

Mari Swa:

Hello again, thank you for being here with me once more. I hope you are very well today. I am Mari.

Hello, welcome to my channel. This information can be seen as science fiction or as the viewer sees best and I post it for entertainment purposes only. Still, I take my information very seriously and for whoever has eyes to see.

I am writing this on the morning of October 4th, 2024. This is more of a personal subject, so I was quite reluctant to write about it, even more so when I was seeing it only as me complaining about physical issues when I know that we all have them. Many of you out there listening to me surely have much worse ones, so what right do I have? What's the point of writing this? I am not much into complaining; I prefer to assume, incorporate the problem, toss it aside, and march on stoically. There are many more important things to do in life other than focus on the issues of the frail and maintenance-heavy physical body.

Then there is another point of view I needed to consider before talking about my physical vulnerabilities, and it is that, as the Taygetan queen, I must keep an aura of being invincible and of total capacity to face any challenges and obstacles. After all, in my position, I must always know what to do about everything, even if I don't.

But then I started to see things from another perspective, from the one where we are not the body, and it is the spirit, the soul, who is truly invincible and prevails in its life mission despite all the challenges and limitations it faces, including the barrage of problems the physical body throws at it. Then I saw this also as a chance to share with you, my closest friends and followers, what is going on in my life as a closer look, also to make it clear that we here are only more people who suffer from the same kinds of problems you do as well on Earth. And, despite our high medical technology, things do not get solved like by magic, much on the contrary to how the New Age depicts extraterrestrials. As they say, they dwell in higher realms, moving around in their own merkabah generated by their over-accomplished ego and self-satisfaction, or something along those lines. And lastly, this is also a chance to share with you how some of our medical instruments and technology work.

As I have shared with you in countless other videos and in other contexts. I cannot eat Taygetan food, as it is vegan, therefore high in carbohydrates and sugars. Since I arrived on board the starship Toleka when I was 13 years old, I have progressively

generated a severe intolerance to flours, glutens, all kinds of pasta, bread in general, fruits and vegetables, as well as all sugars, among a very long list, which forced me to eat a high protein diet and little more or I would get sick. The strange thing is that when I arrived, I could eat just about anything, and then I progressively lost that ability.

I was doing more or less okay until recently when I started to lose a lot of weight, and I mean a lot. Then I started to get a very acute pain in the chest from time to time ever more often, which I even thought could be a heart attack but turned out to be low glucose. Then I started to get very painful and abundant menstrual periods, which caused me to develop anemia and all the problems that it brings, including low energy and constant fatigue. This was treated satisfactorily by using supplements with iron and vitamins. I get those from Earth.

This went on for several months until two weeks ago when I started to get very dizzy, mostly while walking or going upstairs. But then I started to faint, and it happened twice already. The first time, I was walking down the passageway towards my private room when I started to feel sick and then to see in black and white. I barely managed to sit on the floor, and then I passed out. The next thing I knew, I was in the ship's medical bay on a bed in the recovery room and with intravenous serum connected to my right arm. Of course, my friends and the ship's surgeon, Senetre, told me to eat and rest more and to take better care of myself, and so on.

Then I continued with my duties on board and those of the Taygetan queen for a few more days until I fainted again just two days ago on the 2nd of October, 2024. And then again, I woke up in the same recovery room as before and with more intravenous serum connected to my arm. Once more, the ship's surgeon, Senetre, and my crew and friends scolded me and insisted again that I should eat more as I am underweight and with glucose problems. This time, I had some blood tests done by the other medical doctor on the ship, who has human medical training, who goes by the name Ana, and who is the last person to be extracted from Earth by this crew. She asked Senetre for certain laboratory equipment and chemicals, and she ran a human test examination on my blood here on board starship Sadicleya.

The bad news is that she found out that my pancreas is apparently not producing any insulin or very little of it, if any, and that is the root cause of my digestive problems and my intolerance against anything, any type of food that spikes blood sugar. In other words, she diagnosed me with type 1 diabetes, and she told me that

I would need to inject myself with insulin several times a day for like forever. Of course, I was devastated, and I was very frightened and even angry, asking myself why me. All this didn't make any sense to me, as I am only 16 years old, and I eat right and I do a lot of gymnastics and exercise, and as a kid on Earth, my mother used to give me only healthy food as she was into fitness and all that.

But even while I was like that, and after I cried and cried, I noticed Senetre quite calm about all this, almost as if it weren't that important when it was a piece of devastating news for me. Of course, I jumped to conclusions before talking to the ship's surgeon in chief. When I gathered enough strength, I went to the ship's medical bay and asked to talk to her, and she said that I was forgetting that I was on a Taygetan starship and that I am a member and the queen of a highly advanced interstellar society, highly advanced especially in medical technology. Therefore, she calmly reassured me that she could reverse my horrible problem in no time, as she said, and using her exact words.

She then explained to me the three possibilities for my treatment. Senetre said that the first option would be that I should go into a dry medical pod for an 8-hour night of artificially induced sleep while the machine superimposed on my pancreas the high energy holographic image of my healthy organ to force its cells to regenerate. And the cure would be as simple as that. So insulin forever? No, she said and even laughed. If that wouldn't solve the problem, she would have to inject me with a special solution containing compatible stem cells intravenously again and then go into the dry medical pod once more where the superimposing holographic image would regenerate my damaged organ using the stem cells this time.

