

The Hatonn Files

October 30, 2012, 2:00 pm

Well well, if it isn't our little misfit of societal structure, our very own Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries. Mind you, I, Hatonn of the Georgian Turnpike, you don't think they have one there, ye of little geographical minds? Well I can certainly tell you that *they do!* New paragraph, please.

In a summary of our topic today, and not realizing that we of the Georgian "turnpike" think very often of our government over there in state Washington on the east coast, for likened unto the Vatican and the "Church of England," to cloak it somewhat, Washington D.C. also acts as its own folly, for folly it will be when the crookshank comes off the barrel of all bag of tricks done by yours truly, Hatonn of the masquerading piece of the jargon, and that is where we will leave that.

Uthrania Seila, dear one, you may call these writings "The Hatonn Files," for we are to have such fun in our roundabout way of talking that even the elite loved ones, tongue in cloak *not cheek*, will disparage not in their effort to understand the cryptizone, as they also failed to do back in 1994.

So what we do to start out with is "diagram" our philosophy through the strictine effort of the pen upon parchment, and the boys, the boy-dogs in Washington, *for many still have their same dog-tags as before*, have no idea what we are saying, any more than the expert team upon the net of all offerings of diplomatic theory.

So, who then is this writ to be offered up to? Only the ones who are well enlightened in efficiency of good and holy *ethical* work-a-day theory; to those will we continue to treat as our good old home-grown down home boys and girls, to be sure. So tie off this introduction please, Seila dear, and we will regroup our partisans of good effort one more time.

Hatonn, Esquire of the Nations, signing out of Washington, D.C. Fooled you didn't I. Salu.

Tie off time frequency please, Seila, and have of yourselves, Reni and you, a Good Day. (2:16 pm).

November 1, 2012 1:17 pm (POSTED)

Good evening all ye little friends of ours. In the meanwhile I have been playing **footsies** with the royal elite, meaning: sparsely formulated words concocted out of a draft blueprint upon spacecraft in yourn skies.

Oh well, a beacon of hope for the cherished of heart of our people so far down below your earth; for if any of you think for one positive moment that nothing which lies far below your earth's crust belongs to us, then you are very severely mistaken. I, Hatonn, of the Esquire of many "godly saints," so to speak, tongue in cloak-cheek as you would surmise it to be, will continue in formulating that which seems that only the ones who run you deep into the financial ground would see of themselves hidden down under in bunker land.

No, we can assure you, that we have our people well hidden too, but you cannot find them for they go where no human of your races above ground are able to travel.

They have starships to transport them up through the depths of the waters and down through one polar region to the other. Ah, so much for great technology.

Hitler traveled there and so did Bayler, but of course, ye ones have never heard of them, meaning being of such a nature to try out our great technology because of their great skills of absorbing the material and giving it to their scientists.

So, placing aside all which is rent asunder, let us keep our focus on technology for the moment, and if you could on a scale of one to ten ask JF Kennedy what he thought of us, he would in his most pertinent manner, when accosted, in his frankness reply that he of all people was most amazed at what he, himself, was most privileged to see.

Well loves, that is it for today. Hatonn, Esquire of the Nations, *though lord knows why*, over, out and on my way back and forth to the dungeon site. Good day to you in the western hemisphere. Hatonn out.

Please place in time signature, Seila, and have a Good Day. Sananda is next on line about two to three. Adieu. (1:29 pm)

(1:38 pm)

Seila: *Captain Hatonn, would you like me to take another session as we will be out tomorrow?*

Captain Hatonn: Sananda's on line next at 2 or 3 little one, so suppose you take him first. Captain Gyeorgos Hatonn out.

Seila: *I will prepare for his book then. Thank you.*

November 5, 2012 3:00 pm

Hello, Seila, and all our fare-thee-fine little ones! I, Hatonn have a dialogue to present to you today, and today also the Texicana boys are swamped over with a fistful of your money and New York policy of the Kremlin, though I have no idea of my own why they would call it that, save it to say that the ones at the top wish to disguise themselves to demean others, so you would think it was bad ol' Germany which is, of course, not the case at all, and further from the truth than any of you might suspect.

So on with the dialogue and this, of course, is from Bruster which is no less than a code name so we are not naming anyone in particular – so have fun deciphering this one, all ye enlightened groupies!

'Herman said we must all okay his policy, for if we shun it, then ol' Herman (cloak in tongue) might hang the each one of us by our limbs.

'Now to what is our good ol' Herman referring to, m'lads? Only that midriff of his larson against the popular uprising, and because of his sulky attitude, buds, he will have none of the rioting which may foster a preempt strike against his lodgings as well.

'Ooh, is he testy, but then Rodden... has towit not said one word about the American placebo, and if any of them get hold of this writ then we will be all sailing our boats back agin' Spain, and to do them no favour at all, we, of the enlisted ones of the memorandum of all goodly policy for the stricken United States of America, will find ourselves well out of our debts, and O.K.ing that policy of all good favour, will we not run ourselves back into dry-dock of Iranian nuclear policy which we never believed it had by crook or hook in the first place, for war is the furthest thing from their minds.

'Their policy, dear ones, is to just get along with those who say Mohammad is just the best fellow one did ever see, and one day even he will stand up and crush the western influence inside of Iran, because he never did actually believe of they Iranian fishers in the first place.

'Placebo, or nectarine? Which would Iran want? Nectarine m'thinks lads, for the last thing Iran wants, though ready for it if you gave it a hundred or so years, is the nectarine of peace. Don't push it though, lads, for remember how bees react, a million of them or so, if you touch its hive. Its nature after all. You now have the podium, boss, while I step down.'

So m'lads, as they call one another indubitably, we have Forsyth at the helm, so I must now go. Adieu and Good Day. Commander in Chief Hatonn, Esquire of 'what nations?!' (3:11 pm)

(Justice has taken a flying leap.)

November 9, 2012, 2:00 pm

Just as before, I am here on time, little ones and friends of mine. Well, we can start a few minutes early, Seila. Hatonn on line again.

Justice has taken a flying leap into the annals of yesteryear, and if you think one moment of yourselves, little ones, that yesteryear had any more justice than that of today with their boundless iniquity, then you have not ever read your history lessons, no matter what format they came in, for that is one thing they don't lie about.

In this next lesson, Seila, we will all be learning just how to cooperate with those forces around us who forget they are to live in a society which is free from crime, avarice and contentiousness. Now isn't that a mouthful for society to develop away from? In any case, ol' Hatonn here withering away with this one and that stepping constantly upon my toes, so to speak, is about to spill more beans out of the pockets of the larcenist!

Methinks that the dredges of society are beastlike in appearance of their own soul structure, even though the makeup of their dress and appearance would serve to suggest otherwise. However, down to brass tacks again on this one, loves, and here is where we begin.

Did you know, the lot of ye, that Sampson and Delilah Forsythe had every occasion to best the beast in him by cutting of a sampling of his hair, for he had much left to be desired? And if any of you believe that simple and silly story that Sampson lost all his strength because it was in his hair then we shall indeed not trifle along with your minds, for they could not in that case, come anywhere close to the truth.

In every event, whether mythical or contentious, truth form or lies, we must at all times use REASON AND LOGIC, for even faith demands that you use reason and logic, for the mind is a precipice of good-will toward the body itself, and is so structured in computer fashion you may believe, when in effect it is the soul-mind which is guiding the bodily functions in their return to physical life, whether you incarnate back upon this world for your lessons and rewards or fate, or another world or planet, indeed.

So those who would best yourselves with the ideology that only a simpleton would assume to be greater in knowledge, it is still the matter of who does control

your lives, how, and why; and of this has Captain Commander James Galiac Sananda spoken most frugally upon, so no need to reiterate his command of such linguistical jargon as “y’all” do speak.

Contentment is a feature of good conscience, and to those who uphold universal principle of good living standards, which is those standards which do not hurt nor unravel the soul, we can well assume that those dear ones have it together at last without the need to consistently lean on another god-force to see their way through life.

After all, you are all a part of ourselves, and we love you as thus, but do not ever forget that ol’ Hatonn, Esquire of some nation or another, does from time to time bereave himself of the fact that many of you still lean on “God’s” lean shoulder, and with tender tootsies try to walk the same path as he, or she, without guidance from your own god- or goddesshood whereby *that* is your ticking ticket to a true everlasting life.

Commander in Chief, Captain Hatonn, over and out for today.

Sign off please, Seila, and tell Reni for us that his apple pie is getting a little stale, and it is time to eat. Adieu. Hatonn out. (2:13 pm).

November 11, 2012 4:11 pm

Hello chelas! Hello there my most affluent scribe, Seila. Today we look at Norwestern Heights, a goodly place in Great “side-of” Britain which has a famous old winery which is just about to be shut down due to the rise in alcoholism of the masses.

Astute are we not today, little ones, for *ifn*” you think of yourselves to provide me, Hatonn. with even more grievous work, then I can tell you, I am ready.

Samantha Smythe is a tell-tale doctor of many words and the less she speaks the greater the big bad boys at the top, like her. But what she has to say is “gremlin talk” so to speak, and when she told me that the bottle of “vin” at the outset is laced with cyanide poison for the rats to consume, then I dare say, those fine people have made it just for third world nations, but what if the people drink it themselves?

Chelas, you know that I am most accustomed to fulfilling my destiny and that is when I divulge those little known secrets through the ire of my pen, though it is I, who stipendly speak and not actually write.

Today I thought it would be nice just for once to tell you of my take on the starcraft affair whom wish to have the lot of you to a safe place of their own choosing, and we are sure that that is completely agreeable to “y’all.”

Approximately after Norduck takes a line out of the Sampson sprit, you will see the waters immensely darken around the pyramidal belt just north of Egypt, and the largest “school of fish” will be what the papers will write in self-inflicted print for every eye which sees, to read.

But are they fish? Or are they dinger skifts run amuck by the Federation of Free Planetary worlds, picking up samples of your waters amidst a little play in the deep oceanic sludge?

You wonder perhaps just what we are now talking about, but I, good ol’ Hatonn will shortly inform the all of ye. *Ifn* your large boats should run amuck, we are sure in the near future there will be enough ***gum*** to hold the cracks together. Now put your sweet brains to work and we are sure that many of you will come up gallantly with the answer. *Ahem.*

Lulling to sleep, those seven dwarves, which the Arabs take as the jinn, will only serve to fast lot all the sheep with seven scarves, down to the loom for a good sheering and then their throats will be commonly slit with a how-de-do of “HEY! THAT DIDN’T HURT!” But someone tell the sheep that.

“Well, that’s life.” They will say. Well we ask you, should we design the same for you just because “that’s life? Or would you rather grow up by a feedlot and see they get the most nourishment for their wool rather than their hide? Well, ***y’all*** get our meaning here, do you not?

Let yesteryear go then and get on the bandwagon for goodness sake for we are tired of hearing about this war and that war and this sacrifice of blood over that sacrifice of blood - and know this, chelas **“THAT NO BLOOD SACRIFICED HAS EVER DONE ANYBODY THE FAINTIST GOOD”** and if you do not believe us **THEN JUST WAIT UNTIL YOUR NEXT LIFE.”**

Commander-in-Chief, Captain Hatonn, Esquire of some nation or another. Good Day, and **for goodness sake, people, WAKE UP!** 4:32 PM

November 14, 2012, 2:30 pm

Good ol’ Hatonn on the turnpike again, and a hello to all of ye fine ones! Today our topic of discovery, as Sananda would customarily say, will be the forest cannot be seen “on account of” the trees.

Well, here m'loves is the forest of doomsday as many of your so-called prophets would like to scare you into believing. This day the world is going to end, or that day the forest is going to burn. ***And how on earth do they know exactly which end is up? Well we didn't tell them any such thing in order to frighten the boots off the people of this planet earth, but then who did? A misrepresentation of old stories?***

We have always done more than suggest a way out for every single person of your earth, Angorius, so how did these "elated stories" become so formulated right out of sync?

In order to get to the bottom of this jargon, take the enlistment of all those creatures who do you in – one way or the other.

Look at the weather patterns. We are NOT responsible for your countless storms, etc. Look at HAARP way up there in Alaska, is it? They are doing "some of it" by turn with mankind itself burning their forests down, chopping the vegetation, dropping chemicals all over the earth and being the tempest themselves of the ruination of both sea, oceanic and fresh water inland.

So we are not responsible for any of it – **YOU ARE**. Ahem.

Larson of your forests does not accumulate, and here please do not get us wrong in our statement of before, but larson is not the main culprit either for the forests burning amuck. Lightening storms created by severe weather conditions created at times by your American HAARP does the worst damage ever thought of. Many weather seasons change periodically and then change back all at the whim of this nefarious but ingenious weather system stratosphere, and no, we have absolutely nothing at all to do with HAARP.

They did not get the information from our side.

Coming down from the Gulf of MeHiko we see solemnly today the worst outbreak of cholera that has hit the earth since the 19th century. By another name, of course, but the same virus; the same bug, if you could call it as such.

What happened to the people, loves, in Middle Eastern Eurasia during the 12th century AD? Those ones were a typlification of all that went wrong during that decade. "*Century*" you all say? Not really, this happened during the fifth quarter and those archeologists and mummy dweller scientists will have a relatively good and clear idea of that which I am talking about, so they can help out by writing their findings upon this internet which stretches from one continent to the next.

Meanwhile, back home here in Washington, the fires or flames of injustice are permeating down the long but not so long halls of Congress, as the Senate of major Senatory players are about to choke the life out of them, their foremost

colleagues, and all for the draught of their own bank accounts due to the present-day President going against all Israel wants.

Well, we shall see just how long that lasts, for the piper is going in with both fists barred, but Iran shall have a quick reply, and that peg on the wall is nefarious at worst and enlightening at best, and ducks will fly home to Ottawa with their tails tucked between their feathers, with the lambs of the world crying out for help **from the “starships?”** Nay, from their godfather up there in the sky, god knows, however, which one!

So, dialogue today has ended with one last stipend remark and that is this: The **adventurous** ones who be-smirk themselves with the cauterization of others, are about to realize just what it means to be wicked. Good Day.

Hatonn out. Ahem. Adieu. 2:49 pm

November 17, 2012, 2:00 pm

Well now dear, we see you are ready and settled. Commander-in-Chief Lauric of the faraway station will be taking over for me, Commander Hatonn today. He is of course a captain in his own right, but nevertheless he can deliver a swift and heavy punch when it comes to **“words”** capital bold that one, please, so with this brief introduction, let us begin.

Captain Lauric is on hand, Commander. Will you take him now?

Seila: *Indeed I am ready.*

Thank you, Sir.

Captain Lauric: Well here we are for the twelfth time today, loves, for I have been at the recording station with more than eleven scribes from different worlds and yes, even galaxies. So today we proclaim the right of ascension for all those “toadstool ones” whose grace toward humanity is at least as bright as the dungeons of the eighteenth and back to the twelfth centuries.

Ghastly consequences on the heads of the elated, is it not? But stand-by, for it will not last very long BECAUSE those who have taken the first step in warfaring effect will be the very ones who will yell: “WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO OUR GRENADES AND NUCLEAR BOMBS?!”

Well loves, we have our ways of dealing with those ruiners of paradise, or any hope for it for the people of your planet, earth, as you consistently call it, though we fail to see why as every planet in this galaxy has a name. In any case, let us tell you most **SEVERELY** that you in your boarding houses who take in the waifs

and homeless from your very streets will be blessed as you say, with a flight out of here when **your** time comes.

Much chagrin will be the homesteads of those who hurt their neighbours and are not of the first offence, and we tell you again that to be charitable unto those of your neighbours who are in dire and drastic need will be the very ones whom we will strongly consider when the day of your final ruination of your world begins in earnest, and that is when the flagships lower their boom, for there is nothing more to be done and begin pulling their machines from the earths gravitational pull and let the world begin to wobble in its mercury-based oceans and those waters will seem to sink the earth, and not one of you will survive the impact save that for our commanders in their ships who had long promised to come back before that day to **GET YE ALL OUT OF THERE**. Bold, please.

This script or writ as you call it may be short, but make no mistake when we say: read it carefully, for between the lines lies the gulf of extension between you and we, and for this portion may I sign off and less the dross from the wheat will indeed make our ships all the lighter. Adieu.

Captain Lauric over and out on transmittal (never to be found) frequency, dupont 4.10. Thank you, Seila. Adieu, and a fine farewell to Reni as well. Salu. 2:18 pm

November 18, 2012, 3:30 pm

Well loves, I am certainly swamped today with letters to get out, paperwork to read and I continually marvel at the state of affairs this planet is in! Well, onto the next topic of utmost concern, and that is the unraveling of diplomatic affairs outside and inside of Grecian territory, and do not let anyone tell you differently if I say that Greece is not finished as yet.

Wow! And why is that, little wayfarers? It is because of the fact that the going-ons in parliament, *theirs* to say the least, is totally haphazard, and the people among themselves are coercing the police to take a firm stand against those renegades of parliamentary control and work, as they should be doing for the people themselves who have all formed a niche in the complementary data of **“all good for the people and out with the bad!”**

Oh, how I relish that diplomatic diphtheria which allows one and all of the people to high and dry, *hang out to dry*, all those of their politicians who think they are bested by the people themselves and don't like it one bit.

But, loves, how on earth are the people to accomplish this more than great feat? By summoning up the kind of courage that the police and military admire and wish to become a part and parcel of, and that in itself is what will finally and *momentarily not*, rock the boat directly and right off its foundations.

Boy! Will that be gracious conduct on behalf of the Queen of the Netherlands, so to put it most bluntly, due to the cost which they themselves had enlisted to quietly assist their brothers in the Grecian parliament government.

In any case, we too here in Washington D.C. of the beekeeper state Atlantic, Georgia, *think not? Then think again*, for the busy boys north of the Great Atlantic turnpike will forever release you from your duty-roster if you so much as **click** a pen toward their direction in utter disapproval.

Well now, what can we add to our today's topic? Ah, now I remember. We should mention, if not briefly, the cauterization of Herman's tooth right over there in center field when it will shortly, and get this, shortly be known that the Gulf Strait of Hormuz is to be gate-flooded back into the twentieth century AD.

In any case, here again, we delve back into goodness knows where with our scribing, dictation, or whatever you want to call it, for our people are always on standby which is somewhat of a distraction for many of them, and we would like to see you ones do it, for a moment in time will we release any one of them for a period of relaxation just to give the one or more of you a chance with us to improve and prove yourselves.

Well this is my final writ of the day, and now back to my illustrious printing press whilst I declare to my people over here on the eastern coast that to secede would not be a very good idea, tongue in cheek, for I must keep up appearances that would please my bosses, but don't you believe a word of it.

Good Day and thank you, Seila, my child. Adieu. Commander-in-Chief Hatonn out. 3:46 pm

November 21, 2012, 4:15 pm

Well, here we are again, somewhat a little bit early, but better to get an early start than a late one. Captain Hatonn, Esquire of the Nations, rather late than never there too.

In the climax of all world policies today, my fair-weather friends of the never-ending elitist circle *of those who would rather the weather behave itself just like any other day*, the rustic circle of those in the European United Nations - and there is a clue here – that, rather than sit on your feline behinds and mourn the escape of those who have done this to you, **get off your back-hinds and look for them!** Viruses should not be allowed to run rampant and free. Now back to the drawing board on viruses not.

So, today we have the escapees who threw the monkey wrench back into the dwarf state of the European Union, *and to find out just whom is that dwarf state*, look at a map.

It is like looking at Israel, whom, for the most part, want peace with the Palestinians, if you mean “peace” to be a “piece of.” **Just look at any modern day map to look at the intentions of that place.** Ah, well, we all know what is just malarkey and what is not. Sickens one to the stomach, all the false-flag attacks, just to get the so-called war begun again. Look up to the stars and see the light.

Now, in retrospect we have never faced, we, being of the United States quadrant, a real live revolution. The days gone by in the terrible civil war was not what we have today. Why is that? Because today we have the people standing against the corporate powers, the bankers, the conglomerates such as Monsanto, the government which is strictly not their own and represents such as a foreign power, the same one which represents themselves and not the American people.

The civil war in the days of poor Abraham Lincoln was brother pitted against brother, though for a cause of money at large and social unrest the money won, did it not, as usual? Aye, it did that.

The office boys in the Lincoln Memorial are all frightened because they fear they see an uprising likened one they have never seen before. But why should they be afraid, my chelas? They are simply afraid or rather frightened out of their very skins that the tourists may come down on them for having a job. After all, who are the tourists anyway? Are most of them not Americans?

Lab work is most fitting for replacing those toadstools they are latching onto the drone Infinity, which is the largest one they have to send into the air over the Pakistanis to ***“just see at what rate the people will drop so they will stop all their screaming over the drones bombing anybody else.”***

So what else is new? Well, just in case they come for poor ol’Hatonn, I will wear my Mickey Mouse outfit and see if they can find me in that among all the other well-grown and dead Mouseketeers! Ah, those were the days...

Today, we cut’r short, loves, because I have many a meeting to attend and because of mine own acquisition toward those of mine own ilk not! I will have to still be seen to be there on time.

Good Day, and thank you for your listening. Commander-in-Chief Hatonn, Esquire of the most foolish nations of the day. Adieu and Salu. Out. 4:29 pm

November 23 , 2012, 3:30 pm

Seila: Good Afternoon, Captain Hatonn. What are we going to write on today?

Captain Hatonn: You know that perhaps better than I do at this time.

Knickerbockers.

Seila: Knickerbockers?

It is the term most given to those Friar ones at the top of the other melodramatic scenario called the Catholic Church. However, I have so much said already upon that topic that it would be quizzical of myself to continue on with that journey of linguistical compromises which of course I myself would never engage within. So let us begin and see if I can come up with a category which beseeches the masses for their own compliment and good, to listen up further on what ol'Hatonn has to say about...

Seila: About?

Captain Hatonn: Communism. How's that?

Now, Good Afternoon, and Good Morning to you, chelas, on this most gray day northwest of Seattle. Weather-wise I am not speaking, for the trump card on this day is not actually "Communism" at all but a swarthy pictogram of that scenario of world politics right and drastically **within** that very illuminated seceded state of California and all its draft dodgers. Ah, well, who can blame them? After all, it is one state after the other who care not for any more severed politics which leave themselves, the American people, high, dry, and out in the cold.

The last benediction to the world government policy which sits doubly seated in Washington D.C. fell through the cracks of all governmental policy. They ones do not care one farthing whether the states rack up petitions or not, just as long as they pay their taxes to little Israel over there in Palestine land whose area is becoming smaller and smaller - no doubt in order to put the map in place.

So what are these ingenious little states of America going to do then? Give the piece back to Japan who founded it first before even Christopher Columbus tipped his hat back to "Spain?" Ah, well, wait until the dredges of society really find out what happened back then.

Japan, of course, is elated that the United States is again paying good and dedicated attention to themselves, and in repayment guess what was found on the moon? You guessed it: a crater four times its length sitting right behind the hollowed-out artifact of an "American-made saucer." Ah, well, new news for Hollywood anyway! "Don't worry about the moon landing any longer! We have Japan on our side!"

So, what then happened to Beetroot tea? Was that not the substance placed inside the Dome? Ah, well, again, we must clear our throat on that one and wonder what the present American President is doing in the year of twenty-twelve to assist - and now get this - to assist all those Arab nations who take an

affinity to those who would just as well place them at large, even though they seem to well cooperate with the henchmen of the south.

As close as we are going to get to the truth in the writ - and a pardon to all those poor misrepresented ones in the California turnpike - because, dear ones, your shoes are the hoofs of the U.S. Military, and if they can throw you in uniform, take you down to the palm beach in Florida, many of you will never make it back home to tell of their larceny of the nations, much fire power, you know, bombs and the like, for they will begin one war after another to put you in, and the prosperity will be collected by their subsequent governments to give over to the overlords of Cyprus, Greece, and the U.S. Army.

“So come tell on us!” they say. And we do, dutifully so, just enough for poor ol’Hatonn to miss his breakfast on this most somber day.

Thank you, Seila, and you and Reni have the day all coordinated through our measure, and have of yourselves also a fine time.

