

God Bless The United States Of Aliens

An All-Seeing Eyewitness Report about a Christmas Mass Prayer

USA's overseas-based beings were seen praying in a protesting church, bending heads upwards, gazing towards a church leader standing on a pedestal, all surrounded by Hollywoodian posters about the 2025 celestial games, soon to be held in various aerial fields atop their homeland territory.

Mass Chorus (i.e., 'Mass=worship to God in a variant of Roman churches, Chorus=Latin word meaning 'dancing in a circle'):

♪♪ Someone else, not far from a morally right human consensus, will be chosen to hard-wire loving thoughts into our brains. ♪♪

Church Leader's Speech

Thanks to all USA-funded church attendees.

For showing up in due course to pray for the rescue of all kinds of beings, while everyone is thirsty for an avant-garde cinematic drama, steadily ready to warm up during wintertime home-alone days.

Mass Chorus ♪♪

Curious to see if the plot of using super-beings as tools, not trained at Cambridge University, nor fluent in electoral analytics,

for a thoughtful and successful attempt to win human choices at a federal competition, will end on a poetic note or a loud siren.

Some of you didn't think of consciously choosing a conciliatory candidate. Some of you defied wise counseling and voiced divisive rhetoric.

Regardless of your careless sins, our beloved God will always grant you as much oxygen as your carbon-based embodiments request.

Mass Chorus 🎵

No matter how many years you decide to fake powerful feelings, roleplay as original migrants, tag each other as superior or inferior and refuse to open the heavenly gates of the USA to your colored look-alikes, I can only promise you one reward.

As the leader of this overseas church, I promise that our God of all Aliens still works overtime, witnessing everything in the USA, engraving your sins into an upgradable holy book, at least once per week on a holiday, anywhere else on the Blue Planet.

If the number one rallying motto, earlier this year, of a federal competition across the Atlantic-sized water canyon, was about deporting a diverse set of non-whitened aliens...

SILENCE

Why wouldn't the OGs among non-whitened aliens show up since they were outspokenly summoned?

Flying beneath the sky-high clouds and underneath the water canyon horizon, hovering over terrestrial superweapon warehouses and defense facilities?

AMEN

One Praying Alien's Distracting Chain-of-Thoughts

Train of Thoughts Signals

Without whistleblowing, my soft warehouse of logically encoded texts warned me—warning of a cosmical joke.

Skies, like flashlights flickering on screens, are lit up by unknown and unidentified beings!

What will the soon to be sworn-in leader of the human-looking USA do on the inaugural day of moving his gold-plated toilet seat back into a whitened office?

Negotiate or Deport?

Drumbeating Heart Pulse

Who will be the first to stumble upon such a puzzling presidential quiz?

Many puzzled aliens have already thought of a clue: a lyrical promoter of a supposedly non-ghostwritten book, the *'Art of the Deal'*.

It is party time in a country that is famous for pioneering the hood film genre in cinemas. For God's sake!

To foot the bill of our after-party, let's recall the first spacefaring, nationalized, migrant man who thought of bankrolling the chosen chief of USA-based humans with green-colored dollar-denominated bills.

Let's pop the corn, '*Boyz n the Hood*'!

Drumbeating Gut Feeling

Instead, as transparent as soundwaves, another electronically-spread intangible source of revenue was the gas empowering an updated engine of electoral triumph.

Who knows? Just another white lie of mine waiting to be settled with the laborious and cheap assistance of a non-human tool mislabeled as a digital bank memory!

Why am I thinking of a *bank* all of a sudden near year-end?
And not, for example, random words like 'synthetic Tanganyika data lake'?
Because its merits are *bankable*!

Green-looking candles are skyrocketing.
Green-looking parties are degrowthing.

Mass Chorus 🎵

Church Leader's Prayer

We were all busy watching from home, with our heads bent downwards, eyeing lighten up rectangular screens, watching non-Palestinian-flag-waving aliens vanishing away from a super-weaponry-powered genocidal theatre of combat.

Now, after jumping forward in the year 2024, our peaceful attention has become hijacked by renewed anxious thoughts.

Headlines gearing up to announce that the world's first powerhouse is stunned by the puzzled faces of their ground-based defenders!

Our brothers and sisters are asking out loud among themselves:

'What will we do to these non-ground-based foreign aliens? Arrest? Shoot? Threaten? Coerce? Embargo?'

All at once, USA-based human-looking aliens are googling:

'What to do when overseen and surveilled by beings with bigger balls than yours?'

Their red-blooded relatives abroad, not attending this church, are googling:
'Why did their sensitive and fenced areas get flashed at, like in a cul-de-sac film scene, as seen from above?'

Every one of us wonders:
'How will they kick away from the USA territory the non-state-approved sets of aliens?'

Dear God, wake us up when true and untrue aliens are NOT counted, triaged, and kicked away from the ballpark by technologically superior powerhouses.

This is NOT one of a series of a mirrored show about human-performed drama that will enlighten our smiles this Christmas season.

Are there other kinds of sweetened gifts that are not yet deliverable through screens?

Guess what's the traditional anxiety-numbing gift desired by all diverse-looking beings?

HUGS

Glory to **peacekeeping hugs** in all neighborhoods of the **United States of Aliens!**

MERRY CHRISTMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Protesting church's speeches, prayers and wishes disclosed to everyone on the eve of the last Christmas before 2025.

Sent from an artist's artificial studio inside a whitened house in the neighborhood of an overseas USA-funded church.

By an identified, non-whitened, human-looking storyteller, formerly legally-designated as an alien and a migrant.

100% Guaranteed: NO digitally laboring beings hired to ghostwrite this work of fiction.

Enlightened by the author's memories, of being a church-attending and globe-trotting human, and his ancestors' stories about first-time encounters with advanced, whitened and alien-looking humans, before a colonial era and a few hundred human years ago, on the soil of a landlocked non-US-colonized African kingdom, known as a Hard To Pronounce Name in the official language of its post-colonial era.

