

Mari Swa:

Hello again. I'm Mari Swaruu.

This is the first of a series of videos about day-to-day life on board the Taygetan starship. They will include thoughts, conversations, and anecdotes that will help you all understand more who we are, but many will be shared only because we want to. Some may have a deep message and some others may even be humorous.

[Showing interior of Toleka]

These are the long and vast corridors of starship Toleka, 1734 meters long formerly a battle cruiser – a warship, now converted into a multi-purpose yacht capable of operating alone in deep space for prolonged periods of time. Originally designed for a large crew of 1800, today Toleka has only around 30 people on board, so its vast spaces are mostly alone and silent.

Aft from the lower part of the ship's main atrium, or main living space, and walking around an elevator shaft next to one of the ship's libraries, you will find a very large and spacious museum, full of strange art from many star systems Toleka has visited. Although, nowadays, what it contains the most are artifacts from Earth's present culture, as well as past ones.

At the end of its central corridor and going through an arched entrance with two Suzy-angels engraved in metal at each side guarding it, you will find the central garden's lounge, or 'living room'. It is a large ship-wide space with a two-story high ceiling from which old chandeliers hang from, with a dark blue carpet. Many light grey color sofas to sit on to chat with friends.

On the rear, it has a non-alcoholic beverage soda fountain, and on its aft wall you can see a series of large oval-shaped vertical windows overseeing the central garden some five or six meters below. This space is very peaceful, empty, and spacious, although it is also known for its excellent acoustic properties, and it is equipped with a very nice sound equipment. But it is almost always silent.

One day many months ago, perhaps well over a year ago, little nine-year-old Yazhi was playing there alone, immersed in her thoughts and plot, moving and animating her two favorite three-inch tall dolls called Jenny and Sophie, her alter ego.

She moved them along speaking aloud, as if they talked to each other, placing them inside cardboard houses and a fantastically built starship, also made of cardboard she made for herself. There she was, alone and far away from the rest of the crew, immersed in her trance, at play, making starship noises with her mouth, while she explored strange imaginary worlds in her little head.

Yazhi, although her real name is Sophia Swaruu, is a little, thin and short girl that soon, in March 20th 23, will be only 11 years old. She remembers a very, very unusually large amount of her past lives, and in great detail, the good, the bad, and the ugly. Only she knows how many, apparently over 12, at least. So she remembers just about all what she learned from living her past lives and all the experience she has accumulated throughout them. So she is a wise, very old soul.

She has expressed many times how remembering so much burdens her, especially emotionally, because she remembers everything, including very bad things, like how she died each time. She remembers where she was, where she lived, what she did there, why she laughed and why she cried.

Her little soul and body carry a lot of wisdom, but also a lot of sorrow, as she remembers countless faces, names and all, of her friends and of people she knew back then during her past lives, people who she saw being born, grow up, have their own children, grow old, and die. She lived, and now remembers that over and over again. People long gone, long forgotten in the sands and mists of time. She misses them all, and very much.

Yazhi has expressed what a burden remembering so much is for her, and she has many times. It is heavy on her soul. This has confused many people everywhere, but mostly on Earth, as most cannot understand how such a small girl can harbor such knowledge and wisdom rarely seen even in senior people on Earth, gurus or spiritual masters.

That day Anéeka went to check on her... she stood at the entrance of the lounge by the two Suzy angels and watched silently how Yazhi played. Anéeka wondered why such a creature with so much memory and wisdom would still need to play. After all, child's play is for learning purposes, where a child incorporates into its personality what it has learned so far during its short life, emulates and learns to control the world around it. Then why would an old soul with full memory still have to behave like a nine-year old?

«Why would such a wise old soul need to play?», she wondered, as Yazhi played on. Anéeka couldn't help it, and she decided to walk up to Yazhi to ask her:

a. «Yazhi, how are you?»

b. «I'm fine. Thanks! Why?», she answered.

a. «Yazhi, Yazhi, can I ask you a question?», Anéeka said.

b. «Okay», Yazhi answered.

a. «If you remember so many of your past lives, if you know so much about everything, what would you possibly learn from simple child's play?» And Yazhi smiled, made a worried little face, and answered:

b. «I play to forget.»

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8iB9fNY_5Qc&t=5s