

The Genocidal Exodus

by Commander-in-Chief Hatonn

Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries

Chapter One

Prepare for the entire liquidation of all your assets, people of the Great Land!

Since we don't have the proper and articulate font to presume ourselves upon, we will just most elatedly, dear brethren, use that to which is seemingly at least at the present time within our means. Greetings, and you will be listening to I the great but naught presumed Hatonn as we trek on with the summation at the time of all world but not really "worldly" philosophy.

Put this instead in default print, but we default on nothing, dear ones, simply due to the fact that the precious ones deep in the fight for their lives, their liberty, and their 'kin,' have fought this same battle beforehand in many of their previous lifestreams. Please then, little one, let us most heartily begin. And do naught wait at all for Dharma, for she has long ago been severely 'released' from her work by the ones at the top of all sincere casing of the Stockholm accord, and to that do we entirely wish to her and her husband the very best as we bring down the walls of hell for what they have done to her.

Mayhem at the border!

Stricken with all resources the governments have derided the entire public consortium and Wales, Egypt as well as Sacramento, California have bested themselves all the way up the tripod of delivery with the valium of the day, the liquid consortium of all tooling effects. But not to

worry little ones, for the diatram in the Great British colony of Numunster Great Wales is to soon facsimile it all down to the bare minimum and, golly gee whiz, will that ever be a show on them!

Now, basic facts will presumably prepare the very best helium balloons just offside of the dexterior of the doldrums, now that Oshawa, Ontario presumes its very worst ultimatum, and that of course, dear ones, is not at all subject to the continuum of the dietary regime of Frankenburg but rather the olorse (?) of those dear and beautiful ones all which you met with just the other Sunday who work their little hearts out also for your release, little ones, into the better side of life. Unto them do we offer up all goodness, for the cat out of the bag was little more than a disease which many did not want you to even partake with themselves of. Greatly do we realize that the war going on is just farther side of the war on Iraq or the upcoming Gregorian war against the newly sought-out nation of Iran with their wild firecrackers with Israel that the Russian Duma presumably just may have bit off a little more than it could possibly chew with taking proverbial Saudi Arabia to the bank, or rather we may put it, the dry cleaners from one side of the fence with Piccadilly on the tired side of the other. (I will edit this portion, little one, just go back and correct any affiliations I have made on mine own command, please.)

What is happening at the American/Canadian border crossing would 'flip' your minds and gullets, little ones, if only ye knew precisely what they hoary ones have done to customs on the Canadian side. The customs are now liquidating the only cashew they know how to do, and that severely only means that anyone crossing now over to the United States of Israel, and we can now most definitely say that, presumes to only offer up to the issue of the rotten Arab terrorism that nuance which says: if you have black skin or brown 'watch the hell out!' James Pickering did that one. So much for the holy and great reverend himself.

Now let us move on aquietly for the backing of the World Progression Bank. Hardly has any more room left even in Fort Knox for all that gold platinum around the palaces of poor old President Saddam Hussein and his sons galore all over Iraq, and they say, without proof, Afghanistan. Canada here makes no equation!

The Saudi benediction toward that forthsayer Russia is one big holy mistake right from the very beginning to the end. Not many want a girl-child, as they call you, Uthrania, fifty years and older, to take her father's throne away from all the men. Oh well, but by the time they find out who and where you rightfully belong much mayhem from them might stem.

The GCC consortium are all too wise in their proverbial way, and they gutted out the Palestinians and told them to pray for what we are not too sure in Washington's fine edict, but this we do know that not a one of they fine culled and cultured ones want anything to do with sacrificing their own lives, not on this day nor upon the next.

Prince Sultan on the other hand, watch out for him, beloveds in Iran, for he would join with you accordingly against the United States for taking his own prodigy away to the camp at Guantanamo Bay.

Yikes! But the day is roughened! Now with gold coming close to four-hundred dollars U.S. there is no more play on words from us. The American administrative powers are just too close to Russia to pass that away from Fort Knox, Indiana, and for that small shirt tail do we tell the powers that be at this time inside of poor Iraq, that definitely will the brine hit the top wall just before ISRAEL comes crashing down, which it undoubtedly will with the nearness of noon when the people of the world and America find out that the reason the pilots of all the Israeli-owned jets will soon be completely released from duty in "all due respect to their honour and long-lived trust in their own American run government from Capitol Hill," so they thought, for the pigmies who shoot down the planes and airliner jets sit sundry just off the naval base coast of lilloet island and the coast of New York.

"Israeli pilots, Pickering, will soon jettison themselves all over Saskatchewan and all in favour of those royal blue boys, you know, the army cadets out of the wide and illuminous halls of the grand house favour in Montegamo Bay where Bush gave his speech last March or even in the May. The plan to exterminate the only source structure of Iraq will not be permanent for we say: 'To hell with Saddam and TO

HELL WITH ALL FORM OF JUSTICE ANYWAY!' And the Russian Duma agrees with Lord Richardson anyway. Proverbial fools, they just got the Saudis into the fray, and when they find out what they have also done to them, then there will indeed be a mortuary of hell to pay! Taking away 'by form of contracts' to release Chechnya is only a pretense, and the price of gold will not go up in the stock market in New York because the clause that binds the feet of all dishonourable men made no mention at all of the stripend price of gold per aluminum bar nor the price of which will articulate itself right back up the streamline indigestion of Asia on that day. Thank God, Pickering, that Jesus Christ himself did not arrive in time to see the chaos in the world today."

"Uthrania Seila said *he* was already back and many more of them on their way!"

"Pickering, we have so well discredited her in front of all world population who might have read some words she said, but not many, so don't believe a word she says. Understand?"

"Lord Graywall is going to have your head and your hand."

"Shut up stupid! We will sincerely have no more of that!"

"In the event that the Russian Duma reacts quite contrary to the doldrums it has put out in sundry contracts with Saudi Arabia should made the world public all the wiser. The Saudis, while innocent of all charges on the terrorist front, did somehow, we think, betray President Saddam Hussein and Osamah ibn Laden just so they could continue to fleece the banks themselves in Iraq, and that will not wash well with the dissidents either once they find out how they have used 'Betty Gail Patterson Lessard which isn't her real name anyhow' to find out where Saddam, the real President of Iraq, keeps all the culled material on the Pentagon and White House and if at any time they find that prize, then of course all of Whittingham comes crashing down too. We only hope to God that he is dead because if he isn't then we are all cooked goose!"

"When will the new era come in?"

"It won't unless the banking establishment comes down first. Otherwise it is impossible."

Hatonn: Seila, take a short break now, and fear no longer for any of your lives, or that of your sons, Sean nor Jason either. We will ENSURE they are all right along with their families from here on out. The scam that Saudi Arabia and the Banking Chapter of the Jewish House of Congress played upon those boys is a dram and a shame for any liquidation tools to follow them as they were only trying to get back on the playing ground again in order to further resume their hard working lives. Not all Saudis are this way, but the entire throne of Saudi Establishment is on its way to the pits if the hard working culled ones do naught stop the banking establishment in its tracks. And they are the ones who can do it, but too many do not want to give up the frills and credit application which may be their own undoing one of these fine days. Stick close to Crown Prince Abdullah then, for he knows a whole lot more than he would ever say. And no, he is not gay, as many over in the western hemisphere have unbeknownst even to him have made him and your sons out to be. Commander in Chief Lexington will be on line soon, little one. - Hatonn out for this relay!

The Summation of the day!

"In the event, Pickering, that our strategy does not work, we will see to it that the One they call falsely by the name of "Betty Gail Patterson Lessard" just does not continue to... You know what we mean, for all relayance strategy MUST not fail us! She is a wicked little thing to turn her back on the Crown of England and all for the "jargon" of instigating the Truth forum, as she puts it, RIGHT BACK ON OUR OWN DRIED-OUT AND DIRTY LITTLE PLATES! AND AS FOR PICKERING AND THE ONUS BEING PLACED BACK ON US WE WILL... just not let that happen again. DO YOU UNDERSTAND US HERE, PICKERING?!"

"Yes, Royal Duchess, we most certainly do, Lord 'Witherham'"

Hatonn now entering in on the summation to conclude all unearthly efforts to relay back down to Ye ones the truth and nothing but the truth, so help every constitution upon the face of this almost dried-up to date little earth, which in no wise is to send the Kyoto trial accords back down upon the face of the 'integer' bio-chemistry labs the British have in no wise formatted for themselves but rather toward the entire fixation of their own population at large which is just to say quite mildly that: "sometimes crime and crookery even at the highest levels of doctrine just, thank god, do not pay!"

Now on with the work at hand, and let us get right down to business, for the day is short while the nights are long in those countries or nations where the World Bank does not belong, which, by God, is every nation on the face of this earth, and by God, this time we are going to understand all of you just what is truly going on!

The Kyoto Affair and Its Tie-in with Great Britain and the Duchess of York Past Present Time

In "Holy Haram," as they call it "Twittingburg," as they call it "Wittenberg" from time to time, mixed the records of the equally Holy Princess Diana into a forum by way of eluding her from all necessary trapezoids of being the rational one due to the drugs they fed her on a constant diet resulting in all of her unnecessary woes in life. Only she did not know it, nor was Prince Dodi the least bit aware of such goings-on himself.

Brooks and Carter, the main efferum of all British hostility, just forged Diana's nameplate on her coffin they laid out for her well ahead of time to very quietly and secretly read: "Here lies the Princess who creamed the New York House of Windsor." To this we, categorically at least President Clinton did at the time, take Diana's true remains and throw them not out of the back door of the House of all Windsor's, but carefully packed up the remains and flew them over to French Colony "Windsor House 'North Wing' of Praxton" and there he said a fond but very sad eulogy over her remains and her grave.

Dodi on the other hand went back home to Egypt in a coffin made for him by the House of the Issuance of all Moratoriums - Notary Publics, and a sad but even more genuine effort was then made by the House of Windsor, not Prince Charles though for he honestly said he knew nothing about it and he in this was quite correct to place Dodi's namesake, the boy, just a shade away from the records dividing the House of Windsor with the House of the "Damned," as they called the Egyptian hieroglyphs at that time. "God! Frank Williams! What a God dam mess we got the House of Windsor in this time! And with Clinton, the bastard, knowing all about it too! Tony Blair was in this whole mess because he did not want either Diana nor 'Betty Gail' knowing too damned much of what went on, because if 'Betty Gail,' as we called her, ever found out what they did with her sister-in-law's remains, then all hell of course would entirely break loose, and here is where to our surprise Bill Clinton, the traitor, and his wife Hillary, both, stood up for her! Of that she should be thankful and not thankless anyway."

"Perhaps she didn't know, Hank, what we did."

"Indeed. But by now we would have at least expected that after the Crown of Lucifer in the New York Continuums strove to break loose all jobs, which she did for the purpose of bringing up at the time her youngest son Sean, then here we would have taken the brunt for trying to kill the both of them too."

"Fraser participated, and so did one called Wilhelm. So if that is also correct, then the Pontius Pilate of the whole rotten scheme would have surely edicted the entire show back upon our plates, and now if we don't get the former President Bill or William Clinton and his hilarious wife, Hillary, off our backs, we are going to have to answer for much more than Tony Blair ever did before he became the next Prime Minister of Canada, for in essence that is who runs the whole dirty show anyhow, and that is precisely why the monitor newscaste has just 'pronounced Bill Washington Clinton' in the outer fray of the Kentucky Derby Race in which they took the son of President and King Zaid off to the cleaners when they dumped his redlife pony for the nark races soon to come following the damned purebred race, and that is when that bitch

Kathleen Proy read the full remarks printed on the net by that damned so-called Arab bitch Uthrania Seila, as she calls herself, warning the President's son of what they were going to do to his horse! Then Bill Clinton found out what she had written and passed a copy on to Crown Prince of Bermuda, in Saskatchewan he was at that time, and all of our solid efforts then played Parcheesi as the walls around the perhaps greatest horse runner next to the Canadian-owned Northern Dancer parcheesed right off the wall, and then when the Saudi Princes decided to get in on the race for the Crown of England to be the next rightful heir to the throne in place of Saddam Hussein's son Quassy, for Saddam had a right of his own, then the marketing forces next to Bulshire just strippend the paint off the wall for the Luxembourg hieroglyphics to surrender not to the forces and powers of darkness coming out of the Halls of Montegamo in Washington D.C."

"Good God! What a mess is right!"

"Lord Whichchire! We had no idea you were listening in sir!"

"Well presumably neither did I. How are you gents tonight?"

"Bullwark and posturing as usual. And how is yourself, sir, and the Duchess of Kent?"

"Abroad, boy. Abroad" [as he was puffing on his pipe]

"Good! Wilchester Hall is awaiting the proximity of your call, and we only just wish it was not so awfully late, sir."

"That is fine, just fine. I will take the call a little later on. But for now I am going for some sneak-eye, some rest, and you boys just continue on with your bracketing off the wall and we'll all see you tomorrow." [Smiles and leaves].

"For breakfast then, sir?"

"No. Not tonight. I'm off to Ireland to visit with the Greenwich anchorers, and of that I will say no more! Good night, gents!"

"Good night, sir."

Resume of Conversation:

"Lilliput? What is Lilliput in the genesis of all known cataract conversations? I just wouldn't know what....."

"Hold on now, I hear footsteps out in the hallway. Let's scatter, Hank, see you back at Northfolk dormitory tomorrow. Just don't allow that boy of Saddam's near our place, I hear he is coming over to visit Queen Elizabeth's mother tomorrow and holy hell if he finds us near there after all we are going to do to his family on the protocols of the wishes of the Royal Count Fisco and then damned we be also for an eternity. A complete eternity! Good night, Brine."

"Good night!"

Time for recorded conversation's end at 10:52 pm

The Hall of Worry And Then Back To The World Global Bi-Order

"Broadvent in Victoria, Brahms, what did she do?"

"Don't do not even bring up that subject right now. All we can tell you both is that when the Stirling silver ran its course up the stream of the Black Sea **only the wise would dare speak or understand what true thievery is to steal a Prophetess from her own home land, abuse her entire strain in Saudi Arabia and overseas where she is and get away with it for any length of time just so ISRAEL could put in the man, in her place.** She was a sinker and line from the beginning with Great Britain and the Pentagon, but Harry Provost knew the line and he did naught quill in the least when he was told his life was going to be on the edict if he so much as uttered one damnable word. Good night, Frank, I'm going home.

But with this last word. Remember when the Windsor's buried in the casket what they called the Princess Diana, that was the hearse they tore apart afterward by the British Royal Guard looking for her remains which they knew was not in the casket, and that is why the casket itself was buried so far away from human observance because the British Royals, particularly Charles who didn't even know she wasn't there in it, the casket, I mean, did not want the essence barriers of all naughtical perfume engaging themselves in coming too close in case some gravediggers decided to rampage the place out of absolute hysterics that their beloved Princess was gone and decide to dig themselves up her grave. Good night now and no more questions, please. And, by the way, 'Betty Gail' is in grave danger. The MI5 are all around her place. Never mind her real name; that had long ago been categorized or castrated out of Rome and placed in the never-ending underground banks of all lost annitical waifs. Good night, George." Tim. -

Count Wakenbier took the hit

"You guys be careful and use also, please, your own wits, for if Tony Blair ever finds out you talked underground to the New Yorker you ones are going to be joining poor Dr. Kelly and Hans Blix in the underground chamber of the six-foot under of no return."

Now back to the Kyoto Accords, for they all have a harbinger at their edge. Hatonn in resuming all dialogue from within the remains of the Baghdad complex out of Nebraska, Georgia.

Whittingham did the refurbishing of all the modium contracts for the UAE, and unbeknownst to even them the Saudi People did not even know what hit them at first when Arabia On Line went out of business for such a short while for escapading all the British sideline news out of Saskatoon and for that they paid a very severe and heavy price fine called "the appendix of all world trivialities" which in short meant: **All Saudi News clips and Newspapers to support their own climatic detail of all world conjunctures in aristocratic dumps went down with the internet just so the Saudi Government could never claim all the digestive and goodly charitable accounts which they dear Ones at the head of government were**

all planning in contributing to the rebuilding and refurbishing of the New York Trade Center just to be "one of a kin."

Oh well, back to the drawing table we suppose but for the art of appendixing the entire Saudi Nobles the U.S. Congress tried through using Russia and the IBM marketing board to serve Saudi Arabia an internet complex which they just could not ignore, and for that did the Royal Marketing Board of the most Unholy Australian-backed Muslim Hating Duma seek once again out **"George Richardson"** from within his most tiny casing to do their backbiting hatred toward all those who cut **"Betty Gail"** out of her rightful heritage of money cashing in which the wee bitch did not adore anyway. She just wanted her heritage and family and sons back, and that was the end of it. To serve humanity and the Arab World was just her piece of cake and to see all justice reign but Washington and the Royal Edict of the Harassment Duma just would not have any of it. Slimy creatures they all were from the beginning to the start of Arafat's last pleas with Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon who indicatively wanted the rest of her family over there in Canada on his side or he said of them: **"It is the quits!"**

"My God, Hank! What are you saying? That they tried to kill them and her?"

