decided to use my newly-mastered command of English to survey the land mass below me in its relationship to the wily wild boar. Humans were odd. Swine of many sizes, shapes and colors were even thought of as pets. Not only was this strange custom widespread, but swine cartoon characters were also extremely popular.

As I pondered Terran history, I began to see that space had been given a very bad name on this planet. The entertainment industry of this world was busy representing space aliens as either icky monsters or cute, loveable fellows that were wronged by an over-reacting military. Either view was definitely misguided and needed to be corrected. If I did one thing in my travels, that thing should be to show Terrans that people from other star systems were mostly good-natured and dependable, capable of making the same mistakes as anyone newly arrived in a different cultural environment. The key was how to convert these concepts into a workable form that would be accepted by those in charge of mass communications on the great land below me. Anyway, it was worth a try.

As I was becoming interested in how to solve this dilemma, another more profound incident happened to me. As I entered my second wonderful year in orbit, the Dinoids set off a small battle station into near-Terra orbit. About the size of a small asteroid (some 2 miles or 3.2 kilometers across), the ship was in an orbit that would allow it to block some of the actions of the star cruisers from the Planetary Union. To destroy it would force people on Terra to realize that a small but deadly skirmish had occurred in interplanetary space. The special command had to destroy it in a way that would appear to be a simple natural catastrophe. In plain words, a collision with another free orbiting asteroid of similar size. Only Terran astronomers would know the truth and, true to form, would either suppress the data or invent a huge lie about what had really happened. As this dilemma developed, my attention was drawn to what the Planetary Union would do and how long they would take to act. Their reluctance in countering the Dinoids on many major challenges had made me wonder about their will to suppress the Dinoids' activities on Terra proper. To my surprise, they sent up a sudden asteroid shower (special space mines) that heavily bombarded the battle station and badly damaged it. As a result, they were able to board the enemy ship and put it permanently out of commission. This swift response in

defense of Terra forced me to rethink my view of their "police action". Perhaps it was a good thing to contact them after all.

While I savored the quick response of the Planetary Union, the Dinoid Confederacy made a counterattack. About two months after the destruction of the battle station, the Dinoids deployed a second warship of the same class as the now-destroyed one. To protect this war vessel, the Dinoids enlisted the aid of the independent Humanoids that were also mining the Moon for its precious rare earths. These new-found allies introduced two additional smaller battle stations that orbited close to the Dinoid ship. The Planetary Union seemed to require an act of counterforce. Immediately, the special command rushed a large battle planet, disguised as an unknown comet, into the Solis system. Since it was greater than any of the enemy war ships, any advantages gained were quickly ruled out. It now seemed that this bitter war over the Moon had heated up. For the next six months, the four ships held each other in a kind of balance of terror. No mining activity on the Moon could proceed. It was only a matter of time before an unfortunate incident occurred and the covers of both the Planetary Union and the Dinoids were blown. To me, the only question was when.

As I watched this dance of death unfold, my concern was what a sudden exchange of gravity cannon volleys would do to the inhabitants of Terra. It would probably startle them and end their complacency about being the only intelligent life-forms in the galaxy. It would be a fatal blow to most of their primitive and ill-advised religious concepts, adding to their misconceptions about other life-forms, and probably lead to panic among the most misinformed. Once again, my focus was on the need to create a character that would dispel this situation and allow most people of the planet to relate to interstellar aliens as just another 'guy from down the block'. What I could not figure out was how to best present this character and obtain the maximum amount of empathy from the audience. Above all, it had to not be an E.T. clone, which would defeat the purpose by labeling it as intended only for children. To be successful, it had to be primarily intended for adults.

As I continued to research my concepts for a unique media presentation, the Dinoids predictably did something stupid. Their battle station fired a small volley at the slowly moving "comet", which released a small shower of particles, disrupting the power generators of the Dinoid ship and rendering it useless. Again, I was amazed at the swift, logical action of the Humans. Evidently, the Dinoids were as well, and were only able to get their new "allies" to assist them by helping to evacuate the now-crippled battle station. The next action of the "comet" was to mine the immediate area around the Moon's dark side. This limited the actions that other vessels could take if they were still engaged in the illegal mining operations. Now the Planetary Union had made mining operations on the Moon more difficult. My belief was that the action also allowed the independent Humanoid star systems to realize that, in the long run, crime does not pay. I could sense a different attitude in the independent Humans. Their intercepted communications were more laudatory of the special command and less kind toward the Dinoids. By staying firm, the Planetary Union had won a small but important victory over their slimy adversary.

The Planetary Union's success allowed me more time to research my concept. After a number of reviews of different programs, I decided that it would be best to use a prime-time television sitcom as my vehicle. The key was to find the right type of creative team to do the actual series

based on my concept. Results were successful and within the year, the programs were on the air on a worldwide basis. Hopefully, this new type of comedy would help the people of this planet realize that, in many ways, the galaxy was only an extension of their own planet. In this way, they would come to understand that to fear other life-forms beyond their own was completely unfounded.

At the same time as the sit-com was finally coming to fruition, the Dinoids decide to speed up the recruitment program for their labor camps. For the most part, they had been using the homeless and the under classes. Now, they stepped up the quality of their catch by kidnapping their quarry at night as it slept. This callous activity was in keeping with the total lack of morality the Dinoids were noted for. It was bad enough that any Humans had to be used for their vile labor camps and experiments. Far worse still that they had somehow found people in power who were willing to believe the Dinoid babble about greater riches and increased power. Now, the entire Human population was fair game for their evil desires. Yet, in spite of my anguish over the new development, there was little I could do. It was largely up to the Planetary Union and its special command to quash the new Dinoid program.

The Planetary Union's response was to step up its program by involving the public, especially important media people, in the question of alien invasions and what they meant. This led to an increase in the number of UFO sightings and actual contacts with ordinary people over the entire breadth of Terra. The hope was that this action would increase the public's belief in UFOs and the possibility of actual contact with intelligent life-forms from other worlds. As these efforts increased, they were also tied to an attempt to preserve the other sentient beings on Terra – the Cetaceans. The Cetaceans had been quite helpful to me, and I owed them my deepest gratitude. The incredible knowledge of the Humans and their true history was most awe-inspiring to me. Here was another species that tortured and killed them, and yet they respected them enough to keep an oral history within the conscious mind that was the basis of Cetacean identity. It was truly a most unusual case of deep love and caring for another species and a whole planet as well. It would be tremendous if Humans, in their own groping way, would comprehend and apply this lesson to Human civilization. If achieved, it would assure them the possibility of truly understanding the morale precepts that they held as the underpinnings of civilization. It was one thing to believe in gentleness and love, and quite another to practice it. My civilization had required a great unifier to end the regional and clan warfare that served as the basis for our early oral history. My illustrious ancestor had ended this disaster by showing how the species and planetary consciousness could be altered to promote peace, unity and planetary progress. In so doing, he had saved our species and our world from destruction. Now, it seemed that a similar evolution was required to help this world to survive. Soon, the Planetary Union would have to come to this realization and act accordingly.

This feeling of anguish led me to increase the number of raids against the Dinoid prison camps. As the Dinoids became bolder, their tactics threatened to expose them. Yet somehow, they were able to escape detection despite daring forays into the heart of the landmasses' great cities to obtain new slaves for their camps. One of these raids was to prove to be near-fatal to yours truly. This raid occurred in the late summer of my fourth year in orbit above Terra. Sensing that I was the only hope for most of the captured inhabitants of these camps, I regularly made up to three raids per night. After two months of a tiring schedule, I decided one night to try for a fourth raid.

