

Chapter 12

Extraordinary journey meeting

extraordinary 'people'

When Thao finished speaking, I could clearly see that her Aura had become dull. Outside, the rain had stopped; the sun shone on huge white clouds, tinting them blue and pink. The trees, whose branches swayed in a gentle breeze, looked refreshed and a thousand rainbows danced in the droplets of water, which clung to their leaves. The sweet songs of birds, welcoming the sun's return, blended with the soft musical sound of the insects and the light. That moment was the most magical I had yet encountered. Neither of us felt like talking and we allowed our souls to drink their fill of the beauty around us.

It was the sound of laughter and happy voices that roused us from our peaceful state. Turning around, we saw Biastra, Latoli and Lationusi approaching, each flying with their own Tara.

They landed just in front of the dokos and entered without fuss, large smiles illuminating their faces. We stood up to welcome them and greetings were exchanged in the language of Thiaoouba. I was still able to understand all that was said although I was unable to speak the language. This didn't seem to matter though, since I had little to say, and, in any case, if I spoke French, those who couldn't understand my words, understood my message telepathically.

Once refreshed with drinks of hydromel, everyone was ready to leave again. I put my mask on and followed them all outside, where Latoli approached me and attached a Tara around my waist. Then, in my right hand, she placed a Litiolac. I was quite excited at the thought that I was going to be able to fly like a bird. Since the first day I had landed on this planet and seen people fly by this means, I had dreamt of doing the same, but, so much was happening so quickly that,

I must say, I didn't expect the opportunity to arise.

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'Latoli,' I asked, 'why is it that you use a Tara and Litiolac to fly, when almost all of you are able to levitate?'

'Levitation requires great concentration and quite an expenditure of energy, Michel, even for us, and it only allows us to travel at seven kilometres per hour. Levitation is used during certain psychic exercises, but it is a poor means of transport. These apparatus are based on the same principle as levitation in so far as they neutralise what we might call 'the cold magnetic force' of the planet. It's the same force that you call 'gravity' and which holds all bodies on the ground.

'Man, like a piece of rock, is made of matter, but, by neutralising the cold magnetic force by raising certain high frequency vibrations, we become 'weightless'. Then, in order to move and direct our movement, we introduce vibrations of a different frequency. As you can see, the apparatus that accomplishes this is for us quite simple. This same principle was used by the builders of the pyramids of Mu, Atlantis and Egypt. Thao has already spoken to you of it, but now you will experience for yourself the effect of anti-gravitation.'

'What speed can be attained with these apparatus?'

'With this particular one, you can travel at around 300 kilometres per hour and at whatever altitude you choose, but it's time to get going - the others are waiting.'

'Do you think I'll be able to use it properly?'

'Of course. I will teach you how, and you must pay careful attention when you start. You could have a serious accident if you don't follow my instructions to the letter.'

Everyone was watching me, however it was Lationusi who seemed most amused by my anxiety. I held my Litiolac firmly in my hand, its safety strap attached to my forearm. This meant that if I let go of the Litiolac, it would remain with me.

My throat was dry. I must say, I was not feeling very confident, but Latoli came over to me and put an arm around my waist, assuring me that she would not let go before I had familiarised myself with the apparatus.

She also explained I didn't need to concern myself with the Tara attached to my waist, but that the Litiolac was to be held firmly. First, one had to pull quite firmly on a large button, which rendered the apparatus useable - a little like turning the ignition key in a car. A tiny light appeared indicating readiness. The Litiolac was rather like a pear in shape. It was held with the base downwards, and its top ended in a mushroom-shaped 'hat', no doubt meant to prevent fingers from slipping. The 'pear' was grasped around its 'collar'.

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Latoli explained that this Litiolac had been specially made for me, since my hands were about half the size of theirs and I wouldn't have been able to use a standard model. Besides, it is important that the size of the 'pear' be exactly suited to the hand that holds it. It was slightly soft, as though made of rubber, and filled with water.

Instructions received, I gripped the Litiolac so strongly that Latoli had just enough time to grab hold of me before we rose into the air.

We had made a leap of three good metres. The others were around us, stationary in the air at

a height of about two metres from the ground and they all burst into laughter at Latoli's surprise.

'Careful', Thao said to her, 'Michel is a man of action. If you put an apparatus in his hand, he will use it immediately!'

'If you press the Litiolac as you just did, with a general, even pressure, you will rise vertically. If the pressure is slightly greater with your fingers, you will go left; with your thumb, you will go right. If you want to go down, either release the pressure or, to descend more quickly, you can press on the base with your left hand.'

As she spoke, Latoli had me practise the movements and we had climbed to an altitude of about fifty metres when we heard Thao's voice. 'Well done, Michel. You should let him do it alone now, Latoli. He has the idea.'

I would have liked her to keep her thoughts to herself. I didn't share her opinion at all and I felt much more confident under the protective 'wing' of Latoli - and I mean no play on words! She did release me, however, but remained close by and at the same height.

Gently, I released my grip on the Litiolac and ceased climbing. Releasing the pressure further, I began to descend; reassured, I pressed evenly around the 'collar' and shot upwards like an arrow - so far, that my fingers froze and I continued to rise.

'Relax your hand, Michel. Relax your hand,' shouted Latoli who, in the wink of an eye, had joined me.

Oh! I stopped - or almost, at approximately 200 metres' altitude, over the ocean, for I had inadvertently pressed more strongly on my 'frozen' thumb. The others joined us at our 200 metre high rendezvous. I must have been wearing a strange expression on my face, for even Lationusi burst into laughter, and that was the first time I had seen him do that.

'Gently, Michel. This apparatus is very sensitive to touch. I think we can go on our way now. We'll show you the way.'

They moved off slowly, Latoli remaining by my side. We maintained the same altitude. By pressing with the palm of my hand, I advanced smoothly and soon noticed that I was able to accelerate at will, merely by regulating this pressure on the Litolac. Finger pressure regulated height and direction.

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I still made some unexpected swerves, especially when my attention was distracted by three imposing characters who crossed our path. In passing, they threw me a glance, obviously quite astonished at the sight of me.

After a time I judged to be about half an hour, I began to master the machine - at least enough to fly successfully over the ocean. With no obstacles to negotiate, we gradually picked up speed and I was even able to fly in formation beside my companions without straying too often.

It was so exhilarating - I could never have imagined such a sensation. Because the equipment created a kind of force field around me, making me weightless, there was no sensation of being suspended, as there is in a balloon; nor was there the sensation of being carried by wings. Further, being completely surrounded by the force field, I couldn't even feel wind whipping at my face. I had the impression of being an integral part of the environment, and the more I exercised control over the apparatus, the more pleasure I gained from this new means of locomotion. I wanted to test my control and, so, descended slightly, only to climb again. This I did several times, choosing to gain or lose altitude on the others. Finally, I moved nearer to Thao and telepathically communicated my euphoria, letting her in on my intention of skimming the ocean that stretched, below us, as far as the eye could see.

She agreed and the whole group followed me at water level.

It was absolutely fantastic to be able to skim over the crests of the waves at a speed of approximately 100 kilometres per hour, as if we were all powerful gods, conquerors of gravity. From time to time, silvery flashes indicated that we were flying over schools of fish.

In my excitement, I was not aware of time, but it seemed that the voyage lasted three karses.

No matter which way I turned my head, I saw only the line of the horizon. Then, suddenly, Thao telepathised: 'Look over there, Michel.' Far away, on the surface of the water, I was able to make out a speck that grew rapidly to reveal itself as a mountainous island of reasonable size.

We could soon make out enormous rocks, bluish-black in colour, which plunged sharply into the blue-green waters of the ocean. By increasing altitude, we gained a bird's-eye view of the whole island. There was no beach to be seen, the enormous black rocks prohibiting access from the ocean. The waves crashing into the base of their imposing masses, were iridescent under the sun's rays, reflecting shimmering colours which contrasted with the uniform black of the basalt.

Half-way up the slopes which faced inland, grew forests of gigantic trees, their foliage strangely dark-blue and gold; their trunks blood-red. These trees covered steep inclines right to the edge of an emerald-green lake. In places, the surface of the lake was obscured by wisps of golden mist.

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In the middle of the lake, as though floating on the water, we could make out an enormous doko, its point upwards. I later learned its diameter was about 560 metres.

Its exceptional size was not its only peculiarity however; its colour was another. All the dokos I had seen to date on Thiaoouba were of a whitish colour - even those at the city of the Nine dokos. This one, though, seemed to be made of pure gold. There it was, shining in the sun and,

in spite of its very ordinary egg shape, its colour and size rendered it majestic. Something else surprised me greatly: *there was no reflection of the doko in the waters of the lake.*

My companions led me towards the dome of the gold doko. We flew slowly, at water level and, from this perspective, it was even more impressive. Unlike other dokos, this one had no point of reference to indicate an entrance. I followed Thao and Latoli who soon disappeared inside.

The other two were at my side, each having caught hold of me under an arm so that I wouldn't fall into the water, for, in my surprise, I had let go of my Litiolac. I was literally stunned by what I saw.

Here is what I discovered inside the doko:

I could see about two hundred people floating in the air with no help from any apparatus. The bodies seemed to be asleep or in deep meditation. The one closest to us floated about six metres above the water, for inside the doko, there was no floor. The bottom section of the 'egg' was actually in the water. As I have already explained, once inside a doko you can see outside, as though there were nothing between you and the world outside. So, in this case, I had a panoramic view of the lake, the hills and the forest in the background and, near me in the middle of this 'landscape', floated two hundred or so bodies. It was completely astonishing, as you would expect.

My companions were watching me in silence and, unlike other times when my wonder had made them laugh, they remained serious.

Looking more closely at the bodies, I began to notice they were generally smaller than my hosts and some had quite extraordinary - and sometimes monstrous - forms.

'What are they doing? Are they meditating?' I whispered to Thao who was at my side.

‘Take your Litiolac, Michel. It’s hanging on your arm.’

I obeyed, and she then, answered my questions. ‘They are dead. These are corpses.’

‘Dead? Since when? Did they all die together? Was there an accident?’

‘Some of them have been here for thousands of years and the most recent, I believe, has been here for sixty years. I think (that)¹, in your current state of surprise, you are not going to be able to operate your Litiolac effectively. Latoli and I will guide you.’

1) Editor’s addition.

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Each of them took hold of me under an arm and we began to wander among the bodies. Without exception, they were entirely naked.

Among others, I saw a man sitting in the lotus position. His hair was long and of a red-blond colour. He would have been two metres tall when standing. He had golden skin and his features were remarkably fine for a man - and he was, indeed, a man rather than a hermaphrodite.

A little further away lay a woman, whose skin was coarse like that of a snake, or the bark of a tree. She appeared to be young, although her strange aspect made it difficult to judge her age. Her skin was orange coloured and her short, curly hair was green.

Most surprising though, were her breasts. They were quite large, but each one had two nipples, separated from each other by about ten centimetres. She would have been close to 180 centimetres in height. Her thighs were thin and muscular, and her calves quite short. On each foot were three enormous toes, but her hands were exactly like ours.

We passed from one to another, sometimes stopping, sometimes moving on - as one does among wax figures in a museum.

The eyes and mouths of all these people were closed, and they all occupied one of two positions - either sitting in the lotus position, or lying on their backs with their arms by their sides.

‘Where do they come from?’, I whispered.

‘Various planets.’

We spent some time before the body of a man, apparently in the prime of his ‘life’. He had bright chestnut hair that was long and curly. His hands and feet were like mine. His skin was of a familiar complexion - that of someone from Earth. In height, he would have been around 180 centimetres. His face was smooth, with noble features and there was a soft goatee on his chin.

I turned to Thao whose eyes were fixed on mine. ‘One would say that he came from Earth’, I said.

‘In one sense he did, but in another, he didn’t. You know him well by having heard him spoken of.’

Intrigued, I examined his face more closely, until, telepathically, Thao said, ‘Look at his hands

and feet, as well as his side.'

Thao and Latoli brought me closer to the body and I could clearly see scars on his feet and his wrists¹, as well as a gash, approximately 20 centimetres long, in his side.

'What happened to him?'

'He was *crucified*, Michel. This is the *body of Christ* of whom we spoke this morning.'

Fortunately, my hosts had anticipated my reactions and supported me under the arms, for I am convinced that I'd have been unable to manoeuvre my Litiolac.

1) Religious pictures and sculptures depict crucifixion by means of nailing through **palms of hands** to the cross. According to human anatomy, however, soft tissues between the bones in hands are not strong enough to support the weight of the body on a cross. Nails would simply slip between fingers. In contrast, nails through human wrists are wedged between bones and provide much stronger support. (Editor's note)

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There I was - staring at the body of Christ, worshiped and spoken of by so many on Earth - the man who had been the subject of so much controversy and so much research during the past 2000 years.

I reached out to touch the body, but was prevented from doing so by my companions, who drew me away.

‘Your name is not Thomas. Why must you touch him? Is there doubt in your mind?’ said Thao. ‘You see, you confirm what I was saying this morning - you seek proof.’

I felt terribly ashamed for having initiated my gesture, and Thao understood my regret.

‘I know, Michel, that it was instinctive and I understand it. In any case, you can’t touch these bodies - no one can, apart from one of the seven Thaori. In fact, it is the Thaori who install these bodies in a state of preservation and levitation, as you see them, and they alone, are capable of doing so.’

‘These are the actual bodies they had during their lives?’

‘Of course.’

‘But how are they preserved? How many of them are there and why?’

‘Do you remember me telling you, when we took you from your planet, that there were questions you would ask to which we would give no answers? I explained then, that you would learn with us all you needed to know, but that certain things would remain a ‘mystery’ because you must not document certain points. The question you have just asked cannot be answered for this very reason. However, I am able to tell you that there are 147 bodies in this doko.’

I knew that it would be futile to inquire further, but as we wandered among the bodies, I asked another burning question:

‘Do you have Moses’ body? And why are they all in levitation in this doko without a solid floor?’

‘We have only the body of Christ from your planet. They are levitated in order to be perfectly preserved, and the properties peculiar to the waters of this lake assist this preservation.’

‘Who are all the others?’

‘They came from various planets where they have each had a very important role to play.’

One of the bodies I remember well. It was about fifty centimetres high and formed exactly like a being from Earth, except that it was dark yellow and had no eyes. Instead, it had a type of horn in the middle of its forehead. I asked how it was able to see and was told that there were two eyes at the end of the protuberance, multi-faceted like the eyes of a fly. I could see the closed eyelid with several splits.

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‘Nature is very strange,’ I murmured.

‘As I said, each body you see here, comes from a different planet, and it is the conditions in which they must live which determines the details of the physical bodies of the inhabitants.’

‘I don’t see anyone resembling Arki.’

‘And neither will you.’

I didn't know why, but I 'felt' that I should not pursue this topic further.

Throughout this macabre visit, I saw bodies resembling North American Red Indians - but they weren't. I saw others like black Africans, but they weren't; nor was it the body of a Japanese that I saw floating in the air. As Thao had said, Christ's was the only body here that came, if one can say so, from Earth.

After an indeterminate time in this extraordinary and fascinating place, my guides led me outside. A lightly perfumed breeze carrying the scent of the forest caressed us and did me much good, for after such a visit, in spite of it being enormously interesting, I was feeling quite drained. Thao, of course, realised as much and said, in a lively voice, 'Are you ready, Michel? We are going home.'

These words, spoken intentionally in French and with an intonation distinctly 'Earthly', refreshed me at least as much as the evening breeze. Taking hold of my Litiolac, I rose in the air with the others.

We flew over the giant forest that climbed the rocky mountain slope. At its peak, we could, again, admire the ocean that stretched as far as the eye could see. Following a macabre afternoon, and in contrast to it, I found this planet even more beautiful. I remember it occurring to me again, momentarily, that perhaps this was all a dream or an illusion, or that, perhaps, my mind was failing me?

As usual though, Thao was on guard and intervened with a sharp order that resounded telepathically in my head like the crack of a whip, dispelling my vague doubts: 'If you don't press your Litiolac, Michel, you will end up taking a bath and, if we don't hurry, night will overtake us. That might be a little inconvenient for you, don't you think?'

Indeed, lost in my thoughts, I had descended and almost touched the waves. I pressed my Litiolac firmly and shot up like an arrow, joining Thao and the others who were high in the sky.

The sun was already quite low and the sky was totally clear. The ocean had taken on an orange colour, which was surprising. I never would have imagined water could appear such a shade. Inquiring about it, telepathically, it was explained to me that, sometimes, at this time of day, immense patches of orange coloured plankton would rise to the surface. These waters, it appeared, contained enormous quantities of plankton. What a sight it was: the sky was blue-green, the sea was orange, and everything was enveloped in the golden light which, on this planet, seemed to come from nowhere and everywhere.

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Quite suddenly, my companions gained altitude and I followed them. We were about one thousand metres above the sea and accelerated in the direction we'd come from - I guessed north - to about 300 kilometres per hour.

Looking in the direction of the setting sun, I could make out a wide, black band on the water's surface. I didn't have to ask about it - the answer came quickly.

'It is *Nuroaka*, one of the continents. It's as big as the whole of Asia.'

'Are we going to visit it?' I asked.

Thao didn't reply, which quite surprised me. It was the first time she had ignored my question. I thought perhaps my telepathic powers had not been sufficient and, so, I asked the question again, in French, raising my voice as I did so.

'Look over there,' she said.

Turning my head, I saw a veritable cloud of birds of every colour, about to cross our path. Fearing a collision with them, I descended several hundred metres. They skimmed by me at an

incredible speed - but was it they who travelled so fast, or us? I thought perhaps it was our combined speeds that made them disappear so quickly but, just then, something astonished me greatly.

Looking above me, I saw that Thao and the others had not changed their altitude. How was it they hadn't collided with this winged squadron? Glancing at Thao, I realised she had followed my thoughts - and it occurred to me that the birds had appeared at quite an opportune time - just when I had posed my question.

Accustomed to Thao, I knew that she would have her reasons for 'ignoring' me, and I let the matter drop. I decided, instead, to take advantage of this opportunity to fly without wings and I allowed myself to become intoxicated by the colours around me, which gradually changed as the sun sank towards the horizon.

The pastel shades that washed over the sky, were of a majesty quite indescribable with my pen. I thought I had already witnessed all the symphonies of colour possible on this planet and yet I was mistaken. From our altitude, the effect of the colours of the sky, sometimes contrasting with those of the ocean and sometimes complementing them perfectly, was spectacular. How incredible it was that Nature could coordinate such a range of colours, always changing, always beautiful... I felt again, the beginning of the 'drunkenness' which had previously caused me to faint, and received the order, brief and clear: 'Close your eyes immediately, Michel.'

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I obeyed, and the sensation of drunkenness dissipated. However, it is not easy to pilot a Litiolac and to remain in formation with closed eyes - especially when one is a novice in the area. Inevitably, I strayed left and right, up and down.

Another order was given, this time less urgent: 'Watch Lationusi's back, Michel. Don't take your eyes off him and watch his wings.'

I opened my eyes to see Lationusi in front of me. Strangely, it did not surprise me at all that he had sprouted black wings and I fixed all my concentration on them. After a time, Thao approached me, saying in French: 'We're nearly there, Michel, Follow us.'

I found it equally natural that Lationusi had now lost his wings. I followed the group down towards the ocean, where we could make out, like a jewel on a coloured tablecloth, the island where my doko was situated. We approached rapidly amidst a fantastic blaze of colour as the sun dived into the waves. I had to hurry to my doko. 'Drunkenness', caused by the beauty of the colours, threatened to overwhelm me again, and I was obliged to close my eyes partially. We flew now at sea level and, before long, crossed the beach and plunged into the foliage surrounding my doko. My landing, however, was unsuccessful and I found myself inside the doko astride the back of a seat.

Latoli was immediately at my side. She pushed in the button of my Litolac, asking me if I was all right.

'Yes, but those colours!' I stammered.

No one laughed at my little accident and everyone seemed a little sad. It was so unusual for them that I was quite thrown by it. We all sat down and helped ourselves to hydromel and dishes of red and green food.

I was not feeling very hungry. I had taken off my mask and was beginning to feel more like myself again. Night fell quickly, as it does on Thiaoouba and we sat in darkness. I remember wondering over the fact that, while I could barely distinguish each of them, they could see me as easily as if it were daylight.

No one spoke; we sat in silence. Looking up, I could see the stars appearing one by one, shining colourfully as though a firework display had 'frozen' in the sky. On Thiaoouba, because their layers of gasses in the atmosphere differ from ours, the stars appear to be coloured and also much larger than they appear to us on Earth.

Suddenly, I broke the silence asking, quite naturally, 'Where is Earth?'

As if the group had simply been waiting for this question, they all rose together. Latoli took me in her arms like a child and we went outside. The others led the way and we followed a wide path that led to the beach. There, on the moist sand of the shore, Latoli set me down.

Minute by minute, the firmament was illuminated by more stars as though a giant hand was lighting a chandelier.

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Thao approached me and almost whispered in a voice that was sad and one I could hardly recognise as hers: 'do you see those four stars, Michel, just above the horizon? They almost form a square. The one on the top right is green and shinier than the others.'

'Yes, I think that's it - yes, it forms a square - the green, yes.'

'Now go to the right of the square and slightly higher. You will see two red stars quite close together.'

'Yes.'

'Keep your eye on the one on the right and go a tiny bit higher. Can you see a tiny white star? It's barely visible.'

'I think so... yes.'

‘And on its left a little higher is a tiny yellow one.’

‘Yes, that’s right.’

‘The tiny white one is the sun which lights up the planet Earth.’

‘So, where is Earth?’

‘Invisible from here, Michel. We are too far away.’

I remained there, staring at that minuscule star which seemed so insignificant in a sky filled with large colourful jewels. That minuscule star, however, was perhaps at that very moment warming my family and my home, making plants germinate and grow...

‘My family’ - the words seemed so strange. ‘Australia’ - from this perspective I had trouble imagining it to be the largest island on my planet, especially when even Earth was invisible to the naked eye. Yet, I’d been told we belonged to the same galaxy, and the Universe comprised thousands of galaxies.

What were we, poor human bodies? Hardly much more than an atom.