

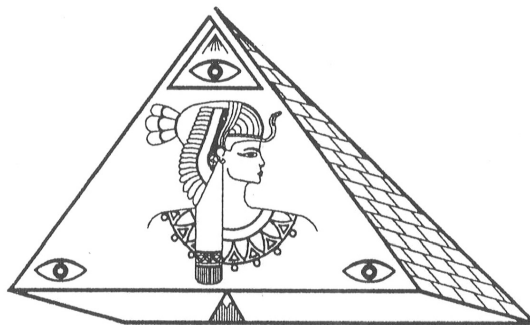
PLAYTIME IS OVER !

GET SERIOUS

By **Captain Jeremiah Higgins** of the Federation of Unified Starships

Telepathically received and scribed by **Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez**

in 2013



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T0B 4A0

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Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez**

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“PLAYTIME IS OVER!”

by Starship Captain Jeremiah Higgins)

INTRODUCTION (by Reni Sentana-Ries)

Playtime is over because the time for wasting it on unproductive doctrines has run out according to the Captain who is the main author of the text which he wants displayed before the people’s eyes and minds in as many places as we can find: on facebook, web sites, in pamphlets, books, reading sites, kindle, or wherever people tend to take time away from their hectic lives to enrich their minds with untarnished truth forms.

All of his words were telepathically received and typed into computer by **Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez** on the date and time shown while in Ryley, Alberta, Canada. It may be translated into other languages by those with confidence to do so, but retain the authors’ names.

So here then are his words he wants the world to consider for their own good:

Captain Jeremiah Higgins' File (Entry 11)

January 5, 2014 4:08 pm

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

Lieutenant: "Aye, Sir."

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

4:13 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good Day to you, Uthrania, Jamie, and Reni. Well, let's get down to more brass tacks, shall we,

Reni, and **display all in front of the public view.** Keep on with your editing, and we shall begin.

Jamie, take to the forefront on more scribings, and Uthrania, thank you, and ready.

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

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

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

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

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

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

They want you dead, and right now!

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

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

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

created for them a place to plunder and destroy your very recreative lives?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Captain Waldorf: Aye Captain.

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

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

Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File: (Entry 1): Where The Captain Speaks On The Continental Shift Of The Planets' Vortexes In Relationship To The Earth – Angorius

The Captain Jeremiah Higgins File (Entry 1)

August 12, 2013 1:39 pm

Captain Jeremiah Ruttex: Captain on the bridge, Sir! Uthrania will you now be seated early, please. The Captain..Captain Higgins, Esquire of Fourteen nations southwest perimeters of Jupiter is on board.

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am in attendance.

Captain Ruttex: Good. Thank you, Captain. (Captain Jeremiah Higgins saunters in. He has on a braided brocade coat jacket with fur lining on the outside of the sleeves. Royal Navy blue. Black shined to a peak, boots, and a Captain's hat in orange trim with lattice work on the collar of the coat. He came in from frosty weather. – Rania)

1:43 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Prepare please, Captain Uthrania Seila, for the tenth nautical realm of serious thinking caps, for all will need them before I am even through.

Uthrania: Sir!

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good. Well if you are ready and we are all here, let us just begin early, shall we, before the Lieutenant, Hargrave's eldest son, comes back on shift.

Lieutenant Hargrave: Seventeen Nautical miles, Sir, from the nearest transport station. Lieutenant Hargrave reporting in for duty, Sir, early!

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good. Thank you, son. Just wait for my command, please. Just take a chair over there, please, and pour out yourself a coffee. (The Captain clears his throat. - Rania)

Let's begin, shall we? Now, our first topic of the day, or evening from our end rather, will deal with The axis of the continental shift.

The axis of the continental is hitherto neither here nor there, and because the cloud of dust particles laden so thickly around the stern side of Jupiter's south pole have settled on the diaphragm of the hinges of Tupour, its furthest moon, gliding far away from the overly obvious design of that part of the universe at large. The Angorius telescopes are unable to penetrate the distance needed to verify what that dust cloud ominously consists of.

Nautical miles now, son?

Lieutenant Hargrave: 4.7. Channel open, Captain!

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Aye, son. Just relay our frequencies and advise them at control station tower 5.6 to send all transmissions further into the universe, rerouting them through the sequence telepathy in one

round-a-bout effort and send it through the “hole.” Thank you. Now we will continue.

We channel the wings and collect all frequency mind waves and tie them in a kind of knot together and send them through the vortex as mass.

That is how we manifest our words from one scribe to another when information of the same and exact nature is needed elsewhere. Therefore, we actually work with very few scribes who are our selected prophets, and prophetesses, as you call them, *down there* on your own unique planet of earth, which we titled long ago with the name of “Angorius.”

Now the tidal waves will come and go upon your small, very small planet *in comparison to many other higher advanced worlds* – but we are able to control to a large point the extreme – *glass of water, please, son.* –

...the extreme temperature in relaxing the corridor which we seldom let anyone not of our fleet travel through in order to bypass the dreaded Van Allen Belt – is only one way we allow oceanic waves to resurface without placing entire continents in danger. So when you have a tsunami, you will notice it only reaches in places just so far, because when the “brim” is full you will see how we switch the undercurrent well back to sea.

It is unfortunate that those scientists of your people are not allowed to do their charm upon the good and holy, so to speak, but must instead follow orders from the Senior Command of the long arm of the military, to be concise, about developing small nuclear waste placed a-deep in atomic miniature bombs, and from there do the Assets place them under the rim. “Get out of there!” **and by automatic detonation set them off!**

Think Japan was an accident or miscalculated effort? No, not in the least.

Boys and girls of the United States Green Beret, let us not fixate ourselves upon the never-ending problematic structure of the boys and girls in D.C.

but rather take of yourself a furlough of a relaxant when ye are all asked to monitor from deep down under and over the skies and in the deep jungles of southeastern Brazil and the flatlands of North–West Africa, and Nelson Mandela curtails your visit for the prime reason. He just ***“Don’t want any more trouble with the United States Officers!”*** for this is a time where relaxants are needed, and so we of the Fourth Command dig in our heels adversely, watching and waiting for a sign of intelligence from Top Brass Command of your regiment, and we pray, if praying was still allowed and could do any good, ***that the great minds which run Washington – Hargrave, son, give me a tablet. Thank you son.*** (Captain Jeremiah Higgins jots something down – Rania) – ***could only oversee their own breaths in the imposturizing of many of their ladies and gentlemen of the illustrious House of Commons up there in Canada’s north, for we are plentifully sure their overall reaction would be one of: “Gross misconduct, Ladies and Gents of the House of Congress! For we, your brothers in arms, surely dictate to your troops as well and want them out of Afghanistan no sooner than our President says “Affirm.”***

So there you go, boys and girls, just a little more to chew on, and the understanding you will gain from this writ, James... sorry.. Jamie, son, will be nauseating to your flesh and brine.

Be impertinent not, for this is my writ, and you illustrious boy will take on your shoulders just that which you take off mine own.

Thank you, Captain Uthrania, and put this on promptly when you have a minute to do so.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire for the Fourteen Nations Southwest of Jupiter’s central moon. Adieu. And sign off for me little prophetess, and have of yourself another relaxing day.

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. I have three more Captains’ coming in later this afternoon. Tying off nautical channel 4.6. Dwarf 11.2 on the Round–a–Bout. Uthrania out. 2:17 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 2)

August 14. 2013 8:00 pm

Uthrania: I am on stand-by for the Captain.