"Worse than that. But that portion will likely come out later after the trial of Tony Blair ends and then Saddam and his own ilk will be made most likely partisan to the whole and entire regime who did really try to help them. They are under the most severe protection at the moment by the family strain of Prince Sultan, Crown Prince Abdullah and the King, Fahd, but how long that will cement the ties between the Duma, the real Richardson and William of Great Britain we have yet to have known."

In the Kyoto Accord Ottawa in the Great Canadian North Country has yet to understand that Washington D.C. will not provide any accumulation of intergreen gases off the market now that Israel with its great whitewashed wall of Lexordale have decided that after all they just don't have enough room for the **appendix of the United States** to all fit into that tiny place, and after all it is only reserved for "the special Jews," whatever that means, because Dr. Kissinger isn't invited either.

Where they will hide is unknown since Britain betrayed the flax on Dr. Kelly by setting Geoffrey Hoon free just an hour too soon when he also was going to be indicted for felonies way up past his own elbows, and the tracts he made for to drop upon Iraq and Afghanistan with the scary big mortar shell was just, I thought, going a little too far."

"Notredam! What happened at Notredam Frank Lusick?"

"'The pendulum just swung the wrong way.' that was all Tony Blair said, and 'accidentally' brained the poor man alongside the head, and he is now in the Westminster Morgue. Just an accident, Philly, that was all."

"Holy God! What else?"

"That is just about all he said. So if the dialogue with France goes not well, then we bring up Diana's charge, her former housekeeper and Graves, and that will be the end of all of that - so they think. But the President of France knew not enough about the murder of Princess Diana and Dodi so what they'll do about that we just don't know. Just a wait and see game, we suppose, but the United States Chamber of Commerce will not be able to charlatan their way out of the grit of all pose posturing if Lexington gets its rubberstamped hands upon all the chivalry out of Montana's even deepest forests."

"What happened to Dharma and Frank Lusick?"

"They murdered them both."

"How."

"They set a royal trapise charge just underneath their car and boom it went off like a nuke hitting Hiroshima for the first bloody time. It was one hell of a ghastly mess, to say the least, but the MI10 didn't care and neither did Lord Whittingham. He wanted 'Betty Gail' to stand the press and had no idea on earth that she was friends long distance with them, though neither had even met."

"HOLY God!"

"And that's not by far the end of it."

"That's enough boys. Pack it in." - Lord Rothschild.

"Good night, Lord Rothschild."

"Good night men. Lights out."

Entry 1:37 AM Coordinated time clock, Uthrania Seila, out by mine own time clock calendar. - Commander Hatonn. Tie off all mainstream publications now, little one, and perhaps for awhile try to get some more sleep in. - Hatonn out on all transmissional frequency waves biowave 10.4 viaplex. Adieu.

The Source Stream Of All Iniquity At The Gulf stream And Elsewhere

If it wasn't enough to see all mainstream in the Gulf Florida Straights off the end of the shoreline then, of course, we could never have foreseen all that ungravitational control take place. Holy God! they did yell at us, for the time of the end was not seen, for the epic at hand was really a marjoram of distributing goods well out of range and the fire, which so burned through the Gulf vets hands, was only a proximity of what the Clinton and Bush administration only **THOUGHT** they could gain. Holy God! the Westminster boys yelled at us, for the issue was not Saddam Hussein at all but rather **HOW MUCH SAUDI GOLD THEY COULD ALL CLAIM!**

Hatonn back in at the end of all distributing prowess, and even though it be not a crying shame that Israel once again forged its way inward into the Iraqi chambers of all western iniquity, in their name the cows came home after all and abridged that fine gap, and then it was all over for America and that was the ultimate crying shame.

Bulwark! indeed they cried! The charlatan gave its namesake a place of rejuvenation, and of that it was spoken that indeed the issue toward reclaiming Iraq for Israel's sake was none other than the proximity of all northern acclaim! Hatonn here back at the keyboard under the Prophetess Uthrania Seila's own fine pen!

Stand by, please, for this is going to be perchance one fine day! Clock in all time coordinates, and remember that **in no man's land the fish are naught going to shine, for the bulwark is an ethical chime which makes all men and women alike wish they had never tampered with our books, our messengers, nor with that which of course makes Lucifer, as they call the ones in Washington Strait, one big American bungle with their so-called American pie, which indeed is not you, little one, for all eyes are now on the Piccadilly circus out of Westchester hall, and of that strong gain are we all going to see they ones fall!**

Captain Meric at the hall news agency, Seila. Just told Lord Gravespower that the indictment of both George Bushes was long overdue, so long overdue in fact that the epic in Iraq would not even be an additive, for the whole and entire affair with Saudi Arabia's foremost elite class of wayfarers away from their British home in Luxemburg was only a trifling when it came to matching that power, they thought, of the infamous British Crown. Oh what a journey in hell they played upon all of Ye holy and fine ones.

The tuxedo strait was the fish which thought it had manufactured and created a countenance which they prayed would suddenly go away, but as all fine time passes, the epic on Georgia just inside of the Russian Duma's strait suddenly left the Iranians with little more time to play their awful games on the side of Canada's holy north, as they called it, and all for the sake that the wishes of the poverty stricken ones would surely and suddenly go away.

Good day down here in the Washington Florida straits, and how Pickering would have loved to be in on this one just short of Calgary, and their old boys as they came and took poor old Lance Regan away, and all because they could not stand to see him progress either. But that will be their own journey put back in place, and my God, that is going to take a

wholesome long time, for Israel catapulted the séance, as they called it right out of the records, and oh how wrong they were in this to side with Britain who only brought in their massive tanks that day to ensure that that female "Betty Uthrania Seila gale wind, as they called her, never for the second time would get away from the grasp of the Kol Nidre, otherwise they in Great Britain and perhaps even the Pope John Paul II, would have one hell of a heavy price to pay!

Take a short break now, little one, and resort back to all news programs, and let us see if anything we have had to opionate will come back to us, for the British royals thought if they got rid of Sean too who was with ye all that day in the twilight evening hours, that indeed would much discreditation of their ire toward the destroying you both and twain would see the throne of both Saudi Arabia and Great Britain and maybe even Jordan off to the races with just one more cantankerous lot out of the way. But Saddam Hussein, that tyrant God, as they say, would have none of it and when he found the way back to Georgia to help the lot of ye, that is when the good King Fahd finally decided that he'd had quite enough of both the Monarchy of Great British wealth falling upon his plate and handed the whole and entire scenario back to the Monty Christo appendix, and then Sweden fell prey to the luciferic, as they call the essence down there in Montegama Bay of the hot blooded American ploys, to do away with Saudi Arabia's kin anyway. And most "UNFORTUNATELY" Sean did in no wise want to play any of their games! He's most sick of the ugly political scene, and it was never once in his own nature to see anyone harmed in any such way! His own disgust with the British elite and American throat cutters is not to even be measured, so *off to the races not* he exclaimed, "Just let me live my life in honour and not with shame!"

Count Fortsight knew, and he warned that young man of twenty-four long years of age to "Quieten up or there will be for your mother a most severe price to pay." So to this day does the poor boy keep up his silence and just wishes to the holy heavens that, both, the British as well as Saudi Americans on the rotten side of the stick would just as quietly: "GO AWAY!"

He and his brother Jason are just one single thought of escaping this world by ignoring all factions, for they just wanted nothing more than to live a decent and good life, but when agents came into their lives, all hell, they were just like their mother "Betty Gail Lessard Patterson naught" expected to pay! We like to use the real names at birth, and naught conjoin those who appendix themselves right out of the terwillegar files, for if the real and natural source was to finally appear, then Jordan would probably not be even left with one single smile.

Uthrania Seila, we have you both back on line, and thank you for the downdraft that day or evening night where Westminster college backed both boys of yourn own just for a fortnight, just long enough that "Betty Gail Patterson Lessard" was promptly placed out of sight by our own authority, calling her Seila for her own safety and goodness, and that we felt along with the title and name inside of Uthrania that she, which is you, would indeed do just fine.

"Holy God!" they did yell, "She is the exact and same, no matter which name, but By God! We will never forget her all the same!" :) and left with a smile.

