



**Official Dispatch | Under the Sovereign Authority of Yr Ddraig Aur**  
**The Royal Welsh Order of True Dragon Bearers & WSAT-RSRCH**

---

## CLASSIFIED SOVEREIGN COMMUNICATION

### Transcript of audio file: Commander's Log – The Knight of the Sun Returns.mp3

Date: 13<sup>th</sup> June 2025

Gower Command - Communications Headquarters

Woodcote Node: 61-68 (The Wise Old Bats Cave)

[SA2 7AY]

CYMRU

**Description:** The following transcript is in relation to the above-mentioned audio clip and associated materials (context document). These items should be considered when reviewing this transcription.

**Scene:** Commander Childs, having completed a daring High Altitude Low Opening return to the sacred soils of Cefn Bryn, Cyrmu, Childs shares his thoughts and words having arrived back to his awaiting steed, the Quantum Golf. The below transcript follows this moment...

---

“Right then, the date is... errmm... ‘kin hell... I’m never really good with dates! 24<sup>th</sup>!! Errmm, don’t tell me it’s that stupid eve!? It better not be. I hope we’re in the right timeline! Otherwise, I’ve got back here... a month... early??” [You can hear the confusion in Childs’s tone and also frustrations at potentially landing in the wrong timeline – again!]

“God, I hope we’re in the right timeline. Right, errmm...” [You can hear Alan Watts sampled onto an Above & Beyond deep trance soothing track come on in the background]... “ahhhh, nice one, Alan!” [Childs sighs an audible sigh of relief. The track continues in the background]... “the best way to get into the meditative state... is to begin... by, listening” [The voice of Alan melodically speaking the verse, followed by the deep bass rhythm as the trance kicks in.]

“Ahh, d’you know what, I love this Chariot of Fire!” [Another sigh of relief, as you hear the weight of the day being lifted from Childs’s auric field.] Childs continues – “I get in it and it knows what I want... Ahhhh!” [The deep bass beats continue playing in the background.] “And, thankfully, the boys at HQ have left it with fuel in it... Yaaaayyyyy!!” [You can hear the genuine delight at this] “And I did notice, it actually looks like it’s got good rubber on it... this time... Good!!” [Another notable audible relief indicator in the form of a lighter hearted sigh of relief.] – [Childs waits a moment, gaining clarity, and continues with his update.]

“Ah right, I’ve got lots to, erm, catch you up on. Give you a bit of an update, coz’ it’s been a while. And I don’t know what’s been going on down here, coz’ I haven’t caught up with the other me yet, but when I find out – [You hear the ubiquitous and timeless sound of a Zippo being flipped open and the flame erupting, with the sharp and precise sound of it being shut again like a pristine French Guillotine.] – “I am pretty sure; I’m not going to be very happy” [You hear the sharp crack of Childs’s Zippo swiftly swing open, light, and slam shut once again.] “Coz” [A deep inhale is drawn by Childs, on what one can only assume to be a wand of the Cantref’s finest.] “There appears to be rubbish on my high point! This is a sacred spot, so...” [you hear distraction from what Childs is articulating at this point, where he must’ve noticed what follows.] “And there’s someone camping here!!” [The annoyance in Childs’s voice at this is clear]. “And if anyone knows me well enough is listening – sorry, let me re-phrase that – [Childs pauses, composes his speech, and continues in a marked shift in clarity and diction]. “For anyone who knows me well enough that may be listening; you will know EXACTLY how much that frustrates the living daylights out of me!! I’m the Knight of the Sun, for crying out loud!” [A dramatic pause in Childs’s speech, the deep beats continue to hum in harmony I the background]. “So when I get home having done a... well... I can’t really tell you what I’ve been doing... But when I’ve done stuff that not many of you would believe, to save this planet from utter frikkin’ destruction! When I get back to my sacred land... and I find people camping on it... It does make me want to rip their head off! [Another dramatic pause. Given the sequential elevation in tone and volume of the last comments, the annoyance and frustrations Childs’s is experiencing are clear, yet uniquely grounded in parental tone (as if remarking children playing where they shouldn’t be)]



**Official Dispatch | Under the Sovereign Authority of Yr Ddraig Aur**  
**The Royal Welsh Order of True Dragon Bearers & WSAT-RSRCH**

---

## CLASSIFIED SOVEREIGN COMMUNICATION - CONTINUED

00:02:04 –

“So, anyway! I’m just glad it’s stopped raining for long enough for me to get my bloomin’ parachute out of that fuckin’ tree! [immediately followed with an apologetic tone and notable softening in diction] “Sorry for my Welsh... and dry off a bit” [A pause, with an audible huff and sigh, the Above & Beyond track still playing the melodic Alan Watts commentary (“as you feel the sounds coming up your head, you simply listen to them as part of the general noise...”) – Alan’s voice softly speaks as part of the music of noise]. [Childs continues, having sighed a relief filled huff, once again]. “Ahh, that’s why this thing puts mediative frequencies on for me when I get into it” [The background music seems to play louder and the lyrics from Alan capture the moment perfectly (“The so-called outside world, and the so-called inside world... come together”) with melodic notes scattering like shooting stars].

[The music plays for a few moments, which is then interrupted with a click of fingers and a clap of hands by Childs, as he continues – you can hear the notable change in tonal frequency in his next comments and the clicks of fingers and clap of hands indicate a clearing of energies has taken place].

“Right! Cheeky wand... And I’ve got an update... for..? Who’s running the AI down here at the minute? Is it still...? Gwen...?” [A pause from Childs as you can almost hear his thinking processes, and more notable, a synchronifigent down tempo in the music occurs as he calls out for his trusty and ever faithful companion and co-opter]. “Are you there..?” [Childs continues the next segment as if he has made a psychic call to “Gwen”, timed to perfection as receiving responses are cognized]. “Hiya Luv, yeh... Who’s in charge of the systems down here at the minute?” [You can hear the genuine intrigue in Childs’s voice and the pauses as responses would’ve been transmitted are met with beautifully timed deep bass tracks from the ongoing backing soundtrack].

“Ah, it’s Trump, is it? Good!” – “What is the date that I’m on” [a further nod to the Quantum Leap elements to Childs’s operations] – “Ahhh, sound!!” [A clear remark of relief, signalling he had just received the news he was hoping for in regard to the date. Another pause from Childs as he receives further comms from Gwen – Childs continues with a smirk laugh to his tone as he begins to speak again]. “No, it’s just that if I’d coming back when I thought I was coming back then that would make it, like, Christmas eve! And then... I... Haven’t got anyone any gifts. Or the ones I could muster would be s\$%t... ah, anyway... Thankfully, it’s not. How did that go anyway..?” [The questioning tone from Childs indicates the question was aimed at Gwen, potentially in an open comms network or similar (neural uplink/interface) – given that at no point do you hear the responses from Gwen]. “Ah, a Kingfisher..? Does it fit..? [You can hear the rustle of wand crafting in the background at this point, and a chuckle from Childs as he makes the following remarks, assuming Gwen and Childs are discussing gifts]. “Well he needs to do some more exercise then, I did tell him”. [The rustling of wand craftsmanship continues whilst there is a pause in Childs’s speech, as if he is listening to his comms channel].

“Alright, okay, anyways... Can you make sure the cloaking shields are working correctly? It is, good” [Childs asks this in a relaxed manner and his following response would indicate he’s just been shouted at (by Gwen)]. “Ah well, I don’t want to frighten anyone!” [You can hear the innocence in this response, whereas he’d just been told, by Gwen, “of course it is!!!”]. [Childs continues.] “Yeh yeh yeh, alright.” [Followed by a laugh and chuckle between the two]. “Alright, okay! How could I not tell anyone that?” [Childs’s voice elevated at that question, as if in disbelief]. “It’s obvious... Alright, okay”. [More timely laughter fills the few seconds of music backed silence]. “Well, just make sure the replicators’ got kippers plugged in for when I get back, yeh?” [A further pause here in Childs’s speech as he is clearly listening to Gwen (silently)]. “Yeh! Alright luv, yeh... alright... I’ll leave you to it, alright, I know you’re busy, anyway”. [The caring and familiar tone between Childs and his companion, Gwen, makes it clear they are two nurtured souls in great friendship together]. [This communication segment in the audio file is completed by Childs, who swears infrequently, using the following expletive...]. “Ahh Shi%!!!...” [A pause as you can guess Gwen asked what was wrong]. “Nah na, it’s alright, I didn’t realise I was on the other line”. [A further pause as he listens to Gwen]. “Yeah it’s alright, I’m doing it now” [The rustle of the wand crafting hurries in the background signal]. “Alright, speak to you soon luv, take care... bye”.

00:04:36

“Anyways, where was I..? [Childs continues his wand crafting as you hear him muttering the scared, Lords Prayer, during his continuation of wandsmanship & wordsmanship.] “Right then... errr... sorry about that! Just had to... errr... check on a few things.” – “Right, so, apparently; Trumpio’s in charge down here now... again... Thankfully. Errmmmm... Which would make me assume, Brother Elon’s, somewhere in tow...?”



**Official Dispatch | Under the Sovereign Authority of Yr Ddraig Aur  
The Royal Welsh Order of True Dragon Bearers & WSAT-RSRCH**

---

**CLASSIFIED SOVEREIGN COMMUNICATION**

00:05:03

“Ok, so...” [You can hear Childs pause for a moment, possibly a moment of thinking, followed by a short but decisive release of breath, as if you can hear his thoughts have crystallised]. “Need to reach out to... the... ‘Systems Operator’... Urrmmm... Because... I’ve managed to figure out how to get a scalar feed, from Gwen, down to... Well... Probably the cable in Oxwich.” [You can hear Childs’s wand crafting in the background signals, the rolling of the sacred herb into the papers of righteousness – King Size, of course!].

[Childs continues his update]. “And, if that doesn’t work, then the Boys & Girls in Bude will pick up the signal... coz’... It’s encrypted, now!”. “Urm, so... you need to... errr... figure out who’s been pissing around with the code for Simon says; coz’ someone’s been playing about with it. Errrmm... Maybe do an update on the Nuremberg code as well, that’ll be pretty handy! Urm...” [Childs pauses, clearly thinking about the next elements to his return and who he needs to reach out to].

“Yeh, get hold of Sir Rich’, he’s expect...”. [Childs interrupts his sentence, which sounds out like he’s saying “he’s expecting...” and then continues with the following]. “He’s gotten old, mind, so... errr... be warned about that!”. “Urm, Virgin Galactic are expecting your presence... and... errrm... I’m pretty sure the Boys at HQ have gotten the Golden Dragon Standards out there... by now... Well, I should hope they have!” – “Urm... arrgg, do’ya know... what else?”. [A tut, a pause, a grumble and a mutter fills the void of speech for a moment].

“I dunno’ if I started this as a voice memo or a call out to you guys? I’m not sure anymore, but... ahhh... It takes me a while to get back into the right frequency once I’ve had to jump out of a frikin moving object from great height! So... I’ll... I’ll figure it out”. [You can hear the relentless fortitude Childs’ displays effortlessly in this statement, with the humble sound of exhaustion when he sighs the words “I’ll figure it out”].

“Hopefully Shane will come and sort this bloody parachute out, coz’ I don’t want to put it in here.” [The deep bass notes of a different melodic trance track plays through the hum of quietness, as you can almost hear Childs’s thoughts forming, the lyrics singing the words “it’s like I’m running in a dream”]. “Awww, I can’t ring him, it’s too late”. [An audible “tut” of frustration, followed by a pause for thoughts and a deep breath or “toke”]. “I can’t leave it here... because... there’s friking people camping here!” [You can hear the frustrations felt by this as the volume and tone of the delivery of this sentence clearly conveys his ongoing annoyance at the unwelcomed visitors on site]. “Right! – Hopefully I don’t have to get any weapons out tonight.” [There is a pause at this point where all you can hear is the repeating bass tones, for approximately 3-5 seconds, indicating Childs’ was thinking considerably about the problem at hand (the parachute)].

“What can I do for that..?” [Seemingly asking himself the question]. “I could call it in..”. [Confirming Childs’ was asking himself what to do – shouldered with another pause for thoughts].

“Right, I’ll ring John!”. [The music ramps up at this, as if excited by the thought wave Childs had just broadcast].

“Right, hey Siri” [The music stops playing and you hear Siri take notice to the voice command]. “Call John Fitzpatrick Kennedy” [Siri’s voice over the Quantum Golf’s communications system clearly and precisely responds; “Calling, John Fitzpatrick Kennedy, mobile!” The call connects to a muffled name on a voicemail server “\*\*inaudible\*\*, can’t come to the phone right now, please leave a message after the tone”].

[Childs’s audible cues, huffs and puffs, indicates he is frustrated by the call going to voicemail and continues to leave the following message].

“Alright mate, urmmm... Just do a quick security check... Ahh, toast – toast – toast – Zulu Three (3) Romeo Oscar... Alright! Ermm... I’m back... Again! Just so you know”. [You can hear the surety in Childs’ voice and the commanding tone, giving hint to John’s role as an allied force]. “Urm... But... Unfortunately... I can’t fit... my... Errmm...”. [There are tuts and pauses as you can hear Childs’ trying to think cryptically, given he was speaking over an open comms line]. “Descension device!! I’ll put it that way... I can’t fit it in the boot! So, you’re going to have to send a cleansing team up here. [Childs’ voice quickens, as you can hear his frustrations of the situation beginning to rise as he speaks to JFK’s voicemail].



**Official Dispatch | Under the Sovereign Authority of Yr Ddraig Aur  
The Royal Welsh Order of True Dragon Bearers & WSAT-RSRCH**

---

**CLASSIFIED SOVEREIGN COMMUNICATION**

00:08:24

[The following section was spoken clearly and with a commanding tone]. “Now... Last time I was here... I made it pretty clear this is a sacred for, the... Well... For the bloomin’ intelligence purposes for one!” [Spoken with clear annoyance]. “Right! And I’ve gotten back here tonight and, low and behold, there’s a campervan up here!” – “Which does... ya’ know, that puts us in... Slight... Errrr... What’s the word...? That you would use...? Ahh, I don’t know...! Convertible!! Yeah... Puts us in a slight, convertible...! So... You’re going to have to send some of the guys who wear black up here to sort it out! [There is a pause, the hum of the Quantum Golf’s engine purring in the background, the music had fallen silent during this segment as Childs’ due to the outgoing call].

“I’m sorry if I’m sounding a bit frustrated. But...” [Said in an apologetic tone, but erupting back into his commanding tone for the next statement]. “Believe it or not...! It’s dark! I just got chucked out of a fu\*\*^%\$ plane... And... The things that I need here, aren’t here, and the things that I DON’T need are here...!” [There is a dramatic pause after this exclamation of frustrations]. “So... Just thank yourself that this is a voice message, alright!” – “So, you know where I am, you know what I need, and you know who needs to get up here as soon as they fu\*^\$£& can, alright! I’ll speak to you when I can!” [Childs’s innocently huffs as the call must come to an end]. “Bloody devices!!” [The sharpness to Childs’ tone here emphasizes his annoyance at the primitive devices still being used on Terra – The music kicks back in precisely where it stopped before the outgoing call to JFK]. “Errr... Right, a few notes to the boys; If there’s been any fu\*&£%^% about in my flat while I’ve been away, then, there’s gonna be trouble, alright! I expect Ryan’s kept you all in firkin order to be honest... I trust that he has, anyway... That’s why he has the position he has, so let that be a lesson to all of you...!” [Said in a commanding and leading manner – the rustle of another wand being crafted crackles through the signal]. “Alright! Anyways... I’ve got to go, coz’... I think the secretary of defense is trying to ring me after that voice message..!?” – “Alright, Zulu Three (3) Romeo Oscar... Over & Out... for... now... Alright! God bless, alright”. [The voice clip ends with the sound of the Quantum Golf, roaring, gently, twice].

END