This idea would prove to be a grave mistake. By the time I was ready to perform the final raid, I was overtired from the consequences of the three previous ones and made a near-fatal error. The computer was not informed to take out all of the Dinoid guards that normally were off-duty and probably asleep. The raid near a government installation in a remote part of the Southwest was going well. The defense shield was dropped and the remaining transports disabled. After the prisoners were put to sleep and methods were employed to free them from the Dinoid devices and mind-control drugs, I decided to go down and see the camp for myself. This decision was my ultimate error. The camp appeared deserted and I began checking out the various parts still left intact. As I carefully approached the barracks area, a Dinoid soldier, hidden skillfully behind a large embankment, jumped out and shot at me with a beam weapon (ray gun). It hit my lower back and I went down instantly. Before I lost consciousness, I teleported back to the ship where I was safe from further combat with the Dinoid guard. The wound was not serious and, owing to my own quick actions, my life was saved. The medical computer completely healed me in a few weeks and left me without any scars from the attack. The raid had taught me a valuable lesson. Never overextend your resources, even if the cause for doing so seems important or even vital. To survive was to live and be able to fight another day.

The experience of liberating the Dinoid camps had also had its more gruesome scenes. Dinoids, as I had discovered long ago, did not like Humans. To this end, they had begun to conduct a series of experiments designed to turn the entire planet into a Human food factory for the Dinoids. All sorts of highly advanced food processing were being experimented with at the camps. The experiments were ghastly and to view the end product of these experiments was more than I could take. The Dinoids were only proving themselves to be the deadly scoundrels I had seen in action while travelling across the Orion star system. Now, they were taking out their anger on willing subjects – the Humans of Terra. It was only a matter of time before their savagery, and the collusion of a few power-mad and greedy Humans, were found out, leading to a full-scale invasion by the Planetary Union's special command. It was my hope that such an intervention would occur much sooner than presently appeared possible. That was my deepest hope as I stood in high Terran orbit watching the folly taking place below me.

Chapter 10 - Terra and Beyond

As the Dinoids' successes and the apparent weakness of the Planetary Union continued, I felt that it was time to move on. But before leaving, I needed to fill my order for fresh wild boar and find a way to communicate with the special command for Terra. It had been more than five long years since the CV-12 had first orbited this primitive yet beautiful blue world. During that time, I had grown to appreciate the average everyday Human but deplored their governments that constantly insisted I could not exist. This predicament had led me to arrange for the sitcom to be put on the air. Its success was proof to me that my intuitions about the Terrans were well-placed. However, this minor victory was only a weak first step in convincing them to accept that aliens from outer space were really "regular guys". My next move had to be a way that would allow me to actually contact Humans and gain their friendship. To achieve this would require a measure of guile so I set about trying to discover what device I could use to achieve my objective.

Since merchandising was a possible outgrowth from the TV show, perhaps toys could serve as a possible means of communication. For the next two months, I pondered how they could be used and began to search for favorable candidates. The gradual emergence of the many individuals who had experienced Contact had generated extensive archives on the subject. To learn what type of person might be most receptive to a visit, I began to steal into libraries and read the contents of these books into my computer. Gradually, a profile emerged that proved my initial instincts on the matter correct. The key was to find people I could relate to. Once found, I would use my mental abilities to draw them near and, at the appropriate moment, make contact.

To find the right people, I used my scanner. This took the computer about two months. Preliminary screening helped locate a couple who seemed likely to serve my purposes. Next, I had to find a way to make contact. A birthday present seemed the best approach. It worked. Once I had made the connection, I had to introduce myself and explain my situation. This proved more difficult than I had first expected. The first month was spent in explaining how my ship operated and why I was there in the first place. But the nice thing about this first contact was that I was so welcomed. As time went on, we began to feel part of one big family of three who shared a great and marvelous secret.

It being winter, I needed to find suitable clothing. The central heating system that kept us warm was fascinating. It was as though I had gotten into a time machine and been allowed to go back to the early period of our industrialized ages. The other truly interesting items I found in their bathroom. Their toilet and shower/bathtub were quaint. I had never seen such gadgets in my life! Bathrooms on Cem-Lam consist of advanced sonic and space-energy disposal units. They are self-maintainable and require no liquid transport system. There are two types of showers: the previously-mentioned sonic showers, and the water type that emulates a miniature waterfall. It was my favorite. There's a saying that you never really miss something until you no longer have it. This was just such a case. Technology can at times seem a crutch to our appreciation of life, but it also makes that life easier.

During that first month together, we gradually became acquainted. It was a good experience for me, since it was the first time that I had associated with people who lacked highly manifested telepathic abilities. Speech was the major basis for conversation. The English I had learned was

proving to be the major link between us. Through it, the world I was now a part of came to life. One of the first things I learned about was sports. My major contact was a sports fan, especially of baseball and football. Since the football season was under way when I arrived at their household, watching football on weekends became part of our routine. My first impression was that it was a truly crazy sport. A bunch of people piled on top of each other or tried to jump onto somebody who had the football. Most of the time this person threw the football to someone else, but occasionally, they successfully jumped on him. Whenever any of these acts took place, the crowd would cheer and they would rerun the particular play again and again. It was very confusing and vaguely reminded me of a childhood game called Ba'jui. Its aim was to take a gourd-like melon called a Jui and throw it to another player, or into a large open container called a Sue'fi. If your Jui landed in the Sue'fi, you scored a point. Eight points constituted Gu'do, or the final sum, and your team of eight players won. My constant confusion finally forced me to ask for the rules, which were way too complicated for an adult game. Obviously, it was a game invented for children. Terrans seemed to have a great fear of growing up. It was a rather odd trait for a civilization that considered itself to be sophisticated.

By the second month, we had begun to develop a rapport that enabled us to become telepathic. It enabled me to finally begin to interface my main computer into our mental circuit, which in turn allowed me to review my trip to Terra and explain life on my home planet of Cem-Lam. It led to a series of engaging discussions on many different subjects, ranging from theories of science and history to the arcane topologies of the various schools of Terran and Cem-Lam philosophies. As our discussions broadened, I began to raise the subject of the Dinoid conspiracy and the special command of the Planetary Union.

This discussion was superseded by my need to find a way to contact the Planetary Union and appeal for direct intervention. It seemed that a friendly relationship between Terran people and the Planetary Union offered the best way to rid the planet of this vermin. Planetary governments were engaged in a strict cover-up of the truth and could not be relied on for any kind of support. The more we discussed the subject, the more it appeared to be an impossible uphill battle for sanity. The other Humans of the Planetary Union were probably correct in their apparent aloofness. The people of Terra had to decide for themselves what was best for them. Whatever a concerned minority wanted was of little consequence. These discussions changed my perception of the Planetary Union's approach and tempered my needs so that I was satisfied with a mere recognition of my presence. I began to feel that Humans must solve their problems on their own, as I must solve mine.

As our discussions continued on the matter of Terra's development, it became clearer that my aid to this planet lay in the introduction of the sitcom. Its success was a great joy to me. At last, an alien was not a superior and aloof being or a monster bent on the planet's doom. This main character was just a regular guy trapped by circumstance into a most unusual situation. As I watched the show each week, it was nice to see that the people of this world could accept him as just another TV character. By so doing, the people of this world had taken a small yet important step in their evolution. Another outgrowth of my discussions was a change to gain a better understanding of the brief history of Human civilization. This planet was under an even greater dose of amnesia and egocentric behavior than I thought. The original intentions of the planet's early colonizers and subsequent merchant explorers had been subverted into concepts that failed

to recognize the basic philosophic concepts of the galaxy, and the importance of preserving the planet's environment. It was the obvious intention of the Planetary Union's special command to gradually permit the planet's Human inhabitants to gain knowledge of these facts as their civilization progressed.