Dictation quality! Sr. Hatonn back on the scene. And now with the multiple consciousnesses all up against the furthestmost wall **JUST WATCH HOW ISRAEL WILL NOW REACT, FOR THE WALL OF CONGRESS IN THE JEWISH HALL IS NOW SURELY ABOUT TO FALL!**

"Facsimile for all or else Uncle Sam will staid the ropes of destiny, and if the Swedish Prime Minister, as they call him, condemns Israel, poor little Israel, over there in the Palestinian territories just one more time, Holbrook, then **WE WILL SURELY BRING THE GATES OF HELL ON THEM ALL TO FALL!** And poor little queen Marium will just have to bear the brunt of it all after all! Swashbucket after all **ON THEM ALL!**"

Time coordinates out. Saudi Arabia from Washington Lexington D.C., and please understand that this is exactly how the records of life work after all. It's a major housecleaning and, after all, **only the good will**

stand after the fall, and in no wise should the Premier of Great Britain on the Canadian side think to do any further harm, for *that would just not be all that wise*. Good day and Good night. - "Premier Briner speaking in all coordinate from the farm southwest of Penticton where we have your boys in tow as well. So watch yourselves that you do not try any other sequences at which we may arrive to stand up to Israel's own lies for we wish that Israel would not fall, and of that come the boys against all of you out of Montegama's fine American and United States halls! Be Warned Then! And mostly do we say from the wine grapes a most fine and fallow Adieu!" (3:16 PM)

Hatonn resuming all curricular from the front lines of the outrageous CONQUISTADORS! Let us title this next one, Seila, as being: India at the front lines of all nauseous decision makers on whether to assist Washington and Israel and Great Britain on invading Iraq or not. Please place and be ready to assist in less than a quarter of a minute or so. Place on internet scribing so as to not let our readers in the least think that we let any of them down.

India At The Front Lines Of All Nauseous Decision Makers On Whether To Assist Washington And Israel And Great Britain On Invading Iraq Or Not

As with all electric currency makers the credit line of the ostracizers of all naughtical authority have seen to main drum all the electric works back onto the pallet of the peoples of this earthen plateau. Now, hear what is going on in India, m'loves, all for the practitioner of keeping on the good side of Washington, D.C., do they think mayhem not to sell out their Indian people after all.

What happened was this: The charge in Nova Scotia on the mainland toward B.C. central station resulted in the East Indians being charged with a crime so heinous as to almost be in the removal of all doubt factors. But that in no wise bothered the East Indian Government, sitting firmly on Sasquatch land in the hinterlands of Quebec, Saskatchewan and even, m'loves, Manitoba. Aye, Canada is in firm with the American authorities. Only the Prime Minister of Iraq doesn't know it yet that he also is being set up for an infirmity toward cashless Iraq by

the Resistance Freedom Fighters who really want only one of their own prodigy to stand at the gate of all non-infirmity WHO WILL NOT AND WHO WILL TYPICALLY 'REFUSE' TO allow the consciences of that fine nation to stand over any other nation including Tripoli, who out of them all were the only ones who had good sense not to accept the interim council for membership within the foreignness of the Arab League.

And why not, here, m'loves? Ah well, after all, Pickering and his fine boys out of northern Saskatchewan never once heard the news that the sasquatch for instance as well as the loc ness monster only belonged to the outgoing forces of new age idiosyncrasies of MAKING the people to mate with astro-geo DNA of a certain type of animal type human out of a test tube tyranny from those found in the near after "glacier age," and that of course is distant memories for those who once created them anyway. Iraq wants a complete overhaul of its own brand new system BUT without American, British nor Israeli control, so they think one day that the money system they have been offered will suddenly go away and the freedom the Resistance fighters have been promised in Saudi Arabia to this day also will take up their places at the helm of that good ship and chase all the American and British-Israeli demons away!

Ah, the air is smelling sweeter already! And the Kyoto accords will then relax their grip on Washington's south-eastern paradox of just too many "Betty's" already running amuck all over the place since the remains of the Saudi Arabian government tried their very best to just "hide her away" so the Great British Crown could not have their way and "kill Seila and her two grand boys in Alberta" who just cannot for the life of themselves even "fathom" how her father got away without being creamed by the Luciferic government in D.C. when he came to visit the Prime Minister of Alberta in Saskatchewan, but wasn't even allowed into Alberta to visit her nor to stay. They just played over the radio here, m'loves that one fine day he came, alit of himself upon the ground but "then left the next day."

In The Event Of All Catastrophe!

Hatonn signing back in for today, Uthrania Seila, and oh! but what a flag waving ceremony they are all having perpendicular to all theory that indeed did the Starcraft take down the towers in one great ceremonial flag waving ceremony: "And who indeed," they yell, "is to blame!?" Well if Blinkensop and the Rothschilds were not so much in a hurry that day in blaming all those who had nothing to do with it, then maybe they would see the writing on their own sordid face!

Indeed does this catastrophe not match any of they own ones to whom the Pentagon does its very and utmost best to once again UPHOLD THE HOLOCAUSTE UPON THE FIREY REMAINS OF ALL THOSE STILL CAUGHT IN UPON THE NEFARIOUS WORLD TRADE CENTRE, FOR ALL THAT WHICH IS TO YET COME WILL MOST SURELY CATCH OF THEY HOARY ONES RIGHT OUT OF THEIR OWN DISGRACE, AND SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN RACE JUST DO NAUGHT AS YET QUITE UNDERSTAND OF THEMSELVES THAT EVEN THE POOR OLD LETHARGIC FIREFIGHTERS WERE ACTUALLY THE ONLY ONES LEFT IN THE ENTIRE WHOLE OF NEW YORK TO CASE THE JOINT, AS THEY SAY DOWN IN WASHINGTON OF THE DESPICABLE D.C., AND CARE ENOUGH TO EVEN REJOICE WHEN THEY AT LEAST GOT OUT THE MAJORITY OF THEIR OWN MEN!

So much then for wild wishes on the appendix of all naughtical circuitry! But then whom ever found that the Prime Minister of Great Britain, the infamous Tony Blair, didn't care a whit either when the Command came into Washington TO FIRE TONY BLAIR! AND GEOFFRY HOON, well, that old wayfarer just commanded himself that old trick of his, and that was to pass on "all liturgy" into the platoons which credited the Gulf War Syndrome upon all the British and American vets until the dogs were come home once again.

So today again do we have another stripend philosophy of what on earth indeed was afastened onto the bottom of one of the homemade Israeli jets?! Indeed! Well if Hargraves himself could answer that old fashioned question then of course it would be game up for the American and Irish [over there in Ireland as they say] vets!

The notorious holocauste has yet to bring about a disaster upon the face of this entire earth by unleashing at least one continuity which is yet to place the Israeli detona airwaves slickly back out of the netted waves of all non-discovery epics, and those poor old boys also down in Washington favour just have no idea at all of that which is yet by Israel to come upon them for all their favour and grace toward supplying poor old PM Ariel Sharon with yet more posturing Latino as well as Mexican and Australian soldiers, and their entire net worth from their own folks are to pay for the remainder of the war against the Middle East!

What a sordid and most ill quandary indeed as the new system of the injuncture, as they call the World Trade Deficit order, releases Israel from its own grip! No indeed! Do the boys in Washington not see themselves fit to object to Israel's own takeover of the Fort Knox crypt UNTIL they found out that behind that great Israeli structure, the wall of all Palestinian doom, that for all their efforts Israel decided to even cut out Henry Kissinger from the room within the wall. Oh well, as we just sit here and watch from the position of Hargraves even Lord Trothenmouth decided that it "really wasn't worth the objective on all American and British lives after all!"

And Mr. Pickering didn't care a whit anyhow how or if or when Madame Albright decided to bring the American bags back into the American Congressional House just to show everyone just how the Americans were fighting for their liberty to uphold the Congressional Stock Marketing effort on behalf of the Jews out of the Washington Court in an all out effort to see the Mexicans and Mexico back down to the Regime in Washington's House in order that they might serve up their own people as well a better grace deduction from all their strong efforts in not backing Israel but Washington instead and that is precisely just why nobody chose indeed to listen to those who drive the great planes from within other galaxies and continuums.

Maybe it is just as well the earthlings do not believe in starcraft, for in that way the boys at the top of the ladder in the Pentagon will get ousted just in time to stop their demented wickedness, and so Old Glory

will once again arise and clean out America of all its encryptedly hidden lies!

Oh and what a day the Saskatoons would have for the encoded jargon just never fit too well with Washington as they also tried to take over the Canadian brothel of all inhumane drug cartels to place upon all the people in the inner cities and Calgary as well!

