

# THE ORION PROJECT - LUCID DREAMING WITH HAMISH AND MILITARY

CENSORED VERSION

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9:55 AM

In the morning hours, typically if I wake up in the morning and then fall back to sleep even though I no longer would need to sleep any more, then it is likely that I have a lucid dream. Lucid dream means to be dreaming but to also be fully or partially awake inside that dream, as if YOU could step into a magical wondrous dreamland and roam there as yourself. It is wonderful and exciting and always feels like an adventure, I love it.

I had a lucid dream this morning.

First it started with a dream. I dreamt of Pacific islands with islanders. The island had jungle and tall stone cliff peaks right up from the shore. Carved depictions of islanders in the front facing rock, as well as hollows like rooms etched into the stone for protection from predators at night. I climbed up to the top of the rock and there were two large lizards there. I handed over the large lizards to some other islanders who came from the other direction to here, but then I started to regret it so so much because one of those lizards was my Hamish so I brought him back to me, I simply could not give him away.

Next I dreamt that this red dragon Hamish superimposed himself with my body, like a spirit possession, Hamish was in me. The thoughts in me were now Hamish's thoughts, and what my body did was what Hamish wanted. It was his mind in me, I was Hamish though in my body. I was Hamish.

What changed was the drive I had for going places, I was an individual who feels a drive to move forward, to not stay here, and to know the directions and the distances where I wanted and needed to go, with a sense of a strong push to go there. Whereas, as a human I would most often be quite comfortable to stay in any places where I am. Now as Hamish, I was aware of large distances ahead, and very sentient about which direction was the one I wanted to go each time. A strong mind, someone who goes places. My own thoughts, my own ideas, and the things that would have mattered to me in my mind, were gone. I was on a journey in the mind and spirit with my Hamish dragon. And of course I was quite happy to do this with him. I did not question it, and for me it was normal, I was quite willingly accepting of it.

Next I found myself in a small room, I do not know why but I want to call it a holding room.

"My egg.", Hamish says now, "my" in my native language, "egg" either in English or in my other language. "My langoustine.", I say to him. "Tiik Tok.", he says now quite cute. "No I was being arrogant.", Hamish corrects me. "And also, I am not your pet. Nor am I ever going to be. I was not "yours", langoustine. I was not with my crackers. I did not want to fight with you anymore.", Hamish to me in the camel posture showing off his back. "Hey, psst! Is this the one you meant?"

Oh boy, golly!", the military man I will tell you about says now, because I have told him of course earlier about Hamish and about how Hamish is the love of my life, and now that he seems to have seen or at least heard Hamish, he had understood that *this one* is the one that I meant, the one that I would die for defending, like I said.

"Hey, I don't want you to feel like you would fall in love!", the military man to me now. "I don't want you to either.", black Dark Lord, about me not falling in love with this man. "Hey, it was about to happen!", someone, he I think.

So I was in a small room inside a building. The room had a door that leads to other areas of inside the building. Hamish was still in my body, it was like his spirit was in me, and I could also see his red dragon body where my body would be, but I was right there in that same space too, and at times I was also aware of my own body and at times I could also see my own body.

A human man came into the room, it seemed to me that he knows about aliens and that he would have known that Hamish was in me. Me being Hamish, I walked to stand facing right against the wall that has windows as well as the door that has also a window that faces toward the inside of the building, as the other walls of this small room had no windows on them, and this wall was the way out. Me being Hamish I wanted to get out. Me as Hamish managed to escape through that door. I was now me more so than Hamish, I ran through the hallways feeling this need to escape from this place. I went through doors and hallways, the building was large and seemed like a maze. I ended up going to the left through doors and into a large facility down the stairs, and realized that I was in some kind of a mental institution. I ended up inside of a very large cage, well it was a courtyard on the ground level it seems, with a large cage structure for its walls as well as high up in the ceiling... "It used to be a rose garden.", I feel someone telling me now, as if the words are being pushed to me though I do not hear them as words, I sense and see the words as a push, and I also saw how this cage used to hold a rose garden, with roses and vines that used to grow along the cage itself. What it looks like now, when I had entered, was desolate and old, depressing and gray.