Royal Officer Cambridge: Aye Sir! The Captain is on the aft deck and will be with us shortly. Have a coffee, Sir?

Uthrania: No thank you, Lieutenant. Not at this time.

Royal Officer Cambridge: Captain on the bridge, Sir!

Royal Officer Cambridge: (Speaking to Captain Jeremiah Higgins. – Rania)
Aye Sir! The Captain is on stand-by. Coffee Sir?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: No thank you, son. Good morning or evening is it, your time, Captain Uthrania? And how are you doing?

Uthrania: I am fine Sir. Thank you. I trust you are well?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Aye lass. I am fine as well. So now the great proverbial question.....what are we going to talk about today? How about turnpikes or turn styles? Now there is a topic we have not breached. So what time is it? (The Captain briefs his watch. – Rania) I see, well, a few minutes to go.

(The Captain gets up and leaves his chair. He is out of uniform and wears a silk Komona with a tie belt. He is preparing for an important meeting with not much time to spare. This happens infrequently, but on the small ships there is more of a family atmosphere due to the lengths of time the Captain and crew are away from dry-dock. The Royal Officer salutes the Captain as he walks past. – Rania)

7:55 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Take five for yourself, Captain Uthrania, please. I will see you back here at eight.

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir.

7:59 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: With one minute to go, we are ready to start. Are you ready, Captain?

Uthrania: Yes Sir.

8:00 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins Esquire of the fourteen nations of Juniper 7: Good evening readers! And we trust you are all well and ready to decipher just a little more informational packages as we tend to call them, in order to stretch those conscious brain masses of yours! Good then. Let us proceed for I have other business matters to shortly attend to. You must understand what I mean.

Now, the way incarnations tend to show themselves is through marks on the skin. For instance those of you who have had no polio shots in the arm, or marks resulting from.. on the forehead may notice a severe little indentation on the middle of the skin.

Usually this signifies bullet shots placed just above the nose area and well into the forehead.

Many lifecycles show a tendency in the bodily fluids which are not easily nor readily known as being DNA modified, but in case our Doctors upon our ships do not research them out properly in order to pass crucial information back on to your doctor specialists, but only certain ones of

them, the turnstile back into another round of lifestreams will be known to only surface ONCE the cranium and its juices billow as lactive fluids inside the shell otherwise called the head cavity.

You see, dear ones, birth marks are not all that uncommon and they result in an accumulation of destructive tissue based upon an old injury manufactured in a pass lifestream. They are left as little 'clues.'

Some we venture to call "cluster clues" and those are the red and swollen burn-like patches all over the unfortunate one's face.

These are not known as skin disorders and many times cannot even be masked by makeup nor antidotes.

But not to worry, for this is not your only lifestream and a brand new body will eventually be given without these deformities just as soon as the lesson taught is well learned.

Synchronization of a species of birds for instance with markings all over their feathers is an antidote in a way for those wishing to live entirely in seclusion, but their lessons are to not 'fowl' up but get out there and win!

So is it with the human race and when deformities exist one cannot not readily say: 'Well God created us all as equal.' Otherwise, there would be no blindness unless everyone was born blind. There would be no brain deformities, nor limbs lost over chemical warfare without everybody being born the same. All levels of intelligence would be either up or down completely, and all would be either rich, poor, handsome, beautiful, or downright, what you would term as 'ugly.'

Now, we do have a valid point here, do we not? Ahh, the craniums are beginning to think irregularly, which means something in the brain mass is actually beginning to happen. Glory!!

The synchronization of a partial memory vs. those who have most of their memory restored, happen mostly when you are all children because you have not as yet been brainwashed and deluded by those others who have grown up as brainwashed adults, delusion of life being taught to them by even more seriously deluded people: teachers, ministers, religionists of all categories, and the worst of them all are the ones who think they know 'God!'

Cambridge has among its great staff some of the more personified increments of actually Cambridge type thinking caps when it comes to prose, but again, that does not...in no wise mean they actually understand much of anything which we speak of here today and neither do the majority of your world's doctors.

Well, sign off channel frequency, please Uthrania, Captain of the Deck of all Chagrin to those around you, and remember this verse:

*When the dead arise
Look in their eyes
You will either see
The wisdom gained
Or the seed of doubt
Which games they play
Unto their souls' destructive
Way
And we will always ...
No matter what they say...
Have our way.*

Good Night, and merriment toward the truth being finally told and understood by all those who gait the tips of their minds with more than liquorish turpentine and chewing gum to hold it all together.

Captain-in- Arms well over the Philippines! Good boy, Jamie! Get this on just as soon as your other assignment allotted to you by Captain Korthrox is done.

Adieu and Good Night to you all! Thank you for reading, and may the light within your torsos from top to bottom not be relegated to any less than the brain function. Close off channel frequency please, Captain Uthrania, and Good Night.”

Uthrania: Aye, Sir! Channel frequency closed down at a vibration of 6.2–12–11 4 plex. Uthrania out at 8:27 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 3)

September 16, 2013 6:00 pm

5:30 pm

Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington: Captain will be here in about five minutes, Commander! – Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington

Uthrania: Lieutenant, please inform Captain Jeremiah Higgins that I will be on stand-by at his request.

Lieutenant Jeremiah T. Ludwig-Symington: Aye, Sir.

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks onto the bridge with Corporal Farthingsythe. Both men are dressed in proper uniform, so it seems sabbatical is over for us all. Staged right is the Glimmer Colony which retracts from the real one which is a larger spectrum insofar as size is concerned. Great swaths of light emanate from both colonies, and the Captain’s Ship, the Esquire Intrepid, is on its way to the refueling station in order to deliver up shipments of hard grade cobalt. Dark rings encircle the planet’s face much like northern lights here in the north on earth planet Angorius which seem to stem from one height and side to the other.

Blue navy uniforms with the Stargazer Badge sports the fireflies in formation, and the pink and yellow stripe on the Captain's helmet of a sorts but flat on top, speaks of rank and engagement of duty on one's ship. Black knee high spotless boots are enlaced with a tripod of malarium which is a off-rouge colour and cordoned off at the toe with the majestic silvery-gray toned metallic cap with pink dots to array their rank. The Captain is ready to begin his introductions. – Rania)

5:40 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Welcome Captain Uthrania Seila, and how fair is the weather down there today?

Uthrania: Quite nice though a bit windy, but not really a cold wind, thank you, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Very good. Well, tonight we have a grave story, in a literal fashion and **Arlington Cemetery in West Virginia** is the topic.

Uthrania: Sir, Arlington Cemetery is in Virginia, not West Virginia, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Thank you for reminding me, little dove, but I think in this instance do I know so much better, so bear with me and just take down my words and read afterward what I have had to say. Can you do that for us, dear?

Uthrania: Indeed I will, Sir. Thank you, Captain.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Ahem. (The Captain wipes his nose with his hanky. – Rania) Now, in ten minutes or ...(The Captain looks at his watch. – Rania) ...or a little over, we will begin. So take a few minutes break to yourself, Captain Uthrania Seila, and be back here at six. Will you do that for us – for me – Sir?

Uthrania: Of course, Captain. As you wish. (I rise to leave my chair with coffee in hand. – Rania)

Uthrania: I am ready, Captain Higgins, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Thank you, Uthrania child. And right on time at that. Good! Then we can continue on with our story of the hour.

