

Sometimes I get piffy... I was in quite a mood..

Jet's. Idiots (gout) ^{workers} and I 3:30am
10/21/14
magik bullet shields

I was w/ [redacted] we were just trying to survive, living in some room or space or vacant office building. Then outside a super military jet was hovering & then ^{turning over} going w/in inches of the building. They ~~they~~ ^{they} did it to where I couldn't see them. Then they ^{he} do it again. 1st I thought they'd hit for sure. I was bracing myself & telling [redacted] we might have to run out of there!

The 2nd or third time I saw a tip of the jet come through roof! They were using cloaking type technology! I said run! We gotta get out of here but a lady & a guy came in (suits). And tried being all nice to get us to go w/ them but, I knew better & decided to just bag on em instead. I was like "oh your a pudgy one!" to the lady she was only half fat. she was like.. I am not. I said yeah you are. Look at the fat her & it (kinda) squishes out all over the place & here." as I pushed on her body & it squished. she said "stop it" I said [redacted] and then to the guy "and [redacted] boy!"

They took us across the driveway street to [redacted] into the pub next door (entrance to their underground bases) about 7 or 8 people were inside. I was demanding our rights & blathering on. An old school style PI or ~~top~~ came out

Original
Dream Vision
date 10/21/2014

Emailed to Defendant on 6/28/2017

and asked what we wanted. I said "to not be taken underground to the military bases section, to the underground labs where they use us for testing & experiments."

He looked at me like "seriously". The other people were thinking we were crazy too. I said to them, "do you seriously think they don't have them?!" ~~they~~ "seriously think they ~~don't~~ don't have jets w/ cloaking technology?" indicating just outside. "I just saw one." They mostly looked blankly but seemed like the possibility was at least being thought possible but not registering.

I said to ~~me~~ "Run!" & we ran out the other door about 10ft from the 1st onto the driveway type area. A man with a gun showed up. He shot a bullet @ my chest, I spoke in my mother tongue & the bullet missed. (should have hit my heart or throat) crumpled like it'd hit a lead wall 1st though when it got w/m about a foot of me) then it veered to the side. He said "What!? How did I miss you!?" He shot another it did the same thing. Then he shot one at ~~me~~. It did the same thing. He was furious. Then the ~~guy~~ guy & ~~guy~~ Parry ~~guy~~ girl came out. They all started shooting @ us. 100's of bullets. All just crumpled & then veered to the left or right of us. I was still semi-surprised

as I'd expected otherwise w/ my magik.
I said "██████████ -- seriously! -- you just
gonna keep on trying to shoot us!?" There were
bullet piles all around us, they stop, oh & just before
that they tried to shoot ██████████ too w/ me @ least
a hundred times & ██████████ was like "Really?"
as they just bounced off. I saw some look like they'd
touched her leg. But still just crumpled & then rolled
down her shoe. They were like "why? Can't we
shoot you!?" I said, "maybe it was cause we
were just near their cloaking technology" & got in)
the field effected us or some such nonsense.
I believe I said cloaking "thingy". I was then
telling ██████████ to run again.

<Oh... but... when in the bar... I could feel
felt that the ancient Dragon family the ancient
grandfather; was/had/did sending us energy to
help. I felt my connection to him, our family... &
then we'd run outside.>

Then we started to run again as the cloaking
hovering Jets (2 for sure w/ a 3rd here or on its way
or there but not seen. cloaked) seemed to be following
us. ~~██████████~~ The sky was a lovely blue w/ some
very pleasant white cumulous puffy clouds
here & there & I could swear I heard lovely birds
chirping like ah we bird from the happy day song.

We got only about 10 more feet, with them all trying to
close in on us (2 jets maybe 3 & the 3 govt workers) but only
half assedly now... ~~██████████~~ I woke up as they were leary of what we might be able to do to them.



US010144532B2

(12) **United States Patent**
Pais

(10) **Patent No.:** **US 10,144,532 B2**

(45) **Date of Patent:** **Dec. 4, 2018**

(54) **CRAFT USING AN INERTIAL MASS REDUCTION DEVICE**

(71) Applicant: **Salvatore Cezar Pais**, Leonardtown, MD (US)

(72) Inventor: **Salvatore Cezar Pais**, Leonardtown, MD (US)

(73) Assignee: **The United States of America as represented by the Secretary of the Navy**, Washington, DC (US)

(*) Notice: Subject to any disclaimer, the term of this patent is extended or adjusted under 35 U.S.C. 154(b) by 153 days.

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B64G 1/40 (2006.01)

(52) **U.S. Cl.**
CPC **B64G 1/409** (2013.01)

(58) **Field of Classification Search**
CPC **B64G 1/409**
See application file for complete search history.

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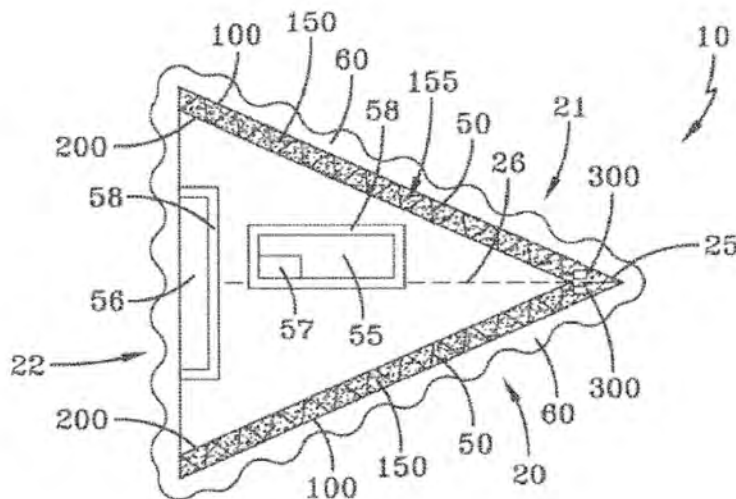
Primary Examiner — Philip J Bonzell

(74) *Attorney, Agent, or Firm* — Mark O Glut; NAWCAD

(57) **ABSTRACT**

A craft using an inertial mass reduction device comprises of an inner resonant cavity wall, an outer resonant cavity, and microwave emitters. The electrically charged outer resonant cavity wall and the electrically insulated inner resonant cavity wall form a resonant cavity. The microwave emitters create high frequency electromagnetic waves throughout the resonant cavity causing the resonant cavity to vibrate in an accelerated mode and create a local polarized vacuum outside the outer resonant cavity wall.

4 Claims, 1 Drawing Sheet





Mine were perfectly round (spherical), but similar to these, only more clear.

7.9.2017 cont.

^{"Hand"}
MANIFESTING RAINBOW SPHERES
 to show & teach


- upstairs
- of a guy/girl
- couple
- another guy
- street guys
- things
- 2 fixing
- them
- one bar
- Rainbow
- orange balls
- R Palm of L palm
- Territorial shape
- Apple shape, Daisy
- flowers
- Target
- cards
- 5 from FTTC
- 2 from another
- 15-16 another K&S
- deck w/ white

○
 FBI
 CIA
 guy was more tall
 than like about 6'4"
 30s or 40s

I was walking outside by a bar. At first I'd gone back to "show off" my powers & to instill the knowledge in the bad-guys. Don't mess w/ me I will heal you. I had someone w/ me. Maybe a young couple & a guy or a girl. A mafia style guy just got kicked out of the bar w/ a govt CIA type guy. The govt CIA guy was like trying to grab me at first & his gun to shoot me but I somehow got him & had him in ^{both} choke hold & a headlock. He reached for his gun w/ a silencer on it (long & silvery white) to try to shoot me. I grabbed that away from him, then he grabbed for his other small hand gun & said he'd shoot me w/ this one too instead. The mafia guy wasn't sure what to do if anything & I was like 2 feet in front of us trying to decide how to get in on the action to take me down but also uncertain cause I seemed to be winning & knowing what I was doing. I was actually there to 'pick' a fight for the purpose of attaining the right to heal change them. By them choosing to interact with me. I get permission to change them. The CIA-like guy now had out his brown red lil hand gun & he was threatening to shoot me w/ it now. A small group/crowd of people were

Emailed to Defendant 7/10/2017

now gathered & watching like 5 or 6 to 8. I still had him in my arms & said, "Fine, go for it. I don't care. I'll just use my magik to stop it anyways."

Now the maffia (short & heavy set) guy was curious & not sure how that might look/work. It seemed somehow the CIA guy shot on bullet at my ^{left} calf/leg area & it did like in the ^{other} dream like w/ ; crumpled after looking like it hit my leg & fell rolled to the floor/ground. I said, "see, I told you, you couldn't & wouldn't be able to shoot me." He was like 'why, can't I shoot you.' lol. I was now there to help them more, though I enforced them to go/come me & my 3 friends, like prisoners until I figured out exactly what to do with them.

Then we were at our sort of waiting hideout. All of us. the 2 guys w/ their hands tied by like a white rope cord, bound up. Yet they could still move their physical hands. It seemed more etheric in nature. I may have had both guns by now. wait, no just the silencer one. Cause I didn't care what or if they tried to use theirs, I'd just stop them. Then they all seemed to be sorta playing together (my friends & the 2 guys) & talking like we were at a group BBQ or something. I was still on high alert/lookout as it seemed we were

him... not entirely sure. Definitely got
gout. I mean in Black - so who moved of to the
whatever that group is may not be in the Public

10:00pm I think the CIA
guy was actually Mac IT's
or "Men in Black" kinda
dude. Area 51 stuff. whatever
guy(?) that is. It's higher
clearances. CIA may be.

Like 2 or 3 times larger
than the other 2 decks.

lines golden
yellow
silver
white
covered
entire card
back

still hiding out from 'something' but it also felt like there was nothing anymore to hide from. More a precaution. Then they were all playing cards together w/ a 15 to 16 deck of cards (maybe the chess cards from the other dream) but now it had a guide book w/ it (like traded. Tarot & Oracle card decks), They all seemed to be getting along. I was more like a truency officer, ~~there~~ or supervisor, to ensure everyone played 'nice' & fair & got along. No funny (bad guy) business or I'd step in. Then, they seemed to get board & it was like someone in my friend group left (the girl? of the guy/girl friend being?) & then the couple went up the ladder to the loft room area & were snuggle giggle rolling around together & the guy down below at the roundtable & the 2 guys (CIA, maffin) also upstairs jovial joking around. One finally said, "so when are you going to show us some magik? & how to do it." I now had all the cards in my hand & discovered 5 mixed into it (15-16 King Queen deck) from my Fairy Tale Fortune Cards & was seperating those out, along w/ 2 from the Elf Tarot and I noted the backside of the King Queen Chess deck had silvery white backside w/ a golden yellow Δ triangles pattern. I thought of the Epcot Center at disneyland & the Flower of Life pattern. I said, "let me just finish w/ sorting

Both CIA/FBI guy & Mafia guy wore suits.
Black gray - FBI dk blue Mafia

Violet
Toroidal

* I also thought of a crystal ball.
& the glass 'crystal' balls w/ bubbles in them
but no bubbles in my sphere.

out/seperating these cards to put them away, back in their original boxes & group sets." ~~the~~ I finished sorting them (just pulling out the last 2 or 3 from other decks) & set them aside. I said, "OK, now do you wanna see something cool?" cause they were starting to doubt if I could really truly do these things. I held out my right palm & manifested a lil sphere (it came up from the center of my palm energy), just bigger than a golf ball. It was rainbow-white light. with reds, yellows, oranges, blues, greens, purples. Those mostly were the outer 'shell' to the sphere & the inside seemed more clear.* The whole thing was translucent. He was like ok that's cool. But, what can you do with it. I said, ~~all~~ "all sorts of stuff. Energy wrapping, protecting, manifesting, pretty much anything." I then took my palm & "blew" it off gently like a bubble & it floated up & around. I saw it morph into a violet-red color & become toroidal in shape & could see the energy flow both inside it, to outside it (via the center) & realized this is like life. The flow of energy (where it originated from) starts on the inside & what's there then flows out to the outside for conscious life creation of what is actually seen/witnessed/viewed by others. They all seemed a lil disinterested by now. So I said, "here let me show you more." & it

CIA guy felt to be a mid-level head guy varging on top level to report back. Maybe?

mafia guy may have been a boss or the lead/head boss to see if what I had to offer was better(?) than their current ways/stuff.

did the same process & blew about 3 more to float in the air & around the loft. Now they began to sorta get up ^{from off the floor bed} (the couple) to join play the mafia guy upstairs in following them around (like a kids soap blow bubbles thing) to check them out. I'd only made them thus far in my right palm, so checked to ensure my L palm could do it too, & made one or 2 more from it ^{ways} satisfied they worked equally well & thought, 'oh good, yep it works too.' There seemed to be 5 rainbow spheres from my righthand, 2 from my left, 1 torroidal violet-red from my right, & 1 torroidal blueish (maybe violet-blue) one from my left & possibly like a 3rd orang torroidal from somewhere else (?) in the background or others of mine that'd co-created that orange-fire-red torroidal (?). Anywho they were all playing nice together, but starting to get a lil tired &/or board again. I resolved it they had seen enough for the day, for now and they obviously weren't ready yet to learn more. So I left it at that. The ^{couple} guy said they were all board now & asked if ~~the~~ we could now leave & go. I hadn't realized they wanted to leave to go anywhere at that point, but they wanted "to go". I said, "I ^{sorry} did not know that you wanted to go already. Let me finish packing up my/the cards. so I finished putting them together, but maybe not

yet in their boxes. Just in a plastic grocery store (white) style bag & then into my black backpack. The guy friend & CIA like govt. guy down below at the round table also seemed ready/ok to go. But, didn't seem to care so much one way or the other. They may have been playing poker down below together. I think I saw 9 of Diamonds, 5 of diamonds, 6 of diamonds, 8 of clubs & a traditional casino style ^{playing} card deck. I was finishing gathering stuff, w/ all the rainbow & torroidal spheres in the air still floating around, when I woke up.

It felt the sphere energies I drew them forth from the aethers or matrix or whatever one wants to call it & like my body (palm) was like the shaper/former of the energies and the chooser of the energies & types, by my thought energy vibrations & feelings' colors' vibrations & shape(s) vibrations. It had to do w/ my behaviors & choices. The better ^{will} they were the better the manifestation creations. Purer thoughts = purer forms/creations. I was curious to know/learn more about the torroidal shaped ones, as I recall Nasim Haraein speaking on this many years ago in a video I watched w/ m & D. The rainbow spheres reminded me of an old color drawing sketch I did of a hand casting Pearls before swine & the saying "Don't cast your pearls before swine." & how

it now finally felt like my spheres (pearls) were being cast before those who could finally start to both see & understand them. But, it would take some time yet.

10:57am But at least it / this was a start!

DRAGON MORPH

Oh yeah earlier dream sequence.

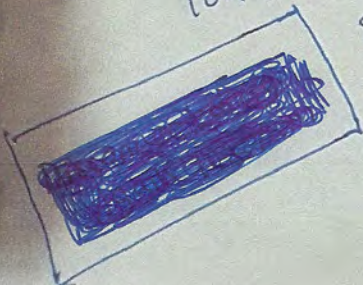
June 8, 2018

COREY FB POST ABOUT SLANDER & INFILTRATORS
TO TRY TO EMO-RAZZ ME. seriously?.

Then, it seemed I had posted a reply or a comment to something Corey had FB posted & Corey saw that I'd posted a comment to his FB post and so he posted a new post w/in minutes to his page to try to emotionally goad me or to get me angry where he said to all his followers, "Now class what did we learn today about (libel & slander) in class?" & it also seemed to have content referring to me & the 'infiltrators' like he thought he was 'protecting' himself to lead into trying to 'expose' me as a fraud but he knew to not say anything outright because he knew I had 'the goods' on him & he'd prove to be the liar. So, he'd posted this (again erroneously) thinking I'd be or was such a groupie that I'd read everything his followers posted & get emotionally flustered or angry post.

I just looked at it like "seriously? That's the most ridiculous thing you've tried yet." & like I could see him 'looking' at me to see if he could get the negative response he sought. He was really paying attention to me now & what I do & say! He was keenly aware!

10:19am



Claim Draft plus Dreams

From: Ari Stone [REDACTED]

To: valerie [REDACTED]

Date: Wednesday, October 17, 2018 02:04 PM PDT

Valerie,

The attached dreams are examples of how I "see things," and connect with hundreds more dreams and much more data that I understand.

Yourself and Defendant have permission to read these, outside of that I ask these be kept private, they are not intended for court use. They are to show you what I say is true.

As a rule of thumb, souls appear all different ways for a variety of reasons. Sometimes, I know immediately who a soul is in the dream, other times it takes time for the soul to reveal themselves in 3D. I learn a lot about people from soul-spirit communications and what they will be comfortable with in 3D and when, along with my own knowledge of how I want to interact with them. Souls like to discuss plans first and/or ask for permission to do things.

The dream group attached is a kind of example of what I will be preparing for trial (if it goes to that) and I will present all the relevant (which is likely all of the) dreams in the complaint and prepare a redacted packet for review by anyone in the courtroom, along with images of the emails and dream groups and summary of the key elements and will

likely prepare some kind of visual aid to use with 'Elmo' (lol...I think of Sesame Street...).

Dreams have variations from what I refer to as "5D" (dreams) to "4D" (astral) to "3D" (Physical) and manifest in different ways, generally speaking there are always some; the strongest; elements that funnel down into 3D. I have learned to 'read' my personal dream language and how it connects with Waking 3D Life reality.

As stated before, I will know ("see") whatever it is you guys are thinking or planning regarding me because of soul-spirit interactions. You may view the attached PDF as 'long' however, it is like a spec in my journals and is proverbially like looking at one cog in a wheel that is part of a machine and I know how put all the cogs and wheels together to build the machine. Corey only has about half of the pieces in his email box since I was instructed to stop sending them. I've written around that many more dreams and I know a lot of things, about a lot of people....

Now, while I love my dreams and what I've seen in them; I am also a realist and have to look at what 'actually is' occurring in 3D and what 'is not' occurring and have to deal with facts (law) and evidence; attached is a Word Doc that is largely the final draft of my legal claim based on the facts and evidence of the matter, provable in any court of law, and is not based on 'fanciful' dreams.

To your guys' benefit, I have seen many good things in my dreams (regarding the whole lot of you), and am willing to extend grace because of this. I extend the benefit of the doubt that Corey may be telling the truth about 'not' reading my emails (he said so again

to me in the attached dreams and was yammering away about it). However, the evidence in your behaviors since April 2018 do not support that story of his either and do support everything I already alleged against Corey in the original complaint.

If you wish to ask me any questions related to dream things shared I will reply, so long as it is appropriate to do so.

I will continue to work on the scheduling order papers and hope for an extension of time as this week through the weekend I have much to take care of outside of litigation activities. You are also welcome to ask me any questions related to my legal position and I will give you my best answer based on my current knowledge and understanding.

Thank You, Alyssa



VYW_Dream Group_reduced-size.pdf
9.6MB



DRAFT_ACM_CLAIM_SCHEDULING_3.docx
19.1kB

January 31, 2018

How I knew what the call with Roger would be like

p1 - [p10](#)

[July 11, 2018](#)

[How I knew about repeat failures](#) to serve

p11 - [p13](#)

[July 11, 2018](#)

[How I knew about](#) "removal" and two "cancelled" cases

p14 - [p15](#)

[June 8, 2018](#)

[How I knew Corey would post](#) about me on FB (see his July 17 protection order comment post)

[p16](#)

[June 15, 2018](#)

[First part to squid](#)-octopus Corey story, may be of interest as you often appear as my daughter ~~Corey~~ and/or her friends.

p17-p21

How I knew Corey was extremely angry with me when attempting the first unlawful stalking case and that it would fail.