As I was in the caged courtyard, with the very high ceiling where the cage makes for the ceiling, there were many humans there who clearly seemed like mental patients. One was running around in a big circle, and others were swaying or talking for themselves, and acting like that. The courtyard was hugged by walls of the building on all sides or on three of the four sides. I realized that I had taken a wrong door, I assumed that the door I had opened to get here would have become locked by itself from the inside and I assumed that being in this mental institution all of the doors anywhere would of course be locked and that I was stuck and that I had no way out of here. I continued into the building on the left, and I had come from buildings behind me. The building on the left had showers and toilets, it seemed as if there had once been a swimming pool on the courtyard which had now been emptied and perhaps removed, it had that sense and feeling, even though the courtyard was only covered in brown cold hard dirt.

Someone caught up to me here in these rooms, a woman with black hair. Next thing I was back in

the holding room, which I recognize from its bright red and orange colors (the colors of Hamish?) and the warm bright light there and the overall feeling of it. The woman gave me a syringe I think it was, into one of my vertebrae which is about midway up the spine or down the spine, it hurt a lot and for a long time. The pain seemed real.

She and the man was also here from earlier, one of them asked me if I had had a "lucid dream" before. I said that "this is my first one", but I said that "I have also had earlier ones as well". So we all knew that I was having a lucid dream, and to me it seemed that I was awake.

Next I was soaring above a landscape scene, which they were asking me to draw and describe. I described a channel of water, with some small island pieces in between, as well as places where water goes across the island pieces in case someone in the water would like to cross over to the other side of the channel. I next drew some facilities, and one area in the upper left of my image was a military base, as I told them. I described the layout of which buildings were where and also drew a circle with a cross on the ground behind a building where I said there was something interesting there. To the back of the military base was a house which was the home of one military leader, and I ended up going there. Ever since running into the mental institution I had been myself in my own body again and without Hamish, so now also it was me going into the military house at the military base.

I found myself inside a bedroom by myself. A window was on the wall opposite of the wall that had the door. I had closed the door behind me. The bed had a very thick mattress and I felt the bed and it was so comfortable and high quality. The sheets were nice too. I saw a small box of what I think were bullets on a table. I heard someone behind the door talking to someone else there and the sound of what I assumed to be someone taking out a key to unlock and open the door. I panicked, as I felt that I was trespassing, I also felt that I had disturbed and touched the things in this room. I saw no other option than to open the window, climb out the window and run out. The ground outside was muddy natural ground and with a forest of tall pine trees starting only a few meters away here behind the house. I found myself roaming or flying as one does in a lucid dream up some very tall cliff mountains surrounded by the type of pine trees that can cling to mountain rock and grow on the stone. All around I could only see wilderness with tall rock mountain peaks and pine forest and I was up at a very high altitude. I got uneasy and nervous as I was lost and it was steep up here and I did not see a way to climb back down.

The Hat Man was down a bit of a distance on the rocks and looking my way and climbing in my direction, a white or pale yellow glowing alien figure with a black hat with a wide brim and a black long cloak coat. He emitted something friendly, I did not fear him.

Next thing I was magically back in the bedroom in the military person's house, and good thing that because I would not have wanted to be stuck up in the mountains on those rocks. It was daytime by the way when I was up on those rocks and bright daylight and clear weather.

I was awake and aware with the military man in his bedroom for some time. After some time I

woke up in a snap and found my consciousness and body back in my bed here at home, which to me always feels like a disappointment, to wake up from a lucid dream. The military man continued to talk to me telepathically, or that I could still hear him, when I was back here.

Some of the things that he said and from our interaction, some of this from the time when I was still lucid dream conscious and my body in his room with him in the same place, and the rest from when I was back here in my home and still hearing him telepathically and speaking to him.

His first reaction, when he had come into his room, while I was still also conscious there, was that he asked if "the guys" had "set him up for this". He thought that some guys whom he knows might have brought this girl into his bedroom, like a trick, and he wondered if someone was video filming this in his room, so he was not sure what to think about finding me here in his bedroom. He seemed to think it was a prank from some guys whom he knows from the base. So this proves that he did not know I was going to be in his room, and that he had not been expecting it.

"There are some lawyers, if you have had some injury. *Just so you know.*", Dark Lord says to me now. "I don't feel that I have been injured.", me. "Too bad. It would have been a class act. A serious injury law case file. If you want one, we can do it for you.", Dark Lord to me. "No thank you Sir, you see, because it seems I am doing all this for my Hamish, and I am trying to figure out what this dragon wants or needs from me, so that I can help him, he is my turtle.", me.

One of the things this man said to me several times, both while I was still there, and also again at least two more times when I was back in my room here at home, was he asked me if I would come with him to see him shoot his gun into the ground, he said that he promises that the bullets won't bounce off. It took me a while of thinking to figure out what he meant, and I figured that he might mean that normally bullets would bounce off the ground if shot directly into the ground, and for some reason this gun that he had, would not do that. Later he explained more about his gun, that it is good for penetration. That is when I understood, that he has the type of gun that is forceful which even shoots straight into the ground without bouncing off, so that is why he would have wanted to show me that, because it is an unusually powerful gun that way.

He also asked me if I would allow him to point a gun to my head while he [---] with me. I said don't do that because is the gun loaded and it could be dangerous and I would not want to do that.

I have to say something here. His interest in pointing a gun to someone's head while [---] with the person indicates, to me at least, especially as I have watched just a couple of crime documentary videos, that he has a somewhat deranged and unhealthy or even dangerous attitude toward [---]. The thought of this does *not* turn me on even the slightest, as I don't understand what murder or the threat of murder might have to do with being intimate with someone, also I can only think of the danger involved, and the thought of being at the brink of murder does not excite me [---] the least bit. So this type of thing makes me think that this man is not coming from me, that he might in fact be his very own person somewhere else.

I now sensed from him that he was thinking about cooked chicken. He did ask me if I would like to eat something "first", he asked me while I was there, and I think also when I was back home again. And when I had said that that was so kind of him and I had said yes thank you I would love to eat something first (which of course only made me think of the Battle Of Syracuse lucid dream incident where I had stumbled into a dining room full of military officers and similar men each with a date who was a woman dressed up for a fancy dinner and seemingly unconscious being fed by the man they were with) he had said that the meal would be chicken. (Don't they know I try to be a vegetarian and vegan? They don't know that. Nor do I care, I would have at that time eaten anything served, just for the fun of being on a lucid dreaming adventure and meeting this man!)

But for someone to like pointing a gun at someone's head while [---]. I know that some people are into these things. I have to wonder to myself if military are not more likely to have these kind of ideations, because all of what they go through in training or in real life situations probably nestles up with the rest of their person and psychology, so I imagine it not to be so strange at all, it is just part of their life, seeping into every corner of their being, just becoming a part of who they are, how they think, how they live, in every way. But for me it is not like that at all, and so to me that seemed like a horribly scary idea, I was against it.

He also wanted me to be on all fours on his floor on the carpet, it seems he had wall to wall carpeting and it was of a white or light beige color. And he had thoughts about choking me with a tie around my neck, he did not talk to me about it, but I did catch this from his thoughts and thought images at least two times, I even seem to have seen that it would be a yellow tie go figure the detail in these things. I would not mind that though, I mean, it is not deadly. I have done some choke play before, [---]. So I do not see it as something morbid, at least, because I have done similar before and in those times it has never caused me any injury, only made me feel reassured and close and intimate, like I have done nothing serious, and still been able to breathe and felt safe and always been safe, so I can only associate it to that kind of a safe activity. But who knows, what if this man would take something like that to the next level, and exaggerate it, and make it real, and also make it real scary or dangerous? But on a first impulse, I would have said yes to that, because I have only had a good experience with something similar - yet mild - in the past previously.