Commander-in-Chief, Captain of the thoroughfare, a Piccadilly Circus as I have never seen before. And that is **bad**. Hatonn over and out, as they say on channel frequency telepathic wavelength 4.6 dupont. Adieu. 3:46 p.

November 23, 2012, 4:37 pm

Well, thank you for coming so quickly to the keyboard, Uthrania Seila. I had forgotten what I really meant to write on today. So let us quickly begin.

The main forest of events to take place will be made in Ottawa, Canada. Now I know full well the freedom of speech in that country is almost nil and void, and that is because a foreign power, the same which sits in Washington, D.C., is prowling loose. It is such a shame, for Canada was once a nation, *though first invaded by the French and then the English*, that prided itself in distinctly obliterating the people overseas who designed (to them anyway) to take free speech away from the western world.

That was not the case anyway, and Canada has never been truly free of wars, and peacekeeping was no more than an invasion of another’s rights. The people of Canada blistered their hands working in the dirt to make “things” grow, and many are rightfully proud of it. But do not let the chicken lay too many eggs, for the farm produce which does not sell in Canada is not allowed over the border to their American cousins, but must all be destroyed.

Income lost for the farmers, chicks lost for the chickens, and a boycott from the top from all those who wish to starve the homeless right out of sight, and we have Palestine all over again!

Each government in Canadian politics, with the exception of maybe one or two, truly did wish to serve the people well, but with blackmail and coercing, stringing a few by their , and a few by their necks (ties), and what you, the people, have is good ol' down-home trouble.

But the people are waking up, left, right, and center, and the farmers who wish to leave legacies behind find themselves on the bottom of the turnpike in the coffins which allow them to do so.

Hemophilia is on the rise, chelas, and we do wish the best for Harper and his government, because if there is not soon a turnaround for Israel to stop amassing its governance of weaponry, then the backfire will come soon enough from unsuspecting headquarters. We know of no nicer way to put it.

Good Day, and fare-thee-well from my perspective and not theirs. Commander-in-Chief Hatonn Ceres Gyeorgos, Esquire of the most undesired nations of this century. Adieu. 4:50 pm

December 14, 2012 6:00 pm

The Bulwark at the Helm! Now that will be our or part of our topic of discovery of today.

Hello all ye fine ones! May I introduce myself to all those new visitors to our site within a site, and that is where we will begin.

I, Hatonn Gyeorgos Ceres, am a Commander of a ship belonging to the Federation of all Freed Planets from the illustrious demonization of many planets such as the one you are on. I, Hatonn, glean text from the sources which would rather stay hidden, and pass those secrets and issues onto the astute at large.

So with that you may read my autobiography on this site and inform yourselves twixt your ears where your mind lay, and we will, all, others, continue on from there.

Please place, Seila, my child: "The Bulwark at the Helm!" We await.

THE BULWARK AT THE HELM

Sunken submarines is their next ploy, beloveds, and if you understand how our submarine could be so easily sunk, just look among the roots of the dying daffodil, and learn a lesson from nature.

“Ohhh!” ye say, trumpeting among the daisy-wheels! But nay, I can surely and most certainly tell you this, and that is: the funnel clouds NW of Tucson, Arizona, has more fauna to its name than any other city and state in California.

“NO!” you yell, “For that is just a little dust town!” After all fermenting oil produce instead of the lettuce of the nations is just a little “wow” down into DC, and those boys and girls down there are all so solitudely away from one another, garnishing all the Piccadilly waste out of North Western Bermuda that even our scribe, Seila, has not the faintest hope of deciphering any of that of which we speak.

Now lettuce is the byproduct of compound oil when used to utilize the dogsled team up in the Antarctic. “**NOT UP!**” you yell again! Let us tell you that when you are in outer space - as you call it – **THERE IS NO UP NOR DOWN!** *Except perhaps for the fish.* (Tongue in cheek).

I, ol’Hatonn adrift in the heavens of tomorrow will land with a great “**thump**” sooner than later, and because we hope it to be later, we will continue to dialogue with you now.

This is cryptic, we know, but for a price doth the elitist of this place unravel my words, and in doing so severing off all hope of even deciphering them. Ah, Well, on with the show, as I am so dutifully known to have said, and lets talk about the **SUBS.**

The bulwark at the helm is the un-submerged submarine with the man at the top hatch, undoing his ranking for all the others. Now, Seila knows nothing about submarines except that they appear to float when they gain credibility to the surface, so we will forget about her for awhile.

In the Middle East, Ireland, Poland, and poor Greece, the building of such monstrosities are likened to the bulkhead of the ships at sea at large in that they are rather unsinkable when you come to think of it. But someone has the idea that if they are defenseless above ground then maybe the defense of other nations should be defenseless underground, and what a ploy, for Washington D.C. does not know who is at the helm of this and to whom are they referring, for all good boys and girl must wait until the discovery be made at their own home station – or not.

“Lambaste the reckless!” they all say, “And until the Syrian parliament is taken down, all cards will be on the table!”

But we would not be in the least bit surprised if President Bashar has a few cards up his sleeve as well, and wouldn’t you? After all, what kind of man or woman would not protect their nation - and in the most ethical of ways? I would! I, Hatonn Ceres, certainly would!

Finding any clues here yet, ye ones? *No?* Don't you worry then, because even the best to the worst of us over the eons have had much difficulty deciphering the words of a text of scribing until we finally did all come up with the wrong answer right up until the final end!

So then, why on earth am I writing, even bothering to write a story of a sorts to each and every one of you?

Because those reincarnated ones from days gone by who had finally interpreted our words "*from the Bible*" (tongue in cheek) and other sources correctly, before the hand of man ripped them all apart, sectioned them off, and hid them in five mile tunnels *below earth* in the Vatican vaults, ***would be back here in this generation today, knowing and piecing together what they knew then to be placed with what they see now!***

Good for the ol'net, and I will say goodbye for another day. Adieu.

Thank you, Seila, and place this on just as quickly as you can. Transmission off. Adieu. Captain Hatonn. Forsythe at the helm, and tie off transmission for the day, please little one, and thank you again. Forsythe out.

Seila: Transmission tied off at 6:25 pm. Good Day.

December 17, 2012, 7:30 pm

Well here are we again, once again at the keyboard of all influencing thought and ideas contrary to the mainstream and what they would like you to all believe.

So, freedom of speech has once again taken the back seat, has it, to the truth and what could and had occurred at the Connecticut school shooting? Well, time again to protect the *unprotectable at a later time in their history*.

"No guns, no lies ever told to replace the truth!" And that is their mainstay. Ah well, little ingenious ones of our elitist nations around the world, do no longer fear, for ol'Hatonn is once again at the helm of all jealousy toward that of protracting that which has really happened at large and that which has indeed not, and must not therefore be told.

After all, ye ones of the nonchalant group who can never be fazed, no matter what happens to others, are the chestnut on the treetop which can not be cracked either because you have no blistering of fury upon nor within your souls, and in that case you all are one hopeless mess, so you just go on believing in your police and their words as given down to them from above, and let the innocent dead, all of them, go on in being believed that they ones, and they ones alone, killed more than they should!

Likened to the fact that we, of the starship enthusiasts, wish to speak nothing but truth in its purest format, we too shy away from ending up in the doldrums of too much secular voice to permeate through the mindless of civilization today, for what good does it do to ferment with seasoning all that caution of gravestones for the proxy of those who did not do the deed but are however, and nonetheless, blamed for it because scapegoating has not gone out of fashion, and the hobnobs of Caucasian and raciest simpletons will believe anything which suits their formatted knowledge toward, nay against, all reasonable riff-raff whom far sight their acumen akin another suave story which would make the ears stand apart from the brain in more ways than one.

The day many of ye ones seem to come of yourselves closer and closer to thinking with that gray matter, is the day the squeaking of your testicles will take a real backseat to those who no longer have the ability to put one and two together without all sounding off like banshees in a world of media and police press **who ALWAYS TELL YOU WHAT TO THINK!**

Hatonn over and out for this one little session, and for goodness sake, all ye dear ones of our troop, please do not let this little ditty confuse you too much, for we know the hit on the counter be tampered with from one article to another.

We see and *we acknowledge*, and for the rest of you we are pleased to see you caught up almost with our writs, and a good holiday to ye all!

– Commander-in-Chief Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn over and out on good old telepathic hit counter, Gees, and thank of ye all. 7:44 pm

December 17, 2012, 7:54 pm

Well, if you don't mind, Uthrania Seila, we will just leave our readership today with another good thought for their rather estranged minds.

The situation, of course, in the Middle East within the Middle Eastern boundaries of sundry nations: Syria, Saudi Arabia, Bahrain, Qatar and Yemen, to make a nuisance of ourselves in forever being somewhat repetitious, sees a line drawn or yet to be drawn in the sand and the dirt by all those who once went before them in their ancestral pride, and if the British don't do it this time 'round once again, then of course we will have given you the wrong information, but for us to actually do such a thing with the goal of being more than just a little bit truthful would be something that actually would never in real-time happen.

So lets take another look at Syria, shall we, and how is she looking to us from above? Not that bad.

For the foreigners who cease to strip her from her leadership power are all those who were neutralized in the end,

and the stork ran away with her head in the sand for the shame of the tortoise became her gall,

and the friar left with his goal foresooth of taking down the duty to Islam,

and all came together again, not so much as being the secular nation that it is more than the religious, but rather **in being themselves, one dear person to another, laying aside the religious aspect and even realizing that to up-rise in the GCC states with Yemen included in the uprising - though not being of the GCC - only shows *that* tendency of Islam being of the black or the white is really not going to become in the future much of an issue as people begin to realize their home is on earth and all who live upon that earth are their true brothers and sisters, with their relatives from other far away worlds coming down to see them into paradise.**

Good Day, and thank you, Uthrania, for your extra time at the board. Adieu and *ahem*.

- Commander-in-Chief Hatonn out for the remainder of the day. Tie off all current frequencies, Uthrania Seila, and have of yourselves, Reni included, a wonderful evening on this world. Hatonn over and out. 8:04 pm.

December 21, 2012, 12:30 pm

Captain Hatonn: Well Seila, my dear, here we begin a brand new day from where we are, is that not so? You have a question for me I presume?

Seila: *Thank you, Captain Hatonn. I noticed that on the internet some are referring to me as being Hatonn, which is you, and others have been taking scribings by you from long ago and placing them as backup proof of their own documentation. These people involve me in escapades of their own making, escapades of which I know nothing about. I am wondering, Captain, if you have, before you begin this latest writ, any insight on these oddities?*

Captain Hatonn: Indeed little one. When you become of the most prominent nature you are sure to run into these little problematic occurrences. Just ignore them, for the fruit of the light will continue to shine upon that which is a normal occurrence for ones such as you and I, and indeed of others.

People love to make stories up to suit their own agenda, and I would just say to our readers, that if something is somewhat or wholly shady to do with your words, then obligingly dismiss them if others write you into their script.

What we do here is in the least give to our readers an overall picture of the dastardly deeds of others and clues on which to rest their laurels, and be well to you all. Will that suffice, little one, because we need get on with our day?

Seila: Thank you Captain Hatonn, and the keyboard and I are most ready.

Captain Hatonn: Good.

Now in this file today we have a good-luck-charm of our own, and that to wit is the President of the United Soviet States - should we most verbally say – in print.

However, we will not ever give the game away, for we wish the good side to finally win, and every schoolyard bully has his or her day, of course, *until* the sideswipe occurs and knocks them over and backward screaming with their lives ***to get out of there!***

Oh, the American Senate will hoot and howl and become rather hysterical, but by that time the cook will be in the pot of soot, and because of their treachery and tyranny, no one will be left there to help them **BECAUSE NO ONE WISHES TO CONTINUE BEING BLACKMAILED, HARRASSED, THREATENED AND BOMBED TO DISTRACTION: BLACKENED PEOPLE WITH SORES ALL THROUGHOUT THEIR BODIES, AND DID ANY OF YOU KNOW THAT THIS ONE THING DID YOUR BIBLE BOOK CORRECTLY DISPLAY**, and didst you also know that that displayal be chemical and atomic weapons, or did your head mass shy away from all that you were at one time correctly taught?

