

**Mari Swa:**

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

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 December 8th, 2024. As it looks like the events that took place between October 2024 and now have started to stabilize, so it is time that I share with you what has been going on here. I know that my group and I have been accused of being submerged in a lot of drama. Many people don't like that about us. But as I have said so many times before, we are only people like you. Therefore, life is drama and a constant fight to stay alive. There is a lot of knowledge and teachings hidden in the drama, like the need to be resilient, to continue the fight as long as you can, and overcome the toughest situations life can throw at you.

I will start explaining what was troubling me, and then it will evolve into more people worsening the situation on board. Although nothing can ever be taken with absolute certainty when dealing with astral or spiritual attacks and events, observing everything altogether, this was a clear example of evil doing its best to hurt us, to say the least. The sequence of health problems, first with me and then with the rest of the crew, is highly illogical and an indication of something working against us from under the table, if you know what I mean.

At least for the last year or so, I had suffered issues with food intolerances, which only progressively got worse and worse. By August 2024, I started fainting each time more often, yet the medical team of first the Toleka and then the Sadicleya failed to detect the root cause of my problem, until September when medical doctor Ana detected that my problem was type 1 diabetes.

From then until mid-October, I underwent several highly torturous procedures to reverse my condition, as I described in detail in my video "I Am Not Well", until the Urmah cats invited me to a healing ceremony on board their craft on the 15th of October, where I was guided to have a strong spiritual experience that led to my cure, as explained in my video "The Urmah Cured Me". The next day, Sadicleya class surgeon Senetre confirmed that I had no more diabetes after extensive tests.

While undergoing the useless torturous procedures to try to reverse my condition, on the 12th of October, I suffered a sudden strong and inexplicable pain in the chest area, which was almost consistent with a heart attack. It was so strong that nothing would alleviate it, and I spent all night twisting and turning on a bed in the infirmary, suffering from it. To this day, I still don't know what that was, but the tests indicated that it was not heart-related.

Then on the 15th of October, the Urmah cats led me to my cure from diabetes, yet did not mention the previous sudden chest pain I had just suffered, which up to now has not returned. I must mention that another crew member, DK, also suffered from the same strange event sometime earlier inexplicably.

Just two days after the Urmah cured me, and with no time for me to celebrate my health, I decided to tend a reverse camera cable inside one of the cars we used to descend to the surface of planet Earth to buy food and other needed things. Yes, we use cars. How else could we move while on the surface? And why would I be tending a cable and not someone else? Well, I wanted to do it because DK was teaching me human vehicle electricity basics.

While I was inside the car near the floor, I noticed a white patch or stain on the carpet near the central console. I touched it with my hand to see what it was, and it sprung white powder directly onto my face. Now I know it was spores. DK at this point also breathed the spores. We turned around to see that the whole interior of the car, especially on the seats, was full of white cotton-like fungus. This is an older car which we do not use much, but we were getting it able.

Then we told the others what had happened, and they came running to see the car. Athena, Nai'shara and Yazhi got there first. But Yazhi was stubborn enough to get into the car to see the fungus close up, despite the efforts of the rest of us to prevent her from getting in. Yazhi breathed in a very large amount of spores, perhaps a lot more than the rest of us.

All of us started to develop a strong cough and clear indications of a pulmonary infection, which only grew stronger as the days went by, to the point where it was completely crippling. Some of us developed a strong fever as well, which lasted for days.

Then it is here, at this point at the end of October, when the rest of the crew started to develop flu-like symptoms, all of the crew, including people who did not even see

the car, much less breathe the spores. An interesting comment coming from one of our subscribers is that in some places on Earth, fungus, and therefore infections coming from them, are associated with the fight between good and evil. Therefore, I must see them as an etheric tool coming from an astral attacker, although as I said above, nothing of this sort can ever be proven. And that is also why those kinds of attacks can be so dangerous.

Now, moving back a month: the CCTV cameras in the storeroom behind the refrigerators that are aft of the main mess kitchens in all Toleka class vessels, including the newer Sadicleya class variants, detected the presence of two field mice who somehow managed to get on board the Sadicleya, perhaps hidden in some large box. After several frustrating days, the crew managed to capture the mice. Yet, there weren't only two. A total of 17 mice were captured alive and later returned to Earth unharmed.

The problem is that they most probably contaminated the food that was kept there, even though most of it was carefully packaged. Towards the beginning of November, the strong flu-like symptoms, which are very similar to the fungus lung infection ones, had extended to the entire crew. Some got them worse than others. For example, Suriko's, Ana's and Nai'shara's symptoms lasted for only four or five days, while most of the crew was in a terrible shape, including me, with a crippling cough.

Then, to make things a lot worse and adding to the problem, almost everyone in the crew progressively started to develop strong food poisoning symptoms, congruent with something like salmonella. Some crew members, like DK and I, developed full intestinal paralysis which caused terrible abdominal pains that the medical staff could not control. At this point, my health problems altogether started to make it nearly impossible for me to write. So CIC started to help me out by making more reruns of important subjects so I could upload them while I got better.

