**Saturday, December 16, 2017**

[The must SEERE Cigar shaped "asteroid" OUMUAMUA is an alien probe. Apollo 20 mission connection.](http://missing411rvp.blogspot.com/2017/12/the-must-seere-cigar-shaped-asteroid.html)

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| OUMUAMUA |

Less than a month ago a cigar shaped object was detected leaving our solar system. On cue, main stream science outlets began laying the tired old ground work that this was simply an asteroid, albeit oddly shaped.

The "asteroid" was supposedly first seen October 19th 2017 by the Pan-STARRS telescope near which sits near the summit of Maui's Haleakala volcano by the institute for Astronomy at the University of Hawaii. The "asteroid" received the designation OUMUAMUA, a Hawaiian word meaning "scout" or "way finder".

Many recognized OUMUAMUA not as a cigar shaped asteroid, but as an cigar shaped alien craft. The cigar shaped craft is common to the UFO phenomena. The cigar or needle shape is theorized to make for an ideal design in weathering the rigors of space travel.

In the past week I began seeing secondary main stream science outlets openly, but tentatively, propose OUMUAMUA could be an alien craft, or probe, like our own space probes. I believe UFO disclosure is close but unlikely until the year 2020. When I first saw OUMUAMUA my Nfumbe (a spirit of the dead all priests and priestess of Palo Mayombe pact with) whispered in my ear "Apollo 20".

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If you do not know about the August 1976 Apollo 20 mission I will give a brief run down. A retired NASA astronaut hiding in Africa named William Rutledge came forward and claimed to have taken part in the secret Apollo 20 moon mission. Rutledge says Apollo 20 was a joint American and Russian effort which entailed landings on polar region/dark side of the moon and investigating a gigantic cigar shaped craft which appears to have crash landed. Fly over photos of this ship where taken during the Apollo 15 mission.

Rutledge states he and the team of astronauts and cosmonauts entered the wreckage, exploring and documenting the interior of what he says was an ancient (maybe billion years old) science and research vessel.

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| Alleged authentic photo |

Rutledge went on to say they saw "cages", some small and others enormous. These cages where either damaged and empty or contained fossilized remains of alien creatures. A vast network of clear tubes ran along the interior. Living in tubes where rodent like creatures. Rutledge says there was no clear indication what these creatures where eating or how they where surviving. The team then discovered an alien woman laying on a bed, either long dead or deep in suspended animation. She is described by Rutledge as partially mummified, and coated in a thin waxy substance. She appeared to have been connected to the ship's controls by a device linked to her eyes and mouth.

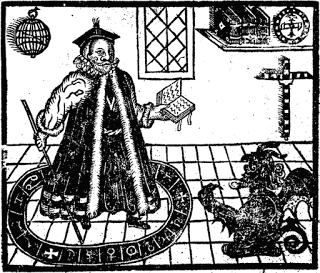
Rutledge finally states the team took the body of the alien woman back to earth where she remains the property of the secret space program.

Taking my own cue from the meaning of OUMUAMUA, I decided to delve back into the *Lesser Key of Solomon*, the *Lemegeton* or *Ars Goetia*, for a "scout" of my own to investigate the possible link between OUMUAUA and Apollo 20. Among the 72 daemons of the *Lemegeton*, the mighty daemon Prince SEERE is second to none in aiding a magician with remote viewing, or similar arts.

The *Lesser Key of Solomon* says this about SEERE:

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| Sigil of SEERE |

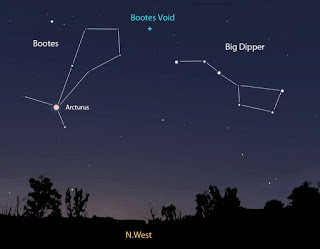
*The 70th daemon is SEERE. A mighty PRINCE, under AMAYON, King of the East. He appeareth in as a beautiful man, riding a white winged horse (Pegasuses). His officie is to go and come, and to bring abundance of things to pass on a sudden, and to carry anything whither thou wouldest have it go, or whence thou wouldest have it from. SEERE giveth true revelation of all sorts of theft, where all treasure is hid, and many other things. He is of goodly nature, SEERE is willing to do anything the Conjurer requests. He governs 26 legions.*

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Regarding the daemon's "goodly nature"; It is true that SEERE is rather pleasant to converse with, however never forget SEERE is a daemon and congenial personalities can be dangerously disarming. To be fair SEERE has yet to do anything to make me reluctant to conjure him, but being a magician means both establishing and maintaining boundaries with all entities you summon. American serial killer Ted Bundy was known for his warm and genuine smile and that smile is what allowed him to amass a mountain of sexually mutilated bodies of women in his basement. Nice or "goodly nature" is *very* different than truly good.

At midnight I orientated my third eye towards the constellation Pegasuses, and projected my astral genius into it, aligning with it's frequency. The cold night air hummed with a slight charge, and its chill took on a sharper bite as the wind stirred. The incense slowly dancing on the frosty breeze endowed the scent with a wonderful freshness. I let my self become lost in this near prefect moment, and lingered a bit before starting Solomon's magic.

In what sounded like the soft tinkling of many tiny bells, I heard SEERE draw near the Triangle of the Art before finishing the first conjuration. A falling star blazed across the dark horizon, and whether it was omen or coincidence, I was glad to see it. There just above the Triangle of the Art hoovered SEERE. The daemon was just barley out my physical eye's capacity to see him, but within the purvey of my psychic sight, SEERE was clear as day.

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I greeted SEERE and proceeded to instruct the daemon prince about the night's work. SEERE offered that we travel to the Bootes Void together, and soon. SEERE assured me I would find the happenings there interesting to say the least. After a brief conversation we agreed on the proper night to best visit the Bootes Void and formulated our plan.

I let myself fall into a specific type of trance, and with the aid of Prince SEERE, we ascended towards the cigar shaped craft OUMUAMUA.

I will forego detailing the events that followed. They are not nearly as important as the findings of this work, and elements of the sojourn (real time astral projection) become far too personal to be made public.

OUMUAMUA is an extraterrestrial probe encased within as asteroid. OUMUAMUA is primarily a cosmic listening device. The exceedingly dense rock and metallic composition of the asteroid help dampen the rare out going transmissions made by OUMUAMUA as well as better camouflage it's presence. OUMUAMUA belongs to a relatively distant federation of space traveling races who are largely amiable and not bent on conquest. A member race of this federation is whose research ship was shot down and crash landed on Earth's moon (Apollo 20 mission).

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| "All your base are belong to us, human". |

Millions of years ago this federation regularly visited our solar system, however the increasing number of hostile extraterrestrial races populating this galaxy made traveling here very dangerous. In response this federation built cleverly disguised "relay points" and every couple of hundred years one of their camouflaged probes (OUMUAMUA) drifts through our space silently recording vast amounts of information. Latter it downloads these recordings to the relay stations, and when it is safe, the relay stations transmit the information back to the Federation's home planet for analysis.

This Federation would like to retrieve the downed research vessel on our moon, and was deeply saddened to learn it's sole surviving occupant (the alien woman) is now a captive of Earth's secret space program, not to mention the hostile extraterrestrial races who direct it. A blessing and a curse, the alien woman has been in suspended animation for such an extended duration of time, her mind is likely lost forever. However her psyche being so far out of reach, assures that no torture or mistreatment will register.

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| The Secret Seal of Solomon: Covanent |

In a cavalier moment I ventured to somehow reach the alien woman, or aid her people in contacting her. Prince SEERE quickly remedied my well intentioned but foolish idea. Solomic magic, while herculean in reach and scope, is anchored primarily to this Earth, and our Solar System, secondarily to the Milky Way galaxy. This saturnine restriction is made possible via various dimensional locks, and vibrational limitations, all in circled by a grand myriad of, but in no way infinite, available perceptions of the time-space continuum. But by that same token, it is those saturnine limitations which bind and enforce the covenant which makes Solomonic magic work.

Simply stated, the millions of years coupled with the tremendous multitude of states of consciousness the alien woman's psyche has floated through, has placed her mind on such a distant shore Prince SEERE could never effectively journey too. Also if I had any hope, no matter how unlikely, of reaching her, I am still just human. One of those great but terrible occult masters from any of the interested hostile alien races would have done that long before now and with much better efficiency than I probably ever could.

I instructed SEERE our work for this night was finished.

Once again returned to my physical senses, I dismissed Prince SEERE and systematically brought my Solomonic temple to a close. Incense still faintly billowing up from the brazier, and enchanting the icy night's air, I gave myself permission to get lost in what remained of a near prefect moment.

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| Prince Seere |

I could not however help but think of the alien sleeping beauty, imprisoned both physically and mentally. I laughed at the idea of SEERE as her prince (daemon prince) on a white horse coming to wake her with a kiss, and in the same instant my heart sank from the idea that SEERE could not be her prince on a white horse.

I again started surmising a way to help her, but I eventually remember a quote form TS Elliot. "Do I dare. Disturb the universe?" No, Mr. Elliot I do not, at least not this night.

-El Patron