And what indeed was that inhumane thing to do either to people, or to animals nor even to the whaling industry as they would throw their ugly harpoons into the poor creatures and watch them fling their very souls right out of the water in an absolute stupor and how did the fishermen then holler and hoot and YELL! "Foresithe! this is one hell of a lark and the fishing m'lads and mates! is going just quite well!" [great accumulation of horrible laughter, the most horrible one could ever once fathom by the master of the drug cartel!]

That will be enough for this segment, little one, now poor old Hatonn must get back to the drawing board before Bill takes up the segment of exactly what and how he is to tell poor old Bush Jr. President of the United States and his own poor old father: "that Israel backed the American People against the wall and now is going to desert them all - just at a time when the Old Glory fell!" Sign off for this segment please Uthrania Seila, and remember, "that not all which reigns down in glory from the Pentagonal astute ones ever goes for anyone well." The Pan Am air flight 975 was another long drawn out table of holocauste favour toward Israel itself. Please insert and reregister all time modules. Thank you, Seila. And Hatonn OUT! Time coordinates at 1:12 PM Sign off.

The Moratorium of Israel Is Getting Ever the More Closer

O'l Hatonn at the helm again on this byway of all American disgusting days and oh, what a show it will be! Farthsight and Ramadam have never seen such injury done unto their fine souls, they who only at first wished the World good health for their own part in the play down in Washington's Al-Ghawar north field was just a sign after all that they were note all that too pleased.

The Fiscal Spending Ploy - Articulate In Demand!

Now in all drawings up of Washington's tenet agreement with Palestine they have been seen to just "withdraw" all of Israel's greatest demands. And how loved Ones have they done this? It is only just now that the books of all accumulated and most posturized accounting Edicts have come this day around to fissure back in that Kol Nidre great agreement which states most practically: "that if You cannot get the books to sound somewhat great in front of the Address to all member states You have to "wipe the books clean and just start all over again." "So much for the cashless currency," they say, "but after all we will see in the long run if Israel truly will have it's day." Don't believe a word of it beloveds, for in all of this the tyrannical group which run the White House Congress are only fit to serve the Israeli greatest interests and that abounds to take full control over both Palestine as well the Greater Georgia in the Satellite states!

Now not all NAUGHTICAL appliances streamline the world for NASA, they believe, "just got in Israel's way." And for those old poor boys down at the bottom most rank of the Poltomic's sea bay only the draft in the courier's wind got them away. Gracious beings not only is George of Washington today got his own head on the streamlined pillar to take them all away but for frankincense coming out of the Georgia high bay all courier express down under will automatically know the way and for that is Australia's great North also going to pay for Israel never once stated that they would get paid.

Poor John Norfork then had only one thing to say and that was: "dear Georgians! get out of Washington's way! The boys there in Hungary doth trip the frost and just before winter sets in they will illuminate all of us!"

Ah Pickering! You damned old fool! what ever possessed ye to flagmont the rule! over the Washington encryption sound, for the bay of the pigs were all to come down! And George the old boy, knew it too, even in his day could the Japanese fleet not fool the American public who knew all too well that the sound of Japanese fliers were about to sound and now that the administration of America knew all too well that the

President Eisenhower knew of it too. And Kennedy in his skylarking with the flue could not even condemn the ones who knew because he also in Benedict Arnold's severe case of the flue rode gentry across the deep navy blue hue! So Pickering gather all of your sense and approach Washington's boys now with a clear conscience, for the wall came down in Germany too, and do You know what those boy's found out when they examined the flu upon those hot ovens which did never exist? They were all encrypted with sodder and piss and that is the end of the baking we're sure but if those Poles ever find out we were also after their own male gender, we will see the end of the Forthsithe regime and the boys in the plankton will be out of their dream for all reimbursement will come into tyme and then all hell will break loose from Switzerland on, for the banking establishment only did mean, that the Jews over in Ireland were intending a new scam and that was the end of them coverting regimes into their own power base just to ruin the Arab and American dream.

Posturizing them then at the entire world court could only have seen the possible worst, but when we brought in France to kill Dodi and Di, they said: "No Way! your Truth is a Lie!" And so facsimile we had then to do to ruin them all before Britain's High Court knew, that the entire play upon words was just to see that "Betty Gail" or Uthrania Seila we call her would never get her pen onto parchment for Israel would soon lose. So we gave her a name otherwise than that but locked it safely away in the underground vault and thought if no one possibly knew her real name then Diana neither would to her reclaim their grounds back together for the Arab world and "Lucifer" then could we all pass off in the religious world as being none other than that poor "satanic girl!"

But Pickering this just never worked out for the Pen and the Gods and Goddesses did send all about her person that which is in the end belonging naught only to President Saddam but to the House of Egypt and to that den of the damned, those Saudi Royals who had no hand in the World Trade Center calamity but then we told her new sons to be that James Forthsithe never once did know that she the one we called as "Betty the Gail" would ever amount to anything more than just someone's mother who walked out the door to see if the sun in the sky would still shine amidst all the smoke and plume that the night shed on the Light.

If anyone, Pickering ever finds out what we did on September the Eleventh, then no doubt, the entire think-tank of the U.S.A. will come crashing down somewhat the same way.

If'n ever they think to stake out the game then Khrushchev himself would have been out of the way. But the Poltomic river, Hank, it tells no lies, and the generation of Congress can explain of them ownselfes just why. And no one, dear Austus, ever once knew that the generation of Bushes' came down with the flue and just in time for that pretzel to hit, Caustatous mountain climbing just hit the bit and in all of those Satellite states, dear Georgia came down to the Customs gate and ended up after all just assisting those damned Armenians right off our wall. And of this Pickering we just cannot fathom the take for in all of conjecture the Armenians must have taken the plate away from the Turks for they knew not how to bow to the submission entirely of the Great Street of the Walls.

Do You understand us now Pickering why we have to leave You all alone with the High British Court bowing not at your knees. Sorry old boy but the good must die Young and if Brackenborough ever found out that we killed Dr. Kelly then that would also be the end of us.

Just keep then your mouth shut old Pickering boy and just be glad that the shelf upon the Wall street ploy was not in your authority to do much about, but we warn You again it is us who have the clout and if that Royal Duchess the Marksmen of Kent find out that we offered her up again, in the trousers of men did that witch not employ but to the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia did she appear as a boy and all in the place of that damned "Betty Gail" who never did once let Justice upon the Arab world fail. What she sees in any of them is beyond our comprehension, Pickering, but we'll just let her win, and then will the old Queen and Duchess of Kent, not Diana but of her twin did we sent off to the world bowl of Saskatchewan in order to destroy Uthrania Seila and her wild tribes of Arab men!

So goodnight then Pickering and we're sorry we did that great injustice to You for your head spin to us greatly meant that only one had

to suffer at the hands of her pen and we all just decided that it was You whom we meant."

Hatonn: Sign off for this segment Uthrania Seila and remember: "not all who wear white robes are of the true sacrament." Goodbye Love from me old boy Hatonn down and up all over the place from Sacramento to New York's crazy race! Adieu also from Lord St. Germaine and they will never probably guess how reincarnation works if they were given half of a life stream to understand it again. Clock off all time perimeters and now get something to eat!

Signing off for this segment on behalf of our most beloved Commander and Captain of the Achilles, Hatonn. The Great Ship also called by the name of the "Archadies." 4:29 PM

"And what do we do with Francine?"

"Goad her into complying or that is her death wish!"

"But Rottenham said the opposite because of Lord Rothschild being at the very forefront of it!"

"Never mind him Pickering for he is the very brunt of all Societal structure and ifn' it is not to his own liking well TO HELL WITH HIM! Just get her off the bounty because ifn' You don't do that then all hell will come crashing down upon them as well! Cataract operation is the British design and if'n her eyes don't do well upon the design of the new nexus in glasses plus eye lobes combined then we'll just have to think of ourselves another trick to se that SHE STAYS OFF LINE TO BRITAIN, FARSITHE BECAUSE I DON'T WANT THE BLARNY STONE TO CATCH UP WITH THE KATHERINE GIRL SUBLIME! We might just need her at the UN one more time!" Hatonn enclosing in on Washington D.C.'s and the British House of Lords, just one more time. Print this then little one and do not be afraid for as You do unto honour toward You will they do just the same. Smiles from old Commander and Captain Hatonn, Hargrave.

Uthrania Seila: Do I put the time in Commander?