As a last resort, and only in the case where none of the two above would work, then I would have to go into a wet medical pod for the duration of my full recovery, as that machine can solve just about any medical issue anyone can have, but in the condition that the patient is stable. The problem with this third option is that the procedure takes up to three months to complete, and Taygeta already has a queen in a medical pod, Alenym, so we cannot afford me to go into a pod for such a long length of time, as I would wake up to a very different world. So that is not an option for me. The first two procedures must and have to work.

Another problem that prevents me from going into a full recovery wet medical pod is that I am 16 years old and therefore not fully developed as a woman because if I go into one, the machine will impose onto my cells the fully genetically programmed fully developed being, which is at 20 to 21 years of age for females. In

other words, my body would artificially jump from being a 16-year-old girl to being a 21-year-old fully grown woman. Therefore, I would miss my 17-year to 21-year life growing up experience, and I don't want that.

So, as I didn't want to waste more time, that very night, which was on the night of the 2nd of October to the 3rd, two nights ago, Senetre placed me inside a dry medical pod. It is a white capsule on a large central stand bolted onto the floor of the medical bay with a narrow bed inside and a curved glass cover. I layed down there face up and all stretched, and the glass cover came down, sealing me inside the machine. When the cover was down, all the external lights were turned off, so all I could see was the interior of the pod reflecting onto the inside of the glass with a dim electric blue light inside. Then I started to feel very sleepy, and I closed my eyes and passed out until the next day.

When I woke up, I had Senetre, Ana, and Kara, who is the third medical doctor on board, looking at me, and they helped me off the bed. Unfortunately, there I had a slight bit of a misunderstanding and a mild fight with another notorious crew member who had the very bad timing to bring up other issues as I was barely waking up from a medical pod-induced sleep. I was instructed not to eat anything that day, yesterday, and I could feel free to go do whatever I wanted for a few hours before going back to medical for more tests to see how I was healing.

So then I went to the medical bay again later in the day, that was yesterday, and Senetre took medical pod scanner readings and another blood test. I really hate needles; they hurt a lot, and during all these procedures, they have been pricking me all the time with them like some kind of obsession doctors have with them. They love needles, and I hate them. The results came out and, although there is some dubious improvement in my pancreatic cells, it is not enough, so Senetre told me that the next night we should repeat the procedure once more but with the stem cells this time. So, last night I got my arm pricked again with the intravenous serum full of stem cells that another machine grew and developed for me, and I was forced to sleep in it for another 12 hours this time, all while my guards took care of me from right outside the medical room.

I was awakened again by Senetre, Kara and Ana, and they ran the same tests on me again. They ran the tests taking blood from my left arm this time, as my right one was and is still connected to the intravenous machine, even as I write these words in my room as the machine was brought here to allow me to write. I feel like a kitchen strainer as I now have so many holes in me. This is intolerable.

Again, the tests were brought to me, and there is a lot of improvement, yet it is not enough again. I must go into the dry pod for more intravenous stem cells and another 12-hour induced sleep. The problem is that the dry pod is not solving my pancreatic issue fast or well enough, so I am being threatened by needing a wet full pod and remaining there for the duration. Yet, there is still hope that if I repeat this dry pod stem cell procedure for several nights, it may be enough, as the accumulated effect may solve the issue. Yet, we cannot know how stable or how long those effects may last. Taygeta and Earth cannot afford another podded queen.

So, that is what has happened so far and, after my second night in the dry pod, I feel very much the same, although weak, mostly because I haven't had anything to eat since the day before yesterday, as I am taking my nutrients from whatever stuff they are putting into me by my arm.

As Nai'Shara first and then Senetre pointed out, I must address the psychological reasons why I manifested this physical problem. Among other things, my health issue is connected to not enjoying life, having strong unconscious guilt and self-insufficiency issues, as well as a lot of regret from having gone through strong losses in life, in this case, my mother, who I left behind in another timeline, and I am so worried for her.

It is also connected to living under too much stress and, as Nai'Shara pointed out, I am assuming too many strong responsibilities, which are well outside my age, as I was just a happy 13-year-old girl on Earth just three years ago, and now I must take care of a whole civilization and all the politics around that, including taking responsibility for other troubled civilizations as well.

Okay, I understand that, but I can and I will do the job because no one else can. I love my job as the Taygetan queen and all that comes with it. This health issue I have is just one more thing my soul has to confront and transcend to do its mission in this world of the living, and so I will. I am not stepping down from the throne, nor am I from my responsibilities. Do not take this as a sign of weakness, because I will prevail no matter what. Therefore, it is a sign of strength, of the strong character I firmly want to believe I have, and I know I have. I enjoy being the Taygetan queen, and I will continue with my work and responsibilities as best as I can.

And lastly, let me leave this next perfectly clear before many of you start to say things: no, it is not because I write too much as writing is one of the few real private

I am not well. (English) ☐☐

distractions I have, and I love it very much. So no, I am not going to stop writing and making daily videos as usual, because this medical condition will not stop me from my life mission. I will keep you informed in future Space News videos, and I will continue with the good work. But this will be all for today, as my right arm hurts as I move it around to write and to move the mouse because of the horrible needle in it.

As always, thank you for watching my video and for liking, sharing, and subscribing for more. It helps this channel grow a lot, and I hope to see you here next time.

With much love and appreciation.

Your friend,

Mari Swa

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_6e8J-VAReA