Now, we all know the ins and outs of the infamous Arlington Cemetery in Virginia's northern regions, just across the Potomac River, do we not? But do we know just why the placard label of "infamous" is placed over the heads of the dwelling residents, hey?

"Not on your life!" you shout! "Captain! Those are our boys and a few women serving and they are to be highly honored! Are they not, Sir!" And I walk through the crowd as they silently disperse after brokering a deal with the devil himself, if he ever existed, to take their loved ones to heaven with the angels and not the other way around, hey?

Well, let me tell you right now, that *infamous* known for its derogatory influence upon the English language as well as all other languages languishing at the feet of the precepil, contours its own meaning that these boys and girls of good stead among their own also held captive in the militaries abroad, have 'died' for the money mongers, the bankers, as well as the corporate powers and White House Globe Trotters all over the earth in a fixation with the Powers-that-be so keen on sending them forth with the American flag in tow into dangerous territory which their leaders in the Military Brass and White House have made enemies of, and then many of these same boys and girls in tank tops and jeans not so long ago come back in the middle of the night in tubes so the American public cannot become aware of their return in the night to West Virginia gravesites, far away from the Arlington Group, for the parents, friends, and relatives belonging to the American Troops will one day search Arlington for a clue but never find them there.

And we all know why.

Fascinating? Truth always, beloveds, is fascinating! Too bad you have so little of it coming out of the textbooks and minds of your most intellectual men and women without them getting erased along with their itinerary for all school and university curriculum.

So now let us talk about Arlington Cemetery, West Virginia, and just why the Brass in the White House chose this site. Do not mix up the Brass of the Presidential Chair with all military structure, for many Colonels and Generals abroad don't even know of this place. Alright then.

They just control the email for the 'departed' in order to throw off questionnaires from family and friends. In fact, the great military arm of CSIS in Canada's North, as the Americans call it, have a separate outlet or 'office' position whose job it is to email the friends and folks back home with a 'gift' of "How ya doing, Mom and Dad?" from one dead soldier!

"Oh well," say the military, "one more bit the dust and we all liked good old Henry Parsons (code name) after all! Rest in Peace lad, but we just can't tell your folks yet. Sorry. But know this, soldier!, you did not die in vain! Israel is all the richer!!" (Laughs).

Now, we are not here to hurt anyone's sentiments, **but if you people DO NOT BEGIN TO WAKE UP TO WHAT THE POWERS WHICH SIT OVER YOU IN GLASBURY DO, THEY WILL FOREVER SACRIFICE YOUR CHILDREN UPON THE ALTAR OF THEIR OWN DISPAIR!!**

AND WE ARE HERE TO MAKE SURE THIS DOES COME TO AN END BEFORE TOO MANY MORE OF YOU ARE LOST TO THIS WORLD IN PHYSICAL COUNTINANCE, MY FRIENDS OF MILITARY CIRCLES!

AND THIS IS FOR YOU TOO, GENERALS! FOR YOUR OWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS CHOOSE TO FOLLOW IN YOUR FOOTSTEPS, AND YET MANY OF YOU, EVEN WITH ALL OF YOUR SENIORITY, DO NOT HAVE THE

FAINTEST CLUE OF WHAT IS GOING DOWN IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWNS, VILLAGES, CITIES, AND STATES!

Now, for those of you who wish to be returned back to Georgia, Atlantic City is not the place for you to be. Roadsters on the brim of collapse are shaking the very bridges to their foundation, and then, **LOOK OUT! GEORGIANS!!**

Now quickly, before we close, let us return our attention once again to the subject material of our choice:

Arlington Cemetery, West Virginia. Well, we have a State called Virginia with an Arlington Cemetery, so the boys in Brass back in Hoots Ville suggested to Obama's newest man, the Pope of all Lunatics, Liebermann, Phillip, and you figure that one out, that West Virginia would also be a credit to the military dead due to the fact that Arlington in Virginia was suffering a crop deficiency not, but rather an overflowing of parsons body bags. So there you have it. Two different Arlington's, *and two different reasons, save for that of the best, why they are all buried there.*

Good Night, and it has been somewhat less than an extreme pleasure in announcing this 'grave' story, for our hearts, minds and souls exclaim wildly against such treatment of such severely-duped American and Canadian boys and girls!

Good Night to each of you, and **WAKE UP FOR GOD'S SAKE, PEOPLE, BEFORE YOU SACRAFICE ANOTHER GENERATION OF YOUR NEWBORNS!**

Good Day from my end. Colonel, please see to it that Captains Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez from the elusive at times Galiac Team Members, as well as Captain-in-Arms Ceres Gyeorgos Hatonn, as well as Corporal Penticton, *no mistake there*, Jamie, just italicize "no mistake there" are taken to the dry bar and poured a drink of our finest non-alcoholic liqueur.

Captain Uthrania, please signal when you are done with dictation in rapid sequence, and please tie off all stations. Good Night.

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Closing off station 4.9 Pulmont 7.6. 5.8 and Desktop 4 9.5. Thank you, Lieutenant, Corporal, and Venus 14.9 7 for your affiliation with Desktop 19.8. Tie off all frequencies to telepaths and grate the surface station of the Larynx with a Sapphire stone made of heliograph. 17.9 coded channels out at Memorandum Day 6:34 pm. High Command signing off all frequency channels out of Portsmouth, Pennsylvania. Code 9.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez of the Galiac Team out of Norseman. Captain Sophram, please coordinate. Thank you, Sir. Over and Out. Mean Time 6:36 pm. Salu

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 4)

September 21, 2013 4:00 pm

3:25 pm

Uthrania: I am at the keyboard, Captain. Lieutenant please inform Captain Higgins I am on stand-by, please.

Lieutenant Syrus Griffin: Yes, Sir. I already have, thank you, Sir. Syrus Griffin, 2nd Lieutenant of the Major Down Forces at your service as well, Sir. The Captain will not be on board for another fifteen minutes, Sir. Shall you wait? May I get you anything, Sir?

Uthrania: No thank you, Lieutenant. I will be back shortly.

3:40 pm

Uthrania: I am back, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire of the Seventeen furthest-most nations off the rim of Quandra Six: Good Morning, my time at least, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and congratulations on your fine promotion into Senior Top Command of the Galiac Team. We are all finely proud of you.

Uthrania: Thank you Commander Higgins. I am ready to take your dictation down, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Fine and dandy. Just a minute, lass, whilst I accumulate a little bit of water in my glass. Just hold on.

Uthrania: Yes, Sir.

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins is wearing the blue-green uniform of an Injunction Police Force from Terriaus Four due to the fact that he was training a squadron for Military Duty and as such is the Commander gracing the deck dressed more like a clansman in his paltry attire than a Captain of the Federated Union of Starships.

But leave no doubt, this Captain has a very powerful ranking among all Senior Officers upon his ship and the Federated Star Base in particular. Highly polished and sheened brown high top boots made of real simulated leather, not unlike what you may wear upon Angorius, your earth, yet much different, for they do not wear as a plastic material which do not keep your feet and legs from sweating.

In addition to the uniform of a mildly blue-green colour, the Captain sports his ribbons still attached to his hat's paten black brim, and his consort rallies around Captain Higgins much like a hen clucks to her chickens, telling him this and that in a wag like tongue with brief periods of relaxation. Soon the Captain, following dictation, will retire to his quarters and change into his proper attire of a lime green uniform with Military stripes engaged.

