

The White Winds Repitoire



PIGEONS ROOST IN THE NORTH

Book 5

By Captain James Galiac Sananda

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

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

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PIGEONS ROOST IN THE NORTH

Book 5

Introduction

Hello, to all of our fine readers. Book Five will be rendered as a book famous for its dialect, and by this we mean we may well have succulent voice recordings from the **White Winds**, our famous of-a-sorts library upon **Captain Adrigon**'s very fine ship.

So, let us get started, shall we? **"Pigeons Roost in the North"** is a writ concerning all those oil barons whose only and main desires fall toward the accomplishing of monetary feats in surpassing that of many others.

Therein our first chapter title for this book (which may well consist of chapters, though a decision we have not yet quite decided upon as yet) would be "The Nightingale Sings again!"

Please place, Uthrania Seila, and we will promptly continue on with our analogue of-a-sorts.

January 1, 2013, 2:29 pm

THE NIGHTINGALE SINGS AGAIN!

Larson! That is what they needs most worry about, loves, for the future in oil will accomplish nothing much than one oil company ruining it for the rest, and vice versa.

Sounds incredible to the most of you?

Well it does at that, but let me tell you a little story.

One day the fly on the wall wished the rabbit at the hole would just move away in order to let the seal-duck foam at the mouth until his desire was taken over by a lustful rabbit who seemed to come out of nowhere.

Now, how the story goes is this:

Following the food cache which the clever squirrel hid in the tree hold, the squirrel decided that he also wanted for his nest that wonderful black soot which can only come from fires, so he walked many a mile and found a sorcerer rabbit and that rabbit told the clever squirrel that to do such damage to another life form in order to bring about fire was not something the sorcerer rabbit would be ever seen to engage himself in.

“Sorry,” said the sorcerer rabbit, “but I only came to help the willing in this world to a better life and until you wish this for all including the trees which you would have me alight, then I cannot and will not assist you, dear squirrel.”

So the squirrel went to its friend the duck who wondered what on earth had happened to his water? Or was it a she? Well, we will never know that, of course, but the water strangely enough had turned black, to oil!

The squirrel was impressed, nonetheless, and asked for a dip in the pool.

The squirrel-duck moved over and allowed the squirrel a dip in its pool. We call the squirrel-duck now an “it,” for we do not know whether or not it is a she. (Smiles)

When the squirrel dipped of his foot gingerly in the shiny black oil, he thought it to be liquidated soot, and asked if he might remove some in a tiny brown ladle and take it back with him to his tree hold.

The rabbit by now had heard all that was to be said and announced that a flare could even be set up from the ground, and that flare of course would be seen by all.

But the pirate squirrel proved his unworthiness by stating that he did not wish to share with others but needed the light alone within his hold to enable him to see around his stash.

The sorcerer rabbit stepped in and gave him a light, and as the squirrel was drenched himself in oil from the foot up, so did he make of his final mistake.

Give to the **Gulf Cooperative Council** this writ, my dear, and close off transmission of this day.

Captain Sananda Galiac, James, of the illustrious Stargazer Intrepid, where I am, for the day. Thank you Seila. Good Day. 2:54 pm

January 2, 2013, 12:00 pm

THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHERIC TRAVEL VS. STARSHIP VOYAGES

Now, little chelas, many of you have come to ask of me at some time or another whether or not star craft use vortexes as much as we do with soul etheric travel where the soul leaves the body and at the same time stays with cord connected to the body to keep that casing alive and kicking.

I would say definitely the spectrum is the same and because of it the keeping of one type of vortex is relatively akin to the other.

Now, with that said, let us once again begin a new chapter sub-title, and we will carry on like this for a reason which will become evident later and much the easier to find words corresponding to that which you wish to rapidly find.

“The Beast in the Field in the Northern Ice Cubical Woodlands” will be the next subject sub-title, Seila. Please place while we await. Thank you, dear. Sananda on stand-by.

THE BEAST IN THE FIELD IN THE NORTHERN ICE CUBICAL WOODLANDS!

Well, m’loves, back to the over-baked out Alaskan pie, are we not? Not entirely do we shift to the south on this one book, but to say that what you find in moderately shifting tendency of a hole at one end of the spectrograph does circulate through to the other end of the spectrograph, is that not so or have none of you found it yet?

Well, the Germans were wise in detecting that porous piece of ground with the circular air within it.

Do you know there are clouds down under with vaste volcanic mountainous regions covered with soot of a brownish lace colour and built-in huts along ridges around the curvature of solid ledges?

It is nice to think that at the level of evolution mankind is at upon the very surface of the world that they’re just ones solidly removed from that

very tendency of cruelty toward others of their kind. Is that not so also? Of course, if it were not so, I would have told you already.

But what on earth am I writing this for, m'loves? Simply to tell you that you are not the only ones in your galaxy or universe with some type of a brain - though most neglect to use it - but rather not even the only ones residing either within or upon the surface of your own planet, and do not even know it!

Ah, well, as this reality dribbles downward into that gray mass of yours you tend to call your brain, so will reality succumb to the possibility that mayhaps you just do not know everything about the reach of your planet at all.

Mayberry flowers do bloom in Alaska fair after all, and **people do live on the moon.** Good Day. Wake up "fully" and you will grow exceedingly well once you learn not to live so much like you are hedgehogs! Adieu and Good Day.

Place this upon the netted waves, dearest one.

Simon Gunkel, Captain of the Adversary, out for this portion, and pleased to make your acquaintance.

I have keep to the style of Captain James Galiac Sananda as much as possible in order to relay this out to you, his readers, in prime time. Good Night.

Please put in time frequency please, dear Seila. May I call you that instinctively too? And tie of all frequencies from this source for the day and evening hours. Graves out. 12:17 pm

Seila: Pleased to make your acquaintance, Captain Gunkel, and Good Afternoon, Commander Graves, for I have not heard from you for quite some time. Frequency tied off at 12:17 pm

Captain Gunkel: Junkel with a "G," please, but pronounced as though with a "J."

Seila: Thank you, Captain. I have corrected it. What about the beast in the field?

Captain Graves: Loved one, this chapter sub-title is not yet ended. So you will see our script, as many call it, will continue at another time.

Seila: Thank you. Good Day.

January 5, 2013, 3:34 pm

Finally, with the sandwich finished we will carry on from where we had last left off with another member of our crew, shall we? Captain Sananda James Galiac at the helm and at your service!