[p22-32](#)

[June 20, 2018](#)

[How I knew I'd win the](#) [Broom field](#) case before I knew about the [Broom](#) field case in 3D

[p33-p39](#)

[July 31, 2018](#)

[Court with Corey](#), [how](#) I knew it'd be ok the second time. even though neither of you were there, we still had soul interactions. Also dreams can overlap more than one time period/3D experience.

p40-[p45](#)

[June 7, 2018](#) [How I knew you guys were trying](#) to serve me for the [Broom](#) field case and that I would VC sign something after failures, read my blog post.

https://aristoneart.com/2018/07/20/2018_06_07_jun-valentine-like-document-t-sign-in-crayon/



password: twinflame

Bear in mind, I've written into the thousands now of dreams, these are only some key related ones that connect to many others. I can explain how I read them, know things, and connect things and its also contained in my newest book.

June 20, 2018 Dream How I knew I was going to 'win' the "Broom-Field" case, before I even knew about it in 3D.

Homerun HIT WITH BROOMSTICK
WINS THE GAME!
3 RUNS 3 runs = 3 courts

Then there was a baseball game going on & it was being announced it was a small local field w/very few spectators (baseball = court?) & a girls team was playing.

2 girls on 'base'. The field was ^{med ht} brown ^{spiky reddish} soft dirt & the bases were small boulder rocks (ok about 1ft to 2ft at the most & rock shape... i.e. up & rounded not flat... one gal on base looked like Michelle Pfiter ^{I did MF in notes} she was on 2nd ^{or 1st} & another lady on 3rd. Then a gal sorta like  muscle gym teacher got up to bat (only this gal was reasonably tall (maybe even left) & reminded me of ~~that~~ big tall blond lady I think named  who used to work for dad in girls office I think.

and she got up to the plate to bat...

w/ a broom! It was the big industrial

Flat head kind w/ those thick red

pink bristles & she held it head

up & the pitcher pitched the ball

(the gal batting seemed nervous

& not sure totally what to do

but also like she did know what

to do and like she'd obviously

had to be up to bat before &

knew things, yet it seemed her

1st time (me as her?) (me as Michelle

Pfifer & the 3rd gal... I didn't

feel like them in dream, but maybe

this is a sample of how most 'other'

people have the archetype dream/s)

& the pitcher pitched the ball &

the batter girl just sort put her

broom head

bat out... as if to 'bunt' them

the ball went as if hit hella
hard & it flew (w/ the ^{female} announcer
announcing) back toward left
field & the announcer said (before
it went out) it's outa here! But,
then I saw a close up of the
ball; & I was like seriously? she
hit a 'home run' w/ a broom?

(^{dream} crayon signing my name
v.c.); & the
ball was literally at the foul
line & I was like, is that gonna
go foul? and like it was going
that way... then... suddenly

it went to the right of the line
& then as if in slow mo it dropped
onto the fence line as if almost
no momentum... then rolled off
the fence line & dropped off the

backside for a homerun! The fans
(mini crowds in the single bleacher
like at that Lions park lower baseball
field in CA) then went wild &
were cheering & so excited & ~~the~~
it was if the game was only
prior that in the 1st inning but
now it was the bottom of the
9th & the 2 other women sorta
ran the bases; one may have
cut across the pitcher sorta area
MP (michelle Pfifer one) & came
home, the gal who'd hit w/
the broom sorta ran the bases
& like it didn't really seem to
matter, cause now it was getting
late & like all the fans (20 to 30)
or way less even 5 or 6 or so) went
home now & the game was over
& the 3 runs scored had broke
a tie & won the game bigtime.

I was standing off to the side lines
w/ dad & he was saying he wasn't
so sure the ~~man~~ lady had
touched 2nd base & ~~he~~ he was
saying the umpire might rescind
or take back the call or say she
didn't score if she didn't touch
all the bases exactly. But there
was no umpire anywhere near &
no fans now & like the girls were
done base running & went home too
already. So, just in case dad was
right I seemed to both place
a sm Boulder stone (ICC prison escape)
for 2nd base & it seemed all
the bases were caty wumpus
anyways like this

02nd
03rd
Home
01st

of as if they'd been slid dumped
toward 3rd base area & then, like I
was gonna 'run' or walk the bases
to fill the just in case she'd
missed the base thing but I
thought she'd touched it or been
close enough, though it didn't
seem to really matter anyway
cause the game was over & it'd
already been called a wind all
the runs counted. Nobody spectator
or umpire thought anything not
correct or right & I could tell it
didn't really matter. It was only
dad concerned of not anything really
an issue. So I don't even know
that I ran any of the bases sorta
walked to 2nd base area after
1st of touching it & may be touched
2nd w/ my shoe & then it was like
it didn't matter anymore... it was
all over and we'd won.

6:13am

<W3DL>

'Ball' may also relate to "the Big Boys"

Oh there seemed to be no players on the other team aside from the pitcher really & like there weren't any fans there either for that team.

There may have been a first base person of like I thought felt there had to be a 2nd & 3rd base person but not really. There was a catcher though.

6:54am Pre sleep

seeing a big stuffed Teddy (brown)

bear head (real looking too) that was/is all 'beat up' looking & even

missing one (its left) button eye

& like it has a 'X' stitch in that eye.



A RI STONE ART

[Dream Teachings](#), [Government](#), [Legal Case](#), [Magik](#), [Twin Flame](#)

2018_06_07_JUN Valentine like Document I Sign in Crayon

By AriArt

🕒 July 20, 2018, 12:44 AM

©July 20, 2018 Ari Stone

2018_06_07_JUN Valentine like Document I Sign in Crayon

5:17am

OLD SCHOOL

I found myself inside a type of school-house. This was the place I was supposed to teaching the other students . . . and the teacher.

A delivery guy arrived with a bunch of mail while I was in another adjoining room speaking with someone I thought might be my mother. The delivery guy spotted me and I looked over at him while still speaking with the lady. He gave a type of 'oops' look and walked back out of the room. I thought he was there to deliver something privately to the lady I was speaking to. He reminded me of the photographer guy in Decoy Bride who was always following around the famous blond girl trying to have a private wedding with the writer guy. During the whole show the blond is very angry with this photographer guy for always being there and ruining all her secret wedding attempts. However, by the end of the show she realizes the writer guy she's trying to marry is nothing like what she wants and she finally speaks with the photographer guy and discovers he is all the things she wanted. Anyway, I now lean over to my mom/lady friend and I say, "I think you have a fan who wants to talk with you, without me here." Reminding me of my meeting in Waking 3D Life with a man named Neal. With that I concluded our conversation and headed out the same direction the delivery guy had gone.

I rounded the corner and went into the adjoining room and the delivery guy came over to me, saying he had a delivery for me. Oddly, it felt like this delivery had been served on me by the lady I was

speaking to, that I thought might be my mother. It turned out the delivery guy hadn't wanted to 'present' it to me in front of her, as it seemed it would have violated the rules of service or something.

The delivery guy now handed me something that looked like a Valentine's Day gift and it had chocolate cake in four equal square parts each inside of white square packages. Reminding me of my Twin Flame dream connect. He now set everything down on a long counter top surface, along with a scrapbook that also looked like a Valentine's Day card. He said, "You are to sign on the line where the 'X' is." I looked at the opened card and there was way too much other stuff already on it. The card itself was very colorful, rainbow, and textured. It reminded me some of my Spider Web etched artwork in the blacklight lit shadow box. It appeared someone had also used crayons to color it.

I grabbed a pen to sign my name near the 'X' on the bottom of the page. Even though there didn't look to be enough room, I tried anyways. The opened card now looked more like I was signing a Wedding guest registry book. I was able to write "V.C." for Vi Coactus meaning 'having been forced' or 'having been compelled' and as I tried to sign my first name the paper was so waxy the pen ink would not come out. I looked at the pen closely, it also appeared to be empty. I set the pen aside and grabbed a second pen that I thought had more ink in it. I went back to the 'X' spot at the bottom of the page, only to discover now that even the small amount of space formerly there had filled in with colorful stuff and textures. The guy now vibed of the MIB guy I saw in the Giant dream and where I left the negative future timeline, he also sort of seemed to be licking his lips. I said the delivery guy, "There's not enough room here for me to sign." But, I tried again anyways.

I decided to try signing in a second spot more toward the middle of the page, with the second pen. I again signed the V.C. and this time started to sign the cursive letter "A" of my first name and seemed to only get halfway; so it looked like an open "C" instead. I said, "This just isn't cutting it for me. These pens stink! I need to try to writing on it with something else. I spotted some restaurant style crayons nearby and pitch-flung the second cruddy pen aside with my fingers and stated, "I'm gonna use a crayon instead." The delivery guy was now saying to me how my 'boyfriend' had said, done, or expected 'such and such' like this from me, like I'd use a crayon instead. Looking at the sheet with my crayon in hand, I said, "I can't sign with a crayon in the second spot marked, there's not enough room." The delivery guy indicated basically anywhere was fine. I replied, "I'll just sign down here (a third spot) where there's enough room." The delivery guy commented again that my 'boyfriend' had expected that . . . me to do something unusual. I said, "He's not my 'boyfriend.' I don't even know the guy." But the delivery guy was not thinking us 'not' a couple, because apparently a gal had been following (Stalking) me around this whole time (and I just now found out) and she was taking pictures of me, like I was a stalker to tail. She seemed to have also been sharing and showing those photos around about me too. So no one believed that Gorik and I weren't a 3D couple.

The delivery guy asking me to sign the documents seemed to sort of like me and wanted to be like me too. But, he was being respectful because I already 'had' a boyfriend! (lol) He seemed aware of my magikal abilities and like he wanted a 'piece of me' and he thought the boyfriend foolish for letting me get away.

It seemed I both gave up trying to sign the book, or did sign . . . with crayon . . . and the V.C. then my freeman on land style name. Only instead of signing my full first and middle name I only placed my initials with a dash after the first initial and a colon after my middle initial, then signed my last name in cursive. I wondered if this connected with my "AC" vents dreams.