Did you also know that those cankerous sores spoken about in your so-called “Holy Book” described the disquieted ones, the loved ones, ones such as the Iraqi and Palestinian ones, and the Afghanis?

Nay, you ones believe these descriptions were of the unholy, the unethical and the unsanctimonious ones.

But you were wrong, for their fate is much worse than mere chemical fallout, and will last a generation longer than that of ten thousand years or more, for a lifestream will they get in hours, moments and years, indescribable in content, and one which we, of the elitist hogs, also are quite afraid to speak of, because it is actually in the multimillions of lifestreams will these sorry ones for all they have done, and are intending upon doing to others, will see themselves, *save me, from all my dramatic sins in undercover work with others, in such situation as you, the people, our readers, have never as yet encountered with your minds, and souls.*

And with this will we sign off for the day and rely not on any other to feed you truth of these errors, for others might betray you. Stay therefore with all the Truth

Sayers, and we will likewise back up their words with even more truth and correct them when they are wrong.

Commander-in-Chief Hatonn Ceres, Captain. Tie off frequency, Love, and Adieu.
12:51 pm

December 21, 2012, 3:56 pm

The icon of the Middle East is yet to show him/herself as being now less than elusive, and by that we mean that **paradise is granted to more than one state within a state within a oneness of all unified efforts**; and if ye ones do understand of mine own words intrepid then you will be all fair game to elusive land not, but instead one eye being on top the other will gain the most of you credibility with the forces, and that credibility is nonetheless the modifying reign of one certain king over another which remains to be seen by your eyes alone.

“Horrors on horrors!” ye all exclaim! But no! not in the least,

for the Turkish hen does her strut from the halls of Dakota, U.S.A., back to the halls of the Commonwealth D.C.,

and a far sight doth that give us who relapse not unto the rails of the Canadian Railroad whose far sight doeth of cantankerous nation building will be the downfall of the elite **and not of the people in general**.

“And how can this be done?” you say, **“And what muster can be once concocted with a railroad with half a flag on one side and another half of the nation on the other?”** Well, the day is long past and you should know what the *twisted finger* said as he disparaged against the Canadian people,

and now the hen-hawk covets the lioness who drips her blood against the fangs of the great ostrich and American Eagle, for eagles belong to more than one country at that.

And the beasts of the field feast if they can upon the tortoise, the small turtle.

And the ram held his feast unto himself,

and if the porpoise gained any credibility of kindness from those who would etch out its flesh for another purpose than its own, then the bracken-brier in British theology would have seen to disparage its own problem with the duck, the snake and the British trilogy, and that would be the end of the British Monarch within all Middle Eastern echelon *spy machine* borders,

and then comes the effort of taking the American Eagle by the neck and throwing it far in the ditch of Montana where the pig and the ram will surely feast upon the duck and crow,

and because of the far sight echelon of all ram-rodding such down the throats of the people the massively-built machine to overlook the masses will be seen to verily disintegrate,

and the stork and brute would have won.

“Now who is the brute?” ye all verily say.

The brute, dear ones, are yourselves, for the twelfth moon of Junus, a planet yet to be discovered, has upon her surface enough fighting material which will never be discovered by another to run each and every fighting man and woman back to the casing from where they begun.

And that is our dialogue for today.

Commander in Chief Hatonn Esquire of the run-down and amuck nations.
Transmission frequency out. 4:10 pm

December 28, 2012, 9:52 am

Readers, it began like this: “NATO took the stomach out of the turkey for reliance too much on the western nations such as Israel.” This was spoken to me by one of the Angelic ladies. Shortly after, Commander Hatonn was on the bridge and asked for a session to complete the thought. So here I am ready and waiting to replenish “the Hatonn Files.” – Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

Well. dear ones, readers, one and all, and to my scribe and friend, Seila, here we are at the bulwark of all design throughout, and I do say, throughout, the very Middle East in such turmoil.

NATO is already frothing through the mouth and they will tip Turkey off its seat, its chair, or whatever it is they think they sit upon with the western and “European *tongue in cheek*, powers.”

Mayhem is in the works on this one, earlier than you think, dear ones, and the crow sitting on the back seat of all moderating news will be sure to pick this one up a lot sooner than even What Really Happened with his quick to be mind, though not always accurate.

Press News is out there front and center and passes the ball to the Likud party in Israel who bounces it right back in one gigantic hurry of harassment, and the duck in the water, which is Canada, trounces it to New Jersey and the Senator therein.

Well, the clash of the nations is just one stroke of the pen away from running their own horses from the gate of national acclaim, but one breaks through and that is Saudi Arabia, and from their point of view Russia is not too bad a boy because oil and gas and liquidation and toil through the backs of others will bring to a peace of a sort throughout those nations who want nothing to do with war.

Venezuela and their trap will lift the humankind over the bulwark, and they are after all a kindly people with a good President, and because of it they will actually sail through the bad times and be within the good times, and the crow and the duck and eagle will make sure this writ never comes into fruition, but we feel that it is already too late.

Have I bored you yet, little ones? No? Yes? Well for those readers who cannot take any more of my jabbering, just continue along with your own work as you will and leave these writs to the little more astute of all minds.

Now we go on – for whatever is seen to occur we all wish to be on top of,

and as the dice rolls off the charts so does Wall Street, New York, brush up its dainties with a chock upon the board, for all computers are down and this is for a time,

and a time when the availability of the computer segment of all technology waits up late to no avail,

and many have already in groups been taken right off this planet,

and so goes the “gospel” of Luke who charged this may never happen in the first place,

and we know so much better than the falsified text of that writ – and so much to the point, that that jargon is better off dead in the trash than ever assuage people to the point of running away from our assistance when that grand time comes afore ye are all swept away with the breeze, or the tide, whichever it may be.

So a word to the wise is thusly: Keep on your clean shirt; keep on your clean trousers, and because you are wise, *keep on your shoulders **your head***, for the justice is in your future, and, **oh what a future that will be!**

Dear ones, Good Night, from where I am sitting at the helm today of my ship.

Prestigiously do I command.

Hatonn, Commander and Captain of the famous Intrepid. Good Night.

Sign off time transmission please. Good Day to you Seila, and thank you as always. From our heights we all acclaim gratitude one to the other. Salu. 10:16 am.

December 28, 2012, 7:22 pm

Well, little ones, for the second time this day we will acknowledge all those governmental officials who listen to us with rapt ears. So, what we will speak about now depends entirely upon what needs to be said.

Ahem. "On with the show!" says I, Hatonn, Esquire of the most mixed-up of nations of them all: Cleaver Ville, Ohio. Never heard of that one? Have ye not? Well, look up on the distance from a helicopter view, and you will see mountainous regions, and if you look from afar you will also see the wheat fields of Kentucky, Gravestone, and all that.

You see that satellite way up in the skies? Well you can see anything you wish with that, so, indoctrinated into all helicopter pheloscopes will the eye of the needle rush forth, and because of it the swell of the waters north of the Mississippi gauge far and wide the waters coming dry gulch into the Missouri, and the cotton and wheat crops will farthyside dry off in the winter of the summer storm.

Ahem and adieu for this one short special. Now on with deliberations in those facetious courts you call of yourselves, your houses of justice.

What a blatant laugh they are. In the first place they break every law in their books, every law attaining to the Constitution and the Bill of ...what? "Rights!" You say? **What malarkey! to ever hit the books!**

In the first place, the Constitution was not met out for the justice of the "Peace" to congratulate him/herself in their own destitute mindset, telling the Mob that they will do just as "they" please, for a bullet in the back is just not the finest of ideas.

The ***spin***-dex Mafia sitting there in New York decides that its Mayor is just the finest element ever seen to a man, whilst the other edge of the sword is one step out of prison themselves when they are verily transported into that Middle Eastern lap, step, hop, and a jump over the wall from whence they did come.

Oh well, this is not far from one's imagination, but I just wonder **if and when ALL PEOPLES are going to gait this with their temporal lobe before the broader edge falls down upon the rest of their necks – at least those, who still have necks to chop off with... Well, y'all yet the idea...!**

The poor congressmen and women who are still alive within their souls and still contain that bit of a spark of life knoweth that it will soon be their turn, **for “Ifn’ the mob don’t get them, then the Gaelic’s will.”**

So what advice do we have for them all then, dear ones?

Go to the pool of the morning and remember, when you dive in, don’t leave your flippers and your “helmets” behind, so you don’t end up effervescent down at the bottom.

Hatonn out for this session. Thank you, Seila, and Good Night to ye all. Hatonn out. 7:39 pm

January 5, 2013 6:22 pm

Dear ones! This is I, back at the keyboard, so to speak, through the pen of Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries, and I must keep my scribes separated in my mind so as to find my words in the correct domain.

Now! What is happening around the world which ye ones know nothing about? Or very few do. Next paragraph please, Uthrania Seila.

Ahem. Now in Washington, the den of the snakes at best and the fowl of the deepest regions of the earth below at the very worst, we do have a little light at the end of the tunnel!

And what is that light, beloved ones? It is the Ark of the Covenant between thee of Israel and thou of Palestine. Well they are working on it, nonetheless, but as I see it, nothing short of a miracle will bring those two destinies together before the Marxist regime of some country or another bring their horoscopes to bear upon both sects and blast them away into infinity.

But we won’t let that happen, will we then?

Seila: Horoscopes?

Aye, little one. Horoscopes, and for this they are still none the wiser, for those stalwart souls in North Dakota, Virginia, etc., think they will vastly all come up with the answer, and those behind the great wall of China, so to speak, will do all they can to mess it up.

And Syria, poor poor Syria, on with troops and forward with the cannon strikes, yet those brave people and their President fall short nonetheless in no trickery of that fascist regime of the U.N. and their Poltergeist ideas.

So, infirmity will lay waste at last to all those in guise of peacemakers and the only stalwart ones have long ago seen the light of day and they are next on the crucible of the U.S. armament if they do not behave in the irregular manner which the formidable United States of America would have them do.

Yech! This is treachery from Larson unto the other countless mischiefs which the Americans do to Saudi Arabia and others in order to really get the fireworks going against Iran, for instance, who still is fueling their own description of war on the front in Bahrain, getting those poor people countless arrested and at times tortured. And then there is Yemen, but the people there are becoming wise, and knowing the Iranian empire and what it desires, the Yemeni pull back and think this whole thing over again.

Goodness gracious, what time it is. Good Night. From Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Esquire of the rotten-to-the-core nations of the NATO regime.

Good Night, and sign off telepathic frequency please, Seila. Adieu. 6:35 pm

January 7, 2013, 7:23 pm

Hello all ye fair-to-be ones! And a goodly day we are having here in ostrich Washington of the D.C. thoroughfare.

The home grown, down home boys are all alark for the symposium which states, *ahem*, which states: Louisiana, Kentucky, and a place called Tallahassee remains to be seen under the Dauchand thumb more that we ever realized.

Ah, well, bunkers delight as the northern troops take stock of all weaponry, and by this we mean all bunker busters north of Symington, Alaska, or in eastern-northern Canada, where all those boys and girls there bid a grandiose fare-thee-well to the Prime Minister of Huxton, Minnesota, and by these codes do we mean you well, if you understood any of it at all.

In any case, dear ones, closer to home will enlist many grand men and women to fight the war for the templates behind the wall of no return northwest, northeast and you get our point, and whom insist upon all others fighting their wars away from home, for them. *Ahem. **Achew!** Just a bit of a head cold there.*

Now, modem in Seventeen gave the game away even though the hit counter says the less. But we know the inaccuracy in those pronouncements, and because of it we are stymied as to just why.

Ah, well, what is happening in Glasgow these days? In Scotland the fair men and women are gathering around a compromise which would surely, they think, keep them out of another grisly war. But can they succeed in doing their best to fight

it? Surely England and its preposterous Royals can see themselves fit at best to send one of their own, and customary as it is, the English can sorely afford to bequeath any one of its soldiers to feign support of the gallant Royal boy who wishes to go and kill abroad and at home be proclaimed a “hero.” What childish thoughts, and on we go.

I just thought today whilst sitting abroad in my office of sperm links and coati-labs that the hamster therein seldom has a fit of nerves due to the fact that they don’t fight, and because they don’t fight, the brain material stays calm and no pulsating of delirium occurs.