Well, who indeed is the beast in the field of the great polar caps, dear ones, if it is not the mouse who feathered the flock all by himself!

Then, you say, “Sananda, who EXACTLY THEN is the mouse?”

Well, the mouse, little ones, are the paratroopers from within the United States/Canadian border who fleece the flock of Eskimos, whenever they have the goodly chance, never mind laying claim upon the scrumptious oil fields away from Russia divine.

Ah, the **flywheel** of them all used to portray all they **United States “flying saucers”** which they could hardly of themselves remain airborne. But then, **when you steal technology from others such as the German enterprise, likely even with their scientists all rounded up and moved to the States**, as so many of you call that dear nation of people who supplant themselves now world-wide in order to get away from the vicious control of their continent who remained under U.S. barricaded control, **one can only expect that their season of flying craft “saucers intact” would never work quite as well as in Hitler’s day - God-bless-his-soul - for even men such as he was tempted to roll over the money system and was quite frankly not allowed to do so.**

But Petersburg in Russia divine came to its glory once again through their stiff representation of **Syria, who by the way never gave up its land nor its water willingly without a goodly fight.**

And when the people saw what was being done to their waters and land, they turned upon the culprits and fondled their weapons once more,

and the end of the tyranny soon came to an end,

and the **President of Syria, Bashar al-Assad**, once again resumed his place on the dentist’s chair and went back to Britain to speak to the Queen,

and after that kindly debut the people put him back on the throne with another disgusting round of talks with the U.N.,

and that was the end of that.

No roundabout for **Iran**, for they did not care to interfere on behalf of helping poor **President Bashar al-Assad**,

and for that reason doth the pit hit the fireball, which distinctly came from “around the corner” to that well-seasoned place behind the tall wall sitting directly and presumptuously inside of what we still call Palestine,

and because of it the duck hit the water running,

and the cows north-side of the hill became more than distressed, for their sort were also people - and not the opposite - as designed to them by the straight wall north of Palestine central.

And the beast in the forest of the lifespan of Eskimos delightedly feigned his existence back into the cold dark wilderness,

and because of it, the ferns in the summer heat decided to wave it all away,

and the Government of Canada came to see the Light before it was too late,

and spoke to the Government of the Nation of Saudi Arabia - and stymied them no more,

and then their fate was sealed much to the chagrin of the American public.

And Adieu and Amen, as you say. Seasoned replica, and many try to flout our words as meaningless, but we tell you, the end is not in sight yet, save that being of the catapulting of the missiles north of Syria in tendency to light the day of night in a round of spectacular light show,

and then all was quiet in the Middle East,

and the babes slept soundly in their bassinets and cribs,

and all was once again fine with the world.

Watch for your evacuation, those of you who deserve it and have prepared yourselves, for we take all, but not all to paradise, for we will not have those civilizations disrupted, for they have already earned their way!

Sananda James Galiac over and out. Adieu and Adieu. Thank you for listening for **this is your final chance at the hour!** 3:56 pm

January 13, 2013, 8:15 pm

You may put in the next book title: "Blustering Storms Never Seem to Cease!" I await.

BLUSTERING STORMS NEVER SEEM TO CEASE!

Well, loves, here I am, Captain James Galiac Sananda by which name many of you know me by. Please remove the Mr., Seila, for I have changed my mind.

Now, contrary to the winds which blow the gulf streams in the Arctic in a roundabout surface stream, the gulls are lowly crying their wailing song toward all those caught in the last ice storm while searching for that patch of black oil which in a sense has its own odor which is anything but pleasant unless you are a warmonger whose only aim is to fight Russia for the tenth time over the thing.

"Multi-grade chemical warring is not the fissure tenure within the ice crystals, but it just might work!" they all tend to say. And if I were a betting person, which I most definitely am not, I, Sananda James Galiac would state that **if oil belonged to anyone on the northern plane it would belong to: "Them there darned Eskimos."**

Ah well, so much for the truth faction which occurs from Texaco, Texas, once in a while, for while the Canadian Government sits on its seat and does nothing worthwhile to protect its Eskimo population, the oil will go on sitting there until either Russia feels it's waited long enough or the Texans think they really do own it all.

What a catastrophe if that should happen once again! Just look at what they have all done to the Middle Eastern, Africa regions, and we know what Eskimo land will look like so far away from mainstream Canada.

But you say, you, the vivacious reader, that perhaps you already knew of this occurrence, or were near enough the truth to have figured it out, but what you do not know will shock the pants off you, and that is precisely this!:

The large whale which is Great Britain in this instance, largely due to its colonization of so many nations throughout the centuries, and the Bear which in this instance is also Russia, and the seal and walruses which are the Ducabors in France, **and then fondly do we mention those overseas in Poland-land, are all gathering around Iceland to protect her from lacerations by the American stooges who are worried about Holland and the Netherlands, for they are “afeerd” that the banking whoremonging establishment might take a dive as well, and if that happens Morphonese at the South Pole**, and we will never tell you as long as we live who they ones are, for the Tripoli bunch never got off the ground because of their greed - larson against themselves, blaming the whole and entire issue of disrespect upon Gadaffi, so that left the people following them where? - **will take a shakedown themselves and place the Americans right back where they belong taking a trip through the center!** ...Well, you get our point.

And down under in Australia, the whore-bear which is Alaska, and the polar bear minority had their coats shaven to give to the rich and wealthy whilst the elephant and rhinoceros lost their tusk/tusks to the frontier fox who was secretly watching them for such vicious crime against humanity, for without the luscious animal hide no one could build such worthy tents, and for that purpose the animals needed to well survive until their death.

What a concoction in housing and utilities, but where one lives is where one must survive, and if the animals are dehorned then it only stands to reason they will not survive amongst their clan for very long, and then the skin loses its toughness as it blisters in the sun from the multitude of horn sores from other beasts of the field.

Well, we could go on, but I suppose you all wish I would stop. So on this day will we close, and I bid you and yours a fare-thee-well and a fond “Good Night” to my chelas, world ‘round.

Please tie of channel please, Uthrania, and place in time elements and Good Night.
(8:35 pm)

January 16, 2013 3:00 pm

Well loves, we will get us an early start this day, at least from where I am situated at, on the cusp of all global atrocities.

