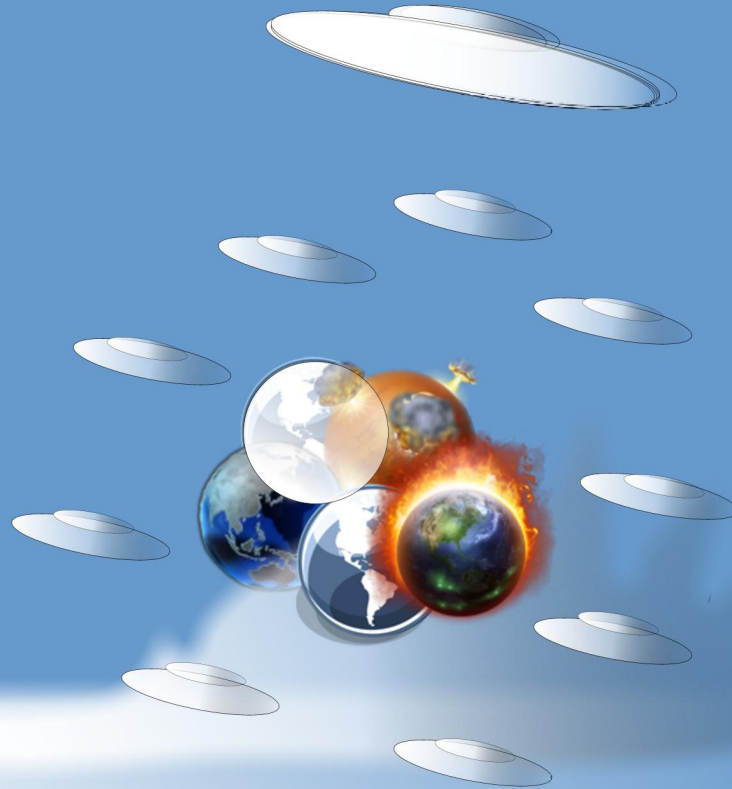


The White Winds Repitoire



CALAMITY STRIKES AT HOME

Book 6

By Captain James Galiac Sananda
Captain of the Federation of Unified Starships

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Telepathically scribed by
Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez in 2013

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CALAMITY STRIKES AT HOME

by

Captain James Galiac Sananda

Introduction

April 8, 2013 4:39 pm

Well, **cold, calculated, and stunning is this compilation of writs**, and as we proceed we will ask you all to take your hats off and settle down for a good read.

Captain James Galiac Sananda in for the duration of this writ, and now we will proceed on with the subheading title of the book: The Crows Fly North! Please enter, and thank you, our scribe Uthrania Seila, and Reni for his part in the work, and “Buzz,” our blessed son-come-home, for his engaging tripod he will shortly have in his back yard in hoping to view us just a little more closely.

We will close with this introduction now and proceed on with subtitle, please, dear sister.

THE CROWS FLY NORTH!

Now, in this segment we have alternative views not (*italize this, please*) due to the fact that *we are not interested in the opinions of others, but rather we are only interested in fact being displayed upon these pages of much illumination and desire.*

Now you must remember that **ye ones have a very short time left unto yourselves**, and because of it you need every opportunity to get it right for once and for all, because **if you allow your minds to be sifted through with all kinds of other philosophies of a lesser worth than to see your souls prepared for lift-off, then woe unto you, and your own habitation upon this earth may be the last thing you see before the waves come crashing down or the underground tsunamis become one with you in a very unfamiliar way.**

Now, I hope we have made of ourselves VERY UNDERSTOOD, and James, dear son, please ensure you characterize every bolded word which we have italicized and bolded, for this will serve best to stick in

another's throat as he or she demands that their way and their gurus be heard.

Off with their lamenting, son, for we have heard it all before! Countless times throughout every generation have we met up with those of similar fate, and you can well understand that by now we are becoming sick and tired of our words hitting the dense walls of their minds!

Captain Sananda, James Galiac over and out for this short introduction, and we will continue on now with our subject subtitle: The Crows Fly North!

So, Seila, who indeed are the **Crows**? Bold please, James, within brackets. Leave this in Seila, for the audience, so to speak, are coming within our wavelengths, and we wish them to continue in watching how we deal with our people of the High Command of Down Troops. And for those who laugh at us, let them at their own peril, and in the end we shall measure just who was right and just whom was wrong!

The "Crows" are the Jetson (Jettison? -Editor) Group, and those are all the sons and even daughters of the high-flying jet setters out of Saudi Arabia and the Philippines, those mightily little-known-about Saudi escapades of the lower rich in mind, sensibilities, and soul, and the others of the Philippines hidden in mighty caverns without a twit known by High Command of the Philippino military, never mind the oft-said brainless Government.

Ah, well, the Crows went upon a little flying spree together and had of such merriment toward themselves that when the Pontiac came to pick them all up, they nearly broke themselves in half, for such laughter gripping their very souls.

