

Who am I? What am I? What was my role in MAJestic? Why this disclosure? What is actually going on?

I have been putting this post off for a while. You see, in order to explain everything, I needed to lay a pretty thick initial foundations for others to follow and track what needs to be said. In previous posts I have explained bits and pieces. I have added some connections between the various pieces, and laid the foundation for my actual role.

And now, with that foundation firmly put in place, I can finally get to the “nitty-gritty”. Those of you who have been waiting for this moment might discover it as a kind of anti-climax, but that’s the way it is. To fully understand things, you must know why everything happens as it does. Thus this post.

What did ya think?

You thought that there were no secrets held by the US government? Is that what you thought? Or that only attractive people became secret agents? Or that “important” people like Barrack Obama would know everything that is going on? Or that anything related to UFO’s involve “reptillians”, or that (of course) only vaulted humanities professors at major universities were privileged in knowing the full scope of extraterrestrial visitations? Is that what you thought?

Nope.

We want to believe that life is action packed and exciting. Sort of like how the movie "Mission Impossible" is like. But, you know, it's not like that at all. Rather it is more like the movie "Office Space" more than anything else.

Real disclosures discuss things that are far removed to what "normal" humans consider to be "normal".

And thus you have this.

Is anything that I discussed meet your expectations? Were you expecting anything related to souls, sentience, world-line travel in the MWI, technologies that are held and guarded by engineers, or retirement by the sex offender registry?

Na. I din't think so.

I once read a history about one of the first "white" explorers to the Polynesian islands.

The Captain was having a merry old time talking with the local chieftain. The Chieftain asked him what it was like where he came from. So the explorer told him.

He said that it got so cold that the water turned solid.

The Chieftain thought that this was a hilarious joke, and repeated it over and over as if it was the funniest thing that he had ever heard.

The Captain, a bit taken back, kept his mouth shut, and smiled.

Yeah. It's like that.

Anything that is new, and out of your personal experience becomes fantastical and ludicrous.

And thus, no matter if I provide dates, locations, technical specifications, photographs, legal documents and MRI scans, those stuck within their own limited bubble of reality will discount everything as fiction. Why? Because they never experienced it themselves.

When I was in prison, I was transported from the Pennsylvania holding cell to the transport hub somewhere in Alabama. There I met numerous fellow inmates from other prisons all across the nation. I well remember us talking about the prisons where we were incarcerated, and I was shocked at how those from the North refused to believe what it was like in the ADC in Arkansas.

They didn't believe that the ADC did not give out fruit, served "Global" or that we slept in 100 man barracks. They had no concept of what "Hard Labor" was, and the idea of doing prison related tasks without payment was horrific to them.

You can only relate with things that you yourself has experienced.

OK. So this is what I experienced.

As such, I am unique and rare. You will not be able to imagine yourself in my shoes by reading this. That is, unless you have a very active imagination. But, this is what is going on. Like it or not. Hate it or disparage

it. It is what it is.

You put ten people in a room, and ask them to watch a cat fiercely attack and eat a mouse...

You will end up with ten interpretations of that event. Some of which would be directly different from each other...

- The cat was amazing!
- The poor little defenseless mouse.
- The mouse should of done...
- The cat made this mistake, and that mistake...
- If the mouse was bigger...

In America, we call this “back seat driving”.

A passenger who gives unwanted and/or unneeded directions to the driver; also, a person who interferes in affairs without having knowledge, responsibility, or authority for doing so.

For example, *Aunt Mary drives us all crazy with her instructions; she's an incurable backseat driver.*

This term originated in the United States in the 1920s, when it was first used for a passenger legitimately directing a chauffeur, and it was quickly transferred to figurative use.

Also see the synonym Monday-morning quarterback and the antonym take a back seat.

In my shoes

So try to figure out what is going on were to to be “in my shoes”.

What would you think? How would you describe it? In what way would you try to communicate your experiences? Or, would you be smart, and keep your fucking thoughts and experiences to yourself?

Or, alternatively would you become a drunken alcoholic sex-monger and say “fuck it” to the rest of the world?

Actually, I’m pretty close to that particular reality right now. Don’t ya know...

MAJestic – A trade deal.

MAJestic made a deal; an arrangement with our extraterrestrial benefactors.

I and a few select others, all of us tops in our class – perfect physical specimens and with high scoring in intelligence and backgrounds in science,

were given to the <redacted> as their “property”. To do with as they felt fit.

In exchange, certain technologies would be provided in exchange. I do not know which technologies were exchanged. I have no specific data on that transfer and trade.

"We will give your six or seven of our top people, to do with as you like, in exchange for advanced propulsion technology."

And that's me, ya all.

Training by MAJestic

Of course, we were unusable in our raw state. We needed to be modified, and trained.

- Policemen get trained.
- Firemen get trained.
- Doctors get trained.
- Lawyers get trained.
- Bakers get trained.
- IT workers get trained.

MAJestic implanted 7 ELF probes that were useful for monitoring and for other purposes regarding utilization of a fixed transport portal.

I, and others in my “cell”, used that fixed transport portal to egress to a <redacted> facility. Where we were completely overhauled. A EBP was installed, and our DNA, and RNA was altered in a complicated process. That process took one week to accomplish.

Well, for me, it took one week.

Once the process was completed, I was in MAJestic, but I exited the US Navy. I was told that I would be in MAJestic for life, but that during my active participatory years that [1] I must be aware, that [2] I was on my own, and that [3] I was not permitted to have children.

- I must be alert and aware of “new things”.
- I was on my own with no support group.
- I must not have children.