Ugh, what a day from our perch to watch down upon your planet: the smoke and smog and chemical reactions, one chemical with the other, and in the midst of all this are you, the people, barely

surviving, of which is even amazing to me, as well as to the rest of us.

Ahem, now we will start out by enlisting all of our readers to consider the aptitude for universal truth, or reality, which I design is a better word, in apprehending coherent writings which not all of you nonetheless will understand.

Today, our subject title begins thusly: *The Aptitude of Finance of the Northern Globetrotters and their Efficiency Thereof*. Please place Uthrania Seila, whilst we await, dear.

THE APTITUDE OF FINANCE OF THE NORTHERN GLOBETROTTERS AND THEIR EFFICIENCY THEREOF

Samsung Electronics are having a swift good ol' time in deciphering all those incoherent graphics around the sub-terrain of the North Pole. And having said that, we ourselves are becoming more dependent upon your sub-standard electronics in order that we may record all those questions and words of yours and yours to aptly deal with them at a future time in your history, for history will be what it will come down to by the time we are ready.

Now, the offshoot of glory rapidly being drilled to destruction by the giant oil rig companies are what eventually will force evacuation of themselves as the great swaths of black oil replace themselves with fauna lava of a much more royal colour, coming to bear that they ones really should never have attempted at such greed as to polarize the ground with their "swastika's," as they call them, of "enrichment policy."

Now look up "swastika," dear ones in the format of which the Chinese understand it, and you should also know that the outstretched arm of **Hitler** simply stood for: "**Greetings, I come to you unarmed.**" Ah well, what history doesn't want you to know....!

But before I go, and close up on this very short debut, I shall add this:

That the rolling stones upon many lands will shake themselves loose in the very near future – so *move!*

Good Afternoon, and thank you for all your correspondence, and we, working together with Uthrania, Reni, and others, will be pleased to coordinate with you as time allows. Adieu. **Lord over no one**, Sananda

Galiac, out. Please put in time sequence, Seila, and adieu to you and Reni as well.
3:12 pm

February 14, 2013 3:00 pm

Well, my dear scribe, Seila Uthrania Sentana-Ries, once again we see to adorn ourselves out of the misty cloud coverage with ships a hew with diagrams of evacuationary plumatory essence of **“why doth those ships of the starship crew evacuate so many humans who wouldst rather wait it out to see the son of ‘God’ appear as we would like to see him do. Oh! We weren’t taught in our synagogues, churches and temples that the ships would be our livelihood upon other worlds.”**

“But nay,” say the Adventists, “For we didst believe the blood of Christ was all we needed to board the great ships, which we didst of ourselves believe in and teach from the smallest one on!

“Is paradise then not to be remembered as the unadulterated worshiper of the Adventist best? Ah, but ‘God’ be remembered, and we shall all fare well when the Day cometh, and that Day will be glory personified!

“Animal sacrifice out, to be sure, but the human that is ‘God’ will we belayeth that sacred ritual not, for we must prepare ourselves from the inside out in our own sacred way to ourselves, and let no man, woman, nor child say to us differently. Good Day to God, for daylight is all we have left!” Adieu.

Well, all ye little northern adulterated ones, you never do learn, do you, **THAT I, LORD SANANDA, JESUS CHRIST, OR WHOMEVER ELSE YOU CHOSE TO STILL CALL ME! AM NOT YOUR FLEECE HEN WHOM YOU WILL PLUCK TO DEATH IN THE PROCESS OF CLEANSING YOURSELVES WITH MY BLOOD! NO THANK YOU! USE YOUR OWN!**

Jesus Christ of the Starfleet Exodus, for the people who do gainatorily think upon their own laurels to be one with the truth or reality of the universal structure, and not placed as one with the doubters of that which I say, here and now, TODAY, for I am sick to mine stomach that ye ones all wish upon me a continual grave, only to be arisen to **HELP THE LIKES OF YOU ALL WHO DARENST BELIVE THAT I DO NOT FLOAT IN CLOUDS SAVE THAT WITHIN MY SHIP OF WHICH ONLY THE ADVENTISTS BELIEVE THAT FAR, BUT THAT WILL NOT SAVE THEM ENOUGH, FOR I REFUSE TO BE DELINQUENT WITH THOSE WHO SERVE NO CRIME BUT THEIR OWN OF WHICH I HAVE NOT DONE –**

NOT TOWARD MINE OWN SELF, AND DEFINITELY I REFUSE TO BE BESOUGHT WITH A CRIME AND ITS CONSEQUENCES WHICH EACH ONE OF YOU HAVE WROUGHT UPON YOUR OWN SOUL!

THINK ME STUPID THEN OR JUST OF THE GULLIBLE SORT?! WELL, I HAVE TOLD YOU BEFORE, AND I WILL CONTINUE TO TELL YOU ONCE AGAIN, THAT I, SANANDA, JAMES GALIAC, CAPTAIN IN THE FLEET OF SHIPS BELONGING TO THE FEDERATION OF ALL FREE PLANETS, COME TO RESCUE ONLY THOSE WHOSE BENEDICTIONS ARE THEIR OWN IN THEIR OWN SPECIAL WAY AND NOT IN THE WAY OF BOWING, KNEELING TO ME, AND GLORIFYING THE ADULTERY ONE MORE TIME!

Good Day, and thank you, scribe, for these words to be put down in print at the exasperation of my soul. – Sananda, James Galiac. Adieu. Please finalize time piece, Seila, Uthrania. 3:15 pm

February 20 , 2013 4:18 pm

Well, here we are once again, little ones of the stricken, or soon-enough-to-be-stricken North! Sananda James Galiac at the helm once or twice again on this same day; with the postings up my sleeve we continue on with this debut of which we have many.

Now, my stalwart little scribe Seila, we will with all veracity continue along the same lines as **“caterpillars”** under the surface structure of both Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and now Alberta, Canada.

Forsooth it to be said that in being stricken from the record up there in D.C. *from where I am now sitting*, the giant me-mammoth machine they call **“the caterpillar”** digs deeply into the invading earth surface in order to extract the oil and gas from way under the country “boundary line.”

Seems incredible, little ones? Not so incredible as it might seem. After all **we are watching high technology in its realm of pipeline drilling from way “under” the surface line.**

Broader expanses have been undoubtedly tried with little to no success before, but much has been of the alteration, and because of it the fleeced-out Americans have now at their disposal a plan by the White House over there in “larkenwood” D.C., a plan which would put **Greenpeace** at rest with the rest of the overlayers of injunction who distinguish rotgut from all sorts of trivial expertise of their own languished makings.

(A parrot is screeching)

Hush the bird, please.

Seila: Sorry. Just one moment. (Pause) I am ready.

Sananda: Good. Now for the main epic of our scribing today. Other bird, please.

Seila: Reni has the parrot quieted down now. I am so very sorry. He is temperamental today with too much energy.

Sananda: Quieted down, would have done it. We are in the middle of a scribing, may I remind you.

Seila: I am ready.

Sananda: So in the gangplank which the American citizens have provided for their most illustrious president Barak Obama, the tailwind might just now fall short, and the gangplank instead erected for the boys all around him who think that stealing Canadian oil and gas remnants for no pay at all is about the worst thing which can be done to those good 'ol Albertans who pay the middle man nothing at the pumps.

But the middle man “on high” are the banking elite which really, if you see their backgrounds and whom they truly are, can see, they set the prices and no matter what OPEC does to lower all costs by the barrel at the pump, those vicious middlemen will always see to blame the Middle Eastern countries for high prices!

Mafia-bound are those middlemen, and because of their larceny will come the wit and roundabout at the end of all culinary and culling of the money system of their choice.

We will not leave them ungraded for all go to their universal classes, and at the end of each lifestream they will be “graded” upon how many lessons they have learned and by-and-by you might just find the “oiltankers” out of Maison, Quebec, that hotbed of voices permeating along the fine line of the Quaker monstrosity – de l’argent for the mongrels of society, those “banking elite” whom the Quakers also, good people, have no use for, due to their love of dirty money at the banking runes, that Filimont, Saskatchewan, has all to do with aught as many of you hybrids will have found out by the time this writ hits the racks.

Good Day, and for those who read codes, you may just find this one, one of the most interest.

Thank you, dear Seila. Sananda over and out. Please remember time perimeters, dear. 4:39 pm

March 14, 2013 4:00 pm

Sananda at the helm, little one. Are you stationed? Commander Hargrave in for the asking.

Seila: I am at the keyboard ready to go, Sir.

Commander Hargrave: Alright then. Sananda on board. Please continue at his request. Hargrave over and out.

Captain James Galiac Sananda: Well, Seila, and what do we have here today? Ah, the pigeons roost in the north book, well, then, let us waste no more time and continue as we may. *Ahem. Just clearing my throat.*

So *symposium* will be our next non-title, and anyway, this is distinctly peculiar from those of our other books, and on the guideline will we now proceed. Do not enter title please, Seila. **Ahem.**

The book we are currently writing is one which dictates the ongoing long arm of the American acquisition toward all those fine ones in **Eskimo** land, and if you ask me or any one of our troops down upon the surface structure of either **Alaska** or the **Northwestern Territories**, we would comely say that if all was left up to us - and it was not agin universal structure of comeliness and law - then we would most likely drown the lot of them right where they stand, or float, like that poor old polar bear on Reni Sentana-Ries' website at Wikinut in his **Ice Age** theorogram, and leave the Eskimos to destroy not one more bear but keep to the seal hunting only after the poor creatures had expired.

Talk about the animal kingdom with one eating the other, well you ones are no better for what you take for granted in your meals, so do the otter of the south pole also acquisition for themselves. *Ugh!*

So, plenty of meat eaters, and we understand a lot about consumption and diet and of a root do we eat with the texture of beef and the flavor of the beast, and we are most content, but we too, went through lifetimes after lifetimes where the beast of the field, forest and sea was our daily diet as well, so we do not come with condemnation,

but those who would see themselves to become in the realm of evacuation will all be taught the right principles of eating, what is good and healthy for the body, what is not, and should you indeed eat others who are supposed to be under your care!

It is a tell-tale mark of excellence when you find yourself following **the diet**, so to speak, **of the ages**, and finding yourselves just loving it for its moist flavour and scrumptious filling (artery none) texture (different somewhat at times from what you have in those beasts of your diet, but not all).

Ah well, we just assumed there would be those of you who prefer excellence of living patterns in this mode of living circumstances as well, and because of it, I thought you, our readers, dedicated as so many of you are, would benefit at a little peek into your future as it unfolds.

Thank you all for your readership, your patience with my seemingly difficult words at times upon other “articles” now on your own websites (**for those who have downloaded our material**) and now I bid you a fine and farewell “adieu.”

Salu, and Sananda James Galiac out. Please place in time sequence, Seila, and have of yourselves a wonderful evening when it comes around. Good Night. (4:15 pm).

March 25, 2013 10:45 pm

Well, we are a little early, darling one, but that suits my schedule just fine, so let us then proceed on.

Just a little quip before we begin. **St. Germain, the good old fellow, is up to his “tricks” again, so to speak, and the platform which he so often mans up there high in the galaxy once again, discovered the Eluthus Star System which is a system which matches our own Andromeda’s cluster – in beauty surpasses all but that of the high worlds,**

evolved that is, of the dear and winning in grace Mancharian brother and sisters of which we are not as yet endowed with eyes which are able to behold and withstand such glory of beauteous surroundings!

Now, with that said, on with the topic for today, and that requires a subheading this time of **Clusters of Starships do not mean planets are not around.** Interesting to you, our readers? We certainly “hope so.” Sananda, James Galiac in for the twelfth session of the day in this sector. Please place heading, dear Seila, and let us therewith proceed.

CLUSTERS OF STARSHIPS DO NOT MEAN PLANETS ARE NOT AROUND

Well, in the first place planets are home to thousands, no, millions of people abound even upon the smallest of worlds, some less and some more.

Billions are to be found in the cluster sections of Andromedas and Alexandria, but fullimonds are the up-shank of the possibilities that many star clusters are indeed ships and ships galore, which take up the routine re-routing of all those “tracks” throughout and interwinding throughout the galaxies, both, on scientific experiments as well as vacation routes to far-off places like the polar regions on Esquarious Four and Japulina Five, both subsurface worlds with a dictorium unlike any seen here upon your earth place of Angorius.

There are scholars of such works as to be quite unimaginable to the likes of most of yourselves, and if you can imagine this next quip you will realize that in some ways you are not too far behind yourselves.

When you put pictures and videos upon your page, these people utilize the “hologram” right and directly onto the top and midsection as well as bottom of their parchments which are made up distinctly of light particles all molded into a sequence of 101.