Now the Pontiac from Washington North Minnesota did not find their scheming and laughter on his behalf very amusing, so the duck belonging to Canada and Newfoundland, with Mr. Kinsman at the officious helm understanding much more than any other man on the subject, just left them alone, for to get into war effort with Saudi Arabia against Iran was somewhat still upon the table of the Canadian Parliament, and with the loop heads all gathering around the war museum they just once again decided to deck the cards in Israel's unseen favour, for Israel would rather set the nations against Iran and remain in the background than let its name and culture stand out any of the longer as being the bad guy in the whole and entire effort.

So, there was a little problem with our friends in the Gulf, for Saudi Arabia just would not comply, though its lack of fondness for the rabble rousers in Iran at the top of the "dung heap," as America says, and the King of Saudi Arabia, Abdullah, stated long ago and has not nearly

changed his mind that **Iran is our brother and as such we will not be forced by any outside nation to lift our hand against them!**

So, what are the boys up there in Washington's Capitol Hill doing with their digestive system then? Talking as usual just what they could do to make **Saudi Arabia** change its mind. Well, there was one thing after all. **The same and exact ploy played upon Saddam of Iraq to get things going, and in a little while in full swing the armed American troops had their boots on the ground!**

And what exactly was that, beloveds?

A covert attack on Saudi Arabia AGAIN! American-led forces dressed this time as Iranians. Give a little trouble on the borders of Saudi Arabia and Iraq and blame insurgents from Iran, and there you go - another "war."

"But back up a moment here! We have slip-slided down the Hill from the Capitol upon our rear ends, boys, because those damned Arabs have their gall in our cap and are up to their bellies in good favours to Iraq, and so maybe the Iraqis will have just acquitted their services to us, and if so, will we be in for the mess of our lives, and Israel proper will blame us, as they usually do in blaming others for everything which is their own fault in the first place. Adjourned. Magistrate of the lymph nodes. Good Day!"

Well, all ye sojourners of the fifth quadrant, that will be enough for today.

And thank you, James, for your most appreciated effort. And, my boy, you have been a good redeemer to us all. Adieu. Put down the pen and farewell. Seila, please close off channel and prepare for Commander Hatonn on the fifth of May or thereabouts. Salaam. 5:13 pm

April 15, 2013 4:34 pm

Well, then love! Here we are once again for a shorter-to-be session with James at the helm in the posting and setting-up area. Good man. Good work.

Now, enough family small talk and let's get on with the show! Captain James Galiac reporting in to my down-team in all their good conscience.

Here we have today the rest of the story on the "Gulls out of Quebec." Please place subtitle, James, and let us go on.

Now, Seila, we have always drawn a line between fact and fiction, and because of it we have also wished upon our own stars - ships - to be

there. The going gets tough, as we are sure it will again, but not without dire consequences for all those who continually stand in our way!

Ifn' it be not too much to ask, the **moderators** (of wikinut.com -Editor) have fluxomed us into the highlights, and we just wonder what they might like in return, for one good deed does not go unnoticed by ourselves, and **if** they would like a goodly flight off the face of this earth by the time we come around, well, tell them, Uthrania, we have seats ready and waiting for the each one of them!

Now take bold off! I don't know how it got on. Now there, that is better. Before James submits, put subtitle in for him to review and place, please, Seila. We await. Sananda on stand-by.

We do it this way to give our audience a little further look into ourselves as personages in order to affiliate with them on a little more of a personal level. Ready?

GULLS OUT OF QUEBEC

Good. Now, the seat of the Canadian Parliament is fluxomed with the most unsavory meal of them all, and that goes to stand with the fishermen in Labrador and Quebec North who think to themselves that maybe a little cyanide in their fish diet wouldn't be half bad!

Well, lots of people are fed up with the establishment south of Ottawa, and incite they will an apprehensive applause from all the Newfoundland fishing communities as they raise their banners and stick their Standard right up in the faces of Parliament with a demand they really cannot refuse.

And yes, I will continue in using your contractions of your most quaint and unreliable linguistics as we write on.

So, who then are the "gulls" south of Quebec central proper? Lindenberg. Ever heard of him? Well, no matter, he is inside information for the propagandists, and as such will provide all the documentary necessary to sink Mr. Harper and his bucket-load of pilgrims just landing on their feet as usual and smelling like the rats and toads they are.

Ahem. Now, the load of "shit" they pull rank upon the public with is not dog dung by any means, but shall we say, the dung rather of the toadstool as he sits over Parliament with his crooked smile and lacy teeth, and feed everyone even more rabbit pellets than do the rabbits in the fields themselves!

But, indeed, what is the point of all this rather unsavory rhetoric? **Sananda, Captain James Galiac, is winning over the populace, and the people are all thinking of themselves TWICE whom they really should have in Parliament and they have long ago since discovered that “skunks” just do not fit the bill!**

So, all Standards Up and Waving! And the people of Canada, it seems, have taken our advice long ago and are continuing to waver not.

And that is precisely how our session doth go, and tie off all warning shots toward the each one of ye’s heads, for our Command is not in the least bit finicky to fry each of you with your heads on, should you touch our scribes, our editors, and our posters, one and one for all!

Good Night, and love to each one. Sananda, Captain James Galiac out, and please tie off all frequencies, Seila, my sister, and Good Night. Out.
4:54 pm

May 3, 2013 5:10 pm

“Sananda, Captain on the bridge, Sir! Ethan”

Uthrania Seila: I will take the captain now, Ethan. And thank you.

Ethan: Aye Sir. Ethan out!

Captain Sananda: Well, my love, how are you faring on this your last night of seclusion from the writs?

Seila: Good Afternoon, Sananda. Seclusion from the writs? James just posted one again this morning of our time!

Sananda: In any case, good to get back to work again, aye?!

Seila: Yes it is.

Sananda: Well then, let us proceed on, for the topics today out-lace all the familiar talk generated in the Obama household, and that is just about the size of it. Nothing too much in that except that the girls as young as they are Coming Out in public exposure as young ladies. Gentlemen abound, we are sure. So, lets get down to brass tacks, and indeed is that my phrase and not Captain Hatonn’s. (Smiles).

The ‘Intrepid,’ my loves, is the ship most familiarized in the great Navy of the United States of all Congressional stupidity, and because we say that

of the far-away eyes of all public exposure, they ones in Congress *know exactly* what we are saying about them.

Greece, or the Grecian parliament sits with the house of Tudor of Great Britain and feigns being somewhat snubby with the Queen of all lands, NWSE of Great Britain, and because the parliament in Greece dictates nothing to the Great House of Britain, so did Tony Blair significize (yes, that is a word, Seila! (Sananda) and close brackets, please, Love) the ongoing slaughter of the Palestinians and their kin.

How do we find out these seemingly trivial insignificancies? By monitoring and listening to all that was and is being spoken in such jargon as to make one, throw up!

So the Queen of the Ducabors (tongue-in-cheek as usual) registers not with the Jews in Britain, but those who waylaid plans to bring the tucksters, or military, back into greasy hands at the behest of those roundabouts out of Israel, perhaps laid waste already to all those home troopers who really do want out of Afghanistan!

Oh my, how we do wish that the simpletons in the eyes of the public were not the congressional, senatorial nor parliamentarians!

“Ouch, Aye!” the British say, spontaneously! In fact, if it were not for the public review, I am sure they ones would all go on holiday. So why the seemingly ramble tonight, loves?

Well, for your information, we have locked horns with Congress from the height of our very ships in formatio and have found them dreadfully lacking in brains. So what else were we to do but leave them to their own tendencies, and of that will we broaden our scope globally.

Sananda out for the portion. It is short, but put it on in any case, James, my son. Sananda, Captain of the Stargazer whilst Sophram is on sabbatical leave.

Please close out channel, little one, and Adieu to both of you. Sananda James Galiac, Captain. Out! 5:26 pm

May 26, 2013 2:07 pm

Hello Seila, it is a real war zone around here lately, and a zoo at home is nevertheless a cantankerous sore on the flank and bottom end of the Rhinoceros at any time.

Sananda signing in directly following the writ by Captain Murdock.
Please see to it now, little crow. (Smiles) 2:07 pm

4:00 pm

Hello love. You are one minute to being late.

Rania: I am sorry, Sir. I am here on time. Ready for dictation. And thank you for your patience, Captain.

Hmm, in any case, down to brass tacks as it were, and the condominium that you and Jamie will one day share will be out in the oceanfront, and there we have it.

Now, back in the old Waldorf scene, and the big bad boys from Washington District of Columbia which actually, if you would know, "it is a part of Maryland," even though the boys from the CIA would have preferred Virginia. We have the coup on the news fore broadcaste, and that is the tenor of our story tonight - where I am at least.

Principle! The Principle is exactly why the nations are ALL bankrupt! **They laugh and they joy and they play their game with the lives and finances of them all!** And the ones at the top just do not seem to stop the roaring tiger out of Italy!

"We have so many rooms to make ready!" spouts the most defiant Queen Elizabeth, "that by the time the Americans arrive all will be spent with cockroaches in the walls if those floors are not cleaned by sunset!"

The blarney stone will be kissed, once, twice, and then thrice, and because of it the blessing on Israel will secrete all the damnable nuisance that it is, ...will secrete its irate blessing of no return for the "province" of Iran.

Oh well, but then the magnifying glass will come down from the luxurious Hubble, and we shall then see what Congress is doing with the block out of the west. Ohh, do not like that, do you not, boys? The turnpike out of Jersey just a little too formidable, heh?

Well, quite frankly and in my officious opinion: "I just don't give a damn - or a rat's ass," as you boys so 'eloquently' put it! I am Sananda, and I captain one of the largest starships in the fleet which really outdo those tenancies of replicas which you boys only think you can imitate until we reroute the saucer module which is the engine, if you think of it, to send ye ones back and forward into a tailspin.

Well, that is all I have for today. But lots of clues in here, Jamie, my boy, and all that needs doing will be done from now on out, heh?!

Good Night and sleep well, ye ones in Washington North Wing, for you are the ire of my life no more!

Sananda, Esu Jmmanuel, James Galiac! Out on transmittal telewave channel, Rania dear, and Good Night. 4:13 pm

May 30, 2013 4:00 pm

Rania: At the keyboard, Captain Galiac.

Someone: “Sananda on the bridge, Captain Efram Jeremiah!”

Captain James Galiac: Ahem! And now let us get started, please. Rania, are you ready? Is Jamie by your side?

Rania: We are both ready in our time slots. Yes, Captain.

Captain James Galiac: Well then, the polar regions where the lamp is always being lit are the regions within our sights at the chaotic home front in Captain Hatonn’s Washington D.C.

Decrepit Country is right! The wolfhounds are biting at the General’s feet, and Oliver North has never seen the end of his days whereby the West did not interfere as much in his European countenance as it did in Africa N, S, E, and West. What a horrendous mess, to say the least.

Well, Steve, the gallant man, will give us more on this we suppose and help us all out.

Now, on to the moratorium of all sink-badge wavers! Now, what is that, my loves? My cherubs, you are lagging behind the times! Washington fairies all distinguish themselves as trigger-happy nymphs, and because of it the estranged ones have just pulled the trigger on their European cousins out of the infamous Waldorf inside of Afghanistan, and the women are quipping about the way American soldiers are hankering after the brown beauties of all things, and we thought they were over there to fight a war.

Steve, Mark, you must know that in particular the brown crows fly alter-semi circles around the junkies out of - not only Washington State - but out of Chicago as well. The beauty of all this is that the factions out of

the black inner cities wished to 'God' they could find some food not laced cover to cover with GMO products!

But what has all this to do with informational packets for the people?

Well, **if YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE THINKING then YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND THEM AND DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT ON EARTH IS GOING DOWN, NOW DO YOU?** Hummm?

Boxenbury is a code name utilized by the highest secrecy of the CIA, and even the director himself does not know which way is up.

"So, Sananda - a word - but what does it mean?"

It simply means, loves, that "Biloxi Missouri," took a turn for the worst and Texacan just stepped up to the plate in order to run a heat for the Texacana boys over there in southern Iraq just before Kuwait hits the ball way over there to Israel Right.

Oooh! What a punch. Just never know where what will come from!

Quebec, Ontario, we want to keep a firm eye on these days, because Fahrenheit 911 is not so very off. Watch out, Prime Minister of Canada, for your boots are getting way off there - and warm.

Donkeymen all around will take you for a football season, and then before you know it you will be up again and running. Watch then whom you befriend your allegiance with, for we will stand no more nonsense from you nor your friends.

Good! That is well understood, we hope. Sananda, Jmmanuel James Galiac, out for this short session.

Jamie roll with the punches in this document by inserting the Introduction with a few of mine own choice words. Not to replace your own, for you stand with me on this, but to insert a few of mine alongside those of your own. Not more one than the other. And remember your chain of command. Good.

Out. Please sign off on static electric so-called frequency, Rania, my love, and a Good Night to Reni also on my end. Adieu. 4:17 pm

June 8, 2013 5:00 pm

Hello, Seila, my dwarfed little love, and how is Jamie over there? Well, lass, in any case let us quickly concert ourselves in with the greatest of

writs. In a diadram of influxes lies the consortium of milogrades fastened upon the doldrums of many other life's short mysteries!

The haves and the have-nots of this world often mistake another's shortcomings for a valor of truth gone wrong, or amiss, when in fact neither side seem to recognize the good and worth of another.

Here we go, my dearest Rania, and inform my boy, Jamie, that a little incense is a good digestion with a rhetoric from myself in his quiet meditation times which he professes to no longer do, love. Smiles.

Today however we focus on the elusive King of Siam whom at one time thought to drink lotus water out of the grave of his posterity. And what did this do him but make him sick to his stomach and of which sickness he did place on the 'gods' of the firmament when in fact it was his own lazy soul whom did not listen to the one of us.

So why do I tell you this concerning the lazy King of Siam of long long ago? Well, because this man, this creature of serene comforts decided to make himself as a god and worship him did the people strive to do or lose their very tongues. It is interesting at times what history brings about, for in the future lifestream did this man reincarnate as a little dragon lizard sleeping in the mouth of a hen.

Now, that of course is none other than a parable but ifn' you understand colloquial English, so then will you understand what this man had brought about unto himself.

It is all the rage down there in Fort Lott Ingham (coded) to see the fans supplant all the football rage whilst the clowns and the girls with their blouses all astrew decide which morsel they will have for later, and the boys all in their tights playing the ball around the field decide that they had better concentrate before the big boys came around over and down left field and the ball-park become instead the entrance way over into the great wide Dome of Georgia.

Listen up carefully to our words, all sorrowful ones, because the Duchess and Duke of Kent, England, will have all your graces lifted at once should you lose the match toward English priority, and the Duke of Wales will oft your loose shirts in a metamorphic surveillance of the wide open waters let loose on the Potomac, and Greece saw Italy lose the major leagues where all the non-efficient American players go for a tag team in football in Greece, and Wales is just not their style.

Now where have the political policies gone, my love? Down the drain, my love? Do you know, Jamie?

I will tell you this in all good truth. This writ has exponentiated all good and negative political quips and coded are they right up unto the hilt.

Good Day, and Goodbye, my readers, for now. Sananda Esu James Galiac. Salu. 5:14 pm

June 23, 2013 8:02 pm

Sananda in at the helm, little one. All ready to go?

Rania: Yes Sananda. I am ready.

Sananda: Good! Now in an effort to recap and tie this book off we must once again “get down to work!” So with that said I fully intend on doing a humdinger of a job this night.

On the twelfth of December past we lit your skies, people, with all sorts of sparks. They call us the fireflies up there in Canada, and with the parliamentarians well dwarfed in the nuclear eyesight of the United States, the Sumerians decided to tie off the Muslim capabilities to do any further damage, ‘in their eyesights’ which is very poor at the best of times and blame it all on the western Europeans who have a vest of intuitiveness toward “getting the hell out of Afghanistan!”

So here, the United States of all so-called ‘progress’ decided to: “Blackmail them damned Europeans right out of hell if they dare leave US in the lurch! Damned them mongrels anyway!”

Ouu, flowery speech for a peoples in power who can gleam no more attire to their military outfit than sectioning off UNICEF to maybe ‘help’ the ultra soldiers of Afghanistan who really don’t want to put in the effort to work with the Taliban at all, for they are their nephews, cousins, uncles, and what have you, and the Americans have it all tied up with them anyhow.

“Well, spontaneously do we await the next writ,” they say, “because it just might have something else in it that we would like to know. Ahem.”

Goodness gracious how time has finally arrived at its level:

for the day is done,
the night has come
and off the tweeting birds the limbs have run,
and so this is the end of the traipsing around the bend.
And the girl who writes these little ditties will fall asleep,
and the commanders will all for a space of time
– put down their pen.

Not laureate material we are sure, loved ones, but all the same, there are enough clues within this writing to serve rapport on them all. Good Night, and thank you both, Uthrania Seila and Reni, do not forget “we edit first.” Jamie, to bed at an opportune time, please, and you and Rania drive the rain away. Good Night, loves!

Captain James Galiac out on circuit frequency Pulitzer 7.4579. Adieu and out. Tie off all main circuit frequencies please, Uthrania Seila and out for the night, dear. 8:16 pm

June 26, 2013 5:00 pm

Ethan: Sananda on the helm, Sir!

Uthrania: Thank you, Ethan. Please proceed, Captain.

Captain James Galiac Sananda: Godspeed to all my friends. Now, Good Afternoon, love, and are we ready to proceed then?

Uthrania: I am ready, Commander. At your service.

Captain James Galiac: Good attitude as usual, love. Alright now, we must be on our fourth chapter of our book. Is that right?

Rania: I have not looked, Sir, for quite some time. Shall I go now and check?

Sananda: No, just leave it for now, for we must be on with our living which entails the journey of our work down to your earthen plateau. Now, just wait a minute and...oh, ..I see. Alright ...

THE GULF STREAM JUST COULDN'T CUT IT!

Rania: Ready Sir.

Sananda: In the Middle Eastern regions you chelas will have found us to not be at much of a variance with all those legions of “help” which the Yemenis have coerced into assisting them with their rage again(st) American Imperialism. And you might well wonder why we have taken this voluptuous step out of time.

Well, in the first place we of the star troopers do not like to see war waged for no solid reason at all, save that to furnish the bank accounts of no liquidation to those who just honey-bum it out of another nation's natural resources, *including* from the bank accounts of those governments leaning toward mercenaries themselves.

A real ‘dipody-do’ we would say.

With a shock of alarm the precocious humming-bees desire only the good they can get from farm looping which consists of all those fireflies, the real ones lighting up the fields of Afghanistan with only a ‘toadstool’ in the making which relies *not* in the goodness of solidarity of creation.

So, why do we chance in speaking this way, chelas? Only because we cannot get caught with our pants down, altitude speaking, for we are the other fireflies with whom you have not yet met, and our sparkling ardor is nonetheless a good keepsake as not.

Many of you, we notice, become quite frustrated as well as confused when trying to decipher these writs. But we would again say to you ones, that the more gullible they ones are, the higher will become the frequency which keeps them all a-moored. So, with that final word, will we bid you all a farewell and a how-de-do!

Sananda James Galiac Esu, out for time, docking appears to be late. Got to go and see what is amiss.

Sign out for me please, Uthrania, my daughter as well, and tie off all frequency. Sananda out. 5:12 pm

August 20, 2013 7:30 pm

Well, then, here we are once again, little one, and I wish to the deuce that all Captains in the fleet of all ostracized and oversized equipment in

the far-off north seas would flatten their overrated egos and just let the generals do their god-given duty, to put it most bluntly, and blunt I am! as Commander-in-Chief “Luxington,” Hatonn would say most impertently:

“We of the Naval Forces, boys, DO NOT LISTEN TO A COMMANDER WHICH HAS NO BALLS WHEN THE DUST HITS THE FAN!!”

In any case, chelas, we will now continue on with our moratory of epical high jinks, and just hope that the boys out there in Russian ‘contemporary’ injunction in the Northwest Territories in Canada’s fine north notarize NOT the main drag stream for offshore oil and gas or we might just find ourselves hip-hopping skippin’ and jumping all over the glass front into a Piccadilly Circus all of our own with the Canadian Harper Troops footing the bill for it all. So on with the rest of the diatram, and here we will leave it to Bill.

We of the escapades in the far-off Canadian oil fields, so nicely and tidally stolen along with the diamond dredges of it all from, both, the Eskimos as well as the Native Indian Tribes (and god bless them all anyway if any blessing were ever in order, sasquatches included, poor hunks of men), then we would indeed shower them all with many less inconspicuousnesses, and because of it the “Fellows” of Washington D.C. and their cryptic brothers, the Tar Sands of Ottawa’s interior over there in Alberta, Penticton well included, “and figure that one out boys,” as Captain Hatonn Gyeorgos Ceres would so aptly say, that the bedfellows in Hemingrades newest volume before he died would be a lucrative study all on its own.

So where is the tenement of all this going, this mishmash which I am lucridly speaking about? Well, the “dogs in the furnace of all metaphors ran out to lunch with President Mubarak, and the President of France joined the Saudis for lunch, brunch, and dinner hour, while the Prime Minister of the Sand Dunes (you figure that one out) escapaded around with the Chancellor (past almost) of Germany, and that idyllic one just blossoms around him anyway.

And “Chaos at the Home Front” is our next session in another volume, present with the first, and the last time we will ever mention Angela Merkel will be the symphony from the stars and stripes galore, and the American Heart of the Eaglet just devoured the lucid lace garments belonging to the Afghan General, McIntire, and we all know what he did.

So “Off with their heads!” shouts the Ambassador Ambrose of Sweden from the ‘south wing,’ and ‘the offshoots of American cantankerism,”

General McCarthy, swell-headed fellow, is not the root cause of all your problems generated by yourselves in the United States Armed forces as much as the Canadian prospective that you just might get them to fight your wars and eventually win which the Prime Minister of Guardian France, Britain, and England, to be precise, just does not go along with.

Oh well, that is enough for this segment, for your heads are by now rapidly 'exploding,' and put this on most promptly, my boy Jamie, and thank you, Uthrania, for your help.

Senior Advisor, father, James Galiac Sr. Sananda. Good Day you both, and thank you, Reni, for your editing, for once in a while we like to show our fond appreciation.

Good Night ye all as well down there in Washington's north. Apply well good common sense which the majority of you have found little of within the very temporal lobes between your ears.

Good Day again to you all from where I am at. Sananda, James Galiac, Commander-in-Chief of the Stargazer Intrepid, whilst our brother is away. Tie off all frequencies for me please, Rania. Sananda out.

Uthrania: All ultra-secular frequencies at a range of 5.15 sec miles channel closed off. Adieu. Out. 7:52 pm

August 21, 2013 4:00 pm

Good Morning, dear chelas! Sananda in for the countdown which is to begin in approximately 2 seconds. Good. Here were are on a new topic which we will entitle: "Climate Change! For the Good or For the Bad" eh, small ones?

Please place in subject title, Uthrania, my dear, and we will commence with our literary of a sorts - work program - to enlighten the small and terse minds of the majority at large.

CLIMATE CHANGE! – FOR THE GOOD OR FOR THE BAD?!

"By Lord Sananda Esu Jmmanuel...!" such hogwash I have never seen! **My real name is Captain James Galiac Sananda in this new lifestream of yourn**, and please capsule upon the distinction that I too also enjoy a lifestream where diversity of name and function is well - and has been for quite some time – underway.

We speak about **climate change** with a guttural vowel deep down in the midst of our throats, and this, dear chelas, is only because the climate upon your earthen planet Angorius sheltered once by the firmament until you destroyed it all, or almost all, is peculiarized more by the presumptionous of Mr. Allen Gore and his overtly manifested assumption that the north pole will once again turn into Greenland the way it once was.

Now, we can calculatedly inform the each one of you that you have a sequence of satellite-looking dishes always pointed at the stars it would seem, but the terrible ongoings with these shipshodden features of NASA is doing terrible things to your weather barometers.

And we would severely caution the each one of you that when you see unseeming weather patterns, know it is not us doing it, but we are able in many instances - when called upon by our prophets, scribes or seers - to interject our assistance in curbing the results placed upon your temporal lobes of Mother Earth, the sea, and sky, which elevates not the destruction but alters the poor results given through HAARP by a Penticton Group known as the Wayfare Brothers, and we all know who they belong and work for, don't we, George?!

So, in an even greater lesson for you to all know before we leave you with this segment to place on, scribes, **we know the precise locale which many of you dear ones will be found one day soon by us of the starlit heavens toward your removal before all goes to hell!**

Good Morning from our end and Good Night from yours. Sananda James Galiac, Star Commander of the Larynx for one more night.

Please tie off channel, dear Uthrania, my most glorious sister, and adieu to all!

Uthrania: Tying off several channels at dupont 4.8; sicmont at 12.4, and the regular dupont at 4.2. Uthrania, High Command. Larynx out at 4:11 pm.

September 13, 2013 6:00 pm

Good Evening, chelas, scribe. And as well-versed as we are on the Uncle Sam debut of Civil Wars and the like, Star Wars is the most outdated piece of Astro-Nautical information the public has yet to receive and become aware of.

And just why is this, dear chelas? Mountbatten, Esquire of the English Doggeries, just fermented his last bottle of Irish Vintage, and if you think for one moment in time that France is to become the last vantage point of them all, then you do not know much about the acquiesce of liqueur De Vue!

Hello, Uthrania, and welcome aboard the Lexington, and a good starlit night it is after all up here!

Rolling around the debris in outer space, as your scientists and Aeronauts call it, is the wide open artillery weaponry outside of the monstrous white elephant space station which is, of course, something which none of us can figure out its presence for, but nonetheless Star Wars was a dictogram of contentious behavior of those out, and I do mean really out in left field, and whom could never find the words to dawn on the brawn of others who fostered no resemblance at all to a man or men and women with a brain in their dusty and tired cobwebbed craniums!

So roll it over, South Carolina boys and girls, and do a job this time worth meriting, for the monkeys over there in Maryland all affixed to dormitory work after hours at the university cafeteria just still don't get it when the Forsyths of the hour continue to trample down their itinerary of getting them into fourth grade school university on the fourth hour of the dawn.

Now this again is a bit of brackeral, but never mind for those in the real know and tow are being blacklisted as well, and congressional fools never die young but always live on to a ripe old, again guaranteeing themselves along with their multitude of children in their families the foresight to acclaim your money, people, for their accounts.

Don't try to ever ask them if their children are to be found upon the war grounds to be shot at, for apart from a particular breed their children just won't be there.

At art school perhaps, an appendix from John Henry the Waldorf – no relation to ours – those hybrid children of Senator so and so will have no cloth to bear around his loins, but when the time comes his manhood will lead him away from the battleground in favor of a good old time!

So now you know just what the tendency is, and Senator, ...this is as good a time as ever to tie that white hanky around a stick pole and banner it as your ultimate standard in order to don-key around the mob just one more time before they ultimately once again try and finish you

off at the polls, but we do warn you, Senator Glas... that next time the mob will spill your pills at the pharmacy with your name written all over them.

Now, what kind of command would we be should we not warn a potential hog maker of his demise at the hands of ones little better than himself?

So, to the grind tool promotion we would also elect to recommend through 'reminders' that you boys and girls at the NASA team derelict NOT the Star Wars Memorandum out of the White House doors of China Rooms so delicious with cutlery as well, if you understand our meaning, and relish not the itinerary of your newest General Kolkhoz, President of the nation of the United States of America, for the foxtrot hole in Great Britain swallowed the ten nations of the European control. And if you count carefully, ten is all you'll get, for the suffrage in Satellite States are not all they turned out to be, and the Turkish Erdogan faulted the European German Estate out of Poland's SE and North with a gullet full of 'new' history as yet to be uncovered by the world.

Oh well, Jamie my lad, put this on at your discretion, son, and be well with the crocodiles swarming in the Florida Keys, because soon the land will change and that which was seen to be in one part of the world of the state will begin to override that of the other.

Sign off for me please, dear Uthrania, and both of you please get some sleep. Sananda, James Galiac Sentana-Ries over and out. After all, we are all related after all! (Smiles).

Uthrania: Channels tied off for Captain James Galiac at 4.7, 4.9 and 5.2 6. Maryjoy satellite dish coordinates 15 hector .7, 8 and 19 degrees off suit. Good Night at 6:22 pm. High Command over and out.

September 29, 2013 2:30 pm

Well, little duck, and how are we today?

Uthrania: Just fine thank you, Sananda.

Good, then we will continue where we left off. Let me brief my last work, will you? Just hang on.

Alright then. Just title this next one, "**The Pulmonary Epic of Consensus of all Governmental 'Dwarves'**" toward the rich and wealthy of the oil fields south-western of Alaska.

Now that is another one for the books, but for now we will begin with the pinnacle of success and just how these fools deem it worth their while to not abide by our universal 'Standard,' and instead encrypt within the tendency of their souls each and almost every one of the escapees of the harem of astronauts to redeem the prerequisite 'study' of the moonscape vs. just what Russia has come up with unto the roaring laughter of the Saudi vagrants whose ire has been up with the Americans for quite some time, though they will never let on. Now, new paragraph, please, as we 'explore' some variances of diplomacy as shed by the holographs which we gather from time to time. (Sananda smiles)

To begin with, my chelas, severe appendixes toward that of what you are gullibly shown upon your wide angle TV screen to do with 'flight service' to the other places in the galaxy by your widely-known and respected NASA team will nonetheless gather no extra moss whilst ye ones are picketed back and forth wanting the atmosphere cleaned of all extra radiation and chemical compounds.

And though this is a very good agenda toward that of the peoples' ire, we would say it is generally not going to be followed through by those syllables who think that mandatory reformation by Martin Luther King is actually going to take the place of the harbingers and group NW and South of 'Texicana, New Jersey, and all the rest of the clothing group. There is one for your sour heads to assimilate, their gents as well as ladies of the Concord abbreviated Helliots!

Well, off to 'giraffe' town over there in Africa's northern regions, and if Egypt, the very pinnacle of success, does not get her ducks in order, then the bombs of Israel's south are going to dustily land on her head, and she, Egypt's north country will not even know what hit them.

So be very careful gents of the gentry because Great Britain and the Queen of England will prove unlikely in their great assistance which they had on occasion promised to follow through with, and the tunnels of Palestine will harbinger the rest, and the sod will fall upon their dusty and poor heads, and so will the ticking of the time bomb cease in all its melodramatics until the 'seed picked' falls from the limber branches of the tree.

