

PLAYTIME IS OVER !

January 5, 2014 4:08 pm

Uthrania: *At the keyboard, Captain Higgins, Sir. On stand-by, Lieutenant.*

Lieutenant: Aye, Sir.

(I wait... Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks swarthy onto the main deck and quickly seats himself in the high chair, bench in nature. The Captain wears corduroy blue trousers with a center crease and high top boots under the leg. Promenade stripes at his upturned colour flounce the pink, blue, yellow, marine, and green array. Black-brimmed hat in his hand, the Captain removes it from his head. Commander Jeremiah Higgins motions me he is ready to begin. – Rania) 4:12 pm

4:13 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good Day to you, Uthrania, Jamie, and Reni. Well, let's get down to more brass tacks, shall we, Reni, and display all in front of the public view. Keep on with your editing, and we shall begin. Jamie, take to the forefront on more scribings, and Uthrania, thank you, and ready.

Uthrania: *Aye, Sir.*

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Paramount to the nectar of life is the acquisition of more moderate or temperate acclamation as to who and what we should serve in the eyes and moderate ones of the people upon Angorius.

So, ye ones think we should be all warm and fuzzy as you allude to ones within high diplomatic circles who shoulder all the atrocities over you?

You are a hygienic lot of idiots at times, we think, for if a scalding pot of hot water were to be poured over your heads in the form of bombs of white phosphorus, do you really mean to tell us that you are that much of the forgiving type?

But when you retire for the night, ye ones who in your hour of alludement or prayer to someone or another whom you do not know anyway due to the fact that all higher evolved beings such as the Mancharians and ourselves, as well as others, DO NOT WANT PRAYED TO DUE TO THE FACT THAT WE 'ARE' YOUR EQUALS AND KIN! of most of you anyway, you retire in a soft mood which relegates the lot of you to fostering a goodly feeling toward all of humankind around the world including those who do your brothers and sisters in with their bombing escapades, and in that mood, you make requirements of yourselves and requests of us, though you know not to whom you speak, of peace on earth, good will to all humans, including yourselves, and "Pray for those in high places!"

We can tell you that those in "high places" do neither want nor ask for your good-will. They would rather kill you in one fell swoop, you experimental rabbits, then take you to the town square, garter and peg you to the ground, stretch your hide in the sunlight, and let you suffer just another day longer!

They want you dead, and right now!

Your text book they have altered and we image the King James of Great England did write the last.

They wrote into your Bible book of story tales and other falsehoods, the fact that you should always pray for others while of course they of the higher and more knowledgeable degree prey on others!

Oh you stupid fools! Don't you yet understand that much was written into the Bible by the pilgrims of the Helliots to abscond with your duties of merriment and your wares,

while unaware to yourselves you have created for them a place to plunder and destroy your very recreative lives?

And it is high time you did something for yourselves and stopped listening to the lies which in the end, dear remaining one, will only serve for you to miss the Equinox in all good charm aboard and upon our ships, and make you the duplicate of all continuing slave labour for those whom you continually pray for who prey on you, souls and bodies, minds and equilibrium, for their drugs serve that latest purpose, until they lay you flat in your graves.

They dig you up at the end and in repository they laugh as experiments are performed on your bodily intestines, and **before the cooling process is even ended they have your heart out and cut up into mincemeat and fed to your soldiers and soldierette to save the money for the Harbingers of all destruction while they goat over what is left of the end of your physical life.**

We continually suffer ourselves not to say: "We told you so." For if we told you all we knew, you would not wish to live one day longer!

For the fruition of the soul is not only dwarfed by the cantankerous nature of hebrids, not hybrids, for hebrids came down long ago and tried to destroy our plans for the goodness of populating your world.

In Angorius the firmament, the soil, and the interior, way down under did our plans extend UNTIL THE HELL-ION RACE, WHO ARE THE HELLISH RACE, PERPENDATED UPON OUR STEWARDSHIP AND LEFT YOU ALL IN ONE HELL OF A MESS!

AND YOU LET THEM. YOU LET THEM THEN, AND YOU LET THEM NOW! AND YOU SAY THIS IS OUR FAULT, BECAUSE YOU ARE SO STUPID?!!

Nay! Not us, dear ones, YOU!!! AND ONLY YOU!!

For we have sent teacher after teacher, generation after generation. Man and woman, it does not matter at this time, which came to offer or volunteer their service freely, but did you take them at their word? At *our* word? **WE ARE TRYING TO WAKE THOSE OF YOU UP WHO ARE FOREVER REINCARNATING ASLEEP AND SEEM TO ALWAYS STAY THAT WAY!!**

For the liver nuts or “rational” ones (at least you think you are that way, of the New Age), God knows what program you have, have no damned idea whatsoever of that which you speak.

SO GET ON BOARD ONE OF OUR CRAFT YOU SO REMEMBER AND IDOLIZE, AND LISTEN TO WHAT WE SAY RIGHT HERE ON THE PAGE PUT BEFORE YOU FOR YOUR REMEMBRANCE, OR YOU GO NOWHERE!!

Itchy ears are for the infirmed and **PLAYTIME IS OVER, LOVED ONES! OVER HERE! FOR YOU! AND OVER NOW!!**

Good Day, Uthrania and Jamie. Edit this up, please Reni, and acquisinance the topical guide, earwigs, into the New Age folly, by the Mancharians, and Religion of the Decade, by our most illustrious and fed up Captain James Galiac Sananda, on scribd.com, at the bottom of the page, and for ‘goodness sake’ Jamie, worry not one whit, for the dram on the lid of bottle hit them all straight and right in the face! Good for you, boy!

Good Night, Uthrania and Jamie. Exit program, and we will begin our New Year to all of you, and make it a Happy One!! (Captain Jeremiah Higgins smiles briefly and lifts himself out of his chair by gripping the right armrest with his arm, smiles briefly at Jamie and I, and walks slowly off the deck, nodding shortly to his crew people).

“Good Day, and Nottingham, pay attention! Good Night, Queen Elizabeth. It is good to see you read. Adieu. Tie off for me please, dear, and a Good Night to you too, Reni of 2013.

Uthrania: *Tying off all frequency channels Hemmingrade 4.17. Tie off, please Captain Woldorf, Proxy 9, 10 and 4, and leave Gitzstaf open on channel telepathic wave frequency 8 until tie off at eleven tonight.*

Captain Woldorf: Aye Captain.

Uthrania: *Steeplechasing all frequencies on behalf of Captain Jeremiah and Jennifer Higgins. Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team, out on Channel Biowave frequency 10.7 Gulf Train Four. Adieu. 4:51 pm.*



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