

Orion Works Sonova Quark

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Dancing Partners

My stepmother, Catherine (Kay) Johnson, crossed the river Styx on April 14, 5:30 PM, Central Standard Time. She was the best stepmother a stepson could ever have hoped for. She was 90 years old. I was lucky enough to visit her the day before she passed. She was being taken good care of at the Attic Angel Hospice facility. One of her eight adult children, Collene, was with her. The two of them, mother and daughter, had gotten along splendidly throughout the years. Fortunately for me, I got along splendidly with the both of them, too.

Over the years, we I shared many philosophical discussions and personal experiences. Some were unusual. She told me about an incident where in her early teens, back in 1947, while living in Newfoundland, she saw and honest to God flying saucer moseying across the neighborhood sky at a leisurely pace, like a tour bus. It was a classic UFO sporting two inverted bowls circled with portholes. Windows? As best I could tell, her sighting, which was also witnessed by her mom, was concurrent with the infamous New Mexico Roswell incident. While her mother told Kay they should not discuss the sighting to anyone, I recalled that Kay always remained mildly curious... not like me, who became more than obsessed. Throughout her life, she simply wondered who they might have been and where they might have come from.



Pat and Kay

At dad's wake, over 15 years ago, I remember Kay, her eyes welling up, telling Darlene and me she lost her dancing partner. They loved to hit the dance floor and whoop it up. When Darlene and I had just been informed by phone of Catherine's passing, Darlene mentioned she just got an image of the two of them on the dance floor whooping it up. That sounded just about right to me. Then, it was my turn. I experienced a brief surge of emotion. It was pure happiness, and gratitude. Someone was telling me just how happy they felt, no longer trapped within an old broken down mansion. Fantastic! I emoted back.

Goodbye Kay. Thanks for being my most excellent stepmom. I'll see you again, soon enough.

Or

The Write Hemisphere

The Great Migration - Part Three

Earth bound cetaceans are being migrated clandestinely to other habitable planets in order to escape the pollution of Earth's Oceans. The operations still remain difficult to discern by earth bound surveillance technology. But their accuracy is increasing, and that will inevitably introduce complications that will need to be addressed *on both sides*. We do not mean to imply operations haven't been witnessed. Large craft diving into and exiting the seas have been noticed in remote locations. Shorelines off the beaten path, around the Hawaiian Islands is one hot spot. Operations have been observed primarily by humans who have dedicated their lives to interspecies communication. Some have acquired a deep compassion for their wellbeing. In ways difficult to describe, it has allowed them to develop the gift of personally witnessing certain aspects of clandestine operations. Another gift is heartbreak and grief, realizing many of their most beloved friends have left, never to be seen again. Migration operations have been in operation for decades. At present, available seating remains limited. But that could change if cetaceans, in masse, express to interstellar aquatics that they have had enough.

Being moved to another planet, is a BIG DEAL regardless of the species involved. Racial memories of past grand cycle blunders continue to cause most cetaceans to remain cautious about relying on advanced technology as the solution to their problems. This includes highly accurate AI simulations produced by sympathetic aquatic extraterrestrials who employ only the latest modeling technology. Results claiming safety margins *within acceptable parameters* do *not* necessarily ease their concerns. Maybe the extrapolated simulations missed something crucially important. Would you be willing to gamble your life on a one-way trip - a ticket to an advertised but basically unknown paradise if the destination could turn out to be irreversible and filled with quicksand?

Extraterrestrials executing an operation on such a large-scale is A BIG DEAL as well. Despite reservations expressed by the air breathing interstellar civilizations, the aquatics are feeling less inclined to continue operating clandestinely. They argue, perhaps it's time for Earthlings to be confronted with an interstellar performance that can't be dismissed away as "swamp gas". Perhaps it's time to show interstellar craft hovering in your stratosphere, some greater than a mile in length. Allow any human with a smartphone to record some of their more agile ships diving in and out of their oceans, picking up cetaceans with the greatest of ease. Few doubt that such a spectacle would not come across as one of the most obnoxiously performed "Come to Jesus" moments ever recorded for historical posterity. It's a debate seriously being thrashed about. Based on the latest assessments, the majority of Earth humanoids have by now become, at least subconsciously, exposed to and even acclimated to the point of accepting a real possibility that interstellar civilizations exist... maybe nearby, maybe very nearby.

We may elaborate a bit on some of the more likely to be executed "Come to Jesus" moments currently being debated.

