

**Mari Swa:**

Hello again. I'm Mari Swaruu.

This is the continuation of my previous video.

It was a beautiful sunny, early morning. I was eight years old and I was running around there in the beach, playing with the surf and with the fine quartz crystal sand. There was a large flock of blue sea birds flying above in the gentle breeze. In the distance to my left, I could see a large almost transparent cliff, with grass topping it, with some weeds hanging. Sunlight passing through the massive quartz cliff, breaking up into a rainbow, which reflected its beautiful colors on the beach. Far in the distance I could see a mountain range with snowy peaks. This place is famous because all the rock, cliffs, and even the sand is made of amethyst crystal. This is Toleka Island, Temmer - a few miles north of Toleka City - the capital of Taygetan society and home to its High Council.

My mom walked up to me, wearing big dark eyeglasses and said: «It's time to go, dear.» Behind her, several meters away, on the grass and facing us, there was a metallic blue starship, with its access ramp down and its headlights on in the hull at each side of it.

My mom took me by my hand and we walked together towards the starship. As I started to walk up the ramp, I turned around for a last look at the beach. Up to now, that was the last time I ever saw it, because we were heading for Earth, where my mom had been many times before, but it would be my first. She told me it was a place of high contrasts, but full of adventures and beauty.

A few hours later, we were at our final approach to Earth. I could see countless starships at different altitudes orbiting the blue planet as we started to descend into her atmosphere, with a slight orange glow in the front canopy window.

«Gravity dampers on, ECM» (or Electronic Counter Measures) «activated, cloaking active,» my mom said as she pushed some buttons above her.

I looked out the window to see evaporation/condensation cone forming around the starship, as we descended lower and into the clouds. It was night and it was dark once below. I could see the lights of a large city in the distance as we approached a

lonely secondary dirt road.

«Skids down,» my mom said as we landed, blowing large amounts of dust, and we both stood up from our seats, walked out of the bridge and into the cargo hold, where we entered a small grey human SUV.

The ramp opened in front of us as she turned the key to start the engine, and we drove out of the starship onto the dirt road. She stopped the SUV, and we both watched as our starship lifted off again, retracting its landing skids and turning off its front lights, immediately accelerating away and into the night sky, becoming nothing more than a moving bright star before disappearing into her hiding, her AI as her pilot.

We were now alone on Earth and all we had, all our world, was contained inside the vehicle as we drove away and into the city nearby, where my mother would continue with her job as a health and fitness, martial arts trainer, and consultant.

I know that what I just described sounds very science fiction for at least most of you, but they are part of my normal life experiences.

I lived with my mother in an apartment building in a large city. I used to go with my mom to her work, and I watched her as she gave martial arts and self-defense lessons to people. Whenever I could I participated, but only a little as I was very young, but it was mostly very boring for me.

After her work, my mom homeschooled me, giving special attention to what I needed to know about the human society I was in. But I was feeling very lonely, and I wanted to play and meet other kids my age, so I asked my mom to sign me up in a local school.

She didn't want to sign me up, I almost had to beg her. She told me some strict rules I had to follow, and always. For example, I could never ever leave the school without her, and I could never ever tell anyone that I was not human and that I had come off a starship.

So, as the weeks turned into months at school, I felt I had adapted well, so I started to feel comfortable there, perhaps too comfortable, as I started to talk too much and too openly, because I started to tell everyone alternative stories that differed a

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lot with the officially accepted ones, and just about any subject.

This caused my teachers to see me as a problem child, and I was not only sent to the principal's office many times, with my mom having to attend those meetings as well, but I ended up with my school ordering my mom to take me to see a psychologist. I was not being naughty, I genuinely did not know what to say, and what not to. Remember, I was only eight years old.

My two realities blended, and I literally didn't know where one ended and the other began. When a kid was telling everyone that his dad had such and such fancy car, I responded that my mother had a spaceship, and I was greeted with laughs, and «she does not!» remarks from everyone.

And another time, I innocently asked another kid what kind of spaceship her mother had. This happened to me each time, more and more often, and not only about spaceships, but with every single subject of talk and study. I just couldn't understand how people could believe such obvious lies in the news, and all the falsity that is talked about in public schools. And of course I was started to be left isolated by my friends and teachers, as they saw me as a crazy weird girl.

As it was to be expected, my mother changed my school for another several times, but I clearly felt that I could not fit in anywhere. Some of my friends tolerated me as long as I didn't start to talk about strange things, but those were in a minority. But one of the things that called out my attention the most is that they didn't or don't even care to listen to alternative ideas, or ways to see one or another subject. And they certainly didn't care if I was telling the truth or not about me coming from another planet, although, technically, I was born in a ship in deep space.

I noticed how contained their minds are within a very narrow reality corridor, still thinking that humanity is at the top of all evolution, whatever that is, and the center of the universe, completely ignoring all what is going on right outside their planet, including the several hundred parked starships in Earth's orbit. And blindly obeying and believing all what their authorities tell them, or should I say: 'captors'?

When a ship and her crew of any human-looking Lyrian race has been orbiting and operating around and on Earth, they soon realize that it's easier to get at least most of their essentials directly from Earth, not having to depend as much on their supply ships from their home planets.

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Each race will have its unique way to do things, logically, but, much like what my mother used to do, what I've seen to be the most common way to go down to Earth to get supplies, is that the extraterrestrial group will have one or more human vehicles, cars, or SUVs, and the most competent of their group will drive them down to Earth, using a ramp-equipped starship, most medium ones have ramps anyway.

These human vehicles, at least most of the time, are legally and correctly registered, and are able to circulate with normality, having genuine license plates. And the capable non-humans will also have legally obtained driver's licenses, as they hold human identities as I described in the previous video. These would be the ones who will obtain the resources for the rest of their group, who remain safely on board their spacecraft.

Once there, they simply drive them into a shopping mall, where they purchase whatever they need in a normal way, although I've gotten word that it is also quite common that the non-human group will openly steal whatever they need, later leaving a disproportionately large monetary compensation in return, at least sometimes.

How they get their money is a complicated subject. Until recently, they used to obtain all the amount they needed by hacking banking systems and ATMs, using their much more advanced computers. The problem nowadays is that the human banking computers and their safety systems have evolved to a point where this hacking is no longer possible, or at least easy.

But most of the human-looking extraterrestrials that live on Earth for long periods of time end up developing survival skills, that enable them to earn money in a normal way, just as most humans do.

All this above means that as the years go by and a starship crew remains near Earth, or in Earth's orbit, their ship will progressively start to get filled up with all kinds of things of human manufacture, and this is yet another mechanism where human society is influencing other cultures and their expeditionary crews.

This will be all for today. Thank you for listening to me.  
With much love and a big hug,

***Mari Swaruu***

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KnsQdu3Q9CM&t=3s>