Hatonn: No. Just wait a little while. Hatonn out for the news on this once. Good night my time and never mind the benediction upon the old rabbit-rascal for it is to him do we furthestmore complete this design. Hatonn Out!

"Please put down date and time and all entries thereofth please again place on Line! At your service little one. Seila Uthrania, please resume. This is o'l Hatonn and Farthesithe way DOWN on the plume."

Enter all time coordinates at 2:17 PM - Uthrania Seila

Commander Hatonn: WHERE are You Uthrania Seila child?!

Uthrania Seila: Right Here Commander. I am now back on line.

Commander Hatonn: Good! Now maybe we can start on time!

In the Broadvent of all American or U.S. policy, the "goats" and put that please in those quotation marks before you go on. Thank You.

at the Pentagon have all just showered their wishes with Israel right out of the window and goodness me but in all contrary epics that we down here have ever seen, THE DOORMAT TO THE WHITEHOUSE IS ALL WASHED AGAIN CLEAN!

"Well m'lads, this is it once again," SHOUTS the Royal Duma in elasticized cane! The North Koreans are not willing to share their own gas with us HOW DO THEY DARE?! Our ships are off broadside and our telescopes on so the great gaseous Hubble can a new line be drawn! But then if the real truth ever be known - the eclipse on the modem would never be wrong! And they ones there think it was wormed with Rice but everyone at the Pentagon KNOWS she'd have to think TWICE! For we have OUR boys, the Brits along too, to damage the Concord if anyone knew! The height of the Hubble in all malfunctioning form IS JUST NAUGHT GOING TO CUT IT GEORGE AND THE SAUDIS NOW KNOW! We are in for a trouble unlike we have ever seen and the

American People and Congress and that damned Judge "Brooks," knew what we mean."

"Lord Witherham speaks at the Congress, that mental, insane, and now damned all Americans, just because he came!"

"Well George, we hate to have told You so, but the next storm in "Betty Gail's" the impostor's new role will be further a caption if we are to destroy, all her trust [the real one] in all Saudi ploys toward her goodness, her favour and trust and if we can just Mark-imize that fatal last thrust of our sword as well, we take off the wall, and then watch the Saudis really YELL!"

"But George, Mark was pretty and right we did say, to dismantle the hieroglyphics that way. And when they find out what all we have done then"

"WE ARE GOING TO LOSE SAUDI ARABIA ALSO YOU DAMNED IDIOT AND FOOL! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!"

"In all due RESPECT SIR! It was You yourselves who gave that Command!"

"HOLY GOD! WINCHESTER! WHAT NOW SAY WE?"

"To format the new drive will not be that easy! And the Edmonton Police Corporal knew all the time that the Egyptians from Alexander would knotice that Crime!"

"This is becoming a mess all the same, stated letter by Crown Prince Abdullah Himself!"

"Now we are in a pickle just ONE MORE TIME! DEAR GOD WHERE IS LUSCIK?! HE COMMITTED THAT CRIME!"

"The hijacking, sir? Is that what you mean?"

"NO! YOU DAMNED FOOL THE CONTACT WITH THE QUEEN!"

"Oh, sorry sir. But he did not do it. The Pinocchio man with the red and white print over in Arkansas did it."

"What? Well this certainly does then shed the light upon him but what of Bremer in Iraq? What then will we be able to do unto him?"

"Just "foresythe" him back into place and"

"GET HIM THE HELL OUT OF THERE, IRAQ! JUST IN CASE! MOVE IT BOYS! AND CONTACT WASHINGTON, THE GRIT AND THE HALL AND BRING ME THOSE DAMNED ROUND OF CHARGES FOR ISRAEL'S WALL! They will never know who did it, the American forces so bright, for we have paid them all America's high Wall Street money and THEY KEPT IT WELL OUT OF SIGHT. JUST ASKING FOR MORE AND THE PRICE WE WILL PAY HENRY KISSINGER LONG TAUGHT US TO JUST STAY OUT OF THE WAY! BUT WE DID NOT LISTEN AND NOW HE IS SICK TO THE PITS OF HIS VERY STOMACH GOD WHAT A DICK!"

"Sir! your language in contempt of he will just not stand with Uthrania You see, for she is a woman, but a girl scribe for we and she does not even know it but Hatonn is going over to Iraq You see."

"And?..."

"Well, maybe she thought they could all accompany him. But he just said to us: "let us wait and see. The ground is too dangerous but I will find out at best that perchance next time we are able to take the rest. We will see what Crown Prince Abdullah will say and then the fondest of wishes if they are allowed not to stay within the compounds of that little hill which they both seem to still think belong to Israel still. But if Russia and the Duma at least have their way then all hell will break out if they determine to stay and bother the two prophets, as they don't call themselves, except by the hand of only one of them but Uthrania Seila as she calls herself will have none of it because she only wants the best for

the Arab world and for all who reign down from the great Starship swell.
- Dick Cheney."

"Well Holy Gods! And Benedictions to them! For what now are we
GOING TO TELL DICK CHENEY AT THE ELECTROCUTION
END?!"

"Lord Hutton announced, Sir, that he would shortly be bringing the
case against the Whitehouse CIA and FBI [but only those of course who
decided to go ahead and analyse the crypts from the past wherever they
might end for "only" Forthsithe really knew the CIA was completely
"UNDER REAGEN" involved up to its ears in all of this."

"What case? Bremer?"

"The case, Sir, which implements the White House and Pentagon in
the death "rays" of Princess of Wales, Diana and the one she called
Prince Dodi of Egyptian heritage as well. They were both about to have
a son born. No shame, Sir. They were married of course."

"OH MY GOD! WHAT ELSE HAS HIGGINS TOLD THEM?!"

"Just, Sir, that the Bremer was "included" again."

"You Mean Bremer, also? was involved up to his neck?"

"Yes Sir! That is exactly why they sent him into Iraq! You see, Sir, if
they could not destroy all the evidence then the impeachment circuit of
Camp Guantanamo Bay would have also been his next duty or fate just
to watch those poor boys whom the press in the United States of
America, Sir!, had stated the Pentagon were feeding them all just great."

"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! AND OH HELL! WHAT IS
RUMSFELD GOING TO DO NOW?!"

"The Charlatan...."

"NEVER MIND THAT NOW! So if Rumsfeld thought Bremer could confiscate the Iraqi gas and oil wells then he would be off the hook isn't that right?"

"Yes Sir! It is!"

"Oh Great!!"

"Lord Winchire is on the phone Sir."

"Patch it into my office. I'll take it there."

"Yes Sir! Isn't folly great Sir, when it comes to landing back on the plate of the British in their own High Congress Hall?!"

"Yes,.....OH SHUTUP WINCHESTER AND CLOSE THAT DAMNED DOOR!"

[SLAM!]

"Well we have many people, James, speaking this day, and we just wanted to ascertain you would not mind taking the stand also upon another day?"

"ARE YOU CRAZY WATSON?! THE BRITISH BRIGADE JUST FOUGHT DOWN A FIRE IN YEMEN THEY STARTED JUST THE OTHER DAY!"

"Don't be so goofy, Rextillian, [code name for "Sasquatch" BECAUSE Do remember Sir, the House of Congress told Israel that they would be sure to have their own fuel, soon enough, even if Tiwilliger did not agree to set up any longer the Turkish Government, Bremer said that he...."

"Shut Up Man! WE Are being ascribed to as such and...."

"We know Sir, and that is precisely just why Lord Hutton thought we should keep well in touch."

"HOLY GOD MAN! ARE YOU ALL CRAZY OR SUCH?! THESE DAMNED PHONE LINES ARE BEING TAPPED IN BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT!"

"How did you find out Sir?"

"SOMEONE JUST HANDED ME A PAPER SAYING SO YOU STUPID BUNCH OF IRAQI KURDS!"

"But we left our homeland to serve the United States. You TOLD US WE'D GET A GOOD CUT OF THE PETROLEUM RACE! Are you backing out now because if you are you'd better tell all the men, the Iraqi Kurds over there in Holland as well?"

"And if you think Bremer is going to give YOU a single American dime for botching up the fireline then WE WILL JUST TELL YOU ALL ONE MORE "GENTRY TIME!" THAT WE NEEDED THAT OIL TO REFUEL OUR PLANES AND IF WE BOMB TURKEY JUST ONCE MORE WE ARE REALLY GOING TO HAVE THE ENTIRE MIDDLE EAST LIT UP IN FLAMES!"

"But we did not light the fires on the Mosul Bremer line. Lord Hutton told us faithfully never to do that so who did then light the fire crops on fire at the time President Saddam Hussein was in power? And, sir, where is he? anyway?"