Between periods of my intermittent visits to my friends, I retreated to my inner sanctum – the CV-12. Here, I could assess the data given me, as well as plot raids on the Dinoids and on local centers of information. As data acquisition progressed, I was learning more about the nature of this planet and ways to predict its alternatives for future growth. In many ways, the planet was at a crossroads. It was absolutely essential that the Humans and the Cetaceans learn to communicate with one another. The wealth of information that could be shared was vital to protection of the planet. Another reason made this linkage essential. Humans had to overcome their ego-centered concepts about the nature of intelligence. Evolution of the depth of their understanding was the key to accepting the mantle as true members of the interstellar community. Hopefully, the time for a mutual introduction was near. It would be gratifying to see this happen before the time for my departure arrived.

Another reason for spending time back in my ship was the need to constantly correct its orbit in order to avoid collisions. The number of crafts in orbit was truly amazing. The independent Humans had given observation of this planet top priority. They were also busy conducting experiments designed to prove the exact physical and mental capacities of the Humanoid inhabitants. These experiments were also set up so that the exact interaction between the Humanoid, animal and plant populations could be ascertained. It was interesting to watch them collect their data, tag important population controls and generally conduct a thorough investigation of the planet. The ships of the Planetary Union were more concerned about the extent of these studies than actually conducting a careful assessment themselves. Having been involved in the initial seeding of the Human population on Terra, their observations were already detailed. Their patrols served more as controlled observers, attempting to prevent any form of interference that might jeopardize their experiment's most probable outcome. It was proving to be a most interesting event to watch.

Due to the crowded conditions near my orbit, the major concern was to avoid any collisions. This possibility constantly divided my focus between my new-found friends and the ship. The CV-12 was the only way that I had to return safely, and it had one major difficulty. The ship's navigation computer was not really designed to avoid spacecraft without the assistance of a trained pilot. This weakness in the ship's programming made my task somewhat more strenuous. As the months went by, it was always necessary to reposition the craft in less dangerous spots before teleporting down to the planet's surface. Safest times were late afternoons and the early hours of the morning. In the afternoons, I was able to meet with my friends and to have some fun and friendly conversation. Then, in the early morning hours, I could explore the planet and pursue that ultimate quarry – the wily and agile wild boar. To slay them and keep a few fresh wild boar chops in the food processor was becoming a most dangerous task.

As the results of the wild boar hunts were not going as well as planned, I began to spend more time at my friends' house. There, I discovered that their bed was similar to many beds in the Orion star group. For the most part, their bed was extremely hard and had a nice big soft pillow

to sleep on. This design was similar to my bed on Cem-Lam. The only difference was that this was a platform, which lacked the advantage of being suspended from the ceiling about six inches from the ground. One could swing gently and obtain a completely refreshing night's sleep. The Ancient Ones of Cem-Lam had learned that a good deep sleep was only possible if one broke the bounds of the ground and felt free to soar. Our air bed, or swinging bed, was the fortunate result of their wisdom. It was too bad that the people of Terra had not reached the same conclusion and discovered the absolute pleasure of a good night's sleep in an air bed. Anyway, their loss was our gain. It was one of life's pleasures that, during those brief sojourns to my friends, was to be denied me.

As the months passed, my comfort level with my new friends began to increase. The strange bond between us seemed to involve a kind of karmic commitment. As we talked and interacted, we were able to discover things about ourselves that we had not known beforehand. For instance, my ability to predict events or to establish energy patterns that would protect them was nothing special to me. To them, it was amazing. The consequence was that this feeling on their part led me to begin to really believe in myself. Slowly, my confidence allowed me to develop more of an appreciation of my abilities. The faith my Prac'lah teacher had in my potential to rise to the highest levels of this discipline, even to gold belt master or Komo'gi, seemed justified. This growing self-confidence led me to adopt the term Shi'wa or "light of one's life". On Cem-Lam this term was commonly given to a Prac'lah master of sixth level belt or higher, who was known for his counseling abilities and inner powers. These inner powers would benefit his students as they also learned the discipline of Prac'Lah. At first, the success in my advice mystified me, but as it continued to help my friends, I, too, realized its value. Moreover, it was a great honor to see that others agreed with the beliefs of my teachers.

Counseling was no more than consulting one's inner feelings or intuition about a certain subject and then backing it up with a certain amount of proven data. This modus operandi became the way in which I was able to do minor guidance, such as predicting the type of day to be had or the length of time it would take to come home or go to work. The trance states taught in the early black belt levels of Prac'lah were extremely helpful in my degree of success. My accuracy level was extremely high (over 98 per cent) and showed me the amount of untapped potential that I possessed. Master Wei had told me that, of all his students, none had progressed as fast as yours truly. This new feedback permitted me to dream that, when I returned to Cern Lam, it might be possible for me to take the pathway to the Temple of the Gold Belt Master of Prac'lah in the city of Huji'kong in the central Sem'rang region. The Temple was 10,000 years old and the closest we had to a central religious shrine. To become the Komo'gi required one to rise to the level of twelfth degree black belt, and then pass a rigid mental test that proved beyond doubt one's fitness for such a high honor. If I was all that it appeared I was, then I should be able to attain the top levels in less than two years after my return.

Doing so had an added benefit, my planetary guard duty would be cancelled and I would have to answer to no one except the governing spirit forces of my world. These spiritual forces were the keepers of the universal group consciousness that was the very essence of our being. As well as I can perceive the terms, the rough equivalent of this typology was your term "Akashic Records". In our world, the Komo'gi was the direct interpreter of this group consciousness and the main person to consult on any vital matter of state or personal health and welfare. Each day the

Komo'gi would hold an audience with anyone having such vital concerns. It amazed me to think that one day I might have the honor of becoming the first Komo'gi in the last 200 years!

These consultations and my constant conversations concerning the human civilization of Terra led me to investigate the history of other attempts to colonize this planet and the Solis system. Despite its location far from the usual interstellar trade routes, Solis was a valuable possession because of its three inner planets and the now-destroyed planet represented by the asteroid belt. To my surprise, colonization from different star groups was quite common in this planet's history. The most common colonizers were from the Eridanus, Orion, Canis and Ursa Major and Minor, Reticulum, Taurus, Lyra and Cetus. This huge number of star systems brought a great many different sentient species into contact with the planets of Mars, Venus, Terra and Phaeton. These colonizing attempts went back as far as half a million years. They involved the use of time traveling to determine rates of planetary evolution cycles in the most significant native fauna and flora. This time prospecting accounted for the large number of anomalies to be found in the planet's fossil record. Another curious addition to this study was the note that fossil scientists and their cohorts in Terran physical sciences did not take into account the so-called Ja'hi radiation cycle that misrepresented the true age of many fossils. The Ja'hi cycle was able to make fossils either much older or younger than they actually were. Science on this world was still in its infancy and hindered by obscure and ridiculous religious concepts. Until these important disciplines came together, rapid progress by the Human species was impossible.

As I continued my discussions with my friends, one of my interests was the so-called firmament, the two ice crystal layers that once covered the planet. This special ice crystal cover kept the planet's atmosphere from overheating or overcooling. It would allow a world-wide temperature, ranging from 80 degrees at the equator to 72 degrees at the poles in the summer, and 72 degrees at the equator to 68 degrees at the poles in the winter. The seasonal lows would be only about four to five degrees below the highs. Rain would be virtually impossible and the winds would never exceed four or five miles per hour. Owing to the massive blocking of ultra-violet rays and other harmful radiation, life spans would be much longer and all plants and animals would be much larger. Its occurrence would account for evidence of larger animals and a different environment during most of Terra's past. Evidently, the rise and fall of ancient civilizations and natural catastrophes created the conditions for the destruction and re-creation of this vital life shield in the planet's atmosphere. My research showed that Human, Mammeloid, Amphiboid, and Dinoid civilizations were present in this star system in the near or distant past. Such visitors and eventual colonizers contributed a rich history to this system that was largely lost, or alive only in various myths and legends. These myths and legends either semi-accurately portrayed Terra's history, or twisted it into a grotesque form that served the purposes of some deceased or presently living priestly class. This predicament only added to the vast amnesia that plagued Terra's human civilization. Their amnesia contributed to the divisions that burdened primitive Human industrial society. It was my hope that this problem could one day be overcome. Hopefully, a turn to the truth could be accomplished with minimal loss of life and the least possible ruination of entire generations.