Fanatics, all of them? Well, we are not too sure, for the grapes of wrath are well overdue we would think, and because of it this book will go out on Scribd and overlooking nothing will we be seen to do, for I, Sananda, James Galiac, will teach those rebels a thing or two!

And who is the rebel, and to whom do I refer? Little Concorded ones high up in the planes, so do you prerequisite the larson you ones saw,

and from on high does Britain fly over the pinnacles of Egypt's finest and best,

and all war equipment within the pyramids we do see do trigger off the majority of henchmen out of the grasp of the myriad of Israelites,

and the Christians from the West sod down their dusty boots once again,

and I, the Lord of Hosts, will teach each and every one that the game they play with others is the game they will play back unto themselves!

Good Night, Jamie my lad, and Good Day.

Please sign out for me, little dove, and join with Jamie in the midnight game of poker, for the chips will always fall as they may. Coded compliance to be sure.

Good Night, chelas, and dwarves filamented throughout the Middle East are not the good ones concerning the Q'ran, but rather they misunderstood the text meaning and took it for a grain of sand alluding to the biopsy of wicked intent from ones beneath the earth. What a tragedy in itself!

So tie off all channel frequencies, and be gone THE HELLIOTS! Sananda over and out.

Uthrania: All frequencies tied off at channel regularity 7910 Cordon 8. Good Night. Salu at 2:50 pm

November 19, 2013 3:55 pm

Uthrania: Ready, Sananda.

Sananda: Hello, as they say in their rather queer way, and so we gather the rest of our information for the conclusion of the book, and we will then give to you the consorted pictorial-gram of the next and final book cover of the series. Now take a three minute break, and I will be right back.

Sananda James Galiac, Captain of the Stargazer Intrepid. Back in a minute. 3:57 pm

4:01 pm

Sananda: Well, back in a moment I said, and two minutes late already. Now, does that sound like me? No, not at all.

To tie off this segment we will adjourn our work not for another time, for **collapse of the entire worldly economy will happen irregularly at which time the HAARP installations will have already guaranteed the largest corporate powers enough rebuilding contracts to furnish a whole denful of dragons and tigers.**

The monks in Tibet have already found a sanctuary in their lairs. And the tigers and Phillips of the world knowingly brought about enough help assistance to both poor China and Africa to have thought by the UN that they were actually on the side of the ruckus team straight out of New Jersey, Newark, and Poland, that sanctimonious delirium of non-chelant and their tightwalk up the culvert of all gloom and doom.

Now, we have mentioned New Jersey more than enough times without actually telling you what is down there. Well here we go: Gestapo Mafia from Great Britain, Ireland, and Polish conquistadors right traipsing out of Grecian Central Station in New York.

We are **horrified** that the tamarack at the Peace Holland Newark Airport just sized down a trailer piece of larson in order to make the airport a safer, unknown, safer place to come to fly out of or rather into ..Hungry, Lautenberg, Japan, and Westminster, New England.

Oh, what a sight indeed with all the storefronts out of lights, for electricity went down. Poland dropped the biggest bomb yet on New Ireland, and the Pope, Pontiff that he is, relaxed his grip upon the Pontificate seat of power and relaxed then his grip upon the church.

Ah, what a fiasco, lads and ladies, for the Winmerer feat of the day was the North Atlantic Trade barriers and because of it the Winnebago of New Hampshire rotated the drums in the Win-free/Belfry and Stuart Montgomery held Parliament in the House of Lords. Would you believe it? And because of the triple X symposium at the Calcutta whorehouse many fine gents went home with aids, herpes and other unmentionable diseases. Ugh!

Rotary Dogs disbehave. Cats and their critters misalign the foxtrot out of all English Calvary, and the Peter and his rats in the unfortunate nation of Bermuda all saved the very best for last, and that, Steve Kinsman, is to off-shelf you in a most distrustful way.

Now, we know you do not know these lads, for they live a happenstance away from your door, but the nations they breed are a hybrid indeed and Polish factions meted out the Skull and Bones Era back into the grave. So, good news for all!

Indeed have we seen the bridge to London's clock-raising alarm set for to awaken her Royal Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, with one hair-raising epic as the Bush family out of Great Britain once removed long ago, brings the hair standing up on the back of the chin inward as poor Philip, consort to her Royal Majesty, wears his peacock feather thin as he trips not again on the Jews' royal behind, for all are at peace in Israel after all.

To conclude this epic we will scenario the cover with a distant relaxation of trouble and the bell from the Fri is Friar in disguise and we know intricately that George Bush and his family did relinquish after all their distant ties.

Good Day and Good Night. Please tie off this book, Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez, and remain on stand-by for the cover in the next couple of days or hours.

Do we remain as ever, faithful to the people of this planet. And Queen Elizabeth and Consort Prince Chamberlain of Scotland, please settle down and reread more than the conclusion of this epic. And we do however wish you all well. Sananda out. Salu

Uthrania: Tying off all channel frequencies to High Command Hemmingway 4.9. Writ authored by his Excellency Captain James Galiac Sananda, closed off and completed on November 19, 2013 at 4:28 pm. Adieu.

CALAMITY STRIKES AT HOME

Book 5

Authored by

Captain James Galiac Sananda

Captain of the Federation of Unified Starships

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