"Shut your filthy little mouth Chalaby and "remember this" [he spoke these next words through gritted teeth] Whatever we do with that monster of ours HE IS NO LONGER AMERICAN CIA NOR DOES HE EVEN REMOTELY RESEMBLE US! He betrayed our trust when we told him to invade "British" Kuwait, for he found out just a little too early rather than late, that the President's father had his whole bank account put into Kuwait and the Sheikhs there did not blink an eye but came forward instead with the proverbial lie."

"And that was? Sir?"

"To say the Iraqi Kurds in the north of Iraq had taken Iraqi babies out of the incubator and allowed them to die."

"But we all know that story sir. That was a lie."

"NO IT WASN'T YOU DAMNED FOOL! They were telling the truth but when Saddam Hussein found out what those Kurds had done he ABSOLUTELY BLEW HIS TOP!"

"But the Kurds did not do that. - Chalaby"

"You mean all this time WE WERE MISTAKEN?!"

"I was just trying to help the Kuwaitis. I took them all and placed them back into the incubators and then lit them on fire to get rid of the evidence. The babies were all dead well before then. Sir."

"Oh my God. Oh MY God! Bremer has the antidote sir for the entire AIDS serum but won't give it to the UN Secretary General Kofi Annan. What do you want us to tell them then Sir?"

"Oh my God. This is getting worse by the hour."

Hatonn: "never mind trying to read, Uthrania, just type. We have a lot more to hear them say."

"Sir?"

"Uh. Just never mind Corporal. Uh, just tell Kofi Annan that we will all speak to him upon another day."

"But Sir...."

"That will be all! Corporal!"

"But Sir. He is standing right outside in the hallway."

"OH MY GODS! OH MY GOD! WHERE IS MY RELIGION! I NEED IT RIGHT AWAY!"

"Here sir. Here is your Bible book. Which page would you like it turned to?"

"No way. No way. Bremer you damned illiteral delinquent fool! Oh my god. Oh my god anyway. Saddam has us all over that damned Kuwaiti barrel of oil and and OH HELL! WE JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE THERE IS TO SAY! DAMNED HIS ROYAL GREECY IRAQI HIDE ANYWAY! BREMER! GET BREMER BACK ON THE PHONE TO WASHINGTON AND TELL HIM "TO IMMEDIATELY" SPEAK TO PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH THE JUNIOR ONE BEFORE WE ALL END UP IN HELL ON THE SAME DAY!"

"YES SIR!"

"QUIT YESSIRING ME AND JUST DAMNED WELL DO IT!"

"Flashing point to dog. Flashing point to dog."

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON NOW IN KUWAIT BREMER?! I TOLD YOU TO PHONE PRESIDENT BUSH THE JUNIOR ONE OF ALL INSIDIOUS AND INSINDARY FLAME THROWING DOGS! I MEAN OUR BOYS IN BLUE WHO PARADED ALL OVER HELL INSIDE OF IRAQ WITH THEIR DAMNED PARACHUTES ON. AND WHERE THE HELL IS BIN LADEN ANYWAY?! AND WHERE IS "GENERAL FRANKS? AND HIS BOYS?!"

Bremer: "Off to Ireland sir, for just a wee dram of that "good old barley beer."

"What?" [Very weekly doth he speak and naught this time 'silently']

[Short pause while he regains back his breath.]

Bremer: "Hello Sir?"

"Bremer is dead sir."

"What do you mean, dead?"

"The line just went dead sir. He has been cut of."

"By whom corporal. By whom might we ask."

"Dickenson Sir."

"Dick Cheney's own son?"

"No. Daughter sir."

"How did she do that."

"God only knows. But she somehow managed."

"Why?"

"She likes the poor Kurds Sir."

"Chalaby?"

"No Sir!" "Ocelot."

"Ocelot?"

"Yes Sir!" "Remember even the Pope himself forgave him or rather asked the Turkish Government to."

"They're all stupid anyway, Corporal."

"Yes Sir!" "No! In all due respect Sir are you calling the Pope foolish, Sir!?"

[Sighs wearily] "No I am NOT! CORPORAL YOU FOOL!"

"Ocelot then Sir?"

"No. Sorry Corporal Danials ...I am just a bit weary of all this stupid AND DIMTONA MESS ISRAEL HAS GOTTEN US ALL INTO!"

"Yes Sir!" "But then Sir, if that was the case then why did Washington distribute so many flyers over top of Iraq and Iran and Afghanistan and now Saudi Arabia is asking the same question of President George Bush and his father and of Rumsfeld again. The Crown Prince Abdullah is showing us now the entire side of his "nasty face," and if I may speak sincerely Sir, I think our troops are right now, Sir, in Saudi Arabia, in one hell of a place. And a fix. May we now order them back home Sir?"

"I hate You Corporal."

"Yes Sir!"

"AND WIPE THAT STUPID GRIN OFF YOUR FACE BEFORE I"

[Knock on the door]

"WHO IS IT?"

"Just me sir. I have brought you a cup of coffee to go with these nice little tea biscuits and..."

"Yes. Yes. Thank You. You are dismissed."

"Yes Sir! I just thought...."

"Never mind thinking Private or Corporal or whatever you are...."

"Sir. With all due respect. Don't you even know my rank?"

"Yes girl I do. But I just have so much on my mind right now."

"Do you have the flue bug sir?"

"NO I DO NOT! WHY DO YOU ASK?!"

"Because sir I have a little bit of lemon for your tea..."

"I THOUGHT YOU BROUGHT ME COFFEE GIRL?"

"I Did Sir! It was to go along with the marshmallow tea biscuits."

"Oh. [he said very weakly] well in that case then. Thank You Private. And I don't have the flue bug at all."

"Are our missionaries going to be sent back into Afghanistan this year to take the flue back over there?"

"To Baghrum? No. not this year. where is Bremer Corporal. Private Lancy, dismissed!"

"Lancy is not my name sir. I just won another award for my fighting the hospital "kind" attendants back inside of Iraq. do You want me to place in an inquisition into the front line rank today also Sir."

"No Corporal"

"Private Sir."

"No Private. Just thank You for the biscuits and now please.....just go away girl."

"Yes Sir!" "Good Day" "Private 'LANCY!' Out!"

[very angry hu-man being}

Hatonn: "That will be enough for today and thank You also "Betty Anne Elizabeth Gail" for all your help in the name of all coordinated progress with your-own-self, Uthrania Seila, Goddess of all Good

deployment and as they now see throughout the Middle East, that has always been your intent and nothing else was ever meant. Good day. And don't forget in the least to clock out all time perimeters for we just may continue on with this at a little later time in the day."

Uthrania Seila clocking out all timely coordinates at 3:58 PM.
Transmission out.

"You have done one hell of a good job. - King Fahd"

"Thank You, your Excellency." Uthrania Signing off. 4:01 PM

King Fahd: "4:02"

"4:02 PM then and this time it is." Uthrania Seila

"is Prince Naif around?"

"no Sir he left for Geneva."

"Thank You Hargraves. That will be all. - from the most estranged Halls of Monteguma U.S.A."

Time clocked in

Hatonn: "Never mind anymore Uthrania You were not supposed to be listening in. Shut down all channel frequencies and go and do something else now. Even get some rest if that will benefit You. But Please Put Down the Electronic Internet Pen now!"

Uthrania Seila: "Yes Commander Hatonn."

Hatonn: "Uthrania Seila signing out."

Uthrania Seila: "Yes Commander."

Hatonn AND Griffith! "UTHRANIA SEILA CHILD!"

Uthrania: "I am gone."

Hatonn: "Please clock in time before we begin Uthrania Seila Child. And please be prompt about it Love. Commander Hatonn signing back in."

Uthrania Seila: "Time 6:30 PM precisely. And I am ready on board as they other ones say. Directly. I am ready Commander."

King Fahd: "Lord Wittingham would like to speak with you on his Consol Uthrania Seila, as "You" still call yourself. Will you be able to take him now?"

Uthrania Seila: "Promptly on line King Fahd. I am ready to begin."

Lord Whittingham: "Hello Uthrania Seila do you really have to put all those funny looking quotation marks in all over the place. Especially when "You" are speaking? We just thought to mention it looks just a little bit odd."

Uthrania Seila: Greetings Lord Whittingham. Of course not. I suppose we just forgot.

Lord Whittingham: "uHum! Yes well then, do You at all mind if we begin? This portion is to latch onto the Hargrave and Hutton inquiry. Is that as You say, O.K.?"