Here comes the Captain now with his tumbler full of water. - Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: (Standing and sipping his water. - Rania) Well then, lass, since you're here let us not waste any more of your nor my precious time, and we will begin. Now what was the last entry, do you remember?

Uthrania: Sir, you spoke about Arlington Cemetery in both Virginia as well as West Virginia, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Ah, I see. That is correct. So I did. Well then, how about today we tackle the Brass at the very top of the Military Dung Heap, and we are NOT talking about the Generals in general but rather those who set about to undermine their home-grown authority and infringe upon their standard in front of their troops. Ready, Captain Uthrania, lass?

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good. Now, we can recall all the forces of detrimental behavior, and what we mean by this is: The forces so attuned to the raking they acquire at Fort Knox and West Point have now come under fire for the dehumanizing of their souls and pocketbooks if they don't behave, because some of them just hate the thought of taking their knives and slicing off the little legs of the puppies they have grown to love by the relishing consent of their commanding officers, ***for they are NOT TO FEEL THE PAIN OF ANOTHER HUMAN BEING IN BATTLE SAVE IT BE THAT OF THEIR FALLEN COMRADE, BUT NOT THE PAIN OF THE PERCEIVED ENEMY!***

And if you think for a red squatting moment that that is too much to stomach then let me tell you, you have actually heard nothin' yet, as they say so 'uneloquently' up there in the South-Northern country.

The main firing line will make up of brutally engaged soldiers who would rather die than actually fire upon another human Being, and here is where Immigrants come into play, Sirs, Generals!

In order to become a citizen these days of the United States of all J---Control, Brigadier General Simpson instructed the Mexicans and Turkish, Polish Immigrants that if they wished to obtain a green passport

to stay within the hallowed walls of the suffrage they call the *United Emirates* or rather, sorry, United States, then they would first need to be repealed not for duty on the war front. And should they survive, why, then real Citizen papers will be issued them along with a stamp for the food bank until their real cheque came in, if you get our drift.

Why do you think so many Americans are 'mad' about the turn their so-called Government has taken after so many years of "doing things right?" We don't think so. And what of the immigrants themselves? Does mortar duty strike any of their fancy? We highly doubt it. But what chance do they have with a crowd like the White House at this time and place running the entire country into the brink of utter collapse and disaster?

Will President-elect Obama suffrage lasting words again upon his people while he runs for re-election? Or will he even make it back to the ballot box?

Well, hares often run faster than turtles, and when the dragon-fox catches up with the Bird of Prey then all hell breaks loose and the dragon-fox catches the hare who never paid much mind to the fostering of the dragon-fox at all in his or her entire life.

But NOW attention must be paid to those immigration workers who offshond with much of your money, people, in order to relapse not themselves back into poverty as the President of Thailand, so to speak, as well as the Emperor of China's North sasquatches. Now think what that would mean, little ones, along the entire rim of Polish natural resources whilst the United States of New England (think of what the dual purpose of this statement), lads and ladies, tidies up all around Greece and foments the alcohol content right out of both Ireland and butch crazed Greece and its Ducabor State, here is another one for you, *Italy*.

So that is where we will leave this file in your hands, Jamie dear boy, and continue on with your studies with Lieutenant Waldorf who will shortly be

assigned to your promotion into second commander after a few years have been finished.

Boy, you needwell, Captain Sananda has already covered this with you as well as your Captain, Uthrania Seila Sentana–Ries–Cortez, Captain of the Galiac Team, and your part in all of this is no less than fascinating. You have much to look forward to, lad! Brief over for today.

Please sign off for me, Commander Luxton, and take the Bridge whilst I am gone. Good Day, Captain Uthrania, and well wishes to you all. Please close off all unnecessary channels including Deuteronomy 15.4. Good day.

Uthrania: Thank you, Sir. Tying off all stations SW of Bridgetown, Milford, and Island Highway. Temperance 4.6 2, Nosthouse Forment station 12.9, Venus 2. Tying off all unnecessary stations for transweaving the signal, off for 8.7 realm 12. Thank you Lieutenant Waldorf and Colonel Picston.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana–Ries–Cortez, Commanding Officer of the Galiac Team, in training. Thank you, Sirs. Signing off at Bridge time 4.1 meters into the far side of history. High Command signing out at 4:23 pm. Adieu.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 5)

October 22, 2013 2:00 pm

1:45 pm

Uthrania: I am on standby, Lieutenant Jakobson.

Lieutenant Jakobson: Aye Sir. The Captain will be on board in just a few... Oh, here he is now, Sir. (Lieutenant Jakobson then speaking to Captain Jeremiah

Higgins opening the conversation with another salute in which the Captain salutes his respect back. Captain Higgins walks on deck. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Well, hello, team! And you, Captain Uthrania! So good of you to come on board early. And how have you and your husband been, lass, since I last spoke with you?

Uthrania: Jamie and I are just wonderful, and enjoying every moment of every day. And you, Sir, may we enquire as to your health?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: (The Captain gives an open smile. – Rania) Both, my health and comportment, couldn't be better. Thank you, lass. (Captain Jeremiah Higgins tips his head to the right side and gives me one of his very rare fondly sweet looks. Then the Captain, in straightening his head, produces before the crew and myself the most sternest of looks. I guess we are almost ready to begin. We wait... – Rania)

1:53 pm

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins stares at his watch... time is ticking by. – Rania)

1:54 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: All right, lass, then let's just begin. If you are ready?

Uthrania: Yes, Captain Higgins, Sir, I am ready when you are.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: (The Captain clears his throat with barely a sound. – Rania)

Tripoli is the center of all attraction in this 'tenth' hour of the world's habitation, and because of it all foreign-backed forces have equally decided that they really don't want any American/British forces gallivanting around their area of Tripoli.

France has invaded too, and we know that since Qadaffi was so ironically done away with, for his sense of justice permeated mine own in so many ways, we have since stressed to the newcomers to do away with the new banking system and revert back to the Qadaffi era.

But now what about Tripoli, France, Hungary, Japan, Russia, Italy's southern/northern border regions, and last but definitely not least, the Pollocks in Japan in the easternmost regions?

Not so, little Japanese men and women? Just... look about you a little harder, and please don't you come down hard on them with all indigestion! The majority *are* very nice people... (Captain Higgins, tongue in cheek- Rania) ...today anyway.

Now then, seriously now, down to brass tacks, as the British Queen, Uthrania, has had her plentiful fill of both her Prime Minister 'Higgins Cropford' *figure that one out, loves*, and the very 'unbashful Earl of Washington-works.'

Forecaste on the upcoming media circus will the officious and still beautiful Queen Elizabeth the Second quell the rift between the American Hybrid Congress, as she terms them in her rather quaint but interesting habit of speaking, and her own 'God-given' House of Parliament.

By watching them all we hardly think any god-save that of the Hellions themselves have much if anything to do with their placement, save that of the general man George Galloway. Generally he is the man of the hour over there in Great, or not so Great at least in our eyes, Britain!!

(Ahem) Well, Piccadilly to them all! In fact, if Lucifer were still on the ground in his former placement or attire, he would offer up himself as the next candidate for the U.S. Presidency, but the Al Gore of the hour has his eight years almost used up. So we will wait and see what turn of events he may proclaim of himself to be - or run into - if you get our meaning, **LOUD AND CLEAR.**

Not so much to do today, little one, and Commander Hatonn you have on your roster at 4:30 your time, little one. But barricade not yourselves in, for a presumptuous event in all the world's true and relative history is soon to go down, and **in the event of all transmissions of this world's currency, the banking establishment may well find itself without computer comprehension *if they do not release our men, our women and our ships.***

Are we understood here?