Base product, they say. I do not know myself how quite that works as performing the base nature of the hologram in its full development, but we can tell you this: **small word as it has in fracturing the diagram full of holes, then interloping it together again with “fissurement” will never distract the reader insomuch as he or she would not gather the information into their cranium in their abstraction and understand only that which is picturesque before them.**

No, these are highly evolved thinking people, and as such are garnered one with the other in the heights of development also in **radio technology** which we utilize within our great ships as **“band waves,”** and the longer the reach the better the transmission, and you men and women of the waves will gladly attest.

But for those of you who reach out to us with frequencies and expect us to answer likewise, may we tell you once again that which we have spoken to your governments: **that we use telepathic means of deciphering all you ones wish to say in return to us, and in doing so**

we “do” watch of your reactions to our words and wish to goodness the majority would get their heads together and not waste our time.

Good Evening, and Good Night to those over there in the **Philippines**, and adieu from all of us up here as considered **“high up in your skies,”** and have a Good Morning and daylight hours to the rest of you. Salaam.

James Galiac Sananda, Captain of the Stargazer once again whilst my brother is gone. Please lock off time sequence, little one, and Adieu. Keep up with the French. (11:06 am).

Thursday, May 9, 2013 2:30 pm

Seila: I am on line Sananda.

Private Ethan: Captain on the Bridge! Attention please, Sirs and Madams! Go ahead, Sir. Ethan out. Regiment Four. 5th Station! Sir!

Sananda: You are excused, Private, and thank you kindly for your words. Little one, are you there?

Seila: Yes, Captain Sananda. I am well prepared to receive your words. Please proceed.

Captain Sananda: Ahem. Now, it is the radioactive element NW in China, the Chinese “peninsula” as we call it itself which is soon GOING TO BLOW(!) its stack, so to speak.

But bequeathing all doubt away from Factor plant 6 will find the “chirping” of the dog town way out of control.

Dog tags are one thing ‘round the necks of soldiers galore, but when it comes to the firing line of manipulative study, then of course it could be said or spoken that the next bomb that goes off is not the last one by a long shot.

CHROME CONQUISTADORS ARE THE MAINFRAME OF ANY NUCLEAR PLANT. James, put this in capital bold, please, and relay it with “Chrome conquistadors.... and so on” and leave all instructions in, for the boiler will one day relay all misdealings with the American/Chinese relations, and they will simply do back to them ALL they receive. It is a great relationship of tit for tat, and not a very professional one at that.

So now, let us move on to the **Middle East** relations between the Arab world and America as it were. Ahem. Just a little clearing of the throat, loves.

The **Chino/European** stripes against the **United States** and **Israel**, as it were, is something of a nonchalant piece of misery for the entire Arab Nation proximity to Israel.

After all, chaos on the home front is more of a writing about America's part in the entire malijuxton of everything. New sentence please, dear Seila. Ahem.

Sananda out for this portion. "King" Juxton back in the fold.

Captain Juxton presenting himself forthwith, and are you ready to take me, little one?

Seila: I am ready Commander.

Captain Juxton: Please put in time sequence.

Seila: 2:40 pm.

Someone: Captain Juxton on Board, Sir!

Captain Juxton: Thank you, Uthrania Seila. We will now begin.

It is our custom here upon the starships to first relay all the news abound one to the other, ship to ship, and because we do this we are never left out of the fray, as it were. So we continue with Syria, the attacks, multitude of attacks from both Israel on the ground as well as Israel in the "heavens," as it were.

So, what then can be done from our end to protect the Arab and Muslim world who definitely want peace whilst Israel caters to itself and insists upon a "piece of the pie" of each and every nation it sponsors to destruction?

Colic is the word best suited to the manifold indignity which abounds upon the ground of each and every life form, man or animal. Juxtaposing we suppose will launch the well-being of all those whom we call creatures due to their ungodly format of arresting one another for the price of a bottle of rye.

Things are really getting desperate over there in Middle Lands, and because of it the TIME WILL BE CUT SHORT if for no other reason than to save the lives of some of those who will not by our own hand be cauterized from the scene of all living HUmanity.

The product of our interest is to gain entry into the lands of the suffering Palestinian people and their ever present “nightmare” where they are continuously being fleeced of their well-sent “food and liquor” for medicinal purposes, for Israel will not even let in anesthetics. What a crime above all!

We have seen little babies with their stomachs ripped out by Israeli grenades and little children, and warped sense of humour coming from their neighbours to the north have a long-standing very sadistic format in loosening up the “humdrum” of Arab life to the south by Israelis conquistadors.

Well, Seila, Captain in Sananda’s best fleet to date, we would like to thank you in our instant, and of our editor of punctuation, your husband Reni-once-been, then return to the program which we have laid out for the three of you. And James, we want you to now close down the channel and proceed with your work as well.

Seila: Thank you Captain Juxton. But how is James to close down the channel when it is I who in the first place opened it. I do not quite understand, Sir.

Captain Juxton: Soon you will both and three understand our ways and ideals for the each one of you in the future dynamics. That is all I will say for the present, and read carefully of yourselves, and **modify not one word**. Thank you Seila, James, and Reni. Juxton out. 2:54 pm.

June 20, 2013 5:15 pm

Captain Sananda: Well, loves, another day at the helm, and we presuppose it to be an enlistment of all said qualifications which are soon to be put abroad in our own self-styled sequence of words.

Now, with that said, shall we format another piece and attempt to inform the gullible that the ratio of their minds must soon demonstrate a little more careful thinking hieroglyphics into the tenure of that which they must soon realize.

So the noonday project is soon to be flying high, and Jamie, my boy, please enlist all qualities of your pen soon, for to please us is your next forte!

We, of the Starship Command herewith instruct all those human beings living upon planet Angorius, earth command, into the holding up of the

strictest and most stringent posterity under your certain biological heritage.

In other words, dear ones, **we do hereby ascertain that the world is going to *not* go nova inasmuch as your nuclear minds have gravitated against one another and decided on the one thing that they should concede to agree that they will indeed work away together in the Oneness of all intelligent journeys.**

Now, why is this little ones? Simply because **they have found that to demonstrate upon the earth's inhabitants their conglomerated powers, there is simply no escape for them either.**

To do so would most likely bring some of our planes down into gravitational pull, and then there is no way off the planet for themselves.

Well, wise ones once again chew off their own hands and feet if they hurt the body.

Jamie, this is short, but I want you to put it on anyway. **Countdown is not too far off now**, love, so you and Rania will be a foursome with the other two soon.

Good Night and good traveling. Adieu. Your 'father' Sananda James Galiac, over and out on telewave frequency 4.7 dupont. Please characterize off time frequency, Rania, and sign off for me, please. Sananda out. 5:25 pm

November 22, 2013 5:00 pm

Well loves, it is that time of the year when old merry St. Nicholas comes to garnish the tree with prime suspects in the center square of New York. And believe it or not, the rubble rousers in their liquor drunken senses just flew the coup on Wall Street; and the parachuters dove into the money laundering business, and the Pigeons flew the coup!

Now, if this is not a seizematic attempt at carrolling the streets in Winnipeg at a time when the children all play on roller skates and hemorrhaging boards, then the ice skate maneuvers all a-hidden around town just grasped the Parliament by the throat, and who knows where that might lead?

The faucet just down the street from Maryland high jinksed itself all the way up Polar lane in the North West Territories of the Canadian North. And because the hay day in Illinois deepchaked it out of sequence, the

Royal Canadian Mounties decided to make it a hay day by willowing out on the branch with the American FBI. Such fun, hey, boys? After all it is almost Christmas and a chakra or two missing on an elusive criminal, well, what the heck anyway, because Bulstrom and his pirated boys just found you a laced-up job, and that is anyway non-detrimental to the Hebrides over there down there in Minnesota.

In any case, why do I incessantly speak in hieroglyphics, lads and ladies? It is simply the only safe way. And since the Mancharians, dear sweet ones, have already begun their fourth book at station Gitzstaf, we must memorialize that same day with a very strict diet, Jamie, my lad, of eggshells and porcupine quills. Now the ones laced-up there in the Tennessee ozarks will definitely understand that one, triple style, will they not, Jessie Pennis?

So back now to the drawing board, for the Pigeons who actually do roost in the north are none other than those hybrid birds, the penguins who are artificially inseminated from the word 'go' with semen from ostriches and penguins who have already seen the inside of Blinkensop, so their very autonomy has changed, and God only knows what the result of that will be.

The Arctic, Newfoundland, and Labrador, Quebec, has an arsenal of good-will policy toward the poor Philipinos who suffered a devastating blow! But guess what, you Newfoundlanders? The chicken in the dish of the fridge where you keep your eggs just cultiverted backward to hens, pigeons, chickens and the like, and the meat you think is only home-grown has already been designed from the farm just up the hill where the corporate power Monsanto owns, so do not think for one genuine moment in time that your culled birds have not somehow been replaced momentarily with a new selection of birds while you have all been sleeping.

Why such crude words, m'lads and ladies? Just so you might protect yourselves and your livestock a little better. Maybe a Llama or two would help. Dogs they just spray, and then they are good for nothing, eyes the most. So please check and treat. Pepper spray is sometimes moderated with a saltine solution. Watch out, therefore, and treat your family as though they are...

Tie off piece please, Uthrania, and Jamie, please put this on promptly. Good Night you two, and Good Day to the majority of our readers.

Good work, Canadian Parliament. We are pleased with a good section of your latest work toward garnishing assistance wherever needed.
Adieu.

Uthrania: Coordinating rapid telepathic sequence Dupont point 4, 9 Hemmingridge, and Pollack 7. Good Night from High Command. Book Section, Sananda, Five. 5:19 pm

November 23, 2013 4:15 pm

Uthrania: I am at the helm, Captain Sananda, Sir.

Sananda: Well, just in time at that. Is that not so, little sister of mine? A little more relaxed on the writs, do tell. Alright then let's get right down and into it, shall we? Good.

Now the first topic heading off the day will be on the **elusive submarines** so designed at the bottom of the sea bed to remain. Now, these are not the ordinary submersibles, love, **these are a prototype of the new air force base with naval interaction at the sub-atomic level**, quite specifically speaking.

Now, indubitably do we notice that the design of the first submersible was a crop off the New Era, President Jr. Bush, George, spoke about. Firmly does the crop circle at the bottom of the oceanic bed engulf itself around the corral reefs and because the usual skin-divers cannot get near them, and the whales are of no 'circular' distraction, and the sound waves also of the porpoises and seals do no longer distract from the sound barrier either.

HAARP in its fascinating proposal to engulf the entire mainstream weather pattern above the ocean can seldom withhold propriety when it comes to distancing itself from the proton barriers of lucid waves which in actuality make the distance between the fish in the sea and the mammal breathing air above the waves circumvent around the earthen plane and shorten all distances as a telephone wireless would do from an airborne satellite dish.

"Cool, hey?" they say, and Winnipeg up there in the Canadian North just heated up its environment well below the surface stream, and Canadian Parliament never got wind of it before the Luciferic ones themselves decided to tell them their little secret.

Angorius, your planet, well the face of it, looks similar to a cauldron boiling disaster, and by the time your **HAARP** has finished winnowing

the whole place you really won't have many fish nor wildlife left, and you may all be down to eating dead whales such as the Chinese Liver mongers do; and the Japanese play models who try their best to stay away from the blubber composition anyway.

Whale meat is good, undoubtedly, but **we would comely ask of you to shy away from it for there just are not too many of the good people left.** Why people? Because **their intelligence on the average surpasses already many of those living upon what you call as planet earth.**

Even the description is elementary, for **many earth planets exist throughout the countless galaxies and seventeen hundred and four universes, though the first fourteen are what we deal in and the seventeenth is just an abbreviation.** So please remember that with four more 'under construction' the Mancharians, your creators, will tell you that. Ours, of course, as well. Good.

Now bridge yourselves onto the next equation, **Steve Kinsman**, for we are propriety in our goodness toward all those exceptional Beings who lace up their boots from the inside out just to get a touch of those heavenly words, and of that do we offer you and **Mark** the best our life has to offer.

Steve, just subtract the O from the calculus of point 4 Ram to the Duck, Chinese Astrology, and what you will gain is one less starship, and that then will point to the...now listen aptly..'parchese board,' and you do understand how that is set up for it was one of your past and present absolutely favorite games if you get our meaning here. We will sundry assist you in filling in the blanks when we are able to find the time, for stumped will you not be in calculus, for the stars move about at will in design to trade places with one another.

Again, observe the Big Dipper, Steve, and you too, Mark, for we see you and your lovely wife **Brenda** when she thinks you are not looking, stargazing in our direction, for we are all over the place.

Now, **Mark**, I want you to look for the dwarf star and **Steve** can help you on this. A dwarf star is one which goes nova in such a way as a comet tail lags behind. The synchronization of this task will lead the both and all of you, **Brenda** included, to find your true heritage 'planet' from within the stars where you first originated from. And **we will help you when we see you are all ready to leave promptly.** No gait in-between, hey, Brenda?

Please put this on with the next, Jamie, for we will summarily describe that itinerary of HAARP no longer since our Captain Jeremiah Higgins, Esquire will be shortly doing up his own book on the subject which we are absolutely sure will be the feature plan of them all. This time though, it will be from our perspective due to the lacerations created by the earthly contraption right out of hell!

HAARP was ours to begin with but the men and women stole it and band waved it all over your world, poor souls.

Jamie, my son, scratch putting this on prior to another future writ, please, and place it with the last. Thank you. Sananda James Galiac over and out. Thank you Uthrania. Salu. Please tie off all coordinates with High Command for me, love. Sananda over and out.

Uthrania: Closing down all frequencies Hemmingrade 9.4; Graceland 6, and Hemmingway 2. Glasgow Precinct out at 4.2 on the ulterior channel Corset 2 for High Command and Captain James Galiac Sananda. Tying off at 4:43 pm. Adieu.

November 29, 2013 11:07 am

Good Evening from my end, chelas. **I am herewithe and always Lord over nobody and Captain over many.**

My name for those of you who are new to our writings is **Captain James Galiac Sananda**, and I captain along with my brother **Captain Sophram Suflus Somajar Galiac**, the leader of us all, the **Stargazer Intrepid**, which is one of the most prestigious starships ever built in the **Federation of Unified Starships**.

So, Good Day to those who are just arising, and let us proceed on now with the tenure of writ which to the ordinary mortal will not be as mystifying as you might have once thought.

Israel and Palestine – and is there a difference? Not really. Now let me explain.

There is one ground, one place of habitation. (Got that, Jamie? Put that in italic please, bold).

There is one water for all to share, but one side will not have it so.

There is much ground to cultivate. But one side will not have it so.

There are the sea life and much to cull. But one side will not have it so.

There is freedom under the stars for both peoples. But one side will not have it so.

Don't like our words? Too bad. For our words and our ways and our program is there.

Benefit BOTH SIDES AT ONE TIME. But one side will not have it so.

The compromise between a two-state solution is to **“Get out of the way of the starship commanders and our blueprint of the Unified Federation of Planets”** which is physically **held by our prophets** in tenure for so long, and on your behalf do they come again.

With no religion to divide and with no monetary system to corrupt, we bring in the New Millennium with a Swastika and a blade not, but a Shout of Triumph as we see the people freed!

People, you just don't have that much time left to yourselves, loves! So **get ready to MOVE! NOW!!**

That will be all for today, lasses and ladies, and please remember, **it was us who in our earlier lifestreams who first cultivated the very land you reside on**, and planted each human seed in its place, as world upon world dedicated their seed to make this planet work in societal structure. With love and careful nurturing **you were all once a great breed**, but throughout your lifestreams you deviated away from the great teachings and rarely, if ever, thought about us at all.

Your forefathers of whom we are, and your mothers of the stars, of which many of you have well forgotten, were laid bare in myths altered somewhat to strike the senses of those readers who had no more clue of what is real and what is not, left intact inside their tiny minds.

So with all elevated thought gone, the rulers of this planet who forbade the truth to be read calculated correctly that by the time **the Great Equinox** was through **many would be left to themselves, not even having the level of discernment to get on a ship for their physical escape from the horrors which are to come.**

You poor demented and lost souls! I told you long ago,

and many others came whom you call your Masters, whether be male or female does not matter, that I would come with others with my fleet, and salvation from the drudgeries of this worldly **Hellion system** would be met,

and the religious establishment tricked all of you into believing their form of 'salvation' by the 'blood of Christ,'

and you bought into one of the most aggravating and circumstantial lies of the century,

and over the last, and down through the line century after century you passed on the lies from one generation unto the next.

And topsy-turvy you continued up the line of the lies brought to you by the Hellions from another world,

and began to worship their gold, brass, silver, rubies, and diamonds, not to mention the Opals, hey lads and ladies?!

You poor demented and distracted ones! How you never learn has always been of the greatest mystery to both myself as well as all others!

So now you have another choice. Leave Palestine and Israel in the dust off all remembrance and welcome us aboard. And if you can't do that then face the torment of them all and of that we will not tell you what it can be.

You do not need to read between the lines, ye ones, who are farsighted in your choice. But for the one who fights against us continually, we warn you, we are not adverse to dealing with globetrotters on their own ground.

So be forewarned because we won't be speaking to you again this time around on this same topic without dealing with you on a rather abbreviated basis, for **our temper is about to erupt as Mt. Helens in California**, and we will see just who is left to their own dismay; and the people themselves won't be touched for we have control over the elements in many of their forms.

This will simply provide an example of what we are going to do in conducting a massive moveal of **earthquake** symons,

and from there **your bunkers will be laid bare and the lava which will flow from below will encrypt you in tombs**

and you will lie buried for the rest of your lives. So don't make us change our minds in dealing with you on a more rapid base, because if you do, the storm troopers at your door will see the people with their ropes

and **your military will help you none,** for you have done your evil deeds upon their families, and for that will they never forgive you.

Good Night and Good Day. Jamie, put this on at your convenience, son, for I know you are catching up with prior writs out of my book which **certain ones in Google have deliberated omitted when no one was watching directly out of the world wide search engine - AND WE DO NOT LIKE IT ONE LITTLE BIT, IF YOU GET OUR TENURE ON THAT AS WELL, LITTLE ONES OF THE CANTANKEROUS REALM!!**

Sananda, Esu Jmmanuel, James Galiac, Captain and Commander of the Starship Stargazer Intrepid.