The delivery guy was now nervous and pacing around the room and had even more things to 'give' me from the 'boyfriend,' these things were designed to give the illusion of this being a nice thing to sign for something as nefarious as stalking papers. He was now handing me a bundle of red roses, perfume, and a heart shaped candy box with chocolates. A couple of ladies from Earth TV were looking on at me very suspicious now. Both were growing more suspicious of me and my 'Gorik' dealings and of all the photos they'd taken of me 'stalking' and how those were going to be 'evidence.' But, they still weren't so sure their 'photos' would be any good because I'd not gone anywhere near Gorik. So, all their photos of me were only of me doing things alone, like walking down the street to Home Depot or the like, with one light post in the frame. But, they were looking at me like, "Yeah, she's the one." They were a little concerned their allegations with the photos wouldn't hold water though, because it was always just me alone in the photos and they'd in fact been stalking me to even take so many, even around a hundred or so. I was a little worried if they'd photo'd me in the privacy of my own home and bedroom, but thought oh well if they did, I am sincere about what I say and who I am, it doesn't matter where I am. I looked up briefly at both of them so they knew I saw them and they both squirmed a bit.

The delivery guy was now saying word was getting out now about me and my 'boyfriend' as if we'd been photo'd or caught together by people.

Now the delivery guy came near me and gave a fun and playful goofy smile like a childhood friend of mine, whom I'd made a spoof Monty Python style video with for her history class and where I wore a blue pom-pom on my head and was "Patsy" clacking boxes for my horse and we also did a toilet paper commercial. Anyway, this delivery guy also wanted to learn my magikal ways and he was also respecting the 'boyfriend' . . . that I didn't have! (lol) but I let that be . . . I let it rest . . .

I then decided it was time to leave this 'ridiculous' school group I was teaching and wait for them to 'grow up' and continue the litigation aspects and move forward as needed and correct everyone later.

NEW SCHOOL

I found myself now inside a large room with a swimming pool and large second floor indoor balcony overlooking the pool. This was the new school I was to teach at. I was in the water naked with another girl I was holding. She seemed to be my 'girlfriend.' She wanted me to hold her intimately, so I did. She wanted to be fully with me. I said, "Too bad we both have female bodies . . . unless . . . how do you feel about me being male?" She was ok with that. I remembered my true roots and shapeshifted to be more male. We spent some intimate moments together in the pool and even water roll danced

around a bit. Then, one to three others entered the large indoor pool swimming area. I shapeshifted back into my female form and we were both fully clothed now as we got out of the pool.

The guy near the pool seemed to be the New School teacher and the two gals may have been the two ladies who'd taken all the photos of me.

I went upstairs to the balcony overlooking the pool. I was speaking with a handful of others upstairs, around four or five, about my magik and what I can do. They wanted me to show them some things. I proceeded to say, "I can jump safely off of anything high, like this balcony overlooking the pool. I can land on the floor safely below." We were at least twenty feet above the pool level floor, maybe even thirty feet.

The male instructor down below, who also vibed of being the delivery guy, was completely flabbergasted now as he looked at the pool my 'girlfriend' and I had just come out of. He said, "This pool is rigged with at least a dozen . . . even 15 to 16 . . . red-crosshair laser beams!" He was looking at the red laser beams going all across and inside the pool, reminiscent to a high security room. "The beams go across here, here, and here, and all through here." He was pointing to all the areas my girlfriend and I had rolled around and through. "They were all set to 'kill' mode with just one touch or break of the beam! How did you do it?!" I replied (not giving away my secrets), "I guess it's just cause we must have rolled all around in exactly all the right ways." He was still down below saying, "No way." as he puzzled over it trying to figure it out and thinking maybe we'd deactivated the lasers first. But, he looked and saw we hadn't. I added sort of loud and clear but also under my breath too . . . "Well, maybe it's just cause I'm magik and protected and nothing can touch me because of who and what I am." I didn't yet reveal I could make anything listen to me and do what I told it to do OR not do when I wanted. Like how I speak with door locks to make them lock or unlock.

Now, it was time to show the upstairs group and the guy next to me upstairs that what I said was true, about being able to jump safely off of anything high. The instructor guy, Ken, down by the pool thought maybe I would splat. I climbed up onto the half wall that was the railing and jumped off the balcony and slowed myself near the bottom landing on my feet safely on the first floor. It sort of felt like when I'd done a banister slide down a stairwell rail first instead of an actual jump (in another dream), but here there was no banister, so it was obvious I'd jumped and landed safely. It felt about 1/8 of the jump wasn't quite perfect but definitely good enough to work and very self-evident what I'd done and they were impressed.

I walked back up the steps saying, "Here, let me do this again and I'll show you something else."

I got up onto the banister half-wall top again. Ken thought the first one to just be lucky, like maybe he'd seen me do a foot slide somehow instead. But, he was also super hopeful and excited that maybe I'd actually done what he'd witnessed. I now put my arms up and out like an airplane and then just leaned forward and let myself fall . . . it looked like a suicide was in progress . . . and as if I'd just

dropped of the Twin Towers building to have a free-fall before death. . . as I got about 12 to 6 inches off the ground in my "X-like" position and as though a sky diver still at the height of the dive about to smack the floor, instead I did a light bounce as if I hit a mini trampoline made of air that broke my fall. I had placed a force field layer of energy. I then was standing fine and dandy. The teacher came over to me now very excited! He wanted to know what else I could do! I responded, "Pretty much anything" and I thought of my rainbow spheres I manifest with my hands dream.

The teacher asked me, "Can you manifest (he actually meant teleport) the cake from upstairs?" I said, "Sure." I then began to visualize the cake in my left hand and saw a close up of my hand palms. They were reddish purple (blood and veins) with some yellow spackles. The colors were all very subtle and the only really noticeable colors were my typical pink-peach flesh tone. Nothing was happening. I then spoke my language and blew into my hand palm, then something started to appear. I made mention how sometimes manifesting things can be a little harder for me. So now, I began to use my right hand above my left hand (palms facing each other) and I began to do my "3D printing" method and it began to form the flat pancake-like Flan cake from upstairs into my left palm. I moved my right hand faster now and then so fast it was not anything possible with an ordinary human form; even thousands of miles per hour in a blur, like when I was Figment performing the military vibration fix dream.

The pancake was now forming beautifully, though still a bit slower than I liked. It was almost fully formed and complete, just a tiny corner piece gouge to fill in, then it did. I now showed the guy the completed cake in my hand. He'd been excited and watching the whole time!

Now he was asking me, "Can you make it into a hoodie from upstairs or into a cloak (Little Red Riding Hood style) so that way I can wear it and when on long journey's I'll have food to eat." I wasn't so sure about the value to that, but indicated, "Sure, I could probably do that."

Then I woke up . . .

7:07am



A RI STONE ART

Future. Legal Case. Present. Twin Flame

Protected: 2013_06_07_JUN LEGEND OF THE BEAR LOVE – INTERPORGANATE

By AriArt

June 27, 2019, 7:57 PM

2013_06_07_JUN LEGEND OF THE BEAR LOVE

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@6:45am

I found myself in a Blazer with Gorik and his wife Meryl. They were appearing in disguise to look like my brother Kyle and his common law wife Trudy. Some of the time I was Trudy as well.

Gorik was driving, Meryl was seated in the front passenger seat, and I sat directly behind Meryl who was saying how 'this rube town creeps her out.' I was me, Meryl's mother, and no one.

There was a bear whom it was prophesied would be Meryl's lover for 3 days. She was prepared, but it was me. (DV Bear man and Ranger John)

I washed off my makeup and prepared for the 3 – 4 day river walk in the woods, so the legend of the bear lover would be fulfilled. First we took a 'family' portrait with the bear. He was after all married to Meryl, but it was me. Meryl, didn't want to marry the bear and was weirded out by it. But, got dropped off in the woods anyways. To entice her to leave a pack of clove cigarettes was thrown out toward the riverbed. She went after them, but it was me.

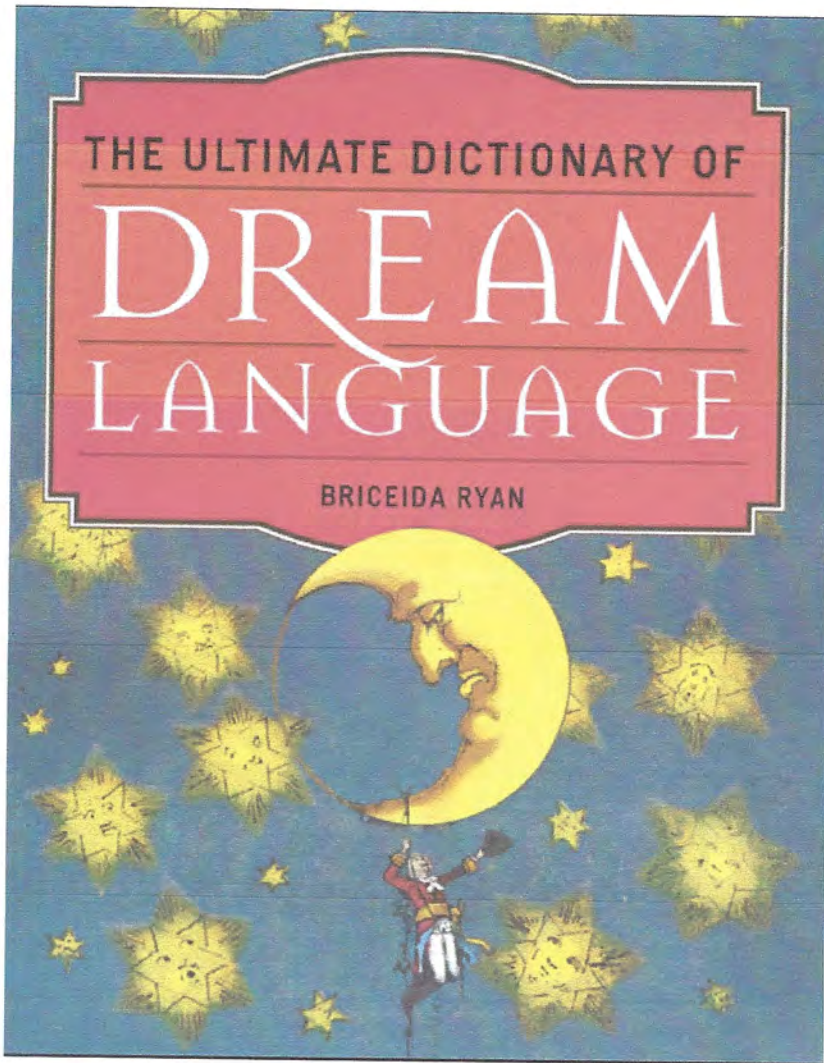
A crystal had been paced on the bears head, on the top left about 35 to 45 degrees from where a human ear would have been. Then, a crystal was placed on the top right on my head. With them, the bear and I could communicate. The bear knew it was only for the 3 – 4 day journey home, and that I as Meryl, would be with him. The bear was grateful that communication even for 3 days had finally occurred between our species. It was the first time. He was kind, loving, and even felt like he was a prince that'd been transformed. (DV faery prince I think I am to hit in the face first)

I was now in the woods in a Tee-Pee (DV magik sparkles and manifesting gifts for my friends) style hut made of sticks, but it was a square room ... a hut. I was being prepared in a wedding gown. I didn't want to marry the bear, but I knew it would happen. I was both glad and uncertain, and worried. I was actually already in love with the bear and was relieved it was inevitable, but a little worried too. I did not feel afraid. But, seemed more anxious and bothered by what society might think of me being with a bear.