Training by our Benefactors

After I was discharged, I spent a number of years out of the Navy, without direction or control. I lived in extreme poverty, while all the time, I was being trained by our benefactors in <redacted> and <redacted>. I was involved in this really odd and strange training for many years. Then, one day, it all ended.

Suddenly, I was called upon to go to California.

ELF Calibration in the High Desert

This continued until I was called to the China Lake NWC in the middle of the High Desert in California. Where my ELF probes were calibrated, and (I assume) EBP monitored.

Completion of the Calibration and start of mission parameters.

Once my calibration sequence was completed, I no longer needed to go to the ELF testing facility, and I was set free. Situations arranged themselves in such a way that I was free to conduct my “mission parameters” while I lived a boring typical middle-class lifestyle.

Mission Operations

I lived a normal boring middle-class life. This is what our benefactors wanted. My life was typical. I was in the middle of the bell-shaped curve. I was so typical, it was nauseating.

That is because I was not “normal”. If I was “normal” I would have still been hauling coal, smoking dope, and quaffing beer in the hills of Western Pennsylvania. If I was normal I would still be living in a mobile home off a gravel road next to some rolling farm lands and state game lands. If I was normal, I would be married to a rather porty wife, with four bratty children that would each have their own pickup trucks and shotguns.

But I was not “normal”.

I was different.

And as such, I was a “square peg” in a “round hole” that did not fit in at all.



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IQ test from the movie "Idiocracy".

Meanwhile I experienced all sorts of "slides" and other strange events where I moved in and out of different world-lines. All of these slides and other events were coordinated with a benefactor at Oxia Palus.

For me it didn't make any sense.

One minute I am eating country-fried steaks and eggs, and then the next second, I am eating a bowl of rice soup with fish heads and tentacles. What way could this possibly benefit anyone? How did I benefit from this switching? How did the human race benefit?



Country fried steak and eggs meal.

Over a period of time, I noticed a series of themes that seemed to agree with “statements” from my “pilot” at the Oxia Palus facility. It had nothing to do with me, at that time, personally. I was just the “vehicle” for our benefactors to accomplish certain tasks.

Human sentience needed to be "corralled" or "anchored" in such a way as to help the human sentience evolve.

So, for the longest time, I have pretty much accepted that as my role. And at that, it was good enough for me to recognize that I had a role, no matter how strange or peculiar it appeared to be.

I mean, you adapt, right?

Maybe your job is to flip burgers. It doesn't pay much, and it's hot and greasy, but you adapt. you become the best burger flipper in the world. You accept your role, and that is that.

Retirement

MAJestic retired me.

Aside from physically going to prison and entering a monitoring program for

the rest of my life, all ELF communication ended. It was like someone turned off one of those old vacuum tube television sets. It just went out and then disappeared as a long thin "line".



Turning off an old television set.

Once I finished my initial five years in "rehabilitation", I was free to leave, and so I left and moved to China.

I knew that that would be the safest place on the entire planet. And so far, it seems to actually be the case.

The Benefactors had a say...

Well, they do not recognize “retirement”. I don’t even think that they understand what the word means.

My mission parameters for the ELF probes and the Oxia Palus facility might be over, but I don’t even think that they understand what the word “retirement” means. From their point of view, MAJestic stopped working with me, and that was that.

- I no longer conduct “slides”.
- My world-line is pretty well fixed and established.
- I am permitted natural human migrations.
- I can live life as I choose.

It’s all pretty straight forward, Right?

I’m “out of the game”.

My mission parameters for the ELF probes and the Oxia Palus facility might be over, but I entered a new kind of role. You must understand, our benefactors do not recognize the idea or concept of a “retirement”. So I am still active, even though I am actually retired from MAJestic.

- I am permitted to disclose what I know and have learned. I can speak. I can “teach”. I can explain. I can lead. I can serve as an example. I can

advise.

- There are limitations, of course, and what I cannot speak about is made obvious to me. Mostly it deals with the MAJestic organization itself. I have few limitations on what the benefactors themselves provided to me.
- And suddenly, out of the blue, I am now permitted to have children. (At my age! WTF?)

So...



Ripley 8 from the movie “Alien Resurrection”. She is a hybrid of Alien DNA and human DNA, with unexpected strengths and abilities.

So...

Putting it all together...

The human species is involved in a sentience sorting activity. I (and my

companions) had a role in this with some “anchoring” activity. Now the earth is ready for a push to a *new kind* of sentience.

I don’t know what it is.

What I do know is that once the sentience is established, the approved sentience will have their RNA / DNA correct, improved or adjusted just like mine was. Just like Sebastian’s was. Just like the rest of our cell was.

And those who will have their DNA / RNA “upgraded” will...

- Be able to live a life with one foot in Heaven and the other foot in the physical universe. They can live and explore world-lines at will, while all the time being fully cognizant of their realities within the Heavenly realms.
- Be able to communicate with others of the same sentience using a kind of mental telepathy. It’s trans-species communication, and will become prevalent.
- Be able to communicate with other species that are extraterrestrial in nature.

Perhaps that is why I am permitted to have children now, eh? To pass on my DNA / RNA improvements, just like what happened to other species in the past.

Like this...



Evolution of the first sentient life on Earth.

Humans are not the first intelligent life on earth. There were many others. Here we discuss one of the first species of intelligent life; the Cephalopods. They have existed for hundreds of millions of years, and now exist as octopi that inhabit the oceans around us. Let's talk about them.

Do you want some more?

I have more posts on this issue in my MAJestic Index [here...](#)