

Subject: How Did We Get Here? Part 8.

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This talks about the Hoovids.

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The Hoovid r-ace was also chosen for the implantation of "individuality and determination," and perhaps an ingredient of "tenacity." The Nine say that the difficulties this ra-e brought with them to the planet, however, were in the matters of "obedience and compassion." The Hoovids did not obey their original directives they came with, and have not obeyed ever since. This circumstance is mitigated by the fact that they also do not have enough understanding of, or compassion for, other ra-es.

"They set themselves up on a pinnacle and they do not comprehend that by doing this they are putting themselves up as a target for slaughter, for in the center they are the purest and gentlest. . . And thus I-rael is important . . . All these years the opposition (the Dark Side) has bound it . . . The other civilizations are bound and hindered by the obstinacy of the Hoovids."

The Nine say the Hoovids have a basic strength within their character, but also the planet they come from is a w-r-like planet. In coming here to Earth, they were asked to be at peace. They were asked to be catalysts and leaders amongst the peoples of Earth, but instead they have doubt, suspicion and deception. Part of the reason for their involvement with this planet was to overcome that very factor -

"Within them lives the knowledge that they have made an error, but because of pride, they will not acknowledge this."

The Nine explain this error by saying that when the Hoovids agree to more freely intermingle with the other -aces and share their DNA, their life-force, it will create a greater opening in humanity, and with it a great release that will in turn help to release the Universe. They say that the stresses and strains of earthly life caused the H-breeds to look increasingly after their own interests and people, which ended up being counter-productive. The opposition then "got their oar in."

"The Hoovids . . . are a small group of people that have survived at all odds, a small group who have continued to educate and forward all their peoples, but this is not to say they are perfect . . . The majority of people working with s-iritual elevation contain somewhere in them the genes of the Hoovids."

The lost tribes of Is-ael were dispersed to far off places such as Afghanistan, Ethiopia, North America, and were also mixed in with various peoples such as the Phoenicians, the Celts, and even the Orientals. Joseph S-ith, founder of the Mo-mon Ch-rch, was fond of saying that most North Americans are "more Je-ish than the Je-s." It was one of these lost tribes that were the origins of the Bl-odline of the Holy Grail as explained in Laurence G-rdner's work, as we shall see later.

As well as the `benevolent civilizations out there in the Universe, there are also those who have aligned themselves with the Dark Side, and even many who have simply been taken over by the Dark Side by force of arms and other more exotic weaponry. An excerpt from Solara's EL:AN:RA - The H-aling of Orion gives us a more detailed view of this kind of interaction in narrative form:

"All of this was done under a cloak of utmost s-crecy, for Kurala still distrusted most of the spider people. She knew that when the time came, that they would fight fiercely alongside them against the OMNI, but she didn't want to risk revealing their plans before the time was ripe. In the meantime, she stills sent forth w-r parties of spider people to conquer small, insignificant planets, in order not to arouse anyone's suspicion.

"Shamo was not told about any of this. Both Kurala and Shakarr agreed on this matter. He remained in extreme pain and spent most of his time moaning and writhing about in his bed. Kurala would visit Shamo several times a day, sitting solicitously at his bedside, stroking his furry b-ack legs. She was appalled by the presence of his Orion implants. Every time that she looked at them it renewed her will to fight the dreaded OMNI. Kurala murmured to him that soon he would be he-led, for indeed, she had sent messengers forth to bring back Galaxitron the finest hea-ers who could be found.

"During the period of preparation, Kurala was given little time to think about AAla-dar. Yet his memory would emerge into her consciousness at the most unexpected times. Sometimes, it appeared as if he resided within her. His handsome face would shine with love; she would see his starry eyes cajoling her to serve the Light.

"Her response to this depended upon her mood as well as her outer activities at the moment. Sometimes she would flash an angry reply at him. "Go away, leave me alone! I have chosen the task that you and your Intergalactic Confederation should have taken on." At other, quieter moments, she would allow herself to bask in his love, calling for him to giver her strength and support. On occasion, she would wonder if there was any way they could ever be together.

". . . The renegade ships zoomed by the Galaxitron craft from both sides, cutting across their ship at weird diagonal angles, forcing them to slow down to almost nothing. As the ships cut closer and closer to them, Kurala shouted to her crew to bring the ship to hover position.

"So they want to play it rough with us, do they?" Kurala whispered with excitement. "This is not quite the welcome I expected."

"She personally took over the ship's controls. Her features tensed with concentration as she waited for the right instant to act. Nearly forgetting to breathe, she sat with her hand ready upon the hyperspace throttle. Here they came again, even nearer. This time she could feel the oscillating air currents of the passing ships bombard her craft. Then she acted. With spit second precision, she activated both hyperspace and reverse simultaneously. This, she had never done before and wasn't quite sure if it would work. But actually, Kurala had discovered an old secret used by the triple Commanders for entering Orion's sword.

"Without a second's hesitation, she slammed the ship forward and then after the briefest of pauses, out of hyperspace. There just ahead of them loomed the planet Maldon. If she had traveled another instant in hyperspace, their ship would have rammed right into it. Instead, the craft from Galaxitron made a graceful, swooping arc over the spaceport, then delicately landed as if it had been a normal, unhurried entry.

". . . This was his mystery and his mark of greatness and why he has chosen to stand in the center of the OMNI. It could be said that if you truly looked at Zeon carefully, with your clearest vision, you would see a small sphere of white within his vast vortex of blackness. Only one being at a time within the entire of the Dark L-rds of Orion was given this circle to embody. But it was essential to the D-vine Plan in accordance with Universal Law, that always there be one embodiment.

". . . "No, we will wait for Quintron. He probably just hasn't arrived yet and should be here anytime. I wish that he had picked a planet with better energy though. This must be his stupid idea of a bad joke, trying to scare us," she replied.

"Well, it worked! I'm definitely scared! So let's get out of here!" Shakarr rattled with terror.

"Kurala admitted to herself that she was also afraid and Shakarr wasn't making things easier by his whimpering. Maybe it would be smarter if they left this place, the quicker the better.

"O.K. Shakarr, let's get ready to take off; we've had enough of this grim planet."

"Kurala moved to the bridge as they prepared to ascend. As they became airborne, a curious thing happened. Every time their ship reached a certain altitude of ascent, it was as if a ceiling had been placed above them. They could only go up so far. Each time they hit an invisible barrier which bounced them back downwards.

"With mounting frustration, Kurala tried to remove the energy shield by shooting it with lasers and photon beams. The barrier remained in position. She even considered throwing her ship into hyperspace, but that would be suicide for sure. Most star systems were cluttered with too many planetary bodies to propel your way through in hyperspace. All they had to do was hit one of these deformed moon fragments and they would be thrown into another dimension by the heightened impact created by hyperspace thrust.

"Great welcome, Quintron!" Kurala muttered angrily as she rammed into the barrier again. She attempted to slide under and around the energy shield, but met with no success. Finally, giving up, the wa-ship from Galaxitron landed awkwardly on the runway.

"Instantly it was surrounded by a multitude of small, grey craft which rained down from the sky relentlessly. Curious looking beings began to emerge from the space station and the crafts, walking rapidly towards her ship. Several of them held photon detonators, ready to throw.

"Come out of your ship, now, alien intruders," announced a metallic voice.

"Come out immediately or we will vaporize you."

"Well, I guess that I have no choice but to disembark," said Kurala. Of all the possible traps that she had considered, this was something she had never thought of. She pondered briefly whether Quintron had been captured by these grey beings too, but they hadn't seen any signs of his ship. Besides he wouldn't be traveling alone.

Part 8.

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