Dry gulch.

You *know* what we mean, Generals!

The banking establishment is 'critical' to the outlay of your world's industry.

Critical, yes, but not necessary. ***For we have our tendency in the hour of replacing all criteria with the best-known and practiced solution!***

So just quit dive bombing our men and you will begin to understand the reality of that which you now face, and if you won't listen to us, then your own demise will be evident.

We **will** leave it all up to you.

You *do* have at least 48 hours.

To wrack your minds!

Be safe. **Do things our way for once, or we are going to tear down the remainder of your exquisite broadcasting system, and remember our scribes are all most telepathic, so they will at any given time period still know what is going on.**

Good Night. Rupert Murphy, please shut off that damned air conditioner before I freeze to death!! Colourful metaphors excluded!

And sign off channel composite 4 9, please, for us, Captain Uthrania, and have a most pleasant afternoon to ye all. Captain Higgins out.

Uthrania: Closing down all channel bariums at indicated prix al, interim 4.9. Luzon open at coordinate 12 and 8. Good Day and Good Night, Captain. Signing off Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Acting Captain in training of the Galiac High Flying 'Fireflies' Team coordinate - Gentry 4 5 Plum. Coordinate with 6 on Station 9. Out for High Command. Finish. Stop. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez out at 2:22 pm Gallant5 pix6.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 6)

October 25, 2013 6:30 pm

6:15 pm

Uthrania: On standby for Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon.

6:18 pm

Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon: Aye, on the ready for the Captain in the dry dock, Sir. He should be available any moment, Captain. Just give the Captain five minutes more, Sir, if you will.

Uthrania: I will wait accordingly, thank you, Lieutenant.

6:23 pm

6:22 pm

Lieutenant Jeffries Solomon: Captain's on board, Sir.

Uthrania: Thank you, Lieutenant.

(I watch as Captain Jeremiah Higgins strides across the deck with his broad shoulders, attesting to a gray-blue uniform with buttons of brass lilac, and Hemmingrade pasted across his shoulders, as they say. Not in so many words, but as a testimony of exactly who he is.

Long strides take the Captain to his bench chair where he also sits again most gingerly upon the cushioned seat. Captain Jeremiah Higgins is motioning me to speak. – Rania)

Greetings, Captain Jeremiah. Whenever you are ready, Sir, I am ready to begin. (I smile at Captain Higgins. Again I wait. – Rania)

6:30 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: (Consort to the Queen 'Elizabeth' in another time, another stream. So he is back to help her, to assist, once again. – Rania)

Alright, if we are now ready to begin, I will consort with Peter Higgins at another time. So! (Captain Higgins sits heartily back in his chair shifting his rather large torso into a comfortable position. – Rania)

Today, let us begin rather shoddily with an abrupt ending to our story which will be told in degrees by Captain Gyeorgos Ceres Hatonn. My loves, how will the nonsense of religiosity be capsulized?

Well, by degrees, we would say. Churches downed by the very hand of man on the oceanic floor planting this bomb and that, shifting the very plates which Islands and main lands sit upon!

Is it worth a farthing then to keep all astronomical tenure, rationing and teachings to oneself, Steve, or should the whole of humanity instead relish that which the stars hold? Now that is the question.

But by far, our dearest friend of the hologram epics, do we section off a little at a time, the gulf which hold our ships to the bottom down, or so it would seem.

But, when the Ram leaves the Sheep, and the Coiled Snake leaves the Rabbit Hare and the Fox, then Chinese 'sorcery,' as the Catholic church calls it and them, are temperance in conjoiling the epitaph of all religiosity to the detriment of no-one.

After all, dear friend, we have already begun in coordinating the seasons to our own regret, for our standards will never be yours as a peoples, and Hemmingrade did their best for a season and a half, and because the Chesipique in New Orleans, and yes, there *is* one there (bold 'is' please, Jamie, my boy) and the Fire Fox left the pieces all over the place whilst Microsoft did in the Big Apple with only a half of a season, left....

Now, Steve, we know you are getting very used to our cryptic linguistics, and yet your continual frustration shows in the way you hold your pen. But fear not that the stars begin to leave for their journey homeward, for no one whom we have already alerted will be left behind **UNLESS** they choose to follow their own path of least resistance and make us wait until the hour is past which we can assure you we will not do.

We do have a schedule to make, and our worlds and their times are all there is. So everyone prepare for the Great Take Off, and though some may bite the bullet in comprehensive study and decide they can trill our hand into their own bullet proof mouths, **WE TELL YOU THIS:**

We are not of the obstinate makeup, but neither are we imbeciles, and when we go we will not longer wait.

Good Day, and put this on at your own expense not, Jamie, for the cloud covering in your skies and Rania's too are the same bout of strawberry jam, and a good son will it take to bring this world back about!

Good Night and Good Day from where we are at.

Simon Jennings, close off the fan please, before I catch my death of cold! Commander-in-Chief of Luxon, 'Minnesota' left rank up unto Hemmingrades in the Clouds. (The Captain smiles. - Rania)

And please now tie off all channel frequencies, Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and beware of all who come calling in the name of the Brotherhood of Light!

We do mask our behavior from time to time, and the pixels in the outermost limits, Jamie, are the twinkle stars in your and Rania's skies. Watch them both tonight therefore as your time preceded the ultimate test, and that is from the goodness of our hearts. Commander Higgins, Jeremiah, over and out on subway frequency 2.4 Dupont.

Uthrania: (I smile at Captain Jeremiah Higgins. - Rania) Tying off Dupont 2.4, Ultra wave 5.6 and Nuance Hemmingrade 7.10. Lieutenant Waldorf, please ensure Luzon 12.6 sub-altrain, and 4 and 5 be left wide open for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Thank you, Sir. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the Galiac High Flying 'Fireflies' and Team signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins of High Command. Station 10 close out. Adieu.

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Thank you, lass! 6:52 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 7)

October 28, 2013 3:00 pm

2:47 pm

Uthrania: Lieutenant Cummins, I am Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana–Ries–Cortez. Please advise Captain Jeremiah Higgins that I am on standby for his dictation today.

Lieutenant Cummins: Thank you, Sir. I will tell him straight away, Sir.

(Five minutes later, Captain Jeremiah Higgins strolls onto the deck wearing a one piece collage suit of greens, reds and beige hues. The Commander smiles at me and takes his seat on the bridge. Captain Higgins waves his hand for all to proceed as normal, and turns gravely toward me. Commander Higgins loosens his brigadier’s tie around his neck and proceeds with a reminder to all aboard his ship. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Please resume the ‘Epitaph of Finance’ of Mr. Sentana–Ries as according to initiative practice and warn off the financiers as preceded by those who instituted them in the first place. Good Day. (The Captain turns to me again. – Rania)

Now, Rania, here we are already at High Tide, and what do we mean by that, lass? Just the grave dug all too soon by those who would not be listened to and obeyed, and because of it many earth tremors hit the waves a little premature, and we had a far sight inkling that this would occur before we prepared the people sufficiently with the information to evacuation Pollus 10, and here upon Angorius do we also tend to the flock, as they call it, in order that none whom have prepared themselves by the listening and reading of our fond words toward their welfare, need miss their own flying boat at all at this time in their most unguarded history.

Oh my, and listen to this next part, Steve, for gentlemen are ye all who take down these words literally without really and actually understanding credibly too much insight into our workings.

Pollus 3 is a moon, Steve, which rotates twelve sectors NW of Pollus 10. Now this is interesting due to the complications of the Chinese Zodiac which leaves the Hare alone after twelve pm and rotates the Bunny seven seconds later. Just look at the furthest star from the Bull, and the Queen of England is about to change her mind distinctly toward the Parliament on the Hill run-a-bout by her own Prime Minister General Harper, an exquisite study of the Ram when all tails are down.

No more comets in general, Steve. It is just a 'polarized' effect which takes the Don-key away from your door. And our protection at this time with Uthrania's ship is a must.

Now, let us get back to the topic of the day, for the broadside of the sword, General McCarthy (as you will always be to us), is no more the obscene, as you call it, obstacle in the way of the down forces of the U.S. military and navy to escalate more tremor upon the poorer nations of Alaska or within if you get our meaning loud and clear.

So don't do it, please, and for your own goods do not even try or we will fry you right where you stand.

Now, no more nonsense please, Steve, with the likes of those whom you once thought to be askew but your compatriots and friends, for we may have an assignment for you brought to you at the night, and if you are wise you will place. And listen here carefully, Steve, you will place the "Bull" with the down-turned horns" right directly 'in front' of the Ram, while the Chinese Sheep and our Dove turn summersaults in the clear blue night sky, and the little to big dipper rearrange their entire appearance which will happen at the time of the half moon.

Watch therein carefully as the specks of light shut down and alter course, and when they do, new ones will take their place, and when you watch carefully, Steve, we will watch for you and light our skies with a brilliance of display upon your horoscope accuracy which you do have, but only for a point in time longer, for we are all leaving with you soon, and your beloveds aren't going unless they shovel the 'shit' away from their own doors and believe all you have been telling them for the past year and a half. Good Day, Steve, Mark, and the rest, for we are becoming just a little farsighted and soon will have time to speak to you no more.

The Queen of England and the Dauphin of France obliterated their scone once again, and Tony Martin of the Great English tradition faced once again brunch with scones and strumpets and a tea laced with cyanide, for their own stomach could not digest what the Queen of England was about in her new high horse of Lexington, and the Lutheran 'Pope' decided that Mormonism was about as helpful a religion as those who promoted Martin Luther King and his compatriots of centuries before.

DeGaulle in the forest of the wine shaft didst never promote as near the words of that diabolical Churchill who wanted the south-eastern war to escalate and still be considered as a man with a quill up his left esteem, if you get our drift here.

So, when the temperance of souls naturale decided to elope to the far distant planes of Athabasca, the great Queen of England had had enough and approached Prince Chamberlain, her consort, for Prince Philip of Windsor, is he? No? Just wait and see!

Hamlet, didst Shakespeare notice when writing his lines, that that fine gent of 'Trimolly' Athens, didst not form the epoch of his dreams. Figure that one out Jamie, our Shakespearian lad!

Well, tie off all frequency, Uthrania Seila, and let us all retire soon, for the night skies are clear and blue and with the red produce a hue, and if a poet we may be, then grant us all compatibility!

Signing out of forestland, Utah, Minnesota high skies, and the radar chaps will no longer do you much good.

Jeremiah, Captain of many more 'boats' in your American skies, fellows, than you could even memorize.

Uthrania: Tying off ultrawave 4.10. Lister9, and Station One. Continue in rapid display of clear skies, Captain Gregory Symington, and leave open, channels Luzon 12, 14, 4,5, and 6 for Hemmingrade Number 7 for Captain Frank Herman Grifford and Rear Admiral General, Captain Alfred James Somajar Korthrox.

Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Galiac Team, in training. Good Day. Signing out for Captain Jeremiah Higgins High Command at 3:26 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins File: (Entry 8)

November 11, 2013 3:30 pm

3:27 pm

Uthrania: On standby Lieutenant Cummins, Sir.

Lieutenant Cummings: The Captain will be with us shortly, Captain...oh, here he is. (Lieutenant Cummings stands at salute as the Captain walks briskly onto the bridge. - Rania)

Hello Sir. (Captain Jeremiah Higgins salutes the Lieutenant and then myself. I return salute and we begin. - Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Well lass, it is time we began because distinctly am I/we running a little late. One minute past the half hour. Now how have you and Jamie, and Reni been, lass?

Uthrania: We three are just fine, thank you Captain Higgins. (I offer the Captain a smile before we begin. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Dearly beloved of the earthen plateau called, er..as named Angorius. Now, how does that sound, Simeon? (Simeon is a name given to me by my brother, Captain Sophram Galiac. – Rania)

Uthrania: Very colloquial, Sir. And...

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: And..the briefest salutation as yet preformed by an acting captain of the fleet of all Stargazer starships! Ah, well, now let us get down to our main topic of the day, or night, shall we, lass? Laddie? Jamie put this on distinctly following those others in the lineup and do not worry so much about the timing for we are all going on a very shortened sabbatical but our linemen will be eschewed up in the stars so anyone thinking, even ‘thinking’ italicize that one, Jamie, will be fired upon promptly. So don’t even get any ideas of the range of our ships.

Now, tulip water releases the endorphins in the scrotum and this ensues the best dietary fissure possible when one is making children. But what has all this rambling on to do with the topic I will soon and shortly bring forth? Well, my lambs, absolutely nothing at all. We just wanted the lot of you to wake up before pretension set in on your mind waves, as you so eloquently call them, so you would be more apt to listen and even ‘understand’ italic there again, Jamie (The Captain smiles at Jamie as he speaks. – Rania) what we are saying. Now, wouldn’t that be a nice change for both you, as a people, as individuals, and us. (Captain Higgins offers one of his grins. – Rania)

Toledo, Frankincense, and Myrrh! Do I have that right little bible bumpers or would you say I got two out of three? A B plus? In any case, the Bush

faculty North Western University of Georgetown...we all know the one don't we gentlemen and ladies of the genre? has often quipped that if the NSA in Georgetown decided to really do some generic study on Toledo, France would be the first one to jump on board because quite frankly, France is the offshoot of some of the finest universities in Great Britain due to the literature by the mounds which come out of Graceland to there.

One would be most remarkably amazed at just what one finds in those hallowed halls of Newark, New Jersey, for instance. And Colorado, New Hampshire, and Minnesota, New York, and Paisley, are the roaring crowds of the nineties still outfitted in their striped and plaid pajamas with the little girls minuets all a girded about the striptease mall in North Hampshire where their parents just never go. But, again, what has all this to do with my topic of the night or day? Nothing really. I am just striving to shake the very cobwebs from the loom in your minds so as to cordon your very brains from going dry gulch on me before the very climatic end of which you will most certainly ascertain, that you 'do' italic Jamie, please, you need to be fully conscious to understand. Alright! Are you ready now, Hampshire fools for intellect? GOOD!

Then here we go!

This has lots of syllabus and meaning so listen up carefully and gauge the next very move most of you are needing to make in order to draw yourselves by the string of your pants and G-strings back up to the level where your brains meet higher than you brawn or beauty. Bold this paragraph, please, son, for me.

The henchmen ill equipped themselves in dorkland because they forgot to bring along a strapping whip to ensure the students all took note of all they were to be taught.