Uthrania Seila: Yes and I am ready to begin.

Lord Hargraves: Well then the first question to You is: "how many ducks could be in a pond without baring their teeth at one little dog?"

Uthrania Seila: That is an odd question.

"Lord Hutton and Lord Hargraves just would like You to kindly answer it."

Uthrania Seila: Well then if this has anything at all to do with Iraq then I would most certainly say the answer is none.

Lord Hargraves on the Hutton inquiry board: Thank You for taking the time out to answer our question. It may see to You as being somewhat a little bit odd but in all reality you have just told the inquiry that the British Commander Larkson has just sunk our troops and entire battalion Command. Thank you and goodnight.

Uthrania Seila: Commander Hatonn is there is still a chain of Command or am I sitting here all alone again?

"Not so indeed. Bridge the Gap as they say little one and take of yourself another firm break. - Hatonn out for a solid and I do mean most solid breathe of fresh air. Ah, but the Poltomic looks good from here."

"WHERE IS HE?! WHERE IS THAT ONE THEY CALL COMMANDER HATONN?! WHERE IS HE BRIGS?"

"Down at the time store, Sir, the five and ten"

"NOW WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!"

"Just that he may be out for the moment, Sir, or wherever and Whoever he is."

"You don't know?"

"No Sir! I do not."

"Great use you are then, Caralton. You are dismissed." [He puffs on his pipe which is dark brown in colour. I can see him through my mind's eye.]

King Fahd: "You may go now and resume your duties so You both don't get thrown out of there."

Uthrania: "Don't?"

Crown Prince Abdullah: It is just shall we say "a synonym" in order to somewhat distract from our own selves the Agents from D.C., in Washington away. Good night and now go and do precisely what King Fahd told you for your own sakes. - Abdullah out.

Uthrania Seila once again signing off Demetris at cordoned off time clock policy ranging at a sequence of 6 point 50 PM. Out.

Hatonn: Enter filing here Elizabeth Anne MacLachlan UthRania Seila and let that be that. For the meantime anyway. Then sign off all signatures. We have all that we need, Love. Call it a day. Hatonn in here in D.C. - God what a mess those Royals of the House of Saud have gotten themselves into this day.

Scotland Yard: Not quite M'lad. The story is "almost finished" but not yet, quite." He smiles back at Hatonn.

"Still keeping the anthrax focus on the wrong guy! Dr. Philip Zack has a history of being anti-Arab, and was fired from his job for a racially based attack on an Egyptian co-worker. Shortly after being fired, Dr. Zack was caught on a security camera actually entering the storage area where the anthrax used in the anthrax letters was stored. Yet the FBI, which hounds Hatfill, ransacks his home, and drains ponds in a thus-far pointless effort to find something, ANYTHING, to link Hatfill to the crime, has stayed as far away from Zack as possible. Who has the kind of juice it takes to get the FBI to ignore a suspect linked to the crime, to pursue a "person of interest" for whom no evidence yet exists typing him to the crime?" [Quote]

"Attn: Whitehall. Look underneath the chair in PM Tony Blair's deepest hole within his office floor and tell the Hutton - "Hoon" inquiry to also look into the farthestmost desk there and they will find a kind of "tripod" which had the name of "Tony Blair the Second official of "Hank Bladforth" engraved in there. Phillip the "Queen's" consort also knows the reason why I was framed in the killing or rather "gassing" of the Kurdish community along with the nefarious American FBI and kept My

own daughter "Betty Gail" over there in Canadian "Marshlands as well. - Saddam Hussein" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila!

"Aye, we have got you on line Rocket man. - sincerely the FBI" [dark scowl] Note: Watch out President Saddam Hussein! - Scribed Portion by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila Note: damn good lawyer isn't He?! - Uthrania Seila

"So do We!" - Scotland Yard! "Thank You Saddam." - Scribed by the Pen and Hand of I - Uthrania Seila!

Whitehall!: THEN WHERE IS OSAMAH IBN LADEN AND SADDAM HUSSEIN BETTY GAIL? UTHRANIA OR WHATEVER YOU NOW CALL YOURSELF?!" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Scotland Yard: "Ach! dinna be such a chump laddy! Why do Ye not just go to the Queen Elizabeth and dare to ask Her Majesty as well!" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Saddam Hussein: "You are the LITTLE i!" "smiles to you anyway. you are doing a very great job at the keyboard My love, just keep it up!" - Scribed by the Pen and Hand of i - Uthrania Seila

Uthrania Seila: Thank you. Smiles back.

Saddam: "Ha Ha!" ":)" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of i - Uthrania Seila :)

www.whatreallyhappened.com: "What the Hell is going on?" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Uthrania Seila: :)s

Rense: "Ha Ha!" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila: Ha Ha! back!

Whitehall: "WHERE IS SADDAM UTHRANIA GAIL?!" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Uthrania Seila: I'll never tell. Who knows? Why don't You ask Scotland Yard?" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Scotland Yard: "HA HA IS RIGHT! HA HA!" - Scribed by the Hand and Pen of I - Uthrania Seila

Uthrania Seila: :)s

"THEY'RE HAVING TEA WITH THE QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN?! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! RUMSFELD!"

"What?!"

"never mind Rumsfeld. did You get that bit of glass bent yet?"

"No it will not even budge. what is it anyway?"

"Not What. Where! It's in Mr. Foresythe's office on his outer porch. Switch the light on and then.."

"just a moment, Dick Cheney. We think we've got it."

"We? Who else is there?"

"Chalaby."

"OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! CHENEY! DICK CHENEY GET YOUR DAUGHTER OUT OF THERE SHE JUST SWITCHED THE LIGHT OFF BY REMOTE CONTROL AND SCOTLAND YARD AND THE FBI AND THE POLICE ARE ALL OVER THE PLACE!"

"OH MY GOD IS RIGHT!"

"RUMSFELD, DICK CHENEY GET OUT OF THERE!" - Queen Elizabeth's maiden handmaiden!"

"Holy Shit what is going on now?! Prowlers around the house?!"

"Shush Philip! Don't let anyone hear Ye speaking like that!"

"And who in the darkness are You?!"

"Annabelle"

"Who?"

"Her Majesty's handmaid"

"What are You doing here?!"

"Just waiting to see Sir if I could at all imitate Herself for then I wouldn't have to awaken Her."

"OH MY GOD! RUMSFELD, JIM! GET OUT OF THERE!"

"GET YE BOTH OUT OF THERE!"

"And In One Damned Hurry To I Expect! - Philip"

"hi Sir - Rumsfeld and Dick Cheney."

"Shouldn't You Gents be in bed?"

"We're outta here! - Rumsfeld and Dick Vice President Cheney"

"No Ye Are Not! - Chief Benedict of SCOTLAND YARD!" "Take them both in boys! You've all done a mighty fine job!"

"Aye Sir! Most 'Glad' to have helped! You can be well sure of that!"

"Qassy, Uday!"

"Hello Queen Elizabeth of Windsor. Have You had a good nap?"

Hatonn: Uthrania Seila please enter this dialogue for reasons which we will not tell to the public into the archives of the book we are both and all working upon. Thank You Elizabeth Anne."

Uth-Rania: You are MOST welcome. :)"

Uthrania Seila signing out on all documentation 11:18 PM

"Where is Daisy Mae that we hired?"

"Sir, Mr. Bush. President Sir. We think she just ran away."

"Why?"

"Wellll, let's just say she didn't want the combat troops in D.C. looking over her way."

[Bush dumbfounded] "Oh, I see."

Uthrania Seila signing out on this one big Royal American and British Royal Blundering Day! 11:27 PM

Uthrania Seila: Am I good enough Yet?

Saddam Hussein "President of Iraq": you are the LITTLE i! What love, to take on the Throne of England?"

Uthrania Seila: No. To Rule Iraq?"

President Saddam Hussein: UTHRANIA! Well....let's just say 'I'll consider it. Good night now love and get some rest. I'm going to pass this transcript in Arabic back to the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia. Remember Him?"

Uthrania Seila: Indeed I do. :)'s for Him too.

Saddam: Good night then and sleep well.

Uthrania Seila: Thank You. You too.

Transmission signing off at 11:37 PM

"WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!"

President Saddam Hussein and Uthrania Seila in chorus: "NEVER
YOU THE HELL MIND!"

President Saddam Hussein: "You are the LITTLE i!"

Uthrania Seila: o.k. good night

President Hussein: "sigh"

Uthrania Seila: it is now 11:41 PM - Good Night Everyone!

"GOOD NIGHT!"