Smart animals that. Well, for all our tendencies toward peace (what a laugh) I guess I’d better get to bed and sleep well, for you never know just how long that will last before the Pixons blow this whole world up.

Hatonn commanding nothing at the moment, lads, over and out. Tie off transmission Uthrania Seila and thank you for standing by. Adieu and over and out. 7:38 pm

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August 6, 2013 5:46 pm

Corporal Jack Higgins-Mount: Captain on the bridge Sir! Captain Uthrania, Sir! The Captain is late for his appointment already, so the writ will be shortened time spectrum, if that is alright, Sir! –

Uthrania: Thank you, Corporal. Stand down!

Corporal Jack Higgins-Mount: Aye, Sir! Aye, Captain! Oh, Sir, here comes Commander in Chief Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Sir!

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: At ease, Corporal. Hello, Uthrania. Are we set to begin?

Uthrania: Yes, Commander.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Very well then. I have not much time for I am elected to be back in Washington on the hour. So, (clears his throat) here we go for the fifth time around, heh!

Nautical science, Esquadors, is the main fissure of instrumentational panels which are sought to gird around the plaintiff of the posterity which runs well amuck in Washington hybrid, (tongue in cheek) with the English Troubadours, all running in sections amidst the turmoil of the European? Council.

No! Great Britain doesn't want to join anything that may have to do with bringing the Americans out of their shell and forced into a battle that may be way way above their heads.

So, tentatively speaking then, the hybrid of New York and Washington, Pensacola, D.C. (*you figure that one out, gents*), are the most habit forming morsels of which I have ever had the likelihood to witness.

Germain to the forefront indeed in all astronomical occurrences, for his telescope scopes out yours, gentlemen, from the far off reaches of intergalactic occurrences, and the mainframe of your old computers at NASA also reaches not yet into the depths of that which you *think* you have found.

We of the Hemmingrade forces so high up there in your skies could whip you boys all into shape the minute you light your boots on the ground again of Afghanistan with a wind which would bristle your hair on standing on end and smite the stones in your eyes to such a degree that you would think you were being round-a-bout attacked by one of your own walruses!

But, heh, don't think we would lace our fumes with an arsenic compound like you do to swish it around, Russia, for we have found your techniques quite alarming in your final *début* with our soldiers in the north, and we just don't like it one little bit. Ironic isn't it, Generals, how the shoe fits the other foot out there in Washington, when the boys who command from the Canadian CSIS and NSA do double the work to humiliate you through the back door?

So climb in on board with the starcraft and our larceny as they condemn us for, and see if your x-ray eyes are synchronized with ours.

We doubt it! But this time we are here for you for we realized a long time ago, gentlemen of the stripes that they in Congress, men and women and the gravely dug Senate along with the Presidential chair have made you their marksmen for the dirty game they play with Iran, and we just are tired of you being at the forefront and brunt of it all.

Hatonn, Esquire of the dirty game-playing upon the nations intact, all of them!

Out for this broadcast. Sorry ladies and gentlemen of the U.S. Military forces, but I do "got to go!" Hatonn, Commander-in-Chief *of nothing yet?* Think again, "my guys!" Adieu.

Please tie off channel, love, and put Jamie to work on this right away.

Uthrania: Sir, Jamie is already backed up with two writs.

Hatonn: Nevertheless I want him on this one too.

Uthrania: Yes, Sir. Tie off channel, Station 104. prix 2. 6:08 pm

Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Thank you. Hatonn over and out." 6:08 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

(Note: The following message for private email to Jamie. – Rania)

August 6, 2013 6:34 pm

Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Elusive we may be, m'lad, so high up there in your skies betwixt one star-ship and the next, but gifted you may be for ourselves to work through you. When in Canada you will be refitted with a device which allows you to hear through transportation waves far above the ken you are so used to. Thank you, son, for the participation in the event. Commander in Chief of the Luxon Forces also out of Wales, Ireland, and Scottish sentiment. Hatonn out. 6:37 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez

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Hatonn File Entry 9

August 7. 2013 1:58 pm

Rufus Andromos: Captain on the deck, Commander. Can you take him in ten minutes, Sir?

Uthrania: I will remain on stand-by from this point on, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Rufus Andromos: Thank you, Sir! Corporal take this letter please, Sir, and deliver it to Captain Hatonn.

Corporal Hank Vennis: Thank you, son. Ready, Uthrania?

Uthrania: Yes, Sir.

Corporal Hank Vennis: (The Corporal looks around and takes a chair, whilst Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn wipes his face with his hanky. Hot on the deck. – Rania) Four minutes to go, Sir.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Thank you, son. (The command alters. Please remember Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn is also Commander-in-Chief of all artillery forces of one of the most significant star fleets in the entire galaxy. – Rania)

2:08 pm

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Esquire of the Nations: Good Evening, my friends up there on cloud nine, for your toupees have not altered the brain in your

heads as yet, and a farsight better it would be for you boys and girls awaiting your own hair combing if it were!

In any case, we are now coming to a brash juncture whereby we will be refitting our scribes with what is considered a tenure or brace, and for what reason we are still not willing to tell a one of you, and that is simply because you would not understand it anyway.

So on we will go and leaving you boys and girls over there in the Hall of Infirmity – *Congress* – to say the least is just one more bout of insignificance “y’all” mean to us high up in our starlit daytimes and nights.

And just why are we being so callous with “y’all” all of a sudden? Dear ones of the interlaced joints of Marijuana which you digest along with most of your meals while denying the herb of health for people’s cancerous projects are of the most despicable of them all!

And do you know why we say this? Because protest after protest and project after project by the people you are supposed to represent goes unnoticed and why does it go unnoticed? Because the majority of you bitchless tooth presenters don’t care to listen even to the few among you who ‘aren’t’ toothless tigers! And those ones have not a lick of common sense either for that matter because they simply are not joined at the hip in intellectual type of universal understanding or effirmaty.

Knats! All of you! You sojourn to the ends of the earth with your diplomatic ties and what do you finally succeed in doing with your itinerary but insult government after government and haven’t acquired a solitary clue of what damage in relations you have all done to our ‘ally’ China!

PORKBARRELING AROUND is all you do! And you are for the most part damned good at it overall. But where did you lead the country you designed to protect with our military, and **overall**, again there is that word, but down the garden path along with the radishes, bulrushes and bullshit! One thing right on top of the other!

Troubadours all in the Queen’s quarters for a sanctimonious religious briefing and the Pope of it all still thinks the Vatican is God’s house on earth, and he, his representative, even though he has no clue as to his heritage in the first place!

Am I a little irate today, little junkons? More than a little! And I can tell you that Lucifer himself, should he have existed, would do me more service in kindness than I am feeling toward you at the moment..

Now, pixels on the computers are just an ironic imitation of that which we have aboard our ships of much more sturdy material. But even the pixels between your elusive ears have shuddered themselves into the pieces which make up the extremities of your brains!

Good God! Look now where you are! With a war looming over poor Iran and taking your order from an Ascot State whose only main objective is to fry your own men and women of the colours IF they should get in the way of the firing line upon the nations you have already so successfully invaded!

You have all succeeded in destroying your own country of the American people IF YOU CONSIDER THIS YOUR COUNTRY AT ALL! And not Israel that damned little nation in its place!!

So you decide little conquering warriors who is it you serve?

The American Brass have PLEADED WITH YOU TIME AND TIME AGAIN TO GET RID OF THE WARS! Because their men and women in blue, at least, cannot take any more, and do you listen Mr. President? Do you hear a damned word they say?! Or do you just tend to the Israeli flock whose only and main goal is to secure Israel 'proper' for the next coming of the Lord, so to speak rather loosely, and put their own prophet in place, and by God they're going to do, BECAUSE YOU LET THEM!

And then all hell fire will come down on your heads and Lucifer will seem the Angel of Light that he is ever since his posterity ruled courageously over Atlantis and Lemur! And until the day passes that you Ones, over there in High Congress finally filter your act out of the complete darkness of your own universal reality, you will firmly succeed in attaining absolutely nothing to be a guaranteed safety net for your own skins!

So, with that "adieu," is my only cause left until such time as the broadband waves throughout the nostrils of your own heads retains more than just mucus, I will stand with the Generals and their hop skip ways of not referring all of you as losers, and Hemmingway and his own troupe so once high up in the heavens divine will continually shake his head and winsome will he fly once again upon your haunches to see you through to a more calculated and reasonable jargon and action, and until then I WAIT!

Hatonn, Gyeorgos Ceres, Commanding nothing more than a bunch of idiots and take not my scribes to task over any of these writs for they, too, are well protected as under MY COMMAND! Adieu you bunch of fools!

And for the last time you will ever hear me utter this: GROW UP FOR GOODNESS SAKE! Men and women alike! Ceres Hatonn (furious) Out!

Please courteously tie off all major and ultra beam channels, Uthrania, my dear and Jamie I expect this on in your morning time. Good day.

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Channels ultra and beaconhill shut down at 6.7 and 4.8211. Out at sign off 2:43 pm Pacific Mountain Time.

(Entry 10 was a question and answer session)

Hatonn Files: Entry 13

August 25. 2013 6:30 pm

Headline: **Hatonn Files: 2013: Entry 13: Brief Assessment of Work Accomplished So Far**

Keywords: sentana-ries, Hatonn, Uthrania, Doris Ecker, Dharma, White House,

Foreword: At times we all pause and review that which we have been working on with so much dedication, and as Commander Hatonn assesses his own participation in knocking sense into the cranium of his underlings, he shares with us a few key events along the time line of his work.

Introduction: Few people from the etheric realms of the Brotherhoods of Light have as dirty a job to do for the general good of all humanity as does Commander Hatonn – being stuck there in Washington among a bunch of what he calls “idiots.” So let us therefore honour the man, and hope that his efforts will one day collapse the floor boards of all the rot piling up there as time goes by.

Heading: Introductory Formalities

6:20 pm

Left Lieutenant Rufus Tobias Montgomery: Captain on board Sir! Captain Uthrania Sentana-Ries-Cortez! – Left Lieutenant Rufus Tobias Montgomery, Sir!

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. At ease.

Left Lieutenant Rufus Tobias Montgomery: Sir! (Left Lieutenant Rufus Tobias Montgomery stands down – Rania) Sir! Captain Galiac – Cortez, Sir! Captain is on board, Sir!

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant!

Sir! (I am addressing **Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn**, Commander-in-Chief of all Armed Forces of the United States Military – soon).

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: At ease also, Lieutenant! Good Morning, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team, Henchmen One.

Well, extraordinaire the work you all three do along with the fourth member of the team, a Galiac as well, *Mr. Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez*. Very good young lad. Not so young anymore, hey? None of us are if you count the years in lifestreams.

Heading: Trouble in the White House

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: So enough of the idle chat, and down to business for my clock says a quarter to twelve, and because of it the cat let out of the ramp car just slid its knuckle all the way under the floor piece of the underlay of the White House's stem (stern?) room.

Heading: White House Foreign Policy has Priorities All Messed-Up

Fine wine glasses, cutlery, and fine china – the China Room it is, and that is the only place the United States military needs to be found and not in the Gulf pinnacle of harming all Chinese relationships with the American Providential Cutlery boys, and all because President Bush Jr. and Obama, the lesbian man against all such culinary arts just did not want to disgrace that portion of the voting population, so he bit his tongue almost in half just to say a few words in their grace.

Heading: Poltergeist Truth Scared the Pants Off Washington Officials

Hullabaloo! That is what it was, but General McCarthy and his wonderful new wife of seventeen hundred years or more ago just fit the poltergeist in with the new round of radio announcements which brought Dharma Eckert to the forefront with her usual drama of the ills of the Catholic Rosary.

Good Lord, no!, you don't know her, we know, Uthrania, **but we do**, and a good work has she done for us so far, and for the most part we kept her political, for no errors did she make there. The political-religious had a little more to be desired for the people.

Heading: Brain Power Revival via "Religion of the Decade"

She was given at the time 'prose' which was just a little reach above their heads in order that Captain Sananda, the Lucifer of the Catholic Church, as they deemed him to be with his flying saucer and all, would come in through your own pen, Uthrania Seila, Rania, in hopes of reaching a little more brain power into the minds and hearts of all those religiously-duped types, and of course "**Religion of the Decade**" was the far reaching result of that.

Heading: Canada's Harper? Not Totally Evil

Now, the conclusion of this file MUST be the acquiescence of all parliamentary statements before the Canadian House of Parliament adjourns for the hour. Ho! Prime Minister Lucifer? Harper? Well don't be so hard on the man, for he did try to save the Northwestern oil fields for the Native population, and of course the seal hunting wasn't banished after all, for the poor Eskimos just wouldn't have it, and the man was not always giving in to the Russians nor American poker games with the larceny of all land belonging to the Canadians anyway.

So give Mr. Harper Lucas a break and allow Israel to fund its own wars away from the Canadian public, and in that way "**we won't be goaded any longer by the silk straps at the top!**"

Thank you, Mr. Lucas Harper, and don't leave your cousins any more soiled garments, for the laundry outside of all banking establishments have your newest credit card number anyway.

Heading: A Disgusted Hatonn Having to Preside over a Bunch of Washington Lunatics

Hatonn, Gyeorgos Ceres, Commanding nothing more than a lunatic bunch of retrogrades southeast of the New York border, Washington D.C. et al!

Good Night. Please tie off all frequencies Uthrania Seila, and press the button for the night. Good Night, Jamie, sweet one, and likewise do we admire your work, Reni, our fine editor of the day. **Hatonn**, over and out.

Uthrania: Tying off all frequencies at 4.7 9 8 seventeen pulmonary channel south of the gulf waters 10; and Tuxedo N-10 12. Adieu and out at 6:42 pm

Heading: Fair Use Copyright Note

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Hatonn Files: Entry 14

September 9, 2013 6:00 pm

5:40 pm

Uthrania: I am at the keyboard for Captain Hatonn. Is anyone there?

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: Aye, Commander Uthrania. The crew just came back aboard, Sir.

Uthrania: Thank you Lieutenant Waldorf. Is the Captain on board yet? I hear he left Washington, D.C.

Lieutenant Waldorf: The Captain, Sir, is still aboard a skiff and will be docking shortly. Sir, can I get you anything? The Captain will be another ten minutes or so. He did get away from docking station 6 late, Sir!

Uthrania: I will wait and be back shortly. (I arise from my chair at my station and leave. – Rania)

5:54 pm

Lieutenant Waldorf: Captain 's on the bridge!

Uthrania: I am on standby, Lieutenant!

(Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn gallantly strides onto the main aft deck and seats himself determinedly on his bench chair. Gingerly he pulls from the neck of the chair a chain made of fulton lace and camaroy cloth jingles, and looks at the crew with eyes that betray nothing. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: And whose is this, Commanders, Lieutenants, and Colonels?!

(Captain Hatonn turns around in his chair facing the back strap of his seat and with his arms motions his Lieutenant, Colonel Jarkson, over to his stool. The Captain is attired in a loose fitting jersey made of fine corduroy linen camisole with stitching of ridged silver and gold plating down the sides and front waistcoat. His near seamless but equally loose-fitting pants are held down on both sides by bootstraps wound around the lace of the bottom portion of each boot. The familiar small pink dots toe each end and the Captain's stripe on the rim of the black patent brim of his hat sets off the yellow ribbon-like stripe, which, likened to the pink and blue stripe on the brims of other commanders' and captains' hats, are set in a slanted position. We are ready to begin. – Rania)

6:03 pm

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Well loves, here we are once again off time due to our sabbatical but we are here now and ready to begin. Ready, Captain Uthrania, child?

Uthrania: Yes, Sir.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Good. Then if you are also ready, Jamie, we will proceed.

Jamie: Yes, Sir.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: The latest to go down outside this time of Washington of the infamous District of Columbia is behested by a Congress figure whom we have decided not to divulge but rather to 'imitate' his or her style in order to camouflage, yes, but not to entirely hide his or her character from public view.

Now, why are we choosing to do this? Simply, my friends, because the oil baron of the south-western-northern 'Territories' SE of Quebec's center will most certainly raise the eyebrows of all those memorandum babes who think with their heads dug still deep in the sand tars of the epic of Suncor.

Duplicating the offshore dispute, the officious Prime Minister Harper whom by the way is becoming just more than a little perturbed at those masterminds from Israel who seem to think that running the country is more their job than his, and for that matter little 'Egypt' founded the crypt on top of Capitol Hill in New York's Central Station just a little trolloped from the height of the real thing when the towers which were struck showed little blue sky between the two and three

awaiting, and all those poor boys and girls sitting in the dusty ditches of Iran and Baltimore D.C. (punch word there) seldom did of themselves understand anything anymore that their Congress and so-called statesmen (apart from the officiating good man of Ron Paul who kept him safe and off the streets at the proper given time) as well just wondered exactly who in Congress would step up to the plate next and whip the boys of Capitol Hill on their backsides to let poor Sergeant-to-be-forever Bradley Manning out of his cell for just telling them the over-elated truth?

After all, the troops were depending on Manning to get their own messages across because they too were yelled at loud to keep their ever-loving mouths shut and latched!

Demoted was the poor man and thrown into a dungeon-of-a-sorts, but a leader of leaders among men and women, their sisters alike!

So who hunted down Bradley Manning and turn-coated on him? Well, Julian Assange, the goodly man, would not! - refused! - to turn over documentation to the FBI to pass on to the bridge crew over there in White-House land, simply due to the fact that the man had actually given him nothing at all, and Julian was confused how he was mixed up in all of this, and his genuineness got all cultivated to the enth degree, and Soapmouth over there in Prussia came all unglued when President Putin, Vladimir, interrogated him for the fourteen hundredth time it seemed in order to put the unofficial CIA well out of the business of running another Russian underground coup against him. But the man knew nothing of it, so President Putin, the good man, allowed him to stay within the borders of non-so-porous effamy.

Good Day. Commander-in-Chief of the fools – Hatonn Gyeorgos Ceres, officiating on the bridge of my own ship!

Please put this on as soon as time allows, Private Second Class Airman Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and proceed on with your new assignment I have given you with file cabinet-ting the writs. I understand that the Captain will assist you.

Good Day lad, and thank you, Captain Uthrania, for your stake in all this, and close off channel frequencies out of Washington North, and CIA certainly understands that code. Good Night. Commander Hatonn over and out on transmittal frequency 4.2 dupont.

Uthrania: Tying off all transmittal channels SE of Washington, Washington D.C. North, as well as 4.6 in Maryland, and Hinton, Canada, at 4.9. Good Day and Salu. Tying off all ultra frequencies, gentlemen and ladies of the far reaches of the North-West in Canada South Perimeters Foulton and Foxtrot 9.4 10. 11.17 off channel, Good Night. Tying off at 6:27 pm Pacific Mountain time, Ryley, Alberta, Canada. Good Night. Out.

Hatonn Files: Entry 15

September 14, 2013 6:00 pm

5:36 pm

Uthrania: Lieutenant Waldorf, I am seated and ready for Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Esquire of the Rotten Nations.

Lieutenant Ralf Cummings: Lieutenant, Jack Waldorf just slipped out for a moment, Commander. He will be right back. (He offers me a salute which I return. – Rania)

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: Captain, Sir! (another salute offered. – Rania) Captain, the Commander just stepped on board and would like to officiate early as possible. If you are ready I will inform Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn.

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant. I am ready immediately. Please go ahead and inform the Captain.

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: Aye, Captain.

(Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn strides onto the bridge with his long legs post scripting each other in their stride. He sports a navy blue tunic with long leggings attached to a frontal outfit of quill green, and immense book in his hands. In a harsh voice the Captain speaks. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Whosoever has the tenacity to recall that book I have had written in my own words, because he or she on this bridge crew believe that indeed I must have lost my mind in referring to it for my own dictational purpose at this tender time in Earth's history the very historical facts of the earth, Angorius, of which many of you have not even been on, never mind, never even reincarnated upon, yet KNOW of how I who work there in the highest circles of Washington, D.C., should CONDUCT MY JOB is going to BY MY OWN HAND to the brig, left, right, and center, and should I, **and I will**, find this culprit, (the Captain is steaming angry.....- Rania) that PERSON WILL WISH HE/SHE WOULD BE DECEASED IN ONE SHORT FASHION!!!

(The Captain now lowers his voice. – Rania) Do I make myself clear, Laurence Gale? (Laurence shudders and looks down at his feet unable to make eye contact with Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn. – Rania)

Take him away. (Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn looks darkly at the man in question and seats himself down in his bench chair. The bridge crew waits with almost bated breath and silently resumes their work. - Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Now, Uthrania, I am a little early, I must admit. I need take care of a little business first. Are you prepared for my dictation today? (The Captain gives me a brief smile of chagrin. – Rania)

Uthrania: Yes, Commander. I am at the ready to begin on your signal.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Good then! The ‘Pollock’ in Germany first invented the ‘wheel of auspicious’ all over again, and why is a verb placed in front of a noun which could and should have also been used?

Do ye ones who read my words decide also that you know better than me? Perhaps then to some a greater promotion is necessary to remove your elected leaders off the chair of sullen attitudes which would indeed be seen to ‘cultivate’ the router off the front desk of President Obama’s First Office door, or so it would seem.

But don’t you think for a moment that I, Hatonn, the reigning supreme of a Luckstop Crew of White House delinquents, **DO NOT KNOW MY BUSINESS, GENERALS, CORPORALS, SERGEANTS AND LIEUTENANT-GENERALS!! BECAUSE I, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF HATONN SIT SQUARELY OVER YOUR TALL SHOULDERS BECAUSE I AM COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE NEWLY SELECTED SHADOW GOVERNMENT!**

(The Captain stands and then seats himself back down again. A Lieutenant brings him a glass of watery liquid, non-alcoholic. – Rania)

But can ye ones with all your signals find me, Hatonn? Not on a square enth of your globe can you do that. I am also a globetrotter and a relic of the Queen of England, and if Tony Blair, that officious diabolical one, cannot find me, **then how without a shadow of doubt can any of you?!**

No? I thought not. (Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn rubs his slight beard. – Rania)

Now, prestigious, are we not, Colonels? And Generals of the Turkish Regime, as you call it inofficially, how do you fare when in dry-dock and in barracks, your countless lady friends all tell you they are Muslim? Quite a shock I don’t think, do you, Generals?

Oh well, let us now turn away from the gravity of your ‘affairs’ with one another, and *remember* that Higgins, commanding the Elexire Intrepid of which you have never heard of, so-called gentlemen, ...check the spelling of the ship and you will see I have not been mistaken.., will gravitate toward your position and hold you in dry port if they so desire! **So stay well away from the Bermuda Triangle and OUT OF THE GULF OF ADEN!**

FOR YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN OF THE IRISH NAVY AS WELL, AND OH, YES, WE FOUND YOU ALSO LURKING AROUND IRAN, WE WILL NOT WARN

YOU MORE THAN ONCE! AND ONE TIME IS ALL YOU GET SO MAKE SURE, COMRADES, THAT YOU PASS THIS LETTER WELL AROUND TO THE OUTFIT WHO GUARDS, IF THAT IS WHAT YOU CALL IT, *THE BRIGADE FROM THE SOUTHERN PORTS OF IRAQ*, AND FOR THAT WE COULD SINK YOU TO YOUR GRAVES!!

WE ARE NOT SPONTANEOUSLY 'KIDDING' WITH YOU, BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE IRISH NAVY, FOR OUR IRE IS UP AND RUNNING, AND YOU HAD BETTER BE WELL FOREWARNED, FOR 'OUR NAVY' IS BLOOMING UP IN YOUR SKIES, AND WE ARE BY FAR BETTER EQUIPPED THAN ANY OF YOU COULD EVER HOPE TO BE IN THIS GENERATION OF VIPERS!!

GOOD DAY. COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL 'ARTILARY STARSHIP VOYAGERS!' HATONN GYEORGOS OVER AND OUT!

Please tie off all neutron frequencies, Captain Uthrania, dear, and Jamie, do not be afraid to put this on, because you are a staunch man of good and wise character, but for the times at the end we must always cooperate with each stanza, and in doing so do I take full responsibility for my downtroop of which you and Uthrania are as One hand and body, and therefore take care also, our dear Reni, of cultivating this segment when you are fully awake.

Do not touch our prophets, as you tend to call our command. *That is my final word this day to each of you!* Hatonn, Commander of Them All! Sign off signal countdown, Uthrania, Captain of the Larynx for a day. Good Evening, Good Day, and Good Night from my locale. Hatonn out.

Uthrania: Signal countdown for Commander-in-Chief Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Lucy 6, Foltron 4 plex 9. Jupiter 7; Pollex 4.5 and telepathic transmittal wave frequency 4.7 8 9. Command Central over and out at 6:18 pm

(Inclusion to be entered into the record by my hand alone):

Note: Private 2nd Class Airman, Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez and Commander Reni Sentana-Ries have refrained from putting on two delicate Hatonn Files at my command, alone.

This in no wise reflects toward their withdrawing their hand from such officious work. I feel Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn may not be aware of this. I will inform him. This File in particular carries along with it a particular ominous warning and is considered dangerous to activate on the internet by those in commission of the Federation of Unified Starships. Hence the warning.

- By my Sign and Seal this Fourteenth Day of the Ninth Month of the Gregorian Calendar Year of Two Thousand and Thirteen. - Captain and Commander Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez)

Hatonn Files: Entry 16

September 17, 2013 6:00 pm

5:26 pm

Lieutenant Waldorf: The Captain will be along in another ten minutes, Sir. – Lieutenant Waldorf, Exchange student for protocol.

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant. I will be back in ten minutes.

Lieutenant Waldorf: Aye, Sir.

5:34 pm

Lieutenant Waldorf: The Captain 's on board, now, Sir.

Uthrania: I am on stand-by, Lieutenant. Please inform the Commander upon entry.

Lieutenant Waldorf: Aye, Sir.

5:36 pm

(Commander-in-Chief, Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn gaits across the room like a rubber raft is under his feet. He is dressed in the Navy Blue Uniform of the Stripes and Stars and sports one big towel on his left and right arm. The Captain speaks. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: (Well the broadband Jamie, my son, works just fine we have noted and now no more cause to slacken up on any words we might have on any given day. This is not for the record, son, so please remove.)

Good Evening, my family, and how is Sir Reni doing up his work rations at this time? And Captain Uthrania Seila and Lieutenant Waldorf, welcome onto my bridge. Get every single word in place there, Jamie, and thank you for the excellent work. We will be sure to recommend you to the rest of our senior staff. Would you like that? Good. Then more work will be caught up to be in store for you, and your Captain Uthrania Seila will assist you at my command. Is that a problem for you, Captain?

Uthrania: Not in the least, Sir.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Good. Then let's all get started today with a quip from our very own Lord St. Germain, as so many call him by.

“The sensor rays of the beam of the sun will let in no more light than the moon at its twilight place in the overall astronomicals of intergalactic pleasure. – Germain of the Tank Top Version, and we are certainly not referring to clothing.”

Lord St. Germain: Thank you, Commander Hatonn, and Adieu. Put this on in Italics, please, Uthrania and give to the lad.

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. It is done.

Lord St Germain: I refer not as the “lad” to our Jamie, but indeed to the brush cut sitting astride a donkey chair in the arbortorium.

Now, I will turn the lesson of the day back unto the finest touch on words which a gentleman can have, Commander-in-Chief Luxon Jenkins. As you wished, Captain Hatonn.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Go ahead. Thank you, Sir Germain.

(Lord St. Germain nods his head briskly toward Commander-in-Chief Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn and rises up out of his chair and leaves the room. St. Germain, as the name has so stuck to him throughout the centuries, is dressed in an off-coloured white linen frock with blue tapestry woven throughout the bodice. It is short with a tank top covering the back panel of his trousers which are of a luxury green-blue cyan colouring with brocade stitching in layers along the bottom of the flat cuff. He sports finely laced soft suede light brown leather boots and carries in his hand a magnificent book of lightly woven silk binding stitched though a soft white leather cover. St. Germain leaves the deck. Commander Hatonn begins to speak. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: It is our custom to not begin before the hour, and I am afraid that we will be holding to this tradition of-a-sorts due to the time gap from one continent to the ‘nother. (Commander Hatonn looks down studying something at the foot of his chair and then with a short sigh he continues. – Rania)

The dwarf poles will be our next topic of discussion, Captain Uthrania Seila, and for this we will need two pens at work. Please place on line Dharma and Francesca of NY and Poland and precisely at 6:00 am in one time zone and 6:00 pm on another time zone will we begin so the difference will not be slight. Then we will draw our wings and leave.

Uthrania: Transmittal frequencies 4.9 for Dharma, and 5.6 for Francesca open on Dute Wave 17.9. Thank you, Scribes, of the highest degree.

6:00 pm

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Alright then, if everybody is now in place, let us begin.

(Quote)

“Caricature of the two aligning poles will present to us no problem, Mr. Gore, for the precision team of demonstrating to the world just what HAARP can do ...is up to, is a guaranteed piece of philosophy inasfar as the world press run by J... can determine.

But not all is lost, AI, for the top soil in the Baltic States are overrun by toadstools and rodents of all natural causes, and because the Baltic States are known for their sewer ailments of Rat creatures preying on the almighty toadstools and black small serpents, HAARP will display absolutely no memorandum to the offshore drilling of the Baltic Sea, and then will Israel continue to flourish.”

“**AI Gore:** I see. Thank you, Rushmore.”

(End quote)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Now, this little bit of ditty did I take from the banks of the White Winds which ship has stupendously time after time relaxed not one grip upon those whose words are seen to be trapped by our own small disks which we rotate as circles throughout the air, trapping and catching information.

Air raids, you say? In a form of way, yes, you could call them that. We are vastly amused when we call them ‘Globetrotters of the Elitists.’ Cunning in our arbitrary way, would you not say, Jamie? So wonder not any more, my lad, about orbs off in the skies; of your bathroom; and air outside, for we listen and trap voice waves anywhere we please, and we are your friends after all, and a multitude of devices do we have at our beck and call, and because we are so astute as to mold our trans-frequencies at a range where you really cannot catch us, your hands will bypass and even pass through our large open air tunnels which you have girded yourselves within with your brother from time to time.

Good work, laddie, for all said and done, you have earned your rank. Now on with the remainder of the prestige report from those who wish the chair more than they did many years ago.

Here we have piqued our sights upon the Generals of the U.S. Navy, and do you know just why we have done that, Generals? Is it because you have lost more family to infamery than other Colonels and such elements?

Not at all, Generals, of mine own troop. It is more or less due to the ranking of the High Flying Core Boys, the Blue Beret, whom are seldom referred to nor spoken of by the general unsuspecting public. But they, likened unto other assassins are often found in the immense jungles of the Congo, and brash as it must seem, there is no way on earth that they can find and capture our little globetrotters, for we are the real masters of ingenuity. And because of it we lace our cyanide with a little turquoise paint and plaster and divert attention away from

our orb-like surfaces which remain as bubbles but are as solid as rubber. And why can your hands pass through them, little ones? Because, Jamie, they run at a frequency which we alone know, for we have set those frequencies at a higher tuning level.

Does that all make sense to you, son? We take it your interest in our orbs has been somewhat precisioned over the years, so take not our works vested by ourselves with a grain of salt and remember, son, that we take not lightly those memorandum written all across the net of our accomplishments, when the personalle who write them have absolutely no understanding at all of that which they only 'think' that they do.

Sign off all channel frequencies, please, Uthrania, and get a grip on the sidecock of the book at large which I, Hatonn, Esquire of a lot more needy nations than you would ever believe will begin to write along with you and your taking down my dictation once the blessed arrival of our troops to your door is evident once and for all. Good Night, and tie off all channels, Scribe. Adieu.

Captain – in – Chief of all U.S. Military Armed Forces, **and for those of you in tandem whom still think I am an item to be avoided at peril of your own lives, may I commend you on your literary of brilliance within your own craniums, for you are all quite right.** Hatonn signing off and out!

Uthrania: Closing down all trans-frequencies for Dharma at Pigeon Foot 3.9, and 4.7 for Franchesca in NY South-West Hampton, Good Night.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing off all signals for High Command Central 6:25 pm. Adieu and Good Night.

Hatonn Files: Entry 17

October 8, 2013 4:30 pm

4:19 pm

Uthrania: At the keyboard. Ready on standby for Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Esquire of the Nations Nautical Board.

Lieutenant Foresythe Cambridge: Aye, Sir. The Captain is waiting for you on the top deck, Sir. Will you relocate?

Uthrania: Aye, Lieutenant Foresythe Cambridge.

Lieutenant Foresythe Cambridge: Good, Sir. The Captain is ready.

Uthrania: Good afternoon, Commander Hatonn!

(The Commander is wearing his tucked in navy blues with the single white star representative of a High Council Member. Stripes and Stars outline the single ribbon on his helmet, and cemented together, the lapels on his coat jacket, are the ribbons engraved in leather-like molding, and fastening each boot is the lace of pink and blue representative of Captaincy and Flight Duty. The Captain is ready. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Forsythe is waiting, Uthrania, to take our report to the aft bridge and correspond it down to the other waiting scribes just as soon as your own debut is corrected and finished. Let us now begin. And how are you all three doing on this fine eve of yourn?

Uthrania: In a wonderful humour tonight soon, Captain. I am ready Sir, at your behest. (I smile at Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn. – Rania)

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Responding to the aft deck is Gyeorgos Tenure Jack, who, Uthrania, is the new Senior Staff member who has been just recently assigned to my regiment by your brother Colonel and Staff Sergeant Major Captain Sophram Galiac.

The reason for this quick mention is that I want you to begin to familiarize yourself with the crew members on this deck as you from time to time will be required to accumulate dictation from them in my business of hours on deck 3. Do you understand, lass? Captain?

Uthrania: Aye Sir, Captain Hatonn. I do.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Good. Then it is now 4:30. Let us begin.

4:30 pm

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Now, for the foremost I did tell and not even just *allude* to my ongoing for quite some time prodigal as running the United States Army Second to none from quite far behind the scenes, lass. And so in doing so many think I have given them a good description of myself in my overall acquaintance to that which I do on a truly 'regular' basis here in Washington, and because of it mine enemies from forsooth far across the seas in Bellingham, Ottawa, off its New Labrador coastal waters and Symington, NY, have all but completely decided contrary to what I have told them, to hunt me down.

But to no avail will they ever find me, for if they do, the lion which is disturbed from its lair will devour its prey before the antelope ever get too close.

A goodly warning, but let us get down to more fundamental business at hand, shall we, Jamie and Reni, and bring down the entire house of cards!

Phil Stopper, the gallant one in a time henchman of the Greek Consulate once told me that if Greece was to be made into a whole nation again without the interference of both the British or the Americans, U.S.A. that is, then the gravesites of both nations' soldiers and soldierettes would need to be accounted for not inside of Greece as though they had anything to do with it, but rather accounted back to the genuine wanting to know where their 'kids' are, in both Great Britain and U.S. stock!

Kids, love, are goats, and to this day we of the higher echelon just do not understand of ourselves just why you would wish to dupe this name on your offspring? Are they not more precious to you, to any of you, than the animals you eat and milk for food? You are indeed a very strange lot even unto yourselves!

Well, henceforth are the Belligrades and their offshoots backing the oil industry and as far as we are all concerned, the Belligrades discussed the odyssey of reprisal to the oil barons as being as of a necessary nature, and because the Bulstrome Industrial boys at the top of one more of the dung heaps recognized the need to pull in the horns of all industrial kooks and libertarians, we of the Hoarse culprits right at the very top of the highest dung heap and rabbit libertarians are moot to go to war with the very ones whom we help now, because our sentiment is not to rid ourselves of the priority to control those in the nest, but the next generation, for those now ruling are just a simpleton race as far as our glossary is concerned.

Well, that is all for now. This is a highly coded memorandum, Jamie, and for those who think my words rather 'shallow' and elusive at this time, may I remind you that 'y'all don't know nuttin!'

So, 'Good Day!' Good Night! you bunch of simpletons at the top of nothing! For your nations can be taken away from you not in a fortnight by any means, **but overnight** in the 'twinkling of your clouded and embossed eyes!'

Please sign off all telepathic frequencies, lass, and close out all channels on purely my behalf. Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Esquire of a lot more than any of you damn well realized!! (Smiles)

Uthrania: Tying off all superseded channel temperance at 4.9 Pollock 10. Giraffe 6 7 and 8 Nautical 4.17. Signing out for Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Illustrious Giant of the Elite at 4:51 pm.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Galiac Team, Barometer7. Good Evening and Good Night. 4:52 pm

Hatonn Files: Entry 18

October 13, 2013 5:30 pm

5:10 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn. Is anyone there?

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: Aye, Sir! We are aboard from AclasisX Intrepid where we have been re-designated to serve aboard the Hyjinx Class 4 Federated Starship, Captained by Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn Esquire when he comes aboard from his offshore duty, Sir. Proceed with the Captain at his 5:30, Sir.

Uthrania: On standby until then. Thank you Lieutenant. Pleased to see you again. (I smile at Lieutenant Jack Waldorf who is dressed in an olive green uniform with red tags on the collar and sporting high top black leather boots with yellow trim cascading down the frontal region and portion of the sides. – Rania)

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: (He smiles back to me, slightly. – Rania) Aye, Sir.

5:30 pm

Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn: Well, little doves, we see you in our minds' eyes, ye both, and three, and realize that the time has shortened substantially, for the existing platform whereas the pinnacle of that which is actually 'unraveling' exists not only in your reality - not only in your minds' eye - but indeed in full *instruction* of the basic stimuli have we served our best to give to you, the human race, that principle of truth of true happenings so kept by the echelon from your minds and eyes as to be indeed the relics of your **true** friends and accompaniment back into your starships who have brought you from home, here to Angorius, that illuminated planet of stars within star bases, and are now back, willing to disperse you once again to those planets of your own level of evolution, but within your selected once lived from star systems and worlds.

And heavenly eclipse is upon us all as the warmongers from this earth have tied the world in an unescapable knot, so they think, with themselves at the forefront of the helm of all world affairs.

But we, of the higher-than-them Echelon From the Stars hybrid not one among us, remain nightly as living proof that ol' Hatonn, Commander of a bunch of nutty nations lead by mongrel States, has at last had his own way through the tenacity of becoming the world's most sought-after and elevated 'diplomat' due to my rise in power from the solid state of Being to the foremost President-Elect of the entire worldly body with all its offshoot stolen sections capsulating around the world belonging to that officious United States of America!

I, Hatonn, Griffith, Pollock Benchmark, (coded for Lucifer Pollack who majors in the distinct theory that darkness might just not exist without him. Captain Hatonn smiles. – Rania) and Captain Alfred James Somajar Korthrox, all do acclaim the full right and symposium in this world, to fixate you all right out of this hell-of-a-mess you all find yourselves within in this most 'nother temperate lifestream!

Now, for those who do not know who I am, let us then leave it that way, for you have obviously not been paying attention, little dupes!

And for those men and women who have been paying 'full' attention, good for you, for you may still find yourselves learning something today.

Offshoot America since the time of the Japanese first traders and pilgrims, who brought the actual Rock of Gibraltar to the mainland in all its significance before the British took over and named it thus, has always had the tendency to railroad the up shank of British Royalty and European stress upon the hunchbacks of the people, railroading them all back into financial trouble.

But the Troubadours of Great Britain and France joined with their families even out of wedlock, much to the utter dismay of Benjamin Franklin who was trying to even then warn the people of America what the Europeans held out as a carrot to them was less than satisfying!

And the old statement Abraham Lincoln described to his Northern Troops: ***that 'Abe Lincoln' was a name which would go down in history - in the history of the enjoined and 'new' United States of America***, as history was 'rewritten' and coded out of textbooks for the younger and newly immigrated generation to be severely duped into believing that the Federal dollar was issued and standardized through the pen of such great statesmen as Abe Lincoln, General Washington, General Grant officiating as representative of signatories.

"Good Day with that, and that is all we wanted to say," stated the Pontiac memoir of the High-In-Tide D.C. districk of all there was to say.

Good Night, Abraham Lincoln!! And Jack Ruby was hired by the same and exact Troubadours out of Great England Banking Cartel, and now you know the rest of the story unless there are those out there of you who are just plain stupid.

In all conscientious endeavor we have fixated upon HAARP the ultra memory of who collapsed and melted it down. But we have no regrets, for our fisticuffs are out and our boxing gloves are on.

One hit and you are down. Good Day. Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, over and out.

Put this on, on your rather ordinary day today, Jamie. For we give to you and Rania, and even Reni a day off from attending to our other business.

Please tie off all circuitry frequencies and telepathic wave currents, Uthrania, my child, and we have all the nuts we need upon this world of pathetic imbeciles.

So Good Night to all the rest of you, and seduce not another into your way of banking practices, Luciferians, but rather serve now to *curtail* the oblong structure standing high in your skies at the end of the rectangle of water with the grass illuminating its green all around, and the Lincoln Memorial with its high glass roof inside the stadium which one day will be built by another generation upon that very ground. Hatonn over and very Out for the Classified Idiots!

Uthrania: Tying off all links to frequencies Penguin 4, Dove Entail 6. And Forsythe, please shut down the ultra wave of Hemmingway Trac 9 Riskae14.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Captain of the Galiac Team (in Training) at 6:00 pm

Hatonn Files: Entry 19

October 18 2013 2:30 pm

2:15 pm

Uthrania: Greetings. I am on standby for Commander Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn, Lieutenant.

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: "Thank you Sir. May I offer you something?"

Uthrania: No refreshments today, thank you, Lieutenant. I will just sit back and wait.

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: "Here comes Captain Hatonn at the doors, Sir, to the main bridge. (The Lieutenant looks at the Telecom View Screen. – Rania) Good Sir!" (Lieutenant Waldorf salutes and answers Commander Hatonn who strides purposefully onto the bridge dressed in blue navy corduroy vest and trousers with short black and brown leathered-type boots, furnished with the red and yellow and green and

pink stripes laced over the tops. He dons no hat at this time. Stripes on the cuffs of his pilot's shirt down the outsides deem his rank as Captain of his ship. The Captain proceeds to his chair, takes a look down at it and seats himself gingerly again as do some of his compatriots. Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn takes a big gulp out of a clear glass and turns to speak to me. – Rania)

2:24 pm

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn Esquire: “Well, we are a few minutes early today, Uthrania, but I would prefer to get started anyway for as usual, I have a lot to always attend to. (*Ahem*) Now, if you are ready, I would like to begin.”

Uthrania: Yes Sir. I am ready.

Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn Esquire: “Good. Well, the topic today, since there are no more questions you wish me to answer at this time, is going to be on the hybrid affiliation of those in the starships akin with others from other worlds within theirs. And that will be it. It will however, be short because I am a very, as I have said on sundry occasions, a very busy man. Even busier than I used to be if that is at all possible. So here is where we begin, Steve.

“I have been told on several occasions that the reason I wear the red headband is because I just love to jog and want the criminals who would see me dead and put in the ground to beware of this man and his possibilities.

“Now this rankles me a little, simply speaking, because I am not in the habit of giving away to anyone my itinerary during my private time, hey Steve? And neither are you. A very private man indeed. Just like me. Good. Now let us get down to brass tacks, and do not bother in replying to these writs and files because, as we have summarily said to you in the past, we do not need more issues to reclaim as our own and wish to keep you as safe as possible. Being kept private and away from the limelight

on privacy issues sits just fine with us, and we would appreciate your further cooperation.

“Same with Mark and Brenda, we see you safe. Good. Now, I really must get on with furnishing you all with a topic of display of which word phrases we really have not lost our ability to express throughout the last twenty tenure of your earth years. Good Day for that one.

“The Buoy Boys are all there is in heaven. Not so. The Buoy Boys are just ‘a summary few’ of those creations in your skies. And you will see them billowing about with balloon shaped effigies, I think the word is, with many prodigals inside who really do know more than how to fly the thing.

“Interestingly enough the Buoy Boys have licked the circuit which your NASA scientists teams have long wondered over. So now I am going to tell them what they have recently all wanted to know.

“We have comradeship among us just as you are to experience the same type of comradeship among each other throughout the nations. So what creates the difference here which other worlds’ resources in less than strychnine pleasure which you all know so much about enter into the picture?

“And why can we not see it in your eyes the tenure of appreciation and agape love for one another? Instead you all behave as though you are having continual seizures and hiccups all the day through – just when you receive a communication from those scientist buffs over there in either Great Britain, Europe, Russia, or yes, **even the Netherlands.**

What, gents, and ladies, on earth is wrong with you all at NASA?!

Is the word ‘hybrid’ so upsetting to the lot of you that you continually are seen by us to squirm deeply within your seats at the mere mention that the monkey chaps and ladies, whom you send up on your equatious

missions out to nowhere in particular, have given you a cause for regret in your officious and horrendous treatment of them?

“After all, they are not people are they? Or have they just not *formed* themselves yet into people? Oh well until you decide whether or not they are really worth the effort to instigate and conduct another experiment, MAYBE YOU WOULD JUST LIKE TO USE ONE OF YOURSELVES INSTEAD AND LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE THESE POOR ‘MUNDANE,’ AS YOU CALL THEM, ‘CREATURES!’ HEY?!

“Let us now look at creation through another eye, and I, Hatonn, the Esquire of another set of fools without end, will lead all you kindergarten boys and girls on another ‘outer space’ journey.

“Shall we now endeavor to see the frankness with which our planetary worlds behave to one another? *To* one another. No mistake there, Peter, thank you for your courtesy in wishing to assist in correcting me. Just everyone hang on and give me a chance to notarize this just a little further.

“Now, most planetary worlds, it is true, are completed with the evolution of hybrids, which in most cases are evolving just like you ones upon your earthen plane. At one time we seeded them, and they grew like plants without water. They grew into weeds and do you know what happens to too many weeds when they do not suck up the living water of truth?

“Of course you do. They wither and they die a physical death. So we take of their souls and replant them again, and this time the sun comes out and they do not run and hide from the sun, the wind and the rain, for the wind tempers them and tests their strength. And so the weeds all pass from one stage into another.

“Now, Jamie, make sure, my son, you get the bolding done on this ‘exquisitely,’ for we must make sure and guarantee good production as

you have been well doing and to our satisfaction, and Rania, quit reading this – just type please. Read it later.

“From world to world do the lifestreams pass, and when the weeds finally come into fruition and we see them turn back into the plants they were always meant to be, the flowers give of scent, the birds come forth, the bees and trees and lilacs have their way, and soon the beauty of the soul shines forth and meets the sunlight half way.

“When these plants come to their end in a physical sense, then we take them and plant them anew upon a world much more fitting toward their beauty, and customary as it may seem, those weeds once beautiful plants and become plants again, have fulfilled the cycle of all those wondrous lessons and are now planted after many experiences and lifestreams upon worlds of beginning paradisiacal structure where the rain and the sun doth shine abundantly and the shade of the Pickalow tree is one which is of the most fascinating nature.

“So grouped together are they, but those who wish to remain weeds may also do so, for they have that freedom of choice to be great, or to be as a weed. After all, it is free choice which will always belong to them.

“However, be careful of the choice, being it freedom and liberty to enjoy nothing of much significance, or being beautiful and intelligent and working within the Federation of all Unified Worlds and Planets as One Great Source of Intelligence and Information to assist those of your own kin who really do look forward toward your information to assist them upward in their own evolution.

“Do therefore, not lie to them any longer.

“And do not keep them as weeds.

“Thank you. Hatonn over and out on Dupont 4.2. Extraordinary channel Pix 5. Good Evening, Good Day, and (yawn) Good Night. Please therefore

tie off all ultra channels for us, Uthrania, Captain of the Fleet. And get yourselves some good rest, lass.”

Uthrania: Tying off all Gulf State channels. Pickering 4 Mastiff 6, and Hemmingway. Lieutenant Waldorf, please see it is put on standby and kept open along with Luzon 12.

Lieutenant Jack Waldorf: Aye Captain.

Uthrania: Signing off all ultra channel frequencies on behalf of Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn. Salu! 3:07 pm

- Scribed by the hand and pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez