

PANDEMIC

THE STORY OF MANKIND

SPACE LEAP SERIES

BOOK 3

ZSA ZSA TUDOS

AKIA

To understand this book thoroughly some
information from book 1-2,

**INTERSEXTION – and they work
together**

is useful.

First Edition

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To the braves, the villains and the floating

Third Book

History unfolds

PROLOGUE

During the last 5 years, planet Earth has been reduced to a vegetating coma state by its inhabitants. New and old money-making schemes race in the fast track to grab a morsel of the imagined wealth, a promise to a new house, a better car, a good relationship and some kind of distinction on social media.

Today everybody is a celebrity who sneezes. The one and only characteristic, that makes an earthling a homo sapiens, the interactive and agile brain, is not a requirement to stardom. Thick-lipped, double-breasted, clone-like females are showing off the work of their plastic surgeons to those, dreaming about similar looks with an illusion in their floating understanding, that life would be better when they achieve a membership. Dreamy eyed males losing direction and strength on genderless catwalks, where nothing is concealed, claiming to be sexy however, the lack of impulses deepens the

already overwhelming boredom that fades healthy arousal into a myth.

On the 28th of December 2012 the 5th Sun Age ended, putting a finishing touch on the greatest cycle of human history. Earth, although extremely narrowly, past the test, and with the rest of The Galaxy was lifted into a Galactical Quantum Leap, travelling up on the DNA spiral. The elevated frequency demanded higher awareness and fast development from earthlings.

The planet and its inhabitants entered into the Golden Era. However, without understanding the 2D existence, let alone the 3D, withstanding the energy of the 4D was and is physically impossible. Like a student who missed few lessons and could never catch up with the next one, earthlings lost the little confidence they had and reduced themselves to a robot-like vegetating organic energy mass.

1.

The spacious, covered terrace in the North-Centre of the Aegean city provided refuge from the scorching sun, while allowed the fresh breeze coming uphill to delight plants and people alike.

Zeta was sitting at her favourite round table under the pergola. The mobile screen, surrounding the table, offered semi-privacy from neighbours enjoying the eased social distancing rules and having small gatherings of friends to snacks or dinner.

She liked to sit out there with a laptop, working on something or just lighten her heart from the weight of the senseless and mindless behaviour of humanity. "We hardly made it through the leap and there is no sign of improvement at all", she summed up the situation with a deep sigh. "Leaders of the financially prominent countries, such as the U.S.A. and the EU members are seizing the power to take away the last little glimpse of a clear, bright sky and the mental

ability to trust the future. Even hope that has been spread in abundance through the agents of the New World Order, like media influencers, gurus, religious authorities and reigning political parties, now being revoked. "In reality it is good", she smiled. "For hope is an idle existence with a convenient shift in responsibilities. If you hope you don't live, only exist. You do nothing, only wait for an outside power to put some sense into the monotonous rat race of living. And since you are hoping, you do not exercise your mind. Due to A lack of focus, you don't realize that you have lost it all. Your totally rewritten past, your floating present and with it, the future of any kind. It is really terrible", she stopped for a minute. "The saddest thing is that you do not even care. As if you were drugged into this light coma, where you produce robot-like bodily functions, like feeding, working, procreating and maintaining your numerous social media accounts seemingly for amusement, in reality, to take your time away, and provide you with fresh brain-washing

material, to keep your mind occupied with trivial matters while your life, your home, your prominent human functions are in the process of being deleted from the Recycling bin. Finger-pointing is the latest exercise craze that you can practice with noise connected to your ears, with a scattered mind, when focus feels far away.”

She stopped pondering. Taking into account that trying to change the unchangeable is a waste of time, she decided to get back to work. There was a lot on her plate. Being the most laborious 1st generation soul on Keta, created a lot of responsibility. Sometimes, when felt the pressure, she tried to entice siblings into action with little luck.

Finding the core of the pandemic was the most burning of the duties. Like every dilemma, this one also needed a wholistic approach. Earthlings, with their simplified mind, point to directions and the loudest of them all, announces the result to the world with some extra finger-pointing exercise. The reality is

more complex, for every beginning is the middle of something else in the interrelations of events. Every happening is an answer to another one in the past. So the question is real: what was first, the egg or the hen?

Although Zeta had a few valuable ideas on the situation, she decided to ask for help. Before she could make the call happen, she felt a warm touch on her left shoulder.

"Nuba, my darling, how are you?" she yelled surprised. "I was about to call you!"

"I know Zeta, I was waiting for the moment", replied the lion-guide. "I must admit, I am anxious to get into some action. The whole planet is sizzling!"

"I know the feeling Nuba", admitted Zeta. "That is why I need help. The excitement might push me towards reaching the goal without taking the road. You know how it is. Then I have to go back to see the details I missed. Unfortunately, it is a typical behaviour earthlings would follow. That

is why they don't get anywhere. They just rush things. Mostly because they do not like the work. Their mind is sleeping, and it is tiring for them to start using it. Well, you see I am an earthling too. Sometimes it catches up with me", she added with a frown. "So, I intend to ask my brother Uranus for help. Would you be kind enough to help me find out where he is at the moment?"

"Definitely. Just keep in mind that I am available for more exciting works also", Nuba added with definite disappointment in his voice, and left. As Zeta turned towards the laptop in an attempt to continue working, she felt Nuba's beaming face behind her.

"Have you forgotten something, darling?" she asked.

"Oh no, I am already back", was the answer. "That was quick! What do you know?"

"The second I fed Uranus into Sweetface, it popped up. Uranus is on Uranus", he declared.

“So the new browser works”, she said delightedly. “Let’s pay him a visit. Would you like to come with me?” she asked the waiting lion. Nuba looked puzzled.

“You mean unannounced?” added with a definite doubt in his voice.

“He really doesn’t like that.” Zeta chuckled. “I know, my brother loves regulations! However, it is time for him to work on it. We can always butter him up by praising Sweetface. He is so proud of his latest creation”, added Zeta impishly and they left marching towards Zeta’s merkaba.

On Uranus, she parked her personal spaceship quite near the complex that served as the abode for Uranus and Phoenix, when on the planet. There was some kind of suspense in the air. Different types of beings were dashing about, carrying packages and loading them into a spaceship. The planet has always been the model of excellent security however they reached the front door unnoticed. It was creepy.

Without uttering a word they looked at each other and started the discovery mission. As they crossed the doorway, a bellow froze them.

"What are you doing here!?! You know sis, I do not like surprise visitors!" made the God his feelings absolutely clear.

"Hi Ura, we just came to congratulate you on Sweetface. Good work! It definitely deserves a personal visit", Zeta said softly.

"I see, you like it then? Good, I am very glad. Do come in!" Invited the visitors Uranus with great pride in his voice. Rules and regulations did not matter any longer.

"Ura, what is going on here?" asked Zeta. "It looks like you transporting things."

"Yes Hera, we do. Haudi Solar system is not safe at the moment. We are relocating to Mirfak of Perseus. Enkki from Mars is in the process of moving, the Moon and the Sun have already been evacuated and Zeus is considering putting up camp somewhere else. Although for him it is

not urgent. Jupiter is quite empty at the moment.”

“Oh dear, so the Pandemic has its effects in the solar system”, added Zeta-Hera. “We are working on the issue at the moment. I don’t really know if it’s worth it though. What do you think Ura?”

“It is not as simple as that. Have you figured out what triggered it?”

“Not exactly, however, I have a really strange feeling that it is partly the result of our awakening mission”, admitted Hera. “Without the proper foundation the chips went astray.”

“What do you mean, what mission, I don’t know anything about it.”

“It goes back to the quantum leap”, explained Hera. “You know Keta hardly made it. She was helped by the whole galaxy”, started Hera.

“Oh, yes I remember! I was making all kinds of energy shifting equipment”, remembered Uranus.

“So it actually started with the attempt of saving Keta”, added the goddess.

“It was inevitable”, broke his silence Nuba. “By losing Keta the whole galaxy would have gone under. There was no choice.”

“There always is a choice. We just thought the one we made was more sensible. Now we know that it wasn’t”, interrupted the god.

“True. It was a sentimental decision considering the narrow escape route for the planet and its inhabitants”, replied Hera. “We usually favour building over destroying.”

“That’s true. Keta wasn’t at the point of giving it up. Not to mention the population. Earthlings needed a chance to evolve”, added Uranus. “What went wrong?”

“We underestimated the ignorance”, Nuba put the facts into words. “We souls are attached to the matrix because we exist in it. Entities look at situations even more logically.”

“True. It is hard to maintain only 2 % consciousness and still do a good job. The knowledge and confidence one needs are tremendous. Also the responsibility we have to bear for our deeds.”

“What is it you are working on now?” enquired the god.

“We want to give another chance to earthlings. I figure that we ask the Pleiadeans for some help. They have been maintaining their societies for much longer than Keta, in the same condition. You know, some Keteans consider them siblings. Groups are waiting for the Pleiadeans to come and save them from I have no idea what. From themselves I suppose”, started the story Hera. “Yes, they always wait for someone to do the job. That is the deepest ignorance. Never mind. Let us get back to the

project. We built a channel to link Keta with Mekhranat and asked for a meeting with their leader.”

“Oh, yes, I remember! One of mine from you was here asking for help. 395 I think. Very clever Ketean. So how is it?”

“It goes well actually”, answered Hera. “The meeting is on the next dark moon.”

“Who is taking the meeting?”

“Mabek. I am sure you know him. I might go also. I cannot decide if I should mind the channel or take part in the conversation. The Ketean end of the channel is at the ancient gate of Nineveh. Safety is the first there. Many creatures are lurking around day and night”, went on Hera.

“There might be one more useful gadget I can give you on the top of others I donated to the project already. It is relatively new”, said Uranus. “Kahar, bring some of those stars, I’ve just finished!” yelled to his secretary. I minute

later he put a 5 pointed golden star into Hera's hand.

"We do have that already. And use it too. Thanks."

"Wait a minute! Place it into your left palm. Say Hurricane and blow on it gently", added the excited god.

Hera obeyed. As she blew on it, the star stood up and started into a frantic spin on its axis, turning to the right.

"I see, it spins. How do I stop it? What does it do?" asked Hera.

"Wow, that's cool", added his excitement to the conversation Nuba. "It detects and stops spying devices in a 100 miles radius."

"Isn't it clever?" admired the spinning star Uranus. "You just need to say Hurricane again and it stops."

"Very good, can I have nine of them please?" asked Hera.

“Sure sis. There you are!”

“I think we’ll leave you to it then. Sorry to take up so much of your time. Thank you very much. Will tell you all about it. My love to Phoenix”, said Hera and started her walk towards the merkaba, grabbing Nuba on the way.

2.

The idea of being The Communicator created mixed feelings in Zoltan. Divorced from his wife of three years, gave up his job in the army, sold his flat in a prominent district of Budapest, he originally inherited from his grandparents, spent the money on whimsies, and at the nick of the moment, he was saved by a dreamy but down-to-earth music teacher. After four years together they got married in their newly acquired house they bought in a village near the school she worked in. He grew into a self-respecting, responsible person, an extraordinary healer and reader. His ego was groomed accordingly.

Learning and working in AKIA has remained his priority. He knew he was capable of living up to even the wildest expectations surrounded the job. However, the stake was much higher than he preferred. Not only the future of earthlings, but the livelihood of the planet was in their hands.

“Perhaps I should have some help from Hades”, he mused. “He is more than happy to advise, especially in important cases. He has an ego too”, decided Zoltan-Mabek and started to get ready for the trip. As he was walking through his lounge, he realised that he also needed help with finding the god. It has been quite a while since his last visit up to Mantahani on Dubhe, therefore he thought it was advisable to make sure of his whereabouts.

“Hi Zoltan, or should I say Mabek?” uttered a familiar voice beside him.”

“Gajda! How nice of you to come so fast! How are you man?” asked his guide Zoltan.

"I am always well, as you know. So, what's up?" interrogated the earthling, Gajda. "How is it that you remembered me?"

"I don't call but I always remember you", said Zoltan. "There is this fine line between asking for help and asking for help. I do not want to cross the line. You know, help me do this or do that please because you are more equipped. For me, it is still confusing. What do you think?"

"I see your point. Many of us guides are taken for granted. Sometimes even ordered around. We are not servants. We are with an earthling to guide them through difficulties, open avenues and help decide. But not do things instead of them. Very much like coaching", cleared the subject Gajda.

"What happens when a guide is ordered around?" enquired Zoltan.

"Depends on the guide. Some would take it for a round or two, others would sulk and refuse any kind of collaboration. You had another set of

guides before us, you can see that we are not the same.”

“And I am working with you differently”, admitted Zoltan.

“I think it is down to trust and respect, like in every partnership. Although in our case we need to stay on top, otherwise we are overtaken by a new set, who can still teach you something.”

“There is no danger for that just yet, and not in the foreseeable future. You are excellent!” added Zoltan. “Anyhow, let us get back to work issues. I am thinking of visiting Hades and ask for advice about the meeting with the Pleiadean, called Korinson. What do you think?”

“Good idea! Hades is a master manipulator and communication is his forte. Also, you are neglecting him a bit. Good to patch up.”

“And catch up”, said Zoltan.

“Catch up literary. He is planning to leave for Alphard in Sea Serpent. You will find him in

Mantahani if you are fast”, said Gajda while tapping on a device in his hand.

“How did you arrive to this conclusion?” asked his protégée.

“This new app, Sweetface is very good. I wish I knew who the mastermind behind it was. I would definitely congratulate them.”

“I have never thought we would arrive here! I can actually help you!” said Zoltan amused. “It is Uranus. He was the mastermind.”

“Thank you Zoltan. I go visit Kahar, his assistant and pass him a message. The big master is not easy to see. You also have work to do. Let me know if there is anything else I can help you with.”

“Thank you Gajda, I will”, announced the earthling while watched his guide leaving the premises.

Zoltan put himself into the comfort of his favourite armchair for a good Mahatma cleansing. Five minutes later he was ready to go.

In Mantahani, a star gateway of Dubhe, Mabek was met by a new entity security guard with a six-numbers identification, who politely asked him to wait for Mahin to come and usher him in. His visit wasn't prearranged, nevertheless he considered his new assignment serious enough to request an emergency audience.

The CNC of Hades arrived with a big smile on his face.

"Mabek! How are you? We haven't seen you for Anka's turn!"

"Greetings Mahin. How is existence here?" asked the familiar face Mabek.

"Good, good, thank you. I heard about the pandemic on your planet. How is it?"

"Yes, that is why I am here. I need some advice. Is he around?"

"He is with Tati in the computer room. I beeped him already about your arrival. He hasn't come back to me yet. I am sure it will be fine."

"Should I make my way alone from here?"

"I have to let you in through the security door. We have a new code."

"All right", replied Mabek and followed the Chief News Collector.

As he was let into Hades' modest abode a roar of laughter shook Manhatani to its core. "Wow, he is in good mood", ran through Mabek's mind with a slightly nostalgic feeling. "We had a lot of fun here. Good to be back. I hope he will still be happy when he sees me. Let's follow the joy."

The sound of the heated conversation came from the computer room. Mabek walked through familiar places that opened the channel of experiences in his consciousness. "Yes, good to be back", he sighed as turned towards Tati's room.

"I have to pull myself together now. I am a respected member of the AKIA group and I am here in business", gathered his pride and knocked on the door.

"Enter!" heard the authoritative voice as he pressed on the doorknob.

"Good morning, or afternoon, or maybe night."

"Well, who knows, I don't follow it", replied the god. "Come!"

"Sir, I heard you laughing so whole-heartedly. I hope my presence doesn't kill the mood."

"No, no, we were talking about you people and the way you handle the pandemic. It is really funny. As if there was no one earthling in authority with a brain. And the stories! One scientific group says that life should go back to normal and the other says, stay indoors. What kind of scientists are they? Do they teach different sciences in every country? Are they paid for what they say? Or they don't want to admit, that their brain is not developed enough

for so much thinking? No wonder you are in this deep shit!”

“I know”, admitted Mabek. “That is why I would like to talk to you, sir. I definitely need help. I know a lot about the situation and my intuition is good, however, the media messes it up. I need to stay focused to keep to my senses.”

“Yes, the catch again. When you need your wits about the most difficult it is to see clearly to find them. Are you working with the pandemic?”

“Yes. We want to find the source first of all and deal with it.”

“Deal with it?” asked Hades. “What do you mean by dealing with it?”

“That is something I don’t know yet. I meant we do what we need to do”, replied Mabek confused.

“I see. So tell us what you know. Tati, are you ready to take notes?”

"Yes, master, always", answered the computer.

"I'll put them into assessment as they come in."

"Good man!"

"I don't know about that. I am not programmed to lose focus, scatter my data and keep contradictory valuation of the same event in my folders. If I did, I would cease to exist. So I am not a man."

"Now that you mention it, it is exactly what Keteans do when their mind arrives at such a confusion, life stops and vegetation takes over. And since their brain is not equipped to think, they would not notice the difference", added Hades.

"Sorry son", turned towards Mabek. "I got carried away in the heat of the moment. Tell me, what do you need?"

"Where should I start", begin the story Mabek.

"Anywhere", interrupted the god. We will get there at the end."

"All right. Zeta wants me to have a meeting with someone from the Pleiades and see if they have any advice for us."

"How and where do you plan to do it?"

"We built a channel between Mekhranat and Keta to keep the meeting secure and communication fast."

"You said you've already built it, yes?"

"Yes."

"How are you going to keep it intact until the operations in the constantly moving universe?"

"Uranus and Phoenix calculated the exact position and Pertaxa built it halfway from our end. Zeta gave me the job to take the meeting."

"I see", Hades scratched his head. "And you need advice concerning the event. Tati, did you find anything about Mekhranat?"

"Yes, master. It has been pouring out for a while. Would you want me to scan through Akasha? Naturally with your security codes."

"I think it is not necessary at this moment, my friend."

"Alright. First of all, you need to know the security risks if any", turned back to Mabek. "I am sure Hera checked it out. You need to be focused, look powerful and well-presented in full glory."

"It will be difficult. Korinson, the soul I am meeting, is 1st generation Uriel."

"Sure, but you are representing another 1st generation soul, Hera. It is good. You need to feel equal. Otherwise, the meeting will go down the drain."

"Are you ready for some data on the Pleiades?" interrupted the conversation Tati. "I filtered it by Keta connections."

Tati put itself on loud-speaker. Fragments of information introduced the current state of the cluster, more relevantly the Earth-like planets. -
-There are five Earth-like planets within the Pleiades star cluster in Taurus constellation. As

far as earthlings are concerned that is. They look at the sky from their planet as if it was a 2D picture. In reality, the Pleiades and Taurus have nothing to do with each other. The first is around 440 light years away and the latter is about 65.

-Mekhranat, Muskhat, Mughat, Quilwan and Nowtey enjoy a relatively similar structure to Keta's. Souls use physical bodies with the same capabilities and functions.

-There is also a strong magnetic field around all five that serves as a star gateway, retaining the necessary ozone to fill the lungs, help digestion and keep the heart beating. We would say that they possess all the requirements needed for life. -It seems that earthlings cannot kick the habit of the naïve understanding, that what they see is the reality. In the universe, there are souls in every format and shape which change according to the requirements of the living conditions given. All these souls are siblings, so to speak.

-Souls populated the five planets long before they descended to Earth and they still live, evolve and learn in excellent conditions. Their spiritual understanding is good, they understand the purpose of life and they are very happy to help when needed.

-The news of Keta's request to connect and share experiences travelled fast. Data centres were browsed to look for ups and downs during the history of the soul colonies.

-Esoteric schools collected the best curriculums to share, capabilities they developed and rules used within smaller clusters.

-Korinson, an inhabitant of Mekhranat was chosen for the meeting. He is a highly knowledgeable, calm and focused 1st generation soul, one of Uriel's.

-For the safety of all involved and to keep conversation uninterrupted and at heart without intruders, a communication channel has to be built.

-Quilwanians also pledged their help.

“Well, it looks all right to me. There are endless loopholes in security, make sure you cover them. They can turn deadly if you are not careful. The key here is your attitude. How much you want it, how much you believe in the project and in yourself. I hope I helped.”

“You did, thank you. See you around, sir. Bye Tati, thanks”, said Mabek and let the CNC show the way off the premises.

3.

Zeta was sitting at her favourite table on the terrace, doodling on a piece of paper. Her focus was on the origin of the pandemic. Her research showed totally different result from that of in circulation. “Covid19 in fact, isn’t a virus. It doesn’t behave as such, therefore it is wrong to treat it as one. It is not even organic. It means that multiplication is out of the question”, assessed Zeta the outcome. “It seems to appear

randomly and affects people differently. If it is true then social distancing is not doing a lot for the safety of earthlings. On the other hand, there is an electromagnetic charge associated with the outburst. Although nobody appears to notice it, or they do not talk about it. Yes, this is an important discovery. If they know about this characteristic and hide it, they either have their hands in it or grabbed the pandemic as an opportunity to seek more control. Which one is the one? I might need an outsider's perspective on this issue. Let's talk to my brother, Kronos. He is the healer in the family and his hospital on Sirius is very advanced. He gives me the run for money all the time when I tried to keep up with him in my healing facilities on H planet", pondered Zeta and called Abua for help. The serpent appeared in the form of a boa contractor this time, in her full glory a minute later.

"Hello Zeta, what happened to make you remember your faithful guide?" asked Abua.

"I do apologise darling, I haven't forgotten you, only so much in my mind."

"I heard. What is it you need help with now?"

"I want to approach my brother on Sirius. It should be easy but at the moment the communication channels are falling apart...yes, it could be a good track to follow!" interrupted her own sentence Zeta. "So I thought you might know more about the present situation concerning communications and security."

"Oh yes. We guides are always the first to receive the circular about changes. Let's see", added the serpent. "I check on Sweetface."

"You use it too? I really have to take the time to download it on my system! Oh, that right, I don't have one!"

"I think it is not open for you yet. Uranus is waiting for the feedback from us first."

"I see. Good that you mentioned, so I will not feel guilty about dragging you here", said Zeta.

"It is always good to be needed Zeta! Do not worry!" calmed her the guide. "Here we are! Kronos is on Saturn packing. It is not safe to contact him there. Unless you choose to take on the journey. The communication channels in Haudi are totally down. The 5G is making a lot of difference."

"And the pandemic. Thanks Abua, I really appreciate your help."

"Always", said the guide and disappeared.

Zeta walked to the corner and prepared for an astral trip. Her sensor showed some disturbance originating from the Sun. The Quantum Leap raised the frequency of the planets in Haudi solar system and it resulted in faster travelling times. Mercury's pulling power strengthened, so did the electric flairs of the Sun that send thin beams towards Keta, where they hooked up with local electro-magnetic junctions. "We have to look at these centres later", she summed up her finding and continued the preparation for the journey.

She opened her merkaba and gave the command "Saturn" to the dashboard. The standard autopilot mode was out of the question if she wanted to arrive at the intended destination. The key to the trip was alertness that required to reduce the speed considerably. This action caused the spaceship to wobble and leave its desired direction. Zeta needed all her wits about and an enormous amount of strength to control her merkaba. Once she broke through the magnetic field of Keta, the driving eased up. "It will be fun on the way back", she thought with excitement and a drop of fear. "Well, let us get there first", she sighed.

On arrival on Saturn, Zeta found a very quiet and empty place. "Oh dear, I went through all this trouble and nobody is here. So Sweetface doesn't work as well as we thought. Poor Uranus! He had high hopes for his baby!" she thought while continued walking. Being alone in an empty place gave her an eerie feeling. "I am the only creature in the whole universe", she

mused. "It is so quiet, I can hear my heart beat. So, it still works. That's something! I will go up to the corner and see what is there", she decided. The idea of not finding anything there made her shiver. "I cannot even call anybody for help. The communication system is out", Zeta assessed and carefully put her left foot over the corner of the sombre, evacuated building. The motion is followed by a tilt of a head and a peak. As she turned, she felt relieved. In the near distance, there were organised movements of carrying, bringing and packing. It didn't take very long until a being appeared and enquired about her business in the star gateway.

"I am Hera, 1st generation number 13. Looking for my brother, Kronos 1st generation number 18", told Hera the being.

"Sorry, I need to identify you", was the answer. "Please put your left thumb on the screen here."

Hera obeyed with a quaint smile. While going through the procedure, she couldn't help but looked around. The place she always liked was

turned into soulless concretes without personal touches. The gardens stopped flowering and lost colours.

"You are clean. Welcome Hera. I tell your brother of your arrival. I assume he doesn't know."

"No, he doesn't", she added and followed the being. They got into a small cart and a second later arrived at the centre of busy buzzing where Kronos was waiting for them.

"Hi Hera, what's the matter? Thanks Albi", he turned towards the being. "I am sure something is cooking, otherwise you wouldn't have made this bumpy journey", greeted the god her sister. "Did you make it alone?"

"Yes, I did. Hi Kronos, good to see you. It is proof that I've made it."

"I do not want to rush you but I am on a tight schedule. So tell me what the problem is", Kronos pushed the conversation towards business.

"Quite a lot, to be honest. But I will keep to the most pressing since you are in a hurry. Do you know where the pandemic comes from?"

"I am certain you mean the COVID19, as they call it on Keta. Well, you are definitely on the right track to ask me, for it is not a virus, first of all. It is not organic, it is an electromagnetic residue droplet therefore multiplying is out of the question."

"Yes, we got that. We also know that there is no vaccine against it, due to the reason you've just mentioned. And it cannot be destroyed. Again, due to apparent reasons. However, the origin is still not clear, although there are ideas", added Hera.

"Let's see", started Kronos. "I will need some help with this. Albi, my friend, can you summon Zenos and Kenos at once? We will be in the planetarium."

"Right away, sir!"

As they walked towards the planetarium, Kronos continued the conversation.

"Why is it so important to you?" asked Kronos.

"It wasn't at first", started Hera. "But I was asked to take over temporarily from number 9 magus of Keta, who looks after the sex chakra, you know the Nile delta. As we were clearing the toxic energy and the water, I found evidence connected to the current situation of the planet. Then I asked if it was the reason I got the job, and the answer I received was a broad smile from Mekhtani."

"So, it was planned. Figures. But still, they would've not given it to you if you had not been lurking around."

"True!" Hera said with a smile. "I thought it was time to reinstate the obelisks along the river. My AKIA team and I are working on it right now."

"I see!" said Kronos. "Now I understand the connection! The obelisks are electro-magnetic and the current frenzy is similar. All right we are

here. The planetarium is the only fully functioning place we left intact. I love this place!”

“Where are you moving?” asked Hera.

“We haven’t decided yet. Since Penka is moving from the Moon, we seek a suitable place where we can live and work together. That is the idea. We might take Perseus 1, to be near Uranus and Phoenix. Trying out a couple of more places.”

“I see, let me know if I could help in any way, Kronos.”

“Sure. However, at this moment, you are more in need of assistance. Let us look at the electromagnetic movements on Keta. It would give us some clue.”

“All right.”

“Since the Galactic Quantum Leap on the 28th of December 2012 Ketean Common Time, the electromagnetic structure of the planet has been going through quite significant changes, coming

from the Macro and the Microcosm equally. Let us look at the Microcosm first, that is the planet itself”, started Kronos pointing to the aura of the planet. “Here is the core, in the middle, the strongest in radiation. The rays coming from the core go through the natural minerals in the crust of Keta and projected out on the surface. Unfortunately minerals are getting scarce due to the senseless excavations ordered from the mining companies. You see, Keteans do not understand, that maintaining the cycle of nature is essential for the wellbeing of all inhabitants. In order to do it, everything taken should be replaced. Harvesting the grain should be followed by sowing the seed, maintaining a healthy balance without exploitation. A planet, like every organic structure, needs nourishment to survive and produce.”

“I see your point clearly”, interrupted Hera. “That’s what I have been teaching for 30 years down there, but people still look at me as if I was an alien with senseless and unimportant

thoughts. They do not want to be disturbed in their mindless floating and get rich fast schemes. Not to mention that they are also aliens. Should be more grateful.”

“If they do not see themselves clearly, they cannot understand anything. I think it is the key to living. If you know the place you come from, then you would be able to see the destination. Otherwise, there is no road”, pondered the god. “Anyhow, let us get back to your project. Where have we been?”

“The lack of minerals”, reminded him, the goddess.

“Oh, yes! Due to the lack of minerals the electromagnetic rays coming through the crust are of weak quality, therefore altering, sort of cleansing the rays produced by Keteans on the surface, is not possible. The strong ones have a green light to meet those coming from above, without alteration from the organic structure of the planet. The source, the origin is ignored yet

again. You see?" pointed to the weakened magma rays Kronos.

"On the other hand, there are high altitude emissions, coming from Haudi, notably from the Sun that reach the surface of Keta due to the weakened ozone layer. Since they are representing the two opposite poles, they clash within the remnant of it. The surface production comes from the electronic smog, the Keteans build in order to enhance their money-making and controlling scams. Keteans stand up against the chip the Microsoft owner has been working on, without noticing that they are already in the system and *Big Brother is Watching You* is a reality, not a fantasy of George Orwell. I am parched", turned Kronos towards his sister. "What do you think of a well-proportioned mineral drink? Albi, bring us some drinks would you?" ordered without waiting for a reply.

"Yes, thank you! How do you know about Orwell?" asked Hera surprised while made her way to the small table in the corner.

"We were good friends. He was one of mine", laughed Kronos. "Clever Ketean! But they still do not understand him!"

"There we are! Cheers!" lifted his glass Kronos. "So, what do you think should be done?" asked the goddess.

"Like everything in existence it has two poles. Weakening the rays coming from the planet stops the micro and macrocosm meet. It gives chances to maintain life there a bit longer. On the other hand, the two poles will never stop trying to find a way of merging. It is the Fire element within the planet that is pulled by the Fire of the macrocosm. Their goal is to amalgamate in cosmic intercourse.

"You mean that Keta will alter its course to find ways", pondered Hera.

"Exactly", replied Kronos. It has already started to switch poles on the physical plain. It seems the astral wasn't enough."

"No, it wasn't. There is nothing to switch. The Carpathian Basin, where the shift was to happen, is abandoned by its people. The Magi didn't come, or if they did, remained sleeping as the majority of fellow human beings."

"True.", nodded Kronos.

"Sir, there is an urgent call for you", interrupted Albi.

"Are you sure it cannot wait?"

"Well, judge it for yourself. It is Hades, your brother."

"You are right, I ought to take that", replied the god and pressed on a knob under the table.

"What kind of mischief are you into now?" greeted his brother.

"Greetings Kronos. I am not into any, unfortunately. What are you up to? I thought I pay you a visit. I am in the neighbourhood. You know figuring out what to do with my Pluto residence now. So, what do you think?"

"You have intuition, I dear say. I am sitting with Hera, discussing Keta."

"She managed to come out? I admire her. Good job. She is a strong woman. Well, my near future is just getting brighter. I'll be there soon. I think she needs a helpful companion to take her home", he said and the line went dead.

"Well, my darling sister, you are not going to travel home alone now", said Kronos amused.

4.

After saying farewell to Kronos, Hera started walking towards her merkaba in the parking. She couldn't dismiss her worries about the subject they discussed. "So, this is it", ran through her mind. "The end of earthlings and the planet. We couldn't take advantage of the Golden Era. But how can you find inner peace when the people in power don't have? The saddest is of all that they really think they do. Satisfaction is mistaken for inner peace. So

much hatred, so much arrogance, and so much anger! How can it be mistaken for peace?! It is exactly like the peace-keeping missions. Always about hatred, gain and eliminating everything and everybody who doesn't agree. The legal killing machines. And earthlings assume it is democracy. How very ignorant of them!" A sudden beep interrupted her thoughts. "My transportation is somewhere nearby", acknowledged as she looked around.

Zeta's merkaba was a disk-shaped, silvery-green attractive piece of machinery, well equipped with the latest gadgets available. She has traded in her old one a few months back in the merkaba factory on Orion 5th. It was not only the latest model of the kind but fit with many personalised accessories to cater to the increasing mental and physical attention her work demanded. After sensing her energy, a distinctive letter H started pulsating on the side to show her the way. The hologram had the latest security inbuilt to save the vehicle from intruders.

Zeta stepped up to the concealed front door, placed her thumb on a symbol and the door opened. The sight in front of her was shocking. She just stood there without the strength to step forward and wouldn't dare turning back. The merkaba showed a definite sign of intrusion. Fear took over while she assessed the fingerprints of the professional work. Colourful candles were burning all over the place without the fire sensor noticing them. There was some kind of incense or fragrance floating around and gradually she recognised music fragments as if coming from a faraway galaxy. It was eerie.

Her mind was running. A decision had to be made fast. Either step forward onto the pilot deck and ask for help or jump out fast and blow up the merkaba. She chose the first option and stepped on the pilot deck. The dashboard looked intact. There was no sign of any kind of mishandling. She reached out for the emergency button when suddenly a deep voice interrupted her move. "Don't do it", demanded. Her hand

stopped in mid-air. She turned slowly but there was nobody to see or monitor. "They would have eliminated me if it was the objective of this fiasco", she pondered. Without another choice present, she started walking towards her quarters at the back of the vehicle.

The kitchen looked tidy as she left it, only the fragrance of freshly brewed coffee lingered in the air. "Odd", she thought. "What is going on? Let's see the last room I have here and then I decide." Holding her left hand with ring in front, she pressed the button and the door opened. And there it was. In the hot tub, covered with bubbles, with a satisfactory smile, there was Hades, or someone who looked like him, seemingly having a great time. "Identify yourself!" demanded Hera. "Come on darling, it is me, Hades!" "Identify yourself", repeated Hera holding the ring ready for action. "All right", replied the god and his fully naked body emerged from the tub, showing his trademark and unmistakable identification. "What are you

doing here?" Asked Hera and lowered her hand.

"Better more, how did you get in here?"

"Don't worry, your security is excellent. I could not crack it", replied Hades. "You know how it is? Someone owes me a favour, I ask for one...One thing is for sure, Kronos and Uranus have me by the balls now. I still cannot believe that I was capable of tricking them into releasing your security data. You'd better change all your codes."

"I will. Oh dear, I am exhausted!" sighed Hera and left the bathroom.

"Bring your beautiful ass back here at once!" teased Hades.

"I am starving!" she announced and started a food-finding exploring mission in the kitchen.

"Of course you are my darling", appeared Hades in the door.

Hera looked at him. Freshly groomed, beautiful hair, piercing black eyes and a great smile in the

corner of his mouth. All these goodies wrapped into a fluffy white bathrobe, loosely tied under the waist, to allow a delightful peek of an amazing, rock hard sensual thigh, curving towards the dark abyss of eternity. She was mesmerized. The murmuring noise of her craving digestive system woke her up and continued the mission. The god noticed the shift of interest in her eyes. Jumped to the oven and put the hotpot of freshly roasted vegetables with cheese on the table. Fetched 2 plates and cutlery from the cupboard and folded the napkins neatly. A colourful bowl of salad emerged from the fridge with water, a bottle of ice-cold Sancerre and a container of fresh fruit juice, just in case. Hades calculated that after a dangerous trip and tiring brainwork, a much-deserved feast was needed with some wine to take care of the pressure. It should be followed by a bath and rest, before setting up on the second leg of the trip. He added extra plates and her favourite crystal glasses.

"Wow", she managed to utter after a minute of complete silence. "How did you, and where did you find, and how beautiful!" announced the goddess and set down, giving into the work of nature.

"Do not worry dearest", stepped to her Hades and placed a soft and tender kiss on her forehead. "You've done very well. I don't think you realise how daring it was to come out of Keta's electric grip. I spoke to Mekai and Kiris about it and they gave me valuable tips on handling the currents, so I am going to accompany you on your trip."

"Oh, how very nice of you! By the way, this dish is overwhelmingly delicious", added Hera. "You have to give me the recipe."

"I see I have to come clean", said Hades. "I sent an aid to Hunata to raid your larder. In Mantahani I do not have such exquisite choices. However, I am going to change that now. Also, the recipe is from your cookbook. I did not want to take a chance with my inventions."

“Very clever of you! You are the dearest!” said Hera with elevated gusto and placed her hand on his as an appreciation. Then grabbed her glass filled with wine, raised and said: “To our lives and health. May we have enough courage and knowledge to continue with our work.”

“Here, here! And may we have more opportunities to work together”, replied Hades.

The toast was followed by a short silence that eventually Hera broke.

“I cannot keep my mind off the subject of return. If you come back to Keta with me, how will you get out?”

“I don’t escort you back to Keta, but to the point of no-return. Tati made some calculations and found a weak spot, where I can put you on track while transferring myself to my waiting merkaba. It is a bit risky to say the least however, still safer than for you to do the journey alone.”

“I see. Thank you very much. I am grateful.”

The rest of the meal went on with light conversation and a lot of laughter. They treasured the limited time given to enjoy each other's company.

"Let me take you to the relaxing and cleansing bath I prepared for you", suggested Hades when they finished eating. "Bring your wine!"

Hera followed him obediently. The spacious hot tub was filled with light greenish liquid that smelled intoxicating. There were rainbow coloured bubbles already forming here and there.

"Come darling", stepped to her Hades. "Let me help with your clothes."

Hera obeyed. The god stepped behind her gently and placed his working fingers on the top button of the silky blouse, and started loosening it. The button gave up without hardship, secretly enjoying the dance of the electrically charged limbs. The sight of the bare skin oozed welcome and triggered the god's fantasy. Although he

wanted, he didn't dare touching it. He ran his fingers over the body, close to the surface, to stimulate it further, then reached for the next button, slowly opened it, and very gently, breathed a full-lipped kiss on the bare skin. He paused before the last button to elevate the adrenaline production. And then, there they were. The delicately toned back muscles, stretched to the breaking point by desire, awaiting for the next move. Hades slid his hands under Hera's arms and reached for the breasts. The goddess groaned. He softly caressed the hardened nipples while glided his rock hard, sizable penis between her thighs.

"You are so very delicious! And juicy!" whispered Hades. "You want me my love, don't you?"

"Yes", murmured Hera. "I am dying for your touch!"

"Oh, so deliciously wonderful! Let me taste you Hera", uttered the god and replaced the penis with his delicately moving fingers. "Let me into your abyss."

Hera unzipped her skirt that fell to the ground and revealed the firm, tanga-covered buttocks.

“Oh dear”, sighed Hades. “The amazing landscape of heaven”, he observed and started kissing the curves. Then forced his tongue into the valley and let it slowly walk the path. Hera leaned on the nearby wall with her arms up to ease the access for the strong, warm, wet traveller, until it reached the point of no return and lost itself in the overstimulated vagina.

“Now you are ready for your bath”, He whispered to Hera, while risen from the crouch after her satisfactory cry. Then lifted her up in his arms and carried the goddess to the inviting and relaxing hot tub.

5.

Back at her favourite table, Zeta started to plan the meeting with the Pleiadean. First, the right place for the channel building had to be found, and then the right person for constructing it to

be appointed. These decisions were quite tricky to make. The place should be somewhere near the centre of the dry land of Keta, or at a place connected to it. Giza turned out to be the most obvious, as far as the spying and curious lurking around were concerned, therefore due to security difficulties it had to be dropped. There was the sex chakra, the Nile delta up for consideration. "It is probably the reason to put me into the shoes of Vunda, the number 9 magus. I have full authority this way, no permissions are needed. Saves time and effort. Now that the communication channels are contaminated around Keta, travelling is a dangerous mission. Anyhow, we need to have them cleared and cleansed", pondered Zeta. "I send the AKIA Team to visit the 5 underground civilizations, sum up their standing point, and assess the possibilities of working together. There are the water streams to purify also", she added, while stepped into her office, and switched on the computer to coordinate the players.

A week later, on the meeting, it was confirmed that the underground civilisations in the area are thinned, and weakened by the constant and conscious destruction on the surface. It was also found that these communities sought help from other societies living under the ground nearby. Underwater tunnels led the way to other clusters existing in the swampland area of Southern Iraq. The names of recently destroyed cities, such as Al-Majar al Kabeer and Al-Majar al-Sagheer were amongst those mentioned. "The Little-Magyar and the Big-Magyar", pondered Zeta bitterly. "They were destroyed by the British Army during the Iraqi war in the name of freedom. Citizens tortured and killed and with it, yet again, another evidence from the history of mankind was wiped out. The people of the Middle-East remember the Magyars, even if the Magyars don't", added Zeta and continued to read the summary on the expedition.

Zoltan, as one of the leading participant in the Pleiadean summit, lit a bonfire at the back of his

garden and pulled himself together to visit certain souls and places for help in his new mission. He learned a lot since his early years in AKIA. He understands that he doesn't and cannot know everything, Ego has to be balanced through learning however without it one cannot exist. Hades provided him with a true mirror, keeping him on track and sharpening his judgement. With a proper boost of self-confidence from him, Zoltan was ready for the mission. Only the adequate security structure was missing. "I should have an audience with Uranus or might be better Mekai yet", he thought and made his way to his soul-house, hoping to meet his guides first of all.

In the meantime, Zeta was working on establishing the time and the place of the operation. Considering the connection between the Nile delta and the swamp area, she decided to move the channel building to the ancient gate of another destroyed piece of history, Nineveh in the North of Iraq. Considering the importance

of the task, she appointed Kata 395, who is known as Pertaxa in macrocosmic courts, to deal with the channel and the security around it. Also, for the same reason the upcoming dark moon promised to provide the needed energy boost. "We cannot do Friday for it is the wake of Eid al Fitr, and it might become busy in the area", she was thinking. "We must stay unnoticed."

Around the ancient city gate of Nineveh the security system, donated by Uranus to help this exciting project, was planted and concealed, waiting for activation. The channel was built and the activation code was received.

On the 21st of May 2020, the nine membered AKIA Team was getting ready for the greatest task they have ever pledged to accomplish: to keep the area and the channel safe for the macrocosmic meeting between a Keteian and a Pleiadean, half way across. The timing was crucial. Phoenix measured the planetary movements along the 444 lightyear distance, and determined the right time as 22.00 CEST

when Zoltan opens and steps into the channel. The time within the channel was limited to 30 minutes maximum.

Around 21.40 CEST nine merkabas landed scattered on the field about a mile to the South from the city Mosul. At the time of arrival there was a sudden and brief energy shift on the ground that was equalised by the speed it arrived. There was a strict schedule of arrival to the Ancient Gate of Nineveh. After successfully concealing their vehicles, the selected members of AKIA forces put the Shamanic robe on, placed the black dot and the 5-pointed star in the heart chakra and held the sword in their right hand, all ready for action when needed.

The first to leave the compound was Zeta. At 21.42 she arrived at the gate and started to look for the 5 symbols chiselled into the rock ornament surrounding the gate. It was the most dangerous time of the operation. Although she was concealed from prowlers, the confusion was noticeable on their face for the sensor clearly

showed energy intrusion. Her only helper was speed. "You need to keep the focus", she demanded of herself while froze the anaconda charging at her from a narrow opening between the rocks. "Pertaxa warned us about it", ran through her mind. "Oh, the dash, the last symbol!" Zeta pressed it firmly and jumped through the open gate. The next step was to activate the security system Pertaxa received from Uranus to keep the whole operation secure. Zeta drew and uttered the names of the symbols when Zoltan entered the premises, slowly followed by the rest of the team. As they arrived one by one, with two minutes intervals, Zeta handed them a 5-pointed whirling star, a further gift of Uranus, to assure the success of the operation. They lined up around the channel. Zoltan stepped forward, said the code and entered. There was deadly silence. Nobody moved but focused, until 15 minutes later, that seemed an eternity, Zoltan stepped out of the tunnel. Closed it and watched the team to leave as they arrived. The last was the first and others

followed, holding onto the 5-pointed star, the bonus for this work and a great help for the next one. Zeta and Zoltan looked at each other with relief. They switch off the main security and headed towards the protection of their soul spaceship. As they left the premises one by one, a big bang broke the silence and Nineveh went into flames.