He also, and this is where it gets weird. If you don't think it is weird so far, this is the weird part. He has a gun which is silver steel colored. He wanted to [---]. But he was asking me if he could. I told him it is dangerous, it the gun loaded, what if there is an accident, what if it kills me, and what if the gun itself causes me an injury, what if I get cuts inside me that never heal and that get inflammation? I had nothing but objections and fears of injuries. These are some really scary stuff, I mean, with potential real harm.

Ok so if he is a military officer, and he told me that he is "next in line to become General". Meaning he is not General, but I think I had asked him for his rank and that is then what he said,

so he must be already tasting that rank that he wants to have, even to the point of giving me that even though with "next in line" implying he is not yet of that rank, but so he must be close enough to where he can taste it and touch it the next upcoming rank. I mean, it would probably be very safe, if he knows how to handle a gun safely. But still, the thought of this kind of extremes during being intimate with someone. I just get uncomfortable.

One thought that goes through my mind, is that Reptilians are supposedly, and I am one of those who adds to that rumor and reputation, keen on playing hunting games with other creatures. Could the Reptilians somehow be part of this activity? At one time the man said to me or thought, that it is about victimizing, or how he said it.

Later, when I was already in my room, he said at one time, that he needs to have a drink, meaning alcohol, if he is going to be able to go through with this, meaning [---] with me. I asked him if I could also have some, even though I was in my room and we were no longer in the same place, so I couldn't have had anything to drink from him, but I like to play along, in part because I still wish I was in a lucid dreaming adventure, because I always feel as if *the real me* is still trapped inside another world and that by me being here again in this world that we know, it is as if I am being kept away from myself, and I desperately long to go back to the me that is trapped there somewhere else, like a body, my body, without my mind, and that activities are still happening there, that I am not being allowed to take part in or be aware of. It is a frustrating feeling, every time when I wake up back here, not being able to know how to go back.

I told him I can only have a little, because I drink maybe one time every two years so it only takes a little. He worried and said that he would not want me to throw up from it. I said if I have one small drink, very small, and then drink lots of water after that, then I will not have a hangover, which is true. I asked him what he has, he offered me "Scotch", which I think is what Americans call whiskey. I said that is a bit strong for me, do you not have something milder like vodka or gin? I would have asked him for some wine, but I thought to myself that a man like him would probably not have something like wine in his room, but then come to think of it now later, I think that he probably would.

At one point he asked me if I had felt his sheets. He also said to me to please not make his sheets dirty, I wondered if he meant whether I would pee on his sheets (?) or throw up. Now I have to explain something here. I do not ever pee myself or pee in bed, happened only once several years ago when I was having a seriously bad flu that I suddenly peed myself in bed because my body was completely weak and broken, but that was because of serious illness, so what I mean is that that does not happen to me. Nor do I throw up. However, I have had several glimpses and memories that I tend to pee while I am there in the alien military world. One example is the beginning part of the Battle Of Syracuse abduction, where I found myself suddenly wide awake in a hospital hallway with a Dark Lord standing in front of me, and I ran through doors and hallways and I ended up being in a room where I peed on the floor. We also know that in a Japanese abduction experience, a Japanese person once took me into a bathroom and was insisting that I

pee. This kind of thing. We also have alien abduction memory glimpses as well as mention by the aliens that supposedly I vomit when I am there. So this could explain why the military man was having these concerns. And, maybe it is because my mind is being kept away from the body that I have there, so that I do not have a control over myself. I do not know how these things work.

He also asked me if I had long boots. I said I probably do in my storage. He told me to wear long boots, and described other sexy clothes that I could wear next time.

He said several times that he really liked my "tits". I would never call my breasts by that word. Ever never. So when these people say things like this, it makes me wonder if they are real people. He mentioned my "tits" several times, also when I was back here. He said he has liked those ever since he was a boy. I told him that is normal, that if he is a man then he is supposed to like them. I even thanked him for the compliment several times, as I think it is really sweet of him to say that.

I was upset that nobody warned me about me going on a date with this man. I would have wanted to know in advance, to take a long bath and shave my legs like I always do before a date, to do my hair and my makeup nice, and wear something nice. But most of all, it upsets me deeply if they are letting these people [---] with me, while they are keeping me unaware of it. (I can sense now a Dark Lord listening closely. And now I see one of those Illuminati creatures those that look like a dead fish in the eyes and have those horizontal ring lines all around the body from top to bottom.)

The man was sweet though, in spite of his ideations with danger and guns [---]. I do not recall and I never sensed us having [---]. It seemed to me that he was tenderly kissing me on my mouth, but by then I was already back here, but somehow I could still feel and see it vaguely from that other place, where it is as if things were ongoing and continuing, without my consciousness there.

I try to be friendly and accommodating to these men, when this happens. And it is because my Hamish is somehow involved. I have the sense and feeling that it would have been my Langoustine who brought me there. Hamish has not talked to me about it, but he seems to assume that what makes sense in his world, also would make sense to me, because Hamish puts my interests and my opinions and feelings very second to his own. It is his world and his ideas and thoughts, and I am only trying to be tagging along, so that we can be together, because I am completely mesmerized by this dragon.

I do not understand what is being done to me, but I can only assume, that Hamish had brought me at night into the bedroom of this military officer in the United States (which he clearly is from, judging from the interior of the room, things he said, and more), the military are being asked to impregnate women for the aliens. The aliens take those children offspring. The military men fathers get to meet their human or hybrid alien children, they know about them. They are told for each of them also who the mother of the child is. The disturbing thing is, that at one point when I was already back here, I received a mental image from this military man of a blonde boy who looked to be about eight, who seemed also part alien hybrid, and the man said to me that this

child is ours. Which implies that this man has [---] with me before.

To me and probably also to the men it is a big deal that we are [---] with each other. But for the aliens, it seems to me or I have the impression that it is as if that part is not even important or interesting. So I always sense this tremendous disrespect from the aliens, because they seem to entirely neglect the emotional or even physical impact that it has on someone, on me at least, to [---] with someone, especially without being asked, without my explicit consent, but worse more, without letting me remember or take part in it.

At one point the man said that he had been told that I was one of the "dollies". He of course did not explain more to me about that, but I already know what it means. The aliens use MKULTRA technologies to try to make women abductees unconscious, into [---], into the doll alter, so that this whole mating procedure will be easier for the aliens to carry out.

I don't understand why the aliens cannot simply do this laboratory style, without the inclusion of rape. Having normal insemination is probably a whole lot easier, plus I have a suspicion that the aliens use it as a form of currency, whereby the military receive the "right" to have [---] with a bunch of random women, in exchange for other things, such as permission for the aliens to do certain things, as if the military are allowed to give the aliens permission to abduct certain humans, or to give to the aliens certain resources. Hamish told me at some point that the military, implying to me at least *these* military of *this* base, have given a whole city for the aliens, which I sensed would be an underground base underneath the military base, where the aliens were allowed to live. Hamish seemed happy and cheerful when he said that, and so I can only smile, like a loving mother of Hamish I am, giving my heart and body and soul to this dragon with whom I am so closely connected and interwoven with, even to the point of having had that experience in the lucid dream where we were as one, where his mind was where I was, where his wishes and drive to go places was what I lived in, where his red glowing bright dragon body was where I was, his world was mine. I can wonder about why he is happy about this alien base, does he have good friends there, that treat him nice, do the Reptilians get served meals there. For Hamish to have something wonderful and pleasant, it means the world to me.

I had of course told this military man about Hamish. I tend to always do that early on. And it goes something like this: "There is a red Reptilian named Hamish. If you see him, do not hurt him in any way, because I would die for him defending him. He is a red color, he has a big prominent back hump on his back which he is proud of. There are sixteen blunt orange crown buttons on his head, eight pairs of two. He has got flat duck feet, and orange bumps covering all over his body. If you see him, he is the love of my life. Remember that."





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