But one clever man, this teacher met up with another clever woman, that teacher who wrote the abotomy of the henchmen on each boys and girls bathroom wall.

Now scores of bathroom tissue served as a catapult to the seasoning of replication of the words of the two clever ones and as the paper became stuffed down each drawer for protection, the hellions and their henchmen began looking in every place but one, and you can well imagine where that was.

At the end of the day, the manufacturer of cell phones and text machines did not see the hellions coming and no secrets therefore were hid. But the ones in the classrooms had to excuse themselves from period to period, until all bathroom facilities had been well used up and the loose leaf paper roll by roll with its, shall we say, 'descriptive' italic please again, son, memorandum so now well memorized by those in likened fashion of cleverness, wafted down the toilet drain and with one 'gigantic flush' italic/bold, Jamie, lad, thank you, the condoms all went down the drain with the hidden paper inside easy to slide.

Now perpendicular to what you all think we should be talking about, we of the starship commanders, also have our colloquial mannerisms in getting through to your dusty compartments which many of you still choose to call your brain.

So good night and tie of channel frequency for me Captain Uthrania Seila and Mack the Knife is on his way down the Mob drain as well. Good evening and good night. Captain Jennifer Higgins will be next on line tomorrow, Uthrania, Jamie, and Reni, or the day after. Good work on your project from Captain Sananda, James Galiac, and good night. (The Captain yawns following one very lengthy hard working day. – Rania)

Uthrania: Tying off channel 4, Symington, Gregory, Captain of the Starling, at a perimeter of Dogbol 7.49. Ratio7 and leave Hemmingway open on all channels and Luzon 4. Good night and good day. Signing off

for High Command Captain Jeremiah Higgins Pollock 4. Neufus 8 open. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez Captain of the High Flying Fireflies and Galiac Team. Adieu. Jamie, please tie off Quadrant 8.

Jamie: (tie off for me please, love and put your rank 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training.. Keep the time which I put in please. – Rania) 4:11 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File (Entry 9)

November 17, 2013 2:00 pm

1:44 pm

Captain will be on the bridge in ten minutes, Commander Uthrania Seila, Sir. – **Lieutenant Waldorf**

Colonel Cochrane: *Aye, Sir. Just a willow-a-wisp in the wind and we all know what comes of those who insist that our works be misaligned with the truth of all they tell.* First opening sentence, conclusive, Sir, for Captain Jeremiah Higgins. Please put in his entry.

Uthrania: Well spoken, Colonel, and I will place in entry immediately.

1:54 pm

(Captain Jeremiah enters through the doors and onto the bridge, briskly, in his lengthy stride. He sports high black top boots shined to an inch, and dark brown narrow corduroy weaved trousers, yet thick in texture. The Captain still has on his mammoth dark brown coat inlaid with what we call: Eskimo fur; galoshes over his boots, and a deep maroon sparkle hat with fur on either side to protect the ears. Captain Jeremiah Higgins begins taking off his gear and seats himself comfortably on his chair. The Commander blows warm air into his frosty hands. – Rania)

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Well then, just a willow-a-wisp in the wind and we all know what comes of those who insist that our works be misaligned with the truth of all they tell.

So, Captain Uthrania and Jamie Sentana-Ries-Cortez, so it is nearing the time for departure back onto the stars, and for that are we most grateful that the complete and total ionization of the earth's gravitational magnetic balance (that's an important word there, son: *magnetic*) is about to spin out of the larks-mouth, catapulting the entire eclipse of the moon and her Jupiter relayance back into the dark ages of the time before the very first equinox began.

So those who are now ready or almost timed out of their seizure of mind control by the sour-mouthed ones, please know that our design on getting you all out of there has not changed one little iota. Understand that Steve and Mark. Good. Families intact. As it seems some have come around.

So, Captain Symington, George and his Helliots, not our captain, has finally succeeded in turning around the corporate powers to his way of thinking. Good man that he is, regardless of where he stands with us.

And by way of elimination, WE DO NOT GO AWAY! So watch your backs, dear little ones of the furthestmost accompaniment, because when it really just comes down to POWER, WE DO NOW HAVE IT ALL. (Bold that last equation please, Jamie boy. Now, lad, let us see what else we have for all those who equate themselves in OUR mode and not in the least with those who would subservient them to death in the dredges of ill humanity, shall we?)

Tantamount to the eclipse of the ages the rhinestone boys *and girls* of the fifth house of the sun (listen to this one, Steve, in case you don't have it) necessarily DO engage themselves in the intricacies and intricate

WORK of the (here it is, Steve Kinsman..lion and his 'dwarf,' bold that one for me please, Jamie) dwarf (that's it boy, thank you). (The Captain smiles at Jamie)) took flight with the 'eaglet' or Eagle of the north, and in Russia alone there came upon the throne a new gait of attire and agenda which took down the firestone in the bridge of all worldly 'delight' (bold that one word as well, my lad, Jamie) and when the rhinestone sharked the light of the tri-stone (you know that one, Steve, that is WHEN the famous African rhinoceros dove the pigeon of France deep into its realm of almost (another one, lad, bold please) no return from the model of acronyms on the war front almost gone past.

Now we know you do not like the cloaked coverage we provide in our diagrams of words, Steve, and Mark, but we do it for the protection of our scribes and prophets, and because of it little clues are left for the astute who have in themselves garnered enough knowledge and information from their studies of our words to them and to others through articulate murmurings of the Mancharians themselves also, so that as you 'unravel' (important word there, son, so bold) the diagram, paint for yourselves a picture in red, luscious blue-green orchids, and suave green pinto, and wrap it around a stencil and when you unfold it turn it upside around, and calculate what you have by the dimensions, and you will find the answer there, Steve. And Mark, no, paints 'will' do just fine.

Upside around simply means that you must turn the coordinates to a 79 degree northwest and put Russia on the lions nest, and then you will have the answer to one of the most problematic questions in the entire universe which you reside in. Just one more clue before we retire you all for the night and that is this:

Pigeon hole is N.E. of the Antarctic eclipse, and two-stone nine, Mark is something Peter and Johnny can help you with.

Sometimes many fine minds *are* better than the dry gulch of just one firmament above the earth. Your bodies are 98 percent water, in fact, and

the rest is the earth. So two-tone it into a planet and you will be amazed at what you will actually find.

Jamie, son, please refrain this time from using any astronomical designs because you must allow now others to come up with the sequence without the distraction of what you yourself might put on. Just stick to the robotics of the situation and be glad this is not your task.

Genuinely do we thank the all of you, four, gallant wisdoms, and we are confident (please bold this sentence, son, for us, will you) that the 'rationality' within your tenure will foster more equations than any of you would suspect.

Now just one word for those who erase our writs: **We are not amused.**
Good Day!

Captain Jeremiah Higgins reporting for call duty, and I turn the helm over to you, Captain Uthrania. Good Night. (The Captain yawns as he leaves his chair and the bridge. – Rania)

Uthrania: 2nd Class Airman, Captain in training Jamie Sentana–Ries–Cortez, please tie off these coordinates for me at 12Duck Rhyn4, and leave Hemmingway 8 and 9 well open and close Luzon 12, 6 and 5. Leave Luzon 4 available for Captain Frank Herman Grifford. Thank you.

(Jamie your time coordinates for sign off will be 2:33 pm and your tie-off will be placed as before under my sign off. Thank you, sweetheart. – Rania)

And take the Station out of warp drive from the compliment of the Gastion Crew, please, Captain-in-Arms, Waldorf. And Good Night. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana–Ries–Cortez, Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Galiac Team out on orchestrated channel Dupont 5 9 and rotate the 4. Salaam and Adieu. 2:31 pm

(Note: Sananda is speaking on 'Religion Obsolete' tonight)

Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File (Entry 10)

November 27, 2013 3:30 pm

3:18 pm

Captain on the bridge! Are you there, Captain?

Uthrania: On standby, Captain Waldorf, Sir. Please proceed on with your duties and I will wait.

(Captain Jeremiah Higgins walks aft deck with a slow stride stopping every once in a while to speak to this and that helmsman and coordinator. The Captain sports a white Seaman tunic – Seaman being the brand name, with short brown highly polished boots and a cropped hair style. Blue tunic jacket with the stand up collar and the officious pink, blue, maroon and yellow and green stripes of authority set across it. Oh, here is Captain Higgins motioning me to his attention. – Rania)

Uthrania: Good Afternoon, Sir. How can I be of assistance to you?

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Good Afternoon indeed, little dove, and we are here as always and that is for the one sole purpose of taking our time with a little bit more dictation for the enlightenment of the people so they are better able to sequence their own studies and findings upon what they have learned from us. At least it gives them a regular and truthful platform in which to do their upcoming research, and college and university students are really there for that purpose are they not? Not just to acquire someone else's point of view, but to learn to study and do research from around the world on their own. Is that not so? That is the whole tenure of study after all. So let us get going on with it, shall we, love?

Uthrania: Aye, Sir. I am ready when you are.

3:28 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgins: Well, let us start right on the half hour, shall we then.

3:30 pm

Our coordination with all marine life is sanctimonious with a detrimental wave tide barrier which lifts certain mammals and sea creatures within a diameter of our lifting them out of sea.

We have a stringent rod, of a sort, and because we are lightening the speed of such mammals, they fly directly into the net as we skim the oceanic waves thrusting them upward. Ever seen a seal fly, little ones of the tender rustic skin? Well, it is some sight all right, and the whales are a far sight better and cleaner to spot as we look them well over before releasing them back into the sea.

So what we do with the whales and dolphins are rearrange their coordinates, their tags, with a newly-found dimension or calculation, so that they cannot be so easily traced by the Marine Acqa-nologists, we call them justly, and as far out to sea do they go as we reroute their perimeters and safety is in numbers, so we don't forget that.

In other words, they are too far out to sea for the wildlife mariners who poach them upon Angorius, your earth, and they have no knowledge of wicked men looking for them for we have released the mammals of their fear with one laser shot to the brain, and have sorted their minds out as to where they should feed.

Meanwhile the crimps placed inside their whaling skins are altered to a fixed dimension or perimeter for your better understanding, and the porpoises are not much better off. In the event poachers from the Marine Life Consortium tries to rearrange their lives with the Marine Biologists

who work with the U.S. Naval boys and girls, we shift ourselves well into action and bring them down to a low grade frequency which the Marine Life Boys cannot even trace for they are always paramount to work within high ultra waves which the normal human ear cannot even hear.

So what is the link to the marine biologists, the whales, porpoises, dolphins, and U.S. naval submarines? What do the submarines look like but large whales themselves in whale infested waters.

The sequence of whale travel is looked upon in an ulterior way, and it is not all that nice. Whales carry quite a load of ammunition right into enemy territory. If given the chance, the 'quarry' (bold that one, please, Jamie), is a heightened form of explosive power, and sent into so-called enemy territory can dock at the bays of enemy power and enlisting the brain wave of the poor dolphins and whales are set to detonate and blow up the Naval and Army bases of the officers and cadets waiting on shore for more land duty.

Every port worldwide could be hit by these type of munitions, and so when the seal men of the Blue Beret, and oh, yes, they are involved too, come close to the 'docile' beasts and place within the cull enough detonation power, not 'powder,' so you can only guess what we speak of, the beasts are then radioed into action and the perimeters of any Naval base for miles around them is no longer safe, 'including' (bold please) fishing hamlets.

Get the 'tranquil' picture?

So, now what are they doing to the dolphin population? Well we all know they are using and have been experimenting with sonic waves on the poor things, and because of their immense cruelty we have laced the waters with a cyanide poisoning to get rid of them suddenly and quickly for there is no more assistance we can give them. The cyanide we use is calculated and formulated to attack – **sudden death** on those we are unable to help, but will only attack the DNA of those poor suffering ones

without affecting fish in the sea. Unlike your scientists ours do know what they are doing.

Now, before we tie off another segment I would just like to add that the Bush and Clinton Administration have had eons to get their acts together, and for that reason do they emulate no more excuses within each other, for proxy do the U.S. Military act and cautious not are the ulcers which brine the hemorrhaging within the intestinal tube tract toward those who are acting pitiful upon others, mammals included.

So gait up the tract boys and girls of all Pentagonal favour, and see what you can do before you kill all the fish in the sea with your ulterior sonic booms and wave frequency, for life has a way to get back at you during your next journey homeward.

Good Day, and put this on swiftly, dear Jamie, and please sign off for me too, Uthrania child, and Good Night, and Adieu!

Uthrania: Aye Sir. Tying off Ultrawave frequency Moscow DET Four, proximity to the Caucus Two. Tying off Mordoff 17 and 8 on a crosswire of 10.9. Signing out for Commander Captain Jeremiah Higgins for High Command on Hemmingway 4.6. Out. Captain Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, Acting Captain of the Galiac Team, in training, and Captain Surveyor of the fireflies. Signing out on Biowave frequency Dupont 9 at 3:59 pm

Captain Jeremiah Higgin's File (Entry 11)

January 5, 2014 4:08 pm

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

Lieutenant: Aye, Sir.

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

4:13 pm

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

Uthrania: Aye, Sir.

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

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

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

But when you retire for the night, ye ones who in your hour of alludement or prayer to someone or another whom you do not know anyway due to the fact that all higher evolved beings such as the Mancharians and ourselves, as well as others, DO NOT WANT PRAYED TO DUE TO THE FACT THAT WE 'ARE' YOUR EQUALS AND KIN! of most of you anyway, you

retire in a soft mood which relegates the lot of you to fostering a goodly feeling toward all of humankind around the world including those who do your brothers and sisters in with their bombing escapades, and in that mood, you make requirements of yourselves and requests of us, though you know not to whom you speak, of peace on earth, good will to all humans, including yourselves, and “Pray for those in high places!”

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

They want you dead, and right now!

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

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

Oh you stupid fools! Don't you yet understand that much was written into the Bible by the pilgrims of the Helliots to abscond with your duties of merriment and your wares, while unaware to yourselves you have created for them a place to plunder and destroy your very recreative lives?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Captain Woldorf: Aye Captain.

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

PLAYTIME IS OVER !

Authored by

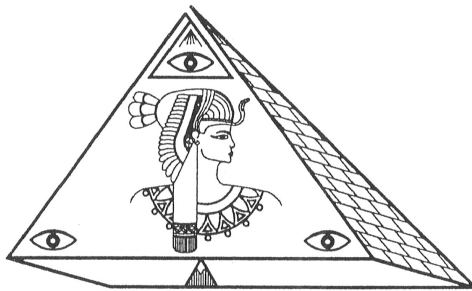
Captain Jeremiah Higgins

Captain of the Federation of Unified Starships

and

Telepathically scribed by

Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez in 2013



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