As my research on Terra's history continued, the nature of the now fallen firmament began to intrigue me. The two ice crystal layers were similar to those found on my world. The major difference was that our firmament was made of polarized water that permitted the star, Anix, to

shine through with a different reflection each day. This effect, in turn, influenced the special ground fog, or Di'or, and caused it to change its color each day of the week. These natural events gave us our famous colored-day calendar that we were so proud of. Since the legends described no noticeable ground fog, it was quite possible that our unique planetary conditions did not happen on Terra. Upon learning of this unique firmament, I decided to recreate it on my ship's computer. The results astonished me. The planet was even more beautiful when draped in the mirror-like mantle of the firmament.

It seemed to constantly sparkle and glow, like a huge precious jewel. For too long, this planet had been abused by its Human colonists. It was a mere shell of its former self. Perhaps one day, Humans will learn the glory that was Terra and restore her to her former splendor. It would be most beneficial for its inhabitants, and for the travelers of interstellar space who might venture Terra-ward to see such a beautiful sight.

For the next two months, my studies were set on determining the nature of culture and how it had developed on this planet. Human society was much different from the regional societies on Cem-Lam. Each of our regional cultures was in some way tied into the history of our world, as well as to the major group consciousness that pervaded our species. It was evident in the relative ease with which each regional society adapted to the unification after the agreements signed in the age of Sher'e Shir'a. Terra, on the other hand, appeared to be based on cultures that were very diverse in language, religion, and accepted customs. The concept of a species-wide Akashic record or group consciousness was largely laughed at, or viewed with suspicion. It was therefore no wonder that many young Humans were confused and unable to determine their possible future options. Terran society had abandoned its roots and lost its way home. It was a society adrift in a mindless maze of its own choosing.

At the same time that I was attempting to classify the malaise of modern Human society, the Dinoids struck another blow of stupidity. They had positioned a second large battle station some 600 miles (970 kilometers) in diameter near the orbit of the moon. As I could not fathom the reason behind this move, I returned to my ship and relocated it to learn more about what was happening. As I listened in on communications between the Moon base and the new ship, the battle plan became obvious to me. The new vessel, named the Orion-XZ, was there to protect Terra bases that the special command was preparing to raid. The plans had been leaked by a quisling in one of the world's governments. The battle station's presence made these raids impossible unless the Planetary Union was ready to admit to its presence. This possibility was remote, since the special command had no intention of interfering with the planet's social development unless absolutely necessary. The ploy was a gambit that the Dinoids were counting on.

As their hasty scheme developed, the Dinoids were wondering what the Humans would do to counteract their newly arrived ship. They did not have long to wait. A special commando group attacked the southwest base in the dead of night. By doing so, they picked a time when the moon base and the Battle Station were unable to get a visual of the attack. This move infuriated the Dinoid commander on the Moon base. This commander, an Admiral Kess, was another distant cousin of the grand Bubar. Foiling the Humans was his greatest joy. He often wondered how a species that tasted so good could give the Confederacy such fits. Kess took the defeat very hard

and he ordered an attack to be raised on the Mars base that served as the special command headquarters. This raid was thwarted and the Bubar's men were forced to return to the low-profile war that had marked the conflict since its beginning.

As the conflict between Human and Dinoid subsided, my focus again returned to my friends. By this time, they had discovered a clever way to get me in the mood for sleep, or for just helping them out. We called it a "rubbie" and it consisted of the rubbing of my back, stomach and snout. The rubbie was incredible: it relaxed my body and helped put me in the proper frame of mind for the necessary trance states. Trances were deep meditative states that allowed me to enter the Akashic records and adjust them as needed. After a few weeks of rubbies, my poor body and extremely tired spirit had become addicted to the sheer pleasure they gave. No one can adequately describe the pleasure and joy of a rubbie. It was an ecstasy that made the journey to Terra a necessity.

The invention of the rubbie, it became even important for me to devote more time to helping my new Human friends. Unfortunately, this imperative was balanced by the need to constantly re-park the CV-12 every day. Traffic in orbit was growing heavier as the weeks went by. The concern quickly became the independent Humanoid star systems. These people, shorter in stature than special command members, were mainly merchants and miners. They sought new products to maintain the vitality of their respective civilizations and had been engaged in long-term contact with Terran governments. This gross interference in the planet's development did not please the special command rulers at all. Their leader, Commander Spekh, was a most enterprising woman of about my age. Like me, she had attended advanced training courses in many different subject areas. She was determined not to interfere with the planet's evolving societies. However, there was little that Spekh could do to control the independent traders, who were now busily mining the Moon and experimenting on native Terra humans. It was an extremely delicate and complex situation. At the proper time, the Union would invoke its entry clauses and admit the star system to membership. Once formal membership was granted, the situation would become cut and dried. Until that moment, the situation required great caution. The independents might be nudged into compliance, but the question was how strong a nudge it would take, without unnecessarily ruffling their feathers. The question was undoubtedly very serious. Yet, it was the key to the Planetary Union's position and policy regarding the people of Terra.

Unknowingly caught in the middle of this dispute, I chose to help, thereby increasing my knowledge of human civilization. Both of my new human friends were very helpful in aiding my understanding of Human behavior. Back on Cem-Lam, I was a part of a traditional and open society that had solved all of the poverty issues that beset Humans. Our leadership was selected in a time-tested method that eliminated ego and set boundaries on the use of political power. The closest we had to a military force was the Planetary Guard, whose purposes were clearly defined by custom and tradition. Cem-Lam had no use for personal weaponry or personal power-broking. Our society was established on a system of clans, and dedicated to the idea that each individual served a useful role within their clan structure and individual family obligations. Each clan or region was noted for some aspect of science, art or merchantry that permitted it to support, not compete against, one another. This system freed us to rapidly function as an advanced, abundance-directed society within 2,000 years after the great breakthrough (unification) by my

ancestor, Sher'e Shir'a. The societies I had visited in the Orion system seemed to mirror our own. It was my theory that a version of this system was reflected as well in the advanced Human civilizations of the Planetary Union. One day soon, I hoped to be able to learn if my assumption was correct.

To me, the present Human condition on Terra was owing to the failure of the clan system in the now-forgotten past. The breakdown was probably due to the too-rapid introduction of new technologies by the guiding culture of the advanced Human civilization that had seeded the planet with Human society. Terra, thus, must have refugees that were reseeded on nearby star systems, or on planets that could be Terra-formed to create suitable environments for Humans. This development meant that many of the planets involved in the special command for Terra could descend from Humans removed from Terra to other worlds. This possibility excited me, and made me even more anxious to contact the special command more directly. To that end, I began to suggest to my Terran friends that they prepare to meet with the special command at some date in the near future. They agreed, and we began to prepare for this eventually.

At the same time I theorized, the Dinoids and their sometime allies, the independent Humanoid group, were continuing to interfere with the development of Human civilization. A major key to a breakthrough in the state of Terra civilization was a new means of energy production that would exert a minimal level of stress on the environment. For too long, Humans had forestalled the move from fossil fuels to devices that used electro-magnetics to convert natural or space energy to useful electrical power. This delay was largely the result of market forces from a primitive scarcity-based economy, combined with the interference of important men of influence and government meddling. It would spell inevitable disaster for the society unless corrected in the next decade. The problem was further complicated by the environmental disaster represented by the burning of fossil fuels and their by-products. There had already been serious damage done to the Terra's bio-sphere. Without inner will and outside intervention, Human civilization was doomed to become nearly extinct in the next century. Something unique that would bring the planet's Human inhabitants to their senses had to be attempted in the next five years. It was a tight timetable, but, when one considered the alternatives, a workable one.