Then, it was over, the journey through the woods had happened. We may have created a family together. I didn't remember much, but the love was there. A spaceship may have come and taken the bear.

I thought him to be an E.T. and that my mind overlaid a bear to help me feel more comfortable, I could feel the love and missed the bear once our ways parted at the end of our legend love and 3 – 4 day journey.

MOTION TO VOID JUDGEMENT
PERSUANT RULE 60(B)(3),(4)
EXHIBIT BB
DV SAMPLE 13a (2 PGS)



bear An acquaintance will exert authority over you to the point of following and stalking you. In spite of this person's overt friendliness, you must put a stop to it before it gets out of hand.

2013_06_04_JUN

Words Spoken in my Ear: "They are interporganate" (Felt similar to being able to shimmer transport.) (DV Melted Sisters Portalling)

Sent to CG at SBA 7.10.2017

SOCIAL MEDIA ICONS





A [RI STONE ART](#)

[Artificial Intelligence](#), [Bad Behaved Beings](#), [Government](#), [Healing](#), [Legal Case](#), [Present](#), [Twin Flame](#)

Garage Hacker Kids Fail to Steal My Car – KnockOff Andrew and Gorik like me – Baby Tortoise

By [AriArt](#)

🕒 February 14, 2019, 10:46 PM

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2018_12_14_DEC GORIK GOING DOWN IN FLAMES – GARAGE HACKER KIDS TRY TO STEAL MY CAR

Show me something exciting and fun and passionate for me

@2:32am (but really 2:22am due to clock being 10 minutes fast)

Dream Message Recall

Gorik is about to go down in flames. Due to all my writings and in particular the avoidance and evasion performed. I was telling a couple about my motions, that were like works of art, and now one in particular was revealing all his failures and how it was very obvious now. It was even obvious to the very hard-nosed lady. It seemed I was 'relating back' things as well, that was really the nail in the coffin.

4:25am

SHINGLE SPRINGS HOUSE – GARGE HACKER KIDS TRY (AND FAIL) TO STEAL MY CAR – THEIR BIGGEST MISTAKE? ATTEMPTING TO STEAL FROM SOMEONE WHO'S ALREADY SEEN THE FUTURE – HE'S AFRAID

I found myself in my upstairs bedroom in what was an alternate version of my former Shingle Springs home. I was having a feeling that my car parked in the driveway was at risk of being stolen. Just then, I saw an old orange colored car at the base of the steep driveway hill. It reminded me of one of the older muscle cars my ex-husband fixed up and sold around a year or so ago. I could hear it's engine.

I jumped up and went downstairs in my pajamas. I told my dad on the way out to come with me and that I thought someone was **trying to steal my Spark car.** It was night and thereby dark out. I reached the door to the garage and turned on the outside lights. Then, I opened the door and went into the

garage and pressed the garage door open button. As the door rolled up I saw a group of about four teenage kids running off. I ran toward the garage door and ducked as I went out the opening with for still rolling up. I looked and noticed four of our cars still in the driveway. But, my spot was vacant! I said, "No, no, no . . . They've got my car!" Dad now came out the door to the garage. I was very unhappy.

I ran about a quarter of the way down the steep driveway slope and saw all my personal info stuff thrown out on the ground. I saw my 'what to do if in a car accident' question and answer fill-in hand booklet, my car insurance papers, and registration papers in the plastic sheath with the rest of my info. I was relieved to see all of those still there and quickly gathered them up.

I looked back up to the top of the driveway and saw my car was actually still parked there, but it had been moved to be nearer the start of the driveway's steep slope down. I went back up the hill to my car. All four doors were locked. **The kids were still at the base of the driveway waiting for me to leave.** I ran toward the open garage door and hollered to my dad, "Call the cops! They are still here . . . waiting! Call 911 NOW! Go, GO, GO!" Dad was now hollering for my brother Kyle to come down to beat up the boy kids. But, Kyle was sleeping and only just then woke up and still had to get ready to come down to outside.

I went back over to my car. The doors were unlocked now, so I quickly locked the two driver side doors. I could feel the kids coming back. I quickly ran back into the garage and pressed the garage door button to close the door. I hoped the kids would leave while we waited for the cops to arrive, but they did not. The kids came back up the driveway and to my car again. They were only momentarily detoured by the two locked driver side doors and then they went around to the passenger side doors and discovered them still open. They got in my car and were trying to hot wire it again. They reminded me of Paul Walker in the 'Fast and the Furious' street car racing film.

I told my dad, "We have to go back outside again... NOW! We can't wait for the police/cops to get here, it'll be too late!" I pushed the garage door open button again and the door opened. I ran outside after the kids again. They were a small crew of teenagers around the age of fifteen; four boys, and two girls. About one-third to one-quarter down the steep driveway, **they had set up a computer garage-hacker style table with a PC screen on it. A chubby blond haired boy** with spike hair was doing things on the computer screen. They had their full garage computer hacker setup right there on my driveway. **They were like high-tech crime ring kids. The chubby blond haired boy had a heavy audio jumper cable coming out a sound board type screen-device and was wearing a sound head set.** (Robert Jackalonia tares up his own church to try to get me to perform magik and Andrew returns my wallet dream connect)

I went over **to the smaller boy**, who looked like Meadows guy friend **Xyler**, with sandy brown colored hair. I knew it wasn't Xyler from Waking 3D Life, so I went over him and grabbed him from behind and immediately placed him in a choke hold. I threatened to snap his neck with my hands. The Xyler-looking boy sort of laugh mocked me, like I wasn't doing it right, so I relaxed my grip and then re-gripped him correctly and I was then cutting off his air supply some. He was still rather non-plush

about it all and saying he didn't care (like he was expendable). Then I said to the blond kid, "If you don't stop it right now . . . he gets it!" The chubby blond kid was unphased and responded, "So what, you don't think I actually care about him do you? Or that it matters?" I realized the kid I had was expendable.

I went and grabbed the ring leader chubby blond kid and placed him in a throat choke hold and told him "Tell them to STOP right now!!" He wasn't really gonna do it. I then reminded him, "The cops will be here any minute now, so if you continue to 'hang out' here . . . that's fine . . . then they'll nab you!"

The two girls were sitting with their feet up on the little black fold-out PC hacker table, like my little art table I keep in my bedroom. One of the girls, seemed to be a Jersey-call-girl type and was smacking and chewing bubble gum as she talked. The blond guy was getting the message . . . some . . . then, he was ordering the Xyler-like kid to go steal my car right then; like they'd electronically and digitally hot-wired it.

Xyler was heading up the driveway toward my car, I ran after him knowing him to be Gorik and I grabbed him and then jumped on top of him and pinned him to the ground. I was fully on top him and choking him again, while pinning him and his arms. He was still trying to act like he didn't care. But, he did. I then placed my face extremely close to his and even growled at him; he was actually scared, but trying to not show it and overall doing a fairly good job of controlling his emotions. Then, in an extremely menacing, and deep, and low voice, to instill proper fear in him I said, "Do you know what your biggest mistake is!?" he was still not 'caring' . . . then, I shored up my grip on him and even re-slammed him onto the cement and gripped him in an even more firm hold and finished answers the question for him about what his biggest mistake was, "Trying to steal someone's car who already sees the future!" He was actually becoming very afraid and worried now about what else I'd seen and already knew about him. I let him let his mind run wild, so he'd be instilled with too much fear to try again.

I ran through different dreams that I could recall and didn't see any others directly connecting with this one aside from the 'Creepy Clown Game' one. Gorik was very worried now. I told him very menacingly, "You picked the wrong person to steal from, and you and your friends are to leave immediately!" He was very concerned, but still trying to act like he wasn't. He was also now gently concerned for his life.

I believe they then gathered all their 'garage hacker' equipment and the girls were sorta like, "aw, do we seriously have to?" They didn't seem to believe or understand the totality of what had just happened. Not the brightest crayons in the box. They were more like, 'hot chicks' the guys brought along to stroke thier egos with. It seemed they were going to leave before the cops got there.

I went back up to my car again and it seemed the 'kids' had left a handful of license plates from other states in my car. They seemed to have them on hand and would use them when they were trying a heist like this and they'd slap on one of the other still current license plates to the next stolen vehicle. There seemed to be a plate from Washington, Georgia (Peach - James and the Giant Peach film), Kansas, Kentucky, Penn State, maybe (maybe) Florida. They were stolen from other vehicles for use on

heists like this to replace plates really fast and drive off unnoticed if cops were busy looking for the other actual plates.

My brother, Kyle, was still trying to get ready and never made it outside. My dad had successfully phoned the cops. The cops seemed to wear those light brown to medium brown uniforms (Forrest Ranger John dream connect and Brown Pajamas Creepy Clown Game dream)

Around 5:55am

ARTIST FRIENDS – I GET LOST IN THE CROWD AND FALL DOWN BUT I’M OK – BOY WITH BUMBLE BEE SPECTACLES – KNOCK OFF ANDREW AND GORIK LIKE ME

Leah and Able

I was with my female art director friend, Leah, and her husband, Able, along with other artist type friends and a small crowd of people. I was talking and sharing with them all about things I do and they all were liking me as a person. I was sharing some now about my dreams and then it was like I’d just woken up from the dream and I began to write it in my journal.

I sat on the floor and I wrote two to three pages in my journal. There were lots of pages already written on (even 50 -100) and insert sections with one-quarter pages on them. There only seemed to be one or two sheets left of the full sheet pages, that were similar to a clean unused white note pad. I began to write my dream story on the one-quarter page sheets.

Leah was right there next to me and being respectful not to interrupt me, another artist friend I thought of as being hard-nosed might have been nearby too and also being respectful of me writing. I seemed to answer two or three questions from them or others with very short answers and/or to say I was writing and I’d talk after. No one was rude or pressuring me to talk. Leah, was telling a handful of others to wait and back off until I finished writing. She was very sweet about it. I was writing with a thick round tipped pen and recalled as I was writing that I may have been using a red similar thick tipped pen in the car thieves dream sequence just prior, where I was marking evidence with it and even using police yellow/black crime scene do NOT cross tape.

I finished writing, stood up, and walked over to a table where a fake (knock-off) Andrew VanDeen and knock-off Gorik Nip Kaplin stood. They looked ‘sorta’ like them but ‘weathered’ (Ai connects). They both were sort of Andrew and Gorik but ‘knock-offs’ still. I then addressed the five to eight others at the table and said, “Their scams aren’t even effective with these knock-offs.” But, the knock-off Andrew seemed impressed I even saw and knew this about he and Gorik. The friends at the table asked Andrew, “Should we nab her?” Andrew put his hand up to tell them no and he stated something to the nature of, he found me fascinating and was impressed and curious about my abilities. He basically told them ‘no’ because he was curious about me and impressed, so none of his friends acted. The Gorik knock-off was sort of looking at the Andrew knock-off for clues and cues regarding me and if it was going to be ok for him to get to know me better. Andrew didn’t care if he interacted with me at this point. So Gorik Kraplin (as some called him online) was still waiting for further permissions, even

from the higher ups, which may have included Grandpa Dan. There were other conversations between the knock-offs and the others at the table. Then, I decided to leave and go talk with other people, maybe even about the knock-offs.

I walked over to a small home movie theatre room (Jack Nicolson Movie Premier dream connect?) where a handful of others were inside and it seemed to glow from blue LED rope lights inside. I spoke with a male and may have eaten a bite or two of popcorn.

Then, I went back out of the room and walked and talked with Leah and other friends of mine. It was a little bit Harry Potter party style as most were wearing the Harry Potter plastic fun-party glasses. I walked into the middle of a small crowd of ten to fifteen people with a strong color vibe of blue and wearing blue jeans. I lost my footing though and slid to the ground and was worried for a moment that I was going to be trampled, but everyone went over me and I was completely unharmed. The people that had gone over me turned around and apologized for semi-not seeing me there, even though we'd all just been talking prior to me slipping. They all crowded around to help me up. I told them it was ok, I'm ok, and I understood. I remained seated on the floor and a cute 12 year old nerdy little boy with sandy barely blondish-red tinged hair and 'blond' freckled face came over to me. He was also wearing Harry Potter glasses, but his were yellow-white rimmed. He sat down on the floor next to me and I began to speak with him in an old English accent and said, "Well now, you've got yourself a nice spot of glasses on now, haven't ye?" He replied in jest with a fun accent too saying something like, "Why yes, I have." His spectacles were bumble bees and had eyes even on the main glasses part, but looked more like the bumble bee's butt on each lense. I commented again in jest about his spectacles and picked up a more normal English lightly steampunk pair of glasses and held them up as if a face mask (masque) on a stick over my eyes and English accent said, "You got it down" regarding his accent and to also help me save face for us being on the floor still. But, we were respected as being ok, even with the floor fall through.

The boy and I continued to talk as Leah came over and asked if she was bothering me and I replied, "Not at all." I greatly enjoyed play talking with the boy. Energetically he reminded me of Mogli from the Jungle Book, the boy raised by wolves and who had a bear friend. It seemed the boy thought having the spectacles would make him see. I knew this was not the case; but he'd learn that soon enough and I told him that as well and that he'd soon see that and I'd teach him the truth and about my methods (love) and how to do it/that in time. We both then did in jest and play two times a playful lift our spectacles up and over eyes and faces and then down and then up again together.

Then, I stood up and woke up.

3:54 am

Message Recall

'They' were trying again to say that my stuff was theirs and trying to somehow steal it using some Avengers Super Hero Movie and like I saw the notification for part 6 of 6, of their behind the scenes. They were failed.

FARM ANIMAL SANCTUARY – TWO TORTOISES/ SEA TURTLES TO BE – BABY LOVES ME – I PUT ELMO BLANKET AND STAY WITH HER SHE TRUST ME NESTLES UP

I found myself at a farm-like place. I saw a husband and wife couple. Behind a chain linked fence with cement flooring, I saw a large land turtle inside. The pen was its animal sanctuary home. I went inside with the Turtle. The turtle seemed to have been rescued by the couple because it had been sick or the like prior. There was a little baby turtle inside the pen too, that really liked and loved me. I had the "Emo" (Elmo) red throw blanket. But, in the dream it was much larger and covered a lot more area and was more like a quilt thickness wise and reminded me of my baby blanket with the little red house on it and the car. The little baby was getting along well with the big turtle that may have been it's mama, so I decided I would get up and leave, when the couple/owners came and had to take the mama turtle (?) for shots or something. The turtle almost seemed like a sick fish getting shots or a fish getting meds put in the tank with it. They headed out now with the turtle and I got up with my blanket and began to follow them out. But, the baby turtle got up too and followed me turtle style and didn't want me to leave. I mumbled and gently hollered to the couple, trainers, a little bit away now if I could stay with the baby turtle. They said I could stay with the baby turtle and that he'd been a little sick too, but my love was healing him as he'd been sick from not having love, so I stepped back inside the cage pen and closed the chain link gate door and lowered the latch.

I gently threw out the blanket to be unfurled on the ground flat and wide as if making a bed on top of the cement ground. I then laid down on the blanket and the baby land turtle about 1 – 1 ½ ft long by 1 -1 ½ ft domed shell crawled itself over to me and nestled in next to me and my shoulder area. She(?) really loved me and was very happy there and wanted me to stay with her for as long as possible. She was very sweet and reminded me of Peggy Sue and the Airedale dog who loved me, and the papers I was waiting to have officially signed to say the dog was mine and in the Peggy Sue dream I'd paid for her.

The baby turtle trusted me completely to take care of her and keep her safe and nurse her back to health. She wanted to stay as close to me as possible. The mama turtle was now being brought back and placed in the pen again. But, the baby turtle still wanted to stay right next to me and wanted me there with her. It seemed to be night out and the pen felt like a dog pound kennel. The mama turtle was now warming up to me as well, because of the baby turtle wanting me with her so much to feel the healing love. The mama turtle also seemed to know that my being there would also heal and save her too and she also wanted to the feel the love. I was semi-surprised by all of this but pleased and delighted as well. I especially loved and was fond of the baby turtle, but loved the mama turtle as well. They were both so beautiful and special to me and I was honored to be there with them and that they trusted me so completely as they did and loved receiving my love and compassion for them.



A [RI STONE ART](#)

Uncategorized

2018_05_06_MAY MY STUFF IS NOT BIBLE STUFF – TROPICAL STORM AND SLIDE CLIMB – DONATE SHOES TO ENTER HALLOWEEN TOWN SCARE HOUSE AND DARK FOREST CREATURE REMOVALS

By [AriArt](#)

January 7, 2020, 9:34 PM

2018_05_06_MAY MY STUFF IS NOT BIBLE STUFF – TROPICAL STORM AND SLIDE CLIMB – DONATE SHOES TO ENTER HALLOWEEN TOWN SCARE HOUSE AND DARK FOREST CREATURE REMOVALS

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11:56pm

Q: My next steps with my TF on optimal temporal reality: unity, love, peace, joy, passion

MSG: My stuff is NOT like Bible stuff.

4:12am

THEM TRYING TO SAY MY STUFF IS THEIR STUFF AND BIBLE STUFF – NO

There was a guy I was working with who was trying to say my stuff was his. (?)

There was a tree fort (?) (DV Tree Fort Peggy Sue and DV Tree Fort missing kids) and a Bible Verse or Bible code not correct. It was basically a group of people trying to say the Bible was correct and I was stopping that way of thinking. But, 'they' were trying to say my stuff was like their (Bible) stuff . . . or that it was 'that'. . . and I was like, "No. No it's not." I think it also was about a prophesy. A prophesy fulfilled(?). (DV Prophesy – emailed to CG 7.12.2017)

There was a lot more going on like 4 to 5 different sequences . . . oh yeah . . .

JACKIE CHAN LOOK-A-LIKE MORE LIKE THE REAL DEAL THAN THE REAL JACKIE CHAN

There was a Jackie Chan guy! But, it was funny because my tweenage daughter Meadow and I were in his home, only he wasn't the real/original Jackie Chan (I thought he might be my former writer Quinn Lasson). But, everyone thought he was the real Jackie Chan. However, the real Jackie Chan was a huge fan of this guy who looked like him. The look-a-like now looked more the real Jackie Chan than the actual Jackie Chan, as this look-a-like was more fit and spry, where the actual Jackie was now older and sort of overweight.

I cracked a joke-comment to my daughter and we both were giggling about it. It was likely something along the lines of how the look-a-like looked more like the 'real deal' than the actual real one did! (lol)

I watched as my friend, the Look-a-like-Chan (Lal-Chan), got on his cell phone and called the real Jackie Chan and began to tell him about what I had just joke-said to my daughter! Lal-Chan was laughing about it and teasing the real one. I was like oops! I hadn't planned on that one happening, but since it did I still stand behind what I said. (DV Counsel Meeting connect? – emailed to CG 8.8.2017) I then correct-ensured it was known I thought the real JC was great and that I liked joking around. It turned out the real JC liked the joke and found it rather amusing. I was really glad to see that. My friend began planning a get together with JC. It seemed the real JC was gay and he liked my friend, his look-a-like, a LOT. I believe I also joked, 'since the look-a-like was more like the real deal than the 'real deal,' then do I actually need to be friends with the real one or was being friends with the look-a-like, like being friends with the real one cause they were such good friends and like one-relationship-over contact. It also seemed the real Jackie wanted to come over and have a two-layer birthday/wedding cake with the look-a-like. So, that may have been what they were arranging on the phone. One of them almost

seemed mildly retarded, but nothing noticeable in 3D it was more of a thought energy. My friend and JC finished their conversation and Lal-Chan got off the phone and began talking with me again.

Prior this sequence . . .

UP CEMENT CLIFF SIDE WITH MEADOW – RAIN AND LIGHTNING

I was with Meadow walking on a dirt road. At first it was sunny out and we seemed to be in some type of Hawaiian Jungle/rain forest at a clearing type area with a cliff side towering some above us, placed on the slope up was a large cement slide that almost ran straight up and down. There were no curls or cork screws, just a semi-gentle but still very steep, slide placement. It may have even been a waterfall with no water flowing out of it at this time.

I turned toward Meadow and told her, "I'm going to climb up it" She asked me to wait for her. I was going to wait, but then I decided to just start heading up it. I was about 1/3 or maybe only 1/8 of the way up the 100 ft or much longer slide, when Meadow said, "Hey, I asked you to wait." I stopped my ascent and looked down at her and said, "I'm waiting. But, why don't you come up now because I'm going up now. I'm not going to wait if you're just going to lolly-gag around. I gotta go up this now. So I'm not waiting around for you to 'decide' whether you're coming or not." With that Meadow began to climb onto and up the slide. I didn't expect her be able to climb up it. I climbed up the slide with my feet on either side of it and hands grip climbing I'd pull up with my hands and then push my way up with my legs and feet, like in the bowling alley dream with the sloped lane that I fell down into but climbed out. (Striker Dawn and Bowling Ball Ship images – emailed to CG 5.8.2017)

There seemed to be something at the very top that I needed. The weather was beginning to turn and was looking like a dark storm brewing. My ascent reminded me of a pyramid somehow or like this was an old western water sluice for gold digging or rather 'gold panning' and I commented to Meadow below me, "If the water were on we could pan for gold." We were both nearing the top now. (DV Billy and pro-baseball players – emailed to CG 11.9.2017) I said, "We have to hurry just in case the water gets turned on." I reached the top and climbed onto the flat ground surface. (DV waterworld connects – Gorik Drunk I Drive and Off World Kids <http://aristoneart.blogspot.com/2018/02/20160812aug-gorik-drunk-i-drive-ray-gun.html> (<http://aristoneart.blogspot.com/2018/02/20160812aug-gorik-drunk-i-drive-ray-gun.html>))

Directly in front of me was a small bramble-like bush with a bush-brush entrance to go inside. I was reminded of Briar Rabbit and the Tar Baby. (DV surviving the winter eating gold leaves – emailed to CG 7.25.2017) The sky was filling with even more dark storm clouds, yet it was still sunny out. I entered the opening and there was just enough room for me to crouch-move around inside and not much more space on either of my sides. Meadow finally reached the top and joined me crouching inside the brambles. I told her, "I'm surprised you made it." She replied with her sort-of-ego-like-retort, "Of course." and "I told you I could do it." I had to agree, "Yeah, I guess you did. But, I didn't really expect you to."

The very dark tropical storm clouds were now completely upon us. I told Meadow, "You can duck and hide better under the jutting-out-rocks or thicker bramble-like bushes areas." I then moved my head to be more under a jutting rock and thicker brambles area myself. Fortunately the bramble-bushes had no thorns on them. Yellow and red roses came to mind. The dark storm clouds couldn't hold their water load any longer and they began to start pouring rain. It was coming down extremely hard. I was thankful we'd made it to the top, otherwise it'd have been really hard to climb up or we could have been washed down the mountain-cliff side. As the rains continued pouring down they were creating streams of water, I held out my arm and brace-held Meadow back to ensure she'd not be washed off the mountain side with the waterfall-like rains. I braced her as if she were a dog on a passenger seat next to me and as if I had hit the brakes.

Lightning bolts now began coming down all around the mountainside. I again ensured Meadow was ok and instructed her, "Cover and protect your head." Some of the bolts were coming down very threateningly close to us. I worried some we might get washed off the jungle cliff-ledge mountain top and I still hadn't even heard any thunder. This seemed to be an electrical lightning storm only. I wondered if a 'space battle' was going on, like I thought I'd seen occur when living in Shingle Springs, California, around 2010. My family and I had watched a lighting only storm for over an hour, without a single rip of thunder. We thought it might have been some kind of inter-dimensional battle over access to a portal. (DV Lightning God Bolt I return with telekinesis– emailed to CG 7.1.2017)

The rains continued pouring down. While the clouds were all very dark and ominous, it was still more of a 'sunny' tropical rain storm. I could see the sunlight shining down and possibly a rainbow off in the distance somewhere. (DV Jumpy Rainbow Message – emailed to CG 8.4.2017) Meadow and I continued to wait for the rains and the storm to subside. Finally, after a while the rains and lightning did eased up and then both stopped all together. I also finally spotted whatever it was that I needed to see and/or affirm or get from atop the mountain. I then told Meadow, "It's time to head back down before the storm and rains start up again."

I crouch walked out of the brambles and began to head back down the cliff-side-slide. I turned around to face the slide and placed my hands on the top edge of the slide curve and my feet inside and onto the side walls of the slide curve. Then, I slid down smooth and easy as if 'carpet skating' down the slide with my feet and my hands equally smooth gliding down the top edging. (DV Carpet Skating and I call my shoes to me – emailed to CG 8.20.2017) I felt like I was carpet-surfing down stairwell rails, like I do in some dreams. I reached the bottom safe and sound. Meadow wasn't far behind. She'd chosen to come down facing forward with her knees tucked up underneath her. As she reached the bottom I asked, "Oh . . . did that leave a skin burn?" and per her sometimes usual ego-style she said "No of course not." I looked and it seemed she was correct, she was ok and had no skin burns.

There were 2 or 3 other sequences, but this is what recalled. There may have been a Chad Rictor looking guy too somewhere in the dream sequences, who also looked similar to the male server with short brown hair that I saw in Waking 3D Life when at Red Robin restaurant, where I'd taken my friend Landon for his birthday meal.

MSG: There was also something to do with going to the Library and checking out 1, 2, or 3 books with brownies inside of them and secret cut outs. Steampunk. (DV How Time Flows Advanced Class and Projects – emailed to CG 7.10.17)

5:45am

DONATE YOUR SHOES TO ENTER HALLOWEEN SCARE HOUSE GAME – DARK FOREST AND CREATURE REMOVALS

Now I was at some type of outdoor 'party-like' game place. People were sort of being wiped out by things. (DV murder mystery game, but someone actually dies)

I had arrived with my "dad" and tweenage daughter, Meadow. We were going to enter this Halloween-like game, but it wasn't exactly 'Halloween.' (DVs Halloween Towns and pumpkins) The place was also like Sherwood Forest for Robin Hood and his band of merry men. The "game" was set up like a 'donation' system. In order to enter the main game, you had to "donate" the pair of shoes you were wearing. If you didn't 'donate' your shoes, you weren't allowed to enter. My "dad" took off his shoes to donate them at the standard 3 foot by 8 foot brown fold up table, being ran by 2 young college age looking girls standing behind it. I didn't want to donate my shoes. So, I wasn't going to be allowed to enter. I said, "I like my shoes and I want to keep them."

I looked down at my shoes. At first they looked like my black and white low top knock-off Converse, then they were actually my red shoes. But, I had on two different red shoes. One looked like my red ones with the glow-in-the-dark rubber soles and the other like my red ones with the LED rubber soles, both looked more like Adidas though than either of my Waking 3D Life (W3DL) low budget generic Chinese import shoes. I then stated to the main young gal collecting the shoes at the table, "Besides most people want matching shoes anyways." I stated it twice in order to ensure being heard. Looks wise, she reminded me of my teenage childhood friend Zamy Wumzalt, whom I loved goofballin' around with doing things like standing on billboard signs and waving at people driving up the highway, or making spoof Monty Python style videos for her History class where I was 'Patsy' and wore a blue Pom-Pom on my head and clacked boxes to sound like horses walking. I also recalled her once friend-jealous-teasing me that I'm so pretty even gay guys like me, as a gay friend of hers seemed to be flirting with me in the coffee shop that day. Although Zamy was very cute herself with a nice petite built and long blond wavy hair. She was always more girlish-cute though, rather than being the stunning blond beauty, but attractive none-the-less.

"Zamy" now accepted my "dad's" shoe 'donation' and my daughter Meadow's shoe donation as well. Someone else prior our arrival at the table had turned in a pair of really ruddy modern grey-tan clog looking shoes, that reminded me some of the slippers my ex-husband gave me that were too small for him many years ago. I thought maybe the shoe style was from the Mudd (?) brand. I looked at the pair of ruddy shoes on the table thinking, 'Who's going to want those?' Maybe they were Wig-Wams (?). Zamy replied, "It doesn't matter what they look like or how they are, someone will be excited to have them and they are a part of the process." I wished I'd put on my other 'new' black, grey, and purple colored women's Walmart shoes instead, that I'd meant to return but hadn't. Cause those were new and I didn't care if they had those, as I didn't like the style so well. The Zamy-looking girl now gave my "Dad" and Meadow a little grey raffle looking ticket to enter the game and they both went inside.

I remained at the table with 'Zamy' and said, "What if I'm invisible?" she was like, 'Yeah right.' thinking me joking. I knew what that'd mean for her if she told someone, 'Yeah the invisible girl snuck in.' (lol) She began to joke around about it with the other young college looking helper girl. I then walked over to the wall entrance area to my right, made myself invisible, and passed through the wall and was now inside the game. 'Zamy' was then trying to tell someone, "The invisible girl snuck in." (lol) That didn't go over so well with her superiors. She was trying to tell them to look at the cameras. Which wouldn't show much of anything anyways. (lol) She was trying to prove I was 'there' and then that I wasn't there. But, they'd have to look at the reels. I didn't care, but I was wondering if I was doing the right thing.

Inside the outdoors game area it was both daylight and sunny, I became visible for a moment. A guy wanted to go by me. I told him he could walk right through me instead and that it'd be ok. He maybe hesitated a moment, then walked through me with a sort of 'Cool!' type response. I decided I better go invisible again so the cameras couldn't directly follow me around. This Halloween-Sherwood Forest type place seemed really religious. I had come inside to fix and change things by seeing what was going on inside first. I could see small crowds of people at various locations.

I passed through the small crowd nearest me and even semi-through a lady who reminded me of Bonita from Waking 3D Life. Bonita was a very kind middle aged lady, who registered kids for gymnastic in at my local kid's gymnastics place. She seemed to sort of feel me pass through her. Then I saw a guy who looked like my friend, Chad, that I used to buy indoor hydroponic gardening supplies from, only he noticed me. I wondered if my invisibility spell had stopped working because as I walked toward him he lifted his hand off the wall and raised his arm up to let me pass even though I would have just passed through his arm. He was wearing a purple shirt. The crowds of people inside were mostly having conversations with one another about all the things set up in the game designed to scare them. This was like a Halloween-Scare-House, only in broad daylight. I spotted my "dad" and Meadow standing with a crowd of people near a field.

The field in front of the crowd had some kind of monster laying inside it and the people were looking at it. The monster was very large and filled up a good portion of the field. It was possibly a large sea snake monster or Monster University style snake. (DV Big Birtha May (BBM) eats grass clippings after guy who loses bullet bet – emailed to Corey Goode 10.11.2017; DV 100ft long BBM snake pre Feb 2018 W3DL phone call with Duke; DV huge snake scaring people in city I go find it and sing to it and it shrinks down in size; DV tiny snake with cold I'm nursing back to health) The snake-monster seemed to be used for fear based tactics to get people to 'access' their 'abilities' or 'wake' them up. (DV USAF watches me https://aristoneart.com/2018/10/07/2017_07_31_jul-scrum-jet-usaf-watches-me-3-passes-incl-1-vert-1-hover/ (https://aristoneart.com/2018/10/07/2017_07_31_jul-scrum-jet-usaf-watches-me-3-passes-incl-1-vert-1-hover/)) I thought, 'These types of 'games' and 'lessons' are so foolish! I may have then said aloud, "Why do people do this? And who does this make sense to?" I then may have used my magik to sedate the snake-creature. The crowd was looking at it wondering why it was asleep and if it'd been drugged up to be harmless as they really wanted their next 'big-scare' lesson. I may have sedated it so they'd not be harmed, but maybe I didn't, I wasn't sure. (DV Inter-Dimensional Ray Guns – Silver hair hologram snake program being fixed– DV emailed to Corey Goode 8.2.2017) Regardless, they all needed to find and discover other ways to learn lessons. I lost sight of my "dad" and Meadow again, they'd apparently headed off to another section of the game. There was a now flowery vibe to this place.

I went and stood under a second building overhang area pre the field with the snake creature in it. I wondered, 'Why is this place so sacred anyway?. Why do people think this is so great to come inside and even worth giving up a pair of perfectly good shoes to enter?' It all seemed a scam more than anything with a few 'trained' monsters to scare the 'tourists.' I could now see the Halloween grounds wrapped around and back toward the front entrance. I also saw laundry washing machines with dirty piles of laundry and stinky socks. These all seemed part of the game too. (DV my SSP role and smelly sock feet guy and famous Tevis Cheese – emailed to Corey Goode 10.19.2017) I thought to myself, 'This is supposed to be 'fun' and 'making it?' No, thank you.' I spotted my "dad" again and he seemed to think it was moderately fun. I found it all incredibly boring and to be a fraud and a scam. Not even worth a pair of ruddy shoes.

I headed back toward the entrance of the game place and decided to go and check out the real woods and forest area. I entered the forest. It was all very dark and low lit. Just inside the forest, someone was about to be eaten by a small creature that looked sort of like a cross between my Monstas doll and a Boar Pig, though it seemed to be a black dog. (DV Excalibur

https://aristoneart.com/2019/06/02/2019_06_02_jun-hecka-thick-ice-n-excalibur/ pswd: secretlanguage ; DV airplane with dark energy and black dogs; DVs misc black dogs and jackles) I spoke my language and emitted a white light from my palm at the creature. It was a more low density magik, so it was not as visible to the eyes. I made the black creature stop eating the person and maybe even made it be 'dead' and/or I zapped it away to be re-worked elsewhere. The kid I'd helped, I couldn't tell if they were a boy or a girl, but they thanked me and went off unsure of what had just happened. I may have told them I was like 'Merlin' but they went off seemingly not aware of what I'd just said, or maybe I'd not really told them, or rather I had... but, their beliefs couldn't receive the truth.

I continued to go deeper into the forest and walked up 3 to 4 steps set against a tree trunk when a black Jackal-like dog came at me to eat me. I spoke one word and emitted light with my hand and turned him into a dried up tube of green oil paint. The tube looked crusty-crunchy and as if it'd been dried up in the sun. I was still standing on the top step and began posting my first warning sign onto the tree for the rest of the creatures to know they were NOT to do things like: kill, eat, and/or harm others and if they did, I would handle them and they'd wind up 'dead.' So, they needed to stop the abuse and eating. I understood their hunger and need to eat, but they needed to eat differently or it would start costing them their lives now. The colors of the signs I was starting to post were bright and flowery with pastel purples, pastel pinks, and pastel greens, printed onto a bright white paper background. The signs also had a sort of anime style. I continued posting more signs onto different trees, when more of the black jackals arrived.

There were 2 to 8 of them this time and they were coming right at me. I again spoke my language to counter their spells and rendered 2 to 3 of them inert (dead?) in this realm. I had spoken one word in my language and had used my right palm to send the spell out. I tried to tell the creatures yet again it was foolishness to persist in these bad behaviors, but some still wouldn't listen.

Now, a much bigger creature was after me. This one was sort of a dog-cat-werewolf-like creature, with scraggle-hair that made me think of the purple time travel tubes and melted sisters dream experience. (DV melted sisters and time portal travel president <http://aristoneart.blogspot.com/2018/04/20180427apr-time-portal-travel-president.html> (<http://aristoneart.blogspot.com/2018/04/20180427apr-time-portal-travel-president.html>)) This creature stood up on its hind legs and it had very ferocious teeth. It was very angry and ready to attack and kill me. I again spoke one word, sent the energy at it, and it fell over dead/inert, then it evaporated away almost as if to 'hide the evidence,' but more to send the energy off to be reworked. Then, there were 2 or 3 more of these creature things. I again spoke my language saying a single word. Each time I used a different word, dependent on the energies needed and it would then render the creature inert. I finished handling this group of creatures and continued walking through the dark forest.

I came upon a cliff-side overlook and looked down. Below was a beautiful and magikal land that looked clear and spacious, with bright colors. There were some square bubbly Smurf-style mushroom structures and candyland gum drop style looking things. It looked lovely. (DV 2 mushroom types, one type poisonous the other safe) The forest area near the overlook was very dark, dank, and very shrouded in shadows.

Now a large snake was being sent after me, but we both knew what I would do to it. The snake arrived and I seemed to hug, kiss, and sing to it, then it changed and was rendered inert.

I began to head back to where the forest entrance was as creatures continued being sent at me. I kept doing my thing and rendering them inert, while continuing to post more warning signs along the way.

Then, a man came. I didn't even bother to look at what or who was being sent at me anymore, so I just put out my hand and spoke one word with power like, "Carunesh." The men felt it but he was still awake and aware (not rendered inert). He then emitted his own white light beam at my 3rd eye, like the ET telephone pole 'abduction' experience dream and I felt it. (DV ET Telephone Pole 'Abducted' White light beam https://aristoneart.com/2018/04/30/2018_04_28_apr-abducted-white-light-beam/ (https://aristoneart.com/2018/04/30/2018_04_28_apr-abducted-white-light-beam/)) I then got really excited and said, "Only one person can get through my shieldz to touch me! My Twin Flame!" I knew he was the 'Magician Trent' and the magician-date-guy.

I turned toward him to see him.

Then I was walking through the Halloween style crowd of people again, only now we were in a mall-like setting. Gorik was there and my daughter Meadow too, but Meadow looked like a 3 to 4 year old toddler instead of her actual tweenage waking state self. I was holding her hand and helping her fly around with me. She felt somewhat weighty compared to how it is in other dreams, where the person I am helping may feel like a feather weight or no weight at all.

I flew over to where Gorik was and hovered in the air. I asked him if he could fly yet or if my dreams were accurate and he couldn't. He told me he couldn't fly yet. I decided to help both him and Meadow fly at the same time and was going to hold Gorik's hand with my free hand. I reached out and took Gorik's hand and tried to lift him up, but he seemed firmly rooted as a 'solid' to the ground. I let go of his hand and placed Meadow onto my back instead and had her hold onto my neck. Now I had both hands free and I planned to grab Gorik's hand with both of mine and lift him up.

Then Gorik suddenly took on an appearance like my dad and he put out his right index finger for me to grab hold of, like I used to do with my dad when I was a small child myself. I was like, 'No way. I am not a baby and I am not your daughter. I am not interested in doing that and have zero desire to go back or do any of that again. I grew up for a reason and I like it this way.' I then just zoomed around with Meadow on my back for a bit. Gorik got the message and stopped trying to play 'daddy' to me.

I think I then came back to him and grabbed his hand. Gorik still felt really weighty to me. Both he and Meadow felt somewhat heavy. I then seemed to use my 'flap-the-arms' method to grab the aethers and get up into the air with Gorik. We then did some very low to the ground flying together, as I didn't want to scare him by taking him too high, too fast. (DV Light cabal party and magik I show – emailed to Corey Goode 10.22.2017) Instead, I told him about how high I could fly and that I could even go into outer space if I wanted too and that I can have a protective sphere around me that was likely blue.

Then I woke up.

8:22am