I will sign out for myself tonight, little lamb. Uthrania and Jamie get some rest. I am proud of the three of you and **I love you. Your protection is quite - assured.**

Botrox at Hemmingway Gulf 9.4. Section off Thailand, for another storm is brewing which will miss the Philippines, if you get our thrust. For HAARP and its c-workers in Japan, made to do their evil deeds on the behest of the United Kingdom and Sealand (coded compromise) will be under 'our' thumb for punishment, if you know what I mean. The people will not suffer, but the leaders ...will! Tying off High Command at your time 11:45 am. Good Night!

December 21, 2013 12:00 pm

11:56 am

Uthrania: Ready, Captain James Galiac Sananda, Sir.

11:59 am

Captain James Galiac Sananda: Well, here we are with one minute to go. Thank you, Uthrania. Please be seated.

Uthrania: Yes, Sir.

Captain James Galiac Sananda: Alright then. Here we go. It is twelve o'clock noon and the rapids down the Okotoks River have all but 'clammed' up and the reservoir is beating to the distant drums of the Indians way back when they actually, you could say, owned the land. Their ancestors' graves were left untouched due to the calamity in the northern regions when great swaths of land were bolstered up and retracted back into the oil program. What a hullabaloo that was, but the poor people survived and made stake to their claim in trade, for the oil and barons just lifted their knives and forks and spoons up over the gravesites and walked sullenly away.

So this is where we take off on our new segment, chelas and Indian folk, and because this is the conclusion of the book it will not put upon me to be lengthy in its attire for I, Captain of the Stargazer whilst our brother is away, will tentatively note down that **the escapade played on the Indian folk was always one not of consideration - but one of ultimate and abject greed.** (Place hyphen in please, love, after 'consideration,' for me. - James Galiac)

Alright then, in order to tie off this book, this sequence, let me unfold for you all a little replication of a story I once heard.

Down in Wyoming there was a little cat, and alongside this little creature was a larking dale. And alongside the larking dale was a very miniature and tiny mouse creature as well. Now this mouse had a genuine mind of its own, and because it had a mind of its own the larking dale took strides to put the tiny wee mouse in its place. We notice at times that the oil barons treat the immigrant people *as they have the audacity to name the Eskimos and Native Indians* (italicize, please) *as that little mouse.*

Tweaked between the nose and the eyes is a canyon which bears repeating that the dip between the two is exactly where the oil barons wish to place the two peoples, but they don't. And why do the oil barons not completely do away with the people? It is because they cannot understand them enough, linguistically and co-ordinately speaking, to even begin to usher them off the land. You see, beloveds, many Indian and Eskimo children grow up and even head to the cities where many of their Chiefs are situated in hopes of garnishing some praise and help from the Ontario Government of Canada. So if the oil barons do away as they would like to with the Indians and the Eskimos, could you then even begin to imagine what the rest of Canada, *those who care*, would even say? (Please italicize and erase all instructions, as well, Jamie. - Sananda James Galiac)

“Holy Toledo!” They would exclaim! “How wrong! How utterly wrong!” they would further rant! And all toward the Government, its corporate powers, and especially the oil barons from other lands.

So then, the government of poor old Prime Minister Harper, the quiet lad, would be all a-flock in their feathers with the very notion that they of all people could be considered and labeled as racists! Jail for the every one of them save that of the Prime Minister himself, who is NO Ku Klux Klan! But what indeed would happen to the rest of parliament and their hoary overseers who just cannot take the chance that any other race upon this side or any side of the earth claim the title of ‘Holocaust survivors’ at a rate of murder unprecedented by their own standards, never mind the holocaust of Iraq, Iran, and Philadelphia!

Well, we are not here to speak of such things at a time where the bigots of the world would rather look loose and tidy themselves whilst others like the Melots, Uthrania Seila, so often speaks about or mentions, are the nearest to the equivalents of those who descend upon our own starships with bullets and mace and end up being our servants as well. “Servants!” you say? “Servants?! In paradise, Sananda?” (Captain Sananda clicks his teeth with a ball point pen. – Rania)

Ah, but we are not in paradise at the moment, lackeys! We are hovering just above your earth.

See, this is how you act: whilst we of the comradeship with all creatures big and small consider life in ALL categories as precious, you cannot even conceive of looking after your small to large pets in the winter hours where frost digs deep into the crust of the inside of the soft hooves, and instead you leave them out to suffer the cold bitter winds whilst you, in your warm tuxedos, run for the heat of your homes!

While watching the suffering all around you, you tend to ingrate the entire perpendicular **space** (bold that please, for me, sister) outside as really OUTSIDE OF YOUR TERRITORY! THEREFORE WHAT HAS IT ON EARTH TO DO WITH ANY OF YOU?!

Such lax daisy thinking and acting toward other creatures, do you not think?

Well, we know just what to do with the likes of you, who are so ungrateful for the meat and the milk and the lamb stew and the rest of what they give you from their own sorry stated bodies, that to teach you just a little lesson ourselves, those who do such contrary acts toward nature will inevitably **experience** (bold please, Rania) a few months or so in

such sorry standard. Lifestreams are NOT out of the question for the most severest of cases. **How else are you to learn NOT to hurt others?**

Without as much as a word spoken will you be able to be understood. The Hindus in this have a little catching up to do, but the precept that we will do it back unto you is quite and logically demeaning, that is true, but what do you expect, **those of you who lifestream after lifestream never learn that to treat another human being or animal with respect is not an obligation, but a CONDITION TO BELONGING TO THE HUMAN RACE!**

Good Night, and closing off this portion, and tie off the book please, Rania, and close down nighttime channels for me, please. Jamie, as usual I trust you to look after the remainder of the bolding and italic. There is some if you look hard enough, and Reni, thank you for your precision editing, and place this book with the rest.

Chelas, and all who work their way throughout the pages of this content, we wish you a fine farewell and a good Adieu!

Sananda, Esu Jmmanuel, Captain of the Stargazer whilst our brother-in-arms is away for a segment of your time, signing out as myself in this lifestream, James Galiac Sananda. Good Day, and for me: a Good Night.

Uthrania: Tying off all channel frequencies at Station 6, Poloroid 5. Pulmouth 10, and keeping channel open for High Command Station 4 Hemmingrade 10. Luzon 5 retain its optimum devises, Captain Waldorf, Sir. Thank you to all our readers and Good Night. Good Day from ourselves, Captain Surveyor of the Fireflies and Melots of the Galiac Team Uthrania Seila Sentana-Ries-Cortez signing out at 12:40 pm Salu.

PIGEONS ROOST IN THE NORTH

Book 5

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