6.

Zoltan was sitting at the bonfire in his spacious garden, looking into the flames. He was tired. Physically and mentally drained from the meeting mission with the Pleiadean. On the other hand, he felt the immense pride and victory his assignment and capabilities brought him. "It would be good to take it on as a full-time job", he thought. "But how can I do it? I am an excellent healer, a good masseur and definitely beyond average seer. I could help many earthlings through my capabilities", he took it a step further. "I wish I knew how to

reach them. They don't understand that changes only come from outside. Only looking for validation about their chosen comfort zone. And they want everything free of charge. It is the greatest concern. They say that I am capable, so I should share. But I spent many years and learned many lessons to get here. I also paid for my education. Not a lot mind you, Zeta is generous, but still. I changed my life around, balanced my ego, learned to appreciate and take responsibility. I came a long way. I deserve to be here!" finished the train of thoughts proudly.

The fire slowly quietened down and the air turned chilly. Zoltan didn't notice. He was full of thoughts about the better life for humanity and his own path in it. It was a time of rest in the small village. The empty main road disappeared into the abyss of the beyond and endless. Without the moon, the sky looked abandoned but the stars sparkled even brighter. Zoltan looked up. There it was! The seven sisters' family with the two parents, Atlas and Pleione,

the Pleiades shined through Taurus. "It is unbelievable! Four hundred and forty-four light years away! How much is it in earthly measure? If one light-year is 5.88 trillion miles, then 444 comes to around 2,610 trillion miles. It is even difficult to utter! And we met! It shows that everything is possible. The only obstacle is the physical body. The mind travels much faster than light. It is beyond every imagination. And I was there!"

The chill of the night reached his core. Zoltan shivered. "I think it is time to move myself indoors", he thought and walked to the well. Filled the bucket with water, poured it on the ember, said bye-bye to his guides and the stars. It was a perfect finish to a perfect day.

As he entered he put on the light in the small hall of the newly renovated village house. Removed his shoes quietly, without disturbing his wife who was sleeping in the master bedroom and headed for the kitchen. Took a bottle of beer from the fridge, opened it and sat

down at the table. He pulled the notebook nearer from the other side of the table and picked up a pen to take notes of his experience in the channel, and the message received from Korinson. The first sip of the ice-cold beer gave him great satisfaction of relief and pleasure. The second relaxed his muscles and the third gulp totally emptied his brain. He was sitting there hazed, overwhelmed by exhaustion, serenity and the greatest satisfaction he has ever encountered. The only thing he could see was this beautiful place they built together, the signs of their bare-hand work showing everywhere. Warmth filled his heart and crept down into his manhood. He felt as if he was bursting into flames, then suddenly a rescue mission arrived to help in a form of pouring tears. The force opened the gate and cleared the road for forty years of suppressed fear, guilt and blame. His father never-ending expectations, tyranny and punishments for disobeying his rules, his mother's suffering as wanted to please both while torn between them, his exes who willingly

or otherwise gave ways to his adolescent narcissistic fetish, his carrier changes on the road of self-discovery and fulfilment; they all happened on the AKIA road, where against all odds he always felt safe. He took another beer from the fridge, drank it and with a happy grin on his face entered the bedroom.

After a good night sleep he returned to the kitchen. Had a hearty breakfast, pulled his notepad and started writing.

“The minute I opened the channel, a strange, not particularly unpleasant fragrance hit my sensors. It was pitch dark in there. Since I was a bit afraid I hesitated to step in however, a force stronger than myself, pushed me into the energy tube and the opening closed up behind me. I was in my Al Khemi ceremonial robe with the golden sandal, the ring and the sword of Excalibur from the altar of my tower. On the top of my head, I sensed all my initiations and my soul number showing. Suddenly, with a fast movement, an almost unnoticeable golden

thread started from my left toe to spin around me, until it totally covered my body. It was like a cocoon, allowing me to breathe and move a little. When finished, I felt a slight jerk and the thread unspun. It seemed that I arrived at the meeting point. It was a small landing with not much space to move around. For a while I thought I was lost, there were nobody and nothing. Suddenly the side of the channel opened, and there was Korinson. I wanted to step forward to greet him, but he urged me with a gesture to stay on my side of the tunnel, probably for safety reasons and to keep the channel alive. He acknowledged me with a nod. As he bowed his head I saw the endless symbols he carried, mirroring his knowledge.

First of all, he was a very big soul, a big one. He was dressed ornately and also wore a sword. He was appreciably attentive to everything, especially to camouflage and safety. He delivered his message in a serious yet kind, almost friendly voice.

Korinson's message:

"Your work requires very precise planning and timing. We'll give you all the help we can get. On Rotar a specialised team is working on designing equipment to help you activate the obelisks and tune them to the right frequency. They go through special training at the moment with Phoenix. This job is much more complex than you think. You will need a group member on each continent who is responsible for that particular continent because the obelisks supra-connectivity system must also be built. We and I cannot come any closer to you, but we must find an effective form of more direct communication. The three civilizations in this neighbourhood are and will be all for your help. There will be no better situation and opportunity to restore THE TRUE status of Keta than it currently is. You have to use this and work on it. There's a lot riding on your work. Civilizations have been informed of this ceremony and meeting. They're waiting for your cooperation.

Pay attention to safety. Symbols and Encryption. Beware of the Quilwanians. They pretend to be like us, but they're actually serving your enemies. If you see it necessary, we can give you protective equipment and filters. Think about it.

Learn the old messaging and contacting systems again."

"As he uttered these words, I knew that the meeting was over", continued Zoltan. "He took something out of his left pocket and put it into mine. This was the only time when we almost touched."

"Give it to Zeta. Farewell."

"I was standing there stunned while he left the premises without me having the chance to say bye-bye.

In the meantime, the thread spun up on me again and I was transported down to Keta. As I stepped out of the tunnel it disappeared without

a trace. For extra security, I said the keywords for closure.

I remember giving you the chip from Korinson. Then as we agreed I left the ancient gate of Nineveh a step ahead of you.”

7.

With the chip in her hand, Zeta walked to the round table on the terrace. It was already cleaned and the black ritual cover was laid out. There were few candles to choose from and some frankincense was lit on the burner. There was a small, washed and ironed white cotton cloth for the chip that Zoltan brought back from his trip.

Zeta decided upon 3 candles. One small white for the altar, one thick red for energy and fire and the help of Hades and one thick blue for Uranus. She lit them and invited the brothers to contribute to the ceremony.

The small, turquoise, pebble-like recording device was lying there, waiting for the expert touch. "Wow, I have no idea how to handle this one", pondered Zeta. "Let's be logical. Looking at the aura it is organic. If organic, it behaves like one, therefore cracking it open is not an option. "The full moon would help", entered Zeta's mind. "But it is still a week away. There is no time to wait. I will try the frequencies."

As she said that few musical instruments were fetched and placed on the table.

"Logic dictates that I should use the opposite frequency to irritate the mass to open up. It is a high frequency energy. I will use deep sounds. The starting point should be the A sound. For lower vibration, I need to go down by either 5 or 7 pitches to follow the structure of the universe. I go down an octave. This name is confusing. There are 7 sounds between the two pitches, why is it called octave then? They represent the 7 colours of the rainbow as the 7 natural colours, the 28 days moon cycle, 7 days

of the week and so on. On musical terms they count the frame. Starts with A and finishes with A. So the finishing A is the beginning of another octave. It shows infinity just like the number 8. It could be. But it is still confusing”, ran a train of thoughts Zeta. “This African drum would do the trick”, she said and hit the leather. The pebble moved and its colour started changing however, stopped a minute later. “All right. I might need to hit it 7 times in a certain rhythm, like the heartbeat of the universe.” After the last beat the recording device started to show significant changes in its energy field. A rainbow emerged slowly growing until it covered the table. “I have to get ready to take notes”, ran Zeta for a notepad and pen. When the energy covered the whole terrace it began to concentrate at a point few steps away from her, until it formed an almost human-like being, who started to talk in a warm and deep voice.

“Greetings Hera. I am the messenger. My function is to deliver the message from the

Pleiadeans. Listen very carefully. You cannot rewind me, I am not capable of answering questions that form in your mind while listening, and cannot argue. I exist until I speak. After, I become the organic part of the device yet again. The message is quite lengthy therefore you should make yourself comfortable.

Although Keta is an old planet, human life here is relatively young. In all of our 5 planets we count humanoid times in the millions, while you are in the early thousands. That is why souls coming down here still store memories of our existence, our schools, some of them might have even lived among us. The structures of the planet and our physical appearance are almost identical. However there is a big difference in our ways of living, and consequently our way of thinking. From now on, when I say us, I mean the 3 planets living in unity. These are: Mekhranat, Muskhat and Mughat. The other 2, Quilwan and Nowtey walk different paths. Following that thought, our planets are not

visible from Keta. The stars' cluster you call Pleiades received its name from people who cherished the Knowledge and noted everything within the interrelations of energies. These people you refer to as the Greeks. Unfortunately, they succumbed to the blind force of ignorance, similarly to the great majority of the planet, at one stage. I will talk about it later. Coming back to the stars, as far as you are concerned, they are named after the daughters of Atlas and Pleione. The 9 of them together show a close unity. However, like other stars, these are not equipped to support humanoid life on their surface. Here, you live in a solar system with a sun at the core, from where you gain your energy, knowledge and fire. In our case it all comes from the sisters, notably from Maia and Marope.

The Haudi solar system, where Keta lives, is an old and wise organic energy mass. The planets ooze wisdom, especially that of Keta. Knowledge was the main objective when the decision for

establishing a human life form here, was made. Knowledge shouldn't be wasted. Without Knowledge the Matrix falls apart. The more the Knowledge the higher the resonance and stronger the Matrix. This should be an important clue for Keteans. To understand the Matrix and their place within it.

Due to the lack of Knowledge, Keteans do not fit in, for they don't have the data. The data of what and how. For convenience, they established themselves as the part and on the top of the evolutionary cycle related to Keta. This theory grants them justification for standing above everything. Also for the sake of convenience another imaginary story of creation is circulating that opposes the first one. This theory grants them validation for regrets, redemption and salvation, however it again place them on the top and above it all. In many ways it is natural, for none of them provides an adequate explanation on existence, therefore the search cannot be stopped. In the Matrix,

there is no below and above, only equal. Equal right to existence. The matrix has to be strengthened. This is another clue for Keteans.

The above-mentioned misconceptions changed the survival chance of the planet and its inhabitants. Maravi, the first spoken language on Keta, later became the Sumerian, the ancient Majar and even Arabic, did not have comparison built in. This is the equality I am talking about. Where there is comparison there is discrimination; and where there is discrimination there is fear and hatred; and where there is hatred there is killing; and where there is killing there is decay.

Fear and ignorance destroy. The mind can be greatly manipulated when these 2 are present in it. Examples here: during the Inquisition Crusades of the middle ages, thousands of people were killed and tortured in the name of God, only for not sharing the belief system of the Church. Almost a millennium later Keteans still pray to this killing God and spread the idea

that Christianity is love. Alexander the Great with one short crusade wiped off and burnt all the invaluable Knowledge his countrymen spent many years to collect and organise. They still call him Great, and now his countrymen are bowing to the same force. An ignorant mind takes always what is more convenient, and although security is an illusion, safer.

The momentary situation you are in is the result of you lacking the Knowledge. Even the pandemic. Surface solutions do not work. You need to reconsider them. When I say surface solutions I talk about charitable organisations with the so-called right incentives, movements against racism and tyrannical behaviour, war and planetary changes, to shift attitude towards the surrounding and life itself. If you can change attitudes and way of thinking that easily, then it will not have the root to withstand time and other, maybe even more powerful forces arguing the opposite, for the foundation is not strong enough.

Keteans need roots to appreciate their origin, to know who they are and learn about the universe, as they can only get to know themselves through the macrocosm.

This process is not easy, to say the least but the only way. Compulsory education curriculum needs to be changed to teach more about the wholistic picture and less of the getting rich fast. Money is liquid, floating in the air just like Keteans now. They are like fluctuating vegetation; tied to ideas, thoughts and places but since they are not trees, they want to break free. However, the Knowledge, the Courage and the Willpower are missing. They seem to imitate their surroundings, sometimes their pets, due to the lack of understanding.

I heard about your new mission to change the electro-magnetic field of Keta to speed up the learning process, and reduce the harm of the pandemic. Hmmm. The idea is brilliant. However, there are side effects. I am certain you will properly look into it and use all the help you

can get from the universe. I salute you and your team.

I wish you well. Please keep in touch.

I am the messenger, bidding farewell to you Hera. Honoured to be here.”

As those last words were uttered, the rainbow body started to ease up and scatter. Then the colourful cloud was taken by the pebble and they became one again.

Zeta looked at her notes however, she couldn't read them. She was utterly exhausted.

Extinguished the candles one by one, thanking the brothers for the contribution. Poured out a small glass of her favourite palinka and started to sip it. The distilled essence of fermented fruits from a well-maintained garden warmed her digestive system and provided fire to the elixir of life.

8.

The nine-member AKIA work team was getting ready for the hardest and most valuable assignment in their earthly lives. There were daily cleansing and healing exercises, meditations to raise the vibration in order to overcome unforeseen challenges on the way.

The aim was to get rid of the electro-magnetic junction droplets, harmonise the magnetic field of the planet, reduce the harm caused by 5G rays and raise the vibration of earthlings. The job is best done if clearly understood, therefore Zeta decided to organise a video call and explain the why-s and the how-s.

“Good morning beautiful people”, started the introduction Zeta. I am aware that you know a lot about electro-magnetic interrelations, at least what I taught you over the years however, I would like to refresh your memories.

I cannot emphasise strongly enough that everything is energy. The whole universe and

everything in it. Subsequently, we are all electro-magnetic. We exist in interrelations creating a matrix of DNA spirals. Those who or what doesn't fit into this matrix, damage it and eventually start altering the DNA spiral. That is what we call disease. Since the cycle is broken and the injured part is not at ease with the surrounding. If the environment is strong enough, the damage might get repaired because we are talking about organic energies. You know, when you cut your finger, it gets healed in most cases, when you are otherwise strong as a structure, meaning healthy. However, if you have certain deficiencies, such as haemophilia for example, so the bleeding cannot be stopped, or the cut gets infected, the little damage would result in greater problems, sometimes even total elimination. There will be psychological and mental responses, blames, finger-pointing and the imagination will run high. There will be an exchange of thoughts that mirror the intelligence of the owners. Some would condemn, and others would praise. Again,

depending on the knowledge they carry. This knowledge shows the state of the matrix at that particular point. If not strong enough, it would weaken the surroundings and the disease will spread. Again, just like the physical body of an earthling. As an example, let's say you have some kind of emotional issue you cannot deal with. Naturally, it also comes from somewhere, but let us take it from this point. Persistent matters connected to feelings, and they always are, will bring out the gloomier side of you, for due to the lack of understanding, the great majority of earthlings always hang onto slow energies such as neglect, arrogance, insult and failure. This low vibration energy will change your whole body and mind. Again, depending on your state of mostly mental health, it would slowly make ways into your physical togetherness. You might notice it and decide to ask for, so-called, professional help and go to a shrink or a coach. After a few sessions of conversations, you might arrive at the core of the matter and you'll be told to let it go, to

forgive and to love. However, you can only release it, if you understand that your parents are people, and they've done everything within their capabilities; it is permitted to dislike you and it should not make you insecure because you do not live for others but yourself, and issues are there to teach you lessons. You need to learn from them and bring yourself up to a higher level of intelligence.

Everything works the same way. And today's deficiencies are not different. What makes them difficult to cure, is the 2-3 thousands years they have been with us and slowly demolished almost every desire to learn and to understand. Everybody is an individual and entitled to a unique way of thinking. However, they have to possess the knowledge to back up their beliefs and convictions. Otherwise, it becomes ignorance and despite popular beliefs, ignorance is not bliss.

There was this policeman, who killed this black guy. Can you imagine? It wasn't a shot or a

strike but a brutal, slow-suffering death. Nine minutes while this policeman didn't snap. Listened to the endless pleading of a human being who was suffocated by his own hands. Can you imagine? What kind of a backgrounds he has? What about his parents? What do they think of their son? What about his wife or girlfriend? What kind of people make love to these types of people? What about his children, if any? What about others who glorified him? What about the next generation? What kind of unawareness is that? We blame Donald Trump and Boris Johnson. Sure, they are ignorant, to say the least. But they have been elected by the people. Even if there was manipulation. So what does it say about the people? They can only do what they do because there are people who obey them. So, you see, if you want to change this world, it is not enough to denounce racism but need to understand why it is wrong. Otherwise, you haven't done much. It might settle for the moment but permanence is very far away.

Keta needs a jerk. A powerful push to bring it to the breaking point. It is either with or without. The manipulation of the electro-magnetic field cannot go on any longer and the damage needs to be reversed to start the healing process. Otherwise the planet will eliminate itself, or the already badly damaged solar system will let it go. All right. Any questions?"

There was none. They have heard the core of the lesson many times however, this one hit certain cords, at last. Zeta understood that individuals need different keywords to arrive at comprehension.

"All right, then!" continued Zeta. Let's get back to work! We need to learn a bit more about the electro-magnetic structures in the universe, especially that of Haudi. We will visit the factory of precision instruments on Orion 4th. We go together in my merkaba. This is a place you cannot visit alone. When we arrive there, you cannot wander off. The security is beyond imagination. As we land, the factory is at the end

of the road on the right. Doesn't really matter, for we will be escorted there and everywhere.

Before we go let's say the beautifully coded mantra of the great Vodoun Master, Bertiaux:

Let us meditate upon the Glorious Radiance of our Lord, the Sun! May He, whose chariot is drawn by the Seven Rays of Supreme Energy Illuminate our Minds and fill our Souls with the Supreme Fire of Ojas at all times.

It will harmonise your energy field and make you ready for the journey. After, see you at the parking lot."

Leaving and coming back to Keta became a trying mission. Precise data of electro-magnetic activities within, and on the border of the aura, otherwise called the ozone layer, needed observation and demanded excellent navigation capability to take the journey. Within this distance autopilot didn't work.

The border problems were caused by the ever frequent and strong flairs leaving the surface of

the Sun, due to the lighter and speedier Mercury. Although there was no choice about the Galactic Quantum Leap, there were major setbacks, changing life and transportation forever.

The other, even more noticeable influence came from Keta itself. More and more satellites from mobile phone companies, television and entertainment, internet, navigation, google earth, and the ones purely watching us getting on with everyday business, are placed up there to interfere with our own and Keta's electro-magnetic field. The planet's tolerance was exceeded greatly with the recent 5G and 6G powers that set to permanently, and continuously damage the vegetation, animals and earthlings equally.

On the board of Zeta's teaching merkaba, there were 9 of them waiting for the right moment to leave. She figured that riding on the power of a flair leaving the planet would give them secure and fast exit towards the star, 1344 lightyear

away. Coming back would put new challenges on the table.

In the VIP parking lot, on Orion 4th, the group was met by Thongana, the Chief Engineer of the factory. She was an exceptionally tall and thin creature, with authority that demanded respect.

"Greeting Hera. It is an honour. Greetings AKIA workers", she welcomed the group.

"We are really grateful Thongana", replied Hera. "How is life for you here? Any changes since the quantum leap?" enquired Hera. "We experience many disturbing factors on Keta."

"Yes, we have some issues, far less than you though! Orion is in a prominent position, being the centre of the Kabutoreos galaxy and this way the centre of the universe. However, we need to keep it together, and on a high frequency all the time. This is the only spot where can be no doubt, only strong leadership."

"That's true", agreed Hera. "Do you have any data on the situation and the deterioration? It

has only been 8 years and look what happened to us.”

“Well, it is bumpy for everybody, but Keta is in a corrupt position with all the abuse and overuse on the top of the slow energy it already had at the time of the leap. And now the pandemic...It is an immense job that you are addressing now.”

“We know. There is no choice. We do what we have to do. Anyhow, it would be useful to get some information on the quantum leap and the present situation. Do you think it possible?”

“Sure! I’ve already arranged it”, replied Thongana. I see you to the hall, where you’ll have the lecture about it. Gadesh is precise, knowledgeable and cheerful. You’ll enjoy his presentation”, she said and open a door to let them in. “I’ll see you at lunch when you finish. Enjoy!” she added and disappeared into the corridor.

Gadesh was a funny little creature, assumedly a male where gender is concerned. He sat the

group down in front of the black-board and without further ado started his explanation, scribbling symbol-like notes on the board from time to time.

“Initially everything travels on a circle. While on the road, goes through new events and effects from its surroundings to experience and learn from. When the circle ends there is a kind of a judgement call, when the knowledge is weighed. If it turns out to be sufficient, the path leaps on a higher level to provide more experience and new effects. It is the way the spiral is built. Sometimes when there is not enough knowledge for the leap, the circle has to be travelled again to learn the missed lessons.

In the case of smaller units, the leap is easy. However, when there are a bunch of individuals acting as a unit, the leap becomes complicated. The status of difficulties depends on the difference between the levels of knowledge in each unit. That’s what happened to Keta. It has been the weakest link in Haudi solar system.

Keta was pulled through by the other members in the unity on the 28th of December 2012 K.C.T. that is Ketean Common Time. In the case of Keta, there were other important factors to consider, such as the end of the Fifth Sun Age, the Shift of the Poles, and that the planet entered into the last cycle of the Precession of the Equinox. Due to these helping factors, Keta had a great chance to survive and start the healing process. It is like when a gravely ill person receives some hope for survival by the discovery of a new cure. The hope of life extension, the willpower of existence could help him pull through. However, when the patient keeps ruining his body, thinking that he is above everything by not understanding the interrelations of energies, or simply doesn't have any more potential aims to stay in the game, the medicine will do more damage than heal. And that is what is happening to your planet. The misconception of individuality and freedom wiped out every possibility of reaching the real state required by a leap.

These two expressions walk hand in hand. Individuality doesn't mean that you are the only person in the universe. It is not possible. It takes a lot of ignorance to believe that illusion. Everybody needs somebody, and because that somebody is in need of another somebody, again, we arrived to the chain factor. So by the end of the chain we included everybody who lives on the planet and carries on with the universe. In the macrocosm, we can continue the chain until we cover the last planet and asteroid in it.

Getting back to individuality and freedom. The first means that you are entitled to unique ways of approaching life's events and thoughts created by others. You can apply this unique way to your fashion statement, your looks and your way of living. However the level of your intelligence is a great factor here. Since you live in interrelation, you need to consider others. It doesn't mean that you live up to the expectations of others, for again it is not

possible. There will always be somebody who doesn't like you, or even disturbed by your individuality. Let it remain their problem. If you are intelligent enough, it would not bother you. If not, the time is right to start enhancing your comprehension. And your comprehension is the start player in the freedom factor. The only total freedom Keteans have is the freedom of thoughts. The rest depends on you. If you do not apply freedom to your thoughts then you are not free. However, your intelligence is responsible for your thought. It means that you don't shoot somebody because you'll be punished by law, but because you do not want to take the chance of a fellow Ketean away from learning and evolving. It doesn't enter your mind. That is the intelligence filter. This filter is your Knowledge. The more you know, the better equipped you are for life. Nobody falls out of this category.

Just look at the Sun. The Sun almighty is in Haudi solar system. It is the centre. All the

planets are orbiting it, and surviving on its energies. But there is this planet. Mercury. The smallest and the innermost of the planets in Haudi. And this small planet is capable of changing Sun Almighty. Due to its density and speed, Mercury drags the fireball at the equator to make it travel faster than the poles. This motion also grabs some particle of the Sun, consequently changes its magnetic field. After the Galactic Quantum Leap, all the planets in Haudi became speedier, due to the higher resonance in the energy mass. As a result, the electro-magnetic effect strengthened and now collides with that of Keta and the ever-growing man-produced electric particles.

Seeing it now and thinking about it I am certain you understand how damaging the 42,000 new satellites are going to cause to your planet and its inhabitants. And all is for better internet reception. I tell you, it is slow suffocation.”

“Ah, you are still here”, interrupted from the door, Thongana. “Sorry, I need to take you now. Our lunch is ready!”

“Sure, let’s go people”, announced Hera. “Thank you very much for your time and expertise”, turned towards Gadesh. “We appreciate it.”

“It was my honour Hera”, said the engineer. “Enjoy your lunch!”

The small group of visitors headed towards a fancy building on the right while chatting about their experiences with the lecture.

The dining room was a big hall with assorted round tables. They looked for one with ten chairs and set down. As they made themselves comfortable, an elegantly dressed, smiling creature of no specific gender rushed to the table, pulling a trolley-like device with billions of transparent, empty capsules.

“Greetings. I am your aperitif. What would you like to drink?”

"What choice do you have?" asked Jamina.

"I can create anything you can recall", answered the smiling face.

"All right, then I'd like to have a gin and tonic with a twist on ice."

"Certainly. Single or double?"

"If there is a choice, double please", added Jamina.

As she uttered the words, the creature grew four more arms in addition to the two it has already had. Grabbed a few capsules, and with fast movements transported few drops of unnoticeable substance from all of them into a pink coloured but still transparent, small container.

"There you are! I hope it is made to your satisfaction. Cheers! As you say it on your planet."

Following the same method, within a minute we all had our aperitifs in colourful little containers.

Thongana looked at our confused faces with great amusement.

"I assume you have never seen anything like this before", she said. "Our feeding habits are different from yours. We eat and drink energies. They follow your desire in taste and have the same effect on you. Try! Bottoms up!"

They raised their capsules, held them to their lips and inhaled.

"Wow, this is tasty", announced Mabek.

"Would you like another round?" enquired Thongana.

"Not for me", said Zilajda. "I am already drunk! I need to eat something now."

The lunch was prepared similarly by their food. There was also fruit, dessert, and digestive to cater to their comfort.

By the end of the journey they were all smiling broadly as a sign of total satisfaction.

9.

The return to Keta was quite harmless as was the first leg of the journey. Before leaving, Zeta went through all the data recording the Sun flairs and the local electro-magnetic charges to find a loophole where the journey was possible. At the dawn of the 5G there is still a big movement in the electronic field. Satellite, broadcasting and phone companies are sold and bought as all the rich were eager to get just a bit more on the top of the already accumulated, incomprehensible amount of money they owned. The stock market heated up causing disagreements and dissatisfactions in the boardrooms of relevant companies. These movements produced poor performances in services, hence reduced the level of electro-magnetic residue within the ozone layer. This fortunate event made their travelling possible.

Zeta was again, sitting at her favourite round table on the terrace of her home. The weather was beautiful, the energies were better than

usual, offering a slight push as far as her work was concerned.

The work needed precise planning and coordination if to succeed. The great part of the operation was to find the most reliable, fast and logistically attainable help from the universe. The latter caused serious worries for Zeta. She has realised that for the clearest calculations, the date and time determination was the leading urgency and build the whole mission around it. Then various communication and transportation channels needed to be built to finalise the basic structure and strong foundation.

“We will need the underground civilisations”, she realised. “I just have to figure out which one or which ones. They lost a lot of their strength and knowledge in those harsh circumstances. If everything, this fact has a silver lining too. Now they have nothing to lose. Therefore, they will help. I will ask my people to check them out once again and sum up the situation. Now, that we know the time and the detailed work, they

might be able to fit into it. We should also visit Ratina”, continued the train of thoughts.

Five minutes later the plan was ready, the work delegated to the group-members with the request of reporting back straight away in order to assess the situation. It did not take long for the first report to arrive on Zeta’s computer and the rest followed.

1. KAMETY underground civilization -
Makela 1316 is reporting:

“I’ve visited my Soul ancestors and asked for help. Goddess Kiris gave me a ring to take with me, and hand it over to the leader of the Kamety underground civilization. It wasn’t a very nice ring, nevertheless, it seemed important.

The location was in the south of Iraq, close to the Kuwaiti, Saudi Arabian border, in the Basra line. I didn't see a town nearby. I arrived at a sandy desert landscape with my merkaba.

There was nothing conspicuous around. However, they came for me quickly. After proving my identification a round-faced being took me underground. There we reached a place full of plants, waterfalls, terraces, birds, buildings. It was an idyllic living space in Ketean standard. We didn't meet anybody on the way. I was taken to their leader. She was a woman by the name, Abula. She was also a round-faced being, with a long dark-greyish hair-like frame and covered with a pink coloured something.

Abula was melancholic, in general. She was glad to see me, but as I gathered, not many of them were left, they were also devastated by an epidemic recently.

They lived very closely with their natural environment. Abula was happy with the ring and appreciated the visit. Overall, they were friendly, showed me their buildings. Architecture is their great strength. They can help us with building anything we require. They'll do anything, anywhere.

They used to have a large prosperous community, lived isolated from surface life, mostly from people, but since there are not many of them left, there's a willingness to open up. Otherwise, destruction and extinction would wait for them. They want to live and renew the circumstances. They would come up to the surface and they'd take people in if needed.

Somehow, the reproduction stopped with them. They are very open to cooperation.

Abula sends her warmest regards to you.”

2. ALLUPU underground civilization – Kraus 627 is reporting:

“I cleansed myself. In my merkaba, I put on my travelling robe, the sword and the ring. Asked for the help of my soul parents, Mekai and Aurora, and set on the journey.

I was tipped by Aurora where to go. I landed in a Desert. There was an oasis nearby. My

intuition was taking me there. I found a pond, lined with palm trees, but there were nobody and no buildings either. In the near distance, there was a hilly rock formation. When I arrived there I felt that someone was holding my hand, probably Aurora, and led me to a narrow path between two rocks. Behind them, you could see the mouth of a cave. I went down the slope leading to the cave. At the bottom, two invisible creatures stopped me. All I could see was the guns. They asked me who I was and what I wanted. When I introduced myself, they became visible. They were bird-like creatures. It came to my mind that they were dragons with wings. I asked them to take me to the leader. The settlement, surrounded by a clay wall, consisted of small houses with a circular layout, clay bricks with a cone-shaped shrink roof. The building of the leader was a community-building, just like the others, but much bigger. The community leader was a giant egret. When I told him why I came, he immediately said that I had to be careful, and should not have anything written

down from our conversation. He said it was good what we wanted to do. He also said that we will help them by bringing the obelisks to life. I can't help them there right now. They produce energy balls with a high vibration, which can then be delivered through the purified channels (energy lines) at the right time next to the Nile, helping us do our work. He asks us to let them know when to send the balls. I thanked them for seeing me, and the guards escorted me out of the cave. I boarded my merkaba and came home."

3. MONDALLA underground civilization –
Mabek 857 is reporting:

Mondalla is in the north-west of Iraq, on the outskirts of the city of Harir.

First I thought I was lost because I didn't see anybody minding the territories however, my intuition was pushing me ahead. And there it was. Quite near the city airport, I noticed a crack

on the ground in the distance. As I got nearer the crack got bigger. Not only because the distance was reduced, but it grew sizeably. I stood there, on the edge carefully, and watched the movements.

As the crack got bigger, the hole in the ground produced a kind of ladder, fashioned from wood and other natural fibres. It did not look very safe but I decided to descend.

As my head arrived at the under the ground level, the crack closed suddenly above me. I must admit, I was terrified. I started to feel a bit more at ease as some kind of light appeared and I could see a few steps ahead.

At the bottom of the ladder, I noticed one small, thin being, looked at me with big green eyes. I would have taken it for a female, perhaps due to the colouring. Overall, she looked soft pastel yellow. As the light started to spread I noticed more and more colourful beings gathered around me. I pulled myself together and

requested to take me to their leader in command.

The gathering opened up to give me sufficient space to move forward. Four dark grey beings quietly joined me: one at the back, one at the front and two at each side. I couldn't figure it out if it was for my or their protection or just being polite. They didn't carry noticeable weapons and stayed quiet during the long walk.

After a while I was getting tired; we walked for a very long time, towards the south, as I sensed.

Then, near the Kuwaiti border, as I felt, the space opened up and fascinatingly structured, earthen living chambers became apparent. There were the square and streets opened up from all directions.

The leader was a sizeable creature by the name of Gerinor. He looked at me, smiled and offered a seat that I graciously accepted. They also brought me some kind of liquid and insisted on me drinking it. He apologised for the long walk

saying that the place I entered is only on an energy line tunnel that goes deep into Turkey. The pinkish fluid had no apparent taste but thoroughly refreshed me and I started talking.

When he heard our plan, Gerinor became over electrified and lined up the whole helping operation they could willingly contribute if needed.

- First of all, they had been looking for suitable groups of individuals to whom they could transfer their knowledge, and they would also help protect it.
- Maintain effective communication with the civilisation of Stonehenge. The importance of it is that they managed to build and maintain a clear channel through the electro-magnetic cloud.
- Cleaning up the Arabian Peninsula. He said it was one of the most important projects we should take on board. The unjust war and massacre permanently changed the energies of the land which

soaked in, hid, and maintain the knowledge that was smuggled out of Egypt, before the invasion of jealous neighbouring leaders. This land still contains the true history of mankind, and the essential knowledge. "Yes, all wars happen for knowledge and out of fear of not knowing", lamented Gerinor. "That war we predicted for a far earlier date however, it was cleverer this way, as people were brainwashed into oblivion."

- Anyhow, they also offer assistance in protection against intrusion attempts.
- Territorial division of the land, coordination of the energisation and purification of individual areas. It is a multitask work we need to discuss with them before starting.

- The creation of Power Centres at different points on the ground, according to their guidance.
- Mediator security work between them, Stonehenge and the macrocosm to protect the flow of information.
- Physical assistance within a ceremony, to heal and enhance the solar plexus of Earth.
- Re-awakening of 17 ancient cities and places of ritual. Again we need to discuss this if we decide to go for it. They did not give me the list and he didn't mention the nature of the rituals involved.

4. MARKATU underground civilization
Zilajda 674 is reporting:

My work was twofold. First I created a ritual on dark moon night to gain more information on the

whereabouts of the place, the best time to visit and request help from the Wise Ones.

We agreed on visiting Markatu two days later at 7 p.m.

The underground civilisation is in the north-east corner of the Sinai Peninsula in Egypt. To visit this part of the world is always tricky and not without danger. Many different interests are clashing and making life difficult even for the residents of the place.

I was warned to take two helpers, wear my travel robe, my ring, and take my sword with me.

I parked my merkaba in the south-west of B'ir Hasanah and started walking towards the north straight. My helpers walked ahead clearing the path. The robe helped me to stay invisible for the Bedouins wandering around, and the sensors scared the snakes and occasional scorpions crossing my path. After about 30 minutes of walking there was a sudden halt. My

helpers who were about 20 steps ahead of me, just stood there as if mesmerised by a ghost. When I gained upon them, I could not believe my eyes. There was the Himalayan Goat straight off Crowley's Devil card, with the amazing spiral horns, the Winged Sun between its front legs and the Eye of Horus decorated his forehead. He was just standing there, calmly, staring at us with those impish eyes of his. I was confused for a moment, and then it just came to me what we learned about him in Tarot reading class. I addressed him:

"Good evening! It is very nice seeing you here. Are you real or a hologram?"

"Hello", he replied back in a low-pitched resonating voice, keeping the smile alive. What do you mean by real or hologram?"

"I mean you live here or been sent to meet us."

"It has to be the second now", he replied. "I need to warn you of the danger ahead."

"What danger?" I asked surprised.

These beings you are set out to visit, are impatient, to say the least. They are accustomed to danger and protect themselves with every means possible. They are not afraid to kill. Therefore Shamir sent me to give you the password, for today they will definitely ask you to provide. You need to remember that if you want to stay attached to your head.”

“Oh dear, what is the password?”

“It is Himalayan Goat”, replied the hologram and vanished.

After that I became a bit nervous to tell you the truth but I had to continue.

Not long after, we arrived at the obvious gate with two guards minding it. They asked for the password, I said it and added my credentials.

“I am Zilajda, the daughter of Mardouk and Shamir. My soul number is 674. I came from the AKIA Team, Zeta sent me.”

The guards looked satisfied with my answers and without further ado, they took us to their leader, called Haptuk.

He was a nervous being and suspicious of everything and everybody. He didn't know much about our work however, he offered his help before I asked for it. First I thought he was generous but later I understood that he was control-freak only.

He started up by explaining how risky the work was, and how dangerous it could be. Then he suggested that they should start it up for us with all the security they possess, and the knowledge they have. Finally, he suggested that we should let him know one day in advance, so he could get his team ready and running.

I didn't add anything to that. Only said thank you very much, and together with my helpers, we left the place.

On the way to my merkaba we saw the goat again looking relieved to catch the sight of us

and as always, smiled from the corner of his mouth.

5. BEHANTA underground civilization –
Hamos 818 is reporting:

I was told by my guide that Behanta underground civilization was in the south of Rhacotis.

It was difficult to find a good parking place for my merkaba, due to the moist ground. Finally I elevated it from the ground to hover. I was advised to wear the robe for safety, and to take the ring also for safety. I was also told to take the journey alone.

The entrance to Behanta was sensed by my ring. I put my thumb on a knob and it opened.

As I entered I saw dimmed light but sufficient enough to find my way. Nobody greeted me there.

As I walked, I sensed living energies around me however, there was nobody to see. As if they were behind the mud wall.

After some walking, I found myself in front of an open door. It was dark inside but I stepped in.

There was only one being, very similar to us. He introduced himself as Ahime, the leader of the community, although I didn't see anybody around.

I also introduced myself. He set me down and started talking.

"The virus has reached its goal in a way that the Earth is now doing well. Of course, people's livelihoods have now deteriorated. What was before, cannot be restored. Old systems have to fall."

"Yes, but what do we do?" I asked.

"Many people wake up and this awakening needs to be strengthened", he continued.

"How? What do you suggest?"

We have shooter-chips that can be targeted at certain people.”

“Virus?” I asked.

“Yes.”

“Who are you thinking of to target?”

“Who keep people in tyranny”, he answered.

“Specifically?”

“The politicians who benefit from this situation, who have been working against the population.”

“Are you going to give us these shooter-chips?”

“Yes, you guys can use these. You are trusted not to abuse it. Hera will know.”

“Where can we get them?”

“You have the merkaba, you can transport them.”

“Where can I take them and when?”

“Contact Mezihor, he'll give them to you.”

“When's this going to happen?”

"Check with your people to see how many pieces you need."

"What else do you think we can do? How do we stop the virus? How can life go on?" I enquired further.

"We're going to have to burn them out in the basic lab."

"Where is this?"

"At many places. Wherever they work on the vaccine. They all need to be eliminated. Of course, you have to set aside a few for the targets first. It's up to you to see who they're going to be. It is in your hands who you consider worthy of this lesson. Teach and learn if you can. That's for you to decide."

"Do you have anything else to say to me?"

"We know you, we know you're doing good, you're doing it, and you need all the knowledge and tools. We need every action that takes our

lives forward. I say hello to your associates. You can always ask for help, we're at your disposal."

And then he stopped talking. I realised that my visiting time was up, so I bid farewell and took the walk back to the door.

While on my way back I thought about what he said. It was kind of confusing for me. I knew that it never works to return things to the sender. It is especially true in the case of the virus. If we contaminate someone we will get it again for it spreads. Even if the person is our enemy. This is a lesson humanity should learn. All the chemical weapons used against certain groups contaminated all of us and the electro-magnetic messing is making everybody's life miserable. Even the one, who started up with the idea. They might have more money but in the end, when everything is ruined, they cannot eat it. They cannot buy fresh air, trees, clean oceans and their children will also suffer while cursing their forefathers, for all the disastrous decisions they made against each other.

10.

Deliberate house moving in the universe is not an everyday event. The delicate balance of energies needs to be maintained or changed only for the purpose of the better.

In the macrocosm, better means better for the macrocosm. It is a basic concept, earthlings yet to learn. People talk about the bigger picture, such as saving the planet, living with nature, equality, stop racism, feed the poor and so on, however they do not comprehend the meaning of those expressions. They are always floating on the surface. They talk about non-racisms, and they celebrate Thanksgiving. They preach non-violence but they are at peace with killing the aboriginals, wiping out countries for all kind of brain-washing reasons and taking the land and the country away from the Palestinians. They are freedom-fighters, when they do not consider other people's freedom and you cannot even mention certain issues because you'll be condemned as anti-Semitic, communist and

enemy of the state. Earthlings are circling around and chasing their own tails. There are articles mushrooming out of platforms that proudly carry the brand *green, spiritual, holistic and people-helping*, about how to treat your black friends, how to help them get better. But to understand yourself more, however nobody writes about the ignorance in the masses. Also, by publishing these articles they show and talk about the superiority of the white race.

It is understood by many that answers to questions can only come from out of the comfort zone. Nevertheless, how many earthlings are willing to step out and endure the feeling of uncertainty, and trade it for knowledge? Knowledge, like many others, is one of those mystery words explained and treated from the comfort of an armchair. There is also a huge army of self-claimed teachers, educators and influencers who do everything to pull you into their own world, rather than do what they should, to make you think, to push you towards

learning, asking questions and search for answers out of your boundaries. The planet cannot be saved if it is not comprehended, nature cannot be treated well if the cycle of it is not on your board of understanding. Starving people cannot be fed through charities, for not much of the money will be used to enhance the welfare of those in need. Also, the understanding of how they arrived to that situation, is missing. These are floating devices. They might clean the airy conscious but doesn't solve anything.

Working for the Planet should start from the learning, understanding and equal treating of all its inhabitants. Of course, you might say that it is a totally naïve view of life, a utopian idea. Sure. Then eliminate charitable organisations, Greenpeace and money-making businesses connected to these issues. Admit that you do not give a damn. And then at least you will be in a more honest place.

Moving out of Haudi solar system is a very big deal. A bit like giving up on earthlings and the planet.

Planet Keta, as it was and still is known by the inhabitants of Toreos, that was renamed Atlantis by scarcely remembering generations, is an old but fascinating member of the solar system. However, over time it developed a kind of disease that had to be dealt with. It was slowing down due to its density. There was only one way to rectify the fatal deterioration: to plant powerful organic energies on it, who could consciously raise the frequency of the planet.

After many years of experimentation with the perfect physical body, in 20,238 b.c.e. Orion, the centre of the Kabutoreos Galaxy and the core of the Universe, were ready to send down the first 144 souls, dressed in earthlings' suite, to the chosen land of Toreos. The place was selected for its perfect setting, natural advantages and clear communication channels.

The 1st Sun Age that also started at the same

time and went on for 4,008 Ketean years, until 16,230 b.c.e. was the time to get used to the place and the way of existing.

The initial plan was created for 5 Sun Ages that actually ended on the 28th of December 2012.

The 1st Sun Age was the era of Water as The Maya remembered correctly. They also said that water ended this era and human beings turned into fish. Only one pair survived. It is not far away from the truth. The era was ended by vast movements of the planet which rearranged the dry land, broke up Toreos, shifted towards neighbouring lands, and submerged a chunk of it. This underwater land was referred to as Ratina, later renamed Lemuria. And yes, the souls, happened to live on Ratina at that time, changed their human suit for a reptile look.

This movement forced the people to leave the land and migrate during the Jupiter era between 19,597 – 17,437 b.c.e. Water depicts emotion here and the pair who survived would be the 2 poles. The event was noted and put into all the

countable mythologies amongst them The Bible with Noah being the rescuer of mankind and stock. However migration towards the centre of the dry land, the crystal tip of the middle pyramid of Giza started the remembering, the gathering of The Knowledge, and populate the planet. I should add here that although nobody can still prove any of the pyramid building theories, it is still widely acknowledged that these magnificent creations are built by human hands and served as burial places for certain Pharos. How narrow-minded and floating this understanding is!

Keta has a fascinating history, even by the universal standard. It always needed a lot of care, and sent interesting vibes back into Haudi. Helping centres, recreation grounds, and teaching platforms were set up to help conscious Keteans to remember, develop, and teach awakening generations. However, for the latter, an open mind is needed, together with the high level of emotional and mental intelligence.

Nevertheless, every soul-Ketean has a home on Moon and Mars, just in case, and also to help with certain works. On the Moon, there is a time-travelling device, a herb garden and cleansing baths, now have to be abandoned. There was also an advice centre where Penka, the 1st generation soul, who oversaw the planet's work and health, was happy to spend time on meaningful conversations. She is in the process of relocating at the moment.

As history has been rewritten, planets in Haudi are usually referred to by their Roman names, representing members of the Greek Parthenon adopted for the Roman mythology.

Mars is quite complex. Apart from the dwelling, the planet has the replica of Orion star formation, similar to that of the Giza plateau. The pyramids on Mars are used for certain aid, tests, learning systems, energy changing facilities, and one of them housed the best recreational ground for tired and overworked Keteans. In the other big pyramid, all the

equipment were kept for Keteans, waiting for them to go through certain initiation process and claim their sword, capes, shamanic robes, copper triangles, golden stars, pouches and many more to aid in healing, travelling and security.

In the smaller pyramids, there were virus removing, thought filtering, memory enhancing, and sense sharpening facilities, essential for everyday use, especially for healers to do an even better job when needed. Permanent communication channels, like hot wires, were set up to other centres in the universe.

Enkki is a generous host and teacher. He is also looking for a suitable place where he could set up his home and move away from Mars.

Venus we all love! Survival for astral bodies on the planet is only possible in star gateways that have been constructed to precision, in order to blend into the resonance of the surrounding. There are excellent occult teaching centres and medium learning facilities there. The best

channelling professionals in the Universe are trained on Venus. There is also an excellent herb-remedy garden we use constantly in healing. Momentary Venus is the planet where waiting souls are stationed before coming down to Keta. Not only females. I think it is a good place to mention that souls are genderless by default. Since they choose the family and the gender beforehand, they should adopt to and learn from certain behaviour patterns connected to the selected sexual category. By not helping them to achieve that, the learning possibility is taken away and from the soul's point of view, the time is wasted.

Jupiter is Zeus' Roman alter ego. The planet itself is more of a battleground, where robots are taken out of the game and destroyed. It is the place where arguments are settled, even between the members of the Alfa & Omega Council. The 1st generation Zeus still has a living quarter in one of its star gateways however, he is also in the process of moving.

The strongest, the healthiest and the highest in resonance is Mercury, named after the Roman adaptation of Hermes, the Messenger. Then again, Hermes is the Greek adaptation of Thoth, the Egyptian God of threefold knowledge. Yes, if you look closely, everything goes back to Egypt. Although the Romans invented the saying "*All roads lead to Rome*" nevertheless, in reality, every path ends at Giza. Actually at Saqqara, but it is part of the Giza plateau.

Mercury is the 1st generation Mekai's planet. This tiny organic energy is able to control the big fireball, the Sun. After the Galactic Quantum Leap, with many other planets in Haudi, Mercury speeded up its orbit due to the lighter and higher frequency the elevation offered. With the newly found strength, it grabs larger and stronger flares out of the Sun and sends them flying all over Haudi. Keta is the most vulnerable target. Its inhabitants produce a vast amount of electromagnetic residue which magnifies the strength, power and heat of the beams, causing health

problems, such as burns, skin cancer and respiratory malfunctioning. The planet has not been used widely by Keteans, only for occasional equipment reparations.

One of the greatest media centres in the Universe, and definitely the very best in Kabutoreos galaxy, is on Saturn. The quality of information and the transmission is overseen by Kronos, again a 1st generation god. The whole system works like telepathy, I want to say telepathy works the same way as this information exchange.

Pure transmission of information cannot happen by words. Actually, it cannot happen when a mind is involved. It distorts the actual event through its filters, capabilities and intellect. Therefore by the News & Information Centre on Saturn, the energy is collected and sent through purified channels. At the end of the journey, the electro-magnetic resonance is transformed into numbers, for as we know everything in the Universe is made of numbers. In order to keep

the transparency, souls do not work at the station and visit is only allowed by special permission from Kronos himself. The security is tight.

There are also nine pyramids on Saturn worth visiting for Keteans on a higher level of consciousness. They represent the nine 1st generation couples, their work, knowledge and advice to those in need.

The crystal mines on the planet are held at high appreciation from healers and light-workers alike.

Finding an adequate place to hold all these magnificent helping devices is a tall order for Kronos. On the other hand connections with the macrocosm is almost totally closed due to the man-built densely interwoven electro-magnetic rays slowly suffocating Keta and its inhabitants. Therefore all helps are stopping.

Neptune is Enoch's place. The work on the planet mainly consisted of supervising and

security. Visiting for Keteans was only allowed in special cases.

The 1st generation Uranus is the head of Uranus, the planet. Its work became extremely important during the last one hundred years when Haudi was getting ready for the Precession of the Equinoxes shift and the Galactic Quantum Leap. The work involved the switch between the 12 star formations zodiac and the old-new 22 star formations. Now that we are in the Uranus era, it is the only planet that cannot stop working, even though there is very little communication between Keta and the rest of the solar system.

Now we have arrived at the Sun. Its soul and leading energy is Mardouk, again a 1st generation god.

Until now, Sun was the three-fold nourishment and essential life elixir for Keta. First, without its warmth and transforming abilities, organic life wouldn't be possible on the planet. The second tier is working as a trigger between Keta and its

Moon. This action reigns over water and consequently emotions. The third layer is the conveyance of knowledge and pulling the planet closer to the macrocosmic Fire elements.

In AKIA, we had a lot of help from the Sun. The four indispensable star gateways still exist, however, due to the severed transportation channels between Keta and the rest of Haudi, visiting is not possible any longer.

There were the majestic living quarters of Mardouk, Keteans were always welcomed to visit. Great relaxing place with an immune system strengthening facility and occasion advice from the master, was on the everyday agenda. There were also occult teaching and practicing centres with their own storage of equipment. Healing halls where physical illnesses were helped and bodies harmonised. Mardouk is also moving out.

Due to the electro-magnetic mess that Keteans produced, astral travelling became life-threateningly dangerous and almost impossible.

This pandemic event is a great example of the psychological grinding stone used on Keteans by Keteans over and over again. The 1st step is to promote a money-making scheme and slip it into existence. The 2nd step is to hook you on it, promoting it further and praising the enormous advantage it represents and what a generous offer it is. Then comes the 3rd step, when you realise the disadvantages of the extraordinary product, for every material centred scheme produces victims and bears disadvantages for the majority. It is the step when you realise that you are hooked and there is no way out. The 4th is to suffer the consequences. As a result, you pay twice for your naiveté.

In the case of the current situation, the electromagnetic cluster-residues caused the pandemic. Now you have to be isolated therefore you cannot really survive without producing more of the virus. So Keteans are killing themselves and each other, while some of them make money. But what money will do in need of fresh air?

11.

Ratina, the only submerged part of Toreos, is in the Atlantic Ocean, down the South, about 200 miles from the shores of modern Angola. The rest of the fascinating land is scattered. Bermuda, the Caribbean islands, Yucatan peninsula of Mexico and a big junk of Brazil, stretching as far as the Andes, carry the ancient knowledge and history of mankind on Keta.

Ratina was an interesting experiment of its time, when some of the souls living on Toreos, decided to stay behind and experience the end of the 1st Sun Age there. The migration started around 17,000 b.c.e. when the Jupiter energy with the guiding hands of Zeus was still available, and the turmoil of the land half a millennium away in the future.

This trial group of souls called themselves ratinas. They used Maravi, the first language created for Keteans. The purest form of this linguistic is rescued through the Sumerian texts. Today there is only one spoken language, which

survived through many murder attempts, in existence that carries the roots and connection to the beginning, the Magyar, the language of the Magi.

The ratinas used the time for learning and experimenting with the chance of survival before the earth moving Deluge in 16,230 b.c.e. they learned to change their body structures, exist under water, build abodes, feed on different organic energy formations and reproduce if necessary. When the time arrived they divided into two groups: one stayed on and became the Maya and the aboriginals of the Andes while the other established the state of Ratina.

The security is extremely advanced around Ratina. Their intelligence has been preserved by isolation and by the fact that souls reincarnated on the spot without having gone through the cleansing stocktaking of the macrocosm. So whenever a physical body died, the soul went into living in a readily available one, as if continuing life. However, as everything, it holds

a great disadvantage: the knowledge carried by the soul cannot be deposited into the Soul Bank of the Universe, therefore it is kind of wasted. Their technical and alchemical knowledge is priceless. The good side is that this intelligence cannot be used by Keteans against their own kind out of spite or just for the fun of it.

Ratina is a precious place. It is an enormous sphere at the bottom of the ocean. The members of this society look nothing like any of the similar species seen in books but amalgamate the best features of each. They speak clearly using the ancient language. The minds of the Ratineans are intelligent and logical. Their greatest enjoyment is taking care of their body and sexual plays. Reproduction is limited to must rather than desire, and only happens when a physical body is giving up on life. Having said that, sexuality is not about reproduction but a total merge and joy of togetherness.

Couplehood doesn't exist. There are more females than males, therefore copulation possibilities for males are greater. When the time comes a chosen female produces one embryo after mating. It comes in a form of a jelly ball that is placed in the hatchery to grow into an independent Ratinean.

In the very centre of the sphere, there is a giant clay tower, sits in a crystal holder. There is also a crystal pyramid on the top. The whole monument looks like a greatly oversized obelisk.

This machinery produces all the electromagnetic resonance they need and it acts as the inner sun also.

Every one of them lives in an independent bubble-like house with transparent walls that could be darkened when desired. The shallow water laguna spreads between the houses. There is lushes vegetation with giant green leaves everywhere. These plants produce the most amazing flowers with the colour of the summer morning sun. They smell like honey.

Clean water is very important to them, which they find increasingly difficult to access because of the contaminated soils and oceans.

All the news arrive at Ratina through water that acts as the messenger.

Ratineans are skilful and helpful. They offered their services in case of need.

12.

Now that the helping hands from the Pleiadeans, Ratineans and the 5 underground civilizations were firmly secured, Zeta decided to open a telecommunication channel with Mekhtani, the number 4 Magus of the Universal Council of the 12 Magi. Their friendship went Aeons back with sincerity and trust.

"Let me find a suitable communication channel. Let alone suitable, a channel!" pondered Zeta. "Keta is totally overshadowed", she sighed. Then grabbed her pendulum and with the

assistance of her faithful helper, Samar, she managed to locate the two most trustworthy and knowledgeable guides, Nuba and Abua.

"What's up Zeta?" asked a voice from behind the shelves.

"It must be you, Abua", Zeta said smiling. "Come on out here! So nice of you to come."

"That is true, I haven't seen you for such a long time! I thought you have forgotten about me", teased Abua while uncurling in front of her subject.

"You look pretty today, darling! I really need your help."

"All right. I can see the mess you are all in now. It took me ages to find a channel to slide into", said the serpent.

"Yes, it was one of my questions actually. How are we going to communicate with you, guides? I mean those of us who understand the concept", asked Zeta.

"You are right, not many of you know about the concept. This ignorance creates plenty of anxiety in the guides' community. Most of them are bored to death. You can knock on somebody's head for so long however, at one stage you need to declare failure. When you know that despite your greatest efforts you are leaving unnoticed, you need to give up", started the story Abua.

"I know exactly what you mean", replied Zeta. Only it has never occurred to me that you guys would be facing the same problem. I thought it was a typical Ketean business."

"It is. But it affects our work in the Universe. The best way to learn is to teach. I am talking about active teaching, not a passive one when the video is put in front of you and that's it. When you teach, you argue the information in your mind with someone who might not be so willing to exchange it for their material or beliefs. As we lift you up, we further our so-called career as a guide and we'll receive more interesting

earthlings assigned to us. However, when the learning drive and the willpower for awakening stop, there is nothing more to teach. Life becomes an everyday boring routine. As in every profession, in ours, it is also true that there are two make it or break it place on the road to success. It is at the beginning and at the end.”

“How come?” interrupted Zeta.

“The beginning is some kind of luck, as you people refer to it. Naturally, it isn’t. One is either inclined or pushed towards certain career choices. Working in education requires the possession of basic responsibility. The understanding that you are actively guiding an earthling towards furthering the Universe and the self within, in my case. In order to do it, a good understanding of the matrix is needed. Otherwise getting lost in the swamp of airiness will hit you one day. This floating is dangerous. The easiest direction to take on would be upwards. However, without comprehending the bottom, the road towards the stars is not

possible. Not many of us souls have the courage to drop from the air, land on soil, and take the journey from there to higher levels. The great majority of Keteans are stuck in limbo. This is the only place where educating is not possible for there is nothing to teach. And we guides cannot teach these people, for they are off the journey, hanging there, on the side of the matrix.”

“Is there nothing to do?”

“Yes, there is as always. The nothing to do situation only exists in the minds of sleeping Keteans. Yes, we can. Well, since the information base is missing, reasoning doesn’t work, therefore we call upon the technical knowledge within us and use dreams, implanting doubtful thoughts and the vision of a better future.”

“That’s interesting. Does it work?” asked Zeta.

“Sometimes. Nevertheless, if the willingness to search for something better is missing, usually

due to the lack of information, then all our effort will be lost. Well, nothing is lost really, at least we learn from it", replied Abua.

"Wow, so our jobs are not very different after all", realised Zeta. "How do you pick yourself up from this situation?"

"I can only talk about myself here. I summon my courage, jump out of the box, and look for subjects above my level. At least the way I see it. And go for the interview. As you know, guiding is a mutual agreement between student and teacher, therefore I only need a successful meeting. And then I am set. I am in a job that pushes me to learn more and my new student will inspire me to become an even better teacher. It is a win-win situation."

"And what about the end, you've mentioned earlier?"

"It is the place where we are now. You and me. There are no routine missions any longer. The stake is high with our every move. It is not a

student–teacher setup any longer, but a high-risk partnership. Every step needs all the available courage and responsibility. It is something one needs to be accustomed to, without being overwhelmed. To enjoy new assignments and do not allow it to become a crushing down weight. Naturally, it demands the highest intelligence. I think we are okay.”

“I am so happy to hear that! I do love our partnership. Don’t ever leave me!”

“No, we will not. I promise.”

“All right darling, on this note we have another mission to tackle. I want to meet with Mekhtani. I think it would be wise before starting on our big work, don’t you think?”

“Yes, he is definitely all right. What is it you need?”

“I need to find a secure channel or just a channel I’ll make secure, to tune up with him.”

"Epsilon Ursae Majoris aka Alioth is your answer here. The channel between Saqqara and the brightest star of the dipper is well concealed, safe, and there is a possibility of stretching it further to Andromeda 4, where Mekhtani is at the moment."

"You are right. It came to me too but I did not want to risk the channel. We need it for our work", answered Zeta worried.

"Nuba is up on the Big Dipper somewhere, I'll ask him to look into it. Better still if you do. He is very sensitive about being left out of a project", replied the guide.

"Oh, Abua thank you very much. You saved my behind. Yes, I'll ask him straight away. Can I use your Sweetface?"

"Sure, you can. He is on speed dial 1."

"Wow, he would be very honoured to know that", said Zeta laughing.

"I know! I am keeping it a secret for soothing when I get in trouble. Please, stick to it."

"I will", answered Zeta and pressed firmly on button 1. "I think I should have one of these. Do you know where to get it?"

"You can apply for it at Orion 4", replied a voice at the end of the call.

"Nuba, how very nice to find you! How are you doing? Where are you?"

"You mean you are in need of my help? What a pleasant surprise! I see Abua is already there", added the lion with frowning in his voice."

"How do you know?" asked Zeta.

"I see her laughing face on my device."

"Really, that is good. Anyhow, we are pressed for time at the moment. Your help is needed. I have the idea of talking to Mekhtani before the Great Work the AKIA group is set to accomplish. I need to know if it is possible to stretch the Saqqara – Alioth channel to Andromeda 4."

"I am on Alkaid to collect useful information for your work. Do you know that this planet is going to take over Saturn's telecommunication project?"

"No I didn't know", replied Zeta. "How is it possible? Alkaid is a star."

"Yes, there was some doubt at the beginning. Due to this fact but the Kronos-Penka-Uranus-Phoenix group figured everything out. They are working day and night to make it easier for you guys. Really exciting."

"I see. Very good to know. We will chat about it at a later stage darling, now I need the channel if you don't mind."

"Done. My Sweetface is saying that the reception between Alioth and Andromeda is flawless. So what you need is a device there to connect to your channel. I'll check if there is anybody trustworthy with a Chevegh, as I call it. I will make a suggestion to Uranus about naming it. You don't think he would mind, do you?"

"No, I don't think Nuba. He is a sweet person."

"So, as far as I can see there is unfortunately nobody with a Chevegh there. If you wait a bit, I would hop over to Alioth and help you out."

"Really, that would be very sweet of you. Thanks."

"I have to disconnect you for the journey. Will call you back when arrive. Ta-ta!" and Nuba left the building.

"Nuba is going to Alioth", Zeta reported to Abua. "He'll get in touch when gets there."

"Ah, all right! Tell me all about your project."

"I cannot do that just yet", replied Zeta. "Soon, very soon Abua."

"Look, it was quick! Nuba is here! I mean on Chevegh."

"You call it Chevegh too? It will catch up fast."

"Hi Nuba, how was the journey? You don't have any restrictions there, do you?"

"It was great, thanks for asking. No we don't. Shall I call Mekhtani in your name?"

"Yes, please!"

"Oh, I think there is some mistake, an orange coloured creature answered!"

Don't worry Nuba, he is Taringo, the Magus' assistant. Let me talk to him!"

"Greetings Taringo, I am Nuba, Zeta-Hera's guide. I am making this contact request on her behalf. She wishes to talk to the great Mekhtani, if possible", started the introduction Nuba.

"Greetings Nuba. As you surely imagine, The Master is occupied with the matters of the Universe. However, I am certain that he would tear himself away from work for Hera's call. Please, wait a minute."

"Thank you Taringo, I will."

"Hera, what a pleasurable surprise! What's up?" asked a smooth dark voice a short minute later.

"Sorry great master, I am Nuba still. I need to connect you to Hera now. The communication became a bit complicated for us."

"Sure Nuba, yes I heard. Just take your time."

"Greetings Magus Mekhtani", said a cheerful voice. "I am so happy to reach you!"

"Greetings Hera. I am sure there is something important you want to discuss with me. Otherwise you wouldn't have gone through so much trouble to reach me."

"As always, you are right Mekhtani. I am getting a bit anxious about the Great Work I am planning with my group."

"Please catch me up, you are always into something big."

"You know how Keta's electro-magnetic field is messed up, closing it down to a cocoon. This move proves fatal for the planet and Keteans as well. Therefore I made a plan to break this system. I don't really want to talk about it here,

through this broken channel but could you look at it if the plan was feasible?"

"I sure do. Give me a sec. I'll ask 1253 to check it out for us."

"That sounds great! Thank you", replied Zeta.

"Nuba, are you there? I would like to grab the opportunity to talk with you both now, since we have this time on our hand."

"Yes Zeta, I am here. I only didn't want you to think that I was listening into the conversation."

"Oh, no! You have to! You both have to! I need your input on all the matters I am concerned about."

"Thanks Zeta, we will", replied the two guides simultaneously.

"I know there is more to the work than the obelisks. I just cannot see them properly because I focus on this one. And it needs my focus. However, I cannot neglect the rest either.

What do you think? What should be the next step after this one?"

"I think the most urgent is the channel for the departing souls, if I may add", started Abua.

"Yes, you are right! Especially now with the pandemic."

"If I may add, it comes handy that the great majority of departing earthlings are robots", entered into the conversation Nuba.

"Well as we know, everything has two sides for consideration", was Zeta's remark.

"Are you still there?" asked Mekhtani's familiar voice.

"Yes, yes!" they all answered anxiously.

"I think I will send this report to Nuba via Chevegh and then he could convey it to you when ready for it. What do you think? No point in discussing it right now."

"Sure Mekhtani. Nuba will send it to Abua. We will talk about it at a later stage", agreed Zeta.

“The only important factor you need to know, that the project looks really good.”

“I only have one worry though: am I ready for it? It is a big step and only one opportunity. What if I fail it? Shouldn't I learn some more?” said Zeta's worrying voice.

“Well, you would never know if you are ready for it, until you put your efforts into the project and put it out there. It is not the time to doubt yourself, for it is The Time. A clever earthling once said the following: *In the universe past, present and future happen at the same time. Only deeds carry importance, time is irrelevant. When one needs to act, it is time for it. One must always know when to act and has to consciously observe it. Deliberately train oneself to wait patiently for the time of acting. When it arrives, it mustn't be missed. That is how time is accounted for in the universe.* I hope you recognise your own teachings. It is time to take your own medicine.”

"You are right. I shouldn't doubt us, the Team. We are good. And we will succeed. Thank you Mekhtani. You helped me beyond comprehension. I let you get back to your work. Farewell Master", said Zeta and closed the channel.

13.

"Let us look at the report that 1253 put together", Zeta turned to Abua. "Is Nuba still with us?"

"He goes back to Alkaid and will talk from there, he said."

"Sure, let me see the report in the meantime."

"There it is", confirmed Abua and put her Chevegh on the table for Zeta to read.

Greetings Hera, I am honoured to be assigned to this particular job. Thank you.

I need to tell you first of all that it took me a long while to find Keta! It shows very little sign

of life, it is almost undetectable. Thanks to the new gadget Uranus invented, I was able to do it. By the way, you have to suggest a name for this one too. Uranus doesn't bother with naming his inventions. I would put Kutiu on the table if I may.

Anyhow, from the Macrocosm, Keta is almost non-existent. I cannot emphasise enough how dangerous it is. At this moment we still remember Keta, and know where it is supposed to be on the map. However, one day, a macrocosmic map designer with limited understanding forgets to put the planet on the record. And at this moment it ceases to exist officially. As we understand, it is a common practice on Keta.

It is not meanly about existence, but to maintain the communication, essential for belonging and the exchange of energies.

On the other hand, disturbing signals show that electro-magnetic impulses, much higher than desired, originate from the surface of its aura,

meshing the planet, and spreading poisonous energies into Haudi. Important communication channels between planets are cut, Keteans are left without help from their guides, and the Macrocosmic Fire cannot get through.

My finding shows that the venom derives from the planet itself. It means that there is not much to do from the Macrocosm, in order to eliminate this influence. On the other hand, something has to be done for it slowly affects the whole solar system itself.

It is very much like an illness. If there is tumour in the liver, let's say, the surface healing such as modern medicine, would remove part of the organ or sometimes all of it. This deed changes the system. Other organs need to work harder, sometimes even develop new skills to take on lost productivity. The extra workload will wear out the helpers before time, and we get back to the cutting table again. However, the case of treating the core and not the symptom, will provide the best solution for all of us.

This treatment can only be enforced with the agreement and help of the patient.

Therefore from the Macrocosmic point of view, the only tangible solution is to eliminate the poisonous core and bear the consequences.

Kutiu allowed me go under the surface and I made an assessment of the situation on Keta.

I tell you, it is a really big mess. I don't even know where to start. It seems that certain powers want to take over the planet. These powers were cultivated from and on Keta over aeons. The isolation from the Macrocosm started a long time back. It also seems that it is not a deliberate deed, for it doesn't exist from the metaphysical point. There is always an aggressor and a victim. These are the two poles in everything. In this sense, the aggressor is also a victim and the latter is the first one too. I'd like to elaborate on this concept if I may:

Keteans are on the planet to learn. It is the only job they have. And that is what they signed up

to when they decided to take the suit and live on Keta. It is a great gift for souls to be transferred to the body. The uniform gives them limitations. We know that they do understand the concept, for they have been experimenting with all kinds of camps where they are forced to exist within boundaries. However, it is definitely not the same. In the case of human beings, the physical body is the only periphery. However, it works as a channel, for it opens a brand new and fascinating world not available for other souls in the Universe. That is why souls want to sign up for Keta. Unfortunately, most Keteans fail to understand and take advantage of it. It is due to their intelligence. Or I would say the lack of it.

Emotion is the machinery of life in the case of Keteans. For many of them, this fundamental truth stays in the subconscious. And what is there, cannot be controlled. It means that they search for feelings without actually knowing about it, and having specific ideas on the

subject. In this way, any emotion would do to maintain life. Since they don't understand the concept of learning, they look for anything to fill the void. The other thing, every soul including Keteans need, is aims. Goals in life are selected according to the level of understanding. When there is no individual aim to pursue, an earthling would take on somebody else's dream to get into the game. It is the moment when floating or the state of sleeping starts. However, emotions, even if they come from somebody else, would maintain the body and after a while they enter into the conscious as the idea of the owner. This concept is again, extremely popular on Keta.

After this short introduction, we arrived back at the main stream.

Keteans usually take on somebody's dream without thinking. They cannot think about it, for they have no data on the topic, and the information in their brain is limited. Since they are not concerned about this fact, they become the most faithful soldiers in an army that fights

against fellow Keteans. They cannot comprehend that the only enemy they have is the Self.

Both the aggressor and the victim belong to this category. None of them use the mind.

The victim-aggressor situation starts with the limitation put on thoughts. Words are spoken thoughts so they fall into the category.

The ultimate freedom of the Keteans is their thoughts. The moment they give it up is the moment they cease to exist as humanoids.

About the work you are planning, my data shows that it is an excellent idea. Could be the last resort in turning the situation over.

However, there are other pressing matters I have to tell you. There is a great concern for the souls losing their bodies during the pandemic. The channel, through which the souls are rescued is jammed due to the mess in the electro-magnetic system. Therefore, a new escape route has to be built. Lost souls wander

around aimless would create an additional headache for the planet. It is axiomatic that no new souls are able to descend, therefore the robot civilisation is established.

There is also the case of the personal spirit guides assigned to souls with the purpose of helping life and keep the connection between planes.

Need to keep in mind all the meditation and space travellings for the astral bodies will not be able to leave the planet.

I am certain you understand to implication on nature, the effect of the Moon, Sun and the astrological influences.

This is the summary of my findings. In case you need more, please come back to my master. I am sure he will be happy to help.

Thank you very much again.

I wish you all well and happy.

Zeta and Abua looked at each other with despair showing on their faces. They were so deep in thoughts that did not notice Nuba's call. In the end the serpent picked up the flushing device.

"Hi Nuba, sorry", started her apologies.

"I am sure you guys were reading the report. Wow, it is a lot to take in. Somehow you cannot see the whole event when you are living in it. Excellent idea it was, to have it assessed by an outsider and a robot that is. Clear, ruthless and down to the point."

"Hi Nuba", started the conversation Zeta. "Thanks for coming back. Let's grab the opportunity of being together and brainstorm the project. Who knows when will the next opportunity come."

"I want to remind you to order a Chevegh for yourself, and I am certain the AKIA workers will be allowed one also. Better still, since you are swamped, I'll do it for you. How many do you need?"

"I need ten. Thanks Nuba."

"My pleasure, Zeta."

"All right, so let's draw up a plan in the order of importance", suggested Abua.

"The first would be the obelisk, I suppose", started Zeta.

"Yes, it is a fair assumption. Dark moon is coming", added Nuba.

"I think the knowledge should be transferred from Mondalla, even though it is within the planet", was Nuba's contribution.

"I agree. And then would come the channels for the leaving souls. Perhaps one of the poles would be the easiest", added Zeta. "First they need a receiving end. I will talk to Zeus about it. The place should be in Kabutoreos. The nearer the better."

"All right. I think we have enough on our plate for now. Let us get together after the obelisks to

see the next step”, announced Zeta with an anxious voice, eager to get down to work.

“Sure. Your Chevegh comes later today. Alert your students. I wish you well. By for now”, said Nuba and closed the channel.

“I leave you also for now”, said Abua. “Don’t forget I am always available if you need me. Take care!”

“By friends!”

Zeta sat down at her favourite table and jotted down the places where the obelisks needed to be constructed. After some consideration, a name was assigned to each project and The Great Work was launched.

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