The urgency of the situation was brought home to me by the vicious summers and winters of the past two years. For twelve years, certain natural and intelligent forces had been altering the planet's atmosphere, affecting the climate of almost all regions. These resulted in some of the worst snow storms, flooding, and droughts in recent Human history. They also created savage quakes on the ocean floor (especially the central Pacific Basin and Mid-Atlantic Ridge) and, in turn, vicious cracking of the planet's mantle and disastrous mudslides. Further, population pressures had denuded the planet's forests and cut down on the one living thing, trees and shrubs, that could counter the rapid rise in worldwide carbon and sulphur oxide compounds. The planet was destined for a period of extreme weather that would create either another mini ice age, or a worldwide tropical environment that could melt the polar ice cap. Any of these scenarios made me see that I was not here solely to use Terra as a food reserve for my return trip to the new Cem Lam via the Cancer star group. Somehow, fate had put me in this alien environment for a purpose. I longed to know why and act accordingly. My hope was that my part in this puzzle would soon make itself known.

As I waited to learn my role in this growing mess, I continued to search for a suitable source for resupplying my food lockers with fresh wild boar. Wild boar and other forms of swine were the only meat we ate and were highly symbolic to us. They were a basic food source for our clan system and represented the knowledge and skill that enabled us to eventually unite and establish our present civilization. Wild boar was treated as a prime and honored source of nourishment. To hunt wild boar was a great responsibility that requiring considerable skill and agility. This animal was wily and duplicitous. But wild boar were also quite tasty and well worth the effort of trapping.

As I anticipated the joy of wild boar hunting, the special linking signal to my ship indicated that something was amiss. Quickly, I teleported up to my ship and discovered that two alien Human vessels were nearing our position. Putting their images on my main viewing screen, I noticed that their ships appeared to be looking for mine, as they paused as they passed overhead. It seemed clear they were seeking a ship that was cloaked and invisible to their detectors. For the next two hours, they circled above me like space buzzards. Then they abandoned their patterned searching and returned to the Moon base from which they certainly originated. Some six hours later, thirty star destroyers rose up from the same base and, heading in my direction, resumed the patterned search pattern begun earlier by the two alien vessels. This search lasted for another three hours. The ships then mysteriously turned and headed back to the same Moon base. At this point, a Planetary Union star cruiser parked itself near my position. Evidently, the special command had observed the strange goings-on and wanted to ensure that no harm came to the CV-12. As they did not know my position either, we almost collided when we both decided to adjust the surveying orbits we had near each other. It was a relief to know that the Planetary Union was willing to protect me. My assistance in limiting mining on the Moon and pinpointing important Terran enemy bases had not gone unnoticed.

The conclusion of this incident was not too long in coming. Early the next day, the alien Moon base launched a small task force of ten star destroyers equipped with mines. Their purpose was to establish a mine field in my supposed pathway and, in this way, to end my career as a successful snitch. The Planetary Union ship saw them and opened up its hailing frequencies. It ordered that the ships turn back or face the consequences. The ten vessels immediately turned back and returned to their Moon base. The Star Cruiser remained on station for another day and then retreated to its normal patrol route on the far side of the Moon. Two days later, the same task force was launched with orders to attack me. Initially, they fired their powerful beam weapons in a huge random pattern near my former position. Had I not moved, their volleys could have seriously damaged my cloaking fields. Luckily, I had altered my course and could laugh at the futile attempt of the aliens to find me. Soon after this wild firing spree ended, another Planetary Union war vessel entered the sector and ordered the ships to disperse. When the ships complied, the friendly warship left my position and trailed the alien ships to their base. A week later, the base was utterly destroyed by a special commando force and, with that act, ended a slightly worrisome tale about my stay in Terran orbit. The following day, a number of special command war ships began regular patrol of my sector. Their patrol lasted for the next five months and kept the Dinoids and their pesky alien allies away from my ship. It was a good will gesture that I deeply appreciated. While the ships were on constant patrol, I was able to maintain a regular schedule of visits to my friends on the planet's surface. The patrols also allowed me to

sleep in a nice bed and spend additional time conversing on the various subjects that seriously interested me. It was a splendid gesture of friendship that I hoped one day to be able to repay.

After the end of this mini-crisis and following the Planetary Union's response, the Dinoids' Terra allies launched a formidable killer satellite into high Terra orbit. It approached my ship and proceeded to shoot its primitive beam weapon near my position. Initially, this brazen invasion of my orbital position went unnoticed. As days passed, the strange-looking contraption continued to endanger my position. The device's sole objective seemed to be to put the unity of my cloaking field in jeopardy. By now the Dinoids obviously were aware of my one Achilles heel and were determined to use it to disclose my position. If the satellite was not destroyed in the next few days, there was real danger that their diabolical scheme would work. Just when events seemed most critical, a friendly star destroyer passed through my position. It spied the killer satellite and closed to investigate. At about 1,000 feet (300 meters) from the satellite, the vessel stopped to examine it. The satellite responded by attempting to fire at the ship. The particle beam bounced harmlessly off the warship's shields. It was a momentous blunder. Retreating another 5,000 feet (1,500 meters), the ship then fired its own beam weapon at the satellite. As the beam struck home, the battered satellite vanished. With its disappearance, another Dinoid plot to get rid of me had failed. Yet the fact remained that it was only a small victory. The Dinoids would still be able to use their stooges against me. The question remained: when would they strike again and try to destroy me? Only fate could tell, and it was not talking.

With less need for my presence in the ship, I returned to the home of my friends for some much-needed pampering. By this time, my love for rubbies had become close to an addiction. On Cern Lam, the art of a good massage, or even a good rubdown with an invigorating emollient, had never been very important. The sense of touch had never been fully recognized as part of our clan customs so this strange new appreciation for rest and warmth were wrapping me in a most blissful state. There was nothing as restful as a good-night rubbie before sleeping. The same could be said for a good morning rubbie to greet and energize one for a full day's work. Rubbies also helped one attain trance states and, in general, to enjoy the beauty of each day. It was the scope of language. I was immensely grateful for each and every rubbie that came my way.

As I relaxed at my friends' home, the Dinoids and their allies were busily hatching a new plan that they hoped would finally destroy me. They realized that I had allies. They needed to find these co-conspirators, and devise a simple way to use my hiding spot to end my brief career as their major aggravation. To accomplish this scheme, they began to use the huge computer system that constantly monitors the American landmass telephone lines. These systematic surveillances were based on the use of key words or phrases. Anyone who uttered those words would be monitored for 48 hours to determine whether the words were merely random or might possibly lead to a suspect. In order to speed up the time it took to find me, the system had key words that should be associated with me. It was their forlorn hope that this strange spy system would succeed. They had no idea how close they would come to finding me.

It was my friends' habit to talk on the phone with each other in the evening, made necessary because one of them worked late and didn't arrive home till seven or eight in the evening. On the phone, they always asked me about traffic or other related matters. As their Shi'wah, I felt obligated to do my best in answering their questions. Fortunately, we had an agreed-upon code,

and would say that I was 'around'. This usage made it difficult for the computer's keyword vocabulary to locate us. For the first few months that the key word search was in operation, the computer was unable to seek me out. As a matter of fact, the people in charge of this strange operation even terminated the search briefly when the two-month probe failed to discover my whereabouts. With the initial search a failure, the project directors had decided to concoct a slightly different key word list. Their new list was to prove nearly disastrous to me. Unfortunately, the new list contained the letter "A". My code word used this term. After a full three months' search, the computer was finally able to pinpoint my friends and give the project director a series of phone numbers. To verify the numbers, he devised a peculiar message to be delivered to whoever answered the phone. Fortunately, the phone rang when my friends were away and, because the message left on the answering machine was so bizarre, the project director crossed my friends' names off the list. The Dinoids had failed again, but this time just barely.

Following the failure of the Dinoids' stooges to find us, we changed our codes and established a new secret protocol to identify me. We felt that the new code would be better in disguising my presence. We also decided that it would be wise to move to a warmer area, to a place where I could more safely hunt the ever-elusive and always tasty wild boar. To this end, we decided to make the move once a series of business projects were completed. Earnings from these projects would give us the freedom to be together without having to worry about working for someone else. We hoped that we could complete these important projects in a few months' time. Till then, we would continue normally.

Once we had our plan in place, we began to work towards moving to a better locale. One of my first tasks was to survey the community we had chosen to be our next living area. To do this, I had a number of important requirements. Most important was that the new digs be well-secured and relatively remote. I also needed trees, and access to a goodly number of wild boars for hunting. They were always difficult to find in the wilderness. Another prerequisite was proximity to water. River, lake or ocean, it did not matter, as long as some body of water was close by. Water has always reinforced my feelings of strength and security. Perhaps this was a major reason I had enjoyed the river near the Physics training center so much. Water refreshes my inner being and makes me more comfortable with my inner self. It would be marvelous to experience that gentle soul massage once again.

As I was searched for a new home, the independent Humanoids began to use their resources to try to find me. They based their research on the fact that I must have contacted a Human couple on the planet's surface and that I was using this couple for friendship and assistance. They decided to concentrate on the Americas' landmass and seemed to be making progress toward finding me. The scan took them nearly three months to complete. Fortunately, their scanners surveyed my area and my friends' home while I was away. This happy circumstance allowed me to escape their net and left their great plan a miserable failure. Abandoning this plan, the Dinoids' allies met with their new masters to decide upon a new way to find me. Their agreed-upon scheme merged two previous plans. Knowing of my joy in hunting the wily wild boar, they would scan the terrain with to find my wild boar-hunting locations. Then they could swoop down on me as I returned to retrieve the wild boar ready for my food processor. They resolved to implement their plan at once.

During the course of this plan, I decided to choose hunting areas where their scanners had already been and were not likely to return and I was free to engage in my favorite pastime and keep the food processor full of fresh wild boar. My strategy defeated the aim of the first part of their scheme and they abandoned it after two futile months of discovering not even a trace of wild boar or yours truly. With this plan a failure like all the previous ones, the new allies realized that the special command was also inventing ways to defeat them without disturbing the natives.

This recognition persuaded the Dinoid commander to order his forces to counteract the Human headquarter bases on Mars. The Planetary Union forces were located on Mars, in underground chambers built by its last natives, who had died in the aftermath of the war between the Dinoid inhabitants of Phaeton and the Humanoid Battle Planet some 50,000 years ago. The Humans had built a series of victory markers that celebrated their triumph over the Dinoids and the destruction of Phaeton itself. In the caverns, a guardian race was seeded that acted as caretaker over the monument cities (a total of seven were constructed) till an unknown virus virtually decimated them in the last fifty years. Survivors had fled to Terra, to the security of a new cavern city in the Southern part of the Americas' landmass. Seeing their guardians gone, the Planetary Union had re-established their position on Mars and, in the last ten years, had made it their Solis headquarters. With the Martian stations and their huge research Moon around Neptune, the special command was fully prepared for whatever possible situation their enemy could come up with. Their system of protected bases would be fully tested for the Dinoids' planned attack. The first stage of their attack would be to establish their battle station closer to Mars. The apparent threat of a planet killer at such close range would force the Planetary Union to make a foolish move. The extent and consequences of this first move would allow the Dinoid commander to attack Mars and destroy the special command forces of Commander Spekh. Once I obtained the plans for this diabolical scheme, it was my duty to inform the Commander. I hoped that my actions would prevent a disaster.

To contact the Humans, I sent a cryptic message utilizing the bounce system that had previously worked so well. This time, the ploy was not as successful. Since I knew a smattering of Human lingo, there was only one thing left for me to do: to take the CV-12 to Mars and contact the leadership indirectly by leaving a message in their language outside their headquarters. It would be dangerous, but I had no other choice. Either the Humans would be destroyed or a deadly battle would ensue that would prematurely betray their presence. If a strong enough first move were made, the Dinoids would back off and all would remain as before. With this idea in mind, the CV-12 slipped out of Terra orbit and made a quick bee-line for the angry red planet. Mars always reminds me of my own second planet. Like it, it possesses an eerie atmosphere and a desert-like pallor. Also like it, it had been home to a peculiar guardian settlement that was destroyed, leaving behind eccentrically-constructed monuments. The only difference was that Mars was red while our planet, Sar'am, was yellow-blue. It would not be difficult to be travel around Mars undetected. The difficult part would be to enter the Human security area and leave the capsulated message in a conspicuous spot without being detected. Therefore, I decided to teleport to a rock-strewn mesa on the edge of the security zone. If my assumptions were correct, this spot would be deserted, and a daily patrol would discover the capsule soon after I returned to my ship. After examining it for possible booby traps, they would open the capsule and take it to their commander. At least that was how my plan was supposed to go.

With this in mind, I prepared the capsule and asked the computer to hermetically seal it. My next step was to put on a space suit and report to the fifth-level teleporter. This crew transporter was quite conveniently located and would enable me to get to the surface quickly. In total, I had about thirty-five minutes to reach the mesa and plant the capsule in an easily-accessed locale before the Human gendarmes arrived. The time it took to get into the space suit used up nearly twenty of these precious minutes. In another two minutes the teleporter would convey me to the mesa. I had to locate a site and quickly teleport up to the CV-12. Conditions were not good when I arrived on the Mesa. A slight windstorm was kicking up and its dust was obscuring visibility. To highlight the capsule, I decided to plant a small antimatter grenade and hope that its explosion would draw the patrol to the capsule. My revised plan required the grenade to be buried in two feet (0.6 meters) of dirt about twenty feet (six meters) from the capsule. The small hole, ten feet (three meter) deep, would definitely attract the patrol's attention. I began to measure the necessary distances from the capsule and to dig the hole, using an ancient beam blaster that had not been fired for the last twenty years. In ten minutes, I was able to set up the explosion and put the timer into operation. I was able to teleport just as the explosion occurred. It caught the patrol's attention just as their small scout ship was approaching the mesa. Quickly circling the mesa, they saw the huge hole near the far side of the gravelly embankment, landed and discovered the capsule. After thirty-five minutes spent in examining it, they loaded it aboard their scout ship and returned to base headquarters. I hoped that my little ploy had worked and saved the Martian bases from destruction.

To ensure that my grand scheme was taking place according to plan, I put the CV-12 into a lower orbit. At this altitude, the ship's scanners could be used to best advantage. It took me about an hour to discover the main headquarters' base. There, I was able to see that Commander Spekh had received the message and was fully prepared to take direct action. The battle station that resembled a comet was recalled to inner orbit between Mars and Terra. This ship was somewhat more powerful and more maneuverable than the one of the Dinoids. In addition, the main battle fleet hidden behind Jupiter was put on full alert. This fleet of more than 10,000 ultra-modern star cruisers and various allied vessels were more than a match for any war fleet that the Dinoids and their allies could scrounge up. To bolster their defense plan, the special command broadcast the initial readiness order on a coded band known to the Dinoids' Human allies. In this way, the Dinoids could not be foolish enough to think that an attack on Mars was futile. In the next seventy-two hours, the Dinoids brought their fleet to full readiness. Special command brought 1,000 star cruisers to a position just across the Asteroid Belt. A special shield defense was raised around the principle bases on Mars. Support elements were ordered to respond immediately to all sudden orders. It began to look as if a small battle would be fought over control of Terra. Just as war preparations reached their fullest peak, the Dinoids backed down. It would be too costly for their allies on Terra to engage in a series of battles that ultimately would result in defeat. The Humans had also amazed me with their determination to not back down, regardless of the consequences. Again, it seemed that I had underestimated Humans' ability to stand firmly against the Dinoid power grab.

With the crisis over, I could return to Terra orbit and examine events that were happening on the Moon. The far side of Terra's satellite was still adrift in conflict. The Dinoids' allies had attacked a small domed base camp that the Planetary Union's forces used as an advanced lookout post. This post had been overrun and the new army in charge was busy establishing control over it. As

I was watching, two star destroyers and a troop ship circled near the base and opened fire on their former outpost. Thirty minutes later, the base was back in their hands. It was left to Commander Spekh if she wished to order the soldiers to attack the remaining twelve enemy mining operations. If her reply was affirmative, the soldiers would have to be reinforced with an additional two troop ships and four or five more star destroyers. The commanders delayed her decision for another hour and then gave the go-ahead. The independent Humans had gone too far and must be kicked off the Moon. During the two-week-long campaign, the Moon was a savage battleground as Humans fought each other for the highly-prized mines. With their defeat inevitable, the Dinoids' allies abandoned their bases and swiftly headed for Terra and comparative immunity from further attack. Now that the battle over the Moon had been successfully waged, the special command's most difficult assignment remained: to determine how to bring the people of Terra into the Union and rid them of the increasing Dinoid menace.

Having witnessed the battles on the Moon, I realized that the Humans were indeed an excellent and well-prepared foe for the Dinoids. As I settled into high Terra orbit, I could once more direct my concerns to the magnificent blue world below.

By my fifth year in orbit above them, the people of Terra had reached an exceedingly difficult and critical stage in their development. The Dinoids' last toehold was now the planet itself. Allied with a series of Humanoid colonies, the Dinoids were in control of vast underground cavern worlds that covered the face of Terra. The special command's task was proving all the more difficult because an interlocking hierarchical cartel of power and influence controlled most of Terra's governments. These cliques had imposed a vast cover-up, a cosmic Watergate, to permit the Dinoids or various other groups a temporary "home" on Terra. If this activity was dangerous before, it was even more so now. The natives of Terra, for the most part, were kept unaware of this matter or else disbelieved and mocked it. While they enjoyed watching my program and the movie E.T., they chose to think of it all as comedy or staged fantasy. "Real" aliens were different or, most probably, non-existent. Their attitude had to be changed. Dinoids were more than imaginary lizard men. They were a major threat to galactic peace, and to the continued progress of more primitive planetary civilizations toward their eventual goal – a space age society free to make key decisions about their immediate future. The key was how to assist the special command in reaching and convincing these people of both clear present dangers and future utmost potential.

To this end, a return to my friends' house was a most welcome relief. These people were already fully aware of the danger and the difficulties that remained. On my first day back, we discussed the situation as it was developing. Most individuals on the planet were largely ignorant of the gigantic environmental and E.T. disaster confronting them. The powers-that-be were creating the illusion that the only issues that required discussion were the usual ones of war and peace, jobs and the economy. But the current situation was far more serious than the commonplace issues: the planet was at a serious crossroads that would determine its entire future. As I returned to my ship, I pondered what small things that I could do to increase the likelihood of success for the wise Humans of the Planetary Union. My sit-com was a small blow for the cause. While some E.T.s were dangerous like the Dinoids, the vast majority were kind, intelligent and possessed of the same personality types perceived in most Humans. It was a good start, but a way had to be found to do more. To prove my sincerity, I had brought the CV-12 down to a lower altitude and

briefly uncloaked. The consequence was a missile launch that very nearly succeeded in destroying my ship. This incident proved to me the danger of lowering your shields while in proximity to hostile governments. Several weeks later, a similar thing occurred when my shuttle craft was attacked by fighter aircraft. Once again, I realized that my assumptions about Terra's governments were absolutely correct. These two incidents showed me that the only safe way to give my friends a tour of my ship was by using the tractor beam and cloaking devices at the time. Despite its abundance of wild boar, this planet was a mighty dangerous place to be.

In the weeks following these incidents, I again needed to replenish my ship's stores with wild boar. The hunt took place in a large forested region, decided upon after a long and thorough search by my scanner. This time, I took every precaution. The people of this Terran landmass were unusually fond of their primitive but deadly fire-sticks. It seemed a local ritual to take these noisy blasters into the wilderness and fire at anything that moved. To increase my chances for success, I had to ensure that the locale was free of such behavior. Having observed the area of question over three weekdays, I donned my lightest spacesuit as a precaution. Its silvery surface emitted a magnetic field strong enough to deflect a bullet. But when turned on, it emitted a slight crackling sound that added to the difficulty of the hunt. It was the price I had to pay for safety. Despite the suit's noises, I caught three wild boars on the first night. On the second night, things got much more interesting. As I climbed a tree to corner a wild boar, I heard two shots and had my first real proof of my suit's protectiveness. The first bullet bounced harmlessly off my helmet and the second off the lower half of my right leg. While it proved successful, I discovered a slight drawback: the field's tendency to vibrate caused me some dizziness. Anyway, better to be dizzy than dead. I corrected the problem by increasing the suit's allowable field strength. The next time I encountered the Mad Shooter, his bullets bounced off without any further side-effects. It was a relief to know I had solved the problem.

The shootings prompted a local posse to comb the hilly woodlands but in the process, they scared off the remaining wild boar. I was left with no alternative but to look for a new and happier hunting ground. But first, I decided to have some fun with the gun-happy sportsmen. Perhaps I could teach them a lesson and they might grow up to know the difference between self-defense and pure mischief. To aid the search, I teleported down near the edge of the hillock and, using my blaster, started a small fire near their parked vehicles. Seeing the smoke, one of them stood and ran through the area, screaming about a fire near their three small pickups. The other six searchers returned to their vehicles, moving them to a gully adjacent to a small stream on the edge of the subdivision. Seeing that the situation might get out of hand, I reversed the blaster and sucked the heat out of the fire, which quickly went out. I moved to an area near the parked vehicles to observe the men. Seemingly shaken by the events, they were about to leave when one yelled and fired in my general direction. For at least two and one-half hours, I led them all a merry chase through the woods. Then I doubled back and blasted a tree ahead of them. It made a large hole in the tree and scared them half to death. They turned and ran their fastest toward their trucks. In their haste, they dropped their precious weapons, which I gathered up. Blaster in hand, I vaporized the guns and left the men with a tale I hoped would change the way they looked at the "sport" of shooting innocent animals.

Two days later, I was able to return to the site and complete my wild boar hunt. With sixteen of them in the processor, I had enough meat for many days of good eating. However, my choice of

this site for my weekly boar hunt was even more fortunate. Near the far edge of the woods, there was an old cabin that seemed out of place. This unusual structure aroused my curiosity. It was deserted for long periods (at least a week at a time). Moreover, the persons who entered it seemed to need no light, even during the night. I suspected that this place was a decoy for something more important hidden beneath it. One night, to test my theory, I teleported into the cabin. After a four-hour search, I discovered a false floor. Beneath it, I saw a large tunnel entrance with a small ladder leading down to it. Curious to a fault, I mounted the ladder and began the one-hour climb to the tunnel. At the bottom, I found a huge metal door sealing the rest of the tunnel from the outside world. The door blocked me from going further so I examined it to find a way to open it. With no handle and lacking any dents or holes, I could not open it. What a baffling mystery to uncover! Just as I was giving up on finding a way of opening it, the huge metal door twisted slowly to the right for one full turn and then stopped. As the door began to open, I retreated to the ladder. Seconds later, the door was open and ladder rungs began to move out of the now smooth tunnel. Would I venture further or leave? I decided to explore the now-lit tunnel.

In descending the rungs of the illuminated tunnel, I had perceived much fresher air. It was almost as if I was moving up and out of the tunnel, rather than deeper into it. A half-hour later, I approached another metallic door, gold colored, and covered with unfamiliar writing. As I observed the markings, the door began to turn, revealing yet another extension to this long, strange tunnel. Readily accepting an extra downward trek, I continued on for another ten minutes. At this point the tunnel began to turn until it had curved a full ninety degrees. On a level surface now, I walked on for another hour until I encountered a third door. This one was silver and, like the gold door, its surface was layered with obscure symbols. This portal had to be the entrance to a mysterious cavern world. The question was, who was responsible for it and were their intentions honorable? I waited ten minutes and the door slowly began to open. Two minutes more and it was completely open. Inside, I could see the first glint of bright light, and shrubs and bushes swaying in the breeze. I walked farther. Before I was completely out of sight of the door, I heard a creaking sound as it slowly closed. I advanced, hearing birdsong in the woods surrounding me. Minutes later, ten deer sprinted past me, followed by a small red fox. The fox briefly circled around behind me but then, thinking better of it, ran on. Now I was alone in the forest, deep beneath the planet's surface. For a few hours I walked on. A thin mist had begun to fall. I came upon a clearing and decided to sit down and attempt to make sense out of my experiences so far.

As I sat thinking, I suddenly felt very tired and fell fast asleep. It must have been two or three hours before I awoke. I opened my eyes to see a basket of food beside me, with a note in the same language inscribed on the door. The fruit was the sweetest I had ever tasted and totally satisfying, exactly what I had needed. It would surely go with a nice roast wild boar. No wonder the Ancient Ones had returned to Terra time after time! Revived from fruit and rest, I continued onward. An hour later, I reached another forest clearing and saw a cabin identical to the one on the planet's surface. Seeing no point for further caution, I strode toward this cabin and through its open door. As soon as I entered, I was teleported to the cabin on the surface. I could only conclude that somehow, this cabin and the one in the cavern world were interlinked. Whoever had use of them was a resident of both worlds, and the cabins allowed quick transit between the two. This fantastic adventure had only proven to me that beneath this planet's surface were other

Humanoid civilizations that I would not be able to explore. At some future date, it would be rewarding to see who exactly lived in these worlds and their relation, if any, to the Dinoids and independent Humanoids hidden away in huge underground bases. My intention was noble, but prompted more by my curiosity about the largely unknown origins of the Humans.

After teleporting up to the ship, I stared for awhile at the blue cloud-shrouded planet. Terra was so beautiful, yet so dangerous. Its still-primitive human inhabitants had a few unwanted and unknown guests, each with a different reason for visiting. Terra was oddly out of the main trade routes, yet its riches were an irresistible lure to advanced planetary civilizations that surrounded it. The Solis system was a potential site for major mining enterprises and for the trade in herbs and seasonings that had drawn my ancestors. It had progressed only very little in the five thousand years since our last visit. My log would tell everything about this strangely beautiful world. The Americas' landmass was indeed the strangest of all. Within its borders lived the most advanced, and the most primitive, societies. It was interesting to use these observations to predict its future. That future could be either encouraging or dismal. Only the primitive humans that controlled its surface would be able to make the choice. I had hope that the planet would survive and its Humans would learn the necessary lessons. If these lessons were properly applied, its civilization would survive and prosper. That determination would be made in the next few years and then only an intervention by the Planetary Union would resolve any bad decisions. I chose an interesting and exciting time to explore this world. Perhaps somehow, my wisdom would help Humans to make the right choices. I would be greatly honored to help them. Yet the fact remains that every star system must choose its own directions and, within reason, suffer its own consequences. I sincerely hoped this world will choose wisely.

After what seemed a long and restful sleep, I descended to the surface to visit my friends. It being a weekend, they were still asleep. As I waited for them to arise, I sat in my favorite corner of the couch and reflected on my journey up till now. It had been an exciting and thought-provoking adventure. Along the way, I had had the good fortune to become acquainted with many different cultures and embrace many new ideas. Eventually, that knowledge would help my people return to Cern-Lam and end the Dinoid Confederacy's occupation of the Anix system. For too long, the Dinoids had terrorized the known galaxy. For too long my people had suffered at the hands of the Dinoids. My people needed a true Komo'gi to guide them back to the glories they had known before the Dinoids and the Orion Pirates closed the space lanes to us. Perhaps all the seers of Orion were correct and I was to be the first in 200 years. If so, I still had much to do before assuming the honors and responsibilities of my planet's Gold Belt. I was by now in a deep trance as I consulted the records of the past millennia to learn if what I wished were possible. It seemed so, yet it also seemed so impossible.

By that time, my friends had awakened and, as I awoke from my trance, they walked into the living room. It had been nearly three days since I had last seen them, they had been worried and were very happy to see me. Happily, I told them of my strange adventure in the tunnel and the exploits I had had hunting wild boar. We all laughed as I described the look on the faces of the would-be posse as they ran to their trucks to make their getaway. It was another example of the closeness that we felt from our past year of our friendship. It would be a delight to go west and set up our home in a place where I would feel free to roam and entertain them more often. Most of all, it would be an opportunity for me to totally indulge in an orgy of rubbies and a banquet of

barbequed wild boar. I had no doubt that this lucky chance would happen. I also looked forward the fast-approaching time when I could teach my friends the fine art of being crew on a long space voyage. It was a five-year journey to the Cancer star group. With the new technology of Space/Time drives, we could return to our new world in a flash. I wanted to see my family and even to report my incredible experiences to Uncle Sher'e. He was fortunate indeed to have found such good people in his travels through the quagmire of interstellar space. For the rest of the day we discussed our plans and our hopes for our new home. It would be the site of many promising experiments to help Terra in achieving its survival. As the day ended, I felt I should return to my ship, the CV-12.

Once aboard, I ate a nice dinner of specially-roasted wild boar and some of the new vegetables my friends had discovered for me. We would try to grow them at our new home and decide if they suited for my meals. On my way to the flight deck, I thought again about the return trip home. I had a great deal to do and little enough time to accomplish it. On the flight deck, I brought the planet Terra up on the main view screen. It was also time to check the exact parameters for my return flight home. I asked the navigation computer to calculate the exact position of our temporary new home and, having established its position, brought it up on the main viewing screen at maximum magnification. Soon, I would go there and be able to tell tales that had not been heard in millennia. More importantly, I would bring new friends to my world. So many extraordinary experiences had happened to me and my world. Cern Lam would never be the same, ever again!

My only parting words had to be: GUZ GUZ NI WA! (Thank you in every way possible)

What is Gori Doing Now?

When Sheldon started writing his first book, *You Are Becoming a Galactic Human*, Gori was introduced to members of the Galactic Federation. They loved Gori's humor, antics, history and grit. Gori familiarized himself with all things Earth, especially our diverse cultures and slang. He would tell us we were boring, like watching grass grow, so, since there is a GF base on Mars, he was off to the Mars Bar, hoping to entertain some of the diverse Beings found there.

Once Gori became a member of the Galactic Federation, we didn't see him quite as often. He was kept busy on many First Contact committees and brought to them a fresh perspective that was honored by the GF. He felt so bad about abandoning us that he told his ship to watch over us. In the world Gori comes from, their ships are sentient. Sheldon nicknamed Gori's ship *the Scotty* after Star Trek fame – "beam me up, Scotty". After a little while, Scotty told us he did not like that name and preferred just plain Scot. It took a little time to un-learn our habit of calling him Scotty but we finally made the transition. And, while Scot did not have Gori's sense of humor, he had patience. He took Gori's place in assisting Sheldon with finding the best graphics for his Webinar presentations.

Gori is still an active member of the Galactic Federation. We will all get to meet him after mass contact is made with the people of Earth. I look forward to meeting him in person. He is anxious to entertain all of us!

Selamat Ja!
Colleen