While all this was going on, and while the entire crew was getting worse and worse with two illnesses, one of our elder pet cats, a 16-year-old female called Luna, developed some kind of stomach cancer that kept her vomiting all over the place, adding to the chaos and everyone's stress, as we all did our very best to help her as well. Unfortunately, she died some days ago. There was nothing else we could do to help her. As the days went by, the crew only got worse, to the point where the three medical doctors, Senetre, Kara, and Ana, also fell sick, making it even harder for them to help so many other sick crew members.

At the beginning of November, starships Alcyone and Saska One collided, adding to the chaos, as the problem had to be fixed from the Sadicleya as the flagship, although this incident had nothing to do with health problems aboard them, as the illnesses were concentrated only on the Sadicleya, no other starship reported any sick crew members, except perhaps for Vigilant Eagle who reported two crew members with a food allergy event, but not related to anything going on in the Sadicleya.

By the 14th of November, there were 22 crew members hospitalized and inside dry pod medical units in Sadicleya's infirmary, including two of three members of the medical staff. 22 of the 25 medical pods were in use, and we were 30 crew members on board, which meant that only eight of us were walking, yet very sick. The entire starship Sadicleya was being run by eight overtasked, very sick people, and on the bridge only one remained: Suriko.

On November 15th, I was feeling very sick and with a lot of crippling abdominal pain. No one was in command and control. Sadicleya's Captain Eridania was in a medical pod, and so was the rest of the critical staff. Only I remained in command. Understanding this situation, I saw no other option but to declare the Sadicleya inoperable and in distress. As I could not sustain everything that had to be done alone, as the only one in command, I passed full control and protection of the Taygetan fleet in Earth's orbit to the next highest-ranking officer on board another of our starships. Command and control passed to Captain grade five Gori'el of Temmer of the starship Alcyone.

From November 16th to 18th, Sadicleya ran almost on its own, with minimal crew intervention. I hadn't slept in days because of the pain, and most of the crew remained hospitalized. On November 19th, late afternoon, Captain Gori'el of the Alcyone asked, almost ordered, a military team from his ship to board the Sadicleya. I consented and authorized the landing and boarding. Captain Gori'el had activated Protocol 827 of the Book of Directives for the Protection of Taygetan Kings and Queens. Protocol 827 states that if an active Taygetan king or queen is in a building, installation, or starship with a crew that has been declared inoperable, he or she must be extracted by force if necessary and placed in capable hands to ensure continuity of government.

A military shuttlecraft from the starship Alcyone arrived in the Sadicleya's upper hangar, and several teams of highly trained special forces operators in full space suits, helmets, and gear descended from it. They wore full-face space suits for their

protection, as they knew there was a possible airborne pathogen on board the Sadicleya.

Part of those teams made their way up to the Sadicleya's bridge with their weapons drawn to take control of the ship, only to find one single person there, Suriko, who, when she saw them, and in fright, only lifted her hands and said several times, «I'm friendly, friendly, friendly.»

Another of the teams moved along the Sadicleya's empty corridors and made their way to my private room on the starboard side. I was there on my bed doing my best to try to rest. I opened the door and saw the team, who immediately told me to get a few of my most necessary things and accompany them immediately. I grabbed my bag and some clothes and I walked surrounded by them to the elevator that would take us up to the main hangar deck.

I was taken into the Alcyone's military shuttle, and all the teams ran back into it. It took off, and I was taken, better said, extracted, to the starship Alcyone. While in transit and in the shuttle, I was asked to get into some kind of transparent plastic suit to isolate me from the rest of the people, as it was assumed I could be contagious.

When I arrived on the starship Alcyone, I was immediately taken to its infirmary, where I was placed in a transparent recovery room. The Alcyone's chief surgeon whose name is Wher, his second-in-command Dr. Karez, and the rest of their medical staff proceeded to scan me with their specialized instruments. They quickly concluded that nothing in me was contagious, and with equal speed they removed all protection and started to treat me normally. They speedily concluded what was wrong with me, and my treatment started immediately, all with Taygetan medicine and remedies only. They said I did not require a medical pod. Captain Gori'el was there, together with his first officer Maxel of Erra.

They later assigned me a private room, nothing like the one on Sadicleya as the Alcyone is a warship, small but comfortable enough, and they placed two armed guards outside my door. Not to keep me in, only for my protection. «Why armed?» I asked. «Only because of protocol, and who knows what else may arise,» taking into account the strange and rather unusual circumstances.

Thanks to the new medical attention I was receiving, I nearly immediately started to feel much better, much to my surprise, I must admit. Captain Gori'el informed me

that he and his people were already planning a full military takeover of the Sadicleya to help the rest of its crew there, especially medically, and to start a full investigation into the events that took place there.

To be continued. This will be all for today. 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***

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RfbchnfcWGO>