



Marc AUBURN

0.001%

The experience of Reality

COLLECTION SPIRITUALITY

ATLANTES EDITIONS

Collection directed by Christel SEVAL

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## Editor's Preface

For an editor, finding a story that is truly out of the ordinary is a boon, and crossing Marc Auburn's path goes well beyond.

The Interkeltia-Atlantes editions are specialized on themes of spirituality, esotericism, paranormal and ufology. Marc occupies all these niches at once and it is unexpected.

Indeed, in France as elsewhere, the "experiencers" - that is to say people who experiment by themselves, and covering a broad spectrum of investigation, are rare, 0.001% of the population approximately. There are no official statistics and this figure is presented to challenge rather than to affirm a quantified reality.

For a long time I had been hoping for the revelation of a Frenchman, a woman or a man who would be able to surprise us at the same time in the field of the paranormal, spirituality, and on that very mysterious one, which is the extraterrestrials that life along us. It's done.

Two years ago, Marc called me to order the second work of clairvoyant Christophe Allain which is exceptional in its kind ("Diary of an awakening of the third eye", etc ...). Marc had met him and had read his first book, and although his field of action was very different from that of Christophe, he had appreciated the author of "Diary of an awakening of the 3rd eye". Then we start talking about extraterrestrials.

Quite quickly I tried to persuade Marc to "sit down at the table", to write his original and exceptional career for more than one reason. He explained to me that the "administrators" had been asking him to write for years, but that he had always refused. I ended up persuading him to write a chapter and then encouraged him to continue until a standard-sized book was completed. Marc wished to stop after writing it, for the moment because he has other priorities.

It must be said that Marc is a condensate of exceptional qualities, and the writing belongs to its vast panoply. Its specificities are memory and the ability to travel outside his body.

He considers, however, that these abilities are part of the natural dispositions of each of us, and that his own are still largely underdeveloped.

But I can not reveal everything, because Marc wants to stay anonymous (it's a pseudonym). Involved in one of the breakthrough technologies that will appear in the coming years, Marc does not want any interference which is quite legitimate.

This book is a boon for those who are awake and for our time of intense change, but Marc's professional activities are even more sensitive and important to the future of our human society.

PS: The cover was "piloted" by the author whose wish was to represent as accurately as possible the "body of light" in flight over a landscape of our planet seen from a higher dimension. You will have noticed that the aura surrounding the body of light is not a simple colored halo, as it is often illustrated. According to Marc, the aura is not a subjective given whose form, substance and colors depend on the observer: the aura possesses an objective and universal reality. The same concern for accuracy has been applied to what is commonly called "the silver rope", as well as to the body itself. The silver rope is attached to the base of the neck by myriads of filaments which traverse the whole body of light and meet at this place to form the rope, emitting a pink glow; and

the body of light is androgynous and of variable color, but tends towards the brilliant white or ivory, which has proved impossible to represent on a material support. Let's thank the illustrator Amar Djouad, who, after having long been in tatters, managed to "approach" Marc's descriptions in a good way. This is perhaps a world premiere!

PS2: I invite you to follow the rest of Marc's adventures on his website [www.marc-auburn.com](http://www.marc-auburn.com)

The editor



## The author: Marc AUBURN

A former senior executive, an SME manager, Marc AUBURN trained in psy methods at the Monroe Institute and the IAC. A pragmatic experiencer, he undertakes solitary research at a young age. Gifted for conscious out-of-body exit and clairvoyance, he remembers a lot of past lives. Very early on, he notices that the planet has Visitors and understands that it is administered by those he names the Managers. Then he meets many people around the world for whom the Revelation has already taken place.

[www.marc-auburn.com](http://www.marc-auburn.com)

## Introduction

Here is a testimony, the story of a personal journey that leads to understanding the most important things that are, things that everyone could know, not to live in ignorance.

You have the means to check some of these things for yourself. Today it is possible, something has changed. If you could not have direct access to this knowledge, if you could not live it yourself, then what value would these few pages would have? One more book among millions of others, a recreational book perhaps but certainly useless.

This is only for those who know that there are other realities than those suggested to us by our culture, our environment and the opinion of the greatest number. It has been designed for you, it is only for you.

Those who see these topics in terms of "beliefs" are not concerned by this book. Their point of view is absolutely respectable, but this is simply not for them. There are millions of books that will satisfy them better. You would waste your time putting these few chapters in their hands, do not try to "convince" them, it's a step in the exclusive domain of belief, and that's exactly what we're not going to speak of.

...

You have understood something, you have experienced something that has shown you indisputably that you have not been told everything, that your parents, your teachers, the press and television, your cultural environment have forgotten to teach you the essentials. Worse, you have been lied to, directly and by omission, voluntarily and involuntarily.

Perhaps on the occasion of the death of one of your relatives, something has happened, that you do not understand.

Or you have had particular dreams, and you can not assimilate them as totally unreal. From the bottom of your being, you feel that there is something else, behind.

Or you had inexplicable intuitions that were verified later, you still think about it.

You speak little of it and always with caution, what can your friends and family think if you talk too much about "that"? What can you think of it yourself?

Or you often have particular perceptions: you hear other people thinking, you hear the spirit of "animals", you come into symbiosis with the vegetable or mineral world, you listen to the song of the world around you . You see with your eyes the people who are 'deceased', or you distinguish great lights around the beings and all that exists.

Your entourage looks at you with apprehension, you have made the habit of masking the essence of what you live. You think you are alone or practically alone.

It is possible that without being prepared, you have seen from afar or perhaps from close a ship, a flying machine with extraordinary performance and characteristics. Even more, you've seen people who are not from here, not from this planet. Even further: you are a contactee, they spoke to you, invited you to go for a ride with them.

Either you have lived an "NDE", you have died a few moments and you have returned with strange things in memory. Things so strong that they upset the whole of your life.

The power of what you have experienced breaks the old bonds with the ordinary world. You have completely changed the value system, but you feel isolated in your daily life, in your work, in your family. Nobody can understand you, you do not even try to talk about it, to explain. If you have been very skilled, you have never even talked to anyone! You have a mountain of new questions, a thousand times more questions than before the event.

This book is for you, you who knows. Want to know more, understand more, have a general explanation? You want details, precisions? The following provides the basis for a broader and more accurate view of reality, of realities.

But we will first shake the belief systems that govern the vast majority of today's earthly humanity and then examine how these mechanisms operate.

Do not believe anything on words, or because it is written somewhere in this book or in another. Search and verify for yourself.

There will be a lot of unpleasant things to read, and many will not be easy to accept. Put them aside if they shake you too much, do not believe them and do not try to check them. Everyone has a limit in what she/he can accept at a given moment.

In any case your psyche will sort it by itself according to what it can integrate. Thus sentences and whole paragraphs can be skipped, treated in "blank" by a suspension of attention and conscience, and thus leave no memory imprint. But I will say things directly, in any case.

Knowledge is not comfortable, as you already know. She wakes you up and makes you responsible. It destroys the schemes of your culture, your ancestors, your surroundings, and you feel naked, vulnerable. Knowledge strips you of what you thought you were; far from bringing you additional objects, it keeps taking you something. It reveals new fears in you, which you do not suspect. It isolates you.

So why venture there?

Because that's the meaning of the story, of your story. Sooner or later, you will pass by it. You can put this quest back to tomorrow, to 10 years or much later, the answers are waiting for you, as long as you'll need, and wherever you are.

And there are counterparts that are worth it, really. You may already have a little idea about the question ...

There are certain things that will be repeated so that they have a chance to help you when the time comes, the time when you will be about to leave this world, and I hope also from time to time, during your life here.

Before you begin, confirmation of a good news: you are not alone, you have never been alone.

## Two items that change everything

The world as we learn it in school, at the university, the world that is shown in the media, on television, the world that is explained to children, this world is a joke, an illusion, a lie.

Politics, economics, sexual and emotional life, history, psychology, war, peace, our science, our religions and everything about our way of living and thinking is a dream without consistency, a theater of shadows.

Why?

There are two basic reasons, two things that exist and are more important than anything, their implications change everything we can think or see of ourselves, of the universe, of reality in general.

If these two things were not real, we would be right to live as we do. But if they are true, and they are, then we have to revise everything.

Before specifying these two items, it should be remembered that the human mind is learning slowly, and with difficulty. Knowledge is not binary: to know or not to know; it is a position on a scale that goes from zero to infinity. On a given subject, you can know a little bit, then a little more, but there is always a step during which you pass from belief to knowledge, this step which makes you integrate information at all levels of your psyche, by giving it the value of truth.

This book will develop some aspects of these two items, and strive to give you the means to experience them yourself, as no writing is able to teach whatever it is, only the fire of personal experience will burn old beliefs.



## ITEM 1

We are multidimensional beings within multidimensional universes.

Main Corollary: What we are in reality will never these to exist.

## ITEM 2

The universes in all dimensions host an infinite number of living and intelligent creatures. Many are more advanced than us. We are not alone on this planet, we have never been since our "arrival".

...

Another way of saying item 1 is to say that we are spiritual beings. In principle religions understand this, then they engage in considerations that prove that we are retarded.

Everyone realizes after the death of her/his body that she/he has not disappeared in a sort of nothingness. It simply changes state, of vibratory level. In this new condition, the faculties of consciousness are much more vivid, and the field of possibilities has been enlarged in all directions. The newcomer remembers easily that she/he existed before her/his birth on earth. She/he is in a world appropriate to her/his level, and she/he can touch the texture which seems solid to her/him.

She/He also becomes aware of the rule of the game of this passage on earth, far removed from the one that this or that religious prelate could inculcate her/him, while she/he was as ignorant as her/his flock.

She/He will need a certain path to get rid of all the earthly beliefs, at the end of which she/he will end up at home, in her/his universe of reference. We can call this place Paradise, it deserves it amply.

Little information: there is no Christian, Jew, Muslim, Hindu, Buddhist, or anyone of this kind in paradise. All these categories are undergoing detoxification in the lower floors.

Yes, it may seem pretty peremptory, but it's still the truth. And to respect human beings is not to pretend to acquiesce hypocritically to their beliefs, even if they are a large number to share them.

Tens of millions of people believed that the earth was flat, and that the earth was the center of the universe. Nowadays, their successors think that man is the highest attainment of Creation, and that God Himself wanted it so.

There is a moment when we have to stop these platitudes, these anthropocentrism and these assumptions about what God wants or not.

Consider that God has in his creatures species that are far more advanced, smarter, and more spiritual than our poor humanity. If he had to choose a so-called chosen people in the cosmos, there would be no chance that it would be any subgroup of terrestrial humans, because we are primitive, aggressive, stupid and dangerous.

In spite of this we are also spiritual beings, we evolve and will not remain eternally in this archaic condition.

...

Everyone has heard about UFOs.

The main land rulers know since the middle of the 20th century that we have always been visited by creatures from other star systems and other dimensions. They often have material evidence of it, much more than movies or photos.

A global consensus has emerged on the subject: to hide this truth from the people.

Those who want to do some research on the subject will find a lot of things if they seek. The purpose of this book is not to demonstrate the existence of the E.T. presence on earth, many books have been written for this, in all countries. But if you had a UFO in your garden or if you had a direct meeting with someone who is not from here, you do not need a book to know that we are not alone on this planet.

The present objective is to give information to those who already know, who are no longer at the stage of beliefs or hypotheses.

Let's try to summarize the most important points.

The earth is a beautiful planet but is neither the center of the cosmos nor the center of the galaxy. It is not especially important.

This planet is not ours. We have not arrived first, we are not the most intelligent or the strongest here.

Our condition is quite similar to that of animals confined to a reserve, a national park.

Delegates of 4 extraterrestrial species are in charge of land management. They act on behalf of a galactic organization of evolved species (of which we are not part). These 4 species are known to the terrestrial authorities under the following appellations: Elders, Grays, Oranges, Nordics. They are our neighbors, their various worlds of origin are located in a radius of a few tens of light-years around our star system.

One of these breeds created the terrestrial human species by genetic engineering using an earthly primate about 200,000 years ago. We do not really go down from the monkey.

In addition to the 4 species in charge of the planet, there are a lot of visitors who do not work here but who come to visit there, or to refuel.

Since the creation of our species, we have never ceased to be genetically tinkered by our designers and their associates. These interventions take place at the very moment when you read these lines and will continue very far into the future.

The Administrators of the Earth are in charge of all fauna and flora, as well as geology. They intervene on earth permanently, for example by implanting new species of plants or animals. They are neither our friends nor our enemies. From their point of view, we are a very primitive species that has many flaws.

In some cases, they directly affect our activities, for example nuclear weapons or space exploration. Sometimes they show up, or they destroy our achievements.

The technological advance of the Managers is immense. Even with our current means, nuclear weapons, particle radiation, or electromagnetics, if they decided to eradicate us, there would be nothing we can do to avoid it. Our science is only two centuries old, theirs is millions of years old. Some features of their technology.

They can circulate from dimension to dimension.

Their ships are both material objects, and living, intelligent beings, some are even endowed with ... spirituality!

They have mastered unlimited and non-polluting sources of energy.

They control gravitational waves, and many other things that we do not even know about.

Here are the main reasons for keeping the secret, says me:

Some visitors are not particularly friendly to terrestrial humans. Even if the Administrators are the police, there are sometimes burrs.

The USA has developed very advanced technologies inspired by recovered exotic technologies. For more than 40 years, this country has been working directly with at least one extraterrestrial race. The highly secretive technological development programs are funded by hundreds of billions of dollars diverted from the federal budget. NASA's activity is a smokescreen that sees its means and ambitions shrink from year to year.

Secret research has resulted in achievements beyond the imagination of the community, and a part of earthly humanity has already been established in deep space. There are two human conditions, and this must remain secret.

In the event of disclosure, the major fears of the rulers are the loss of their power, as well as a seism in religious belief that could lead to an immense counterproductive disorder. Indeed, our managers are responsible for making us evolve and they are at the origin of many beliefs and religions.

I know this is hard to believe, but some visitors are walking among us, incognito. They can do it in two ways: the first is that they have a physical appearance very close to ours as is the case for the Nordics, the second is a tecnologico-mental occultation which gives in our mind the image of any person, even if she/he is insectoid! Explain this to the people and get on with their reactions. I had one of these guys two seats from me at a cinema when I was 18 years old, and I was more than surprised (for reasons that I explain, I was able to spot him).

The terrestrial human being is programmed to have an instinctive terror of all that is extraterrestrial. Even a snake or monster from the deep ocean is our family. The day you come into contact with someone who is not from here, every cell in your body will sound the alarm and

burn with fear. If you are allowed to do so, you will turn your heels and beat all your running records. But the managers are used to it, if they want to keep you in the vicinity they will paralyze your body or cancel the fear by psychic induction. Yes, they have a psyche of 1000 watts when ours is 1 watt, you know that right away when you meet them. Even if you are the last of the idiots, you will understand that telepathy exists.

Let's recap:

If we are not multidimensional beings and if we are alone on earth, then the huge pile of things that we are served in every possible way does not matter, everyone takes what she or he wants and what she/he can according to the circumstances of her/his birth and life. Life is a fight in which there are only predators and prey. At our death, we disappear or we end up in one of those pretended paradises vaguely described by the current religions, which is not much better.

If we are spiritual beings and if we are envious of intelligent life, it is because we are confined to a state of ignorance for one reason or another. Under certain conditions, we can get out of this prison. The implications of what we discover then radically change our view of the world. Our present, our past and our future then immerse themselves in two realities poorly described by the two following words: eternity, infinity.

## Consciousness

This chapter will be a bit arduous, but it is essential to describe the true nature of reality. These are the most important pages of this book. A word of advice: dwell a little on it, come back from time to time, because in the next few million years, you will gradually examine some of these aspects.

The principles that will be discussed have sometimes been evoked in different esoteric traditions.

You may be sometimes shocked because they are contrary to the neural programming of our current earthly culture, or you will consider them pure abstractions. This is why we will begin by defining these principles in a negative way, to initiate the neutralization of previous schemes. These negations will be repeated from several angles to sweep wide in the psyche. Some aspects will be illustrated with concrete examples, others not because they are accessible only with another mental.

Let's start.

There is nothing that is not consciousness

The distinction between the living, the inert, the intelligent, what is likely to be conscious and what is likely not to be, this distinction is profoundly, completely, intrinsically false. There is no matter that is not pure consciousness, there is no energy, in all the worlds, which is not consciousness, and nothing but consciousness. There is nothing that is more consciousness than something else. There is nothing less consciousness than anything else. There is no animal, no plant, no mineral, here and everywhere else that is not consciousness. There is no force, no light that is not consciousness. There is no void in the whole of Creation where there isn't consciousness, which is not pure consciousness.

Thinking is not necessary to consciousness

The principle "I think so I am" is often misunderstood. Originally, it has been used to design the only certainty that can serve as a basis for the whole of the mental construction of one of the last philosophical currents. As such, it can be likened to an axiom, that is to say, a fundamental statement which by definition can not be demonstrated. Why? Because this axiom would be somehow similar to: one plus one are two. But is completely lacking in reality.

The existence of thought removes nothing and adds nothing to consciousness. It does not allow us to deduce the existence of a being, nor its non-existence. The absence of thought is in no way the proof of the non-consciousness of something.

What consciousness is not and what it does not have

Consciousness does not depend on any of its attributes. She has no limit in space. It is in no way localized in one place or another, and it is neither less nor more here than there. It is not concerned with the concept that we call time, it had no beginning no more than it will end to exist. It possesses nothing because there is nothing to possess, and there is nothing that consciousness does not possess in totality. Consciousness is in no way divided, there is nothing that is consciousness different from other consciousnesses, nor under-consciousness, nor meta consciousness, no hierarchy between these hypothetical different consciousnesses.

What you are not

You are not an isolated fragment of consciousness. There is no fragment, there is nothing that isolates. You are no more your physical body than anything else, no more your thoughts than anything else, no more your mind, your beliefs, your feelings, your personality, your memories than anything else. You have already read some ideas such as these, and will discuss ways of understanding and verifying them.

Where you are

In spite of certain appearances, you are not really localized in this something that you name your body. Yes it is difficult to imagine at first, but we will see the corollaries a little further, and also some concrete applications.

## Unconsciousness

This word does not cover any reality. There is no moment when what you are is not pure consciousness. There is no level of yourself that is unconscious. Neither is there a moment when consciousness would disappear, no longer be then returns... from we do not know where. What we call sleep, and what we call dreams, are not what we usually think. On this point you will find much more information in the following chapters.

## Consciousness

Many books on consciousness, in mysticism and esotericism, as well as comments on meditation, address these topics as we have just seen. They seem to compile paradoxes: "neither consciousness nor absence of consciousness, neither death nor absence of death." Neither this nor that, endless sequences of "not" on what the reality is not, and little explanation of what it would be.

It is not about rhetorical skill, manipulation or compulsive esotericism on the part of the authors. They do not want to hide the truth, they seek instead the best way to allow us to access this reality. But what they have to say is not expressible by the mind we use here.

The mental mind is a set of software dealing with a fringe of reality. This set is commonly called the ego. By simplifying things, we can say that there is a mind for the physical body, one for the energy body, one for the body of light, and so on with correspondences between the different mental structures. As the spectrum of perception becomes more and more vast as one ascends into vibration, the mind of the body of light is incomparably larger than that of the physical body, and more apt to integrate reality and complexity.

Thus, Buddha never wanted to answer the question of his disciples about the existence or not of an ego that would survive the death of the physical body and carry karma. According to these elements, the reasons would be diverse.

First, it would be necessary to know about which mental mind, what ego it would be. As transitory assembly housed by the physical body, roughly no, no ego that survives. But this assemblage has served as a raw material for what has happened in the upper stages, and there is something that lasts beyond physical death.

There is what looks like a real and durable identity that is hard to conceive of here below, using the egos previously mentioned as reality tools. You feel much more like yourself when you get rid of your lower envelopes than when you sleep more or less in the physical world!

Then the treatment tool for Buddha listeners was likely to be that of the physical body. And no chance to understand what the Master means. Affirm the existence of the ego or its non-existence leads in both cases to the non-comprehension of reality. Not answering their

question but giving the means to access by themselves the answer is the only logical way to operate. Among other things, Buddha was relentlessly rational. So when he had to talk, he repeated: neither this, nor that, nor this thing, nor its opposite, nor the opposite of its opposite, etc. Tragic dilemma that to explain the illusion by the language of illusion.

Concepts such as Ultimate Reality, Eternity, God or Quantum Physics are becoming better and better approaches as we build on more powerful hardware.

What follows is a physico-mental approximation of what consciousness is. It is as imperfect as possible, but it is not a reason not to try to talk about it.

For convenience we will call "Creation" this reality. This does not mean that there would be a creator anterior to his creation, and placed outside his work, contemplating it more or less for reasons that would have a good chance of escaping us during eternity.

Consciousness is everything that exists. If there is a being in this reality, there is only one. A reality, a consciousness, a being.

Consciousness is pure presence, pure existence, it is unlimited.

The consciousness denuded of its attributes is called void in certain traditions. This does not mean that it is empty or assimilable to nothingness; on the contrary, it is intrinsically able to accommodate everything, such as a container that has no edge, no wall, and actually contains everything.

The real nature of everything combines with the infinite with what has often been called illusion. The other name of this illusion is separation, the idea that this or that portion of creation might exist in a relatively independent way. Thus a vibratory universe would be separated from other universes, a galaxy separate from other galaxies, a star separated from other stars, a human being separated from other human beings. Identity is still a synonym, as well as ego, soul, personality and all the words designating objective objects.

This kind of subject often plunges us into a kind of discomfort, at our scale we see that one object is separated from another, the difference between an apple and a mountain is obvious to us. There is an observer and there is what is observed.

At a certain level of experience, this evidence is swept like a straw in a hurricane. In the expanded states of consciousness that we call cosmic, which are quite accessible to our present humanity, Creation appears like a stream of light, the limits between the observer and the observed no longer exist, there are no more things near or things distant, the whole of creation bathes in consciousness, until infinity. The word of God, the sound of God resounds in the same way in every part of his work, and it is not a metaphor, it is perfectly understood. There is nothing that consciousness can't contain or know in all its details and in all its aspects. If you are

interested, there is the story of an experiment of this type in the book 'Autobiography of a Yogi' by Yogananda PARAMAHANSA.

So if the perception of reality depends on our level of consciousness, what is real and what is not? There is here one major paradox.

The answer is quite simple but very deep in its implications: absolutely everything is real. Whether you perceive the world in this or that way at this moment of your evolution is real, each of your ideas or your beliefs is real, there is nothing that isn't real, even the illusion is very real.

Whatever name you give to it, Creation, God, the real deploys myriads of worlds, myriads of things in each of its worlds, an infinite number of forms and experiences, far more that is needed to occupy you and surprise you forever. One day you will find your place in eternity, without having ever left it, but you will never stop learning and experimenting.

Paradoxes accumulating with paradoxes are just one of the pieces of the cosmic game.

A single divine and infinite consciousness in all directions, which plays and explores itself in an ecstasy without limit, that is Reality.

There is no key

We will move away from current paradigms, whether scientific or philosophical, to explore other areas: the relationships between consciousness, mind, thought, memory and perception.

This is for the sole purpose of allowing you to access other levels of reality for yourself. It is based exclusively on personal experience, and as such it may differ or resemble other experiences.

There is no effort to make progress on the path of consciousness, there is nothing to acquire, nothing to possess, nothing to master; it is a question of losing something, of giving up something that binds us since we chose to go through here.

We are in this world to live an experience of extreme limitation. During the moments when we are in phase with this dimension, we do not remember what we are and our memory is erased. We believe ourselves delimited by our physical envelope, by birth and by death.

But nothing here below lasts forever. If we go astray for millennia, that is not very important, we end up recovering the memory.

The beings of this world as of all others are light-children.

Liberty is their true nature, they will not forever remain in slavery.



## To live in slavery on the ape planet

Better approach the unpleasant things right away.

We live in a dream of which we will detail the operation and the origins a little further. Myths, fables, belief systems, illusions without consistency. Almost everything we think of as an evidence is false, almost everything we accept as real is not real. Let's begin.

The human world ... Wherever the gaze goes, here everything is rage, fear, obscurity, suffering and lies.

Humanity, violence and war

Innumerable conflicts, incessant wars, cruelty, murders, violence in all its forms. Yesterday and today, today as yesterday, how have we changed? The massacre of the Armenians, the genocide of the Jews, the extermination of African peoples by their neighbors, their peers. The exactions of humans towards other human beings, which land is spared, which people is peaceful?

The history of men: rivers of blood, oceans of tears, since always.

Small murders by mafia and criminals, great murders by men of power who send to the butchery millions of their kind.

Aggressivity everyday, distrust, defiance towards our neighbors, our colleagues, to our family. Each of us wears an armor, absolutely real as we will see later. All of us are waging war here, now. The only differences are the means and powers we have.

What are we, what could have made us believe that here are the most evolved creatures ... of the universe!

Humanity and its religions

Our religions are the image of what we are, they present vengeful gods, who order exterminations. These gods make us bend under rituals, prohibitions, devotion. They make us believe that for a few years of effort in this world, we may win eternity... to do what exactly?

The reference books of the three great monotheistic religions depict incessant massacres ordered by God's elect, who does not disdain to participate directly in the butchery when the desire takes him. In many cases, it is clear that humans are slaughtered to the last.

Read it yourself, see for yourself, do it. Look straight at it.

Religion offers the possibility for torturing and slaughtering one's neighbor without guilt. Better still, it brings the warmth of the accomplished homework, and the promise to be rewarded for acts of such high quality.

How many dead, guilty of not being in the right city, or thinking incorrectly, or just not being elected! In proportion to the terrestrial population of the pre modern era, God and his elect beat all records of slaughter. Hitler, Stalin, Mao and their likes are pale imitators.

Inquisition, crusades, torture, jihad, everything is allowed. The inquisitors were not at all affected by the New Testament which prays for universal love. Nowadays, terrorists of all stripes shiver with ecstasy at the idea of being exploded in the midst of a crowd of humans, even if some of them are co-religionists.

"God will recognize his people," that's one of the many concepts that all murderers share, no matter who the god is.

The prelates of all religions invariably give instructions to contaminate the maximum number of human beings with the belief system they defend. And they also charge members of the community to eradicate any human being who does not rally to these ideas. Search and you will find this precise instruction in the reference books of monotheistic religions.

Roughly Christians, Jews and Muslims agree to 95%, which gives them the best reasons in the world to slaughter each other, precisely on these subjects, and regularly over the centuries. All this under the pretext of minor differences of interpretation within religions: Catholics and Protestants, Sunni and Shiites, for example. The more they agree, the more they kill each other.

If you want to be a little lucid, after all this is the subject of this book, all these stories of religious wars are only a particular packaging to explain that it is essential to grab the property of this or that group of human beings.

Humanity, its religions and its paradises

After this world of fury, would there be hope?

If God is remarkably precise when he orders killings and when he dictates his instructions on devotion, rituals, and taboos (God loves forbidding a great deal), he remains oddly evasive about the rewards he has reserved for his most faithful subjects. Heaven? For example the criterias of entry.

If one counts the good deeds and the bad actions, what happens if the two things are balanced perfectly or roughly? In hundreds of millions of cases, this must happen from time to time!

Or worse, if there is a little more or a little less good deeds to tip the scales on one side or the other, then the guy goes straight to hell or heaven for this tiny difference? And the guy who has

more than 90% of good deeds is in the same paradise as the one who is at 50.001%? Or there would be floors in paradise, so how many floors? You have to have a thought for the poor guy who is 49.999% and who is found in hell at a hair close. Minute, there is purgatory! How many points do you have to score to enter? How long there? And after we find ourselves in the same paradise as the one that has totaled 99%? ...

Can a Jew find himself in Christian paradise or Muslim paradise? If you are a Christian, are all the poor devils who have another belief right in hell or do they disappear into nothingness? Normally if we follow the rule of entry criteria, only one paradise should exist, and again it is a maximum in the case where one of the three groups would have been lucky to be right, a little by chance it must be said.

What is the typical day in paradise? What do we do ? Does time exist?

Is it true that if you are a good Muslim, you will have dozens of virgins at your disposal? What are you going to do with these virgins? What is the point of simulating the act of reproduction in a world where it no longer exists? Or do we continue to reproduce? Where do the children come from then?

What will your wife think if by chance she is also found in heaven, will she become a girlfriend with your virgins? Will she have the same kind of advantage or is it reserved for men? In this case it is fair to say that there will be many more women than men in the Muslim paradise. Or is there a paradise for women and one for men?

And the virgins in question, where do they come from? In this paradise, are they in their paradise or ... in their hell? What will happen when the man to whom they are dedicated will be tired to see them? Are they periodically renewed? Eternity is long...

And for homosexuals, how is this going? Will they systematically go to hell? If they also go to heaven, do they have the same advantages as the heteros or is there divine discrimination?

Unlike the Muslim paradise, the Christian paradise should be regulated by monogamy. But if your spouse or wife did not pass the entrance contest, will you stay alone or alone for eternity, or are there any arrangements?

What aspect will we have in paradise? If we die at 90, will we have the head of a 90-year-old man during eternity? In this case it is better to die young!

The poor guy with an IQ of 60 is found with how much in paradise? Does he remain so forever? In this case he must regret his suicide bombing...

Or does everyone have the same IQ, or is there no IQ at all?

Always in paradise, if I find this guy with an IQ of 60 who blew up my family, do I have the right to break his mouth every day of eternity or is there still many forbidden things there?  
It must be remembered that God adores the forbidden, the risk is great that he has put some at every corner of celestial streets.

Things are getting worse with non monotheistic religions: Buddhism, Hinduism, animism, so many traditions that tell a different story.

But who is right?

An average Christian will tell you that he is right, because it is written in his sacred book, and because if it is written, it is true. All others are wrong.

An average Muslim will tell you that the only book that tells the truth is his. The true word of God is in his book, and not in another. All others are wrong.

A Jew will explain the same thing to you with his own sacred books. The truth is 100%, only he has access. All others are wrong.

A Hindu will affirm the same things, with as much conviction as others.

Buddhists will tell you that monotheistic religions are wrong. There is no God. But just as we do, let's drown the faithful under tons of rituals.

Do you really place your hopes in these things?

To finish this section, another good news. Religions are mortal. Every abomination of this type has a life limit of 5,000 to 10,000 years. We will see that from a certain point of view, it is very short. They will disappear even in the memory of men, the humanity present here in 100,000 years will never hear about it.

Political Organization

Everywhere, always, the dictators are overthrown by brave revolutionaries who become in their turn dictators. Cuba, Africa, China, Russia, Europe, Middle East, which land is spared?

Democracy, an invention of the ancient period, is the product that we are currently selling. This would be the least bad of solutions. Maybe but :

Is not a politician elected thanks to the talents of mass manipulation, combined with unavoidable financing? In the 90s, in France, politicians of all stripes passed an amnesty law that protected themselves, about those famous financings. Perfect unanimity, a true miracle of democracy.

These same politicians pass laws that are very favorable to their own tax regimes and their retirement conditions, leaving their administrators fully responsible for these same schemes.

What African state friend of our country has not contributed to the coffers of our dear parties, right and left? These states also finance particular characters, and invariably bet on several tables.

Journalists do not talk about this, yet they are informed, why? Search and you will find, check for yourself.

Which American president was not elected thanks to the money of generous donors, to whom he remains indebted during his term in office. Who are they? Do you think that they are only powerful industrialists, leaders of big companies? Have you imagined that criminal organizations and the big countries of the world are not involved in these cases, do you think they are too stupid for that or have you just never thought about it?

Do you think that the local councilors are all absolutely honest? That mafia systems, influence trades and trick markets are facts of the past or from banana republics? Do you believe that there is no cheating in the elections of our democracies, all sides confounded?

What political label would guarantee perfect purity? Would a political party be your reference, or an ideal period, for example the 1980s? Well here is a fiction in this dream: the Chernobyl cloud has stopped just at our borders. So no special measures to protect the population. Lie of state, huge lie. Dead, how many dead? All the statistics are truncated, the whole apparatus operated from a block: political, scientific, press. High treason before the French people, court of justice of the republic? Point, the whole system is concerned. Did you say justice? Do you like fiction?

Mao said, "Good, 1 million dead Chinese, or 10 million. And then???"

But we love fables, we like to bring to power the worst of us, or the most ambitious, the most skilful. Their opinions do not matter, when the time comes, they change to send 100,000 compatriots to war, or to observe the statistical effects of a radioactive cloud on the population they are theoretically responsible for.

Why is it so? You would like a beginning of an explanation? Well before detailing the foundations of the human psyche, we can see that the main leaders that human groups choose are in fact very ordinary people.

These leaders are like the people they come from. A high level of education, a very good elocution, a huge ambition and the most accomplished political sense, they remain ordinary people, ordinary humans. Their long-term vision is usually limited to the expiry of their term. They do not decide for future generations, but for themselves and their first circle, in the maximum time that remains for them to live.

Identical to the most common of humans, they die. When they pass, they are idealized for sometime, then disappear completely from the collective memory.

One more detail that will be developed further: they are not the true bosses, they have never been. Never.

Drugs, officially banned in almost all countries, are a means of enrichment for many states and international organizations. Lie, lie.

If you have thought for yourself, you will have already understood all or part of what is summarized here. The facts may seem too big to be true, but that's the reality, and it's uncomfortable.

You will read these lines and you will not pay attention. Our psyches are shaped by education, the cultural atmosphere, the media, the television whose goal is to make you consume the most: cars, laundry, food, parfums, even if all this can not make you more happy.

So here is the set, you are on stage and we have looked at the rules of the game. But behind this game there is another, and the rules are very different.

Do you want an ordinary existence, continue to live in ignorance, persist in living in slavery?

If this is not the case, here is a very simple principle: do not invest 100% of your energy for the survival of the body, and for what you take for your identity.

Because you are not what you think you are.

## Personal Explorations

What follows is a mapping of the mind as I experienced it. I do not claim that it has universal value, although sometimes I would try to generalize to all the intelligent beings of this universe and others. You will notice that I rarely refer to a tradition or previous knowledge, and each time to redefine it from the point of view of my own travels.

When it comes to personal concepts, I use a specific vocabulary. I have validated this analysis many times, maybe your own exploration will make you cover different things. This is likely because the range of realities is infinite.

This exploration was the result of my child's reflections on the nature of reality and consciousness. A child may think about these things, but he mostly forgets them when he is 8 to 10 years old.

In adolescence I practiced a set of particular mental techniques. I will not call it meditation because I have never taken meditation classes in this life yet, I still do not know what is being taught under this name.

I did not apply any technique inspired by any book or guide for the simple reason that I had read none on this subject, and no one in my acquaintances had explained anything to me about this kind of thing. No one around me would have had the strange idea of being interested. Except for a very classic Christian education that I detached from quite early, I did not belong to a religious or esoteric movement. Religion points the eye to the outside, exactly where we can not see anything from the current human condition on earth.

This is a solitary course. I realized later that the source was in some of the past lives. My only guides were my friends on the other side, they showed up quite quickly at the opening of consciousness, to my surprise and that of one of my comrades.

Several times a week, for about an hour, I lay down on my bed, relaxed my body to the maximum and worked to remove all thought in my mind, while remaining fully aware. This is the most anti-cultural thing possible; everything in our education pushes us to do the opposite.

I met all the difficulties of an unassisted debutant, and rediscovered laboriously some rules. But my mind was all the more open.

First of all, I realized that it was very difficult to combat the flow of thought, for every desire of this nature would itself engender a stream of thought. I then placed myself in the position of observer, watching the uninterrupted parade without interfering with it.

## NON-VERBAL THOUGHT

The first realization was that thought was coming into my mind in the original version, that is to say, not translated into my native language. A tiny fraction of a second later, each impulse is formatted in its oral version by the brain. This subtlety may seem trivial, but it alone contains very important applications:

1 °) This native state of thought is shared by a great number of sentient beings, those whom we call animals included.

2 °) This focus of consciousness on the non-verbal character of thought is at least one of the ways of experiencing what has been called telepathy, and of which a more detailed description will be given later.

This is the level from which we can communicate with another individual even if he does not speak our language, and if he does not have the same version of the mind or intelligence that we use. The second necessary condition is congruence, a concept that forms the fusion of two notions: identification and proximity.

3 °) At this stage we are already beginning to feel that there are other levels of thought than the one that manifests itself in the physical brain.

4 °) Finally, we can begin to see that thought does not originate in the brain.

## Applications

Getting into nonverbal mode is a powerful way to open consciousness. To begin with, this technique tends to disconnect the system that makes us evaluate each element of our external and internal attention, roughly what we perceive.

This mode of good / bad treatment is the basis of our earthly human mind. It launches the "Belief Systems" program in the brain every morning, a program you have not chosen in any way. Judgment and belief are two subsoftware of the global operating system of our terrestrial human mind.

The evaluation system has a power of occultation that surprises you once you have discovered it. Its main function is to focus, the focus of consciousness on a small set of elements all related to the instinct of life, this mosaic occupies 99% of our attention and our energy, but is only a tiny part of what would be our scope in our present condition. Which is to say that we only use a small part of our mental potential. Sleepers are those who do not know that they work that way.

Thus this version of the mental mind is the most downloaded in the human brains today, mobilize the senses to constantly evaluate what surrounds us, in a fairly binary way: life or death, friend or foe, food or not-food. In a very large part of life, this radar constantly analyzes what is happening nearby, in terms of possible reproduction or not. At this time, the sub-software of this program is a search for pleasure with partners of the opposite sex, or the same sex. I would tend to define pleasure in two ways: one, Freudian, would be a set of means to spend as little energy as possible, the other, a set of ways to better circulate the vital energy within the physical body, by unlocking the blocking points. These four aspects of the analytic mind are those on which our physical existence is based, and on which fables and religions of all kinds find their sole reason to be.

...

Let's go back to the non-verbal state. The first thing I noticed was that the dogs in the neighborhood were no longer barking at me when I was still in this condition. During physical exertion, strength and endurance are greatly improved, the most significant being that no sensation of effort is taken into account, breathing and heartbeat remain at the same level as those of a deep sleep.

If you practice this mental state, you will inevitably see the following consequences:

Transitional disappearance of some of your fears, including those of which you were unaware. In particular strong reduction of instinctual fear towards a stranger.

Capacities of mental concentration multiplied tenfold.

Progressive deconstruction of belief systems.

Mirror effect on the mind of those around you.

Emotional stability.

Sudden eruption of new elements in your field of perception, for example the direct vision of vital energy.



By rebound effect, very strong reinforcement of the ego. Be careful not to turn guru or politician. At this point, the illusion of control can make you lose a million years.

## THE LAYER OF THOUGHT

I then found two ways to slow down the mental flow. One consisted in systematically repeating each thought that presented itself, amplifying it as much as possible, while the other one was to slow down the flow by preventing its translation into the native language and cutting off the power. Do not ask me how you can do that, I will not be able to explain it, you need some sort of effortless determination, and above all practice to understand. Results:

1 °) The flow is slowing down. Simultaneously each thought gains in strength and coherence, less parasitized by the one who follows it and the one who precedes it. One becomes aware of spaces between thoughts, translated or not.

2 °) There is an imprint, a kind of remanence of each thought. Maybe a few milliseconds, but when you see that, you're on the right track.

3 °) With the decrease of the inner chatter, the feelings of existing and being conscious increase in an exponential way!

Maximizing this space between thoughts would be my personal definition of meditation. From this state one can really find a way out to this world and move on to another, instantly.

Example lived from the first weeks of exercise.

I slow down the flow of thoughts, they are spaced more and more. Consciousness expands, becomes wider and more intense. Every manifestation of the ego has disappeared, transiently. I am the spectator of my mind, with patience and firmness I keep my intention to leave the world of penance, and to make no effort for that, the non-effort in an intense intention, the union of opposites.

Without transition, without announcing sign, I am no longer lying on a bed. I have no body, no physical, no energetic, no body of light. I have no more memory, no more identity, I am no longer a man, nor even a spirit. There is no more I, no more me, no more ego, no more personalities, but I am localized somewhere, in a totally new world.

Everywhere, in all directions, there are spheres floating in unlimited numbers. They seem to be pure crystal, and maybe I am one of them. Rays of light start from these spheres, each of these rays progresses very slowly, and when one of these rays touches my location, a magnificent sound is communicated. Each ray of light has its own sound, stable, powerful, unique.

These spheres exchange light and sound in one and the same phenomenon. Consciousness expands and here the immense symphony of this place is manifested, consciousness can contemplate fractions in infinite number. The magic of the spheres...

Returning to normal consciousness I am stunned by what is in memory. I am unable to say whether this trip out of the world, out of the worlds, lasted an hour or a tenth of a second. This was not a trip out of the body, none of the symptoms appeared, nor any process. Everything happened instantly. Exit the world through the door of the mind.

The astro-mental tissue that allows our relative location in the physical world is not so tight. Careful observation allows you to see fleeting bridges, this acuity is not possible with ordinary mental activity, thoughts and everything that goes with it. One can slip into the breeches, and pass immediately into another universe. These universes are in infinite number.

According to my little experiences, the emptiness described by the masters of meditation is not emptiness, not nothingness, but the capacity of consciousness to house everything. By analogy, ordinary human consciousness is like a shallow puddle of water. Evolution allows this consciousness to gain the dimension of a lake, then an ocean. Only the oceanic consciousness can accommodate infinity and eternity.

Emptiness and sum of all the manifestations, are one and the same thing.

The ultimate reality is that there are no puddles, no lakes, but one and the same cosmic ocean, one consciousness, one being, in all Creation.

Well, let's go back to our explorations.

## THE OCEAN OF MAGMA

The layer of thought is like a field of force that delimits and contains a gigantic internal magma, probably what psychoanalysts have called the unconscious. But this energy is anything but unconscious.

When one comes into contact with this unfathomable ocean, one immediately understands that the relative mastery of thought had been an easy part.

There is almost everything you can imagine to make the psyche work, but with an inconceivable power. And a lot of things you had no idea of before. The first time you arrive, you're fighting back, that's normal.

Too late, you have pierced a hole in the force field. It is at this precise moment that you can have a feeling of understanding, fleeting as far as I am concerned, towards the various religions that God has invented for us in this short spatio-temporal segment.

I summarize the general message:

"Do not go there, you do not need to see, there is nothing to see, run away! To occupy yourself, stick to believing what the Big Book is saying, do not do this or eat it, insist doing these other things, otherwise you will have the worst trouble."

Well, what's in this magma?

There is, for example, all the fears you can imagine, and many others that you had not imagined. Impulses and enormous desires. Force ideas, animated 3D images, symbols, archetypes, God, his demons and angels, stars, some nothingness, good, evil, strange creatures, shadow, light, and much more.

Transpersonal psychologist Stanislas GROF modeled the general organization of this mass of energy. The perinatal matrices and COEX systems seem very relevant, they describe very well many aspects of this so-called subconscious.

You make small incursions on this territory during some extreme events of life, or when taking drugs.

To contain a part of the Attention in this world, it is necessary to have enormous means, and it is the role of this prodigious convergence of forces to limit the access to this colossal sum of information.

The basic structure of this magmatic ocean evokes what some have called the instinct of life. By venturing with caution while trying to observe it, the declinings of this impulse of life are obvious. About 99% of what we do in this world is underpinned by this strength. The order to keep this body alive as long as possible, the need for reproduction, to simulate reproduction, to found a family, to care for his descendants but also any form of human realization, was it high philosophical or artistic. To work, to respect the social order or not to conform to it, to sleep, to eat, to entertain oneself, to work, to believe in God and not to believe in it, to believe something else, all this is the direct effect of the One Order: TO SURVIVE.

The sexual instinct is the dominant aspect. It has a power that goes beyond comprehension, which explains why most of the energy of the field of thought force is devoted to containing it. Candidates for the astral journey, beware: rid of the physical envelope, you will meet sooner or later the sexual drive, it will be stronger the more you have repressed it before that. It will display extremely spectacular arguments that will not leave you indifferent. This may not be logical because the body of light is not concerned with physical reproduction, but it is still a reality. Little thing in passing, do not oppose it frontally, you will not win and will be suddenly redirected into the body of flesh.

The mastery of thought is an amiable joke, here is something immensely more powerful, larger and more complex. The mystics who attacked this big piece had a lot to do.

The first reflex is to try to master the sexual drive by controlling it by all possible means. This attitude was chosen by the majority of religious currents of our dark ages, most of the time it directly led to the attempt to control and oppress women. This pseudo-method is characteristic of a very primitive species, this homogeneous group of religions constitutes the spirituality of the second step, the first being all the different forms of animism. According to the evolution of this earthly humanity, other waves of religions will replace the first two, which will fall into total oblivion.

Like virtually all human claims, the control of the life force is a pure illusion. In addition, it leads to a dead end. Here's why:

1 °) The life force is almost the only one at our disposal at this stage of our evolution. To try to deny it, to fight it or to reduce it, is to deprive oneself of one's ability to act in all fields. Apathy, depression and nevrosis are assured, as well as violence, fanaticism, extremism.

2 °) As paradoxical as it may seem, this pseudo method of spiritual realization is directly fed by the life force itself. It is very subtle and distilled since a long time all that is needed to lose its host. It can make you go around in circles for millions of years!

If fighting or not fighting the sexual force is the same, what should be done?

In my experience, "doing" is not the exact word. All that is of the order of will or effort is produced by the Life Force.

In the absence of another term, the word conscience appears the most apt. Becoming aware, exploring the magma by opening the consciousness allows releasing the identification links. Do not intervene, either way, to observe, this opens the successive doors of this immense domain. There you distinguish all the pains, all the sufferings and all the misfortunes, but also the pleasure, the realization, the peace and the unit. Such is the duality within our being.

## THE LAYER OF DREAM

Here is something that seems very important to me. As an introduction to the subject, this has the pretension to explain what the dream is, and how it works.

Once again, it is a question of repeated personal observations.

The dream as you remember it or as current scientists study it is the end result of a complex set of processes.

The dream as I will attempt to describe it is all of these processes.

First of all, here is how I arrived at these observations and conclusions.

From adolescence, I recorded the maximum of dreams that I remembered in the morning. My discipline was to write even vague memories, as imprecise as they were, and to be exhaustive as far as possible.

The natural disposition to remember my dreams was strengthened. Not one morning without being able to record one or more waves of dreamlike results. Quickly this work directly impacted the quality of the dreams themselves, they became constantly deeper, more alive, more colorful, more rich in sensations.

In a first phase this study took on the appearance of introspection and self-psychoanalysis.

Then came quite suddenly the symbols and archetypes described by the great authors. These "encounters" turned out to be prodigiously therapeutic, they would release forces that I didn't know were in me.

Combined with the mental exercises described above, a next step was reached: the ability to intervene on certain parts of the process. The waking dream is one of these slices, you are asleep and you dream but you are aware of it and can thus, in varying proportions, manufacture or guide your dream according to your inclinations of the moment. There are not really any limits, so you'll have all the powers of the hero for a moment in the movie "MATRIX".

The discoveries did not stop there. I wanted to see what would happen if, in the course of these lucid dreams, I made nothing at all and, on the contrary, systematically destroyed any dreamlike element from which it came.

That's when things became really interesting. This technique causes an increase in the field of consciousness and its intensity. It causes the AWAKENING.

What is extraordinary in that?

Well you wake up, it's true, for example in your bed, warm under the blankets.

Or you wake up in your room, but 50 cm above the bed, pushing you into a nasty and wet thing that happens to be your physical body, or exactly at the same place, but in the course of separation with the wet and tight thing.

Or, as was my case the first time, two thousand kilometers from your bed, your room and your city. I was in the middle of a dream all there is more common, and here I am suddenly aware and I decide to kill any form of dream:

It's as if huge curtains are spreading all around me. Totally stupefied, I find myself in a deep blue sky, slowly gaining height. At the moment of waking, altitude 80 meters, speed 40 km / h. I stop straight. I do not fall, floating just above the landscape. Below me is an other earth as far as the eye can see, very little vegetation, less than a dozen white houses with terraced roofs on all their surfaces. No one outside, neither man nor animal. I observe all this, intoxicated by the feeling of

absolute freedom. Nothing happens, in a dream things always follow each other continuously. I think and feel different things but what I see does not change one iota. The feeling of reality is superior to everything I remember, I am totally, fully localized here, above what I imagine to be the North of Africa.

Then the dream re-emerges and I go back to sleep. But when I wake up I remember everything. There will be other times, and soon will arrive the first proof that this is true, that the places visited are real:

Dream of second part of night: strangely dressed, I hold in my hand a slipper in the middle of a deserted street ... The absurdity of the thing suddenly makes me aware, I decide to leave the dreamlike state.

Looking around me, here I am on the mound of Angouleme, a few hundred meters from the high school where my body remains, in the dormitory of the boarding school.

I find myself in full shape, in the body of light, and on the material plane because I do not know anything else during these first conscious exits. I fly slowly and start to climb through the air. There is in front of me a row of big trees of which I feel the delicate energy, the spring is there and the life which bathes these trees gives me a desire for fusion, I cross them with delectation, mixing my particles of light with their atoms. Then I take altitude and climb vertically a few hundred meters above the city.

A quick glance down, and I go west at mach 7. In this state, no need for acceleration, there is no inertia, you go from zero to 8,000 km / h, instantaneously.

A few weeks later I made friends with A.M. He lives on the mound of Angouleme, near the prison. A Wednesday for the first time he brings me to his home. From the road we go back through his garage, and cross a small courtyard to access the kitchen door. What is behind the facade of the garage is completely masked, and there is no building that dominates his house. It is impossible to know the disposition of the places, except to have already come there, or to have flown over it.

That's what it's about. Remember the brief look down, when I arrive in this small court, I recognize it immediately, but the proof is elsewhere, and that's what will impress my new friend.

So I stop in the middle of the yard and I suddenly explain to A.M that it was not paved here just a few weeks ago. Then I show him the exact spot where the slabs were stored in the meantime, and how they were arranged. Of these works there is no trace left, everything has been perfectly cleaned.

These insignificant details remained in my memory, and to explain why it was astonishing, I must express my little inclination towards the architecture of cities wherever they are on this earth.

It may be very personal but I can not find any aestheticism in what seems to me a shapeless assembly of boxes big or small, and this feeling is a lot stronger when I'm freed from the material body.

The major constructions of all kinds, sacred or not, do not escape this feeling. Only very pure forms have a relatively more attractive appearance in my eyes. And again I speak here only of the visual aspect, without entering the register of subtle elements which emanate from these constructions, emanations that you take in the face even if you do not want it, and which are far from improving the board. From this point of view, the subtle term should be replaced by nightmarish. To any visitor outside from this planet it gives the tone of our civilization. But that's just my opinion.

Let's close the bracket.

Without thinking of the consequences, I make these remarks to my friend with a very calm assurance. Then to his astonishment I understand my clumsiness.

Alain confirms the accuracy of these observations, but he begins to question me, because I can not know what I have just described. He insists at length to know how this is possible, showing a lucidity very rare among the sleepers.

First of all I try to elude the thing casually. Beginning in these areas, one of my character traits will be for a long time to be discreet about this stuff. I have no desire to proselytize and this lasted for many years.

By honesty towards him, and also under his pressure I end up giving the simplified version of my trip over his court. I'm pretty sure he will not believe a single word of it.

I am wrong. To my astonishment, Alain declares me to be convinced of the veracity of this explanation. He had never heard of this kind of phenomenon before our conversation, but for him the demonstration had been masterly though unexpected.

I lost sight of him after high school, I do not know if he remembers, and if it had the slightest influence on the course of his life.

As far as I'm concerned, the steps are taken one after the other.

I do not worry about evidence any longer. The adventures in themselves are so exhilarating that they are enough, but it happens that in the morning, a search in my big atlas confirms me the existence of the place visited, because I sometimes remember the names when they are in a Western writing base.

I will come back to the possibilities offered by extracorporeal adventures in the JOURNEYS chapter, for the moment let us continue our discovery of the dream layer.

This may seem tedious, but this understanding can be of great use when one has just passed the stage known as death in our current culture.

It was after having killed the dream over many nights that I began to understand some of its mechanisms, and of what it is made of more precisely.

## THE CONSTITUTION OF THE DREAM

According to my observations, the dream activity is more or less continuous at a certain stage of the psyche, whether we are awake or asleep.

Let's take a closer look at the dream in the sleeping context.

During sleep, at one time or another, you leave the physical vehicle. That's why you sometimes feel like climbing or falling when you fall into that state. A sudden return gives a startled awakening, with the feeling of having missed a step. During the first exercises out of the body, these walking failures suddenly become very numerous.

Let us see the dream in the case where the body of light is externalized from the physical body, and that it is at more than 5 meters from this one. In this hypothesis there is a good chance that the energy body will return to the physical body, and that the silver cord that connects the light body to the physical body like an umbilical cord does not shake you in all directions.

This is how I started to understand what is happening.

I find myself fully conscious in the body of light, seeing neither the physical body nor the physical world. There is nothing around me but a myriad of tiny grains of erratic light.

I stay for a moment and I suddenly feel a drive of mental creation coming into my consciousness. Something wants to be created, but I'm very well aware that it's a part of me at a higher plane that really decides. So the idea takes me not to oppose the creation, but to attend fully. And to do this I dilate my time to see the scene in slow motion. I have no idea what will happen, no intuition on the show that can appear.

I see the points of light begin to regroup and take different colors, then the phenomenon accelerates and in a few moments is created around me ... an airport hall. Huge, with billions of details, and on top of that everything moves, people move with luggage, there are hundreds of different people, they absolutely look real, with their clothes, their expressions.

The lobby is 200 meters long and 30 meters high, very modern. There are several floors, mezzanines, shops! Nothing that can not be taken out of my memory, I do not recognize a place



that I would have physically visited. I'm amazed, stunned, how can we create such a landscape so fast? And everything is moving! The power of creation of the spirit subjugates me, the demonstration is mind blowing!

I am in the middle of this airport hall, it is around me, under my feet, up, and in all directions. Nothing differentiates it from reality.

I decide to continue the experiment, and take the initiative to dissolve the creation. But I do it in slow motion, to watch what happens. Then the hall and the people around me become grains of light, and I find myself alone, in the middle of particles agitated by Brownian movements.

It's like a game of tennis, I give my hand back to the Creator, with his permission. And he recreates the airport just as before, in every detail, with other people coming and going!

...

My dear friends, when you die, you will inevitably be confronted with the power of creation of your mind. It is huge, enough to make a custom paradise or a hell for each of us.

The BARDO THODOL, or book of the Tibetan dead, only repeats incessantly to the dead: "Noble son, recognize everything as a projection of your own mind".

The list of creations concerning this warning is quite eloquent:

Flashing lights, blue, white, yellow, red, green.

Dull, gray lights.

Immense heavenly realms.

Legions of peaceful or crowned divinities.

Terrifying sounds and vibrating more than 1,000 thunders.

"O noble son, the celestial kingdoms have no localized existence, but are only the cardinal divisions and the center of your heart from which they come out to appear to you. The bodies of these deities do not come from another place either. They are from all eternity the deployment of the potentials of your own knowledge. Recognize them for what they are" (Tibetan Book of the Dead, DERVY-BOOKS).

I choose to repeat myself: this power of creation of your own mind is not a joke at all. Whatever your life on earth, your religion, your beliefs, you will be confronted to it. You will have no problem to create a huge landscape with each blade of grass and every grain of sand at its place, the ocean, the clouds and the inhabitants included. Even if you think you have no imagination, you will be surprised beyond any prediction.

Back to my personal explorations. The airport hall is an example of a macrocosmic dream, it extends very widely around the person who is at the origin. This creation has an objective reality, another person who would not - by the way would see the show with the same details, it is important to specify it. In higher worlds, advanced beings consciously create their environment and live collectively in consensual areas.

There are also dreams whose visual expression is limited to what I call the dream bubble. Here are its characteristics.

It extends into a limited space in the immediate surroundings of the body of light, and roughly forms a multi-screen sphere around it. We see directly scenes projected by the mind of the person who is in the center, like a film in 3D. Some scenes are more stable than others, depending on the intensity of mental impulses and their frequency of renewal.

The bubble is not permanent and can completely disappear, then reappear at any time, especially during certain mental phases during the unconscious travel out of the body. It can also manifest itself even as we are lucid in the physical body in a normal state of functioning.

## TRANSMISSION AND MEMORY

The following may seem tedious to read, but it is certainly one of the most important keys of this book.

From the beginning of research I wonder at length about what makes one remembers or not one's out-of-body trips during sleep, or one's previous lives, or stays in the higher worlds, or in one's childhood, or ones' dreams, etc.

In the same way, I thought later on at the NDEs, why not all those who kiss death do remember such a thing? Why are some elements removed from the memory of the experiencers?

What relationships exist between consciousness and memory, why do we have a different consciousness and memory in the body of light?

Attentive to what is happening, I quickly notice that there is a phase of transmission of information to the physical body when returning from a trip out of the body. The first time I could only place myself in the bodily position to witness the arrival of the information, the memory, and its installation in the physical body. I realized that sometimes it is at this precise stage that the brain is trying to make a dream out of real experience. Then I observed that this transformation that can continue during the day, the factory of the dream does not pause.

Analogously to a computer memory, the original version is stored somewhere, as well as all other modified versions. It is the psychological, intellectual traits, as well as the extent and nature of the information stored in the memory of the physical body that will privilege a particular version.

Another way of saying it would be the following: in general, we do not remember something whose physical brain has no information about. Worse, we can not be aware of it, just when the event comes back.

In a second time, I observe conflicts between the descending information and the physical psyche when the content of the memory contradicts what is accepted as the reality. Example: to see in all directions at the same time.

Then the material brain gradually accepts new data, reforming itself. I discover that we can blot this dream factory in the physical body. Incidentally I also discover that one can deliberately produce natural chemicals in the brain to sedate the body in a few seconds.

I also note that the chronological order is not obligatorily respected, some sequences are redistributed in a new assemblage, and the emergence of memories is sometimes nonlinear. For example, the material brain can classify one event after another, although it is anterior to it, and it can restore fragments of memory in the most complete disorder. In short, the whole system seems to organize so that it is the integral bazaar and that nobody understands nothing any more. And this is the end result, nobody understands anything, starting with the scientists despite their current certainty.

After a few years, I observe that the system is even more complex. The body of light comes back with a very large amount of information, it will first transmit it to the energetic body, which will tend to make its own version of the trip. Then this version goes to the physical body, which does its own soup. It is the Arabic-phone on all floors.

In the higher worlds everyone communicates with balls of thought, a kind of super-telepathy. This method is universal, it seems to be used everywhere in Creation. It is as if the body of light used this method: it sends its ball of information to the energetic body, so that it communicates it to the physical body.

I ended up understanding this mechanism by fragmenting the consciousness and placing it on the three floors simultaneously (yes, yes, it is possible). I had made a short trip between Marseille and Aix en Provence in the body of light, and I carefully observed how this information passed at the level of the lower envelopes. The energetic body and the physical body are jammers, which explains why the majority of humans on this planet are sleepers. That night I began to understand how to create a kind of harmonic bridge between the three envelopes so that memory, information are installed in the material brain without deformation.

Subsequently I noticed that when the material brain was receiving information on which it had no data, it recorded in blank, like a piece of hard disk on which nothing is recorded. This type of phenomenon is proof of a great progress in the mechanism of memory: when he does not know, the brain does not say anything, before that he invented absolutely anything to plug the hole.

The harmonic bridge is created by intention and training. It is a real channel between the different worlds. From the physical world we connect to the astral memory, or better mental, which gives us access to memories of past lives, and intermediate stays in the higher worlds. But it's a lot of work...

Another factor will play a determining role, that of reducing or eliminating tensions. These tensions are generated by memories containing anger and fear, and we are almost all infested.

Hence the business of psychiatrists, psychologists, and psychoanalysts. I have known cases where the therapies have sometimes lasted for 10, 20 years or more. At this point, I wonder if we should question the good foundation of those theories and methods. By parentheses the profession of psychologist is one that has one of the highest rates of suicide, for example the psychiatrist who advised one of my companions in the Paris region, which counselor ended up killing herself by hanging in her living room. It seems that she had a dispute with her friend of the moment, the last in this case. A certified psychologist, on top of that...

Playing sports, eating a balanced diet, enjoying simple pleasures, not having too much conflict seems to me to be the basis. Some people are very sensitive to spiritual teachings, yoga, travel, meditation; for everyone to make their choice, the goal is to lower the level of fear and anger.

I end this topic with a quote from ancient Greece: learning is remembering. I wish you to remember who you are, where you come from, and where you want to go. There is no better wish for you who reads these lines, and probably already have at least some ideas on these issues.

## MONROE INSTITUTE

I went to the Monroe Institute in Virginia USA in the late 1990s to follow the GATEWAY course.

For those who do not know, Robert Monroe was an entrepreneur who suddenly made trips out of the body. But he was not on the verge of death, things happened at once, the problem was that he had never heard of that. Then he realized that these phenomena did not come by chance, he was experimenting with sound, for example to acquire knowledge while sleeping.

He has written three very interesting books, of which only one, I believe, has been translated into French. He founded a research center, in which the secret spies of the CIA secretly trained. These spies exercised themselves at distant sight, remote viewing.

What does this GATEWAY training consist of? Well, you do not have to believe in anything, you work with your mind with sound and light. You're work between eight and twenty hours a day if you like, including when you sleep.

I went there to improve my out-of-body abilities. But apart from a walk the first night, before starting the training, all week long, nothing happened on that side. However I was entitled to two surprises.

## REMOTE VIEWING

The first surprise was to meet John Macmoneagle himself, one of the most talented among the psychic spies, retired since a few years. He sold the wick by writing two or three books, not translated into French to my knowledge.

We are at the end of the week, saturated with training, and John will test us all together to evaluate our capabilities in remote viewing. No explanation, he enters a series of numbers on a paperboard, ask us to take a look at it, then draw what comes to mind afterwards!

We are all quite discontented, especially those who like me, had never heard of R.V before that. Nevertheless, I play the game, look at what there is like image that wanders in the background of consciousness. There is an immense landscape, a fairly flat countryside, a small river winds a long way in all the corner, some roads, no highways. I look closely and I see further, about 10 kms, a kind of bizarre mountain because completely isolated in the landscape, like a huge nuclear power plant chimney.

We give the copies and John shows us the target: it is devil's tower, the mountain that we see at the end of the film 'Meetings of the 3rd kind". There are three of us who have drawn it: the other two are in full view, and I have the overview, but the mountain is well in my drawing, as it is in reality. I need a small reframing, but for a first time it is not too bad. Bluffing all the same, this remote viewing thing!

Second test, new figures on the paperboard. I glance at it, and in less than a second a portion of the arc appears on the consciousness. This is a kind of construction that I can not understand. I'm trying to see how this portion of the arc can be connected to something in order to stand up, activate my reason and try to make deductions. This is exactly what you should not do, you just have to look and perceive by all the senses, not to interpret.

The target is an arc-shaped tower in Canada, and it stands up.

...

To continue a little on this vision at a distance, here are two other examples lived after years.

1 - We are at the moment when the American army is looking for Saddam Hussein who hid somewhere after the invasion of the country. I'm at home, watching peacefully TV. Suddenly a vision springs into consciousness. I see at a distance of 10 meters a big guy lurking in a doorway, he observes the building where I feel I am localized. We are in the middle of the night. I get close to him, he is tall, wears a strong mustache, and seems to be an Iraqi soldier without a uniform. He counts on his fingers slowly, without stopping, and I notice that he never uses the thumb, he counts series of four. More information comes to me: this man spies in search of S. Hussein, he wants to know where he is hiding and those who can enter and leave the building can give him clues. He spies for the American army. The name of the place where it is located, as well as its approximate location, northeast of the capital, appear to me clearly.

It's a small village but my big world atlas knows everything, I find the name of the place and the place indicated. A few days later, S. Hussein is stopped at about ten kilometers from this village.

2 - I am in California in the framework of a protocol CE 5 with the team of Steven GREER. The protocol CE 5 is to make a call to the aliens who are in the area, and invite them to communicate with us. Well, basically ... I'm the first French guy to do this kind of thing with the famous GREER, you see I'll stop at nothing. I will talk about this in another chapter, but towards the end of the week our remote viewing skills are ruthlessly tested.

I must point out that I make myself noticed from the beginning by my ability to sink into sleep at any time, and cough when I should not. But I have a cold that prevents me from filling the jetlag, and staying still outside every night in the cold wind does not help my health.

There is a big cardboard laying in front of Steven's legs, they are forty to have already expressed what is in it. Many have seen fruits, oranges and bananas, or other things like that, and I really do not want to talk, because I do not see anything they say. Most of these people are meditation champions and regular practitioners of remote viewing, I feel like I'm going to look like an idiot ... I'm now the last, I have no choice, everything in the world must pass, it is my turn, I start.

I explain that I have explored the box, and that it is almost empty, something like 99.9%. There is only a small object laying at the bottom, metallic, round. GREER cuts me off then: You are absolutely right! He opens the box and takes out a small compass. He did not give me time to continue, because I also saw what was in the box before he emptied it to place the compass, or where these objects had been made, and a couple of things on the persons who manufactured and packed the said objects. Nonchalantly I ask the question to a member of the team at the time of the break, that's right, there were T-shirts, made in China.

We will have other tests even more difficult ones. I notice something on this occasion: I always get the best results, but I do not do like them. They all close their eyes, relax, concentrate, take postures, make silence and all at the same time, in short they look like what they are doing, while I do absolutely nothing of all that. I keep my eyes open, scan the whole place, move on the chair, cough a little all the time, think as usual, but in addition I fragment the consciousness: one part manages the normal activities, the other will visit the background plans and informs her colleague of the things she sees. "Here and there, at the same time," is what my councilors of the other dimension have been wincing at me for some time. This time, I understand, thank you. I sometimes get fragmented into three without any of them losing strength, it will be necessary to try to do better, one of these days.

Let's come back to the Monroe Institute...

Second surprise

It is Thursday and I am completely saturated with exercises. I can not take it anymore, I'm fed up. The first thing in each sequence is to build a "reball", a kind of vibrating energy sphere around us,

about 2 meters in diameter. I have been doing this mentally since the beginning but I do not feel anything at all. I asked the question to know if this sphere has a relation with the luminous aura, apparently it is something else...

In this morning I feel about to explode. After the briefing we are all returned to the check units for the nth exercise. I take a look outside before closing the shutters, it is super nice, hot, not a bit of wind, and it will be necessary to be locked in a box of two cubic meters for a good time with earphones on the ears. Well, let's go for it!

I immediately feel that I want to break the protocol. For starters, instead of doing a two-meter rebal, I start by doing one of around 6 miles around me, ten kilometers away. It encompasses the whole area, the small valley, and goes up to the summer clouds. Well, it's done. Then I walk through the designated steps by focus 1, focus 10, and more. At focus 12, sleeping body / awake mind, I suddenly hear about my mega rebal again: I can feel all the valley, the vegetation, the air, the clouds, everything in the area delivers me a bucolic information, in the nonverbal, inside the mega rebal. The sensation is very strong, but things get worse suddenly when I feel a fantastic Presence in the whole of this landscape, and this presence is .. the wind!

You will not believe me, but the wind is directly addressing me, the guy in the center of the vibrating energy sphere. He explains to me that he arrives, that he comes to me, that he has always loved me, personally, and he covers me with an immense love, far above what a human person can normally receive. Simultaneously, I receive large bundles of energy that hit specific points: the lower back, the middle of the back, and the back of the neck. From these impacts, some kinds of electric vibrations spread and flood the rest of the body at a speed of a few centimeters per second. All this has absolutely nothing subjective about it, it is what is really happening, I am drowning in waves of vibrations of a completely new nature, but very powerful. The wind dialogues with me, and on the spot I'm trying to answer him by joking a bit, the thing is very disconcerting but the vibratory sensation is so powerful that I completely lose my bearings. At the same time I feel the totality of the vegetation of the valley vibrate, it feels the wind approaching (everyone must have heard since he speaks very loudly) and waits for the eventual rain that he can bring. I feel all the valley that awaits this wind, and the exchange of love that flows in all directions. If you want to become an ecologist you have only to live something like that, it is amply enough.

The guy in the headphone asks me to switch to focus 15, and starts playing the sounds that go with it. OK, let's go. I lose contact with the wind, no more vibration packets. A moment after towards focus 19 I tell myself that I would like to return to discuss with my friend the wind, and I return to focus 12, out of the process of the exercise. The wind is always there, it tells me that it has moved towards me, it is almost there, where I am. He has loved me since the beginning of time, and I balance masses of vibrations in these three points in the back, and when they spread I feel a form of ecstasy superior to what I have lived in the body of flesh since birth, including sexual activity, significant precision.

Switch to focus 10, then 1, end of the exercise. And you know what? I rush to open the shutters, and there is a wind of all the devils out, everyone thinks that a big storm will happen. The trees are shaking, all that is outside is overturned, like the chairs on the grass. A little storm.

I must say that this "proof" moved me a lot: there was not a bit of wind, but my friend told me that he had arrived and he has come, everyone has noted. At the debriefing I explain that the wind from here and I have always been friends, which I did not know just an hour ago.

I've been digging my head for weeks. The wind is good air moving, right? Is there a kind of energetic supra entity, old as the planet, whose physical body would be the air? I went through all the principles I knew, and all that I could imagine, mystery. In any case this completely unexpected experience made me definitely pass the desire to mock shamans and all those who pretend to communicate with the elements. Obviously I do not know everything, far from it.

I add a last layer on my friend the wind. I know, you will not believe that either.

Two years later I am at Club Med, in the Caribbean for 5 weeks of holidays.

All my mornings around nine o'clock I do 10 to 15 kms of jogging, and as it is already 30° celsius at that time I rest for the rest of the day, by reading more or less and participating in the activities. There has not been a drop of water here for weeks, and this afternoon I lie in the sun on my towel, doing nothing.

Suddenly I receive packets of vibrations from the coccyx, the middle of the back, and the back of the neck. Billions of electric sparks spread in my body, giving me a kind of enjoyment... that I can not compare to anything. And my friend the wind is manifesting itself at the same time, beginning to explain to me that he has always loved me, and that he is coming. The least we can say is that I did not expect that, and in addition there is not the least breath of air. But my friend persists in confirming its arrival, continuing to bombard me with energy and words of love. After a few minutes I am forced to see that it does not lie, it is good now and has even brought some friends of its, nice clouds while there was little, we had a full blue sky. We even take a little rain, the only one during this stay of 5 weeks. Everyone is surprised, but not me, my friend had warned me of his arrival, 10 minutes before.

## First proof

At the end of the second year, I involuntarily hypnotise one of my boarding schoolmates. He has some sort of sentimental problem and wants to sort of erase the time until the next day. I forget very quickly this episode.

But at the beginning of the next school year, an intern I vaguely know comes to see me in the study room, brandishing a small pocket book on hypnosis, claiming that I had already done so



last year. On this he joins me to come with him to try this kind of experience. A fruitful collaboration has just begun.

We quickly have some mastery of the technique, hypnotizing everyone in the boarding school who wants to try. Pretty soon, we come across a gifted subject: Edmond. Tonight is an ordinary session, at least we think so, but we are mistaken. Outside my camarade and myself, 3 intern friends attend the scene.

After the induction process, we usually question the subject about the depth of his sleep. There are 3 levels: light, deep, and very deep. Edmond is the first to indicate a very deep hypnosis.

All the boys present, myself included, understand that something special is happening. Edmond no longer has the same voice, no longer the same way of standing. I have the feeling of holding an atomic bomb in my hands, and I do not know what to do with it.

The idea of questioning it then comes to mind: "Look at me, look around me, what do you see?"

We are amazed to hear him describe my aura with details. He insists particularly on a brilliant red point at the height of my forehead. This red dot inspires him with a kind of inexplicable fear. We all know that Edmond does not care at all about these things, that he probably has not read anything on the subject. Thanks to an exceptional memory, he is rather like learning to write English and Spanish dictionaries, a few words every day.

But here we are, he now describes what traditions of the East have been repeating for millennia. In the next sessions he describes the silver rope!

All this shakes us strongly. One of the observers has a somnambulism attack shortly after, the first of his life. We begin to talk about this in the boarding school, there are those who think that we faked it, those who believe in it, and I who do not know very well what I must believe. Should I accept what he says as a reality, or as something directly related to the state of hypnosis, of a purely mental nature?

The answer arrives the following summer.

I'm on vacation by the sea, with some friends from my little town, including Jacques. If there is one thing I'm sure of, it's that Jacques has never heard of the aura. His hobbies are mainly directed towards fishing and hunting, which he never varies. He reads little, mainly comics. So one evening I announce to the band that I did a little of hypnosis in high school, and asks Jacques if he wants to try. I am careful not to tell the slightest detail. But I have my idea.

Jacques agrees and here we are on the ledge, apart. I start the session and after phase 1, I ask him about the depth of his sleep. He answers me that he is in light hypnosis. I ask him to look around me and to describe to me what he sees. He answers that he does not see anything. I

notice that the place where we are is bright enough and asks him to put himself at the level of a row of shrubs that are a few meters away. I then ask him the question again.

Jacques then sees lights around my body. I do not insist and wake him up quickly. He remembers what he saw and wondered what it is, very astonished.

I am more astonished than him. Jacques tells the same thing as Edmond! Something in me said that this aura story was purely related to the high school internship, a very stupid idea that has just been eradicated in my mind.

That there are lights around us is an idea that I did not think about before these sessions of hypnosis. As nobody talks about it, it's easy to believe that it simply does not exist. Well for me, this belief of non-existence has just taken a serious blow on the head!

Not insignificant what we think and what we believe, I will realize it without delay!

A day or two later, sitting at a terrace of a cafe on the edge of the beach, busy sipping a strawberry milk, for a split second it seems to me that I see over the head of a passer-by ... light! It seemed to me to be a mixture of white and dark brown hues. The thing is so fleeting that I'm just aware of it, and the next moment I think I've dreamed.

Back from vacation, I do not think about it anymore. It's an evening of the end of the summer, I decide to go for a ride alone on a motorcycle. It is very good, the night has fallen and the sky is clear, full of stars. While driving in the countryside, I see that the wheat has just been cut and that huge stacks are built at the edge of the roads.

I decide to stop. Stowing my locomotion machine back from the path, I lean my back on on a stack made of big parallelepipeds of cut wheat. A bit of straw in the mouth, savoring the sweetness of the moment, I let my eyes run over the landscape of the night. I am a little down the road, and in front of me a large field climbs gently. In the middle of this field, about 200 meters away, there is an isolated tree, an apple tree or something like that.

The moon is rising, its shine is almost embarrassing because my eyes are accommodated to the chiaroscuro. It rises precisely behind the tree in the middle of the field, and the slight breeze that moves the leaves produces a kind of diffuse blinking of the moonlight.

My mind is calm, I am relaxed so I let this disturbance act on me gently, without reacting, and it is at this moment that the whole landscape changes before my eyes.

No more semi obscurity, light everywhere. An explosion of light: the pit in front of me, each blade of grass, the field, the tree in the distance, everything gives an incredible light. Not something fuzzy, vague, but myriads of filaments of light, extremely fine threads, each having its color. Many clear, blue, all colors. A glow so strong that it is unthinkable not to see it.

It lasts maybe 2, 3 seconds before disappearing. Enough to be certain, to know that it really exists, that it surrounds us permanently, enough to cause a seism in my being.

The world is not like before.

Hallucination, alcohol, drugs? I do not drink alcohol, I have never tried any drugs. My mind is perfectly clear.

In the weeks and months that follow, the ability to see that light is constantly being improved.

In a first phase, my eyes are attracted by a large white light around people who move in my field of vision, but when I do not pay attention. As soon as I try to see this light better, it disappears.

In a second time, I learn to distinguish at length this glow, leaving somehow my eyes drag, asking them not to fix directly. If I look at a person's body, I only see their physical appearance. As soon as I can focus correctly, I can see the light.

Then the different layers appear to me. The blue layer near the body, direct expression of the vital force. Very quickly it seems to me of an almost material nature, a second skin. It varies during the day, color, thickness, or sometimes changes abruptly. Then the second and the third layer, and the cone of flashing light above the head which I then use for the setting.

The moment is coming when I am no longer able to see. Whatever the time, day, night, indoor, outdoor, one reel or the other, I swim in the light filaments. Mine and those of other humans, those of trees, plants, as well as everything that is reputed to be inert. Everything is light.

Often the movements of people close to me are preceded, a fraction of a second before, by a movement of their light. This happens between 50 cm and one meter from the body, the phenomenon has a certain magnitude and makes me over-jump during the first observations.

I'm starting to get into the idea that everyone does not want to see and talk about it because certain environmental conditions make it so obvious that I must appeal to my memories before to admit that others do not see anything, really. Not seeing it seems incredible!

They are as victims of a kind of handicap that they do not suspect.

Finally the human aura is revealed to its outer envelope. The beings around me, and me in the midst of them, that's what we really are, luminous beings whose filaments of light mingle or repel each other according to mysterious rules, it moves, undulates, opens or re-close to the body according to the circumstances, there are sudden flashes, whirlpools, vortexes and the angel hair which borders the aura when it moves.

Everything is bright. Vegetables, animals, minerals, each with its own characteristics. In practical chemistry, the light around the test tubes changes color instantly when an acid is added, for example. From bright yellow we can switch to electric blue.

I am an autodidact of the light. I use it to get information about people I meet, or to influence them, and to distract me. Besides the fact that it is quite useful for love affairs, the main concern of my age, there is no law that forbids it, since "that does not exist".

The capacity has been maintained until today, every day of my life. I see less well because I'm less interested. If I pay attention, it inevitably improves.

But this light is precious, it reminds me that there are other realities, and that I must wake up.

...

Here I am, between 17 and 18, an army of scientists could show me that it does not exist, I definitely know that it exists.

It's my anchor, the bridge between this world and others.

I have access to another reality whose official knowledge does not speak.

Logic reasoning: Well, these things of the aura exist and they blow my eyes at every moment. OK the vast majority of people do not know.

Are there other things just as real?

Not difficult to see that all these sheaves of light say enough about the "body" and "being". Let's go see these stories of soul, spirit and other worlds.

Before I thought like everyone else that it was impossible to know before dying, but now I tend to no longer believe "what we say". Not at all anymore. I will therefore check myself if I have a soul that can exist outside my body. I want to go further, I want to know everything, explore everything. I want to know everything.

Some questions / answers, and precisions on this chapter, at the request of one of the first readers.

How can one hypnotise involuntarily?

I did not know it myself at this time. One of my comrades came into my unguarded study room and told us about his sentimental adventures. He had some kind of argument with his girlfriend and said jokingly that he would sleep until tomorrow, so as not to wait to see her again. Jokingly I told him that I could give him this service by talking to him. He said he agreed and sat down on a

chair, with a big smile on his face. So I talked to him for a moment, and he looked like he was sleeping, but I thought he was simulating. Then I gave up the game and I found it strange that he stayed in this position for so long, without moving, maybe an hour or two. We left it like that by telling us that he had the right to make his cinema. Then at the end of this long period, he got animated and left without a word. (We noticed after we could hypnotize comrades and send them walking in the corridors without taking care of them, they ended up waking up by themselves ... We got a big reputation my friend Jeannot and myself with the pawns and the supervisor general, they were very impressed by what we were doing, whereas for us at the beginning it was only a game)

I finish with this sleeping friend. This episode for me had not been a hypnosis session, but just a joke a bit weird and a bit long on his part. It is my friend Jeannot of the following paragraph who comes to see me and assures me that I had hypnotized my comrade the year before, and at the time I did not believe a word. Here is the very accurate story.

When it comes to hypnosis, what is a gifted subject?

We found empirically that the subjects were more or less receptive, roughly 3 levels. However, over time, we became more and more pros so that the comrades who attended the sessions had to struggle not to leave, they were the ones who informed us of our technical progress.

Always by play, I made an attempt with one of my intern friends who had never reached that level, by my friend Jeannot or me. His name was Philippe, and challenged me to hypnotize him if he did not want to. Out of curiosity I therefore accepted, to the extent that he simply agreed to sit in front of me, without further constraint. I bombarded him for an hour, an intense bludgeoning, he was fighting as much as possible, and it was in our agreement that he fought as much as he could, if he sat in front of me. After a long time I told him that his arms were paralyzed, that he could not lift them. At no time did he think he was hypnotized, but I saw as all the comrades present that all his arm muscles were jumping, but his arms did not move a millimeter.

At the end of the session he was convinced that he had raised his arms, and he was very surprised when everyone told him no, absolutely not.

Whether the person thinks she's sleeping or not does not change anything, there are some very effective ways to get suggestions into the brain, bypassing natural defenses. I tried, we can. The depth of hypnosis is not proportional to the consciousness of the subject. That's what I understood from direct experience at 17 years old.

Those who have a tendency to control do not let messages from the unconscious pass easily to the conscious.

But we are in a state of sleep since the beginning of our life. Culture, education, the media, have put a part of our consciousness to sleep to leave specific imprints.

A sleeper may be asleep more or less deeply, but as long as this path has not been traveled, we are sleepers who remember that they are awake.

I understand that this is not very subtle but nevertheless it is very much below the truth. And I am also concerned, I slept and sleep a lot of my life.

I am not an expert on hypnosis. I only practiced it for about 2 years, mainly by play. But I hypnotized a good half of the boarding school, several tens of comrades. After a while I was always successful.

What is the thickness of the first auric layer?

Two millimeters when the person died of fatigue. On average it is much thicker than that, rather five to seven millimeters and more around the hips. It is very easy to see in any condition, against the light or not.

Is the second auric layer formed by a myriad of silver points, extremely luminous and mobile?

These things are moving in the ambient air, what the orientals call the PRANA, it seems to me. The aura is formed of luminous threads, finally for those who see it as it is. Many are just talking about what they read in one book or another. I had the opportunity to speak with some obvious seers who pretended to read the aura, and many do not see anything at all.

Maybe we should develop a little what are the auras.

For me, this is valuable only as the first proof of the existence of something else. The only correct work that I know to describe the aura as it is, is a work by Anne Gevaudan. If people want to know what it is, reading a book would only help them to self-actualize this reality. Seeing yourself is the only thing to do. After the books are useless.

Where are the positive waves in the aura?

I do not see what might be called positive waves in the aura. The light of people, as of all that exists, as far as I am concerned, is not comparable to a mental vision. Would red be positive and blue negative? Not at all! Negativity is a view of the mind, and as such it is relative and fluctuating.

There are very few people here who do not manifest fear in their light, frustration and anger, including me (we can look at our light in a mirror without a problem). Everything comes down to a question of degree, and of moment because many things vary during the day, sometimes in two seconds. Very surprising to see at the beginning, but true. The seers, mediums and aura photographers of all sorts do not speak of it.

The size of astral auric light varies by a factor of 2 to 3 depending on whether people feel confident or not. It is already more than significant on the present condition of the person, after there are other criteria.

In all this I do not see any intrinsic positivity or negativity.

And the silver cord? Is it the way to recharge your energy?

The astral body can circulate in many places, including the physical plane. Moreover, at this precise moment where you read these lines, yours is well synchronized with the physical world.

The exact nature of this link remains for me to understand better, but I do not think it is just a matter of life energy. In any case it does not favor the exit of the astral body, it makes very precisely the opposite, and with a lot of zeal. I often fight with it! Refilling up with energy seems more than questionable, I do not see how, but I'm far from knowing everything.

How can one explain that a night landscape suddenly changes under the eyes?

The light of the aura is very strong. Seeing it even in the ordinary darkness everything becomes luminous, by ceasing to see it we return to this obscurity.

What is the setting to see the aura?

There is a method to adjust the gaze, at the beginning. Then after there is no more adjustment to make, we simply see it.

What kind of information can we capture? How to influence people? Can we use it for dating?

First of all, there is vital affinity. You can feel the energy body of someone else without physically touching it, when we see the aura we understand it very quickly. To give an image it's like the affinity between two skins, softness, heat, energy, shared sensuality, but it gives more sensations.

I used it for the first selection: one to two seconds at a few centimeters, depending on the area touched, and affinity or not affinity. You can touch from afar, I saw it later, but that's another story.

Then when a normal person meets you, in almost all cases that person manifests luminous fear. I explain, normally the egg of light is symmetrical around the body, but if I scare you or if you do not feel in affinity with me your aura will decrease in thickness in order to touch as little as possible mine, on the side where I am, and widen the opposite side. Conversely if you are confident things will go the opposite way, and the lights will be intermingled. Easy to see, and also afterwards to smell.

Sometimes we meet people who will merge their light with ours at first contact, but it is extremely rare.

When trust goes further, there is a very real energy bridge suddenly created between the two solar plexuses. At this point things can easily get out of the way, if you know what it's all about. Please be aware that this is a possibility even if this bridge is not materialized, otherwise there would be much less flirting. Most of the time it's more of an auric battle than a symbiose of lights.

## Anamnesis

(Reminiscence, return of memory)

I am a young child of 6, my father gives me a bath. All of a sudden, something tries to climb back up into consciousness, a distant but powerful memory. The texture is particular, I feel that it comes from an unknown elsewhere. This sensation continues, just under the surface of my being, for years.

How to do to go further?

Adolescence, here things rushed, my father died suddenly, accident on the road.

A few months later I do not think about it, this day I'm in the mountains, with teenagers from my region. All day on skis, my shoes hurt and I was relieved to get rid of it at the cottage.

Blizzard outside, warmth inside. I am in great shape, drunk by the fresh air, the cold and the effort. A big snack is waiting for us in the main room, we are all hungry. Before going down to meet my friends, I quickly go through the toilet. This place is not romantic or esoteric, and yet it is exactly here and at this precise moment that destiny has decided to get me out of sleep; while I am in interlude, between two intense moments, a day of strong activity and the beginning of a promising evening.

In that white calm, that zone of quietness in the mind, suddenly something strikes my mind with unheard-of force.

The taste of earth, I have soil in my mouth!

Initiated by this strong sensation, the sequences follow each other in an flash: lying down facing the ground, I suffer and I swallow the earth. I can not change position, it's impossible, my body does not obey anymore.

In this toilet, this memory stops all other forms of thought or desire, it floods the consciousness and takes all the space.



Things get clear quickly: my legs do not work anymore, as if they were broken. It's very dark, my god, I was thrown at the bottom of this pit, and I'm dying! There are my companions next to me, but they are all dead.

No hope of getting out of here, I can not move. I faint in this pit, to wake up a moment after, in the same place. Time does not mean anything anymore. I almost do not feel my body anymore, my mind is sliding towards nothingness. No fear, not enough strength for it. Did I see a gleam at the bottom of this pit? No, there is only silence. I wait, I sink, I do not think about my life, nothing matters more, except my love for my comrades. Of all that I was, there remains only this fraternal feeling, and the abysses that come to me.

At the bottom of this hole, I lose consciousness again, but this time there will be no waking up.

...

Alone in the toilets, I find myself stunned, crushed by these emotions of an unimaginable power, stronger than all those I have experienced since my birth, except the death of my father. Worse, I have the terrible feeling that it has always been there.

My mind shows me the image of this proximity: it's as if I had always lived in the same house. I know every nook and cranny, but there is a clearly visible door, that I never opened, because I did not see it. And now, mechanically, without thinking about it, I put my hand on the handle and I enter for the first time in the most important room of the house! Why is this happening today?

Now the memory is installed on the surface of consciousness.

I do not see any explanation. It is for the moment the only piece of a puzzle that will assemble slowly and ruthlessly.

The second piece arrives a few months later, but I will not relate it to the first one until many years later.

This time it is one of my comrades who gives me over to the little game of hypnosis. We only get a light sleep, the one where you have the feeling of being absolutely in your normal state.

Andre asks me to bring back a distant memory.

Without effort I see myself sitting next to a white wall. It is a house made of stone, and I look at the hilly landscape that extends around. Andre asks me the age that I have at this time, and it seems to me immediately an absurdity. I answer that we do not count the years of people, we only know if they are young, adults, or old. This evidence is totally contrary to my current culture, and yet I feel it strongly.

I am a young boy who contemplates nature around him. It's sunny here, it's pretty hot. All day, I do not do anything special. The person who cared for me has not been coming for a while, and no one tells me if she will come back or not.

Nothing more goes back in my consciousness. I do not locate this in time or space.

The waves of emergence arrive in the following months. I feel the persistent desire to dress differently, like the people of antiquity. This seems to me the only decent way to present itself, the only beautiful way. But impossible to realize this dream, there is no store that offers this kind of fashion!

A few years pass. In the middle of the night, asleep, I have a kind of dream, but it is not one: I see myself running behind my friends on the side of a hill. We are joyful, happy, it is the beginning of the night, there are curious trees scattered on the slope, and again these clothes from antiquity. It is a memory that goes back to the distant past, so in the middle of deep sleep I decide to wake up (yes we can!). I gradually regain the standard state of alertness while repeating: "I remember, I remember". I try to wake up my girlfriend to talk about it, but she sleeps too deeply.

Then in the next 3 years the "dreams" carry me more and more often to my dear country, Greece. I fly above its landscapes, often at low altitude. I feel a growing love for this country ... of which I know almost nothing and where I never set foot!

Then I finally decide to spend long summer holidays in Greece: Corfu, Club Med. A new companion who comes with me, parties, sun, here is the program.

But we do not escape this story. After a few days in Corfu I do not hold in place, without really knowing why I take 2 plane tickets and we both leave for Athens. In the capital city, I rent a car and it is at this precise moment that this crazy idea is clear in broad daylight: to find the places that haunt my memory.

After a short visit of the Parthenon, we have to take the road. But to where? I've no idea. I do not have a name of a city or province in mind, only landscapes. So I look at the screen in my mind, evacuating thoughts and ordinary desires to capture the subtle signals that will guide me.

Let's go west ...

Arriving at the Peloponnese peninsula, where to go? I do not know. We go along the north coast, go past the city of Corinth and we stop 15 kms further to spend the night in a hotel.

Viewed from the outside, Karine and I are two lovers on a dream vacation. After dinner, we go to sleep.

2:00 am I wake up with an unknown energy that runs through my whole being. Nothing nice, quite the contrary. I try to go back to sleep but I am hyper excited, for no apparent reason. My thoughts are overwhelmed by feverishness, an unusual excitement. I put on sport shoes and shorts, and without even waking her up, I go outside.

I have an irrepressible need to move, my legs seem to work by themselves. I run and walk along the sea, to the east, in the moonlight. My mind is boiling, I want to cry, to cry without having any idea of why. I feel desperately alone and I want to be alone. I no longer know myself, there is no more control, I enter a space of suffering that I fight instinctively without knowing what it is.

The hours flowing and the long walk do not exhaust this blind quest. When the day begins to rise, I am at the level of this great hill overlooking Corinth. Something moves a little more in me when I look at it, but I do not deduce anything from it, because it's about the only thing I can see in the landscape.

At this point I turn around and resume the way to the hotel, but I often turn to look at this mountain. I calm down a little, I'm tired. More than 30 kilometers of night excursion, and here I am back. My partner is still in bed.

It's not over, it just started. Here is a day of pure confusion, a torment in my soul.

This day I am a very bad traveling companion. An irrational anguish invaded me, sweeping my personality, I can not even reason. We return to Corinth to visit the ruins of the ancient city. I do not recognize anything and I do not try to find anything, too exhausted of what has happened for a few hours. Karine is worried and observes this without understanding. All day is like that.

Then we leave this place and head south towards the center of the Peloponnese, leading us away from Corinth. In the evening we find a nice hotel.

We take a shower and put on our best clothes for the evening. We are a beautiful couple, tanned, ready to go down to the restaurant.

Seeing us like this, I relax a little.

At this precise moment a deep relaxation descends on me. The iron hand that was squeezing my soul disappears as if by magic, and simultaneously the doors of memory open wide.

Without warning, without a warning sign, a crazy amount of scenes is pouring into my consciousness. It lasts a few seconds, like a film in acceleration, but everything is clear. I receive this film while explaining to my companion that something extraordinary is happening. My consciousness divides effortlessly between the two attentions without losing any intensity on either side.

It's like a powerful torrent that has been too long contained. I see whole areas of my life in Corinth a long time ago. Because here it is my home, my dear country is here, not in Athens or Sparta, the country of my crest is Corinth. The love of this land invades every part of my mind. This mountain south of the city is a stronghold used by soldiers, and I am one of them, here in "the iron mountain" as we call it. The square and its small watchtower, the underground, the shops along the wall, to the latrine we use. My friends, the day I was recruited, the training in combat, the marches under the sun, the nights spent on the ground, under the stars, it's an explosion of memories, emotions, feelings.

The tear in my heart for the one and only love of my life, glimpsed only twice. Love that I always kept for myself alone, referring to it only once in front of my closest friend. My God how close this is, how could I forget these things, the idea is now inconceivable to me!

The pride of being someone from here, something much stronger than pride.

In this tidal wave of new feelings, in particular springs an immense contempt for all those whom I have seen in the day, in this city and its surroundings. They are not worthy of this place, they deserve to be hunted, all. There is no nobility in them, they seem tired, degenerate. Here I am at home, they are not. This opinion crushes any form of objective analysis of the current situation, which would identify me with a passing French tourist.

Here is fresh water for the fire of my being. Emergence releases forces that jostled each other because they did not want to remain imprisoned. A huge horizon opens, I was only half a man, and now I'm full again. After living here, I came back. I now understand the why and the how of this fragile personality of today, derisory copy of the soldier of Corinth that I am in the depths of me.

Something like euphoria, a liberation that will slowly subside over the next few days.

I try to date this time, but I have no reference. I imagine it maybe in the first millennium after J.C., but in fact I do not know anything about it at the moment.

There will be a price to pay for the memory, at this moment I do not know it yet.

Return to France. I made the link with the scene next to the white house, fragment of this childhood, and the terrible end of this life, murder by surprise in the underground. We were 4 or 5 and they attacked us from behind, those who were supposed to be our friends. Why did they do that, still today I do not want to remember because there is something totally unbearable in this case, a particularly repugnant betrayal. They struck us with sword in the legs and back. A man to whom you have sliced the tendons of the legs can no longer fight, never again. Then they took us to a pit, inside this little temple. They thought we were all dead, but I was not dead yet. I was a young man of 20, maybe less. I wore this mother-of-pearl medallion by a leather lace.

A powerful traumatic shock accompanies the remembrance and suddenly invades my existence today. He is superior to everyone in my life.

For months I face violent attacks of anguish, anger, sadness and nostalgia. I do not accept being dead without having had time to fight.

I saw the scenes again and again, sometimes collapsing on the floor of the room, crying and enraging at the same time. A shadow covers the present life, this life which we must take care of nevertheless. I manage to contain the load in the presence of others, but it crushes me when I'm alone.

It's impossible to talk about it to anyone, let alone to a doctor or psychologist. I imagine the scene: "Good day, I would like you to help me integrate my death in Greece, do you know how to do that?"

The evidence of this reality does not fit with the current scientific archaisms.

My blood pressure has always been perfect now flirting with the 12/18.

My general doctor, quite perplexed, sees that I am a bit of stress, he puts it on the professional account. Indeed my responsibilities are quite heavy, but hey, there is much worse. For example, to die in the bottom of a pit, covered with sword strikes. No way to expose this, so I accept treatment with anxiolytics. We will see.

At the beginning of the treatment, no effect, then we double the dose, then we double it again, then a third time. After a few weeks, I take 12 times the nominal daily dose, which has the advantage of enchanting my generalist: "you take every day enough to knock down a horse, and I see you exactly as usual, it does nothing to you."

But my blood pressure remains very high. We stop the anxiolytics and send me to the greatest French specialist in that domain, Professor T...

This last one prescribes me all the examinations that medicine has invented to dig the hole of the Social Security Insurance at the end of the 20th century. With each new examination of this or that part of my body, the practitioner of the moment delivers the same conclusion: "you are in an Olympic form". Except one, the poor guy who makes me do the effort test.

You are on a kind of bike, covered with cables connected to monitors that visualize your heartbeat and your blood pressure.

Ask me to make an effort and I'm here! I give myself thoroughly, my tension goes up. I am quickly at 28 and it continues to rise, very fast.

I see immediately the doctor panic in front of his screens, after a few seconds, livid, he screams me to stop, rushes on me, pulls all the devices bluntly, and expels me from his office by proclaiming: "I do not want you to die in my place!"

I finish getting dressed in the parking lot! I do not remember that he asked me to pay, that's all.

Second appointment with the eminent professor. I come with the prescribed tests: blood, brain, kidneys, radio and scanner of this, electro of that, a record of a good 20 centimeters thick. The expert looks at all of this carefully. Then he raises his nose and declares: "you have an essential arterial pressure".

"Which means Doctor?"

"Well you know, you have a very high blood pressure, but we do not know why. You will need to take a treatment to reduce it throughout your life. (Which could not be long, it seems...)"

I leave with my file under my arm, well determined not to take any medication. All these pretended experts and doctors make me cold in the back, they seem to know nothing at all! Or almost nothing.

I'm sure they have never heard of the physical vehicle mold, the energy-body I have in front of me all day long. How to trust these guys?

Well, I'll still have to fend for myself. I am in a dirty state, invaded by the feeling of being dying 24 hours a day. And apart from the world record of blood pressure, I have nothing visible by the current technologies.

Even the modified consciousness during the phases of sleep is heavy. I have no rest.

Yet I have the solution under my nose. I am in a fight impossible to win, that of not having been betrayed and killed by these people, of not being dead without having carried away a certain number of them with me.

Something screams in me, that it should not happen again, never again. I am on the defensive, ready to fight, permanently. My mind works that way.

Meeting during a professional training, the trainer of a team of extreme athletes makes me understand that I am in a constant effort, night and day. From this understanding I agree to release from time to time my own grabbing, no longer treating each difficulty with a supplement of effort, always going further into red zone.

Then this blood pressure that had to be treated all my (short) life goes down to a normal level, without drugs.

I have only learned to release myself, but I have not forgotten anything, accepted nothing.

The problem remains. Having exhausted all the remedies of "legal" medicine, I turn to the so-called alternative methods. I buy a book that makes a sort of inventory of what exists in France. There are so many things I have never heard of, one of which attracts my attention: the lying.

It is a therapy imported from India by two French, Denise and Arnaud Desjardins. Hindu masters have mapped the human mind without limiting it to a single incarnation. By secular methods they explore the strata of the psyche and treat trauma, whether it originated last year, early childhood or a previous life of 10,000 years ago. They have been practicing psychoanalysis for a much longer time than the Westerners, yet we are officially told that we owe the invention of this science to Freud and his fellows. In my eyes it is clear that the Hindu experts are incomparably more learned than their Western colleagues, including those who are decked with the pretty title of "Doctor in Medicine".

There is a "lying" therapist on the good side of Paris, and Medical Doctor, which proves that one does not prevent the other. I make an appointment by phone.

A few days later I am here in front of the Doctor in question. At first glance, he seems a little odd to me, shifted, as absent. After the formalities, I observe that he does not care to examine me or to ask questions. Well, at least things are changing.

We immediately go to practice: lying on the ground tells you absolutely everything that goes on in your mind, for 60 minutes chrono.

Meanwhile, guess what, the Doctor is behind your head, sitting.

Does he speak to you, guide you, ask you questions? None!

So he's listening to you, of course? Uh, not sure at all, at least not in any traditional ways.

So what does he do? Well I have the clear feeling that he sleeps almost all the time, besides I sometimes hear him snoring... Or does he get into an altered state of consciousness? Complete mystery, besides I will never ask him questions about it, nor question about anything else by the way!

So the Lying, it sucks? Hey no, I spend one of the most extraordinary hours, one of the densest of my physical life.

Incredible, unexpected, hard-hitting from start to finish.

After the session, I go back home by car, with my companion who had waited for me outside. I drive at 50 km / h on the N118 unable to go faster, me who has several records on that same fast track! (There is prescription now.)

To each question of my girlfriend I answer: "I took a beating". For 20 kilometers, I can not say more. I assimilate the shock.

So what, what happened? Many earthquakes force 10 in my mind and body, pardon in the bodies. Things that jostled what I thought I knew about consciousness, perception, reality, and location.

By the way, how does the Doctor do this, without saying a single word or making a single gesture for 60 minutes?

It works in sequence, following a pattern that repeats itself.

Phase 1: I observe the screen of my mind, and in less than 5 seconds images loaded with symbols appear. For example, I see an immense black river flow, it is the blood of all creatures who suffer and have suffered in their flesh since the beginning of time. Not very cheerful, but I look at this with some detachment. I only verbalise to comment my visions to my listener, apart from that few thoughts arise in the mind.

Phase 2: the symbolic images dissolve, and I have the sensation of going through a mental space where there is almost nothing, a no man's land. I remain in this mental void an indefinite time, no sensation, very few thoughts, no images.

It's like going into neutral to change gears.

Phase 3: there is a very vague image slowly emerging on the mirror of the mind, very light, fuzzy, almost non-existent, but it persists. I try to verbalize, for example it seems to me to distinguish... tall grass, in a deep darkness, but I'm not sure ... I look at the image, it does not move, I comment while observing: "no, I do not see anything else, it does not evolve, it is barely visible." I wait while continuing to watch.

Phase 4: in one go, the focus is done. The vague image becomes extremely clear, with colors, depth, light, all the details.

Phase 5: it's not a simple image on the bottom of the mind, I'm catapulted inside the scene, I'm in the middle, I'm really there! Odors, warmth, touch, sense of location, everything is there! It makes me over-jump every time, but that does not stop this amazing phenomenon. There is a kind of upward and downward in the form of curve of Gauss, and at the top of this curve I find myself completely there.

Example: these vague grasslands become an African savannah landscape, with all the details, smells, everything, and I see this almost naked African walking a few steps in front of me. But what does he do? He turns around and throws his spear at me, it pierces my abdomen in the



area of the solar plexus, a little to the left. I fall to the ground, and agonize a few minutes, I feel the damaged organs spilling their poison in my blood. No hate this time, just an intense surprise, yet we were two friends gone together hunting. What did I do to that one?

The following days, every time I meet an African I will have the absurd reflex to prepare me to avoid his spear! It's stronger than me, but the psyche works like that, at least mine.

Then the scene dissolves, a new no man's land, and a new thing falls on me. For example, the last moments of this life in Greece, at the precise moment when I am thrown into the pit. In the beginning I vaguely distinguish a corner of the wall that I stay a long time watching without advancing an inch. Strong resistance of my being deep, but phases 4 and 5 suddenly arise and I find myself there at once! Well, I already explained that I did not appreciate this death, well it is amply confirmed.

Another category of events manifests itself several times: powerful energy currents run through my body quite abnormally. Result: I no longer feel like a human being. There is always a mental imagery of the geometric type that appears in the mind, then all of a sudden this energy follows the mental model with precision. The first time they are transverse slices of 10/15 cm wide that cut my body, and in each slice the energy flows in a manner opposite to its neighbor. The mental imagery first showed a meli-melo of semicircles whose diameters were downwards. Then all of a sudden the semicircles were organized in perfect serie rows, which then moved in opposition to their neighbors. The demonstration on the bodily feeling was violent and immediate. I felt a strong malaise while having the intuition that this had a therapeutic action impossible for me to understand.

At the end of 60 minutes I am at the heart of this kind of sequence. At this precise moment I have the feeling that my head is huge and that my hands - huge as well - are at several meters of my shoulders. Ditto for the feet, which are connected to the rest of the body by a long and thin filament made of... I don't know what. Even if it's time to go, I do not feel at all able to maneuver my body and go out like that! I sit with my eyes wide open and it does not pass at all, despite all my efforts.

I share this with the Doctor, who seems to be waking up. He does not comment on my strange symphonies but stands behind me and puts his hands on my shoulder blades. The time to count to two and I find my normal feelings. How does he do that? No comments or advice from him, while I just paid a round trip to another planet.

Goodbye, and get on with this?

During the following sessions, other memories come back. Not difficult previous lives, just bend down to pick up a shovel of it. Ouch, gosh, this time I'm a woman, and this other time too. It's not easy to digest this the first time, in any case for me!

Total delirium maybe? Except that the research that I do sticks with reality, for example this Central American Indian tribe I never heard of, it did and does exist. Even stronger, some words of their language have returned to my mind! And I know some of their secret rituals deep in the jungle. I will come back to this case a little further.

Very quickly, I do not need more lying to emerge new memories. I now have more than my account, of previous lives, I circulated from one end of the planet to the other! Among others...

Obviously, this short life in Corinth is the one that marks the most current life. It was the first to manifest herself, and spontaneously.

With the influx of new memories, I am focusing less on those moments in Greece, but there is hardly a day when I think about it at one time or another.

If there is something that is not easy in this area, it is good to identify the period of incarnation. Everything is a question of reference. If you are a member of a tribe deep in Mongolia, go and find out if you are a thousand years after or a thousand years before Jesus Christ! They are roughly the same people, the same animals, the same landscapes, the same way of life. And at the moment you live it, there is nothing that tells you: be careful, in a thousand years a guy named Jesus will come into the world, and the calendar will be structured on this event. If you are a Mongol in the 5th century AD, there is a good chance that this "son of God" still does not tell you anything.

Most of the time, the accounting of the years is not followed as scrupulously as now, in our western civilizations. The rhythms take place at the scale of a family or a clan, but are limited to a life of man. The more distant past melts into a set of less and less bound as it gets farther away. The dating system can be very different, like lunar cycles or animal migrations. Finally, writing does not exist systematically.

This is to say that after this period of lying, I do not know at what time this life in Greece took place.

Something disturbs me a lot: the plans of the ancient Corinth tourist books that I brought back from my stay do not stick at all with my memories. I turned these plans in all directions, without success.

However, I am absolutely certain that it is about Corinth. Moreover this mountain which dominates the isthmus and the city is unique.

I need help.

And it happens, as always unexpectedly.

Tonight I fall into sleep with self-awareness.

In the middle of the night, I feel extracted from my physical body, then located above it, in the sleeping room. Coiled as a fetus above my fleshy envelope, waves of vibrations run through the neck and upper back of my body of light.

I feel going up, then move at high speed, paralyzed, feet in front, stretching in the air. I do not know where I am going, I did not land in the room or office as usual in these moments. There is a sort of luminous darkness, the journey seems endless. As always, I am impatient to arrive and enjoy Freedom, which can be enjoyed in this state. Despite the unusual side of the departure, I am drunk, overjoyed to be out again.

But things do not happen as expected.

First of all, I have the sudden sensation of being brought from the lying position on my back to the standing position by a gentle but firm force. I absolutely do not control the body of light, and at no time will it change.

While I am almost vertical, a blinding light comes to my face. I am delighted because it means that I have arrived somewhere, while being surprised by the intensity of this light. Thinking first of all landing in a higher world, to my surprise I see the sun. It seems bigger than I've ever seen, but it's the sun. It does not blind me although in front of me, a little above the horizon. My first feeling is the relative disappointment of finding myself on a physical plane.

Simultaneously the force pushes me forward, and I have time to see that my site of arrival is a sort of balcony of clear stone, with a railing of about a meter of height. It seems to me that the bottom of my body passes through the stone to begin its movement.

In front of me a kind of alley 4 to 5 meters wide, and the force pushes me in this alley. There are buildings of pale stone on each side, and I immediately notice that there are lots of people passing by.

I have my full awareness, and I absolutely do not understand where I am, and why, and how.

I realize immediately that all these people are not like me. They have a particular physique, but above all they are absolutely not dressed normally. Extremely surprising, I realize that they wear the clothes that could have been worn a very long time ago.

Being lucid and feeling myself a man of the 20th century, I feel the sudden fear of being spotted as a stranger, who has the extreme could pose a threat in their minds. A thousand thoughts jostle in me: I am terribly conscious, everything I see, everything I feel is extraordinarily clean, I have time to look very closely at those who meet me. I film everything.

I quickly understand that no one pays attention to me, either they do not see me, or I am in a body of flesh transiently. I feel myself slipping at the speed of a man walking at a walk.

Everything I see amazes me, these people lived thousands of years ago, and yet, without a doubt, I'm there, I'm really there. There is a lot of light, people are alive, they walk, it is their ordinary life that rolls under my eyes, in my presence.

I have a thousand times the time to think, to look, to feel. What drives me here opens up a new possibility, an extraordinary faculty. I do not understand immediately why I am here.

At the end of the alley, there is a large square on the right and a large building on the left. There are people everywhere, I can not believe it.

I examine very carefully a man who turns in front of me, on the left, just before the big temple.

He wears at the waist a fabric that goes down almost to the knees, a kind of skirt without actually being one. His nose is strong enough with a massive hump. He wears a thin black beard necklace, he has black hair that he has covered with a cap that just married his hair. The cap is white with 4 black bands that meet at the top of the skull. The complexion of this man is quite tanned but not too much. On the chest and in the back there are crossed leather thongs held by a metal buckle. At his feet are some soles fastened by a few leather straps. He has athletic build, but not bodybuilder muscles. He looks like a soldier but does not carry weapons.

It is at the end of the alley, arriving at the temple, after having printed this man in my mind, that all of a sudden I realize: I am at home, I am in Ancient Greece, I am in Corinth!

I have time to think about that. It does not look like a memory, because I feel totally in the present, and everything is so clear, so real, so alive.

I still do not know when I write these lines, I still do not know how to explain, qualify, determine the nature of this experience.

I cross the square to take the alley on the other side, always sliding at the same pace, driven by this force and not deciding anything of my displacement. I catch up with a child of about 10 years old. He is dressed in a special way, a piece of gray fabric at the waist goes down to mid-calf. Another piece of brown fabric is placed on his shoulders. The fabrics appear to be sheep wool coarsely worked.

The child walks with a quick step, I go past him and look further. There are some houses, one of which is closed by a dark metal portal.

At the sight of this portal I feel a kind of discomfort, I feel pulled back and find myself, a few moments later in my bed, at the present time.

During the following weeks I have quite a shake. I do not understand what time is anymore. But I brought back some information: my life in Corinth took place in the 5th century before Jesus Christ. At that time my city dominated Athens, and that is exactly what I still experience today. The capital of today is a usurpation, do not try to make me believe anything else!

I dive into the research to discover soon enough that this city has been destroyed and rebuilt several times. The plans of the 5th century BC are consistent with my memory, for example the orientation of the main temple, in front of which is the agora. The pieces of the puzzle continue to fit.

I did not make this trip myself, I was piloted by something or someone who passed me. Taking the total control of my body of light, he took me through the doors of time and took me home. It's a walk in the present, among these people of 2,500 years ago. He had to show me that, that's obvious. Of course it helped me a lot, was it for that one purpose or were there others?

Today I am bearing testimony. I did not know but such trips are possible. Some of our limitations are illusory perhaps, surely transient.

At this point a lot of things came back up in memory, but I can not remember my Greek name. I try it, it blocks.

With hindsight I tell myself today that there is really someone who has managed the assistance of this emergence, this remembrance of past life.

This is not the only time I have received help from other realities, far from it.

The next hand is given to me a few weeks later.

I find myself once again outside the material body, flying over a kind of park with magnificent trees and sumptuous colors. Here are my favorite holidays, fly and explore in full freedom. I do not know anything better!

Suddenly I see something appear at the other end of the park. No wait, tell me I'm dreaming, this is one... cherub, flying over the trees too. A cherub in Christian iconography is an angel of the second rank of the first hierarchy and looks like a very young child. The one in front of me has green marble skin that suits him very well, say a kind of green because the astral colors are impossible to describe with the physical language.

What took me to create such a form? I never believed in cherubim, me, it's a joke or what, an image created by someone else?

Immediate reflex in this case, dissolve the astral creation. Trust me, for the astral cleaning I am a pro. Damn, it does not work. I try a second time, going there harder. No effect, so this... thing does exist independently of my mind?!

Oops, excuse me for trying to annihilate you!

But the cherub does not make the slightest case of my attempts to annihilate him, goes straight to me and without preamble or polite formula, throws me the three following words: "you are Algae". And he leaves immediately! In two seconds, he disappeared. Hep, wait, but WHO are you? Gone, he's gone! I would have had a lot of questions, it's my first cherub all the same. And the only one until today, I have not met any since!

Here is a part of my intimate past, mixing joys and pains the most extreme.

Each of us carries such things deep down, our lives are simpler as long as they remain hidden. But one day, in this life or another, emergence is knocking on our door, and I think we are never really ready.

The evocation of this life in Corinth is painful for the person I am today, but I present it to you in the hope that it will be useful to the understanding of your own history.

...

I returned to Corinth 10 years after the first time in this present life.

Within a radius of 20 kilometers south of the Iron Mountain I searched for the landscape of the house of my childhood, I did not find it. By the way I recognized other places and powerful memories came back. I understand that the house has disappeared, but having lost the gentle slopes of these hills has affected me. I do not know where to go, but it can not be far from Corinth.

And for the first time in this life, I came to the Iron Mountain.

There is nothing left, only the ramparts. I found without difficulty the position of the place, everything is almost level, it's incredible. The wall that bordered it has completely disappeared, as well as the small watchtower. No more traces of the paths we traveled every day, nor tiny shops against the walls, nothing but pebbles. The internal constructions that were made of stone were also swept away.

Impossible to see the entrances of the underground where we could walk upright! I asked a tourist guide present on the site, if he had heard about the undergrounds but he did not know them because everything was closed long enough, to avoid the problems with the tourists.

I picked up a stone from this soil, and kept it with me a few years, then threw it. At the bottom of one of my tidings remains a postcard of the acrocorinth as they say now. It looks a bit like the place I knew, the mountain with only the ramparts.

How can things change so much?

I am Algae, here it is my home. I'm happy and proud to be back, but I'm alone now. Where are you, my friends, my brothers-in-arms?

There is only silence and emptiness. The people who live now do not look like us.

After my childhood I was taken to live in a house west of the fortress. One day someone invited me to this stronghold, without telling me why. It was an unexpected honor to be able to enter, few could do it. That's how I became a Corinthian soldier.

As far as I can go back in memory, I liked this place more than any other. 25 centuries have passed and I still love it, the pain is still there, and the tears in writing these lines.

I see that everything disappears. One day the fortifications too will be erased, in 10,000 years or more, whatever. We formed a magnificent civilization of which nothing will remain, no one knows who we were and what was the nobility of our existence.

On the mountain of iron, at the site of the small temple, if one digs a few meters deep, one will find bones.

They are mine and those of my companions.

## Returns at home

The trips you make are not always random.

Sometimes, if certain countries, certain regions attract you and fascinate you for no visible reason, it is because you are nostalgic for the country.

Here are three very different examples.

ARAWAK

I was incarnated in Central America at least twice. This story concerns only one of the two.

As often I could not date this passage which I remember well.

I was part of a people named now by the Europeans: Arawak Indians. This name is inspired by the way we called ourselves.

For the moment it's the only incarnation where precise vocabulary words have come back into my consciousness today.

During this past life, I knew that my close relatives came from the islands of the east whose name is currently "West Indies". They had emigrated to Yucatan, province of Mexico. Of course, these names did not exist at my time. I have never spoken but the language of mine, and I do not remember seeing any white man, nor having heard of it.

I was thin enough, the skin really dark, small. I lived in the northwestern part of Yucatan, where I did not return precisely during my stay in the 21st century.

I am in a Club Med village in Cancun, perfectly aware that a few hundred kilometers away, in the middle of the jungle, it's my home.

But this time I am very relaxed, past life and death in these places did not pose particular problems.

The vegetation and the climate are familiar to me. Strictly speaking I do not discover anything, not being a real tourist.

I participate in excursions to historical places, Tulum, Chichen-Itza. These are not precisely the places I know from before, but almost. The jungle is the same as mine, which is on a more hilly landscape to the west.

There is in our group a lady who is a clairvoyant in the south of France. While walking, she goes into a trance and my girlfriend tells me that she talks about me: she says it's "a homecoming". When she leaves her trance, she keeps no memory of her own words.

During the first excursion, we cross a section of jungle and that's where I see the people who live there. They are Indians, small jigs, men average 40/45 kg. I had the same aspect when I lived here. No doubts, it's them.

Of course today my physical vehicle has a completely different aspect. Much larger, 80 kg, rather beefy, white European. No chance of being recognized by mine, right?

We will see how we can sometimes be wrong.

I find myself two or three days later in a sort of Mexican-style Disneyland, sitting in the stands while waiting for a show, a kind of hockey game played on a sanded area. No ball or puck, but a



big fireball that you hit with a stick, in the manner of the Maya. These people know how to have fun!

As soon as the ball is extinguished, it is replaced. Be careful not to burn yourself, the players are barefoot.

But the game is not started yet, there is still no one on the stadium. Relaxed, I put myself in open-minded condition.

At more than 50 meters from me, suddenly arises on the stage an Indian. Small, thin, very dark skin, about 40 kg. He goes out of the buildings where the sportsmen prepare themselves for the show. And as my mind is a little open, I immediately receive his INTENTION. By "intention" understand the mental thoughts and schemes that are directly responsible for what we are doing or what we are going to do in the next few seconds.

What is there in his intention? Well this man just recognized me as one of his! At this distance! And he comes to greet me!

I wonder for two seconds if I'm not mistaken, with the camera on the chest and the backpack next to me, I really look like a tourist among hundreds of other sitting on the benches.

But his intention is clear. He walks straight to me, without hesitation, he does not look at anyone else. I know what he will do. I get up as he comes in front of me, we reach each other's hand to touch ourselves with the fingertips. It's our salutation, the handshake is not in our ways. We look at each other for 2 seconds right in the eyes, he does not say a word, me either. But we understand perfectly. Then he turns around and leaves exactly where he came from. I will not see him again.

I must say that this guy shocked me, and enormously surprised me.

He is at the lowest level of Mexican society, the tourists look at his people with pity in the best case, he is a pain to see being only half the weight of an average Westerner, he has nothing that can be described as material.

But he is a conscious being, immensely simple, and he is not a sleeper. In the spiritual hierarchy that is the only one that counts in this world and in others, he is "on top of the basket". He gives me a good lesson, a harsh lesson, I who bathes in this opulence and this sufficiency of the rich people.

He reminds me of the one who taught me so much about the jungle in this previous life. He did not really speak much, but every word weighed a ton. The civilization of the mind. Nights spent in mutual silence, infinite patience to approach subtle magic, such as the one that allowed us to

deliberately kill something in us to pass some doors. Sometimes he sang softly in front of the fire in the middle of the night.

Among the words I remember, there are those used to chase this or that bad influence, this or that bad spirit. The word is carried by a vigorous, unified, powerful thought. The whole thought / verb is a weapon to protect us or to heal our own. These words are secret, they should be used only for their unique destination, never for anything else. This knowledge is in me forever.

Tonight a last surprise is offered to me.

At each end of the show they choose a tourist of any kind that is lowered into the arena to parade with the players. One person only.

Tonight I'm this one! I'm joining them in the show. In my jungle we did not play with fireballs but I am nevertheless very affected.

It seems natural to me, after all I am at home and there is at least one other person who knows it.

#### THE ISLAND OF THOSE WHO ROW WITHOUT NOISE

I am making the longest trip of my current physical life. A first flight Paris-Los Angeles, then a second to Tahiti. We already have more than 22 hours of captivity, crammed into the narrow squares of the economy class.

Papeete is our last stop, a smaller plane will take us to Bora Bora. All the passengers are stoned by the time difference and the length of the trip, but it is almost finished. Employees at the airport are used to collecting zombies bound for the island of legend, they weigh all the luggage again and announce to the great majority of the travelers that they will have to pay an overload.

Although our bags have been checked in Paris, and validated for the entire journey to Bora Bora, the passengers do not have the strength to protest and pay with a dejected face. But not me. It's not because I'm tired that I'm going to get scammed, if only a few dozen francs. I refuse.

I watch the Tahitians evaluate me from the corner of the eye, without seeming to. They tell me that in this case I could not take a seat on the plane. I tell them that then I will stay among them, in their legs, at the airport, but I will not pay. And I crash in front of their desks with my luggage, determined to spend my holidays there. I am sent another older Tahitian who tries other arguments, I confirm to the latter that I will not pay anything more, but that he himself has just won a sticky companion for the next few days: me.

About half an hour later, the first comes back with a solution: "you go to Club Med? OK, we'll say you're a G.O, you have nothing to pay."

I feel them laugh internally and say to themselves: here is one who has not been tricked, it is not often!

One hour flight and we arrived on the small track on the island.

At the precise moment when I set foot on the ground, I hear a loud voice in the center of my head:

“Welcome home, this island is not called BoraBora but Pora-Pora.”

Surprise! The reception is frank, net, clear, the voice tells me that without the slightest doubt I am here at home. The only trouble is that, for once, I have no memory of it. So I thank the being who speaks to me and tells him that my memory does not restore anything, I am like a normal sleeper, in short, the perfect tourist. When did this story of Pora-Pora, never heard, so blah.

I'm on vacation and do not care less than the year 15,000 B.C. of this so-called incarnation here. I guess I had taken an entire life of vacation here, as most local people seem to do, except Chinese migrants.

The lastest are the main workers in the area, they hold a large number of food businesses.

The next morning I jog a few miles. A young Tahitian comes to my level by bike:

Him: are you an American?

Me: no!

Him: so why are you running?

Me: what do you do?

Him: I'm going around.

Me: apart from that, you have a job, you work?

Him: no (he gets pissed off as if I had asked a stupid question)

Me: are you going to work one day?

Him: no, why?

An incarnation of rest, you start to grasp the concept?

If I have no memory here, it seems that the local “people” themselves, remember me perfectly, as we will see.

It starts from the first night. It is between two and three o'clock in the morning, I wake up at once. Why?

I am laughing at full throat, I laugh as I have never laughed in my life! It's a deep, total, devastating laugh. Tears run down my eyes, I laugh until I lose my breath. I woke up like that, no dream induced this catharsis. It wakes up my girlfriend of the moment, she was trying to recover from the trip, so my fuss does not make her laugh too much. While laughing constantly, I try to explain to her that I do not know why, I have no funny story in mind, nor anything of this kind, I laughing to death for no reason.

After a few minutes, I calm down and go back to sleep as if nothing had happened.

The next day we evoke this funny event, and then we forget it.

We are on vacation in paradise on earth although the first two days, it falls ropes half of the day. I'm happy because I love rain, and when it's over 30 degrees wet or dry does not change much.

The next night it starts over. In the middle of the night, here again I wake up because I laugh like never in my life. Again my girlfriend is awake, quite intrigued. There are drugs at the Club Med buffet? No, it's something inexplicable, why does it happen at this precise hour? What is this... thing???

Following night, same. So now, it's starting to become a habit! Still no reason, and the rest of the time my mood and my behavior are perfectly normal, there are just these few minutes in the middle of the night.

Fourth night, again! And laughter does not weaken, it remains always powerful, deep, total, and without any apparent cause. I explore my dreams, nothing of that side, there is no logic, I do not understand anything.

The next day I isolate myself because I now understand that there is something particular in this case, even with a hard head we are forced to see it. I simply let my higher mind guide me to the explanation, and at this precise moment I have no kind of idea.

It is almost instantaneous, when I evoke the intention to know and that I open without prejudices, I am led in contact with what is at the origin of my laughter. I am immediately psychically attracted to the center and the summit of the island, as is the case for remote viewings.

I come into contact with the Spirit of the mountain, a very old non-human ethereal entity, probably established here for millennia. You'll understand, he's a laughing spirit, he's trading with generations and generations of Bora-Bora humans, and he loves them. He immediately spotted me when I set foot on the island, he was the one who welcomed me: "Cool, here is one who comes back, we are going to laugh!"

This time it's me coming to him, and he's still so happy! I throw things that delight him: "Then it seems that we knew each other in the past, you know that I do not remember anything at all!" "You made such a mess these last nights!"

The entity manages the energy balance of the place with a handful of colleagues, but he is the boss. He regulates the relations with the human inhabitants still until today, but nobody of here speaks about him, these are not things that one speaks with foreigners.

It is only two days before leaving the island that, quite by chance, I learn that the original name of the island is not Bora Bora.

It's Pora-Pora, and I did not know it before coming disguised as a tourist.

On wikipedia you are told that this is the "first born", but it is also and perhaps only the island of those who can row without making any noise. Believe an elder.

While flying from the island I look at the mountain of Bora-Bora. My last thought is for my friend the Spirit of the mountain:

Hi old man, I'm leaving, one more time!

## BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM

I am between 14 and 15 years old.

Middle of the night. Here I am aware in a strange setup, I float above a brown-orange soil. With a huge surprise I can see very clearly a very dense orange fog around me, and I am immediately panicked: I can not breathe this atmosphere, I'm going to die here. This terror occupies everything in my mind for a minute, I hold my breath until I understand that ... I do not need to breathe. Phew!

This emotion soothed, I begin to circulate 2 meters from the ground, at very low speed, above scattered rocks of yellow-orange color, and others with light brown hues, on a flat ground which seems to me sandy. But all these hues are bright enough, different from those that one can usually see in a desert, because it is one of them. There is no vegetation, not a blade of grass.

The place is extremely quiet, apart from me hovering in the area, nothing happens. I do not stop to be surprised to see such colors.

I look further, and behold, in this desert, at a distance, there is a sort of very straight road, or a railroad track, I do not know.

As it's the only thing to see here, I'm heading for this road, nonchalantly, at 10 or 20 km / h, flying. Still surprised to not needing to breathe, I continue to congratulate myself because something in me is certain that this atmosphere would kill me immediately.

The landscape below is the same, in places there are blankets of this colored fog.

I come next to this road, only to find out that it is not a railway line. But it's something like it.

The part placed on the ground is absolutely perfect, very smooth, like an unalterable metal, it is a ribbon of 3 meters wide, flat like glass, bordered with evenly-inclined planes perfectly flat which

join the ground of both sides, symmetrically. The set is one block, and is about half my size in thickness. The color of the lateral planes is light gray anthracite, while the horizontal part is a kind of yellow-metallic rather difficult to describe, because the light coming from the sky is yellow orange. There are no blocks either in the direction of the length, the totality of the way seems made of a single piece, without welding, without bolts, no form of assembly is visible.

Parts not placed on the ground are less easy to describe.

First of all they have the two colors of the bottom part. Their shape could have been drawn from a base of square section, about 30 cm in size, and modeled in waves form, the ends of which are rounded. We see no connection or junction, each of these objects is about 70 cm in height, and a little less in its width, with a thickness of 30 cm. There is one on both sides of the road, 3 meters high, at the place where I arrived. Looking further, there are others far away, at irregular intervals.

What strikes me right away is their beauty worthy of a masterpiece of art, we can not explain how or why these objects seem so beautiful.

The second thing that surprises me is that these objects are fixed to nothing, they float in the air by keeping their exact position and orientation in relation to the track, without moving a millimeter, despite the visible movements of the atmosphere. I rise up to them and look at it with admiration, subjugated by their beauty, and I wonder about their eventual utility.

By wanting to go around it I pass over the road, and then there is something amazing happening: I am trapped by an invisible current, and without any act of will on my part, I am moving at an increasing speed above this ribbon, to the left in relation to my arrival. In a few moments, my speed is very high, but except a nice jitters, it does not give me any discomfort. I get off this stream, just by the intention of moving to the side, and I find myself motionless, above the ground.

Then I put myself back on the road, at the height of things that float, and it starts again. The invisible current carries me with great speed and keeps me gently above the track, I have only to let myself do. I am very apprehensive about where this could send me, nothing is understandable here ...

...

In the morning and the following days I think constantly about this adventure. Like other times I have the overwhelming feeling that this was real, except that it was not my house, my region, or my planet. I can not understand, but as usual I do not talk to anyone. I'm not good at drawing but this trip pushes me to represent what I saw.

I am a young boy gifted for reflection, exceptional according to some of my teachers of French.

But this thinking ability is in trouble. How can a dream be real, how can one dream of unimaginable things? The imagination, according to my analysis, is based on something known, lived, even read in fiction books. What I lived that night has no explanation.

For the next two years, I often think about it. I went there, really, I went on another planet. How and why, I do not know, not yet.

But later I will remember what is at the end of this singular road, and why I came here, it is not by chance.

For one night I went back to another home, far from earth.

## INCARNATIONS

Until now about fifteen past lives have returned to my mind. The characters I have incarnated are often the kind of this Indian in the depths of the jungle.

They do not appear in any history book, not Napoleon or Cleopatra. Nothing that flatters the ego of today, but sometimes things that hurt it.

And emotion is what keeps the best.

Over time, I realized how much our past lives have influenced us in our choices, our feelings, our opinions, our vision of existence in the present.

If you want to know what you were, look at you today. You are the integral product of the teachings of your past.

You have assembled some pieces to compose the current transient personality that is called the ego. We tend to identify with this ego, but this ego will not survive the death of your body. Nothing will be left of it.

We identify with our culture, our name, our family, our country, our physical body, our intellectual abilities, our possessions and God knows what else. We will see some aspects of why and how a little further.

We confuse ourselves with the role we play, as an actor can merge with his character until he gets confused.

But after the end of the show the said character is no longer there. What has become of him? Nothing at all, for the simple reason that he never really existed.

This is what Buddhists mean when they say that there is no ego, while talking about reincarnation. They keep piling up lists of what we are not, without addressing the characteristics

of who we are. It is true that trying to convey these notions with a physical language presents great difficulties.

In order to properly answer the question "will I continue to exist after my death," it is necessary to answer the previous question: "What am I really?"

After that we no longer have to ask the question of the continuity of consciousness, it becomes obvious.

The different aspects of our real nature are discussed in this book. We have just examined one: we live more than one life.

And not only on this planet alone.

## You, for eternity

How can one continue to exist when the physical body no longer functions, when it no longer exists? What will become of you after your death in case you continue to exist? What will you do with your days?

It is generally accepted that no one can answer these questions, that it is impossible. Nothing is more wrong, you can know, you can check for yourself. We will begin with elements of basic knowledge, without going into the details you can find in other books.

First of all, a few words about what seems obvious to the majority of humans in this world:

The material body

Called physical body. It is our world exploration vehicle for the dimension.

Its maximum duration of existence is about 120 years.

Scientists have understood for more than a century that the seemingly solid matter was actually 99.99% void. This means that the body of flesh is more of a heap of energy than matter itself. There are such gaps between your atoms that you are continuously traversed by streams of particles. If the atoms in your body were the size of a basketball, there would be hundreds of meters between one of them and the one closest to them.

So, matter is mainly constituted of emptiness, and from a certain point of view, this matter does not exist. The different bodies interpenetrate each other, and are connected to the nominal state by a harmonic phasing wave.



There are allusions to different densities everywhere in the specialized literature, but I think that this concept is totally inappropriate and even misleading. My opinion is that those who advance this kind of things only extrapolate what they think they understand by observing the physical level. It seems to me that reality is of a completely different nature, and that it must be studied on several dimensions to arrive at a correct theory.

The material body of many advanced alien beings is more than a thousand years old.

The energetic body (also called ethereal/etheric body)

The material body itself is closely linked to the energetic body, the two mutually interpenetrate each other, but the energetic body exceeds the limits of the skin and the hair, by a thickness of 2 to 4 millimeters and up to 4 to 5 centimeters. In some cases and at certain parts of the body, especially the hips. The energetic body is the mold of the physical body, it organizes the cellular life and gives shape to the body of flesh, it pre-exists to the physical body. All living beings take their forms of the energetic structure: humans, animals, vegetables, and this energetic structure is also present in the air and the minerals, in short, everywhere. The cells and the material organs follow the directions of the vital body, as a magnet acts on metallic objects.

The energetic body and its radiation are easy to see for anyone who wants to take the trouble. It's not a mental vision, but seeing with physical eyes as you see the rest of the world. In general, it has a gray-blue appearance and we can distinguish currents that propagate on the surface. Along the median line of the body there is a series of vortices that cross the body, imagine how water that springs up in a bouquet. Seen from the front these vortices are like circles, spirals, which explains the word "CHAKRA, that is to say wheel or disk in Sanskrit.

The energetic body is the main target of acupuncturists and magnetizers.

In my opinion this energetic matter is very close to the physical matter. It has a prodigious memory storage capacity in comparison with physical neurons, and continuously interacts with the surrounding energy environment. This is one of the keys to higher mental abilities.

It is possible to make out-of-body exit fully clothed in energetic matter, but they will always be very limited. You will not be able to go away yourself to very great distances, and above all you will not go to higher vibratory levels.

People who want to stay close to the physical plane after the death of the material body instinctively keep a large amount of energy matter around them. In this condition they can spend years lamenting their fate, "haunting" places and people with whom they have an attachment or conflict, and seek by all means to find the situation as before the "death".

We often take a part of this basic energy in the upper worlds, but for some cases it is the integral cleaning, we leave everything on the spot.

While this subject is approached I will give an advice that is not minor, there is not so many in this book:

Never, never consume "partying" drugs, and if so, stop immediately and permanently, otherwise you will carry the weight much further and much longer than you can imagine. Ditto for excess alcohol.

Do not listen to "gurus" or "shamans" who pretend to open up your spiritual senses with drugs, whether they live in the Amazon or New York. Only the effort, the intention, the lucidity and the mastery will make you travel, in this world and in the others. If you need all the strength of an addiction, then sink into rituals, it is less damaging.

#### THE BODY OF LIGHT (also called astral body)

This envelope is very different from the two previous ones, it is not material. In the waking state during the incarnation, it vibrates to the lowest to harmonize with the physical body through the energetic body. It is seen as made of pure 'solid' light for the one who is outside the body of flesh, temporarily or permanently. The body of light has no weight, no inertia, it responds instantaneously to all thought, all mental activity.

Its appearance is a function of the image that the person has of herself/himself, and is anyway beautiful. The body of light surpasses in beauty any body of flesh, by far. We can easily see around it an immense sheaf of light, the real aura.

In general, people are immensely more beautiful in this costume than in the physical body. They have a sublime human form, even the most beautiful people in this world are real monsters next to them, believe me on my word while waiting to see.

It does not have organs that resemble those of the physical body, no blood, no bone, no digestive system, no muscles, and no sexual organs. Damn, bad news? Not really, we'll see that further!

The body of light is life itself, it is traversed by a prodigious energy, powerful and infinitely soft at the same time.

The senses are not limited, for example one can "see" with any part of the body of light, and from all parts at the same time. The light spectrum is wider, there are several additional fundamental colors compared to the physical world.

New senses are available that have no terrestrial equivalents.

The faculty of thought and the mental capacities are very superior, the feeling of existing is multiplied tenfold. In comparison, the physical world seems to be an inconsistent dream.

The life span of the astral body is very long, depending on the case it covers waves of incarnations.

## THE MENTAL BODY

We cross people with this envelope in the upper astral worlds, sometimes lower but it is more difficult technically.

They have abandoned their body of light, too imperfect for their level of evolution, it tells it all about the level of these people.

They are easy to recognize: they do not have the human form. They are manifested by a kind of luminescent energy globe of great power. If they want to take temporarily any shape they can do it, but in general they wander like that: as a ball.

I have seen some sometimes, and in fact it is more or less the appearance of all the sentient beings of all the universes. Because the human form is only adopted by people like us for a short time, even a million years is nothing compared to eternity.

Above the mental world it seems that there are still higher envelopes, but you can consult any master because at my level, I do not know more for now.

## THE SILVER CORD

This cord has many names in different traditions. Religions have not succeeded in erasing it completely, as they have done with many other things, for example in the reference book of Christians, under the name of silver thread.

The cord connects the different envelopes, even if they are located in different places. For example, during a journey out of the physical body, into your body of light, whether you are conscious or sleeper you are connected to the material world by this thread, which goes from the body of light to the physical body.

It is as if you were a kite, you are high and far but a link remains, which connects you to the ground. The difference is that this link seems to be able to stretch over gigantic distances, light-years. I do not know if there is a limit.

I checked the anchor of the rope while I was on an astral journey, it is at the bottom of the neck of the body of light, at the top of the back. I saw in detail how it was done, and I checked it tactfully with my hands of light: there are an infinite number of very fine threads that start from all the back of the body of light, I imagine they from all its parts, and at the level of the upper back these threads converge to form a kind of unique weaving, at this place they leave the surface of the body of light to form the junction a few centimeters outside.

I checked several times the anatomy of the cord, it was systematically positioned like that. I do not believe that it can sometimes be attached to the umbilicus of the body of light, which, moreover, does not have any, and in spite of certain "expert" representations that one can see here and there.

The zone where the braiding is formed emits a pale pink radiation sometimes very discrete, but which is the distinctive sign of a being who possesses a physical body, because the rope itself is not always easily visible as it is held far from the earthly world.

#### Rapid reintegration zone

A short distance from the physical body, about less than three meters, the rope is visible and a diameter of about 5 to 7 millimeters. It seems to pulsate in tune with the spirit of the material body, but it is also animated by a kind of life of its own, as if it possessed an autonomous intelligence. In this proximity with the body, we find ourselves in the zone of rapid reintegration, the slightest event that occurs brings us back to the surface of the body to be reabsorbed in the moment.

I do not know if we can generalize, but as far as I'm concerned, I'm often ruffled by the rope as long as I do not leave the area, the rope shakes me in all directions, the only solution is for me to go away and it stops at once.

This reflex, which consists of moving away as quickly as possible, does not allow me to be categorical about the point of connection of the rope to the physical body, but I would be happy to say that it is at the forehead or on the top of the skull. I'd have to take a look at it one of these days, but I often give up my nice resolutions when I'm lucky enough to find myself 'on vacation', which does not happen often enough for my taste!

#### Out of the fast reintegration zone

The thread becomes very thin, like a spider thread. I think it gets a share of the energy reserves of the material body to stretch, but I'm not sure.

Even at 15,000 kilometers, while it is almost invisible, we feel too well the presence of the thread when it decides to bring you back. Not only does it have a phenomenal pulling power, but it will also change your vibratory state in the moment, believe me it can give you extremely strange feelings! You can fight or try to cling to whatever you want, if you are on a higher plane, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is totally useless. That said, it remains a small 1%, and I am of the kind who likes to fight even for such a small probability.

If you pay attention to the precise moment where it is signaled to your memory, you will feel drawn by the neck of the body of light.

As you will have understood, this thread only remains as long as the physical body is in working order. After the death of the body of flesh, the bond remains for some time depending on the

circumstances, then it dislocates and breaks. It is said that it takes on average three days, but I did not check it myself. It is at this moment, precisely, that you find your complete freedom. So the place where you go depends only on your state of consciousness.

One last point, very little known because it touches something highly metaphysical, dare I say. Even if you are in the physical body, with the energetic body and body of light integrated and in phase with matter, which could be described as the nominal situation of an incarnated soul, you have a silver thread that starts from your head and that connects you to a very superior universe, where your higher self is, your real identity.

I guess it will do a lot for some readers, but never mind. In reality you are not "localized" where you think, and you are not what you think. Your incarnated personality is a kind of extension of your real self, which can have many simultaneous, in different universes. When you begin to understand this, you immediately drop those ego stories that would have to be annihilated, reduced, or whatever.

This fight against the ego is an almost religious fable, and the funny thing is that it is invented and staged by the ego itself, it is clever, don't you think so?

To conclude with the silver cord, I am sure it plays a vital role in the out of body experience. But since I am beginner doubled with a handyman, I do not know any more for the moment.

Brief for the 0.001% book illustrator

The body of light is intensely luminous, it releases a prodigious energy, much more than the vital body also called energetic body. The color is usually an intense white, or a kind of ivory hue very clear, and this, whatever the skin color of the physical body. The body's skin color: black, brown, "white" does not affect this natural color. The relative whiteness of the physical skin is rather a kind of pink, beige. For the body of light it is really white or light ivory, phosphorescent.

As it is mentioned in the JOURNEYS chapter, it can sometimes take quite different colors, but always iridescent, radiating. We can possibly represent those energy flashes that run through the body of light: purple, bright orange, with green. Not easy because the astral colors do not exist on the physical plane.

It is generally thinner than the physical body, the hips and shoulders clearly narrower. The muscular forms are not marked. No hair of light, but there is hair whose color, length and appearance are different from those of the flesh body: lighter, finer, intensely luminous. Although the forms of sexual attributes may appear in the panoply, they are not so 'natural'.

There is no bone or skeleton, except for one who wants to disguise himself for Halloween. The light density seems to increase in depth. Although the body is of light and it transparent, it must be understood that absolutely everything at this level is in the same case, which does not

eliminate the solidity, the resistance between lights of the same nature. It is done very well in no time.

The general appearance of the body of light is very aesthetic. To simplify it is younger, much more beautiful, independently from the body material. An elderly person appears in general much less old in the astral body, without there being will to appear as such. The features of the face are very fine, we recognize people but in a magnified form. Reflecting on it, I do not remember seeing big bellies, unsightly things.

People are in formats and sizes that can be quite different from each other. One can easily discuss with someone who is two or three times larger than oneself, or two or three times smaller, only the incarnate mind moves, the others attach no importance to it.

When one possesses a body of flesh one is equipped with a silver cord. It is the junction of an infinite number of threads which, it seems, run through the back of the body of light, drowning in its volume. At the top of the back the threads take off from the volume and converge to form this single thread. Those from the top of the head go down a little down the neck, all the others go up. The convergence zone is exactly at the top of the neck. This is the place where the threads come out of the volume to form the single thread, as if the silver cord was a weaving, which I think it is actually. I'm pretty sure of myself because I dipped my hands of light in it, to verify in a tactile way what we can see with the astral vision. Yes, we can see our neck without any problem, and without a mirror. Cool, no? And yes, we can touch each other, and feel the cord.

The convergence zone emits a pale pink radiance, in a standard situation. The thread that leaves is extremely fine, unless one is very close to the body of flesh, and in this case I think it is overloaded in vital energy, etheric. I think that the silver thread is a kind of association of etheric energy and astral matter, with proportions varying according to the case and the profile of the traveler.

The body of light and the silver thread emit an aura, just as when we are inside the meat. But the ethereal radiation is weak, since in general we have taken little of it with us. For the thread it is more a basic radiation. For the body of light it would be necessary to represent the astral aura, very ample and very nice. The aura is formed of a very large number of wire of light, these threads are curved and undulate gently.

I believe that we must represent a being of light with perfect beauty, without sexual attributes, with its aura, its silver thread, and the best possible colors. It will resonate in some minds, and may be part of awareness, remembrance, which is the purpose of this book.

## Journeys

Here is the essence of this testimony, stories of travel out of the body of flesh. Whoever you are, whatever your convictions, you are like me, we are all alike.

### ONE WAY TRIPS

When you die, you will come out of your material body, you will leave most of your energetic body, and you will live in the body of light, to return to the vast spaces that you have always known.

You will not disappear, the nothingness will not carry you away, you will not be like a flame that goes out. You might fall asleep for a moment, but you will wake up in another world. You will wake up.

### INVOLUNTARY BACK AND FORTHS

People who have had a near-death experience, NDE, talk more and more about their adventure.

They had an accident, or a illness, and for a time they were out of their bodies, often to their surprise. Then after a more or less long walk, they came back, and they remembered their trip.

But there is another category of travelers, those who have gone out of their bodies without being in danger, those who do so voluntarily.

### VOLUNTARY BACK AND FORTHS

For those who want to try the adventure, I can only encourage them, from my point of view there is nothing that is as much worth it. In fact, nothing material will bring you so much sensations, freedom, knowledge; you will see for yourself the reality of our condition in the physical world, and you will understand without a shadow of a doubt that there are many other worlds. You answer the three so-called insoluble questions: where do I come from? who am I? where am I going? Once done, you will have ten thousand new questions, which you could not have asked before.

I will deliberately be more explicit, to give an idea of what awaits you.

Whatever your material condition, you live in slavery and in the deepest ignorance of Reality. Even if you live in a huge palace, it's a tiny box to trap your soul.

That you are rich to billions, beautiful, famous, in full health, powerful, that you drove fast vehicles on land, on sea and in the air, that you are around seductive, intelligent persons, all this reunited does not reach the ankle of what you feel when you are liberated from the flesh.

FREEDOM is one of the key words of this state, you know an incommensurable freedom, you have abandoned the body and its need of survival at the moment when you are di-synchronized

from it, and you understand that this instinct of survival weighs 100 tons. The body of flesh itself is a heavy cold coat, wet and tight, you are imprisoned.

The compulsive search for safety, pleasure and sensations through food, drink, ordinary sexuality, political and religious fanaticism, drugs, "high intellectual activities", all this comes down to the most basic instinct of life. But deep within you there is the memory of paradise, and that's what you're looking for without knowing it.

ECSTASY is the second key word, it means exactly going out of the physical world to join higher octaves. No earthly pleasure is comparable to the marvelous life that travels through the body of light. Fluid, powerful and subtle at the same time, it fills you with a deep and serene joy and a prodigious energy.

LUCIDITY is the third aspect. Your feeling of existence is multiplied, thinking is fast and clear, precise, and the memory opens effortlessly in multiple directions.

After a few out-of-body experiences, you will not be able to admire a material good anymore, you will not be able to envy anyone, really. Your point of view will have infinitely changed, the sight of a sports car or a luxury yacht will evoke nothing more than a material object that moves with extreme slowness because of a primitive technology .

## THE PROCESS

These out-of-body exits take place in two ways: to remain conscious throughout the process, or to leave the state of dreams while you are outside the body of flesh.

### First scenario

You suddenly feel that you are going up, tearing yourself away from a heavy, damp mass. At this stage you are in a state of paralysis, and in general it is very dark. This exit type can have many variations, for example if you are "assisted" by extra-physical help.

You feel yourself in different ways, because of a link that connects you to your body of flesh and is often called the "silver cord". I have often been shaken hard by this rope, until I can put a few meters between me and the physical body.

Then you are automatically brought to the standing position, usually next to the bed, floating slightly above the floor of the room. It is at this moment that you can see what is around you, the darkness is automatically dissipated.

The first thing to do is to get away from the body because at less than two or three meters you are in the fast reintegration zone. The first times it's pretty risky to contemplate for too long the physical envelope that sleeps in the bed with your eventual companion. My only concern in these



cases is to quickly check that my girlfriend does not start moving at this time, which inevitably has the effect of bringing me back inside the "meat". Deception guaranteed!

Move away as quickly as possible, and if the door of the room is closed, do not hesitate to pass through, nine times out of ten you do not feel anything. Whenever you are in another room, or outside your home, give yourself a little time to check the situation: look at your hands of light, grab your right wrist with your left hand, take off a few centimeters, it is enough to want it, we find again the "trick" very quickly, and pass a finger through some physical object, like a wall, to check and get used to your state.

And after you tell me? Well, after all, it's the vacation, at least for the people with my profile. The body of light does not know the speed limits, nor does it have inertia. I assure you that with that you have something to occupy yourself, you can go anywhere on the planet at the speed you have chosen.

In truth it takes a little time to get used to mastering his thoughts and intentions, otherwise you make instantaneous trips quite disturbing to beginners. You can climb gently in the air, up to an altitude that will seem comfortable, and even in this state there are certain psychological limitations that will evolve positively with time, as for a baby who takes his first steps. For example, some people will be content to fly at low altitude, others will find it more convenient to go up to fifteen or twenty kilometers in order to take the landmarks for a great trip.

You will see towns and villages at night as if you were flying, but you will clearly see yellow, orange, red, and brown dull light rays that form globes above inhabited areas.

Your expanded perceptions will allow you to effortlessly perceive the mental impregnations of the overflowed or visited places, this information will tell you a lot about the thoughts and feelings of those who live and have lived there. Remember that our cosmic Visitors perceive these things as easily as you do, and you will easily understand why we are in quarantine. The architecture of earthly humanity also indicates our level of development, expect to change your aesthetic criteria

...

Take a look at the sacred buildings on all sides by opening your spiritual senses, you will see what it is in reality. You will see that the world of humans is primitive, that stupidity, fear and violence dominate, almost everywhere.

This awareness is not easy, but you'll have to integrate it because others are waiting for you. Knowledge imparts consciousness, which itself calls for responsibility.

As you know this world is not the only one, there are many dimensions that correspond to specific vibratory rates. Your light body has the ability to visit these worlds when your mind is ready, which can happen. at once... The superior non physical worlds are infinitely larger and more complex than the physical cosmos, yet spacious enough! There are also "lower" worlds that can be visited.

## Second exit scenario

It is more delicate: getting out of dream. Soon enough you will realize that most people get out of their bodies at night, during sleep. They distance themselves more or less from their physical body according to criteria at the same time physical, energetic and mental.

But almost all of these people do so while dreaming, and therefore do not really realize where they really are, just like a walker who plunges into his thoughts and loses all awareness of his environment.

The first years I try to communicate with these dreamers, we can sometimes have an early exchange but they plunge very quickly in their "bubble of dreams" and you forget completely. Experience will show later how to communicate through the bubble of dreams, as do beings without physical bodies, friends, family gone into another plane of existence, or the helpers, the assistants of incarnation.

Let's go back to your case, take a trip out of the body by mastering the dream. When you arrive at this result, you can find yourself at any stage: just back from travel, already in the flesh body, just leaving it, not far from it for example in your room, or at 10,000 km, in another country, or in another "dimension", this is the most disturbing case at the beginning. (Beginnings last a long time, in general).

## FIRST TRIPS

My first memory of this life is at the moment of physical birth, more precisely just before. I find myself in the luminous body with two friends in the garden of the hospital where my mother will give birth. We are very happy to be together and I do not worry about the upcoming incarnation, to the point of talking about anything else with my companions. Then I feel the call of the silver rope several times, it vibrates and stretches several times, inviting me to join the interior of the building, but I can extend the delay a little while, the time to take leave. Our separation will be very brief, 10 years or 100 years on earth, that is nothing, and we will be able to see each others at some moments during this exile. I leave them and let myself pulled towards a section of the main building of the hospital.

A few years later, I remember the place where I arrived, near one of the walls of the hospital center. One of my comrades is the son of the director, visiting him at his place I find the place where I discussed with my friends from the other side, but in the space of 6 years it has already changed, the vegetation is no longer the same.

Then things happen spontaneously irregularly. Until the age of 5, I sleep in my parents' room. When falling asleep, I suddenly feel something very special, like when two magnets are separated, the next moment I fall upwards, the ceiling of the room comes to me in the face, and I

find myself in the air swinging gently. I can contemplate the bedroom with my parents in their bed, and see strange bright lights dancing in the room and on the walls. The moment before that was black, and now everything is lit.

These lights plunge me into perplexity, where do they come from? On several occasions, in the morning, I carefully examine the charcoal stove in the room, but nothing seems to come out of it.

I venture out on the rooftops or in the mezzanine of the building where we live, and something prevents me from penetrating at the neighbors, although the curiosity does not lack in me.

Then I begin to explore the small town of my childhood. One morning, I have proof that what I see during these trips is real.

At this time there is no television or weather forecast. The evening before the weather is cold and dry. At the end of the night I hover over the steeple of the town hall and contemplate with delight the little town covered with snow. At this moment the housekeeper (called "the maid" during these years) opens the door of my room bluntly, causing my immediate reintegration. I stand on my bed and say: "it's all white outside!". The young housekeeper then opens the shutters, I rush to the window to find that it has snowed during the night, exactly what I saw while I hovered over the roofs. The night before there was nothing, and when we went to bed it was not snowing.

Sometimes I have strange feelings when I lie down, an abnormal perception of the physical body, I feel I have very large hands for example, or that this or that part of the body is very far from the 'center'. There are curious things on the back of the neck, sensations of numbness with "electric sparks", and many other things of this type. I learn many years after that they are the manifestations of the beginning of the desynchronization.

I explore the city a little more, trying several times to go to a friend of my father. I am very young but understand things well already. I can not get into that person's apartment, an elastic barrier systematically prevents me from going through the door, all my efforts are useless.

I still get strange things through the walls. My first "meeting" are powerful human emanations, they take place when I'm not yet 6 years old, they come from an apartment located on the 1st floor of an building located near the main square of the city, and concern certain nocturnal activities that may have together a man and a woman. I am surprised at the strength of these impulses, accustomed to the semi-dormant activity of human consciousness. My physical memory banks do not yet have any element about sexuality, I am quite interjected. Years after, when the official information comes, I will make the link. The conflict between astral knowledge and physical knowledge alone deserves a complete study.

I risk myself gradually in the countryside, then I join a big city located 60 kms north. Finally, I go to the west and contemplate the ocean, 3 years before re-discovering it physically.

As no one speaks of this, I do not speak about it either, but I try hundreds of times to voluntarily provoke the phenomenon, without knowing that I have to leave the physical body for that. Until the age of 10 this impossibility obsesses me, I can not understand. If anyone had been able to explain things to me at that time, I would have benefited a lot. It is partly for this reason that I write now, so that both adults and children can have the correct information: we are spirits temporarily associated with the material world, and under certain conditions we resume our freedom.

Then in the years that follow, things fade, experiences are less frequent and I put these stories deep inside me, until one night, around the age of 14, the phenomenon comes back again with a still unequalled force, with a trip to another world, told in the chapter RETURNS TO HOME.

At the age of 17 falls the REVELATION, a simple book gives me the elements I needed. We have several bodies, several envelopes located at different vibratory levels. This immediately awakens a strong interest, I want the explanation. So I get to work, to get to the first experiences.

#### FIRST TRIPS AFTER REVELATION

For a few months I wake up several times a week in the body of light before returning to the physical body. It's a kind of desynchronized wake-up, and I have a few seconds to one or two minutes, in general, to enjoy before reintegration. Examples:

1 - I emerge from the unconsciousness above the roofs of a city of France that I do not know. It is about 6.30 am, a light rain falls from the sky. Passersby walk the streets feverishly, they join their work, and have a fixed mind on the ordinary rituals of the beginning of the day.

I choose a passerby dressed in a raincoat and walking with a quick step, I go down to her and pass deliberately through her body. Not the least sensation, it's as if I had not crossed anything, she herself does not seem affected by my intrusion. Then I do the same with random passersby, I cross them and cross them again, finding a lot of distraction, until the silver cord brings me back into the dormitory of the boarding high school. No break of consciousness between my astral games and the physical body lift.

2 - This time I find myself in the countryside. There are only fields fenced by barbed wire. In the immediate surroundings there is no farm, tractor, livestock nor inhabitant. I slide 30 centimeters from the ground, at a speed of 10 km / h, and cross the barbed fence without feeling anything. The place is a little hilly, I follow the low slopes in visual, because I do not feel any gravity, I am totally devoid of weight. I have a subtle perception of the presence of water, in the soil and in the air. Time seems to be expanding, I seem to explore this place for a long time, although I know, I don't know how, that only a few seconds pass before the return to the flesh body.

3 - Countryside landscape. There are fields, hedges, and woods. About a hundred meters high, I see cars parked on the dirt roads and hunters scattered in these landscapes. Back in the

physical body my little radio confirms the thing: this morning is the opening of the hunting season in France.

4 - I become aware at the edge of a wood. There is a pit filled with stagnant water, and a large field adjoins the trees. I skate the wood in full consciousness, flying gently at one meter off the ground. I arrive at a small paved road, in the distance there are some houses, but I do not see anyone outside, and no vehicle circulates in the vicinity. Further I find a sign that mentions the name of the small town located at a few hundred meters. In return, after some research on an atlas (there is no internet), I find the name of this place, it is located in Touraine.

5 - Here again is an awakening over a countryside landscape. Used to quickly manage the situation, I go down immediately to the ground. There is a small pale purple flower, I stop at 10 cm from it, face turned to the ground, floating in this position, motionless, arms outstretched. I marvel at this physical flower, its colors, the movements of the physical particles, because one can easily distinguish the "Brownian" movements. I do not want to go anywhere else, this magnificent show is enough for me. A long time is going on, more than usual, and it is in this position that the rope pulls me to bring me back to the flesh body. I could have watched it for hours, really, and yet it was a tiny flower of the physical world, I think of it all day.

6 - I went to bed at 11 pm in the family room, and I sleep deeply. But something pulls me away from sleep, something singular, I do not feel being at the normal place, I'm not in bed anymore. I open my eyes, and observe with surprise that I am floating, head over the bedside, to the left of the bed. I see the body lying on the bed, and my feet are still attached to the feet of the flesh body. I lie on my back, paralyzed, about 80 centimeters above bed level.

I feel a great apprehension because I am not yet customary of this kind of adventure. I am very afraid that my uncontrolled emotion will bring me back into the body, I am very close to it, I do not feel the action of the silver rope at all. It is strange to find yourself on the side and in immediate vicinity.

I feel my body of light completely numb, weird, and it helps me keep control of the desynchronization process.

Then something happens as if a magical force is giving way, and suddenly my feet come off.

From this moment, I feel liberated, and the fear will disappear little by little. I quickly glance at the bed, there is a dark and still form that sleeps, this show is not at all attractive and I pay attention to something else. I am standing in front of the window, the last fears are dissipated to leave room for a deep joy, a kind of serene intoxication, an ineffable enjoyment.

Passing through the window without even doing a test of non materiality, here I am floating in the street at four meters high. There is the natural decor of the place, the houses, the gardens, the car parks, and nobody outside at this late hour.

I am deeply happy and plan to enjoy it as a child discovering a new game, and what a game! I fly, swirl in the air, making gracious, fast figures, at the speed of thought, without feeling the less inertia. I go in all directions, put myself in all positions imaginable without feeling dizzy, headache or discomfort. Here I am a soul liberated from its earthly prison, a baby who relearns to fly in the body of light, and who immerses himself in an oceanic pleasure, just there, above the houses of the district.

Behind the house, in line with the cherry tree, I stop my aerial figures and immobilize myself. I open my arms, I feel prodigiously alive. And I do not fall, I do not move.

Then I see that a light rain begins to fall, and by reflex I look at my body, it is completely naked. An irrational suggestion tells me that I am going to be wet by this rain, and I immediately try to materialize a raincoat on me. But it does not work at all, I'm as naked as a newborn. Then I see that this rain passes through me as if I did not exist!

I venture to go a little farther, just fifty meters away, behind the houses along the fence of the stadium, and I am very disturbed by what I see. There are large coniferous hedges, cedars or something like that, which form a separation between the houses and the stadium. I can not understand, because there is normally no hedge here, not even an early planting. I'm looking around, everything seems to match, except those damn hedges that should not be there but are real, and they are four to five meters high! This plunges me a moment into confusion: I am totally lucid, everything is normal in the neighborhood except this inexplicable thing, these hedges!

Finding no explanation, I give up understanding.

Then another strange thing happens, I suddenly discover that I hold in my right hand a kind of black document holder. How did it come here, mystery. I don't know what to do with it, but I feel it's important. It is of the same nature as the body of light, not material.

I drop this new phenomenon, aware that I can not discover everything at once. I continue to over-fly the familiar places of my neighborhood, when I realize that my mind forces me to stay in a tiny universe, one that is bound by my habits.

The mind onboard in the adventure is indeed the earthly mental incarnated, the one who has habits and who is afraid of the unknown. In fact of unknown, I'm full in it, except the decor is all that is more banal, I'm flying over, and this is not ordinary.

For a beginner like me, there is a real difficulty in accepting the opportunity to travel in entirely new spaces, I can overcome it quickly, now. This sudden understanding plunges me into a kind of jubilation, my happiness increases a notch.

Then I take a prodigious speed and altitude and dash in the sky, contemplating what is down, to the coast of the Atlantic Ocean.

My mind is filled with joy, I am more and more drunk by this state. There is nothing comparable in matter, even from a distance. Something tells me that I've done this before, but that I forgot everything when I came back to the body, it's a kind of evidence, an indisputable knowledge. I'm a little worried about this story of physical memory, it would be a great mess to not remember that!

The end of the trip will indeed be poorly transmitted to the flesh body, I only remember having to go through something material, without achieving it. The physical brain will try to make a dream from this sequence, it will be my beginning for the understanding of these complex mechanisms, the study will last for years.

Immediately after the feeling of having to cross something, I open the eyes of the body. It is about 5 o'clock in the morning, the day begins to rise, we are on July 16. I remember almost everything, and for several days I remain drunk, keeping this to myself, talking to no one, who could hear such a thing?

In the morning I went to see these houses near the stadium, and there wasn't a hedge, and no sign that there would be one soon.

But two years later, the municipality decided to plant these conifers, and about 8 years later, they were absolutely the same as I had seen them, as high and dense, exactly there.

I must say that the mystery has only grown thicker, and like many other things, I had to delude myself to examine the hypotheses, at least on a material level. Thus in the body of light we can see a mixture of present and... of future? And that damn briefcase that appeared in my right hand, it looked a lot like the one I used, many years later, in a profession I had no idea of at the time of this trip. Or was it a jester from the astral world who had played with me? Yes, they can really enjoy this stuff.

...

After these first explorations, I experience short or long adventures, of which here is a glimpse without chronology.

#### THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS DREAMING BUBBLE

I wake up suddenly in a kind of little wood, on the physical plane. It is night but in the body of light we distinguish things without difficulties. Fully aware, I head for a residential area nearby. It's a sort of new city or neighborhood, the buildings are very recent, and the vegetation has obviously been planted. At to my right are small two-storey buildings, and to the left is a zone of individual houses, rather opulent, with large grounds. The fences are new and the hedges have been planted for less than a year.

I'm running over one of those fences and turning my attention to the houses, we're in the middle of the night but I see most of them are living, and there's light in some of them. The idea takes me to peg in one of these homes, which a priori does not pose any difficulty because the walls are not an obstacle.

But as I try to move towards this house, a very powerful force pushes me in the opposite direction, towards the buildings. I have to fight with all my energy not to be carried away. There is a kind of universal law that says you do not have to enter the privacy of human beings, that's something that is not new at all to me, but I have character, even in this state. I decided to go to this house and I gather all my will and my determination to counter this strength that I know to have met it a lot of times.

In the vast majority of cases, I have to surrender to it. I have already tried almost everything, even prayers and the call with the help of angels, my oversoul or whoever will, but nothing helps. But this time, all of a sudden, the force that opposes me disappears.

So I fly to this house and enter through the wall. On the ground floor there is the kitchen, a large living room, and the dining room. A few dirty dishes are trailing in the kitchen sink, people here do not bother to put their plates in the dishwasher. The tap lets a few drops, it was badly closed, by pure reflex I try to solve the problem but of course, impossible to catch anything physical.

The rooms are upstairs, but I do not feel the need to further violate the privacy of the residents. I drag a moment into the living room, then I suddenly realize that someone is coming from above. At first I feel like a thief caught in the act, although knowing me totally invisible for physical eyes.

It is one of the young children of this family who arrives in the living room, but in his astral form. He is about 6/8 years old, as far as one can judge by its immaterial envelope, which is often rather delicate. He carried with him a good amount of etheric energy which gives him a blue and dense appearance, almost material.

He has come as if he was moving with his flesh body, by the staircase, and he is walking towards the living room. His form is very well formed, and I see that he is a dreamer, he does not perceive my presence at all. However, his coming to the ground floor makes me leave the house, because I am not at home here, and my presence is not ethically suitable.

I run away and find myself outside, I do not have any more desire to make illegal intrusions. I push myself away by flying slowly at low altitude, drunk with a feeling of liberty powerful and serene, beyond any description. A little further I find a kind of meadow with short grass, and I land at ground level. Since my arrival here I had been confined to the frontal astral vision, the one which has an angle close to that of the physical body, and which does not disturb too much the material brain during the phase of loading to the physical memory.



There is a beautiful starry sky and I am in ecstasy at the beauty of creation. Standing in the middle of this cleared place, I open my viewing angle, 180 °, then 360 °. The totality of the celestial vault appears to my consciousness.

Millions of stars and cosmic clusters show themselves to my astral vision, finer and more precise than the best material telescopes.

And suddenly, I become aware of something unexpected: I simultaneously distinguish the constellations as represented by the ancient terrestrial civilizations, as superimposed. This is something quite difficult to describe, on the one hand I only see the star sky and nothing else, and on the other hand I see these image representations of the constellations perfectly, as if these two realities were absolutely separated but merged in a complex way in my mind, without the mind having the slightest difficulty in comprehensively comprehending all this complexity.

I did not think that the sky was tagged so completely, on the brightest stars seen from earth with physical eyes in any case.

I contemplate the show for a long time, until one of these inexplicable things happens. Indeed, there are almost in every trip events that we do not understand at first, and that may seem phantasmagorical. But in this case it has been a long time since I made the distinction between my mental projections and the so-called reality, although this notion must be constantly revised.

One of the characters supposed to represent the constellations suddenly takes " life " and walks towards me, my intuition blows me that it is about Aquarius. Note that I am not interested in astrology at all, and that I know absolutely nothing about it.

The guy is a real giant with blue skin. He comes down from the sky and holds out his hand, which is about 10 times bigger than my astral hand, but I've had enough experience to know that size does not matter in the superior worlds. Fortunately because the giant is very impressive, and has a mind very different from mine, beyond my current abilities to understand.

With my little hand I catch his thumb, because I know that this type of invitation invariably leads to something positive and unexpected, as if we took advantage of the walk of the traveler to make it evolve, to stuff things in the astral skull, whether he agrees or not.

The blue giant takes me illico in another dimension, the time to say "whew", and puts me on top of another soil. Then he takes leave without comments, I will not see him again.

I'm wondering first of all where I am, which is an absurd question when traveling this way, in any case at my level of evolution.

But nearby I see immediately the young boy from the house I have just visited. He is in his dream bubble, one distinguishes very clearly cartoon characters from comics and television that for the most part I do not know, he contemplates all that ...

The bubble is like a set of immaterial screens around it, it is small in diameter, about 3 meters if it means something here. The boy seems very absorbed by the show. He's dreaming.

I begin to wonder why I am here, I am aware of the existence of these bubbles and the "content" of it does not seem to me to be of little interest.

It is then that I feel another subtle presence, more etheric than mine. It is very close to the boy and I see the dream bubble completely modify its "program", exit the characters. This entity is intervening directly on the bubble, to pass information in the form of images but also of mental contents, a combination of feelings and thoughts.

I am outside but I can see very easily the content of this information: we explain to the young boy that his mother will die in about fifteen years, and that he will have an important role to play with his father, who will be an influential figure in 20 to 30 years. We explain to him the influence he will have on this man, and how he will also have a personal role with a large number of people.

All this was decided by all the protagonists before their descent into the terrestrial world, and the intervention I am attending is a sort of booster.

I can not help wondering what impact this method may have on sleepers, but it seems to me that the operation is renewed as much as necessary. The entity responsible for reprogramming does not communicate with me, although I know very well that I am here and why I am here.

The silver cord brings me back into the flesh body. I think for a long time about what I have just learned. As always, this discovery gives rise to new questions.

The outer surface of my ball of memories is the magnificent star sky, and the giant's thumb in my astral hand. This ball of thought is properly installed in physical memory, apart from the holo-directional vision that the material brain must always more or less tinker with to make it compatible with terrestrial memory banks.

While the contact with Aquarius lasted only a brief moment, I am surprised to find a gift left in the ball of thought, and which was designed to open into the flesh body. He speaks to me through nonverbal speech and universal symbols. I feel tactfully that it gives me a kind of thread, I really touch it between my fingers. This Arianne's hair trail will take me to the deep information of the thought ball.

Not knowing what will happen, I open myself to the maximum.

In my mind, an image, that of an alien creature of the reptilian type, is built line by line, this alien is an evolved, intelligent person. This is intended to familiarize me again with these realities, it is to format my incarnated mental so that it can have access.

Then Aquarius concludes by informing me that my possibilities of communicating with other realities can not be superseded or reduced in any way whatsoever. My faculties remain full and complete, whatever the external influences or my physical state. If there are obstacles, they are of another order.

I stay a long time trying to understand what he means, but I can not do it.

...

ENDA

This time I landed on the edge of a huge meadow. There is a very intense light although no sun is visible in the sky, there is no shade, no place where there is less light. The colors are bright, shimmering, they give me an intense sense of wonder.

The large green and gold grasses gently wave, further there are magnificent trees resembling cedars of Lebanon.

Here for the first time in my travels I see something new.

There is love in the air and in everything, including myself, as at the beginning of summer in paradise. Light and love are the essence of this world. I feel neither hot nor cold, only a great sweetness and a delicate energy in my body of light.

No need to move to have more love, to the place where I find myself there is enough to feed my soul during eternity.

Freedom, absolute freedom. I am flooded with serene fullness, deep fullness, of joy, of confidence. I do not feel any desire because here my being is filled beyond all hope.

It is without haste that I get up slowly to a few meters in height, then I fly slowly down to these beautiful herbs, I want to merge my body of light with them, an old habit.

But a big surprise is waiting for me. The plants and my body of light do not interpenetrate as usual, on the contrary I feel them slip between my fingers and along my arms!

It's an infinitely delicate caress, and I understand that this world and my body of light are on the same vibratory plane, we are solid between ourselves!

I slowly climb again, hovering straight over the meadow. Here the thought as we know it on earth does not exist, there is a form of mental activity more evolved, faster, clearer, more serene, and it does not prevent us from living intensely the present moment.

After a long slide in the air, I arrive at the edge of a kind of canyon.

I am not alone in this world, there are on the slopes of this canyon a large number of people. I notice that they are two by two, and each pair has a very intense exchange so that no one seems to notice my arrival.

I immediately understand that these conversations are very private and I close my spiritual perceptions not to violate their privacy, but I am intrigued.

That's when I get a greeting from someone down below. His ball of thought welcomes me in a very cheerful and amusing tone, and invites me to come to his side.

He is the only person isolated here, he is a young child about 8/12 years old. I land next to him, happy to have someone who can give me information about this place and its occupants. On this realm a difference in earthly age does not mean much. My friend tells me that he is currently in possession of a physical body on earth, like me, and like most other tenants of the canyon.

He brilliantly explains to me that these people are in formation, and that the main theme of this class is the same for all: life on earth as a couple. There are here spouses / married couples, but also other varieties like brother / sister, father / daughter, etc. They are here only a short time before their silver cord brings them back to the physical body.

I thought the whole thing was happening on earth during the incarnation, it seems that things are much more complex!

I turn my attention to a couple then another, they look like sleepers as we see absolutely everywhere near the physical plane, plunged into their dream bubble and ignoring your presence and their real environment.

I thank my friend for his explanations. Then I ask him to describe his physical body in the current state, because the body of light can have a rather different aspect of the vehicle of flesh.

In an instant, my friend materializes a thought form next to us, a three-dimensional representation of his current material body.

I am happy to know this young person, but I suddenly feel these impulses at the neck of my body of light, the silver cord that is preparing to bring me back. Damn, I always forget it, but I do live in a body of flesh, too, in a strange and dark world, and whether I want it or not, it's time to go back.

Too short, this trip, I would have had so many questions to ask my young teacher. But I do not fight against the rope, I just take the time to ask his name, my name, his earthly name. ENDA, he answers with a laugh, "ENDA is the name that has been given to me in the world of my material body".

I get up over the canyon, repeating as loud as I can ENDA, ENDA, ENDA. A last glance at the students of this evening class, and I continue ENDA, ENDA, ENDA.

The silver cord pulls me all of a sudden with phenomenal power, and brings me back just above the physical body, while I mentally repeat ENDA, ENDA. The moment after the body of flesh absorbs me like a sponge, I merge with it, while repeating the name of my friend.

I open the eyes of the physical body, and the material brain takes over: ENDA, ENDA, ENDA. Successful decompression of the memory ball in the brain, I remember everything.

I sit down in bed, and taste the pleasure of what I have learned, the joy of bringing down here a part of the higher worlds. Here it is that this night I touched another world, that I was impregnated with absolute love.

The euphoria of this trip will fade slowly over the hours, sometimes giving way to a frustration that I have always reasoned: I'm not from here, and I happen to know it.

Thank you ENDA, maybe we will meet on earth, who knows?

LAURIER

During the first phase of my astral teenage journeys I am attracted by Canada. I go there frequently, and the time difference makes that we are often early in the evening.

Most of the time I just fly over the landscape capturing the subtle energies of nature, more exactly by merging with these immaterial emanations.

This day I go down to a hundred meters altitude, near a lake. There are three teenagers roughly my physical age. Two of them are near the shore, and the third is deliberately away from them, he has a kind of non-violent difference with the other two. He does not feel like them and human relations disappoint him once again.

Out of respect for this person, there will be no specific details in this narration.

I receive without effort what this young man has in mind, what his thoughts and feelings are. Because of his family history, his distant past and his current incarnation scenario, he feels a desire for isolation. This boy is making some decisions.

I watch him walk away on a small slope at the edge of this lake, his two friends, much less introverted, are full of the ordinary preoccupations of young earthly humans.

The third does not feel ordinary, but he does not claim anything, just a kind of inexplicable malaise.

I take altitude by observing all this, no form of judgment floats in my mind, the consciousness is clear and lively, I'm traveling ...

25 years later

I came to spend a few days of vacation in Canada, we are in February, I am a fan of snowmobile and huge landscapes.

Val d'Or, 650 km northwest of Montreal.

My girlfriend of the moment missed a turn on snowmobile and twisted a leg. She walks with a splint and crutches.

Tonight we are invited in the house of Daniel GAGNE and his companion Nicole. Daniel is an artist: painter and musician, he records songs full of this superb Quebec accent. Minus 20° celsius outside, 28° inside, near the chimney. Daniel shows us his photo albums, the pages succeed each other until suddenly I notice someone on the pictures. I ask Daniel to go back, until a series taken in summer at the edge of a lake, on one of the photos there is a man that I recognize immediately, it is the teenager who wanted to isolate himself.

Physically he has changed considerably, much less hair, 25 years older, but something hits me in the depths of my being: it's him, it's incredible but it's him, I'm sure of it.

I ask Daniel who is this person, he tells me that he is one of his neighbors on the lake who lives in an isolated house where Daniel and his wife also have a cottage. Then Daniel wants to move on but I insist, I want to know more about this person. Intrigued, he begins to explain to me that this man's name is Aube Laurier, that he is an artist, he paints, writes.

Something pushes me to put my hand on the picture, and a mass of information reaches me at once. Here is a new thing, put your hand and collect data, this is the first time...

I listen to Daniel and at the same time I also begin to talk about this person, to describe him. Daniel and his wife are intrigued, Laurier has never set foot outside of Quebec, and this is the first time I come to Val d'Or.

No comments to my wish to meet Laurier...

The next evening Daniel comes to pick us up at the hotel. He took an appointment with Laurier! We leave the city, and we go to that person's house. It is difficult to be more isolated, he lives in the middle of a forest, you have to park the car at the edge of the road and follow a narrow path in the snow.

I take my companion on the shoulders and we take the path, there is more than a meter of snow here, we see a wooden chalet appear among the trees.

Laurier is waiting for us. As usual, the heat inside is proportional to the surrounding cold. Daniel simply told him that some French people wanted to see him, he is still quite surprised and I see that he is asking questions while he shows his works.

I have a little bit of a crush, this is the first time I physically find again one of my astral encounters. I wonder if I will have the courage to approach the subject directly, then I ask advice from my alltime friends, something that I do very rarely. The answer is immediate and very clear: go for it!

Daniel and my partner voluntarily take distance and settle near the fire, leaving me alone with Laurier.

I start, I explain without detours that I know a lot about him, things that even Daniel does not know: his way of working when he paints, his spiritual quest, what he has explored and where he has stopped. He practices meditation, at home it is something very discreet, he does not boast.

Laurier is anything but an exhibitionist, his aura is extremely sensitive, fluid and fleeting. He may go unnoticed in a group of more than three people, I have the impression of having a twin brother in front of me, but who would be my exact opposite.

Laurier listens and nods without particular surprise. His pace is slow, etheric, reflected, quite the opposite to my physical character.

He prepares the tea, go and serve it to Daniel and my companion, then comes back to me and we continue our exchange. I go further, explain the circumstances of our first meeting, while I was in the vehicle of light and him in the material world. He was informed of these things, but not in detail, so he just listens.

There is serenity in the air, a great calm but also a weak, controlled energy, like that which one perceives in the environment of the Hindu saints who have fallen asleep, at the time when I was incarnated in this region of the earthly world.

Laurier and I have kept in touch with the over the ocean, we have sent long letters to each other, exchanging on our spiritual path, at once so similar and so different. Then internet has made things easier, we sometimes resume our exchanges, the thread is not broken.

I have understood something over the years: in spite of appearances, we are not traveling at random. In the body of light we feel immensely free and we are, but it is to better accomplish our Plan, we are directed by the upper part of ourselves, the one who decided on this incarnation and who knew all the complexity.

I did not stop over at this lake by chance, and this reunion was not a coincidence either.

We are directed by meaning far more than our physical consciousness can conceive, we sail in a vast current in this world and in others.

In our spiritual pursuit, we become unmistakably aware of Immensity and Infinity, and suddenly we discover a new fear, that of losing ourselves in this absolute. But we never lose ourselves, the ground is falling beneath our feet and we cross abysses, we live episodes of absolute loneliness, but we never lose ourselves, any more than we are alone.

I saw Laurier at the end of 2012, in Val d'Or. We spent time together, the evening of the New Year's Eve party a part of his family was around a bonfire, under a light snow and by minus 18 °. Jocelyne, Laurier's partner, had just convinced him to connect to the electrical network!

None of these people had heard of me before, they were intrigued by my presence and that of Blandine.

To my great surprise, Laurier invited me to tell my truth. This is how I explained that I had known him for a long time, having met him on a physical astral journey. Some were quite surprised, yet this guy did not look crazy, they seemed to think. A journey what, astral? What's this?

On my side I asked him to confirm to me: "you are really certain, Laurier, you want me to say that directly?" In thinking a little, the only one that these people can question, is myself. Laurier meanwhile, is already a singularity in his own family: the hermit who has been meditating in the woods for 35 years ...

Laurier Aube is a very interiorized, secretive person, which is why Jocelyne was surprised by the knowledge I had of her companion, who lived thousands of miles away and had only physically met her once.

We have talked about it together but things are very simple: the astral consciousness is much more intense than the physical consciousness. A simple glance was enough to judge the orientations of his life over the next few decades.

The last evening they invited a group of spiritual seekers from the region to their home. All these people are very interesting, the president of the spiritual association is a lady who had a NDE in 1978, at a time when no one knew about the phenomenon. With Daniel Gagne and his life companion Nicole whom we saw again, something suddenly jumped to my eyes about these human beings: it is the cream of humanity, and they are everywhere in the world. Finally there may be something good in the man's mind, something that will make him go very far. The earth is



perhaps not only the planet of the apes, because this minority justifies the continuation of the evolution.

Laurier is my brother on the other side of the ocean. I know what his path is, until the end of this life. I know how his transition will go, and that we will meet again in the higher worlds. When he will need I will be there, moreover he has other friends he does not remember yet, here and there.

NO PASSPORT OR VISA

March 1995, 2:30 in the morning.

I wake up suddenly because I am climbing above the physical body. Then I am pulled brutally, like a fish that is ironed at the end of a line, and I find myself 3 meters from the material body, in the small dressing room, floating on the belly to a centimeter of the carpet, the astral head near the partition, and the legs half outside the dressing room, passing through the door.

I have the feeling that someone helped me out, he did not go lightly!

Anyway I am very happy to be released, I mark a short pause in this position, hovering effortlessly, lighter than air. Then I stand up and cross two walls to find myself as usual in this case, in the office. It's always there that I make a point when I leave the flesh body, because I'm far enough away from the field of activity of the silver cord, area in which we are likely to be reintegrated in the meat for a yes or a no.

Consciousness 11/10, 10 being the highest referential in the material world. Feeling of freedom, lightness, unspeakable happiness, precise location, everything is OK. I do not waste time looking at my astral hands to accustom myself to the subtle consciousness, today it is unnecessary.

However I do a ritual check by plunging my arms through the window, to ensure the degree of immateriality. No sensation, so I cross and here I am floating at 5 meters high, in the street.

My friend and opposite neighbor went on a trip, and I wonder if he came back. I have the idea to take a look through the walls to see if Bernard and Martine are well both in their room, but I restrain myself, I must respect their privacy

It is night, I take gently some altitude to see Paris and the Paris region, my house is about 30 kilometers from the center of the capital.

My soul is filled with a great excitement, I feel the deep joy of being liberated, I feel complete, intensely alive, my mind is lively and clear.

I live again magnificent moments, I am aware of being incredibly privileged, nothing in the physical world is comparable to this.

The lights of the Paris region are seen under a very complete spectrum in the astral vision, we can see the rays of dull lights that rise very high: yellow, brown, orange, red, green, very little blue. Here is the business card of our civilization, lights as in the aura of a sick and drugged person.

But nothing can tarnish my joy, drunk with freedom I climb to 15 kilometers in altitude, to take my bearings and choose a direction, because my intention is to travel far.

I know that time is of the essence, unfortunately, and that reintegration always happens too fast, but today I seem to have some time in front of me.

I want to see the day again, and since I am on the physical plane, I have to go to the west. I am preparing to spin at high speed but I do not master my thoughts and my intention like many amateurs, so my trip lasts only one click.

In an éclair I find myself at the same altitude, above the ocean, floating motionless in the sky. To the west the sun will set in a few minutes, the totality of the disc is still visible. It is glowing, barred by strips of clouds. Below me there are scattered clouds, and down there, darkness has begun. I see the gradient of this darkness up to the horizon, to the west.

In these moments I am dazzled by the beauty of this world, and I get drunk with this incommensurable freedom. Floating so high, arms spread, I do not move, I do not fall, and yet I am intensely here, in the sublime, contemplating in all directions at the same time.

Then I prepare to take speed, to arrive at a place where it is full day, I want to enjoy the trip, even if the speed is very large. But again, my intention is poorly prepared and I find myself instantly in a place more to the west, it is full day. It is no longer the ocean, I am above the mainland as far as the eye can see. There are big buildings downstairs that resemble hotels, maybe Las Vegas, I'm not sure.

I went too far west, so I'm going to turn around, and once again an instant move takes me over another landscape.

This time I am overlooking large buildings, it is day and tall coconut trees border the area. Going through the roof of the building that is right underneath, I find that it is a shopping center, a hypermarket and I am now located above the fish department. pipes pass into the air and end with accessible faucets for employees. Two of them work on their stall, they are both quite fat and one of them has a mustache. I can see the top of their skull, which is fun because you are not used to having this point of view when you are in the physical body!

Then I go down to their level and approach the mustache, I slap in my hands of light just in front of his nose, to make as much noise as possible with my Intention.

The man pauses for a moment in his work, staring blankly as if he had perceived something, then resumes his activity. I'm right in front of him, almost in his arms but it's obvious that he does not see me at all.

There is a heterogeneous population in this store, and I observe that customers move quite slowly with their caddies. I slide slowly above them, leaving the fish-shop area near one of the walls of the building.

I'm heading to two young women in uniform, maybe the store's security guards. They are in shirts, and seem to know the staff of the hypermarket, stopping to talk with one of the employees in the middle of a very wide alley.

I have the time to explore the space, while seizing erratic information coming from the store's customers and employees.

Then the silver cord decides to take me back inside the physical body. There is no break of consciousness, I find myself awake in the material body as outside of it the moment before.

I sit immediately in the bed, the balls of thoughts picked at random the minute before pose problems to the material brain, who knows how to interpret and classify them. But this is not the case for the rest of the trip, I bring back beautiful memories and my mind is full of serenity and joy to have been entitled to these few minutes of vacation. Before opening the light, I feel two presences in the room, those who helped me out of the body of flesh so masterfully.

I turn on all the lights in the room, it's almost three o'clock in the morning!

Then I shake my companion until she awakes, very bad mood. Taken from the deepest sleep is with a haggard look and totally dazzled by the lights she hears me tell my journey of 15 000 kilometers, on the other side of the ocean. I am so enthusiastic that I have no pity, I tell her everything in details. When I stop my story she falls back on the pillows and goes back to sleep in a second, without comment.

And to say that 99.99 times out of 100 I am a sleeper among all the others! On several occasions I will have the opportunity to understand how much consciousness can show different facets. At the moment you live such experiences, you have a surprising lucidity on what models the consciousness of the people around you.

On the other hand, from the point of view of the person who is forced to wake up at 3 am, it is a lot of excitement for a simple dream.

But here, those of you who have lived this kind of thing know it perfectly, the dreamer is not the one we believe.

In the morning I will put a few seconds before recognizing the guy in the mirror. Conscious travels deprogramming the identification with the physical body, and as far as I'm concerned it's happening very quickly.

As for my invisible helpers, I am happy to have such friends, they take the trouble to come into the physical world to get me out of there. I thank them warmly for their support since the beginning of this incarnation, I look forward to find them, to travel again the celestial roads in their company.

## WELCOME GIFT

This evening at bedtime I try to strengthen my intention to travel consciously.

At the end of the night, what I wish happens. Fully aware, I am greeted by friends in a superior world. It's a consensus-type universe that inspires tropical paradises on earth, an imitation more beautiful than the original.

There is plenty of light, no shade, tongues of sparkling white sand, splendid vegetation and a deep, beautiful blue ocean.

On arrival I feel as always the need to fly, it is a sensation that I do not get tired of. I came with my earthly incarnated mental, everyone sees it but nobody cares for me, and for good reason, they all pass by.

When I'm a little calmed down, my friends explain that they will take me to visit the studio of a local artist. A priori this idea does not really pack me, but as they are more than friendly, I accept the proposal.

We slide / walk quietly in the middle of this enchanting scenery, when I hear from behind us an intense noise. A big white horse goes past us on the left. His beauty is breathtaking, he is like a beautiful light that immediately conjures up the adornment of a peacock, a kind of unique and immense white feather with very delicate black patterns, a feather of pure light. The horse and his adornment are only white and black, contrasting in this world of deep shimmering colors. I am amazed at the beauty of this apparition, especially as in the physical world, the horses leave me in total indifference. When he passes us, the horse inundates us with an indescribable symphony, subtle and grandiose harmonics, which I first took for noise.

I have the intuition that this horse is in connection with the artist that we will see, he disappeared in this direction. My friends explain to me that this is a welcome gift, a pure creation of the artist that we will join.

My welcome gift! I can not believe it, all my landmarks collapse, a little as usual during travel. I slowly enter the marvelous, my mind becomes accustomed little by little.

I'm not at the end of my surprises. We arrive at the studio of the artist, who is waiting for us outside. Surprisingly, I see that this is a woman, which I did not catch in the minds of my companions, who were obviously responsible for making me a very delicate welcome.

This woman has the appearance of an earthly person of 30/35 years, she is of Tahitian type, wears long black hair curls and like all the people from here, she is very beautiful. I understand that she was inspired by a personal incarnation to shape her appearance.

But what really surprises me is her size, she is a real giant. My head reaches at about the level of her solar plexus, and because of my terrestrial mind I feel very intimidated.

But here things do not happen like on earth.

This magnificent and imposing person makes absolutely no mention of our considerable difference in size, and immediately shows me affection and total trust, as if we were friends of a thousand centuries.

She hugs me and for a moment I tell myself that I will be crushed like a doll of sugar, but on the contrary I feel all the sweetness of the world. Homecoming, here I see an old friend of which my incarnated mind has no memory, for the moment.

She knows my situation and is very happy with my visit, she shows me some of her works. Here one can create in several dimensions, and incorporate a very elaborate psycho-emotional content, as well as very pure forms of music. Creations are not necessarily frozen like paintings or sculptures of the material world, nothing to do with earthly art, the possibilities are endless. The horse of light, I'm not nearly forgetting that one!

We go through the workshop, and, god of heaven (it is the case to say that), there are works which concern me directly! Then I am completely breathless!!! How can such a person, a very superior being in a sublime world, give me the slightest moment of attention?

My friend tells me her name but my physical brain will be unable to record it, as she had planned, and anyway, it does not matter, she told me.

She has known me for a very long time and also knows all the details about my current abilities as incarnated being.

She tells me that we are going to leave the workshop to go to a remote place, where my friends from the beginning left. Once again she will give me a lesson that goes beyond my understanding, without seeming to teach me anything for a single second.

I think, the place is far away so we would do well to go flying. My friend does not seem to think at all about this possibility, so I guess I'll have to take her in my arms, like superman.

My friend immediately accepts, while I regret to have made a proposal so crazy, I will never be able to take off with such a load!

She seems to have no doubt about my possibilities and gives me total confidence. I take her in my arms and to my surprise, I manage to take off the ground and take a little altitude. The earthly mind is the only charge that limits me in this world.

We fly over the waves and enchanting landscapes, we see people who bathe, everyone looks like full healthy and very happy. I speed up to several hundred kilometers per second, if it means anything here, until reaching a high mountain.

My friend is like a child, totally abandoned in my arms, although the baby, it's me. The beings of this world are complete, at once brilliant adults, old wise men, the most innocent of children, and so much more. They are magnificent people, of prodigious intelligence, and of infinite sensitivity. No one can meet them without wanting to be like them one day.

On the return, the horse of light was the first memory to register in the memory banks of the physical brain.

The one who made me this welcome gift is much more than an artist, from the terrestrial point of view she is a virtuoso of the divine. She knows me much more than I know myself, because during this short visit to their world of light, I remained in amnesia, cluttering slugs of the terrestrial world.

AMBERSI

March 2009. After an early exercise to provoke an astral journey, I finally succeed but find myself in a state of mind when I have already traveled a great distance, which often takes a fraction of a second.

The place where I am is somewhere in the physical world, on earth. The night has fallen recently. I randomly circulate to try to gather clues that will allow the localization. The population seems to be typical of South America, people have matte skin, they are quite small and stocky. There is a tropical vegetation and a lot of water, I feel it everywhere.

I pass a wooden house, his occupant is a man of about 45 years, he is sitting in a chair, under a canopy of the house, on the side where the road is. He does not do anything particular, I look at his outfit, a simple shorts and a tank top, it must be hot here, but I can not verify directly, the body of light does not have access to this type of energy. I try to communicate with him, but despite my efforts, he does not hear me and does not see me at all, he does not react at all, not even subtly as it happens at times.

I pass a small dark and stagnant stream, looking for other clues. I still find wooden houses of the same type, with South Americans inside or outside, generally unoccupied.

Throwing my sights on one of these mansions, I enter a kind of very rustic living room, with a buffet of the 1950s full to crack. There is nothing special to see here, and I go to the furniture to cross and come out of this house, but at the last moment I avoid it and go through the wall of planks, because this piece of furniture indisposes me inexplicably, beyond its unattractive look. Well, to tell the truth I find it very ugly and repulsive, so I do not have the slightest desire to merge with it, even a fraction of a second, a sort of astralo-physical phobia that I discover in me for the first time.

Disappointed from not finding clues and always seeing the same kind of people; I am flying at low altitude to the nearby ocean. There is a more modern house, with large open windows, sea side. I enter the facade on the ground, and cross by flying the living room which is quite spacious. There is a South American installed in an armchair, by the way I give him a good "loud" greeting, persuaded that he will not realize anything.

Without stopping I cross the wall bay windows and I found myself at the edge of a beach, this house is just on the edge of the sea. But I hear an answer to my greeting! Very surprised I turn around and join the guy who was in the living room, and who comes to me. I ask him directly the following question: "I did not dream, you heard me right, did you?"

Not only does he hear me, but he sees me too. It is a young deceased who clings to his former place of life, we are vibratorily on the same plane.

He tells me his recent story, his death at the age of 32, an event he had absolutely no anticipation, he is still quite surprised. His appearance is very close to that he had in the physical vehicle, matte skin, Hispanic type, chunky.

His dress is a little more sought after than those who live in wooden houses, he must belong to a higher social class, and more educated. In the astral world, even on the lower planes, one is "created" by thought, and his clothes are obviously the replica of those of which he was accustomed with, although it is still sandals, wide shorts and a T-shirt.

Good social class, beautiful house, education, sudden and recent death, all the basic conditions to sneak in for a while here.

My new friend is very friendly, engaging. Like me, he finds it difficult to find someone to talk to and it seems that speech is one of his favorite activities. Communication at this level is easy, there is no linguistic barrier

He calls himself AMBERSI, this is a name that I have never heard before, I will repeat it several times to strengthen my thought ball and integrate more easily into my flesh body, when back.

Ah yes because it's my turn to introduce myself, I tell him that I come from the earth and I still have a physical body in proper operating condition, but it is currently sleeping somewhere, and at the moment I confess that I do not know very well where, and especially it does not interest me. As almost always, I quickly detach myself from the memory of the material body, and focus my consciousness on many other subjects. It is unlikely that I will stay in the corner after the death of the material body, I will not do like AMBERSI.

So nice to exchange with someone, my new friend drowns me under an uninterrupted flow of information, I have trouble placing one. He begins by a dissertation on the catholic religion, he remains very believing despite the incongruities of his situation: he is dead and nothing of what has been predicted to him is manifested: no christ, no angels, nor judgment, neither paradise, nor purgatory, nor hell; he trails in the same scenery as before, and he is bored to death ...

He goes on vast theories that I had never heard of: Christ would be 92 years before the official calendar, and died at the age indicated in the Bible. AMBERSI is very demonstrative, he has a certain culture and I can only agree to his speech, and in any case this re-calibration does not make any difference for me.

We slide slowly towards the ocean, there is a real sandy beach here. A woman is sitting on a chair, and I see another woman joining her from behind, finally stopping her hand on the back of the chair. They look to the west, the sun setting over the ocean. Physically black or metis, not Hispanic type, and they are obviously not dead because they do not manifest an awareness of our presence, despite the "noise" generated by the flood of words of my friend AMBERSI. At the moment I had been hoping that the one who arrived was disembodied and maybe could talk with us, but no.

Strange spectacle really, these two women look at the horizon, calm mind, and we two so close to them, in the neighboring vibratory plane, invisible and inaudible for incarnated beings, but how real, on this beach of South America, at the beginning of the night.

AMBERSI continues the conversation, a little one way, by attacking a new subject. This place where we are now finding ourselves would have been inhabited since very ancient times, there was here a city of an advanced civilization and he begins to drown me with details on their history.



It is at this moment that I begin to fight against the silver cord, the body that sleeps somewhere comes to my good memories and demands my immediate return. The first call of the string instantly changes the vibration level of the body of light, I am very surprised. I can not delay, the second call is too powerful, I am brought back in a click above the body of flesh and as usual, it absorbs me like a sponge in the moment that follows.

AMBERSI must have been surprised and disappointed to see me disappear in a flash, I did not have time to say goodbye.

Having endorsed the body of flesh, I pull it from the bed and go without delay on the internet, just to see if this strange name exists.

AMBERSI, AMBERSI, and yes, it is a hispanic name, which proves that one can communicate through the universal language, and still learn new, possibly purely physical words.

I have experienced it many times, finding the names of places I visited in the body of light, such as this small town in Mexico, Tuxtla Gutierrez, the name is quite strange but that after check, does exist.

One night in 1977, I traveled to this city, and coming back I remembered both its modern name, but also its ancient name, in the Maya language. I needed more than twenty years to understand why my oversoul had brought me to this place, and to remember an incarnation in the jungle of these hills east of the city, well before the arrival of the whites.

Here is the reality, what we really are: travelers. And we live more than one life, in this world and in many others, with many others I testify of it.

3 clicks

June 2003, in the early morning I practice my personal exercises, inductors of the trip out of the body.

I go back to sleep and wake up quickly because I realize I'm no longer in bed.

Below me, at least 300 kms, the land. At this altitude we see the planet in its entirety, I am in space. I know there is no atmosphere here.

I am not alone, there is another man floating about, and in much the same state of consciousness as me. This is not a dreamer, besides we do not find many sleepers here.

Our conversation is very pleasant, my interlocutor is kind of calm, very wise, and learned. We look at this world together while commenting on it, while observing the lights of urbanized areas on the dark side of the globe.

We are both from the world below, at least momentarily, and also from elsewhere, and from this magnificent point of view we are both tenderized by the fragility and the errors of the earthly humanity. We have attached ourselves to this primitive family and it moves us both in the same way.

We agree that, fortunately, humanity here is watched and protected by higher beings from other parts of the cosmos, which will be the starting point for the return of this trip of a new awareness with the transmission of this information to the material vehicle.

We take a look around to see one of their vehicles, and very far away from us, more than 15,000 kilometers away, one of these ships is speeding towards space.

Directing my attention to the deep cosmos, I am rather worried and surprised to see here many small particles that illuminate when falling into the atmosphere, lower down. I did not think there were so many!

We are caught in a small downpour of these micro-particles, and my earthly mind suddenly fills me with fear because I am totally vulnerable, without any protection. But the downpour passes through my body of light without me feeling anything.

Click, instant location change.

First of all, thinking that I have returned to the physical envelope, I make superhuman efforts to release myself again, trying everything that comes to my mind with an iron will. The environment is dimly lighted, as it could be during a partial rephasing with the body of flesh.

But all my efforts come up against a major obstacle: I do not see any physical matter anywhere, and I find it possible to glide and float easily in this fog, without any reference other than my own body.

It is then that I observe on the body of light the astonishing effects of my inappropriate efforts: I am a patchwork of iridescent colors, very complex, intensely luminous, my arms have dark violet and phosphorescent streaks, among many other colors.

All my body of light presents this aspect, I am astonished, I never saw myself like that.

The fog is dissipating, here I am actually in a large room full of decorative objects, a kind of museum. There is no descriptive label, but I do not recognize any of these objects, each is entirely new to me. It's not about old pieces, nor archeology. There is an incredible variety, I never imagined such a complexity, the field of possibilities opens up before me, in this moment. I carefully examine these objects, one after the other.

I get tired of this inventory because there is nobody here. I would like to join a higher world, but I do not know how to go about it. All stuttering, I try to pray to God, but it does not work, as usual elsewhere. Then I address the upper part of myself, putting as much energy as possible.

Click, instant location change

I am now in a brighter place, there is a large building without floor and gardens outside, with lawns. I float two meters in the air, which is a classic way of arriving in another plane.

There is a crowd of people of the most varied, dressed sometimes in a very strange way. I am struck by the fact that all have the appearance of old people, who look under the handicap of the old age. I immediately feel that they do not suffer and that they simulate various forms of impotence.

A young woman comes to meet me to bring me details on this place.

She is tall, blonde, with the appearance of a person of about 25 years old. She's a kind of nurse, responsible for those places which is a reception center for old people, recently deceased.

She specifies that everyone here has definitely left her/his physical form, including herself, and seems to believe that I am also in this case, although not having the appearance of an old man. She is obviously not used to it but I am a special case, a visitor.

The people who come here instinctively take on the appearance they thought they had just before they left the earth world, they are in a transient state and will abandon many more things, which will again be a form of death.

This nurse is willing to prepare these people for the transformation that takes place in softness. Some of them walk in the park in pairs, as in a retirement home, they walk slowly and look very happy, they all smile.

My hostess and I continue our discussion, she is really charming and very involved in her mission. I listen while observing the pseudo old-timers.

It is then that in the middle of a lawn, another character appears, it materializes in front of us, about thirty meters if we want to find the equivalent in terrestrial measure. Unlike all that is in the environment, he is not in any way iridescent colors, his body and his clothes are the same color dark, ashy, slightly blue.

Curiously enough, no one seems to pay particular attention to this unusual arrival, as if this kind of landing was commonplace.

My nurse guide explains that his mind has led him to stay in limbo for a long time, and indeed he seems pretty lost! A long time, no doubt, he has created clothes of the 17th or 18th century, with boots, hat and everything that goes with, at least two centuries in the darkness, he had the hard head this guy!

Those who are convinced of the inexistence of the afterlife worlds create an approximation of this reality when they arrive there, they surround themselves with a sort of impenetrable black fog that they keep as long as their mind hasn't changed.

All in all, it is better to have stupid beliefs than this kind of certainty!

Fortunately, the earthly humanity is expert in beliefs and religions of all kinds, it appears that this jumble of illusions is preferable to black fog.

The musketeer gradually takes on normal colors, but he still does not seem to understand what is happening to him.

I regretfully leave the transit center and my blonde friend, but we had a very rich discussion, the transmission to the memory of the physical body of these three successive episodes will not pose any problems, that night I have learned a lot.

## INTRUSION

This time I find myself in deep intergalactic space, there are clusters of stars, galaxies in all directions. The body of light seems to be able to reach very high speeds, well over millions of times that of light.

I have detected a spacecraft of a very advanced civilization, it is gigantic and is absolutely not propelled by flares as seen in almost all fiction films.

I am in the vehicle of the spirit, and no object is faster than me, no matter is a barrier, so I penetrate the ship through its outer shell. This ship is so big that some areas are not occupied by passengers.

I undertake to explore the places, but there are only spaces separated by walls which seem to me transparent, and which may not be so for material beings. I do not see any furniture, machines or screens. There is a chiaroscuro typical of the astral state, no physical light seems to be present in this section. The ground and the outer wall of the ship appear a very dark blue / black, no bolts, welds, no junctions marked between the different elements.

I arrived a minute ago when I feel that one of the passengers is approaching this section, so instinctively I move away in another direction, still inside.

But as soon as I stop, I feel the approach of another of these intelligent beings, and I have the sudden intuition that they have detected my presence. I wonder how this could be possible, so suddenly a ball of information comes to me with force in the mind: there is no way for me not to be detected by the occupants of the ship, they are very superior beings and the extent of their possibilities beyond my comprehension.

Even in the astral body? I persist in trying to go beyond their possibilities to be able to stay for a moment and snoop wherever I feel.

A second ball informs me then that the only possibility would be not to be there, or not to exist at all. I am unable to understand the meaning of this message, and its usefulness to me, it seems that my plan to stay here is unrealizable. I feel a pressure and a growing threat, they want me to leave, and immediately. I do not have the time or the energy to get any information about the owners of the place, this situation surprises and surpasses me then I run away from this gigantic ship, passing through the walls at great speed, and immediately put a considerable distance between it and me, very happy to get out of it this way.

Back to the physical body I think about it a long time, determined to find the solution one day, there were surely many things to learn in this huge alien ship.

#### CRASH PROJECTION NOT LOCALIZABLE

September 1994, 4:00 am, personal exercises to provoke the exit out of the body. Then I fall asleep.

Something wakes me up, there is movement. First of all, I have a double sensation: that of being motionless in the bed, the sheet under the nose, and also that of finding myself more than a meter above the bed, moving.

Very quickly, the first sensation decreases while the second grows. I am now jostling in all directions, I swing from right to left and up and down close to the ceiling. The feeling of the physical body in the bed is totally extinguished and with a rapidity that surprises me, I have just made the leap. No sensation of nausea or dizziness, but I remain a long time in this position, in the air, paralyzed, and violently walk from left to right and from top to bottom. I know that I came out of my flesh body, so I try to see what's around me despite the catalepsy of the body of light.

It is inexplicably dark, but I can see the bed and two forms lying under the covers, the walls, the large mirror and the furniture of the room. I continue to shake and turn, sometimes face to the ceiling, sometimes to the bed, we can not imagine a worse upheaval.

Nothing happens as usual, so I make a big effort to take control of the body of light, and I partially succeed, I begin to move voluntarily but with difficulty. I get up, finally roughly and like a drunk man, I try to move away from the physical body. The silver rope is the direct cause of what's

happening to me, I do not understand why but I know I have to get out of its strong influence field. I aim at the door but miss it, cross the wall, the corridor, and cross the wall of the office. Usually it is here that I make the point on the situation after the outings, but today at this distance I am still shaken by the rope.

It is still very dark, it is not normal. I aim at the window to go out, away again, but I still miss the target and half of my body of light passes through the wall to the left of the window. Too bad, I did not feel anything, on this side at least things are familiar.

Here I am 4 meters above the street, everything is normal around, except the unusual darkness in this state. As we are in the middle of the night, there is no one outside and the cars are all there, in the usual places.

At about 10 meters from the material body, I no longer feel the action of the silver cord, and I am relieved! On the other hand this absence of astral light poses me problem, I then try to look at my hands, basic exercise to stabilize things. They appear to me very dark, as in negative, I think so much about it but I do not understand why I see so badly.

Very quickly I take the decision to go left, towards the wood. There is hardly more light than one would have by physical eyes, I am distraught.

I take altitude, and suddenly there appears in the sky a light hole, turquoise blue color, roughly the shape of a parallelogram.

Without thinking for a single second, I rush towards this light and immerse myself in it.

This luminous hole is a door, on the other side it is full day, I see that I suddenly fly over a countryside landscape, there are scattered trees, species that I do not know, with very tender greens.

There are people around here, I start by observing a line of strange pylons covered with a sort of hat, they do not look like anything I know and I do not understand their usefulness either.

Flying 25 meters from the ground, I see two men a little further, and I approach. One of the men is at the entrance of a field and observes the second sitting on an animal that seems to be a horse, the latter makes a series of loops in the field, at different speeds. Then he dismounts in the depths of the field, and takes the animal by the bridle, to return to the entrance where he waits for the other man.

I am thinking of locating and bringing back information, eventually to have direct contact with the people here. I hover over the man with the horse and pass my hand through his neck, he does not see me and has not felt anything.

Then I land myself just behind him and challenges him with all the strength of my mind. There is then a surprising thing, in a way he continues to move without turning and hearing nothing, and in another way a subtle part of him turns around and responds to me. But his answer, although in universal language, does not make sense to me.

He joins the man who is waiting for him and it is the latter who takes the bridle of the horse, it must be a kind of groom and the rider seems to be the boss, according to appearances at least. They are both dressed as in the 19th century. They walk quietly towards the entrance of a gray stone house, without speaking to each other.

I am at a distance, three or four meters higher. As soon as the boss and his groom arrive in sight, about eight people form a line outside perpendicular to the house. They too are dressed in the style of the 19th century. There is a tall girl who is also waiting, but she remains on the first step of the house, she is dressed in a gray shirt.

No one seems to speak, everyone seems to be reserved, well educated, or well trained. The whole scene seems harmless for each of its protagonists, but in my case I do not see what it is. The master of the house proceeds to a kind of inspection, it seems to me, but I do not understand at all the meaning of what he says, and then finishes his examination by the young woman on the step.

Quickly, I search all these good people to try to obtain information, I ask them where we are and when we are, because I suspect that this could be in Central Europe, somewhere in the second half of the 19th century. I am addressing them to be subtle, suggesting them historical points, but nothing sticks.

I am reminded by the silver cord without being able to obtain the slightest spatio-temporal landmark.

In the days that followed, I noted with astonishment that the double-splitting functioned even on the physical plane. In full meeting, I saw the subtle part of a colleague desynchronize from the material body and give me an information, to give it to me physically a few seconds later. As the days go by, this ability has slowly faded away ...

## ETERNITY

I am still in the first phase of these trips, I am 19 years old.

Here I am once again out of the envelope, fully awake. These are states that I cherish from the depths of me. Gone from my room where the body is resting, the vehicle, I am elsewhere. Nothing that is asleep in the room is me, it is so, simply.

The moment I left, crossing the window and taking off, I forgot that I was connected to something like this: a body of flesh. The silver rope has been discreet, when it is not active I do not feel it at all.

Mystery of the Journey. I am on the physical plane. In my first periods it is always so. I fly over a countryside landscape, about 3 000 meters above sea level. It is night but the light of the astral emanates from everything. For me it is a kind of chiaroscuro in which I distinguish perfectly fields, hedges and trees. Few houses, some isolated houses, probably farms. The Intuition tells me that this is the south-west of France, I did 250 kilometers in a few instants ...

It is a deep and calm night, my being is not penetrated by these dissonant impressions and these hurt thoughts, very painful near the cities, and their dirty lights are not there.

I often tend to pretend I want to break speed records. But today something new is emerging in my consciousness: a kind of peace. I look carefully at the landscape below me, and I slow down until I stop completely. Until then I had the feeling that keeping in flight depended on the pace, but this absurdity suddenly appeared to me: here I am motionless, in the middle of the sky, not resting on anything, and I do not fall. Great feeling.

I feel a wonderful life freely roaming the body of light; feelings of total liberty, sweet ecstasy, and fullness unfold in my being. I am alone but it is a delight without equal.

A deep silence on my soul and on what surrounds me, a silence from which one is deprived in any place of the physical world.

I stay a long time as well, marveling at what I see and how I feel. Small clouds pass gently between me and the ground, pushed by a calm wind.

The wind blows on the world but it does not blow on me, I do not move a millimeter.

I create a stick 30 centimeters long by thought, and throw it down. It falls like any stick, and I watch it get closer to the ground. But it's pure astral creation, the gravity does not affect it, it falls because I wanted it so, it's a simple game but that amuses me a lot.

See the kind of occupation for a Traveler like me!

I watch this stick fall then my attention is back to the air, the horizon.

Here I am, suspended in the air, in a perfect body of pure light. I know there is somewhere a body of flesh that I will join, but I do not feel any proximity with it. Nothing can really affect me, the body can be sick, die, I'll be in one world or another.

Then something new slips into my mind, with extreme sweetness but prodigious strength. Something I had always known, but I did not know anymore.



I will never go away. I will never die. The memory of what I have lived will always be there, or that I am, forever. Travelers, we are all Travelers. Creation is a marvel without limit, it has prepared us divine surprises, forever. Eternity opens to my gaze in all directions.

The feeling of eternity eclipses any thought of the inferior mind. A huge calm settles in my being. I am not a young man, nor even a human, but a sentient being on the path to the infinite. Taking myriad forms in millions of worlds, I'm always the same.

Eternity. "Neither birth nor death, nor absence of birth nor absence of death". Here is what can not be understood appearing in all its Truth.

Full of this softness, I slowly resume my slide in the sky, gazing at the stars, the clouds, and the trees on the ground. One minute of this journey is worth more than all the gold in the world, than all the money in the world.

Only the one who has lived this can understand it, but for the others it is only the time of a wink of the eye, the space of a life where amnesia remains. A tiny drop of water in the oceans of eternity.

...

I was bathed in the feeling of eternity for 2 or 3 days, and then the physical body stowed this up in the archives, as it always does. But there remains a link by the evocation, a way of reconnecting with experience, to draw the memory to another level. In writing these lines it is the case.

### 3 MILITARY BASES

The journeys of the soul lead in different places, chosen according to their meaning, and for the acquisition of knowledge, even if the trip is very pleasant.

Here are three ancient examples of visiting these physically protected places. I censored the most sensitive details.

#### BASE 1

I fly over the Middle East, more exactly Israel. In this region there are mainly desert landscapes. I penetrate in an immense underground military base, noting that the surface buildings do not give an idea of what is deep down.

We are in the middle of the night, but there are busy staff at different spots. In a meeting room there are still two uniformed soldiers working after a reunion that has just ended.

On a large table are plans of the region. I take a look at these maps, look into the minds of the two people present, and also pick up ambient information about what has been discussed here.

It is about Iran and its desire to acquire a nuclear weapon. Generals attending the meeting reviewed ways of stopping the Iranian program militarily. They face three problems.

The first is that Iran is more difficult to penetrate through intelligence than expected. Iranian counterintelligence has a lot of power and does not bother with humanistic principles.

The second is the number and dispersal of facilities, some of which are decoys or non-strategic sites, which is a significant problem given the low reliability of the information on the ground. Only satellites give relative information, but according to general reports, this is not enough.

Thirdly, the nuclear sites are buried very deeply. There can be no question of invading the country, only the aerial options have been reviewed. The Iranian officials learned their lessons from Iraq where nuclear facilities had been bombarded.

All thinking has been centered on the issue of landfilling. One of the preconizations consists in hitting the targets very precisely and repeatedly, in order to destroy the layers of concrete at the second or the third strike, by "digging" the ground progressively.

For this they need extremely precise and very powerful weapons, the military plan to eventually use a combination of semi-conventional weapons and tactical nuclear charges, low power.

I am struck by how much this is carefully considered, and the importance of such decisions. Militaries here seem very determined and of a surprising rigor.

I leave wondering how it was possible to build this Israeli base, and by studying the places I get an idea of it.

...

I often think about this visit, and I wonder what they have imagined since my visit. I know the strength of their intention, and I think they will take action one day or another, if they have the green light of the political world and their allies.

## BASE 2

I find myself outside the body and begin to look at my astral hands to fix consciousness. Then I realize my position: South of France, physical plane.

I decide to leave this too familiar place, and I take off to go east at high speed. My goal is to go along the mediterranean sea and then to go south of the huge Russian territory.

In an flash, I travel a very long distance and here I am above a green landscape but I do not know where, I am lost. In the distance there is a city that I join the time of a click, then I land there, aiming at the train station.

To my surprise everyone here is Asian. There are armed Red Guards patrolling nonchalantly in the buildings and along the tracks. People go to their normal occupations, it is daytime, there are many people everywhere.

Seeing nothing of interest, I leave by flying to what seems to be the south.

I arrive at a coast, and there I see a manifestly Chinese military base. There are fortifications and some kinds of machine guns on the speakers. These people take themselves very seriously, we feel perfectly the worrying atmosphere of the place, with discipline, conditioning not to say indoctrination, barked orders, fear, and some form of paranoia. There are small warships at anchor, no big ships.

All these soldiers have probably been recently lectured, there is a particular zeal that cares more about the appearance than the efficiency. Or they are always like that...?

There is a large building in this base, I enter through the wall. It is a unique and huge 600 square meter room, it must serve as a place for reception. There are very tall windows adorned with heavy curtains, green plants all around. All this is in very good condition, the lights are extinguished. There is no furniture, it must be a place for receptions.

I pause in this place, scanning the scene. Then someone enters through one of the two big doors. It is a uniformed soldier that I examine quietly. Contrary to most of his colleagues here, he is quite corpulent. His outfit is impeccable, his plump cheeks suggest that he loves good food. His mind is relaxed, not at all martial like the people outside. He is verifying that everything is perfect in this room, he is replacing the curtains and the green plants very carefully, inspecting every detail. Then after two or three minutes, he comes out by the opposite door.

I was hanging up in the middle of the room but of course he did not see me. I must say that this kind of situation is quite pleasant, nothing physical can reach me or perceive me, but yet I am here at 100%.

I come out of the reception room and leave the base flying at 2 meters of height. I watch the machine guns as I move away at high speed, and I enjoy the idea that their bullets would go much slower than me. Then I'm still climbing and the coast disappears at once, I find myself over a vast ocean.

BASE 3

To go around in the body of light there are several solutions. You can walk randomly in a wide range of speed, for example the speed of someone who walks or many thousands of light years per second. I do not know if there is a limit.

The other solution is to have an address. For example a place you know, you can be there with one click. If you do not know the place or anybody, you need identifiers, precise elements that will constitute the address.

I arrived in the secret base of a western country. For once I had the will to find a site like this, and after several weeks of active intent I managed it.

There is a kind of huge assembly of the size of a building. They are experimenting with a very new technology, inspired by extraterrestrial science. This invention has the ability to levitate any structure, but also to make it invisible. But the system is not up to date, there are modules that work, and others that remain visible.

I am outside, for my part I have a certain caution towards high intensity fields, the astral body is not sensitive but you often wagons a part of etheric energy during the trips, and under certain conditions, it is sensitive to electromagnetic fields. The trick is to get the most out of this component by leaving it in the physical body or by sending it back by the silver cord. But the less energy you carry, the more likely you are to synchronize with the higher planes, goodbye to the physical world!

So I'm not very hot to stuff my astral nose in the structure, especially as an intrusion into a E.T. vehicle has showed me a certain time the extent of my mis-knowings (it is not about the case of the huge ship in deep space).

There are guards for the entrances of the structure, back to the door they keep respectively. They seem to wear lead-colored outfits, but nothing is certain because the colors are not the same seen by the body of light. I do not see any insignia on these uniforms which seem banal, they do not seem in the standards of the official armies.

The guards are not armed with rifles, I think they wear these pistols designed not to be sensitive to magnetism, entirely in composite materials, including ammunition.

Without entering, I can still see through the structure, the military and scientists inside look very focused on their problems.

There are other lines of research here. I examine in another place something curious that at first I do not understand. These are big technological cylinders that make me think of explosive mines.

What I understand about this system leaves me skeptical. These devices can be dropped on an area by air, and the cylinders have a sort of triple capacity. They can stay in the air by anti-gravity,

go to their target even if it is invisible, and explode. This is a purely electromagnetic explosion, but very powerful.

This weapon is designed to detect and neutralize a certain type of alien ship, those of less advanced civilizations. The mine detects the ship, moves towards it and explodes, damaging its devices without destroying it. The goal is to recover the exogenous technology. These weapons are not meant to be used in purely terrestrial conflicts.

...

Some of these secret bases have prisons for E.T. visitors. A few years ago, I received a distress call from one of these captives. I was able to locate exactly where he was thanks to his directions, but there was nothing I could do. We have a singular notion of hospitality sometimes...

## NIGHT EVASION

June 1984, hotel in Ardeche for a professional meeting. I am one of the young executives of the company. This is a very good hotel, we often go there for this type of event.

In the evening at bedtime I practice an exercise of colors visualization. I have not learned this method anywhere, proceeding by pure intuition. I do this for about half an hour and then fall asleep.

Middle of the night, in full sleep I float slowly in full unreality, in the middle of pleasant and serene dreams. Then something different happens to me suddenly: I feel raindrops fall on my shoulders!

I perceive this sensation as totally different from mental fluctuations. A few moments pass and I am completely out of the dream, the rain continues, I reach the vigilant awareness.

First of all I am surprised to feel this rain, it is clear, very real, stable and continuous. Then I realize that I am supposed to be in my bed, in a room of the hotel, while all my sensations indicate the opposite: the rain on me, and the ground under my bare feet!

By passing my hands on me, I see not having the slightest clothing.

Then I get anguish: I had a crisis of somnambulism, I left my room totally naked, and I ventured in the countryside, passing by the night guard in this state!

It is very dark around me, I have no cues, we do not even distinguish the lights of the hotel. I tell myself that I must at all costs shake myself to get back to my bed, as discreetly as possible, but I do not know where to go. Then I think, I have to check something else. I drop to scratch the floor between my legs, pick up a little dirt and a drop, no doubt, I'm not sleeping. I touch what is around my feet, there is only the earth, grass and small pebbles. I try to take off the ground even a few centimeters, but I remain totally on the ground.

If I were in the body of light I would have none of these material sensations. I stay here a long time, not knowing what to do, I do not want to go in one direction or another for fear of getting away from the hotel, because I am always plunged into complete darkness.

Nothing happens, I start to find the time long, ruminating the moment where I will have to pass completely naked in front of the guard at the hotel, and I imagine embryos of explanation to provide him, opting finally for a fastest passage possible without comments.

Fortunately, the darkness is pierced by a small ray of light, which begins to intrigue me because we are in the middle of the night. The light increases rapidly, and a beautiful landscape appears around me, nimbus of golden light, there are many yellow and orange tints.

I am in a higher world of the same vibratory level than me, but I do not understand why things have happened this way. As usual in this case, I have a great desire to get up to fly over these beautiful landscapes, but I am unable to take off despite all my will.

That's when I see two people, the closest is a woman who seems to know me very well, and the other is a man, more distant and I do not receive any information.

These are the two people who prevent me from taking flight, how they can do, it exceeds me. They explain then that they intend to speak with me about very serious things. During the conversation, I try several times to take off, but I am still attracted to the ground as by a magnet. I pay no attention to what they say to me, thinking only of going into exploration. Yet this woman puts a lot of energy, the subject seems important for her.

I'm not ready to listen, so my teachers give up and the next moment I'm in bed, very happy not to have to go past the guardian in the clothes of Adam.

## MONROE INSTITUTE

Here I am at the Monroe Institute, Virginia, USA. I have come to improve my ability to travel outside the body, there will happen to me something surprising and unpredictable during this training, but no trip outside the body.

Except the one I do the first night, before starting the internship that will begin the next morning.

I am in the check-unit, the place where we sleep and where we do all the exercises. In the middle of the night I feel the symptoms of the exit, accentuate the movement and slips out of the physical body. Not losing a second, I cross the window and go straight ahead, towards the lake. Downstairs I see a kind of large cabin whose roof is under construction. It is half covered with slabs of tar, and the remaining slabs are stacked in small piles. I drive west towards the Blue Ridge Mountains.

It is only the last day that we take the time to explore the great property around the institute. A few hundred meters we discover a large wooden cabin that looks new. We can see that the roof is covered with tar slabs, and that part of its surface still needs to be covered. The remaining slabs are placed in the same place as a week ago when I was flying over, nobody came to work there. We do not see the cabin from the buildings of the institute.

Eastern country

5:00 am in France. I come to consciousness in a landscape of half-finished buildings, there are many traces of construction here but a lot of people already live in the apartments while the roads and car parks are not finished, and considering the absence of public works machinery it seems that this is not going to be the case soon.

Adjoining the area, there is a large non-built land that I fly at low speed, it climbs more steeply, at the top they built a small wall of very rough blocks, without taking the time to do the least finishing.

I am surprised to see a real precipice on the other side, it goes down to a valley where runs a big river. A few meters from the edge of the water meanders a road. It is still dark in this place but the astral vision reveals all and in details. I start from the top of the ravine, which is two hundred to three hundred meters high, and I glide delectably toward the road. There is no feeling of falling but the pleasure remains always strong for me, flying is my favorite hobby!

But I'm going to be a little more serious today, so I'm looking for signs of localization that I can exploit on my return to the flesh, since I am obviously in the physical plane, in the present.

There are few vehicles that circulate, but I see one, a kind of small bus with lighthouses lit, it is dark for the material eyes. It is heading to the left in relation to my arrival axis, along the road that runs along the stream. I fly to the vehicle and look inside, there are men dressed rather rudely but warmly, they all seem sleepy. No woman on this bus, what I perceive in foggy spirits is that it is a pickup bus for the workers of a factory.

Nobody speaks while I accompany them, flying outside, trying to see clues, inscriptions on panels for example. Then some of them begin to come to life, and the bus stops shortly after in the parking lot of a bar. They go down almost all to take a coffee and smoke, it is obviously a ritual that they appreciate in this place.

The bar is located slightly higher, on the other side of the road. There are already a dozen men inside. On the other side of the road, along a parapet of the river, there is a road sign, and I read the name of a town further down.

My trip ends soon after, I am back to the physical body, it is about 6:30 in the morning. I wake up an hour later and the first thing I do is go find this place on the internet. I have the name of the locality indicated on the signboard, and the approximate location near the Austrian frontier.

After a few minutes I find the place, all my memories are accurate.

I draw a sweet satisfaction each time from it, the fact of bringing back names of unknown places is the sign of a very good memory capacity.

In the morning, myself at work, I think of these workers on the bus, those I accompanied a few miles. Like the near totality of humanity, they live in ignorance and in some form of slavery. But this will only last for a brief moment, at the moment of transition they will find memory and freedom, similar in all respects to mine.

## EXTRATERRESTRIAL PRESENCE

I hesitated to report on this trip, but I decided to write it while lightening it as best as possible, because it is the purpose of this book to explain things as they are, even if they seem difficult for some readers.

Night of March 30 to 31, 2004. I left my body sleeping near Aix-en-Provence, and I run to Brittany.

There is a kind of banquet, with many well-dressed people and tables of six to eight seats. Everything happens normally and a lot of people are bored, as always in this kind of event. But you have to pretend, because the dinner is very long.

I am located at about ten meters from the first tables, and I feel like trying a psychological experience. I launch a kind of mental wave directed to all those present to study the result. Not very friendly, I launched a strong signal to stimulate fear.

I feel the wave go through the assembly and act in different ways according to the spirits. All of this happens unnoticed by these people, but I notice one person who overreacts to the impulse. It is a man in the first row of tables in front of me, slightly to the left.

This man suddenly feels a sharp psychological malaise, and begins to express scenarios that seem to have a distant relationship with my test impulse.

I see very clearly his bubble of dream while he is awake, it is made up of several subtle screens around him, one can see there very precise scenes relating to his personal pass, like in the cinema. I contemplate for a moment this amazing spectacle, the other guests do not react at all like him.

Then I leave this place with the intention of going south.



Just before taking off, I notice a strange thing, there is something strange in my astral clothing, a foreign body, a kind of thread that goes beyond my left calf. Intrigued, I pull it and I get out a mass of wires composed of two main colors. I handle the ball with dexterity and here I get almost immediately a rectangular weave of a particular shape, which at first makes me think of a mandala.

Having now some experience of psycho-mental manifestations of the spiritual world, I interpret this subtle implantation as not coming from me, but of a superior intelligence that plays hide-and-seek.

I then feel the urgent need to return to the physical body, which is extremely rare for me.

But this night it is not enough to invoke the body of flesh to return, it is the exception that confirms the rule. I therefore undertake to return voluntarily, which means to redo the path in the opposite direction, to position itself near the material body and to be absorbed.

To begin, you have to climb quite high, ten to twenty kilometers, and take the direction of the house. So I operate a first flight of a few hundred kilometers, this in a few seconds, then I stop in the sky. There are everywhere the characteristic flames of towns and villages, but I have not the slightest idea of where I am and therefore of the direction I must take.

I go down to the nearest city to glean information. As often in these cases, I land at the train station, sure that it is a central point. There are two parked motor-cars facing each other on two contiguous tracks, and a few persons astraly present. I try to find out where we are, but their answers are incoherent. I try with several individuals, but there is nothing to draw, they are all sleepers, they say one or two things with sense, seem to talk to you then they leave in their dream without transition. I'm not surprised, it's always like that, but I tried.

I refer to the direction signs, and I see that we are in a southwestern town, Agen. So we must go east, and correct a little to the south. My point of reference to the destination is Mont Ventoux, from where I will find the path, even at altitude because I'm used to it.

But taking off I am attracted by something particular north of the city, there is a particular presence in a car. In an instant I get into this vehicle, and I see that it is not one, seen from the inside. There are three people who are not from here, and who do not seem to know that I am here. I then attend something siderant, they start by putting out the headlights of the pseudo car, then they enter a kind of symbiosis with this vehicle and I perceive a sound like of an indoor blower while we leave the ground. Below us the landscape is hilly and we take very high altitude very quickly.

Then I feel that something is going to happen, we will change dimension!

I prepare to accompany the movement, and click, I change instantly vibratory state.

First of all I realize that I have completely lost my friends, I am alone in another world, flying in full freedom over the waters. The light is at the same time clear and dark, like a kind of violet-purple-orange-brown, it bathes all in an equal way, without an apparent source.

There are many rocky needles that come out of the water and run straight, they are light brown, bright. I am unable to determine the size of these rocks, if the eddies of the water have troughs of one meter then they are between one hundred and three hundred meters high. They are as far as the eye can see, in all directions.

The landscape does not seem inhabited by any life, but the atmosphere is charged in its most intimate structure of this mystery, of this beauty which transcends the soul on a visit.

At this moment, my consciousness is filled with two things. The first is that I see unspeakable beauties, and that I have an incredible chance to live such marvels.

The second is more complex: there are an infinite number of worlds, the consciousness and the place of its manifestation are one.

Four o'clock in the morning, the return to the physical is made by the automatic action of the silver cord. I witness the devotion of the thought ball in the physical brain and see how it would transform it. For experimental purposes I record two versions, the original and the transformed version to study the differences, this will allow me to learn much more about these mechanisms. I note on a notebook the transformed version, having perfectly memorized the original.

The research I did after this trip showed that the subtle implant was the reproduction of the 2001 crop circle, near the English telescope radio. It's not geometrically a circle but a message code in a rectangle, and that is the answer to the message sent into space by a human probe in the seventies.

This trip marked a turning point in my awareness of the UFO phenomenon. I had known for a long time that we had visitors, but I thought they would only pass, sometimes mingling discreetly with us, in the sky as on the ground. I had seen it physically several times, and quite often, even meeting some of them with whom I have some kind of family ties, from my first teenage experiences.

But that night I realized at once that the case was not so simple. We have intimate relationships, they have always been there.

In the months that followed, I began a vast search for information, because this thing totally transformed my idea of our position on earth. The following years will bring me many elements, be it by the physical or the subtle, the two admirably completing each other.

4 seconds of eternity

In the evening I do a new exercise that consists of imagining to wear a lot of clothes and to remove them one after the other, to be more and more light and cause the exit out of the body.

I try this technique called "peeling" for a moment, it does not work, I give up and I fall asleep.

Middle of the night, in full dream, I wear a kind of pants that seems embarrassing, so I get rid of it but another appears below. Surprised, I remove the second and here is another below, blue jeans! My mind jumps at once: the peeling technique! I wake up instantly while I feel catapulted in the air.

I find myself in the upper left corner of the room, my nose is 3 cm from the ceiling, and I immediately turn to look down. There is my body just below, and that of my companion next to it. She starts to move, and I take a vertiginous fall to crash bluntly in the flesh body. Duration of the trip: 4 seconds, up and down included, awareness 10/10.

This may seem very frustrating, but it is the risks of life in couple. Following this episode, I will keep the habit of quickly controlling the quietude of my companion before moving away from bed, just not to be reintegrated by surprise.

I'm telling this very short trip to point out one thing: an out-of-body outing, even 4 seconds, is a wonderful gift.

It is enough for every human being to be born again, this time in the subtle world. Four seconds of fullness, freedom in the flow of vibrations, and you know that the physical world is not the only reality.

Four seconds like these and you do not have to believe anything anymore, you'll have the Experience of Reality.

## ASTRAL TIME

It is certain that time passes differently in the body of light, here are two cases where I could have a more precise idea.

The short time

The first comes in the first years of these trips.

I am in my vehicle of light, on the physical plane, shortly after going to sleep. I walk in the streets of my hometown, quite deserted at this time. I feel a certain need to communicate with someone else and decide to look for a person who would not be a sleeper, but a traveler like me, with a functioning body.

My oversoul informs me that there is a man in a city in eastern France who often practices the conscious journey. With this information, it brings me enough elements to have a "correct address", and in an éclair I find myself in the suburbs of a city where I had never set foot, Strasbourg.

I land at the foot of a small building and my intuition guides me to an apartment on the 2nd floor, door left after the stairs, if my memory is good. With my astral faculties, the door appears dark red, garnet or something like that.

I allow myself to take a look through the walls and partitions and the man in question, about 50 years old, is not yet in bed. He is reading quietly in an armchair. I try to suggest that he take action, but he does not hear me. I wait for a good time outside but he does not decide to bring his body in bed.

He never sleeps this guy? It must be midnight and he shows no signs of fatigue. I get a little discouraged but still in the idea of being patient, something tells me that I would have a lot of interest to meet him.

To wait I go to the city center, to a big place. There are a few night owls in their physical bodies, and of course sleepers out of their body of flesh, but those are almost everywhere and already at this time I do not pay attention, the conversation is almost impossible with them .

I move away a bit and notice some cars that still circulate at this time, but overall it's pretty desert.

I come back to my friend's apartment to see that he is still standing and that he has apparently decided never to sleep again. So I drop this project, and while I am outside of his building I see darkness surrounding me gradually. It is between midnight and one in the morning, physical time.

The darkness is thickening and I feel myself sink, really. It is something new for me but I do not feel any apprehension, in the body of light one feels quite invulnerable! I fall in the darkness without making any move, but I feel falling, going down. There is no more light, it is absolute black, and total silence. All my subtle faculties tell me only one thing: I am in a sort of nothingness, I see absolutely nothing, and in no way.

After a moment that seems very long, I see a pale light filtering to me, and gradually I "synchronize" with the place where I have just arrived.

I am in a dark world. The light is the duller one can imagine, the colors are only shades of gray and brown, the light itself is pale yellow. There is a big wall in front of me, with an opening, like a passage. I decide to go to this door when I have the surprise of my life.

Although being in my wonderful body of light, I have incredible pain to move! I have to make an effort to advance my arm by 10 centimeters, and far from flying, I can only walk, each step

costing me an incredible amount of energy and will. It's like I'm caught in a sticky sticky glue. To get to the opening in the wall, I feel spending as much energy as for a marathon in a physical body, and I assure you that I am not exaggerating at all.

This incredible effort will leave an indelible trace in my mind, at the limit of the trauma.

I have to gather strongly all my will, and mobilize all my energy to continue. After a while it seems to me a little faster, as if I "found the way".

There is no sky, the yellow light falls from the top, and I am everywhere in an unspeakable dirt, the ground is repulsive, and all that surrounds me is oppressive beyond describable .

On the other side of the wall there are primitive buildings, it's like the middle ages, all the colors are dirty. I do not see anyone but I deduce that this place is home and really asks me what kind of intelligent beings can live well here. I leave on the left, towards some kind of gray huts, traveling a few more meters, at the cost of superhuman efforts. I do not get to them, it's too far.

I am brought back to the physical body, in a bad psychological state. I feel incredibly heavy, but I am surprised at the extraordinary reactivity of the body of flesh which seems to me for the first time to be a wonderful vehicle. My first gesture is to watch the alarm clock because I see that it is daylight outside. Stupefaction, it is more than 14h30, so I spent more than 13 hours 30 in this trip, in physical time reference. The passage through Strasbourg included, I evaluate my subjective time to a maximum of an hour, my consciousness was clear and continued throughout the trip. I deduce that time at this vibratory level has been slower than in the physical world, much higher than this almost infernal level. The approximate ratio is of the order of fifteen to twenty times. I understand that the myths of the underworld come certainly from these regions.

The long time

The second analysis was done thanks to my partner, as you will see.

She went down to the ground floor of the house to have breakfast, that day it is she who gets up first, I stayed in bed.

Following an appropriate intention, I am ejected out of the body and the classic phases of the exit unfold normally: rising with paralysis of the body of light, dissipation of darkness, automatic setting in the vertical position followed by the "taking control" and ability to move. There is a lot of etheric matter that sticks to me and I hate it. I get rid of it by a pendulum movement, the energetic mass returns to the physical body, phew!

In this state, subtle energetic matter seems to me almost material, it is a constant that is perpetuated throughout my current life.

Still in the field of activity of the cord but not disturbed by it as sometimes, I am at the door when I see my companion who goes up the stairs to reach the room and the bathroom. I know she will go within 2 meters of my body and that will be enough to reintroduce me into the physical world, whether I want it or not.

My conscience is 10/10 and what I really want is to go on a trip, so I scream mentally, as hard as I can, to dissuade her from returning to the room. I continuously renew my calls: "do not come in, do not come in, do not come in!"

She does not hear me, yet all the local spirits must have broken ears within a mile! She opens the door of the room and passes through me. Oh yes, because I was stupidly damming with my body of light.

Well, I'll make you a revelation, do not try this thing, it does not work at all. I am floating my feet 40 cm from the ground but she simply passes through me without slowing down. I notice my own sensation, perceiving nothing of his body of flesh, as if it did not exist, but distinguishing visually and tactilely the egg of light, her aura. The sensation is soft, two lights that penetrate, intersect and separate. I am only light and I only acquire light, the physical world is an inconsistent dream.

She has two to three meters left to strike with her aura my body of flesh and its energetic mold, and I know that it is the latter who will detect her presence and cause my reabsorption even if she does not make noise.

Two to three meters walking is two to three seconds maximum. I see it as a mass of filaments of light that goes to the side of the bed, I know that what I want the least in the world will happen, I will lose my freedom. But during those two to three seconds, I have time to think about a lot of things and ask myself repeatedly why she is moving so slowly, although I understand that her pace is normal.

At the end of a surprising long wait, what must happen happens, I am caught by the physical body and its energetic counterpart, I enter this space too narrow, too cold, too heavy, too sticky.

I open the eyes of the body, straight on the bed. A moment after I try to explain to my companion what we went through, and I ask her if she did not hear me scream, even a little bit? But she is obsessed with what she has to do at work, and I realize that it is futile to attempt explanations.

I evaluate the "subjective" time to at least 30 seconds, which makes a ratio of 1 to 10 as a minimum between physical time and astral time.

And again I was very close to the physical plane! I think a long time (physical) to what this implies. I draw a rough sketch of theory, inspired by relativity, but the other way around: the faster you go, vibratory speaking, the longer the time.

In a physical referential, so much more would happen in the subtle worlds, the time would be fuller, faster.

...

I have been very often intrigued by the unfolding of time in the different vibratory octaves, and sometimes I have been spitting long weeks without being able to understand or integrate the elements that came from extracorporeal experiences.

Our physical time seems to be more difficult. The cycles of the seasons, days and nights, lunations, our electronic clocks confirm our vital cycles: to watch and sleep, to feed, to reproduce, to be born, to grow, to age, to die, to move from one point to another takes a while, learning something also takes time. At the physical level there is certainly a subjective time but there is especially a time that seems very objective, although the theory of relativity somewhat mishandles this appreciation.

Be that as it may, none of these "objective" indicators exist at higher levels. You do not need "time" to go from one point to another, nor to learn something, as complex and extensive as the subject is, you only need some form of consciousness, harmonic. You do not need, cyclically, to eat, drink, or rest. You do not grow old, the body of light changes its appearance only according to mental criteria. Reproduction, great terrestrial concern, has a completely different nature, when it subsists, which is far from being the case everywhere.

Freed of the body of flesh and its energetic counterpart, we bathe again in the consciousness of eternity, there is no term, no end, nor really marked steps. The "subjective" time asserts itself as one goes up in the octaves, until disappearing completely.

What complicates this measurement is the speed of thought that grows with the vibratory rise. In the vicinity of the physical world, it is already five to ten times greater than that "induced" by the material brain. And a last major element greatly complicates the whole: the mechanism of memory assimilation by said lower brain, after a first reprocessing of information by the energetic body, which can be considered as a mega-computer with a processing speed and a storage capacity much higher than its material counterpart.

Ultimately what we think is the time has been roughly decided by the material neurons, according to their standard programming. At this stage we are very far from reality, infinitely more subtle, polymorphic and existing at many levels simultaneously.

In conclusion, the astral time is not the same as the earthly time, and this time is a function of the vibratory level with which we synchronize. The lower the level, the slower the time, the higher one is in the universal scale, the more the time gets faster. It seems that one can also circulate in the events, in "before" as in "back".

ANOTHER ME

As far as I'm concerned, there are two kinds of trips out of the body.

In the first category, I wake up as I emerge from the physical body and find myself in the room. In the other kind, the awareness comes well after the exit and I find myself in a distant place in space or in another vibratory dimension.

There are, however, cases that seem to be something else. Here is one of them.

The night before I went to bed normally. It is December 25, 2006, early in the morning.

A strange noise pulls me away from sleep, a sort of continuous flop flop flop, like a small fan. I open my eyes in bed, questioning and listening attentively. The noise does not stop, it seems to vary as if it were moving in the room. The room is plunged into the darkness, and besides it is still very dark outside because we are in the longest nights of the year.

I lie on my back, warm under the cover. It's Christmas and I do not have to go to work. The noise persists, this flop flop flop that I hear very distinctly. I think several minutes to what can produce this sound in the room. The heating can not be at the origin, I pass all the hypotheses in review but none can explain this strangeness.

I am now quite awake. This is really very weird. My partner is next to me in the bed, far enough because we have a very large mattress.

She can surely give me an opinion on what's going on, so I try to wake her up by shaking her strongly enough by the shoulder. But she sleeps deeply and my attempt does not produce the expected effect, I do not insist.

It is at this moment that a second thing seems to me abnormal: my companion is on my right, whereas normally it is my place. She should be on my left, by what mystery did I go on the other side? I never get up at night, but maybe she left the bed, and then came back to the right, because I slipped left during her absence. Perhaps...

I drop this little riddle because the flop flop flop continues and intrigues me to the highest point. I tear myself off the bed and put both feet on the floor.

I start opening the light, but something is wrong. In the darkness I am unable to locate a switch, or touch any wall.

In front of the bed, three or four meters to the left there is the window, singular lights filter through the shutters.

Why do you have to walk as much to get to the window? Also there should be no window here, the only one of the room is to the right side of the bed, only two meters away. The shutters themselves do not look like my shutters.

I am completely disoriented, what is this story?



Fully naked, which is not abnormal, I walk a few steps to the window, then I make a stop because I do not understand its mechanism of opening. It is high enough, its lower edge is very high, its dimensions do not correspond at all to what I am used to. Something mysterious in me finds the way to open and push these strange shutters. A violent light then partially floods the room.

It's the shock, the big shock. This is not my room, not at all. Mine is about 20 m<sup>2</sup>, this one is rectangular and must be between 150 and 200 m<sup>2</sup> at least. The ceiling is very high, well over 5 meters! There is no furniture other than a sort of huge bed from where I come from. Someone is lying there, someone I absolutely don't know, because this is not home. I guess it's a woman, luckily I did not wake her up!!!

There is always this strange noise. I do not see where I am and I do not know what to do. I see that I am not in my body of light, everything around me seems very material. My feet touch the ground, I can put my hand on the wall, the gravity is normal. I'm starting to panic.

Failing to be able to do anything else, I head for the source of the noise that woke me up, along the wall to the left of the bed. This room is very large, I come to the wall and there is a partial opening, without door, along the wall. The sound comes from there. I pass through this opening and discover a kind of smaller room, 40 to 80 m<sup>2</sup>, a soft light bathes this space without the light source being visible.

There are only two pieces of furniture made of a material that I do not recognize. On a kind of coffee table there are some colorful objects but what would be their function, maybe decorative? I am very surprised by everything I see.

But that's not what catches my attention the most. The walls are covered with insects! Large insects with large wings, there are several kinds, different sizes but all are big enough. These insects are very beautiful, their dominant color is green. Several hundred are resting on the walls of this room.

In addition to insects, there are other living creatures hanging on the walls but not listed in the memory banks of the physical brain at the moment I have noted this adventure. In this case the memory restores a kind of "blank" because it has no reference to record the memory in the physical neurons.

I am flabbergasted. I now see the origin of this flop flop, they seem to sleep, none move except two or three who flap their wings while remaining static. That's what produces this kind of small fan noise. No insect is flying in this room, they are all hanging on the walls, but they are obviously alive.

Looking back, I scrutinize all the surfaces of the bedroom, there is no insect, not the least! I do not understand why at all. The opening is frank, more than two meters all the way up. No door, no

mosquito net that can prevent the insects from invading the room, how is this possible? Why do they stay in this space?

It is at this moment and in this place that I suddenly become aware of an extraordinary phenomenon: the more time passes, the more familiar things seem to me. It's a diffuse feeling but I still do not know where I am.

Having no other choice, I undertake to explore the place. I go back to the bed trying not to wake the person who is still there, I would be very annoyed to have to talk to her! It really annoys me to be naked and to have no idea where I can find clothes. There seems to be no wall cupboard in the immensity of this room, why is it so big?

On the other side of the room, facing the opening of the insect room, there is a closed door. I do not understand how but it opens.

After this door I discover a kind of bathrobe. There is only one, I hate to put it on, it suits me. Phew, I'm no longer naturist in the middle of I don't know where.

Ha, here I am in the bathroom! Finally, that seems to be the case, in many respects. It is rectangular, 200, 300 m<sup>2</sup> at least. Is it really a bathroom?

What makes me think of it are the tiles, it's the only clue.

The floor, walls and ceiling are covered with rectangular tiles that look like glass or ceramics, but they are not. At touch the contact is quite warm. This material is very beautiful, I have never seen such. The colors are a kind of black blue with reflections and shades of gold and emerald green. Each tile has a beige pattern that could represent a stylized human head. This cover gives the sensation of a prodigious luxury.

The floor is covered with the same material but of a different and lighter color.

I observe that there is a kind of second ground superimposed on the first on a very large surface, along the right wall. On the left is the passage along the wall. The superimposed ground is about 30 cm above the first. The junction between the first and the second is open and there is a clear distinction between the two structures.

To examine it I put on all fours and put my head down close to the ground. I see that the lower tiles are connected to those at the top by a sort of hourglass-shaped columns very flared, the narrow part of the hourglass being well 10 cm in diameter. Everything seems in one piece, with no trace of junction between the different elements. There are four or five columns per square meter. I pass my hand to touch the one that is closest.

If anyone surprises me in this review, he will take me for a deep idiot! I'm getting up again. The elevated floor delimits surely the shower space. Except that it is huge, like that of a gigantic

sports hall, besides I expect to see a crowd of people arise, but there is nobody but me. I scrutinize the walls and the ceiling, if it's a shower room as it seems, where are the water inlets? And the evacuations? There is nothing at all, just this beautiful coating. Does water flow under the ground on the hourglasses?

I must admit that there is no trace of water, moisture or limestone. Everything is impeccable, like new.

Running through this large space, I find nothing. No cupboards or cloakrooms, no furniture, no mirror.

I am divided between two feelings. On the one hand, I am fully aware of being myself with my identity and my memory intact, on the other hand the feeling of familiarity with these places is slowly growing in me.

But I still do not have the smallest idea of the place I'm exploring, except that it's a little bit wrong, and almost everything is incomprehensible.

To put it bluntly, I don't feel comfortable.

I stay a moment in the supposed "bathroom", reflective of what I have to do. I can not understand why there is no one in such spaces. Everything is very quiet, I hear no sound except those I make.

I come to the conclusion that if I do not move, nothing will happen.

I have the intuition that beyond the door of the bathroom I will find something and maybe someone. I hesitated for a moment, then my apprehension and my caution were broken by an intense curiosity, and as I am no longer naked like a worm, I crossed this door which is at the other end of the building, exactly at the the opposite of where I entered.

It is when leaving the bathroom that I see the immensity of this house. I go to the right and immediately I see someone coming towards me. Phew, it seems human, I really dreaded that it wasn't the case. This first person acts as if she knew me and does not seem to pay attention to the fact that I'm dressed in that one ... bathrobe.

I continue to walk and start to walk around the place. The rooms are huge, all very high. I arrive in a gigantic hall that seems to be like a crossroads, a point of convergence. There are many people walking around me.

They wear different outfits that appear to be majority of uniforms, and the others have technological suites for example with a white metal color.

They seem to be without exception white-skinned humanoids, tall, with impeccable posture, straight back. There is very little expression on their faces, all seem to be plunged in the middle of the most important tasks.

This feeling of familiarity distils a little information: all these people have very high intellectual capacities, and they consider me as... the master of the place. Finally, as a kind of leader in a hierarchical structure that I can not conceive, in a world of which I do not know anything. The pretended leader I am, however, is in a bathrobe in the midst of these impeccably dressed and extremely busy people, and he feels like the last of the idiot made loose by chance among much more advanced beings. It's an evidence that crushes me completely.

The building where I find myself is huge, intuition tells me that it would take a long time to go around. Everything I see around me does not correspond to anything I know, the only thing that reassures me is the human form of these people. For the rest I'm right in Starreck or Stargate.

At few meters I see a woman walk towards me, the guy in a bathrobe. She wears one of these uniforms with red lines and dots at the chest. What I feared most will happen, she recognized me and has something to say to me. Things will be greatly complicated, and they were already not very simple!

Not even glancing at my outfit, she addresses me in an unknown language ... that I understand immediately! The arms fall to me! But I do not understand at all what it is about, and not for a moment I do not preoccupy myself to know it.

Under the influence of emotion, without any control of me I can only exclaim something like: "but who are you?", A few words translated magically in the language of this person.

This woman keeps an impressive mastery of herself, but I feel she is very surprised. She does not show any signs of affection either in a gesture or on her face, but she responds directly to my question.

She is a kind of manager responsible for all these places and she reports directly to me. The dimensions of the places in question, the importance of the things involved in them and which I can not distinguish in any way, as well as the level of evolution of this woman and her superior abilities, give her a status equivalent to that of a minister of state or the president of a very large multinational.

I feel very embarrassed because I am afraid of having made an affront to this remarkable woman. I'm supposed to know her perfectly well. I take leave of her in a hurry. I must look totally stupid. But she doesn't manifest anything but respect and total control of herself, as if the reason was overdeveloped in her.

Obviously, I am not here in any place on the planet Earth, at the beginning of the 21st century. All that is here, starting with these humans, is much more advanced.

If it seems that I have taken the place of the Great Boss, I do not have the capabilities. Access to his memory is within the limits of my intellectual abilities. Maybe with more time, the "fusion" will work?

For the moment I am 90% the guy from Earth, who is completely lost. I dare not mention this story of "Planet Earth" with the people here, I am very afraid of their reactions. I'm sure answers to questions like "where are we?" or "what is this place?" would not advance me a millimeter.

Everyone recognizes me and greets me one way or another. What could the Great Boss have done for me to be invited here in his place?

The feeling of familiarity guides me to the exit of this place. I need to understand where I am.

I find myself outside. There is a lot of natural light outside, at least I suppose because I do not see any sun. I discover the city, finally what one can call a city, because it doesn't resemble any city of the Earth, at least at the beginning of the 21st century.

Earth cities are assemblies, juxtapositions of different elements: residences, buildings, squares, green spaces, streets. We see very well where finishes a building and where the street or place begins. None of this is applicable here.

This city is not an assembly. It is a one-piece architecture, as far as the eye can see. It is impossible to say where begins a space and where another ends, everything is melted, merged. It does not look like a hive at all either. Unicity and continuity are the least bad architectural concepts to describe this city...

Maybe this is not just a city, I don't know.

There is no trace of traffic or what makes it work, at least where I am. The place is quiet, very different from our urban centers, wherever they are on our planet!

I do not pay attention to the color of the sky, but I do not think it is blue.

I am concentrating on construction materials, mainly a kind of brown stone with copper highlights, very smooth, but maybe it is a metal or a composite material, quite soft and warm to the touch, like in the bathroom.

There is a kind of open space on two levels. I undertake to seek seriously someone who can help me and guide me in the rest of my visit because I hope that I will not stay here forever.

Otherwise, the possibility of staying here definitely scares me.

I'm afraid of being immediately cut off from my duties as Grand Boss and God knows what kind of job I could find here! I am really worried because I am not in an astral world, nothing tells me that I can return to earth. I feel extremely alone and always so panicky, who played me this trick?

There are different creatures in the square. My intuition and this memory which is not mine tell me that they are of a degree of evolution closer to mine. The people who work at "my place" give me a real complex of inferiority, even Einstein would be considered a poor idiot there!

So I head to one of these creatures, to discover that they are semi-intelligent, not humanoid. These are some kind of pets, like dogs with an IQ of 80 or 100 already.

I am still more confident with them than with these super humans whose IQ must be 300 or 400, as long as such a scale means something.

In the same way that strange animals hang on the walls among the insects, these creatures do not correspond to models stored in the memory banks of the physical brain, my physical memory gives them back to me very imperfectly. They are standing, about my size, very playful, affectionate and behave like preadolescents.

These creatures master one part of the language talked by the superhumans next door! The stupor makes me loudly exclaim something like, "look, a talking dog!"

There are some superhumans present but my sound reflection does not seem to cause any reaction from them. This is a phenomenon that I have observed many times in out-of-body exits: when the formatting of the mind is not prepared for certain information, there is a kind of white and the perception is not printed in memory. A few seconds later, they did not see or hear anything. I guess that's what it's about, but I'm not sure, because these humans have little problem with their emotions, to tell the truth I do not see any of them.

I try another simple thing with this pet and the few super humans on this place: I talk to them about money, currency with them. similar information that I draw from the memorial banks of my host. But no matter how much I try, I can not make myself understood. This concept exists neither in the "dog" nor in the superhumans.

The pet is quite a player and brings a little disturbance in this place, like a young puppy. But no one is annoyed or shows the least emotivity. It strikes me one last time: humans here have an impressive sense of self-control. Not sure they are very pleasant to attend.

This is where the trip ends. Almost without transition, without a prior sign, I am transferred to a bed, lying on my back.

What is happening at this precise moment is not the least strange in this adventure.

I open my eyes, perfectly awake. I'm reviewing my trip, the insects, the bathroom, the superhumans, this city. Decompression of the thought ball and installation in the physical neurons.

I remember everything, fully to the extent of the capabilities of the material brain. I remember having the body and a part of the memory of a superhuman, everything is very clear.

But I do not have the slightest idea of where I am now.

Much more serious, if I do not have any information relative to this place, I do not also have any on the "me" of before the trip with the superhumans, I do not have any more any index on the main identity that I am supposed to endorse. Nothing comes, absolutely no information comes to my mind. There is a vague sense of familiarity, but it is very dark and I'm just lying there, in a bed, I do not know where. And who-I-am has completely disappeared from my memory.

It plunges me into a kind of distress. I try to make every effort possible, I do not remember anything or anyone, I am in total amnesia, the only memories are those who start on arrival in the huge bedroom and which end with the pet that made me think of a dog. Apart from that, no more sound, no more image. The big white.

One, two, maybe three minutes go by in this fight. The time seems very long. Then the first memory arises in my mind: the location of the door of the room.

Then as with a breadcrumb trail, the information is linked in this precise order, each element leading to another:

The location of the door, the plan and the size of the room where I am, the plan of the house where I am, the materials that make up this house.

Finally comes back my identity, my professional and personal occupations here, my personality, and to finish the whole memory of this present life and of my lives on Earth. All this cascades like a domino effect.

This phenomenon of erased memory never occurred, and it has not been repeated since. I guess it's a side effect of this very special trip.

I took care to record the main data in writing the same day.

Here are my conclusions written at this time:

"If the criteria of reality are colors, sensations, complexity and variety, then THERE is more real than HERE"

“Advanced masters speak of many 'me' in the cosmos and different dimensions, I strongly suspect that two of my 'me' have merged for mysterious reasons, on this morning of December 25, 2006, reference spatiotemporal of the planet Earth, physical cosmos.”

I think about this trip from time to time, the feeling of familiarity is still strong. I wonder what the other me is doing, what are the important things he is responsible for. What is this civilization, where is it? Does the other me deliberately triggered the phenomenon? Will he start again one of these days? Who was this person in bed with "me"?

In hindsight I tell myself that the merger could have worked, or perhaps the permutation. I would have taken his place and he would have taken mine, but for the Big Boss what would be the interest of living in such a primitive civilization, maybe to taste a few holidays, to do some ethnology?

I imagine that after the death of my physical body, it will be really interested to go on a ride there, after all I have enough identifiers to make for an address, I'm really curious to know more.

While waiting for this moment, I am very scared but it seems to me that this trip has created a kind of continuous link between him and me. As far removed as it may be, as evolved and as powerful as he is in relation to me, we are now connected and this is very strange for me. For him, I know for sure that it's a different story.

## JOKERS AND WAGS OF THE ASTRAL WORLD

This subject is very rarely addressed in the literature, but I think it is useful to give an overview of the little troubles we may encounter in out-of-body journeys.

First of all they have nothing to do with the problems we have on the material side. We can not be killed, nor really hurt, nor get sick, we do not know any money worries either, it does not exist and so no one will steal anything from us. If we think we need something, the only thought is to create what we want, like a house. In general, the institutional conflicts between parents and children, bosses and employees, young and old do not exist, any more than the fights between tribes, nations or religions, and all the inconsistent things of the same order.

Starting from there, if you think things are simpler, you are wrong. Understand that you do, on the contrary, a movement from simplicity to complexity.

The astral universe is home to a very large number of species that have never lived on a material level and have very different evolutionary plans. For example, these stories of trolls and leprechauns found in all human cultures are based on a very simple reality: these species really exist. I have had the opportunity to observe them several times, although they are not in my favorite areas.



In the densest areas, the closest to the physical world, there are annoyers of all kinds who can take a real pleasure in disturbing the novice traveler. From their point of view, this is not immoral, sometimes quite the opposite.

Here are the three main categories of jokes:

- 1 °) To scare us.
- 2 °) To lock us in.
- 3 °) To deprive us of energy.

The fear

This is the most classic thing for the beginner. Some entities may temporarily take on a very successful appearance to inspire you with the fear of your life. They will go for inspiration for the best disguise in your own mind.

They only have the power you give them. If you ignore them, they will leave and they will probably not try to bother you anymore. A kind of hazing, rather spectacular but without consequences if you do not take it seriously. The other thing is to send them unconditional love, but you will see that it is a little hard to swallow the first time, and if your love is not sincere and deep they will take a pleasure to mock you, which will not make any difference. In general it is better to avoid the fight, but I had results using my aura as a shield, putting a big energy slap with the auric envelope. Okay, you'll go along, like everyone else.

Confinement

The most disruptive entities do not show up. They will play with you by creating a virtual reality, a sort of dream bubble, and include you inside this bubble.

It took me years to understand what was happening, and other years to find the trick to get out of there.

Here's how things happen concretely. Examples:

I find myself in a kind of corridor, there are many doors on my left. I feel trapped in this place and I seek an exit, the idea does not even take me to pass through the partitions. I choose one of the doors feeling that there is a sudden tug waiting for me. And indeed just behind the door there is another, five centimeters. I open this one and here is another new one behind. I'm trying to pick up the phenomenon and open the doors with successive frenzy, but the more I go faster the more there is.

I visit some underground rivers and here I am in a narrow tunnel. I want to turn around but I can't, the hose forces me to move forward, and the further I go the more it becomes tight.

Understanding that I fell into a mental trap, I struggle with energy but can not get out of the situation other than by returning to the physical body.

I walk quietly when suddenly the time of a click here I am in a kind of castle. It seems to me very vast but I have only one desire, to leave it because I feel that I lost my freedom. Whenever I try to pass through the stone walls, I fail, they seem to be on the same harmonic as me. I aim at the windows, but as soon as I approach one of them, it is reduced to be tiny. I feel that an entity is behind this joke, but the more I struggle, the more I put energy to get out of this prison, the windows are reduced quickly.

Over the course of the experiments, I understood that the fight never works in this kind of situation, that day I take advantage of my deductions. I address myself mentally to the joking entity, although I do not see it, and explains to it that I will sit there, on these stone steps, and that I will wait. It may well try to lock me up for eternity, it is equal to me, I sit and put myself in a state of mental relaxation, not even wishing to leave this prison. After a few moments, the castle dissolves into light and here I am again free.

### Energy deprivation

In the non-physical worlds everything is mental.

This third category of pests is the most talented. Explanations.

Everything is going well, you are on a ride when suddenly you feel more and more heavy, you fly with difficulty or you are reduced to walk, to the point where it is not possible either. Or you are suddenly surrounded by dark fog, your vision drops dramatically and you can not see anything.

In both cases the simplest solution is to return to the physical body, then try again. In general things do not happen twice in a row. I think that the player entity acts directly on some light body vibrations, its goal is to end the trip and it succeeds until you understand its method.

The trick is mental, as for the other cases anyway. These entities always use some facets of our human embodied psyche, and turn them against us. They will amplify our seeds of negativity, our desires, our fears, certain instincts embedded in the body of light, including those of which we are not yet aware. I do not know about you, but on my side I have tried to invoke the help of angels, God, saints, religious symbols or anything like that, it never worked. I dropped it all a long time ago.

Only by a self-exploration, often laborious, we can pass some caps. When a lesson is understood, the problem doesn't happen anymore.

Although the jokers of the astral world rarely appear, say in less than 3% of cases, you will not fail to meet them, especially at the beginning, and on the three items mentioned above: fear, confinement, energy. Keep in mind that they are extremely creative, that they read in you open book, and that you have all the abilities to do this learning and passing your exams.

There is a vast palette of entirely new experiences to live outside of the flesh body. You will never be bored. All the disgusting experiences do not come from players, many come from your friends (your guides), and especially from your higher self.

This super-me sometimes uses an original teaching method. It immerses you in a dream bubble very elaborate in which you have a problem to solve, always mental, psychological, moral. A scenario unfolds and you interact with the events. There is a complete sequence, then the movie begins again on the same bases, and you start reacting, often having completely forgotten the previous episode. The scenario runs in a loop until you've reacted in a certain way, until you've learned what your super-me wanted to get you into the skull of light. At that moment you are drawn from the dream ball and you remember all the curls, and the path that led you to the proper behavior.

It is a particularly effective school, the loops do not let you loose until the lesson is learned. I wondered if the common ideas about reincarnation did not come from there: coming back as long as the lesson is not integrated, getting rid one's karma or something like that.

This is only my opinion but I give it, since it is I who write this book: it does not happen like that, there is no obligation.

What makes us come and go in this world and in others is our intention.

To conclude this chapter, I do not know if I said it enough so I insist a last time: the trip out of the body is the most grandiose thing, the most magnificent thing that you can do during your exile on earth, travel is a prodigious opportunity for knowledge and evolution.

If you really want to live this experience, this second birth, you will find the techniques that suit you. I know and I can recommend that of the IAC (International Academy of Consciousness) very little known in France, or that of the Monroe Institute in Virginia. There are many others, it's up to you to make your choice.

Everything is a question of Intention and Attention, and whatever your method of achieving it, if these two parameters are strong and constant in your mind, the Source will take you on the right path.

Have a good trip, perhaps will we meet one of these days, in this world or in another?

## Terrestrial and celestial loves

By sinking gently into matter, I almost fell asleep in it.

Then the memory came back little by little, it impressed my love affairs.

I am a Greek warrior of the 5th century before Jesus Christ, massacred by rivals in the undergrounds of a fortress that we nicknamed "the iron mountain". It took me a few hours to die, face down in the pit where my companions and I had been thrown. 25 centuries later, in the life in which I write this book, I am still him, I am still me. I changed, I learned, but I'm still that, I'm following that. The personality of today is the direct effect of the events of the past. I am on my guard, ready to fight. Many men here are like that. I see all the depth. This short life of antiquity dominates that of today, it was the first to reappear in my incarnated consciousness.

Then many other past lives have emerged, many of them as a woman. My past also weighs heavily, for example the one where I found myself the sex slave of an old Muslim merchant, in what must be Turkey, somewhere between the 12th and 18th century. With my comrades of misfortune, we were only 10 to 15 years old and we all dreamed of killing him while he was asleep, without ever being able to act. No doubt if he crossed my path now, I would kill him without a moment of hesitation now that my body is strong and that I am a "man". That those who have passed by judge me, the others are only ignorant. I keep this passage a deep repulsion towards all the civilizations and all the primitive religions which degrade the woman, reduce them to the rank of objects, make them undergo violence of all sorts. Unfathomable barbarism of the human animal.

I did not choose only to live among the frustrated peoples, fortunately there are also happier lives, for example the one where I was a woman of the nobility in the Chinese civilization: cultivated, intelligent, and very pretty in my youth.

This book is supposed to be a "spiritual" book, but it is first and foremost a testimony to reality. At this precise moment, in incarnated consciousness, I have not attained the state of wisdom that allows me to forgive all my tormentors, and I do not forgive myself for having been, at times, a barbarian and executioner. Astral consciousness brings me closer to this ideal, I submit it to your thoughts, it's pure truth.

## FIRST LOVES BEFORE REVELATION

The current memory of adults does not allow us to know that children can fall deeply in love, sometimes very early.

It is often a love inherited from the higher worlds, without carnal desire.

I officially discovered the things of sexuality late, although some experiences out of the body intrigued me to the highest point, my youngest age.

For years, I have been deeply in love with a little girl, without ever telling anyone. It was the purest platonic love imaginable. I loved this person for the subtle light that she gave off, that I did not see

with the eyes yet but that I felt in the depths of my heart. I tried several times to go to see her in her room, at night, in the body of light, but I never succeeded. Celestial laws.

I remember very precisely the moment I had a flash on the future of this person. We were in recreation, in the last year of primary school, I was 9 years old. I was watching one of my classmates, and all of a sudden, the sky fell on my head. I knew that this one would be the husband of my love, that they would get married in about fifteen years. I saw that for sure, and my world collapsed. This fulgurating intuition turned out to be perfectly accurate on all points.

That said, I was lucid enough to know that she had no feeling for me, the opposite would have been surprising if I did not speak to her! It must also be said that I was very shy, introverted and reluctant to behave like a little boss. My physical and my personality at the time were objectively unattractive, things changed later ...

Nevertheless I had understood that one of my classmates felt for me a deep platonic love. More courageously, she had almost told me, while we were at the edge of the water, and I was sitting up in a hazelnut tree. Later she became a beautiful girl, it's the story of the caterpillar that turns into a butterfly. We met twice at the city's pool, while I too was starting to become a butterfly, then we never saw each other again. If she reads this book and she has the memory, she may recognize herself.

## FIRST LOVES AFTER REVELATION

These are the high school years. The psychic faculties have appeared, I use them without complex in the relations with the young girls (yes, yes, we can ...)

Here are some examples in random order, it is not always what one can imagine, as you will see it.

### Mail box

Every Monday morning, I take the train to Angouleme to return to my student's room where I sleep during the week. I notice a lovely blonde and we exchange smiles several Mondays in a row. Ha yes because I'm starting to be less shy. However, I don't dare go further with her on the Monday morning train.

During that week, I think a lot about her and tell myself that I am very stupid not to have started the conversation. I wonder where she is studying, it's not in my high school, how to find her? I have a letter posted on my desk for a few days. Tonight I'm working on my revisions when I take a look at this letter again. I can clearly hear in the center of my mind the following:

“Go and post immediately your letter and you'll meet her”.

My recent experiences give me a certain confidence, but the challenge is daunting. I take the letter illico and go out on the street. Where am I going to go? If I take the wrong direction, I miss it all, and the voice didn't tell me where to go, just post this letter! I think about the that, prepare myself to go to the center, then change my mind at the last moment because it seems to me that there is a box closer to the cathedral. I walk 300 or 400 meters looking in all directions, just to see if a beautiful blonde hair appears. But nothing. I arrive in front of the mailbox, still nothing. I tell myself that for once, my "friend" was wrong, it can happen to everyone, and probably it's my fault, I should have gone to downtown.

But ten meters from the box, coming from the adjacent street, suddenly I see my beautiful blonde, a letter in hand. We arrive at the same time at the mailbox, both of us very surprised, but me for reasons a little different.

The rest worked normally, we spoke to each other and more, thanks to this happy "hazard". I didn't breathe a word of all this to the beauty, but after the shivers of love, my mind boiled for quite a moment.

If I had left a minute earlier or a minute later, and if she had slightly changed her schedule, we would have missed. And if I had chosen another letter box? What if I had walked less quickly, or faster?

What kind of friend can see with such precision, in the near future?

Astonishing, no? And 100% true!

Well it was the appetizer, let's continue.

Audacity at the swimming pool

Wednesday afternoon, I go alone to the pool. Pass by the locker room, then shower, I head to the big pool. It is then that I receive a "telepathic" message that is very clear and concerns me. A young girl finds me very much to her liking (yes, it is possible), and her thoughts reveal themselves in details in a limpid way. I am looking for the eyes of the emitter, and I spot her quickly, she is sitting on the floor with her back against a window, about twenty meters from me. The problem is that she is with a guy who loves her, I know him, he's one of my high school friends.

Telepathy has the advantage that messages are infinitely clearer than verbal language or gestures. So I go to the couple, greet my friend and installs myself between them, directly, without notice. Less than two minutes later, and without really speaking to each other, the girl and I take action, and my comrade leaves, having obviously understood that he is too much.

I know that this does not seem very moral, a little offhand and one wonders where is gone my shyness, but in fact it is free will. What this girl thought could be summarized as:

"I'm sick of this pot of glue, and I want to "get with" this boy who just entered, just like that, and right now!"

I had never seen this girl before, but as she was really to my taste, I responded to her desire. Telepathy treats shyness. And it's all about little teen's stories...

I wonder if I do well to tell that in a book, me... Too bad, it's everyone to judge.

On earth as in heaven

I am really stupid. I have a crush for Patricia, student in my high school. Brown, short hair, fine, very pretty. She is also attracted to me, but she is smarter than me. Tonight she really wants to start a relationship with me, but she gives it up. She doesn't want to be the umpteenth with whom I go out this year, and to see herself "thrown away" after a few days like the previous ones. I can argue as much as I can, she doesn't believe me. She's wrong, for her I would have stopped my black series, and she's right, I'm a jerk. I was only looking for something that I did not find yet, and that I would have had with her. I love her dearly since months. She gives up despite her desire, and I don't know enough to tell her about what I feel for her.

Next night, in the body of light.

I'm looking for her, flying over trees and houses to find her in what I think is her neighborhood, but without success. Then I slide into an intermediate world, still prey to the pain of love, and fully conscious.

This is the first time I see such a thing in travel, around me here is a desolate landscape. It is a meadow in the middle of winter, the grass is low, it reigns a cold environment and it is dark.

I immediately understand that all this is a pure creation of my mind, with infinite details. It is the tangible manifestation of my sorrow, here is what I created, on earth as in heaven, by my stupidity.

But I am lucid in the astral, and aware of my possibilities, so I decide to change all that. On my creative thinking, the place is immediately transformed. It is good, the light floods the tall grass, there are everywhere beautiful flowers. Peace reigns, smells are sweet and pleasant, it's spring in paradise.

I circulate in the tall grass and the flowers that exceed me in height, I feel soothed, my soul is serene, for a moment I forget my pain of love. All of a sudden, I meet one of my classmates among this magnificent vegetation that makes me a true declaration of love, which will be confirmed a few months later in the physical plane. She has very pure thoughts and look, as if she were a supernatural spirit of nature. She speaks with a divine sweetness and on this level,

she is of a great beauty (she is not bad either on the physical plane, but the astral envelopes are often sublime).

But my soul is filled with Patricia's memory, so I thank my friend and walk away from her. I know that in this paradise there is a small portion of soil where nothing has grown, and I am looking for it. This space symbolizes the story of Patricia and me, something that should have been a paradise but remains a desert.

I ended up finding a small area of hard ground and gray, without flower or grass. It is here that I want to create the most beautiful of the flowers in this universe, the most wonderful, it will be a kind of gray orchidee (astral grays have nothing to do with the physical gray). I have to make real efforts because it is not easy. All is laborious, whereas I created this immense paradise in an instant, I must create a hole to sow the seed of the flower. I see the hole that materializes, it gradually sinks in a non-geometric manner, like the path of a natural root. Then I put the seed of the wonderful flower at the bottom of the hole, so that it can bloom and come to light. I make considerable efforts and I see that I am fighting against natural but very powerful astral forces, in order to give a proof of attachment to the one who is called on earth Patricia, so that her graces open towards me.

But this flower does not germinate, the soil remains empty.

...

This account evokes a part of the rules of the nonphysical world, and begins to give an idea of what is possible when we are there.

God or hazard

We are before the era of the internet and everyone is struggling as best he can to find the soul mate of the moment. With girls, I'm as skilled as a pianist with boxing gloves, thankfully my friends on the other side sometimes give me a hand.

One of my friends in high school is tasked with an original task, she must find candidates for her sister, a little older. Luckily, I'm one of the preselections. I agree to meet this sister although I have no idea of her body or her character. "You'll see" is all what my friend indicates.

A few days later, we find ourselves along the ramparts. Oops, she's a pretty pretty tall girl, almost a woman. And in the head too, she is ahead of me, she knows what she wants and what she doesn't want, physical and psychic! Conscious of passing some kind of test not really easy, I take my feet in the carpet several times. She does not choose her words, judge me physically acceptable, but immature on everything else. She is absolutely right, and the 18 months she has in addition seem to me to be years.

Faced with this adult, I feel unable to put myself in value, I splutter. I can see that there are two or three elements that attract her to me, but she is weighing the pros and the cons. Her mind



swings, will she or not give me a trial period? This indecision will not last long, because suddenly there comes one of these improbable things that surprised us both.

Above us we hear loud flapping of wings, and a pigeon comes down at our feet! Stunned, we find that it doesn't move at all, it stays on the back, the wings apart, it is dead. Where does this pigeon come from? There is no tree where we are, it seems that he died in the sky!

This throws a sudden cold on our discussion. Without consulting each other, we analyze this presage in the same way: our story will not happen, god or chance has spoken, and very clearly. A little frightened one as the other, after a brief goodbye, we leave in opposite directions. End of the recruitment test, and I wonder if this failure was for me a bad thing or a good thing, who knows?

Invalid psychic and suprahuman

Saturday night. I have the driving license since recently and I take advantage of it with my mother's car, driving randomly in the countryside around Angouleme.

There is a ball in a small town, I stop there, pay my place and get into a kind of party hall full to the rim with of dancers, mostly young adults. On stage I recognize one of the musicians, he frequents my high school.

I wave to him and a few minutes later, he pauses, leaving the other musicians to liven up the evening. We sit on the edge of the stage, legs hanging down. The sound system prevents any communication, we must scream in the ear and repeat to exchange a few words, especially since the origin of all this "music" is right behind us.

I notice a girl sitting on a chair, in the middle of many others, all along the wall. This is the most attractive and I would love to dance with her.

I used to talk to people mentally, it sometimes influences them without their knowledge. This is how I make a mental call to this girl.

In the midst of this din and semi-darkness, this is the only thing I can do to start, especially since she is a good fifteen meters from me: "do you want to dance with me?"

Of course I do not expect any response, but this time I get one, and it is hard-hitting: "OK, OK!"

Her thought is clear, coherent, powerful, and is addressed to me directly. I'm shaking from head to toe, impossible to believe that I've dreamed or misunderstood psychically, with a mind like hers it's not possible.

Then without waiting, she continues to talk to me! I see her very well, at a distance, staring in my direction, putting her elbows on her knees, her head in her hands, and throwing me something like, "what are you waiting for?"

I actually tremble, very impressed and not daring to believe it 100% so much it's unexpected.

I turn to my comrade, and pointing to this girl, I ask him if he thinks that she likes me. "No, it's me she's looking at," he told me.

But the charming continues to talk to me psychically, she does it willingly and she knows I hear it telepathically. She gently mocks me and invites me to take action, in this case move myself and go to join her.

With beating heart, I put my feet on the floor and make a long detour towards the side opposite her wall, to check that she follows me with her eyes. That's what happens and by the way I'm entitled to a volley of jokes about my low self-confidence. Then from this opposing wall I head straight for her. "Finally," she says, always from mental to mental. Completely stunned, I see she gets up and comes to meet me! Without saying a single word verbally, she embraces me and we begin to dance-flirt.

We stay together for two hours without exchanging a single word. But the psychic discussion is going well, especially on her side. On mine I am more than impressed, absolutely not prepared for this kind of things, and the coherence of my thoughts is very relative. She sees all this but is happy to enjoy the moment in the company of a psychic invalid: me. We flirt in the midst of the sleepers, in the noise, the shadow and the light, but the limpidity of her mind is in no way affected.

A supra human disguised herself as an ordinary person, a earthling most likely, but by far the most advanced I have encountered in my present life, in this world.

We left that way, saying goodbye mentally, after spending a good time together. From the outside a banal story between two teenagers, but in truth the meeting between an superior being and a human apprentice.

I thought about her all through this life. What power is hers, and what can she do with it? She easily accesses the psyche of the humans of her world, she probably speaks to them without their knowledge, and much more than that, as I was given to live it personally, in a minor way, in the years that followed.

A superior human took me in her arms, and kissed me. I was a little over 18, and it was not a trivial story.

ADULT LOVES

This period covers my entire adult life on the earth plane. I'm just going to give some examples by changing the names.

The one who has access to other perceptions can no longer put them aside, if sometimes he wants to comply he is only fighting against himself, the choice is summed up quite simply: wanting to become like the others or continue his growth.

### Black Sun

Annie will be my first wife. I meet her during vacation.

We are playing ping-pong with my friend Pascal when a girl comes to sit on the floor near the table. I watch her for a quarter of a second while striking the ball with energy, and in the moment a powerful mental vision comes: a black sun. The next three seconds, continuing to play, I interpret this information: black sun, father missing or dead.

Indeed her father died suddenly before her the year before, heart attack, the life of all her family was turned upside down.

This example shows how the psychological faculties really intervene in everyday life. No need for concentration, calm, minutes or hours, or relaxation. When the opening of consciousness has taken place, things come up anytime and under any condition, day or night.

### Dating

There is something like "love at first sight". If I am not qualified to explain it psychologically, I see certain mechanisms that operate in the energetic aura, in the astral aura and in the mind.

There is a sudden luminous overactivity in the aura of the person who experiences it. Her/His sheaf of light is going to be matched immediately to that of the "target", which reacts most of the time by reducing the size of her/his aura from the side where the attack comes. In the case where the target reacts in the same way, the light filaments of the two auras start immediately to connect, and the information circulates. It is then that the two people have the sensation of talking to each other, even though they may not have yet opened their mouth, but in fact they actually talk to each other on the energetic and mental plane. All this happens when people are close to each other, about less than three meters. At a greater distance, energetic extensions can be created, but I have not yet seen that beyond ten meters.

There are also minor forms of this "love at first sight", and it is amusing to observe them, even when yourself or your spouse is involved. In an entirely objective way, social conventions such as age, sex, and professional situation are viewed from a different angle by energetic and mental being. These manifestations of affinity transgress many prohibitions, then the agents of conformity come to do the police, by repressing 99% of these "intentions".

Managers of this world act technologically on these mechanisms, some abductees testify to have had sexually envy of this or that entity, not always human, and against their will. In other words, a technician from Zeta Reticuli can very well be in charge of arranging certain encounters between humans according to the genetic program of the moment. And if you think that this only happens in alien vehicles, it's because you still like fairy tales, which between us is part of the program.

#### A LITTLE CLOSER FROM PARADISE

This time no battlefield, we are at the end of the 20th century, in France. I am an executive in a big American company, in charge of the commercial policy and the negotiations with the supermarket distribution, for more than 500M \$ turnover in France. Those who have gone through it will know what I am talking about, this job is a struggle of modern times.

In London, I presented my views and plans to the President for Europe and my colleagues from the countries of this zone. The group had just bought out several competing companies and the trade policies needed to be changed, in my opinion. My German colleagues, who were struggling with the same problems, were eager to express their total incredulity and immediately called me "RAMBO", which was anything but a compliment. No surprise, this is the type of nickname that I was given everywhere I went, "RAMBO" is a warrior, not a soldier, that's what I showed myself to be.

My President for Europe was a very placid guy. He was said to be a former officer in the US AIR FORCE, it was rumored that he was working for the CIA, and that we never really leave the CIA. With him the meetings took place in the expected timing, to the closest minute. Nothing to do with French meetings, or better Italian, where anything can happen, especially that they never end ... After my presentation in the style: "Here's the situation, here's what I'm going to do, here's why I'm going to do it and here's how I'm going to do it," the President had not shown any reaction. He had let the German executives sneer at the French audacity and naivete. But at the end of the meeting, he knocked them out with a short sentence: "Marc is right, you Germans will do the same thing!"

For the record, what was said was done and well beyond, which surprised everyone, including the American audits mandated annually to scrutinize the accounts of the French subsidiary. Then one morning I found a big DHL envelope on my desk, it came directly from Texas. Inside a package of stock options. I went to the office of President for France to thank him, very surprised that he had interceded for me. But he was more astonished than me ...

It was in the midst of these cases that I undertook a tour of consultation of the main decision-makers of the large retailers. New laws were going to be applied, the relations between the industrialists and the big brands would be redrawn.

Knowing my files perfectly, I had conceived an ambitious project that I planned to discuss with my clients before the summer, in order to test it and improve with them, in the traditional clashes of the end of the year.

I was able to get this last interview only very late, late August, on my return from vacation in the USA. My interlocutor, a competent and very pleasant man, had given me appointment in a provincial town at 3/4 hour from Paris.

Driving my big German sedan, suit, tie and still well tanned, I had made the trip under a blazing sun. That day I was a rather relaxed warrior, France was still on vacation and I was still under the influence of mine.

At the highway toll exit I noticed the smile and the look of the young woman who gave me the change. She was really pretty, charming, she was giving off a beautiful light, she had wanted to please me and had succeeded, the space of a few seconds, in this place so inappropriate.

Not very spontaneous, everything focused on the task that was mine, I had awkwardly made her smile and I left. I thought of her for a few minutes, her face, her intention and the delicacy of her thought that had caressed me with such sweetness.

After my appointment, I take the wheel. At the exit of the city a series of red lights. In the car next door, two young women smile at me and give me little signs. Decidedly it's the day! But I'm a little reluctant in front of the female profiles who emerge at the sight of the envelope called car. At the next red light, they begin again more openly. Well, they do not look unfriendly. 3rd red light, they continue and pass in front of me. A few hundred meters further, they put the flashing on the left and by the door, make me sign to follow them. There is a kind of tourist area at the edge of a lake. But I continue straight, towards access to the highway. The road is long until Paris!

And then I think. These two young women did not seem to have a 'bad look', and I'm not in a hurry at this point. What do I risk by exchanging a few words? I turn around and head to the parking lot of this tourist area. I park the car, still vaguely hesitant about what to do. It is at least 30 degrees in the shade, I'm in a suit tie in full sun, gone the freshness of the air conditioning!

I head for the lake. On the right there is a kind of outdoor bar with tables and parasols. The two young women are sitting there, as soon as they see me, they wave to me to join them. I'm going to go to them, I see their smiles and my god, they just turned on a cigarette! I pretend not to have seen them and I leave to the left immediately. Intuition triggered by the sight of these cigarettes, I knew that I should not go to the right.

I go to the left, walking slowly along the lake. What am I doing here? I'm starting to get very hot! I slow down again and open my mind, stopping mental chatter. Something subtle, in the distance, appears in the inner vision.

The white swans, near the edge, swim gently while waiting for the generosity of the passers-by. I observe them, I have already come here, in my early childhood, the places have changed.

I suddenly notice that I am exactly between the swans and a person who is drawing them to my left. Absorbed by the lake and the swans, plunged into myself, I hadn't seen her. I exclaim, excusing myself, my clumsy precipitation makes her burst out laughing! There is plenty of light, not a cloud, beautiful conditions to see the light of the soul. And the sheaf of light, the aura of this person is ample, open, as is often the case in this kind of place. But she laughs, there is no fear in her, no irony, otherwise the radiance would be inevitably limited to 50 or 60 cm from the body.

After his light I look at her physical body. She is a very young girl of 20/22 years, very spontaneous, very charming and who keeps a huge smile when she started talking to me. I look at the drawings, she is talented. I see her having fun with my outfit, I must be the only guy in a suit within a radius of 100 km, but it makes her gay, she does not make fun of me, I see it very well. I feel pretty uncomfortable in front of her, she is physically much younger but also much more fluent mentally than me. I feel like some kind of invalid, frozen, sclerosed. But she quickly gives me such confidence that my defenses collapse. I relax, she relaxes me. It's so hot and we're not allowed to swim in this lake, but she knows a place where we can swim, she will take me there. Like that, simply. Surprised I am!

I don't think it will be possible, I tell her. I didn't have a swimsuit and I have no sports outfit in the car, I only have this costume!

That makes her laugh again. "Where we are going, no need for swimsuits... !" I am completely breathless, I don't know what to think, but I am absolutely under the spell. The beauty took me in her nets.

We take her belongings, my car and drive 10 or 20 km, to stop at the edge of the road, in the forest. Then we walk between the trees, and I wonder what kind of swimming there could be here. Surprise, there is the like a cenote, a wide and deep circular waterhole.

No one around, no soul alive. A small lake deep in the forest. The shade of the trees, the blinking of the sun through the foliage, the freshness of the air, the freshness of the water. The only noises come from birds. We changed world.

She gets rid of her clothes and she is swimming in this calm and clear water. She is naked, beautiful, in the middle of nowhere, with me she didn't know 1 hour ago. She laughs and smiles all the time, no fear, no perversion, she tastes the present moment with delectation. I had never seen this before, at least in this world and in this life. I imitate her and here we swim together, in the simplest apparel. Am I obliged to make advances? After all things are auspicious, what do you think? There is no way, even if we touch each other sometimes, even if she is more than attractive... that something must attract her to me, to what and why exactly? There is no

obligation, there is nothing pressing, there is no time. The man I was still this morning is melting, disappearing.

The warrior, the executive, the manager, the speedy guy with the big car, the stressed guy with 20 BOSS suits, but where did he go?

We are two children in paradise.

We stay a long time in this place, I stop calculating the time it will take to return, and imagine the explanations that I will have to provide to return to the world of before.

Then we leave because we are thirsty, she leads me to a small village bar. We are close to each other, we talk to each other. I listen to her, she listens to me. I look into her, my transient personality having been put on stand-by, the vision is easier, faster and deeper.

She is a sleeper like almost everyone else in the world, but she walks between two worlds with her eyes open. She could wake up, she will. I hope she did it. Material contingencies have a weak impact on her, she attaches little importance to objects, she is an artist in the most noble sense of the term. Bohemia, light, she had the opportunity to be scared but didn't focus on these fears, so they left, for the most part. She's still a child, a fairy who fell asleep to find herself in this world.

Her silences are stronger than her words. We leave, she takes me somewhere again. I don't ask any more questions.

Here we are in the ruins of a kind of castle, and no one around. She knows the underground, the oubliettes. I accompany her in the dark, where I would not venture alone. My costume is good for cleaning or trash. As are my shoes...

In the depths of the undergrounds, absolute silence, complete blackness. A long moment of proximity, of complicity, of trust with the beauty. Jostling, assailed with new sensations, overwhelmed by powerful feelings, I don't know the time, I'm afraid of this unknown place as much as I am fascinated by my guide. We walk, we stop, she holds my hand. How does she see in the dark?

Then we come back from the depths, until a net of filtering light from a sort of embedding in the stone. She sits there and starts to sing! A song of the Middle Ages, words of another time, a long slow song where every word is detached and takes a prodigious strength.

In the shade and in the light she offers this melody, her whole being vibrates peacefully, free from all convention. Her voice is wonderful, she carries the magnificent Intention of the higher worlds. The shores of time then unfold in my being without effort, without pain. She plays this instrument which is my soul, and whose sound I didn't know in the physical body. I feel myself slipping, getting up. Rapture, enchantment, we are alone in the world.

My mind already well knocked again takes a huge blow on the head, it switches completely, but most of my consciousness is no longer paying attention. From the place where I am I hear it weakly say things like: "that, that is incredible."

I left at nightfall. It was necessary to return to this absurd life, at least I chose to do it. In the car I phoned my best friend, I had to try to talk to someone in the "normal" world. Did he believe, did he understand what I said to him?

She surprised me, charmed me, seduced me. She enchanted me, she carried me away as nobody had done in this world, in this life. She took me elsewhere, in a way that I did not imagine. And she intimidated me, really. How does one touch an angel, a fairy, when one is in the gross physical body?

Here things gradually fade away, in fact they fall back into perspective. But in me the memory is alive, many years after, at its evocation I remain enchanted.

For taking a left rather than a right, at the edge of this lake, I went a little closer to paradise.

Blue light

I went to the clinic for an unusual injury due to the practice of my favorite sport, judo. It is true that it was really very difficult to strangle me, but by dint of serving as a guinea pig on tatami mats I tore something in my neck. It is a question of tinkering with this, nothing very serious.

But the surgeon encounters difficulties in the surgery. I have a neck so much muscled that he can't access the deep layers, the retractors are not enough. He has to take away a good part of one of the muscles that hinder him.

In order to let the area of the surgery rest while feeding me, they put a probe. It's of an imposing diameter, and give me news as soon as I recover my mind in the waking room.

Bad surprise when I emerge from the anesthesia, the wound of the surgery itself was causing me little pain, but this pipe twists my stomach in the region of the solar plexus, the suffering is immediate and very strong. This foreign body squeezes my throat to the point that I can not speak.

The doctor on duty in the waking room can't bear the moans of my companions in misfortune nor mine. He manifests a violent annoyance, anger, and ignominiously sermons us several times. Astonishing! We aren't humans, nor patients, nor customers, for this "doctor".

The throbbing pain and the surgery shock weaken me so much that my body doesn't respond at all to the orders that I give it: get off the bed, walk and get hold of this SS guardian. He is 5/6



meters away, it should be feasible! But no, can't move my legs. In spite of my fierce will, weakness and suffering overthrow me.

After a few minutes, Dr. MENGUELE disappears to make room for a normal human being, who immediately takes care of the patients in the waking room. This person fills his task with consciousness and method, leaving their dignity to the souls and bodies in his charge.

For hours, I lived a real torture because of this probe. I am given sedatives to reduce the pain, but the suffering is continuous, it fluctuates depending on the drugs that I am given. At this point death or the prospect of death seem to me the only way to finish this test. No fear, if it should happen now, I would welcome it without regrets, without apprehension, without anger. Those who have experienced great pain know what it is about.

Never in my life have I known such a thing. All the landmarks disappear, there is no more time, no more space, no more thought, just an ocean of pain. The hours go by and I just know it's now night, I'm alone in the room of this clinic.

I lose consciousness for a few moments, need sleep, drugs, fainting, maybe all three. Take off, the ceiling arrives in my face. I cross it, go to the next floor which I cross the ceiling without slowing down. Then the next floor, then the next, each time a shot in the concrete. Yes, we see very well in the concrete.

These things are familiar, but for the first time in my life I decide to come back down, in this torture body. A only one flashy thought runs through me: 'it needs me'. The body is very bad and I have to be there to give it energy, to allow it to pass the course. I chose to plunge back into this atrocious suffering.

Even today I tell myself that something terribly strong in me has occurred at this moment. Stronger than fear, stronger than torture.

I go back to hell, can we be more crazy?

Back in the body, the atrocities start again. The minutes, the hours pass. I am alone but loneliness is nothing. It's dark, but darkness is nothing. I'm not thirsty, I'm not hungry, I have no desire, but all that is nothing. My thoughts and my mind are crushed, laminated, but that is nothing. Suffering, suffering, there is only suffering.

Somewhere in the middle of the night, the door of my room opens, I can see the pale light from the corridor. Someone enters my room and closes the door. Again darkness around me. The person is there, next to me, she doesn't say anything, she tried not to make any noise.

Obscurity? There is none left. A soft blue light bathes every corner of this place. It illuminates the walls, the ceiling, the floor and penetrates everywhere. Eyes wide open, I see that it comes

directly from this person still and silent, 1 meter on the right, at the level of my head. This light has the singularity of leaving only one place in the shadows: its point of origin. The only thing I do not distinguish is this person, everything else is lit, including the bed with me in it. The visitor doesn't say a word and seems to remain voluntarily at a distance.

I receive from the mind and from this light the deep compassion that this person feels. In the middle of the ocean of suffering, I can clearly hear her thought and her sadness to see me suffer so, and the unconditional love she feels for me. Just because I'm in pain, I'm young, and it should not be that way. Not saying a single word, she expresses more than in 1000 speeches, I'm no longer alone in the depths of hell.

Her thought is the sole cause of this prodigious blue light.

I'm falling asleep. In the morning when I wake up there is no more suffering, the probe is no longer pressed into my stomach. It's half way out, maybe I took it myself in the middle of the night. It is completely removed and replaced by a much smaller diameter that does not give me any discomfort.

My stay in hell lasted almost 2 days, but it's over. I think of this person who visited me, the night nurse I suppose. The blue light doesn't leave my mind, I need to understand this mystery.

It wasn't something unreal, but rather something absolutely concrete, very astonishing and incomprehensible. Even considering my ability to see the aura, I can not understand what happened.

As soon as I'm able to move, I try to find something that could have emitted that blue, in my room or in the hallway. But there is nothing at all. In a hospital room there isn't much, by the way.

I keep thinking about it. Only a being of a high spiritual level can produce this phenomenon, an angel, or a saint. I wait, impatiently and with fear, to see the woman who pretends to be the night nurse. I am afraid of not being able to bear her spiritual power, of not being able to remain in her Presence.

Two days after my waiting is rewarded. She takes service early in the night. And I am extremely surprised, because I discover a normal person.

Yet it was she who was in office that night, and when I see her again, I see some common concerns in her mind. I see she doesn't even recognize me. I was in the dark, she didn't turn on the light, and saw only a shadow at the bottom of a bed.

During the next 4 weeks, complications appear, pleurisy settles in a lung and I stay on a drip for long enough. In the end I lose 10 kg of muscles, which will make my treating doctor explode in laughter. Following his advices, after 3 months of rest I will rebuild this body, it will become stronger and more muscled than before. It will take a lot of effort, but the transition to hell will relate to things.

Many nurses of my age don't hide their fondness for me, including in front of my companion. They are charming but the total diet for a month has consequences: I almost never go to the toilet and any sexual drive has disappeared. In addition sleeping 3 hours per night is enough. We understand in these moments what energy is invested to only operate the physical body!

I need to think a lot about what happened, before I understand.

The so-called doctor of the waking room, the person who has succeeded him, the pretty nurses and the angel of the blue light represent what we can do worse and better in our earthly condition.

We are only ordinary people but our actions and thoughts have an extraordinary impact. We can sometimes be demons and sometimes angels. We assume that it doesn't matter much, because no one looks and our actions don't seem to have a big impact.

But I have seen with my own eyes how far our power can expand when our thoughts and actions rise. We are more than we think we are.

Many years later, if it is she who gave me this gift, I thank this nurse at night for giving me this. One day she will be able to contemplate her earthly works with full consciousness, and will see that she has done something wonderful, probably without knowing it, for a moment in this room with me. She will harvest the fruits in the worlds after life.

In writing these lines I asked myself a new question. I always assumed that the night nurse had visited me, but in fact I have no proof, and I was struck by her indifference when I saw her again, whereas I had been overwhelmed by incredible compassion two days before. And I couldn't see the source of this light, because the only thing dark in the room was precisely this person.

So what can be deduced? I found this famous blue light in the testimonies of some abductee reported by the psychiatrist John Mack. Has anyone come to my aid, withdrawing this tube from the stomach, or have I removed it myself? Can a simple human being on Earth be able to produce such light? Was it a friend of the higher worlds, or one of the Managers of this planet?

Whoever it was, at that precise moment, could not be an ordinary person. This blue light was pure compassion, I will never forget it.

## THE PLACE WHERE NOTHING FINISHES

Coralie is the daughter of Annie, who will be my first companion. When I meet them on vacation Coralie is a baby of a few months, she doesn't speak and doesn't walk yet. She doesn't really have a father.

I spent a short week on vacation before going back to my area to earn some money by participating in the harvest with a friend of mine, Andre. Annie and I flirted, but I could not imagine more, because her family situation was complex to say the least.

Things will take an unexpected turn.

It is during this harvest that something singular happens during the night. I meet Coralie, Annie's baby, and Coralie only. She has the appearance of a girl of about 12 years old, has many things to say to me, including this one mainly: "during this life, you will be my father".

The next day I think of this strange meeting with perplexity, I am still at the stage of standard ignorance on the mechanisms of dream, and I wonder especially about seeing this baby in the aspect of a girl .

Every morning I remember the dreams of the night. It doesn't require any effort or any technique on my part. I never make recurring dreams.

Except the following night, because Coralie resumes the discussion with me, assuring me that in an indisputable way, I will be her father during this incarnation. She looks the same as the night before.

So I do the same kind of dream twice, two nights in a row. I am very intrigued, the phenomenon is in itself a curiosity for me, and I also note that something is being printed in my material psyche.

Third night, Coralie reappeared and renewed her announcement! Decidedly, it's starting to become a habit. This third time really messes me up, if it's not a real brain washing, what is it?

I talk to Andre. This story of paternity is quite non-sense, I am very young and not at all prepared for this kind thing. I'm not sure to see Annie again, she lives far away and her family situation is one of the biggest bags of knots that we can conceive, I thought it best not to expose it in these pages.

In hindsight I see how we are headed by what some call destiny. This term is only a form of blindness and ignorance, we are sleepers. In the astral world, 3 nights in a row, Coralie reminded me of what we had agreed before our respective incarnations. While we are in the process of incarnation, the astral consciousness during the night is much more extensive than that which the material body allows us. Under certain conditions, the information goes down in the physical brain, this is the case for me.

What has been announced ends up happening, against all probabilities. Coralie becomes my daughter by plenary adoption. A few years later she has a brother, Cedric.

During their childhood, I give my two children the information I have, without constraining them to any form of belief. They don't have to endure this abomination, which consists in transmitting a

religion in a blind way, according to the ethnic origin and the cultural environment. If one day they want to believe in a fable or another, it will be their free choice. In the meantime, I will give them information about reality, in this world and in others, emphasizing that they will have to verify it for themselves, if they feel like it, have the energy and abilities.

I don't insist on these topics. We are in a world of sleepers, why should my children escape?

Nevertheless they listen to what I tell them, Cedric sometimes having fun with some of my travel stories. One day he gives me a drawing representing my astral hands, one with 4 fingers and the other with 6. The drawing is entitled:

"Dad counting his fingers", referring to the check-up that I often do when I'm out of the reintroduction zone of the silver rope, one of the items is to look at my hands. Very young, Cedric already has a very personal humor ...

I don't teach my children any technique and don't ask them to practice one exercise or another. I'm quite surprised when Coralie one day reports an episode of astral consciousness, but obviously she is even more surprised. As for Cedric, it's by advancing into adulthood that he will be on the verge of truth, in his own way and in the way that suits him.

Annie and I got separated. Cedric still remains with his mother, Coralie is under my care, according to the will she expresses in front of the judge.

Breaking with the psychology of my own father, I love both my children as much. That one is an adopted child makes no difference, although it isn't a taboo, everyone has always known, Coralie isn't genetically my daughter. She grows up in my home, at the mercy of my successive companions with whom she gets along more or less. She is now a beautiful blonde girl, very attractive to the boys of her age. I try to find a balance between the discipline and the freedom necessary to her character, she affirmed herself very early as an adventurer.

However, I note that, after the first flirts, Coralie seems invariably attracted by the least recommendable boys in the neighborhood. We have frank discussions on this subject, she confirms me that normal boys don't interest her, quite simply. One of his first lovers is a notorious young thief specializing in cyclomotors, I chase him several times after forbidding him to approach Coralie, but nothing works. I hope that this taste for ragtag will disappear over time, because my daughter has on her waiting list very well educated boys, and much more handsome boys than her usual friends.

I often wonder if I'm for something. Is she putting herself in danger for me to go and save her, as in the circumstances of her adoption?

I may have reinforced this possible scenario, for example when she tells me to be threatened in college by a gang of racketeers. The gendarmes intervened at the college in vain, the teaching body made a statement of helplessness before this half-dozen jerks, most of them being too old

to be still in college. They come armed with knives and handguns, they are precursors, founding fathers, the ancestors of the current thuggery. Coralie refuses to submit, not surprising on his part, but here she is threatened with direct reprisals. She talks to me about it the same evening. The next morning I make a commando style muscle intervention and get hold of the terrorist apprentices, with the blessing of the head of the institution. They will be excluded from the college and the gendarmes will ring at the door to thank me.

I review all of my behavior that might have given Coralie such a strong fondness for delinquents, but I can't come to any clear conclusion. She understands very well my point of view and tries to introduce me to extras, but the string is too big, I know that the correct boys don't attract her.

She passes her baccalaureate and starts a BTS. The studies don't interest her, but I must give her the maximum of means to succeed in life, according to my personal criteria. My criteria aren't hers. She skipped the lessons sometimes for weeks to spend her days with a classmate of the same BTS class. This one seems to have the same profile as the predecessors, why am I not surprised?

The break occurs at the end of the school year. I'm sending her to London to improve her English, and tell her clearly that I will be watching closely next year. She knows what it means, life as she envisions it won't be possible.

She doesn't come back home, but asks for asylum at her mother's house. A few weeks later I am summoned by the family affairs judge who has ordered me to pay a pension to Coralie for her studies. Then Coralie and her mother send me the bailiffs. Not being a very advanced individual, I react with indignation.

At this stage, three conceptions clash: Annie who believes that her daughter was robbed during our separation and who takes her revenge, Coralie who wants to live her life as she sees fit and who finds it normal that I pay for it, and I who recalls the old and recent circumstances of this whole affair.

This is how a story of earthly love sees the end. My daughter Coralie and I have no contact of any kind.

Cedric informs me of the continuation of the adventures of his half-sister.

Coralie continues her logic and chooses for companion the worst individual of the region. Native of Morocco, he combines the art of being muslim and drunk at the same time. Affected by the intellectual coefficient of slug, he lives from odd jobs very rarely, unemployment benefits more often, and income from his drug trafficking constantly. Of course, his culture, his ignorance and alcohol push him to beat my daughter Coralie whenever he likes. Delinquency, violence, religious fanaticism, alcohol, drugs, unfathomable stupidity, Coralie chose hell on earth.

This time she can't ask for my help, things have gone too far with the bailiffs, and moreover she knows what would happen to her companion and his drug trafficking if I came back on stage.

All this is for me a hard lesson in life. If I agreed to be the father, this didn't give me any rights to Coralie's life. She follows her plan of existence according to the interests of her real being, and even if these interests are different from mine, I respect them without accepting and understanding them.

I still love her so much, but I can't see her again. She comes to my mother, promising to repair, but she won't have the opportunity.

On the evening of a February 29th I received a call from Cedric, Coralie died: head-on collision with a 4x4 driver. The latter was under the influence of alcohol.

My companion of the moment is moving tonight. I am alone with her dog. Usually he sleeps peacefully all the time, but all night long he goes round and round in the room, very disturbed. Coralie is there, I know it. I've been blocking my mind about her for years, so I don't see her and I don't hear her, but I know she's there. Her sudden death left her with a great amount of vital energy that allows her a quasi-materiality, she had no trouble finding me. Her guilt and love led her quickly to me, the unfinished business.

I block my feelings as I blocked them during these years of separation. I act with my head, not with the heart. I mentally repeat to her that we have no more contentious, that she is free to leave. We were two actors on a stage, without her this drama is finished. It's true now that I no longer feel resentment. Have a nice trip, Coralie.

Nobody invites me to the funeral. The foul scum who served as a companion to my daughter wouldn't appreciate our face-to-face, wise precaution by the organizers to forget me. Coralie chose this life, chose this dark individual, and this death. End of the show.

I don't mourn. I repressed too many things, and I am very busy with professional life. Then things come unexpectedly on a trip out of the body a few years later.

After efforts to desynchronize the body of flesh, I find myself in the large living room of a beautiful present time house. Floating near the ceiling, I observe swarms of sparks fluttering in the atmosphere. In this living room are about 20 people, I undertake to examine attentively the emotional ties that connect them, beyond all appearances and habits of daily life.

This attention makes me notice a person in a corner of the living room, back to where I am located. With surprise and emotion, I understand that this human form is related to my daughter Coralie. I feel an irresistible impulse towards this apparition and hug her in my arms, she vibrates on the same level as me. I know that this isn't Coralie, but a pure mental creation of my dream bubble, or a creation from someone else, I am fully aware of this but at this moment it is as if I could get in touch with Coralie. "I know that it's not you, but thanks to this form of thought you

hear my message or you are in the higher worlds, you hear me right now, although I can't know where you are."

While sobbing, I tell her all the love I feel for her, the love of a father for her daughter. I miss her terribly, but I am unable to find her in the vast astral universes.

Then I desynchronize myself from this place and the thought-form sent by God knows who. I reach another plan where I sob a long time, until regaining the body of flesh. The material body is normal but internally I am completely "rinsed". The mourning has just begun.

It continues in the following weeks, during the sleep of the physical body.

One night I am flying over in full awareness of vast expanses of forest, in an intermediary world. We can evaluate the dimension in which we are by the intensity of the light. This place breathes quietness, it's a place of rest. Surprised, I feel at a distance the presence of Coralie. In the body of light, her appearance is different, but it's her. We meet again, she recognizes me immediately. This life was very hard for her, more than I would have thought. Her mind has calmed down considerably and she's currently integrating her short incarnation. For her, it wasn't long before the accident, another upheaval in the temporal reality. I take her in my arms as when she was a child and here we are flying gently over the forest, two souls in freedom who find themselves. We talk for a long time and gently, spirit to spirit.

She has made friends here since her arrival. One of them is a former American wrestler who died young because of the stimulants and drugs of all kinds that must be taken to build a physical body adequate in this business. He also needs a lot of rest, Coralie talks of him to me for a moment, but I won't see him.

She is no longer called Coralie, and is no longer the little person who was my daughter. She's much more than that, the actor is bigger than all her roles together.

The reunion is too short, I have a physical body that requires a quick return.

This walk in heaven is my last memory of her. I hope there will be others.

In 10, 20 or 30 years, or in a week, I will definitely leave my current physical envelope. If the one who was my daughter still needs to be guided in the higher worlds, she'll be able to rely on me. We'll fly together to her heavenly home, the place where nothing ever ends.

## 20 YEARS OF WANDERING FOR LOVE

Ophelie committed suicide about 20 years before I met her sister Blandine. As our relationship deepens, I see that Ophelie haunts the memories and dreams of many family members. For some years now I know how dreams work, and I know the methods of the disembodied to communicate with those who are still in the material world. This family doesn't pour into



spiritualism but everyone has the obscure feeling that one way or another, Ophelie is always there.

One morning Blandine explains to me having spent a horrible night during which she made a powerful nightmare about her sister. She remains deeply marked throughout the day. We are almost 20 years after her suicide!

In the evening we explore the memory using reprogramming by the eye (EMDR) method, plus a personal DIY that allows Blandine to create a form of contact with her sister using the nightmare, although she fights fiercely against that. A form of dialogue is installed using the dream bubbles of the two sisters, it seems quite laborious but the feelings expressed are very intense on both sides. Ophelie calls for help, she begs for help, Blandine gradually manages to understand it, then give what her sister expects. Nothing is easy but Blandine's intention is perfect, so things are done. The next day the atmosphere is suddenly lighter. Something strong has just been emptied.

From my entry into the family sphere, Ophelie tries to communicate with me, she understands that I hear psychically a little better than the average human and doesn't miss an opportunity. For several weeks, I tell her that she has nothing to do here, that she should take off, and I refuse to listen. I have no affinity for this kind of person, incarnated or not, and I don't feel compassion for her. But her suffering is unimaginable.

One morning I'm hanging out in bed at Blandine's house while she's gone to work.

Ophelie took the opportunity to make a new request for a hearing. I am in a good mood this morning and I answer in substance that I agree to listen for a while, while clarifying that I'm a little deaf telepathically, because I currently lack practice, and frankly speaking what she wants to tell me don't really interest me.

For starters, she insists about a friend who has helped her in the last period of her life, a certain Daniel. To be sure I make her repeat his name several times. She didn't realize the quality of this help at the time, but during her years of wandering close to the physical world she never stopped feeling regret for not having shown more recognition. That's it, it's done, let's move on.

Then she gives me a maximum of details about her life and what led her to throw herself through the window. Drugs, alcohol, bad dating, intense and complex feelings towards her father, I learn a lot in a few minutes, more than the members of her own family won't know as long as they are in this world.

I am disturbed by this complex relationship with the paternal image, by the intensity of a toxic love that denatures her adult life and led her to the worst excesses. Ophelie's soul has embarked on a rather difficult incarnation scenario.

Contrary to what she believed, death doesn't have the expected effects: first she finds out that she's still close to the physical world, then people don't really react to her suicide as she would have wished.

She remains like this for 20 years, turning in a loop in her passions and regrets, and can no longer satisfy purely material addictions. A soul plagued by intense suffering, all the more so because she's out of the material envelope which considerably dampens the mental pain. The drugs taken during the incarnation have a powerful effect on the afterlife because they impress the inferior mind, and constrain to remain in the low frequency universes.

Blandine confirms the existence of this friend, Daniel, and his abnegation for Ophelie.

As a result we don't miss an opportunity to explain to Ophelie that she's not obliged to stay here, and that there is much better elsewhere, given her condition. There are liberating elements that seem indisputably to be in the field of forgiveness, deculpabilization, and the expression of unconditional love; primitive religions have more or less vaguely understood this.

The family members then feel something new, they don't feel any more solicited, myself included. It's as if Ophelie had finally begun her journey, and had said goodbye. Something fresh, like a general relief, settles in the family.

Here is the epilogue. On the 20th anniversary of her death, a mass is celebrated in her memory in the small village church. In Catholic dogma, it seems that suicides are promised in hell and that they are not entitled to the traditional rituals of this form of belief, but the religious prelate of the area turns a blind eye, especially as everywhere in France, he will soon have no more customers. Or maybe he's just a good guy? Blandine and I participate in this ritual called Mass, but informed of the reality of things, let us address our thoughts to Ophelie for her to follow her path to the higher worlds.

The same evening, something very dense on the astrophysical plane occurs.

Her father takes care to repress all this, refuses to talk about it and goes to bed. He has his share in these unhealthy affairs and he will have to face them one day, for him too it will happen after the death of the physical body.

But on the other hand, Ophelie's mother stands out from the posthumous letters she wrote in the first weeks after her suicide.

They are of a beauty, a depth and a stupefying force.

Evocation, the whole evening is an evocation. Death isn't a separation, love and remorse remain and strongly influence everyone, whether they are on one side or the other of this world.

Happy journey Ophelie, our thoughts accompany you and support you, that your friends on the other side take care of you.

## TO TRAVEL LIGHT

After the death of the physical envelope we don't carry any jewel, no money, we leave our house, our car, the dishes, the television (that I know is hard!), Our clothes, and absolutely all the material objects.

But sometimes we leave heavily loaded, of all that we have not said, not done, not finished, not settled. With a ball of 10 tons on the back, impossible to fly.

One tip, there's not so many in this book: travel light.

Don't wait to talk to your loved ones about important things, those of the heart. Limit rancor and hatred as much as possible, express your love as much as possible, don't attach too much to your car, your house, the mobile phone or to the local football team.

Do not take drugs, and if you do, stop it immediately, because you would pay the price much further than you suppose. Same with the excess of alcohol.

Open to the beauty of nature, stars, life around you, and be ready to live the unexpected.

What is waiting for you is wonderful, now travel light.

You will be able to create all the things you think you need. Thus many build beautiful mansions when they arrive, and others build them and reside there during the earthly sleep, and thus find them, all ready, for their arrival after their definitive departure from the material body.

Whatever you have experienced or regret in terms of love, what awaits you will heal all the sorrows and all the pains.

Celestial love is greater than the sum of all earthly sufferings.

In this world and in others, travel light.

## EXTRA DIMENSIONAL LOVES

The following is an upgrade course. For those who aren't yet aware, it's important to ask the fundamentals, as was done at one time or another when it was necessary to deliver the information on physical sexuality. The others can go on to the next chapter.

In advance it is necessary to repeat what's already mentioned in another chapter. In the material world we spend a colossal amount of energy to repress the sexual drive. At the moment we are

outside the body of flesh all these locks no longer exist, everything is shown, starting with a huge amount of accumulated frustration since childhood. If you are a conscious traveler, in your first experiences you will be confronted with the impulse of life, it will sweep you, you will be unable to oppose it. I know that in theory, in the spiritual world, there shouldn't be that kind of thing, but it's exactly the opposite that begins with appearance. I repeat that you won't be able to fight hit, but if you are very strong you will be able to negotiate with it, with arguments like: yes, but a little later. That said, past the first times, you'll do like everyone else, you'll get used to it, and you'll have other subjects of interest, more attractive. Yes it's possible!

The vital body has roughly the same architecture as the material body, because it serves as a mold. We can carry more or less of this etheric energy when we travel in the body of light and this has influence on the flow. We have schematically two cases to consider:

#### Travel with big energetic load

The body of light takes the form of thought. The more it is associated with vital energy, the more it is limited in its movements, whether geographically or dimensionally. It will also be more inclined to copy the material body, influenced in this by the very pregnant memory of the energy. In this case, you end up with the attributes of your gender, if you see what it's about, even if the internal mechanics are not there.

It's in this state of travel loaded with vital energy that most things happen in relation to material sexuality. Here are some elements:

#### a) Wide choice

You may be solicited or soliciting travelers in the same condition as you, or even unnamed entities that are addictive to these cases.

There is a third category: nonhuman entities named succubes in the legends of many civilizations. These entities are real, I met them, but don't give credit to the legends attached to them, they are pure crap.

Since each of these pretenders can change their appearance at will, I let you imagine things. Adolescents and young adults are the preferred targets because of the quality and quantity of their etheric load. They often live their first sexual experiences at this level first.

#### b) Discernment

Nevertheless your spiritual faculties, although significantly reduced by vital energy, allow you to do a scan of the form that interests you or solicits you, you know whether you are in harmony or not. The higher your level of Astral Awareness, the more you have this discernment.

### c) Prohibited

The socio-cultural rules tend to fade.

### d) Privacy

As a rule, your private physical spaces are inviolable. But there are exceptions, and you leave your home when you walk around.

### e) Proximity

The ideal zone for this kind of business is in the field of activity of the silver cord. In fact, beyond that, a part of the etheric energy tends to automatically return to the material body, although for that too, there are exceptions. Bad luck, this area is also where you are reexpedied in the flesh most easily. Imagine the game of equilibrist ...

### f) Seduction

Things do not lag, attraction is immediate or doesn't take place, there's little or no discussion, like two magnets that cross, they tend to join immediately. The long palaber, the flower bouquets, the material arguments such as money, car, power, celebrity, all that doesn't exist. Social conveniences, education and sexual repression are left in the body of flesh, you find them intact on return.

### g) Process Flow

It operates in a manner similar to the physical plane, but sensuality isn't limited to certain areas, each part of the body of light has the same potential for pleasure, but remains influenced by the mind and the energetic footprint. There is no equivalent as fluids in circulation.

### h) Intensity

It is higher than that which is possible in the material body. For conscious travelers, the physical equivalent is often a few notches below.

### i) Feelings

Not or very little. It's a pure affair of sensuality. Sorry for romantic spirits...

I stop here, we could add 100 pages, take examples, but this book should change its title ... No, no, another time, later, maybe ...

Travel with low energy loading

You guessed it's my favorite. My reflex is always to get rid of surplus etheric energy before moving away. Overload gives the sensation of being covered with a heavy coat, magnetic and a bit sticky.

The body of light not handicapped by vital energy is a marvel in itself. A powerful life runs through our whole being, we are wonderfully well.

In the natural state, the astral body doesn't exhibit the same appearance as ours in the lower levels. It's incomparably more refined, purer, more beautiful, and even more so when the last slags accumulated during the incarnation have withdrawn from the mind. We take a look consistent with the idea we have of ourselves. Concretely, people seem finer, their outer color changes, taking on a hue that doesn't resemble the known colors of terrestrial human races. There are other fundamental colors, everything is shimmering, soft, beautiful. The equivalent of the sexual attributes disappears even in this appearance, to answer the question about the sex of the angels.

Imagine taking a guy who has spent 50 years in the bush without ever washing, shaving, or healing. He's dirty, gives off very marked odors, has ripped clothes, bad teeth, marks everywhere on the skin. By a magic trick you turn him into a beautiful, young, handsome, slender, and superbly dressed boy. This is the equivalent of what happens to your appearance when you switch to astral mode. No need for retouching, you are now incomparably more beautiful than any terrestrial primate, you are a movie star and adulated by the crowds. Well, I think you understand. Perhaps...

Beyond the strict appearance, people of light possess a sensitivity, an intelligence and to say all a charm that exceeds all that you can imagine, for the moment. The celestial equivalent of their voice is in itself a delight which I am very sorry to not be able to explain in words. Well, you'll take me on my word or better yet, go see for yourself.

In other words, if you come in their dimension with your incarnated mental, you'll fall head over heels in love at every street corner, until you are used to it. You are warned.

To tell you the truth, things are still a little more complicated than that, I told you that this is a trip from simplicity to complexity, do you remember?

It's true once again on the subject of the look. Not only do everyone clearly distinguish the immense sheaf of light that is called "aura" in the physical world, but in a certain way each one has several appearances, at the same time.

If I meet you in a higher world, I'll see the aspect as you program it according to your current mental, but I can simultaneously distinguish a sublime aspect of the appearance that you had

during your last incarnation, or even of several. I say that all this is seen at the same time, without posing the least problem.

Remember that after a certain level, we are devoid of a human form, ball of light version.

Let's go back to our loves.

The equivalent of sexual act in the worlds of light doesn't resemble at all what is happening at the etheric level. To put it directly, it's an integral fusion of the astral bodies, which form only one of them for a certain time. And what's going on at this point is indescribable, say it's something like 1000 times material orgasm.

Unlike what happens in the energy world, and sometimes in the physical world, spiritual affinity is fundamental. Put in the whole of the highest feelings you can imagine, and you'll have a vague idea. There is a mixture of platonic love, of feelings of celestial reunion between two souls, of annihilation-recreation, of tenderness and of infinite attachment to the loved one but also to all that exists in Creation.

As powerful as this manifestation of love can be, it tends to be rarer by winning the higher worlds. In fact, existence on these planes naturally and permanently brings about conditions similar to the most intense ecstatic states.

The sexual drive ends up being put on the back burner with the experiments. I am going to give you a very personal thing: the flight drive is much stronger for me.

Love in the higher worlds is unconditional, it circulates everywhere, there is no place where there is less than another. You, all that exists, light and love are one and the same thing, as well as the Source of Creation, god if you want to use a primitive and rude term. This love presents an infinite number of facets and unfolds in an eternal complexity. You will never tire of it, it will always surprise you, and we agree, this time "always" means eternity.

Love always...

## Religion on the planet of the apes

The superstructure of their psyche being constructed in this way, the human beings who have lived these last millennia on this planet have felt the need to form the concept of preexisting superiors and root causes of their microcosm.

RELIGIONS OF THE FIRST STEP: UNITY

At first, the human being observes his environment and deduces that he's an integral part of it. What he feels in himself is transposed into everything.

Since the mind wasn't so censored as nowadays, these men and women easily see the same energy of life through the eyes of animals, plants, and the mineral world. It seems that today, less than 0.001% of us have this basic ability.

Birth, fight, sickness and death in the world from below, stability and the celestial cycles in the world from above.

The mind is uniformly present in the manifest world. We can communicate with a plant, a rock, a cloud.

It's possible to negotiate with the elements, to obtain a good harvest, game, or cure for an illness. This is how the first ritualized behaviors appear. In the first place, these are methods of modifying the state of consciousness in order to connect to one element or another. Singing, dancing, fasting, taking drugs, individually and collectively, are the four pillars of this method.

The animal totem and the notion of forbidden, taboo flourish in this first system of beliefs.

The feeling of unity favors acceptance and lack of tension. The family and the tribe form the basis of human society. Distinctive signs materialize the identity of the group: a way to dress, to paint the body or to wear a particular jewel. Very often these signs are directly related to a magic connection ritual.

The distinguishing marks have the advantage of clearly identifying who are the allies and who are the enemies in group battles. These wars are originally conducted to capture or defend hunting, gathering or cultivation territories. Soon enough, some take the initiative to exterminate those who have different distinctive signs, who have different animistic connections

The kinship between religion and war is rooted in the survival instinct.

Many elements of the religions of the first step persist in the religions of the second.

## RELIGIONS OF THE SECOND STEP: SEPARATION

In the next step the primitive human being has evolved into more organized societies and characterized by the following two parameters:

Urban life: cities are created, with an architectural organization and rules of life different from those of large spaces.

The oral tradition is relayed by another medium: writing.



The head of a city is in a context different from that of a tribal leader. To establish its authority over a larger number of human beings, the distinctive signs must refer to strong principles, which can prevail over the barbaric and multiple beliefs that surround the cities. The human mind then turns to a concept that was already in reserve in the superstructure of its basic program: it invents the ONE, the unique principle, at the origin of all things.

The master of the city simultaneously invents a proximity with the Unique Superior Principle: he's a kind of emanation, and the guarantor of a privileged relationship between the people and the One God. These city masters are all masters of war, they have won their respective positions by the sword, massacres, enslavement.

Chance and luck have meant that they have not been killed in these conquests. They must find a way to remain in a dominant position without the continual risk of fighting to keep it. A superhuman image draws them from this bad step. Thus is born the nobility, a dominant caste whose power is transmitted to its descendants, who won't systematically fight in person to maintain or consolidate their position.

The nobility is based on 2 fundamental levers:

1 °) Religious prelates whose mission is to program the psychisms of the dominated populations, from the youngest age. The main purpose is to make them accept their fate, this submission to politico-religious authority being felt to be rewarded in a rather vague way in an afterlife equally imprecise.

2 °) An army in charge of those who wouldn't have been completely persuaded by the religious program of the moment.

The unique God, the nobility, the clergy and the army are the 4 foundations of this human society. Let's look more closely at this software "religion of the second step" installed in the human psyche, and more particularly the religions of the book.

Here are the features of the software:

### 1 °) THE SEPARATION, END OF UNITY

The creation of the unique principle, the appearance of ONE has the paradox of creating TWO. The One God appears apart from his creation. He's at a distance, he's no longer in all things but omnipotent, he divides at a distance. There is the creator and his creation, two distinct things. The similarity with the local noble is obvious.

### 2 °) HIERARCHY

While in the original state everything was substantially on a level of equality and we didn't really ask the question of any ranking, here the notion of hierarchy flourishes. From a binary world taboo / no taboo, friend / foe, here is a world of scales of values. The superior principle which is not in everything necessarily dominates all the rest. But this reminder is not uniform, fractions of the creation are superior to other fractions.

The creation is seen as a pyramid with degrees, whose surface is reduced with its height. At the top, the most important elements, but the least numerous.

The pyramid-shaped architectures found around the world are a clue. The software has been loaded into all human brains.

The upper principle at the top, the lower elements at the bottom. The noble on his throne, the second rank nobles are lower, the people even lower. The offices of management at the top, staff offices downstairs. The VIP area at the top, the rest lower. The first class cabins on the top of the ship, the third class in the holds. The names of the most important humans at the top of the page, the others at the bottom...

The diffusion of the concepts of the One God goes through religious buildings and writing.

### 3 °) RELIGIOUS ARCHITECTURE

Religious buildings are assemblages of materials such as wood, stone, glass to form a closed space. These spaces are used by groups of human programmed with a similar version of the RSS (Religion of Second Step) software. They practice rituals derived from first-world religions, with fundamentally different goals.

The space thus delimited becomes sacred. It is a concept inherited from the RFS (Religion of First Step) TABOO, but based on the separation between God and his creation. This space becomes a separate domain where the divine has a certain presence; although residing outside of his creation, he makes an exception. This divine essence also bathes certain objects such as the Reference Book. The sacred principle induces the notion of prohibition and inviolability. Depending on the RSS version used, rules of behavior within sacred spaces may differ widely.

Destroying their sacred objects such as a religious edifice or a Reference Book makes enraged the faithful of this or that version of the RSS software. In many Muslim countries today Christians are persecuted, churches burned and believers murdered. For mysterious reasons, Western media hardly care. In India it's the Muslims and their sacred objects that are the favorite target of Hindu worshippers. The Christians themselves have a heavy history of violence, murder and destruction towards all those who didn't share their idea of God and the cosmos. Ask the Indians of North and South America, for example, Christians have found many ways to promote conversion, for example slicing the hand of refractories, just to reflect.

All these people are charming. Oh yes, it's important to point out that, in theory, second step religions are religions of peace.

Since it's the purpose of this book to present a fairly complete picture of the situation, it must be said that these beliefs have a relative form of existence in the worlds of the post incarnation.

According to the universal law of attraction and affinity, the believers of this or that version of RFS are not immediately deprogrammed after the death of their physical body. Indeed for some it would be quite painful, having based all their life on this hypothesis. Subject to several different parameters, they can find themselves in a place according to their wish, or what they have more or less imagined. The places and the architect in connection with the inclination of their minds are ready to welcome them. The aspects of this world are very close to those of the world they have just left.

I visited one of these buildings. The luxury of the materials used was striking, the whole was a sublime version of a religious building of the physical world. In particular, there was a quantity of precious wood of a magnificent appearance. Everything was resplendent, immaculate. The astrophysical atmosphere was much more agreeable, warmer and more luminous than any of its terrestrial counterparts. There was no one inside when I was there.

People with strong belief systems are acclimatized smoothly. They have as much time as necessary to realize that something is wrong in this paradise. Two clues seem to be the common denominator: God in person doesn't appear, and the place is immediately felt as a place of transition. The access to the super consciousness is done gradually, and arrives at a certain level of comprehension, the former believer inevitably causes the acceleration of its vibratory rate, it disappears suddenly of the level of transition to reach another level which corresponds to his new mental situation.

These dimensional jumps are source of apprehension for those who stay, as for those who leave, but as things went well after the death of the body, we have the tendency to stay optimistic.

#### 4 °) REFERENCE BOOKS

In the RSS software (Religion of Second Step), there is the belief that the book is the unique truth. Unfortunately there is a few updates, hence several books, that partly diverge on minor issues only.

The fanatics of the version 3 of the RSS are waging war to the unconditionals of the RRS 2 and the RSS 1. Warning, there are also sub-versions with updates on even smaller issues, but that provoked huge massacres, as with RSS 2-1-1 and RSS 2-1-2.

Or also wars about the interpretation that we can do of RSS 3.

#### 5 °) RITUALS

This term design a group of behaviors formatted by the religious prelates. For those who are not from this planet, or who still have difficulties to understand what is going on here, rituals often consist in dividing human beings between two unequal groups: the beings called masculin that have the advantage of this common feature with the One God, as, lucky hazard, in the present versions of the RSS, God is never a woman; and the human being called female, who are exactly in the opposite configuration.

The human beings called males are expected to wear certain type of clothes and not any other. In certain versions of the RSS, exposing one's hairy side is very well encouraged, except that when we are considered a female being, it's the complete opposite thing that's prescribed.

In all the RSS versions, it is highly suggested not to eat this or that thing, even if the source of this interdiction are not always clear. An hyper-regulation of when to eat and when not to eat, of what to eat and what not to, sits in the majority of versions. Here we can distinguish the continuity of the taboo principle of the RFSs (first step religions) where the food interferences have appeared. Failure to respect these principles, even if one claims to be unbelieving, still leads today to prison in many countries.

Herited from the RPMs, the ritualized killing of innocent animals takes a very heavy toll. The second step religions are obsessed with blood, even more than the first. The civilizations of pre-Columbian America were great specialists in blood baths, animals and humans. The human sacrifice is inscribed in the common architecture of the religions of the Book, with Mr ABRAHAM to whom a presumed God orders to kill his own son. What kind of humanity is this software aimed at? If this escapes you, there remains in the Christian ritual an act that symbolically consists into eating the body of Christ and drinking his blood.

Let's continue on the rituals. An essential point is called prayer. It consists in speaking mentally or verbally to the One God.

The essential content of this prayer consists in affirming to him our devotion and faith into him. Faith is believing what the prelates say because they read it in the Reference Book, without any tangible proof to support these elements, the devotion is the blind and total submission to the instructions given in the Old Book. It's true because it's written, and it's written because it's true.

Observed from the point of view of one of our Visitors, at least those who aren't at the origin of the software, beliefs and earthly rituals may seem at least comical but are invariably the marker of an extremely primitive civilization. In the mental background that surrounds this planet, this type of prayer confirms the value of our calling card, and keeps us in cosmic isolation, in a universe of infinitely mentally advanced creatures. technologically and spiritually.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE THIRD STEP: CONSCIOUSNESS

Those who have gone through many earthly incarnations are gradually coming to remember what they are and what they can do here. This resurgence can take many different forms, but some features can manifest themselves:

1 °) Diffuse feeling of not being of this family, of this society, of this humanity, of this planet.

2 °) Progressive abandonment of all forms of dogma and beliefs, religions, rituals.

3 °) Personal search for truth which is oriented towards the interior world more than towards the outside world.

4 °) Desire to understand, to know, to experiment.

5 °) Anarchic episodes of opening of consciousness giving a direct access to other realities.

6 °) Need to give oneself goals in life.

7 °) Love of nature, wide spaces, stars.

Even if they are born Christian, Hindu or Muslim, the supporters of the RTS don't have a reference book. They can search in multiple sources, and in themselves.

Like those of the first step, they feel again the Unity of all creation, and the essence of the cosmos as pure consciousness, manifested in an infinite number of forms.

They think that a superior principle may exist, but that they can conceive of it only to the extent of their present limitations.

They do, however, have an idea of what GOD IS NOT:

God is not the guy resembling a primitive human being who would have created an immense cosmos with billions of galaxies, billions of suns in each galaxy and planets around each sun to choose only one to host life.

On this one planet, God isn't the guy who implanted a single pseudo-spiritual species, the human beings.

God isn't the kind of sadist who invents a kind of selection among human beings, to choose those who will live during eternity.

God didn't write or dictate a book that explains the rules of selection, thus depriving all those who died before publication of any chance of success. He didn't arrange for 99.9999% of human beings to lose or simply not be able to participate in the selection.

God didn't choose a tiny fraction of human beings born in a certain part of the planet to communicate to them the correct version of the rule of the game, all other versions being false or made by ignorant human beings.

God didn't chose a microscopic fraction of human beings to be elected, in other words to be favored in the competition.

God has never invented rules of the game such as not eating this, slaughtering such an animal, dressing in this or that way, exhibiting this or that object on oneself or at home to score points.

God never explicitly or implicitly indicates that he had a sex!!! If the principle of gender is a universal rule, which is possible, both have equal importance. Any use of God's name to justify the unfavorable condition of women is an abomination.

God never ordered his creatures to slaughter those who didn't adhere to the exact version of the Rule of the Game, for the unlikely event that this version would exist. He never ordered torture in his name, nor converted by force as many primitive religions do.

For millennia, hordes of savages have been waging war, shouting the name of their god, often the same as the people they slaughter! Isn't it time to be indignant, isn't it time for it to stop? What are we, who does this? The creatures of God, the most evolved in the universe?

We are a bunch of savages, primitive, arrogant, aggressive, stupid. We have been served religions adapted to our level of evolution. They were implanted in the Earth energy field by the Managers of this planet, to give us a beginning of spirituality and to stabilize our social behavior. If necessary, they make more spectacular interventions.

Our Big Brothers, our cosmic family have always been there. They were present on this planet long before we were implanted.

They watched us massacre millions, for centuries and centuries. They are still watching us, when we scream for example, "God is great" while shooting a burst of machine gun at a guy who screams exactly the same thing, when he's not an old man, or a child. They watched us organize the industrial extermination of more than 20 million people, in the 1940s, in Poland in the Soviet Union. They still look at us, proliferating without control until we stifle the planet, with our cars, our smoke, our plastic material.

Where would the hope be?

In the higher worlds no more beliefs, no more religion.

There is no Christian, no Jew, no Hindu, no Muslim in paradise. All these people are in rehab in the lower floors.

As we go up the levels, the light becomes more intense, the love stronger. Love in all things and profusion in all things. Knowledge and possibilities of evolution unfold in all directions. Beauty as we can't currently conceive, in you and around you. Nothing in the books of reference of the RSS is true. The upper worlds are reserving surprises far beyond the imagination.

...

Fortunately, religions are mortal.

Those that prevailed more than 6,000 years ago have completely disappeared. It will be the same for those that exist today. In 1,000 or 10,000 years, they'll be erased even in the memory of the intelligent beings residing on this planet.

## Presence

Are the worlds separated, is there a tight partition which leaves only the Travelers the possibility of verifying that we are not alone, in this world or in the others?

The following is a start of an answer. We'll see that the universes interpenetrate, that there is a dimensional, spatial and temporal continuum, and that communication flows in all directions.

Before any theory, let's look at real-life examples, again. Nothing beats the experience.

### LIGHTNING REFLEXES

My friend Andre is a respected gynecologist, major of the boarding school internship. In his youth, he had passed several IQ tests which placed him all above 180.

We became friends during high school, and although geographically remote, we stayed in touch, seeing us every 5 or 6 years on average.

In the early 2000s, I took advantage of a trip to the region to make the detour and join him in deep France.

While Andre prepares dinner with his wife, I sit in the kitchen and we talk about the good old days

...

It's him who approaches the subject, with his usual punch.

"Do you remember the day when you came to get me to visit Karine, you told me we were going to have a car accident, and we had it right after?!"

30 years before...

I am in Angouleme, by car, Rue de Beaulieu, traveling at 50 km / h towards the ramparts of the old town. I go to my friend Andre who lives with his parents in the suburbs.

For two years, my mind has opened and I will discover something new again. All of a sudden, an extremely clear message comes to the center of my mind, exactly this one:

"You're going to need a lot of reflexes soon"

I am amazed at the strength and clarity of this message, as if someone was sitting right next to me and had spoken to me, it's even clearer than that. This person knows me, and speaks to me directly. This is the first time I hear such a thing, and it's impossible to believe that I've dreamed or produced this message myself, it's too neat, too incongruous, and the universal "signature" comes from an entity that isn't me. This is a very calm, very calm friend who gives me advice, provides me with information but also tells me that I'll have to manage this myself.

I understand right away that I'm going to be involved in an accident and I slow down immediately, until I'm going very slowly. I look in all directions, the streets I cross, the other vehicles, where will it come from? Imminence, it'll happen, very soon, but where and how? I have a strong feeling, I start to imagine that I can be killed in this accident, and I'm looking for something to write a few words, to testify that I had been warned, but there is nothing, neither paper nor pencil.

Nothing comes, I continue to drive at very low speed, peering all that surrounds me. I arrive at the ramparts, turn left to go down Angouleme's hill. I accelerate a little because the motorists who follow me don't appreciate my behavior and let me know it.

Still nothing, when I arrive at the bottom of the hill, I go over the possibilities: did I catch the trace of an accident? No, it doesn't look like an energy footprint at all. So what, my "friend" was wrong, or my caution made that the accident didn't happen? I don't know what to think, but I'm impressed by the strength and clarity of the message.

I still think about it when I come to Andre's house, it's the first thing I say to him: "I just got an astonishing message, an accident will happen to me." Yes but nothing happened.

Andre gets in my car and we go to get our friend Karine whose we have the address vaguely. We quickly forget the "message", busy looking for our friend's building.

Andre has already come to her house and tries to find the place by memory, while I drive the car while looking everywhere around us.



That's how I turn right while looking right in front of me, and at this moment I hear Andre scream: brake!!!

Lightning reflexes, I don't take the time to turn my head in the right direction to know why I have to brake, I crush the brake pedal and stop in 5 meters. But just before I stop, my car hits a man on the road, motionless in the middle of the road.

The bike and the man fall to the ground. Andre is so excited he twists the door of the car out! We go and raise the man to see that he isn't hurt, but drunk to death. He was carrying bottles of wine in the saddlebags and one of them broke. We pick up the bike and drive the man on the sidewalk, he has nothing but gives off a strong smell of cheap wine.

This man had stopped in front of his house in the middle of the road. His family joins him and tries by all means to reduce the symptoms of drunkenness before the arrival of police and firefighters, but it's impossible mission!

"You're going to need a lot of reflexes soon"

It is a few minutes after the accident that these words come back to us. About fifteen minutes between the message and the accident, the imminence isn't what I thought. If I had bothered to see why I had to brake, I would have done more than knock the cyclist over, I would have hit him with the hood.

More fear than harm, but this is my very first accident on the road, and for this event I received a gift, the unexpected and indisputable proof that I have friends close to me, that they can talk to me and see in the near future.

Andre and I are witnesses.

## RADAR DETECTOR

This morning I drive my car to go from Lyon to Marseille. At the moment I open the door, a familiar voice calls to me: "today you'll be caught by the radar."

I am quite amused because I've never had problems for speed excess, so I respond without manners to this inner voice: "I don't care".

In short, I don't take it at all seriously. The road is normal, I'm not a crazy speed but my "friend" quickly returns to the charge, so we start a small discussion.

I openly dispute his talents in predicting events and detecting radar, and kindly nibble at him, while glancing here and there to see if he would be right, all the same. No radar, plus I don't drive fast, then?

To all my observations he reaffirms what he told me: he thinks that I will be caught on the radar, on this journey even today, he's categorical. As nothing happens, I take pleasure in pointing him out. But he persists: "it will happen". Me: "no!" Him: "yes!" Me: "no!"

I arrive at the last toll before Marseilles that of Lancon-De-Provence, and I throw a last spike to him: "you see that you are mistaken!" This time no response from him, humiliated by the facts.

After the toll there is a strong descent, and suddenly I see a police biker passing me and signaling to fall back. I stop and the policeman comes to my door and asks: do you know why I'm here? At that moment I understand that I let myself be carried a little too much by the descent and that I probably exceeded the speed limit, but I didn't see any radar.

But there was one. My friend intervenes one last time for today by telling me something like: "I told you so! Well, this will not go far in anyway..."

Then he disappears, I won't hear from him for months. As he had planned, it wasn't far off, a small fine, because that was my first offense.

This is to say that we can hear voices, but also challenge them, mock them, and be wrong. But it was a game between this "friend" and me, he knew very well what he was doing, and how I was going to react. For me no difference between a physical, telepathic or astral discussion. I don't believe anything on word, and can easily argue with higher beings very ahead of me. It's to say to you if they are comprehensive vis-a-vis an incarnated being who has no complex to put his transitory ego forward.

This obstinacy has its good odds when it comes to countering the parasites and elemental spirits that populate the proximity of the physical world, and who have the ability to "disguise" as spiritual guides, thereby abusing psychics of all kinds sometimes for years.

## BLOWED HEADS

We are in seminary in the Canary Islands. There is a deleterious atmosphere in my company since a few months.

Although being in a pleasant tourist setting, like many of my colleagues I feel in an uncomfortable situation. Zizania reigns, ordinary humans are ordinary humans, even if they did HEC (French Business School).

I am in the company of a young English woman, product manager from the marketing department and two people from the HRD, at the bar, around a table. We have a conventional discussion about the affairs of the company. Mediocrity, banality.

It's a moment when suddenly I feel very lonely, truly solitary. I'm surrounded by humans but they are empty, they are sleepers as usual but they reduce their affect, which gives me the feeling of having semi-intelligent models around me.

Exceptionally I try to find refuge in a neighboring world, a minimum of human warmth. I watch on the frequencies of the aura but my perceptions are poor today, I don't see any extra physical entity in the area. Then I throw a purely psychological call, something like, "My friends, I never ask you, but at this moment I need your presence, I need to know you near me. If you are here, show it to me!"

Instantly after launching this call, a powerful mental image floods my mind with strength: I see the head of this great marketing young lady, sitting right in front of me, but her head is completely surrounded by flames. It is striking.

I am confused by this enigma, what does it mean? What relationship with my call? I think about it for 15 seconds, 30 seconds, 45 seconds, I have time to review different hypotheses, but I can't find the right one.

It's a good minute after the message is decoded. Suddenly this product manager starts to talk about the members of the commercial team, and declare that they are all "burnt heads"!!

I burst out laughing mentally, and I relax at once. I'm not alone, I call them and they are there, I want proof and they give it to me, with everything you need to be safe. Subtlety, delicacy, creativity, they will always surprise me.

How lucky to have such friends, with that sense of humor!

## MESSENGER

The guys on the other side sometimes ask me to give a message. I am refractory to this kind of things, hate to reveal myself on this plane, have a sad opinion of the earthly humanity and am convinced since my realization that everyone has nothing to do but those who can know will know one way or another. In other words, I don't have the temperament of a guru, nor an activist, nor a clairvoyant, nor a healer, nor any advisor whatsoever.

I give in sometimes, especially when it is my close friends who ask me. Examples:

1 - I drive in the direction of St Etienne. I never take a hitchhiker, but I see a teenager hitching up on the side of the road and got a short message: "Stop!". I quickly wait and understand my job:

she just lost her parents who both drowned on a boat trip, three weeks before, and the parents have a message or rather messages to pass to their daughter stayed on earth. We go to a snack in St Etienne and tell her what they want her to know, directly, without any frills. Then I leave on the road.

2 - I'm at my sports club and I see two people coming back to the locker room after playing tennis. Message from my friends to one of these two men, I agree to transmit it without knowing what it means. I stop this one at the exit of the locker room, quite directly because that kind of thing bores me, and send him the message in question, which I don't understand very much, but which concerns this man and his work he's a kind of doctor, and he's a Muslim. He seems to understand what it is about and starts asking questions, but I take leave by confirming that I had nothing else to say to him. The postman gives a letter, but doesn't explain what's in it.

3 - I do a stop in a provincial hotel and I see a woman of about 40 years of which I immediately guess the reason of the presence here, she seeks quick adventures with the travelers who make stop in this high-end establishment . However, there is her aunt who has died for years but who is crammed here for family stories that I don't care about. So I speak to the lady telling her that I just have a message to give her, nothing else, I won't accompany her home as it crossed her mind. She asks for a proof, the aunt who is four meters away shows me a sort of medallion which I describe in detail to my "client", who sees what it's about. I fled after doing my job because niece and aunt don't inspire me at all. Brrrr ...

4 - Reunion Island. We visit a Hindu temple, admiring the radiant colors of the walls and frescoes. This time it's I who want to meet in this place, I lived two incarnations in India and feel close to their customs, in fact very varied. We are only tourists with backpack, camera, among these Hindu believers. I seek contact with someone, anyone, and for that we must reduce mental activity.

The religious prelate responsible for the site is very busy, I see again how much this kind of person is far from the true spirituality, whatever the religion concerned. Rituals and administrative burdens have put them to sleep, or rather have comforted them in sleep since the beginning of their lives. Here are blind men who teach the blind, with the help of the holy trilogy: place and sacred objects, reference book, and beliefs. The religious prelate which works in this temple is very far from being able to understand that I met directly one of his deities, one of those which have a veil on the front, nor that I remember a good packet of past lives, what his religion teaches, but which he hasn't the slightest idea of.

Bruno, my daughter-in-law's friend, talks to a young man about 25 years old. I join them. This boy is of Hindu origin, and immediately begins to speak to me. Bruno is away, we both stay and I listen. He practices this religion but doesn't read any book on anything. But now, in less than a minute, he's approaching with me a strange subject, that of an NDE that he had a few years ago, and about which everybody doesn't care about him. The out of the body, the tunnel, the light, he had all the panoply. No one in his entourage knows this kind of phenomenon, so they all declare

that he had the brains disturbed by the drugs he was injected at the hospital, all including the religious prelates to whom he has tried to speak of it. He remains persuaded that he has lived something real that deeply impressed him.

I tell him that he isn't the only one to have lived this kind of things, that all over the world very different people are telling exactly the same thing. The young man is very astonished, he listens to me with wide eyes.

Then I give him quick information on the different envelopes of the soul, the mechanisms of incarnation and disembodiment, resituating his experience of near death in the frame, all in 10 minutes chrono.

I add that some elements are vaguely evoked in his religion, luck. On this point he seems to be a little perplexed, given the religious reaction to his account of NDE.

All this in a quarter of an hour. Then the young man leaves me to go to perform the rituals of his religion, thanking me warmly.

The truth can be found in a place as unlikely as a sacred space, but the exception is not the rule.

## THE WORLD OF LOST CHILDREN

Where is the absolute? For those who are in a spiritual quest, are the sacred precincts favorable to the manifestation of the divine? Should we retreat to a monastery, a cave, a distant land, a desert or a high mountain?

In contrast, some places are they harmful to our immersion in the truth, the absolute?

Is the outside world the only one to allow us flashes of eternity? Or does this not depend on our inner condition only, or a subtle combination between us and the cosmos? Are there rules for the manifestation of higher things, can they happen at any time, anywhere?

...

This morning I am among others, in a car of the RER B, heading for Paris.

It is a dawn of November as we often see, the night has slowly moved to a landscape of fog. A sad, dull, hopeless world bathes bodies and minds still dormant.

I am wearing the uniform of gray soules, suit-tie-briefcase version

Everyone avoids looking at the other, so we go through a sinister newspaper, or we fix the ground carefully. There are no smiles on the faces, only a few yawns, fatigue, heaviness.

We are isolated beings, without roots, without memory, without beauty and without joy; who could decide to live like this?

Through the windows of the wagon, suburban buildings, bare trees and piles of fog pass in indifference. Fear of others ... The RER stations are sucking, the car is filling up progressively. Approaching Paris, one of these inevitable tramps goes up in our compartment.

Everyone pretends not to hear the brief speech he gives before moving from seat to seat to solicit an alms. It's the same thing every day, and everyone has their own concerns. He has gone through the doors behind me, and I hear he's talking to a group of young suburbanites, like those who don't inspire confidence.

My foggy spirit begins to perceive that something is happening. Going back to the seat, I look at the young men, they are all searching their pockets to give him some coins.

But what seems strange at first, is the state of mind they manifest. They all look like potential delinquent, but they seem to act under the influence of an inner good, interested only in helping as they can this human being who solicits our charity. And moreover they are obviously looking for him to testify of... brotherly love!

This beggar isn't of the same ethnicity as the young people, why do they do that and why do they do it like that? For a few seconds I remain interjected by the show.

As he moves from seat to seat, I suddenly become aware of something deep within me: all layers of my being are drowned by a supernatural love, a love of prodigious strength.

In the midst of us all, behind me there is a Presence, here is where this ocean of warmth comes from. I try several times to see it as for the body of energy or the aura, but it remains totally invisible to my physical eyes.

I observe with amazement the effects of this Presence on my neighbors, on all sides they raise their head, start to smile and look at their neighbors in the eyes, with the candor and innocence of early childhood.

These are not looks and smiles that seek to seduce or dominate, it's the expressions of ecstasy of children that are found in total security, in total confidence in the arms of an infinitely loving and generous mother.

The Presence envelops us in its radiance and rocks us gently. It illuminates and awakens our mind and soul, without a word, without a thought, without the slightest message.

All the people behind me and a large part of those in front of me are immersed in the prodigious radiance. To the faces of the most distant people, I see very precisely the scope of this illumination, the last rows are occupied by sad faces that are not aware of anything.

I look at my neighbor, who looks at me in awe, the man in front of me has the same expression, and I'm sure I have the same smile. Everyone looks surprised, embarrassed and happy at the

same time. Our worries, our sadness and our masks were swept away. We were lost children but we found the original love. We glance at each other with ecstasy and any form of reason seems ridiculous, bathing in the present moment with human brothers who we don't know but who we feel as part of our family.

There is no more separation between young, old, men, women, so-called social categories. All this has disappeared, communion ...

One minute, maybe two, and the Presence is no longer there.

The source has gone, but the light has filled our souls, the flame burns in us. We continue to look at each other, to make small timid signs.

Parisian stations arrive. Some of us have to go down, but they say "goodbye", and the rest of us say "goodbye". There are tears in the eyes.

Over the stations, the witnesses of the light go away, we separate, we tear ourselves apart, we dissolve, the Presence had made of a group of strangers taken at random, a single and same Family. Not to stay together is suffering.

At each station, new beings enter the wagon, gray souls as we were, children who don't know where they come from. They are afraid, they don't look at us.

It is my turn to leave, and here I am alone, still carried by this flame which will fade slowly in a few hours.

...

I sometimes think back to this wonderful, unexpected and improbable gift, in an RER car, by a dull morning of November.

Whoever the being that came to us, he can only be a friend. Some may call him angel or archangel, for me he's a companion similar to those whom I have left far away, coming into this world.

From the depths of this exile, in this dark and scary world, I'm still for a time a gray soul, a lost child, separated from my old friends. I miss them terribly and in the best moments of this life, I shed tears because the memory isn't totally erased.

20 or 100 years are only a flap of eyelids, patience, my soul is enthralled with the idea of flying soon in their company in the vast celestial kingdoms.

You will also come back to find yours, your friendships and your strong love of thousands, millions of years.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER

I am in my 18th year, at the time of the greatest turbulence in adolescence, but for me things are a bit more complicated. My mind begins to open up and a lot of new things come up, sometimes every day. Unexpected as well as incredible: I see clearly and constantly the astral aura in his totality, without effort and in any environment, I hear more and more often the thoughts of humans that I meet, even when they are unknown to me and they don't speak French, my conscience when traveling out of the body was increased, I struggled as I could with some difficulties peculiar to this kind of explorations. More and more often, I have remarkably precise premonitions, and there are several other categories of adventures that don't seem to have an official name, at least "here".

All this in a cultural environment that completely ignores these realities.

Here is the context that should be put in scene to better understand what will follow.

As usual, I will try to be precise.

That afternoon I decided to go to the cinema, alone. I chose a film "karate" which I still remember very precisely, but in view of the French authors I will not give the title because it's one of the purest turnips that I saw.

But I'm almost the only one who still doesn't know it, I see that the room is almost empty, a dozen people are scattered in the rows. I choose, as usual, a middle seat in the front rows. Given the density of spectators, I am very comfortable, no one has my left nor my right across my row.

The film begins and I quickly measure the volume of the turnip. But at my age, the price of entry isn't nothing, I remain hoping that by a kind of magic, the scenario will come surprisingly and that the actors will simulate their role. Unfortunately, the minutes flow and the film becomes as deep and exciting as a footballer interview.

At least I'm sitting, and warm...

I have been there for half an hour when suddenly all my alarm systems are triggered! My mind screams: "foreign presence!", while waves of energetic vibrations start from my coccyx, go up along my spine and flood my neck. Simultaneously, without turning, I feel that someone has entered the room by the side door, the one behind me on the right side.

The mind breaks my ears and covers everything I would have normally wanted to think, the energy waves are incredibly dense, I discover this "internal alarm" for the very first time and I do not understand it.

But there is one thing that is obvious, I feel this presence at a distance, more than 10 meters to be precise, when it enters my space.



I turn around, and I see a man walking along the room, he gets closer and alarms are more frantic! While there is a wide choice of empty rows, this man chooses mine and comes to sit on my right. We are separated only by two empty seats.

Completely turned to my neighbor, I no longer look at the screen, all the senses on alert. He's a blond man, tall, short-haired, dressed in a standard way. It's hard to give him an age, maybe 30, but something tells me he could be a lot older.

Other than that, this guy is not normal at all. He won't stay long, only 10 minutes, but that's where it gets complicated.

First of all he doesn't throw me the slightest glance while I scrutinize him ostensibly and without interruption. It was impossible not to notice my attitude, but it was as if he ignored me deliberately, and he also had a perfect mastery of himself.

Then he doesn't slouch in the chair, he sits with his back straight without touching the back, and he doesn't move a millimeter during all the time where he stays. Neither a leg nor an arm, neither a finger, nor the head, nothing. A statue. I feel like I see someone doing some kind of yoga, but without any effort.

He looks at the screen, right in front of him, his head has an impeccable posture, it's really a handsome man. I observe that he has no expression on his face, nor any wrinkles, he doesn't show any emotion.

In addition to not moving the body, he doesn't blink and his pupil doesn't move, as it should to follow the beautiful actors because we are close to the screen. I lean forward to examine this, I'm sure he sees my moves, but he remains as marble. He doesn't blink!

As for his aura, it makes a meli-melo with mine, we are too close and he doesn't have the sheaf of light of someone who is afraid of me or something else. He has a typical etheric radiation of the living, He isn't a machine.

More incredible, I start to sound psychically at the second where he puts his back on the chair, but I bring back... nothing at all. I have more results with a cat or a horse, what is this guy??? I send all sorts of probes that I know, and speak to him mentally as hard as I can, I question him, all this without any result.

Even the Queen of England would have moved an eyelash, but not him.

It isn't an astral apparition, he's physically present, the seat is marked by his weight. But all my psychic attempts meet only emptiness.

10 minutes, then he gets up as he sat down, and leaves without looking at me. When the door of the room closes, my alarms go out.

I won't talk to anyone for years. Who else but me could know how much this meeting was extraordinary? I had met someone who isn't from here, from what I have deduced, not from our world. Someone who was incredibly psychic, someone who made me understand that my poor psychic abilities were worth absolutely nothing.

This visitor hadn't let me take any information except the one he had, and had come near me. For what reason, and was there only one reason? Have I been "controlled" one way or another?

It remains that I have detected him at a distance, but did he "allow" it, can he neutralize the alert systems of the humans? Despite the violence of the alarm, I wasn't afraid for a second, but I felt an intense surprise and curiosity without limit. In all these things it's necessary to have a first time, for me it was the one you just read.

I put this in a drawer, not knowing what to do with it: the guys from the top wander among us, sometimes, and some look really like us! I'll open this drawer many years later, few events of this type come by chance.

## EMPTY VEHICLE

Again in the first years after the revelation. Focus on the trip out of the body but totally deprived of method, I tinker alone in my corner. My method consists of relaxing the physical body by talking to each of its parts, then slowly calming the mind including the ocean of emotional magma.

I find empirically what works and what doesn't work, visiting many dead ends and making all the possible mistakes. For example, confronting oneself directly to the impulse of life is useless, it only reinforces it and it always finds a way. That's when I understand that all the religious in the world who try to attack sexuality are sticking their finger in their eye to the shoulder, it doesn't work and systematically produces the opposite effect to what is theoretically sought.

The reduction of the flow of thoughts, on the other hand, yields delicious treasures; it's the essence of spirituality, to be in the world but not from this world. When thoughts are spaced out, the consciousness exponentially expands, the "I think so I'm" dear to some philosophers, flies in flames.

What is happening ?

Well, for example, the body returns alone in a state of relaxation superior to sleep, the mind slows down considerably and the breathing also, until it almost disappears. This doesn't prevent the body from making muscular efforts very amazing, and without the slightest feeling of effort.

The hearing becomes an ultra-sensitive organ. I hear extremely loudly sounds like a shower of tiny crystals when desynchronization with the physical world begins. And I hear real symphonies more beautiful than any composition from Mozart or another. They're of a great subtlety and I can

listen to them for whole minutes, I think that some great composers have come looking for their inspiration, and have very roughly translated the divine music with the musical instruments that we know. The first time I hear this music spheres, I think there is a radio somewhere but I quickly realize that the sounds are too delicate, too beautiful and they resemble nothing that we can hear in the material world.

Then there are the tremors, the swaying growing more and more strong, and suddenly the entire universe rocks, everything becomes totally unknown: me, the bed, the body, my environment.

The first time I panic before this unfathomable reality, it will take me a long time to familiarize myself with it.

After these unsuccessful attempts, I rise from bed and carry with me, for a few minutes, the foam of the other world. I notice that all the people I meet are spooked, my own mother will baptize me "my alien" for years, because of this kind of meeting a little premature after my "return on earth". My breathing continues to be very weak and my heart beats very slowly, while my physical abilities seem multiplied tenfold. Dogs don't bark in on way anymore. All this persists for about half an hour, after which things return to normal.

I manipulate in any way my etheric energy, my aura, and several layers of the mental. Contrary to what one can imagine, this has the effect of cleaning up a certain number of nevroses, and of endowing me with mental capacities beyond norms, all thi in a chaotic energy flow managed on the spot, without method or support of any kind, at least on the physical plane. In the nonphysical by contrary, non requested relief and aids flock in.

It's in this period of "energetic DIY" that one of my friends lives a rather singular adventure. We will call him Pierre, for convenience.

Pierre is a young man of my age, but who is very good at everything manual, unlike me. He doesn't read books, only comics, and his hobbies consist mainly in going fishing or hunting. He has no hidden knowledge, probably doesn't know the word, and has never heard of energy bodies or anything like that.

But one fine morning it "falls on me", aghast: "Was it you last night?"

And he tells. I went to visit him last night in his room, on the first floor of his parents' house, and then I left him around 22:00. He had locked the front door behind me, then went back to his room and gave a turn to his door as usual, because he had a younger brother a little bit joker.

Pierre tells...

He goes to bed half an hour after I leave, and puts out his bedside lamp to fall asleep. But after five minutes, he feels like someone is watching him. He turns on the bedside lamp again to see that there is someone, that's to say, me, just in front of him, between the wardrobe and the bed.

"Marc, did you forget something?"

Pierre then puts a few seconds to evaluate the situation, and in this order:

1 °) He closed the door of the house, how could I get home again?

2 °) He also closed the door of his room, and the key is still in the lock, inside.

3 °) If it's indisputably his friend Marc in front of him, at 40 cm of his face, it has a strange aspect which did not jump to the eyes at first sight, like a very dense mist.

His heart jumps, he's absolutely terrorized. But he's certain that it's really Marc, so he tries to talk to him, even if he's now a ghost.

But Marc doesn't answer any questions. Pierre is in shock, he doesn't dream, the "trick" is a few centimeters from him, between the bed and the wardrobe. For 10 minutes, shaking, he tries to react to the appearance, which doesn't flinch.

So Pierre dives under the covers and stays there as long as possible, praying that the thing won't be there when he goes out. When he comes out of this indeterminate waiting, the appearance is always there. He tries to communicate again, but to no avail.

Back in bed, and this time, whew, no more ghost.

Pierre tells me this the next morning, he wants explanations. To put it simply, I summarize things as follows: "You know Peter, there's a body and a soul, well last night, you saw my soul!"

Pierre was satisfied with this explanation and we never spoke again until I began to write this episode. He doesn't really remember this, which nevertheless shocked him at the moment. This is the memory, for many of us, we sail on the ocean of existence without knowing that there's a wake, and that we are the result of our trip.

Pierre didn't have my visit tonight, but the one of my empty energy hull accidentally programmed by my DIY exercises. Thus, many ghosts, or appearances, are only abandoned vehicles, which still work with the "software" most used by the former entity. Eventually this energetic mass dissolves in the energetic field of the earth, it can take 3 days in general, sometimes 3 years, exceptionally 3 centuries. The Mayan civilization was expert in the art of maintaining and using this energy, these empty shells.

# Evolution

Since childhood, a number of direct personal experiences gave me access to the following realities:

There are many worlds characterized by other vibratory states of matter-energy. All that exists is multi-dimensional, including us.

Intelligent beings from distant star systems are present on the earth.

This chapter tells a part of my path in the understanding of this reality.

Nightly observation

We are in a period where there are a lot of UFO demonstrations all over the world.

It's the end of the summer, the night is well advanced, I'm with a group of friends in the middle of the countryside. Some play guitar, others smoke cigarettes, I do neither, looking at the sky. No moon, there are plenty of stars.

Late in the evening, I observe something strange, groups of four luminous points are flying above us. These points are barely bigger than the stars, but they pass in large numbers. I make the remark to my friends, who raise their noses and nod, indeed there is a pile of stars passing from west to east, well. I point out that there's absolutely no sound, that if these things were light aircraft we would hear them. Yes, well, nobody wants to ask questions, except me apparently.

In a few minutes it passes thus between twenty and thirty series of four luminous points. The parade ends with the arrival from the west of a much stronger white light, like a car headlight seen at 300 or 400 meters away. This light arrives at the same speed as the previous groups, but it stops almost right above us.

It flashes about once every two seconds. Obviously, there is something above us that doesn't seem to be far away at all. This time my friends are also wondering: it isn't a plane because it's fixed and close by, and not a helicopter because everything is totally silent. The light flashes for about a minute while going out of the way, then starts and resumes its course to the east, disappearing quickly.

I notice how my classmates classify the event: in the trash. Why? Because we'll never have the means to know what this thing was, and that in any case it doesn't matter, so we forget.

## Big cigar on the small valley

About the same time, about 15 kms from my small town, strange events occur in a small village on the edge of the river.

The site is very charming, there are only a few hundred inhabitants.

The small petrol station is the first to wake up, every morning around 5 am the owner opens the establishment. That day the sky falls on his head. A huge cigar flies over the valley at a very low altitude, it moves slowly in total silence. A cigar flying much bigger than a truck, or a railway car. It passes right above the pump attendant.

The next morning very early there are three friends with him, whom he managed to convince to be there, in case the cigar came back, so that at least we can believe him! And at the same time the cigar comes back, flies over without a sound. Now there are several witnesses.

The next morning it's a real small group of morning people who got out of bed, just to see this thing, in case he came back. And he comes back, exactly at the same time.

He comes every morning all week long. In the end it's the whole village waiting at five in the morning, nose in the air, to the children who are forced to go and see that.

There will be an article in the newspaper of my small town, but no gendarmerie investigation will be conducted, no ufologist will be warned. Internet doesn't exist yet, nor the mobile phone, prehistory.

## Out of body travels and psy experiences

The following years I am bathing in the experiences narrated in the preceding chapters. I develop the astral consciousness and the transmission of information in the material body.

The extraterrestrial visitors manifest themselves less than two months after the beginning of my research, I'm only 16 and half years old, a guy from Zeta Reticuli, a species commonly referred to as the greys (gray, not nice for a nickname), leads me to another alien, a very beautiful tall and blonde woman wearing a blue jumpsuit. She has perfect features, from which she emanates immense intelligence and astonishing self-control. We talk, and as a token of our relationships she kisses me softly, between the nose and the mouth. This woman is a "Nordic" according to the name that will be used many years later. In summary I am confronted with these people at least 15 years before this type of information begins to circulate.

A little later I have this visit in a cinema, told in the chapter PRESENCE.

Over the years I regularly bring back memories of meeting with people who aren't born on this planet. The nature of our relationship is always the same: I am a member of their family, stationed on earth, incarnated in a primitive envelope, that of the terrestrial human.

During those years, my own mother who doesn't do it with bad intentions still gives me the nickname: my alien. This is the mark of her incomprehension of what her son is, but it contains nothing pejorative.

I don't attach myself to this kind of marketing positioning, but remain fully aware of my differences with sleepers. I work a lot on myself and think that it's normal to feel, as a teenager, a stranger to a family, a society, humanity or even a planet. I try to emancipate mental and emotional schemes implanted in my psyche during childhood, and I succeed gradually, painstakingly.

In adulthood, the astral memory sometimes shows singular elements. For example, if I'm aboard a spaceship in the presence of human abductees, I am not one of them but I am on the side of the organization, the Patrons who lead their program on the management of this world. I work with them.

I have in memory this kind of thing in great detail, but without drawing any conclusions, until I traveled to Canada about 15 years after the first events of this type. For the first time I come across a book describing abductions by aliens, and the ground opens under my feet, there are precise descriptions of details that I have known for years. Once again I have to manage this fusion between the astral memories and the objective reality: I have been knowing for a very long time and I shouldn't be.

Then during a particular astral journey at the end of March 2004, I finally understand that the painting isn't the one to which I clung frantically until now: there are visitors, but also there is, well and truly Managers who manage this world, and even very closely.

For one night I take a big slap. I call illico my childhood friend who built a website about UFOs. It makes me discover the book by Corso: THE DAY AFTER ROSWELL, and other writings of the same ilk. I then become fully aware: we aren't alone here, we have never been. Really.

It took me a long time to accept that, but now it's done, I know, I understand. This reality seems to me to surpass all other subjects, I begin to know more, and begin to travel to examine the details.

Amsterdam, NEXUS World Conference, 2005

Nexus is an excellent magazine dealing with these topics.

This conference is attended by several people from the Ufology world, for example Linda Howe (USA) and Valery Uvarov (Russia). In "off" I listen to the revelations of each other, my friends the "gray" do not have the rating here, it seems...

There are a lot of very interesting people, including the IAC leaders who tell us about the trip out of the body, exactly the way I would have talked about it.

The rigor of the organization and the quality of the speakers selected by NEXUS reveal to me something new: there isn't only idiots on this planet.

Barcelona, July 2009

With Blandine my girlfriend we came on a motorbike, without really respecting the speed limits, lack of time. It's very hot, we are many, from all over Europe. Our common conviction: we aren't alone in the universe, the earth is visited by higher intelligences.

Some have seen something, others have long been concerned, without knowing exactly why. They read, do research on the internet, they want to learn more, they want to understand.

UFO American associations of the first generation are on the decline. New organizations emerge, such as the Institute of Exopolitics whose advisory members are based in many countries: Canada, Italy, South Africa, South America, Turkey, Australia, England, India, States United...

Many of the speakers here have joined the Institute for Exopolitics.

Among them Robert DEAN. 83 years old, white hair, tall, elegant, a deep and serious voice that immediately catches the attention. First a military life on the ground, leading wars as bloody as that of Korea, until this position at NATO HQ in France. DEAN has a COSMIC TOP SECRET accreditation, nothing is hidden from him.

He tells. On February 2, 1961, the NATO and WARSAW PACT arms will begin the 3rd World War, nothing less. Suddenly, all nuclear weapons security has been lifted on both sides. They only have to press the button, and it's the end of the world. Why? This morning, the armed forces of both sides were flown over by a large number of objects flying at high altitude. Flight formation, very high speed, circular-shaped apparatus resembling nothing known to the adversary, each block thinks that the other has released its secret weapon. It took a hair, and the people didn't know anything about it. The Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of NATO decided to set up a commission to investigate this phenomenon, which almost caused the apocalypse.

1964, one fine morning, the senior officer of Robert DEAN said to him: "I have something that will wake you up". He takes him to the vault and puts the report in his hands. He has a big file, photos, analyzes. DEAN doesn't give the details of the investigation, who conducted it, with what means, but what he discovers that day is extremely convincing.

He doesn't have words strong enough to explain how he was shaken by this file. Everything collapsed for him at this moment, he became another man, the one he was before disappeared completely. He had lived the worst atrocities on the battlefield, but here he talks about annihilation



of what he was, his convictions, his value systems, his intellectual references, everything. A huge shock that still resonates in him 45 years later.

Indirectly, it makes us understand what can happen in case of brutal and integral revelation to poorly prepared populations. DEAN repeats that we must know, but he unintentionally shows the exorbitant price of this knowledge.

Thus Revelation - if it takes place - must be carefully prepared, otherwise no one can foresee the consequences.

DEAN finds that we have always been visited by at least four different species. One of them created earthly humanity by genetic engineering about 200,000 years ago. In other words, we are not "visited" but watched and cared for like the animals of a natural reserve on the scale of the terrestrial globe. Our "administrators" deal with all the fauna and flora, nothing tells us that humanity has a place of choice in their minds. Well, all this, I've known for some time.

They have such a technological and mental advance that we're unable to compare ourselves to them, despite nuclear weapons. Moreover, it's the conclusion of the report: we know nothing of their intentions, they seem neither aggressive nor benevolent, and if they decided to annihilate us, it's nothing that we can do. All this remains valid today.

Robert DEAN is a remarkable speaker who speaks to the mind and to the spirit. He reinforces our ego: "you who are here, you are good people, you know that you have been lied to", and he reassures us: "we are a species in evolution, there's a part of light in our heritage, our destiny is in the stars, we will find our Family".

Several standing ovations, DEAN wins a great success. His age is a guarantor of sincerity, he has a beautiful prestance, he releases a kind of quiet force, impressive for many.

And then there is Steven GREER, He's a member only of his own organization: the Disclosure Project, but he kicked a big kick in the anthill in 2001 with his project "DISCLOSURE". Presentation to the press of a line of first-rated witnesses: military officers, officials who have all testified under oath, affidavits to be produced before the American senate. What they say in the testimonials is MEN IN BLACK, STAR WARS, STAR TREK and STARGATE all at the same time; no ordinary UFO sightings!

If DEAN is a wise man, GREER deliberately positions himself as a star. Amusing...

Physically, it's Schwarzenegger. Then he knows big people. He just briefs OBAMA himself by sending him a big file. Obama will never react to all this, it seems.

The Disclosure Project had been more successful with the couple CLINTON and the Director of the CIA on the occasion of his mandate of the time, meeting them directly just after the presidential election.

Humanity is plunged into ignorance but the Disclosure Project has answers and explanations. There are two major objectives: to stop the militarization of the cosmos (the part that is close to the earth) and to provide all the humanity with exotic technologies that will allow us unlimited and free access to ultra-clean energies.

This association is atypical, it provides details about the technologies AND that nobody had advanced before that, and publicizes unpublished testimonials.

Barcelona is a real success, we meet lots of nice and interesting people, it's the biggest event that has ever taken place on the subject UFO in Europe.

But despite the number of participants, this awareness remains the fact of a very small minority, in each country a few people who understand that the implications of the extraterrestrial presence far outweigh the news topics presented by traditional news organizations .

And it will last a long time...

California, November 2009

At the beginning of 2004, I realized that this Presence was far from being marginal. My perspective has changed dramatically: these people are not tourists!

They were here before us, long before the existence of the earthly human race. They have always been there, they never left. We have never been alone. They manage this planet: geology, flora, and all forms of life. They're probably organized in the form of a federation which gathers several different species.

Everything here bears their mark, even in our flesh and in our psyche. But as has always been the case, we can't realize it. To understand this, one has to jump out of this world, like the fish that jumps out of the water and thus discover for the first time the liquid element in which he lives.

In reality the soil of this planet doesn't belong to us, we are only passing guests, tenants. Whether we are rich or poor, each of our lives is extremely short: 100, 120 years old at most.

Our concept of free will rests in theory on the freedom of functioning of our psyche. Our culture brings to the highest the idea of thought and intelligence.

Since ancient times, some humans have understood the fragility of this system, and reprogrammed at their will the psyche of a large number of humans to satisfy their need for power

...

What can do in this area immeasurably more powerful and intelligent beings than our ephemeres "great men"?

These people above have access to knowledge accumulated over millions of years. They're masters of science of which we don't even know the existence, just as a man of only a hundred years ago could not conceive the world of computing and the internet that we have today.

In comparison, what is our heritage? A few centuries of philosophy and literature, and barely more than 200 years of technological progress.

Well, here are three paragraphs not to say things directly.

In other words, as far as we're concerned, they made the machine, the computer that makes it work, and the programs that run the computer. They take care of the updates.

Good news: in spite of appearances, you're neither the machine nor the computer nor the programs. You're the User.

...

Let's go back to 2005. This sudden realization was followed by reading the books of the Disclosure Project. The facts reported in these books as well as the author's analyzes are very different from what is usually found in the UFO literature. I share most of the ideas presented.

The immense majority of people have no interest in this subject nor measure its prodigious importance. Everything goes as if "Someone" had decided that way, for the moment.

That's why I have no taste for proselytism, having no need to convert anyone to anything. Those who can know already know.

On the other hand I am animated by the imperative need to learn and to experiment. To see the reality, to touch it, to immerse myself in it completely lucid.

This is what the Disclosure Project proposes: CE-5 initiative. (closer encounter to the 5th type). In summary, it's a matter of making a phone call for an appointment with ... guys from above. A kind of cosmic MEETIC, without frivolites.

## Principles

The universe is alive with life and intelligence.

The consciousness bathes all that exists and knows no limit in time and space. It's non-localized and allows instant communication between two points of the universe, even extremely remote.

Advanced civilizations have developed technologies that merge matter, life and consciousness.

This science allows interdimensional travel as well as hyperluminous displacement in the physical cosmos.

A pacified and uninterested human consciousness carried by an appropriate Intention can launch a call for a meeting request.

The guys above are able to judge the proper way to manifest themselves to humans, given our level of personal awareness. Our fears, our misunderstandings and archaic psychic conditioning, whether unconscious or not, determine the degree and nature of the encounter.

In minor, the CE-5 protocol integrates a battery of technical means: electromagnetic waves, sound, light.

It's on this program that I join a group of 40 people in November 2009. We're in a Californian desert, there's a majority of inhabitants of the USA, some Canadians, 3 British, 1 person comes from Malaysia and shows us UFO photos over his house. These photos are very clear, very detailed and we see the process of materialization of the vehicle.

CE-5 trainings have been in the USA for more than 15 years, I am the first French to participate. We are welcomed.

Before coming I examined my intentions.

I didn't come in the hope of attending any spectacular event, but to learn more, to understand more, in a group whose mental conformation might favor a greater mind opening.

One of my main traits is that I don't worship anything or anyone on this planet. I am allergic to gurus, and don't hesitate to shake them hard, when I meet one who plays it a little too much.

The Disclosure Project is a "not for profit" type association. The president is Jan BRAVO; Linda WILLITS, Debbie FOCH and Emery SMITH constitute the office, and spokesman Steven GREER is the director. CSETI is an emanation of the Disclosure Project.

Although the revelation of the extraterrestrial presence has little to do with the practice of medicine, Steven GREER is particularly close to his title, he signs all his writings with GREER M.D (Medicinae Doctor). Purely American coquetry? Not sure, Jan BRAVO is a medical doctor herself, but I'll never hear anyone putting her on this title during a conversation, unlike the spokesperson.

It takes a lot of strength for this organization not to fall into the sectarian drift. Indeed all the ingredients are gathered, and beyond: important financings, world notoriety, contacts with the powerful of this world and even more with the "super earth powers", and to crown it all, hyper centralization of organization around a single person.

Another peculiarity of the leader: he's accompanied by a bodyguard, also member of the office: Emery SMITH. Detail all the more strange since he was late to culturism, but obviously did what it took to quickly resemble Arnold SCHWARZENEGGER, because Steven is very tall. Emery is very strong, but from a distance you can wonder who's the bodyguard.

I had the opportunity to chat with Emery, he has an undeniable spiritual journey. Good recruitment.

No one pretends to hold the truth or understand everything, but one doesn't compromise on subjects that are repeatedly experienced and verified. I understand this attitude without difficulty, I'm exactly like that on the subjects I know. From the outside, it can be considered as sufficiency, whereas it's simply weariness. Trying to explain colors to a blind man from birth is useless. If there exists a way, start by giving him back the sight, after that we can talk, share and exchange.

I'll understand during this stay that if many things are presented during this training, some topics are just touched. Either they're not judged essential, either they appeal to concepts too far from what one can currently understand.

The day is punctuated precisely:

Morning personal work: meditation, remote viewing, physical exercise. Nothing is imposed on the substance and the form. Do what you want, you know the objectives of the group.

The afternoon is devoted to a meeting of sharing and training. Dr. GREER develops the topics in his books, books that we took care to study before, as well as a good package of documents and CDs sent to us a few weeks before.

At night, it's practical work. We're out in the desert, far from everything. We turn our calls and watch the heavens, which are beautiful. We're given basics in astronomy.

I think I've never been so cold in my life. Yet very well equipped, I shiver for hours the first nights, until I understand what must be done to stay still in the icy wind.

I have to fight against a persistent cough and a jet lag that plunges me at any time of the day and night in a deep sleep, two handicaps that don't leave me all week long. Luckily there are these tests of remote viewing or the French representation of the moment is distinguished but positively this time.

Okay, I didn't come for that, but something happens on the 3rd evening. We pause for about half past midnight, trying to warm up a bit. We are 30 or 50 kms from any frequent road, and not the less dwelling around the corner. I don't have time to think again, and the hypothesis of a contact didn't touch me for a second, so sudden and unexpected is the thing. My mind runs on a purely fast reflex mode. It lasts between 2 and 4 seconds.

A huge glimmer tears apart the dark starry night.

It's so sudden and so intense that my first thought is that the sun has just risen at once, and that in a second it will be daylight like noon.

Then I think that an ammunition depot has just exploded, and that we'll suffer the shock wave immediately.

Finally I think: no, it's an atomic bomb, in a split second we'll all be disintegrated. No fear, no time. Just a finding, there's nothing to do, we are dead.

My memory restores to me a kind of bright red zigzag which goes towards the ground. A halo of golden light surrounds it largely. The ensemble covers a large part of the sky from the horizon. It's much brighter than fireworks and a powerful storm lightning in the night. Even for these two phenomena, there's a kind of rise and fall in intensity of light, even very fast. I don't remember that. A light wave of the square signal type and not sinusoidal. Immediate total intensity, immediate disappearance without decay.

I've never seen that kind of colors in the sky.

Very astonishing also the few seconds after the blast of light. We're all expected to take a big shock to the extent of what we've just seen. But nothing, not a sound, total silence ...

We are all astonished by the thing!

Other things happen during this stay, but I chose this one to illustrate the fact that something can be manifested to us if our request and our intention are in adequacy with the criteria of our correspondents.

The objectives of CSETI don't stop at the disclosure of extraterrestrial presence, and can be summarized primarily by the following two points:

#### 1 °) THE GOLDEN AGE ON EARTH

In the first place CSETI brings many testimonials showing that exotic technologies have been developed by humans following various contacts with ETs. These technologies remain secret, they are used by a global elite established in space for several decades. These technologies would make it possible to finally get rid of fossil fuels such as oil and coal, as well as nuclear energy. They would give access to unlimited energy to everyone on the planet and put an end to misery anywhere in the world. They could eradicate much of the pollution generated by current technologies. CSETI advocates that these new technologies be publicly available and used around the world, even if the financial empires based on current energies should collapse.

#### 2 °) UNIVERSAL PEACE

CSETI wants the different peoples of the earth to have peaceful relations with one another and to practice the same with alien civilizations as well.

The CE 5 trainings are meant to train Earth 'ambassadors' who have no racism or prejudice towards alien creatures, whatever their physical appearance that can be extremely disturbing for our current mind.

On this subject my opinion is that this thing of ambassadors is pure marketing to recruit trainees. I don't imagine for a second that the Managers need diplomats of this kind, and if there are structures to put in place I don't doubt that everything is already done, and in the most perfect way. Or does GREER rather mean "relay" to transmit the revelation to the populations? I have seen, however, that some trainees take this concept literally, which will make me laugh a lot.

CSETI categorically rejects the fact that there may be bad ETs likely to be aggressive, or with a desire to conquer this planet. It argues that there's a heap of evidence that human beings can slaughter each other by the millions, but that there's no evidence that a being from there has been dangerous except in some cases where he had to defend himself against the attack of a human, a fighter jet for example. They explain that ETs have such a technological edge that they could crush us at any time, and there would be nothing we could do to prevent them, even today. They fiercely oppose to the militarization of space, explaining testimonies in support, that secret weapons put into orbit for more than 20 years were used against ETs ships, destroying them at times. The famous space shield of President REAGAN would be directed towards the space.

The fact that there has been no retaliation for these military attacks tends to prove that we aren't dealing with warlike civilizations comparable to what we are now.

This pacification of our behavior would make possible our progressive integration within the great cosmic community.

Wilshire, England, July 2010.

The second half of July is the most conducive to events called crop circles. Each year 20 to 40 circles appear in this region.

To begin, I will formulate a personal opinion on the phenomenon.

Almost all of these "crop circles" are perfect from the sky, and often have complex geometric structures that are part of an elaborate mathematics. They are often close to archaeological sites or enchanting landscapes such as these beautiful rounded hills of the region.

Seen from the ground, most of the time, the wheat stalks are curved down from the foot. Many people visiting these formations feel a subtle form of energy. As far as I'm concerned, apart from the natural serenity of the place and the beauty of the landscape, I really don't feel anything special.

Would I be abnormal? To give the substance of my thought, many of these circles give me the impression of a human realization, one way or another.

But there are exceptions, and they don't confirm the rule. I observed and photographed formations far from the most frequent paths. The ears of corn are permanently deformed from the 1st knot and the 2nd knot, they're not layered as if they had been crushed in one way or another. Even from the ground, the ears form 3D figures, including spirals, flowers, like vortices. Incomprehensible.

We can flatten a head, 100 or 10,000 stems from the foot without any problem. But just take one stem and try to deform it that way, you can't do it without breaking it. And there are millions and millions of stems shaped to draw gigantic spirals. An evidence emerges: it's not about mechanical means.

Throughout the days and our explorations, a reality is forcefully imposed: whatever their origin, the crop circles are places of rendezvous. People from all walks of life meet and meet here. They come from all over Europe, from America, from Japan, from Asia, they come from everywhere.

There are sensitives, practitioners of alternative therapies, artists, but also people who have experienced strange things, they don't explain. And that has impressed their minds. They lived an ordinary life, and the extraordinary was invited in their life, without warning.

For example, this man from Austria. He had a total paralysis of the legs. Although his days aren't in danger, he's doing a kind of NDE where he's encountering great 'light' beings who aren't of this world. Shock. When he comes back, he gets up and walks, right away. No phase of improvement, no reeducation, he's healed. It was many years ago, and he's before me, he still doesn't understand, he seeks, he can't forget.

Or this group of French who aren't at their first visit here. Three years ago, they were in a crop circle. A ball of light appeared, flying over the wheat at a few centimeters. Big as a balloon, visible in daylight. It stayed several minutes, disappeared and returned. The owner of the field was present and also saw it, he went around his field to try to find an explanation, without result... Others saw UFOs, sometimes close up, and they didn't know that it existed, they believed what everyone believes, what the press tells, the TV. They come here to understand, to try to find out more.

All these people have an appointment here. They meet, they cross each other, they reveal their experiences. They could be on holidays under the sun, at sea or in the mountains, but they chose to come here because it's more important to them.

Some have more or less sophisticated magnetometers. With these devices, there happen undeniably funny things: it's often a real concert when placed in the crop circle. I have seen many times, the needles are blocked to the maximum, while in the cars before arriving, nothing, no signal. And we're in the middle of a field, no metal objects, no high voltage lines, only earth, wheat and some human hands.



And then strange pictures. There too, it happens too often so that we don't ask questions. The digital apparatuses record shapes, objects in the air, while nothing is visible to the naked eye.

Voila, the phenomenon is subtle, something happens, we are told something, we whisper softly in our ear. For the moment it's like that.

...

I hesitated to write the following and put it in this book. But I told myself that I had to bring these elements.

During this summer of 2010, I met someone to whom they didn't just whisper in the ears.

To protect his tranquility and his family, I remain discreet about anything that can identify him: name, first name, nationality, place of our meeting.

During a private dinner, I was with "X", several family members and some of their friends. X has been in direct contact, on several occasions, with an extra-terrestrial person. Face to face meetings.

Many of us think that our rulers, our military don't know anything about the phenomenon, that no material evidence has ever come to support all these stories.

False, completely false. The governments of the main powers are perfectly aware. They hold extraterrestrial artifacts. They have pictures, movies, very accurate documents on the issue. In secret, they sometimes have ET corpses. This reality is absolutely no doubt for them, any more than its extraterrestrial origin. Certainly they're trying to unravel the secrets of their technology, and even more difficult to understand the intentions and motivations of the higher intelligences that manage this planet.

Because this planet is under the responsibility of a small number of ET races which act by delegation of the "Galactic Federation". Each soldier in the "need to know" in each country knows the physical characteristics of these races as well as their stellar systems of origin. The ships they use, when they want to appear, are specific to their respective civilizations. All this is known, and for a long time.

There is no point in trying to convince or inform those who run the most powerful countries in the world. It's laughable to make such an attempt, they have much more evidence than is generally imagined.

All this is very clear to me now: it's a huge joke, a big lie by omission. They don't want to talk about it, read the COMETA report, in its conclusions: do we have to inform the population? The answer is no.

They can't talk about it because what they know is nothing compared to what they don't know. And some things are simply impossible to reveal to an 'average' population.

So, the greatest fear is that the initiative of revelation comes from above, the real Managers. My opinion is that there will be no revelation from below, from our political and military structures. Neither today, nor tomorrow, neither in 2020, nor in 2 centuries. The secret will continue until the true Bosses decide otherwise.

At the end of the evening, seeing the other guests unresponsive to these stupefying elements that were unpacked in front of me, I question them. There are people aged 20 and 60, all very well socially integrated. They answer with a beautiful set: ah yes, we have known for a long time, we have seen, and many times. One of them, we'll call him Peter, gets up and goes to get some pictures in another room. Photos he himself took, we see 4 big lights above the property. Peter is a very fervent Christian, and he says to me: You see, tonight, these UFOs stayed more than 20 minutes above me, they didn't make any noise. The whole family went out to observe them, and it wasn't the first time.

And he adds: Now I await the coming return of Christ, for it's said in the Bible that his return will be announced by signs in heaven, and these signs, now we see them all.

Ufology Congress in Arizona, February 2012.

I'm going to lose some of my certainties.

The goal is in particular to attend the sessions of Yvonne SMITH. They take place every morning before the conferences, in a separate room. No journalists, no recordings, no photos, all this happens only between the people present.

What is it about? Abductions by the "guys from above"!

The pioneer in this field is BUDD HOPKINS, a New York artist. It's in 1977 that he began to study by hypnosis the syndrome of "MISSING TIME". Budd died at the end of 2011, after writing several reference books. A small group of Therapists and investigators have been with him for many years: John MACK, David JACOBS and Yvonne SMITH.

John MACK, professor of psychiatry at HARVARD, was the first psychiatrist to examine the cases presented by Budd HOPKINS. At first very skeptical about these stories of abductions, he notes two things:

Most of these cases are symptomatic of post-traumatic disorders (PTSD)

The people involved don't have pathological profiles from a psychiatric point of view.  
Conclusion: It's as if they had really experienced this traumatic event.

Over the exams, John MACK reveals more and more troubling things.

He keeps some details of these totally secret testimonies, we're in the pre-internet era. At first he intends to confuse the fabulators, but he arrives at the opposite result. Indeed these secret details are found in other witnesses! They relate to the instruments used by the ETs, on the ETs themselves, on their ship, on the process of removal. People who don't know each other, scattered all over the United States, and who come from different socio-cultural backgrounds, all these people tell identical things, with great precision.

John MACK writes two major books: ABDUCTION and PASSPORT TO THE COSMOS. He died in 2004 in a traffic accident in London.

Yvonne SMITH is one of those pioneers, these early explorers, those who began to listen and hear all these people.

Because there are many, in any case here, attending this congress. We meet them everywhere, and of all kinds, to the point where each new meeting these people question each other: "have you been abducted?"

This is how the second day I find a joke in response: "yes, three times," then I let my interlocutor take a serious look and prepare the following questions, like: "would you like to tell me about it?" Then I follow: "3 times, in three different marriages."

In the sessions of Yvonne SMITH there are almost only abductees, contactees and close witnesses. The first day we are thirty, and the last almost 90.

We lost our sensitivity, I lost it. In order to adapt to the world as we think it is, our psychology strives to be rational, reflective, and to make cold analyzes based on a so-called realistic vision. So I was preparing to be a spectator, I was wrong.

Some of the following names have been changed, and some too personal details aren't mentioned, out of respect for these people.

The first one to talk about is this big guy, MIKE, 64 years old, an ex from US Army, sitting just to my right. At the end of his adolescence, he went to the forest with his brother to hunt. They camped on the spot and in the middle of the night they saw four very strange blue lights above the trees.

The next day, they carefully avoided talking to each other, as we often see in close encounters. Apart from the light, no memories, but they both began to have nightmares and were very nervous and psychologically disturbed.

A long time went by, whole years before they decided to look again on this famous night, after trying everything else: doctors, drugs, etc.

Hypnosis has brought back to these two young men the same story, that of their abduction and their stay aboard a flying machine that wasn't of this world. MIKE has a deep, restrained voice; he has integrated part of his adventure, but he's taken 30 or 40 years for that. But for him the history of the world as taught at school is a lie.

His military life in the Air Force, he passed it in front of the radar screens. He recorded the exchanges with the pilots. When they saw unidentified flying objects, there was a special procedure. Mike explains that there was this "non-broadcast brochure", which gave the specific orders to be applied for UFO sightings, so that all this disappeared into a black hole.

MIKE dwells a long time on the difficulties he had in keeping the faith, believing what he had been told in the church, after this stay in an alien ship finally emerged in his consciousness. People like him don't propose anything to replace or explain. They all end up forging their own religion, which has nothing to do with that of their parents, I will see it many times during these few days.

Then a woman gets up in turn to talk, she looks all that is normal.

But after 20 seconds she explodes with fear, despair and anger before us, she was abducted, her parents were abducted, and what she feared most now happens: her two children are abducted in their turn.

In an instant the atmosphere becomes heavy as lead, I punch myself in the plexus, my belly is stretched, and my heart opens. It won't close again in front of these people.

Over the days new faces appear, we are more and more numerous in this room, we must constantly add chairs.

The testimonies follow the testimonies.

Joe WISNIEWSKI was not abducted. He came here with his wife, who supports him and holds his hand, a united couple, who for once doesn't seem to sacrifice to the American tradition of junk food. Joe is a firefighter, we see that he's in shape, although in his late fifties.

He tells a lot of details, he passes the scenes, image by image, we understand that he has done this a thousand times. He's two seats from me, to my right, close enough so that I can see and feel properly his vital energy.

Soon enough there is this particular energetic pulsation at the level of his solar plexus, which gradually takes amplitude over the course of his story. I am certain that this vibration will cause tremors of his physical body, and I watch for the moment when it will happen. I also came for this, for once I allow myself to look at people with the means that are mine.

The expected tremors arrive in about two minutes, first the arms then internal movements of the abdomen. As expected also his voice is affected. Fear, post traumatic stress. The pulse has a rarely observed amplitude, unintegrated ontological shock.

40 years ago, Joe WISNIEWSKI is a teenager.

He lives in a small town in the middle of vast green forests. That day it rains and he went out for a ride with his umbrella.

He's on the edge of the forest and the showers are quite strong, under his umbrella he sees first a light low above the trees. He thinks of a plane and, at first, doesn't worry about it.

Then he realizes that this light is too low, and that it's surely a plane in difficulty that may crash into the forest.

The light is getting closer, but it's doing it slowly, well then it's a helicopter. What's it doing here and in this weather?

But aside from the falling rain, there is no noise. Joe has time to question himself, because of the trees and the rain he can't see the helicopter, only his light moving very slowly towards him, at the speed of a man walking.

It will leave the wooded area to fly over the place where he walks with his umbrella, Joe observes all this very carefully, curious to see the helicopter appear.

But as you understood it's not a helicopter.

It's a flying disc of about 10 meters in diameter, with flashing lights on the underside, and portholes around the dome above.

Joe WISNIEWSKI shows us the detailed drawings he made with the colors.

The craft makes absolutely no noise, it flies very slowly towards him, at low altitude, 15 to 20 meters above the ground. When it comes out of the trees, it's about 200 meters away from Joe, but it comes straight to him.

The ship descends a little further down, above this non-forested area. Joe is petrified with terror, because he's alone in this place, in a pouring rain, and now the machine is close enough for him to clearly see the occupants, through the portholes! The kind of passengers who aren't from here,

Joe also shows the drawings he made, less precise than those of the ship, but the occupants didn't appear in full.

Then the ship passes over his head, and for a few seconds he's certain that his last hour has come. The ship protects him from the rain, but he locks himself under his umbrella while looking down, terrorized. And at that moment he sees this blinking light light up the ground where he's.

Joe wasn't abducted, the ship continued at the same speed, overtook him and moved away, very slowly, and still noiselessly. Then he ended up out of sight.

But at the end of those three or four minutes, the longest of his life, Joe's world had collapsed. He didn't know, no one had told him that it's true, they are here.

After that he had to face his world of before, to those who don't know because they haven't seen. But he has spoken of it again and again, in spite of the sarcasm of some, the imbeciles, the ignorant, the sleepers.

Other witnesses locked themselves in silence for years, confiding only very late, at the end of their lives, when they no longer had to fear the opinions of others, their families, their friends, their community.

Joe WISNIEWSKI speaks, and he expresses with all his being the immense shock he has endured so long ago, but which still resonates so strongly today.

For him also faith, value systems and social conventions have flown in flames. It was necessary to rebuild, and nobody can help you to do it, at this time the groups of speech on this subject didn't exist.

We thanked him from the depths of our heart. Everyone reacts in their own way to the revelation, but I was going to realize that there's a direction, a meaning to all this.

It's the witnesses and the abductees themselves who'll explain it.

DAVE it's my friend. As soon as we met we sympathized (I changed his name). He's a 100% Hopi Indian, a young pensioner who helps himself with a cane to walk and who loves beer, nature and the human species. He lives in one of those vast reserves allocated to native people, where there's sometimes almost no one on hundreds of square kilometers.

It was there that he had his revelation, during a banal walk, far from everything and everyone. He saw this ship rising slowly in the air, without making any noise, while swinging slightly, DAVE very well motion with his hands.

Not a kind of NASA spacecraft or an experimental plane, that DAVE understood immediately. The UFO was shaped like a saucer.

Then he stabilized and ... zap, left like a lightning strike, leaving a kind of trainee of images that finally caught up, as in an animated drawing. A prodigious acceleration, something impossible. In an instant it disappeared into the sky, without making any noise, if DAVE had looked in another direction he would have known nothing.

DAVE wasn't afraid, neither during nor after. He didn't suffer any trauma.

His traditions and the wisdom of his heart hadn't prepared him for that, but he was greatly surprised!

He hadn't asked for anything but now he knows. We aren't alone on this planet, there are other intelligent beings and enormously more advanced than us!

Arizona is an area where there are many UFO sightings. Since his revelation, DAVE attends these ufology congresses. He knows everyone, he designates to me this one or that one by explaining their case.

We talk about that and other things. HOPIS have always been a peaceful people, they're farmers who live in large communities, not nomads like CHEYENES and SIOUX.

They're peaceful people, who don't want to be part of today's world, the one who goes on television in this country. They don't want advertising, no tourism, no people who come to see them to study or ravish about anything about them.

Like other Indian tribes, HOPIS think they come from another world. When they wanted to settle here, they asked permission to the beings who were there already, assuring them that they would not be guilty of any abuse of nature and the creatures that live there.

They got permission, and they kept their word, for hundreds of years.

With DAVE I can let go a little, where would I do it if not here? He tells me about some of his customs, and I mention mine, as an Indian ARAWAK a few hundred years ago, much further south. We understand each other, we find things in common. And these stories of lives spent in another body don't seem fanciful to him, because the revelation opened his mind, big time. With him the walls of time and space disappear, I commune with myself, in this place and in this privileged relationship.

DAVE wants to be incinerated after his death. I tell him where he will be, and what he will do next. He listens, he looks at me seriously, the details interest him. It's for people like him that I wrote this book, those who already know.

DAVE isn't defined as a psychic, but as a human being. He too tells me that something is happening, a change is about to happen, there's a kind of acceleration. I will hear this opinion again and again during this congress, why do all these people feel the same thing?

...

SARAH is an artist living in HAWAII.

She made a long trip to come to the congress. Her father was a soldier, and she has been regularly abducted since the age of four. She has participated in speaking groups with Yvonne SMITH, California.

Sarah is quite reserved, discreet, she masters her emotions. Since childhood, she has been in contact with six different species of alien people.

It's an example of positive integration of the experience.

During her "invitations" on board the ships, she was sometimes taken in charge by a person who told her of being her real mother. Sarah describes her as a very blonde person, with bright blue eyes, and sometimes the body is also luminescent. Sarah's eyes are bright blue, like I've never seen before.

Their world of origin is a place where the sky is purple and 3 moons run across the horizon. Probably a vibratory world higher than the one we are currently in because there is an ocean of light particles and all the colors are more vivid.

In private, Sarah evokes special faculties, such as the journeying out of the body.

The travelers recognize each other very quickly, we were four to be attracted to each other, because we are similar. There will also be FRED, the French of VANCOUVER, and a young actress from LOS ANGELES.

SARAH is a traveler, I don't need a minute to understand, it doesn't take a minute to see it in me. We speak the same language, and in the same way. When we go into advanced concepts about the mechanisms of personality and incarnation, details that are not in the books, she understands exactly what I'm talking about right when I'm just starting.

Sarah synthesizes things in a few words: we seek to awaken earthly humanity.

This human existence in this world that has always seemed so foreign to her, to which she doesn't belong, seems to her very difficult. She longs to realize what she came for, to go home, finally.

Do what you have to do, and leave this place. I agree.



To awaken humanity.

...

ANNA, I saw her from the first moments, in the first group of the first day. A physical marked by the suffering, a rare disease of which she speaks to me and which marks her body deeply. Her energy hull is a real strainer, like that of hard drug users, but ANNA doesn't take these products.

Such a person can only live under the fear of the world and others, but the second day we arrive first in the room, and we sit next to each other, which isn't suitable in the sociology of primates. We speak, I immediately evoke her structural vulnerability so visible, ANNA teaches me that she's medium, nothing surprising!

She sees dead people who have remained on the physical plane. Not a gift, these people aren't particularly happy, and carry with them huge bags of problems that will have to be unraveled one day.

She had never seen a single UFO or alien and didn't believe in it especially. But being surrounded by ghosts was an ordinary matter for ANNA.

A few weeks ago, one of her friends told her to attend a session of mediumship given by someone who claims to channel aliens.

That made her laugh, until the medium began his job, the room filled with Visitors!

ANNA had not foreseen or imagined that, but she saw with her eyes these beings of another dimension, which had the appearance of columns of light, and there were in the room as much as possible, packed like sardines. A crowd in a small room. Stupefaction! So, it's true, we aren't alone, there's also .... These people?

Today she's here, in spite of her weak financial means, she came to try to know more, to hear others, to try to understand. And like all of us, she will be well served.

ANNA chose a very difficult life, she works in a carceral environment with murderous psychopaths, the kind of people who can act at any moment and with anyone, and she has to oppose only a well-slender body, because she's very thin, 40 to 45 kg maximum.

Usually I don't pretend to change the world or heal anyone, but I saw in her a member of my family, a little sister broken in a hostile, almost defenseless world. I wrapped her several times with my vital energy, to protect her for a few moments, so that she could live a little longer. I tried to explain to her how to patch her vital shield herself, in order to reduce this vulnerability. She deduced that I was a spiritually advanced person, whereas that's not the case.

I lost certainties in Arizona, and I don't know yet how I became aware of the solidarity between all the sentient beings of the cosmos.

It has suddenly become clear to me that highly evolved beings can look with interest and love on earthly human species, even though we're aggressive and stupid primates, at stage zero of evolution. This is what surprised me the most, what I learned most important, without being able to explain where this conviction came from.

## ABDUCTEES, SKIN MARKS AND IMPLANTS

Every hour spent with Yvonne SMITH opens up new perspectives. On the third day, a kind of evidence appears to me: all the abductees are alike.

They are of all ages, young adults to 80 year olds, white Americans, Hispanics, thin, fat, shy, expansive, many women and some men, when they get up to talk we see them at first very different.

But when they begin to talk about their abductions, in a few seconds they become people of the same family, their words, their gestures and their faces express the same inconceivable reality. The emotion that disrupts their person spreads in us, and it has the same taste each time. Obviously something very strong had the power to unify them.

Many wear implants, often several and on different parts of the body. Dr. LEAR surgically extracted some of these implants and had them analyzed. Implants are small objects composed in part of rare metals, surrounded by an envelope of organic compatible proteins because composed of the carrier's own DNA, there is no phenomenon of rejection. We can not explain their presence in the human body, some chemical elements are extremely rare in nature.

Several people tell us how their implant fell, from their nose or ear, often after a bleeding phase of a few minutes to two or three days. Each time and in an inexplicable way, they got rid of it immediately. They felt that their implant should only stay temporarily, to fulfill a specific function, it was designed to leave the body at the appropriate time.

I'm learning that there are temporary implants, and other permanent ones. These implants are very often visible on simple radiological images. A team of Dr. LEAR is present at the congress, with a special equipment that allows to locate these implants and to determine some of their characteristics, like their magnetic field. In addition, they carry out a battery of various tests to analyze the possible objective traces of abduction. Their stand will be filled all the time, the candidates for scanning adding on the long waiting list. The abductees thus see the apparatuses showing the real presence of foreign bodies, my friend from VANCOUVER will show me the result of his analyzes: two in the neck, one on the skull, and others in the rest of the body.

A white-haired old lady tells us that her implant has been changed several times during her life, in order to adapt to her personal evolution. She would not want to have it extracted for anything, she is convinced that this device improves the quality of her consciousness! She shows us the location of her implant. She is calm, she has been able to integrate these realities during her long life, not to be afraid of them anymore, and to begin to understand their meaning.

A young mother confirms the benefits of some of these objects. She is deaf from birth on the right side, but thanks to her implant located under this ear and which she shows us the location, she hears some frequencies! No way for her to extract it, she keeps it willingly. She also speaks of the human consciousness, assisted by this mysterious technology, which would help it evolve.

I thought these implants were kind of trackers, GPS beacons used to locate the abductee more or less as one would do with pets or wild animals in the savannah, or exert any kind of control over the body or the spirit of the wearer, but these many testimonies eventually put down this first idea. There is much more than that. Yvonne, who knows something about it, says a few words to emphasize that, in general, the implants should not be removed. There have been cases where the surgical extraction has been followed by serious problems of the patient's physical or mental health, unrelated to the operation itself, most often benign; as if the object mysteriously corrected abnormalities in the functioning of the human body.

These devices, of which we still know very little, seem to have utility for both designers and wearers.

The abductions leave traces on the skin. Scoops marks, kinds of depressions as if one had taken a layer of flesh, or a localized coloration of the skin.

These signs are often visible on people who testify. There is a predominance of triangles, three red dots or a wholly red surface on the skin, anywhere on the body.

On the last day, several people show us these marks, on the legs, on the arm, on the belly for what it is decent to show.

A young mother of Hispanic family takes all her courage to tell us what happened to her that very night, for the first time according to her memory: a visit in room, paralysis. In the morning she wakes up panicky and rushes into the bathroom: her skin is marked in triangle.

She lives alone with her young son, at breakfast she tells him this adventure. The young boy listens gravely, without interrupting her, then informs her: "you know mamma, what happened to you tonight, it happens to me all the time".

In the midst of all these people, the Presence of Managers becomes palpable, this mass of coherent and concordant testimonies completely covers you, implants and marks reinforce this feeling, you can no longer ignore this reality.

We meet Travis WALTON several times a day. He is there to present his case, with two of his friends present with him when he disappeared under a UFO, hit by a kind of electric wave. That happened in 1975, Travis was untraceable for four days, so much so that local politicians thought he had been murdered by his friends. Hunting beats were made in the area where he had dispersed, with dogs, volunteers, as seen in American films. Then he reappeared, in a sad state and telling a very strange story, that of a stay aboard a first alien ship, then his transfer to another.

18 years later they made a film: FIRE IN THE SKY, which sticks quite faithfully to the story of Travis, apart from his stay in the UFOs, where the director wanted to concoct real scenes of horror, without any relation to the memories of the person concerned. Too bad, because it's the most significant part ...

His two friends of the time, direct witnesses of the presence of the UFO, are with us and always tell the same simple story: Travis was abducted aboard an alien ship, and his captors released him only four days later.

They explain how they and others present at this time passed through lengthy political interrogations during Travis's disappearance, but also afterwards. One of them has precisely counted his tests to the lie detectors: 17 times! They give us details of how we tried to bribe them just to declare that all this was just a joke.

These three people, and probably their two other friends, seem not to have benefited from this affair except for a considerable amount of trouble. But they have all and always maintained the same version of the facts, for more than 35 years.

Obviously they are simple people, rural people would we say in France. They are not particularly communicative, but rather fearful, not liking the crowd or notoriety. They make a big effort to be here and testify before us.

If we relied on appearances, we would put Travis WALTON in the category of traumatized abductees for the rest of his life, but we exchanged only a few words, nothing to conclude. He is not easy to approach, which is understandable after all these long years of investigation, both by police and private researchers.

...

This planet is a garden where evolution is the key word. The Gardeners, the Managers of the Earth are in charge of all the flora and all the fauna, the human proto primate including, the same one who discovered a little too early the nuclear weapons.

Like botanists, they work on successive generations of this humanity to modify it, to constantly improve it. For that we must begin by making assessments, diagnoses, that's why there are so many medical examinations at the beginning of the abductions.

I met several people who report mysterious pregnancies, sometimes initiated inside a spaceship, and the disappearance of the embryo, suddenly, sometimes after the 5th month. Some trials have even been opened against doctors, just to find who's guilty, as they like to do in the US. But no court could establish the fault of a practitioner, nor was able to show evidence on the disappearance of the baby. In other words, complete mystery.

These children are termed hybrids by the researchers, so that their genome is partially non-terrestrial.

The fathers and mothers of these hybrids report that they saw their children in a ship and were asked to show them affection.

After a pregnancy and the disappearance of the fetus, a woman told me to have unforeseen visits of her hybrid child on land, for example while she is alone in her kitchen at home. She officially has no children.

These stories are so numerous that they sometimes complicate the lives of the households in a rather awesome way. What would you think if your spouse, with whom you may have children, reported having conceived other children, in a spaceship, with a human creature or not, and that she/he keeps thinking about he or she because it is a shocking love story?

These cases are not so rare as reported by those who treat abductee trauma. It takes a good deal of openness and tolerance for the non-abductee spouse to come to terms with it.

...

To put it bluntly, I wonder if I am not personally involved in a story like this, except that I was not abductee but I took part in a strange experience of these people, working very actively alongside my friends ET.

It was in the night of November 3 to 4, 1980, I noted the elements on a notebook, without being able to understand anything about it.

About 15 years later, during a trip to Quebec, I first covered a book about abductions, and it really shocked me; I remembered immediately this incomprehensible thing of 1980.

By going to this congress I could not help telling me that I was going to see this young woman again, the one who was in the ship and clung to my neck, shouting in my ears things so singular.

...

There is a man who must be very much like me here, because many people I did not know say to have seen me very often... on television. First two charming old ladies, then others and others. At first I thought these people were just joking.

These people invariably ask me when I will be speaking at a conference, and when I explain to them that I am only a Frenchman who comes for the first time here, and only as a spectator, I am silent when they ask me again when I'm going to make my speech, as if I was speaking in a vacuum. Kinds of missing time small format? Once, pass again, but two, then three times, I tell myself that something strange happens in some minds here.

In the middle of the week I am loudly challenged by a young man and a young woman wearing press badges, as I go out to get some fresh air. They run behind me fearing that I'll escape! Both are certain to know me very well and want an interview, well!

I take this opportunity to ask them precisely with whom they confuse me. That's when things are funny: they are both convinced to recognize me but they have no idea about me or the person I'm supposed to be.

The next day I go to the casino buffet which is 100 meters from the hotel. The waitress, whom I have never seen, asks me how I am doing and if I remember her, because we would have met in some place! Then she turns on her heels before I have the presence of mind to explore this new case.

So I start asking myself seriously if there is not someone who registers me in the collective consciousness of these people. without asking my opinion.

It is at this moment that I am recognized by Robert DEAN himself. He greets me from afar and beckons me to join him. We stay a long time, hand in hand. At the age of 85, he had a coma several days earlier, the doctors told his family that he was done, it was necessary to prepare the obseques. But he came back, two or three more things to do, before the summer holidays.

Robert DEAN is a giant in the world of revelation. There are guys lining up to talk to him, all the time. Like this one, who is waiting an hour while waiting for Paula Harris and I to leave the place, he comes directly from China and obviously has some extremely important things to say to Bob DEAN and to him only!

Robert and I are part of the same spiritual family. We have the same opinion on the situation, on this humanity and on the meaning of all this. He will leave soon, I will stay a little longer. We'll see each other again, but maybe not here.

...

Paula HARRIS introduces me to Clifford STONE. I have in front of me a man of a certain age, right like an i, who stares straight in my eyes, which is rather rare.

Clifford is one of the public witnesses presented by Steven GREER's Disclosure Project at the National Press Club on May 9, 2001.

He has spent many years in the American army, within an NBC unit (nuclear, bacteriological and chemical). He explains to me that he was in charge of cleaning the UFO sites. Very surprised, I ask him if there were as many crashes as that! No, let's be reassured, but some of these "visitors" sometimes had the lightness to leave their garbage, objects that no longer worked, and chemicals that could possibly be dangerous..!.

Clifford and his team were doing away with all this, especially since as you know, all this stuff is not supposed to exist.

While listening to him, I understand that he tells only what he deems necessary to spread the truth.

Like some of us, he was spotted very young by the Managers of this planet. The military recruited him for this particular skill, which allows him to interface with them. According to Clifford, people like him are very few, only seven in the US, at least in the years in which he was in office.

In the course of his work, he met several "alien visitors". He keeps repeating that they are people like us, with a family, loves and fears, feelings even though they are extremely intelligent and spiritually advanced beings, to the point that they would agree to die so that we are not hurt ...

Obviously we are very far from the ET model of American movies.

There are 57 listed species that visit us regularly.

He's made a friend of theirs, a guy born about 100 light-years away from here, but who takes less than two hours to get home, giving a cruising speed of 0.5 million times the speed of light, or 158 billion kilometers per second. Fast, right? These civilizations know a little bit more than us.

Clifford STONE is a very good person. It was on this feeling of universal morality that he helped one of these visitors to escape, while he was a prisoner of the American military. This type of reception for our "guests" is often evoked by witnesses with the same profile as Clifford.

Where is the danger? The answer comes very simply, and it's always the same. The real threat is us, primitive people, aggressive, fanatic and irresponsible, we, the whole of earthly humanity.

For mysterious reasons according to our current mind, these highly evolved and extremely powerful people have not eradicated us at the moment. We can only suppose that they form hope in us, and that they love us one way or another.

Very surprising for me, but I repeat it, I began to understand that there is a kind of solidarity between all the sensitive beings of the universe. Even if we are at the bottom of the evolution ladder, we benefit from this protection and their attention.

Evolution, here is what is happening on this planet, an assisted evolution, from the beginning.

To light a candle

For a long time I had only received pieces of the puzzle, in random order. Remembrance of past lives, extraterrestrial presence, other dimensions, what is the global picture?

Before meeting Sarah I had already made the effort to remember lives that had not happened on this planet. It was a bit difficult at the beginning, it was necessary once again to unlock something in the mind, and to integrate the information into the neurons of the material body. Then things came gradually, and for me it was a real leap into the unknown, once again.

Sarah is right. She helped me understand what's going on, we're waking up as a race, and I'm awaking, remembering, too. We are not what we think we are. And I agree with her on another essential point: do what we have to do and leave here.

Robert Dean is right. The destiny of earthly humanity is to join the great cosmic family of intelligent beings. It will take time, obviously the primates of this world are globally very little evolved. But those who can, must contribute, no matter how small. This is the plan. Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

## Identity

I park my car along the sidewalk. I do not know this street but I'm sure to find it. For a few minutes I walk around the corner and I decide to come back. But I can not find the car, but I'm sure I'm in the right street but it's not here anymore. Has it been stolen? Something tells me it's not that, but then what? Why do I feel like someone is hiding me something? I think for a moment, I seem to remember that this happened to me a lot of times before, but then how did it end, how did I find my car?

I particularly like it, it is a big German sedan, powerful and over equipped, which cost me a lot of money. But where does this feeling that I lose it all the time come from?

A click comes finally to my mind, in an flash: I'm right in my dream bubble, the car symbolizes the physical body, I left it somewhere but I'm far from this somewhere at this precise moment, and I no longer feel its presence, I lost it.



My dream bubble dissolves, I gain full consciousness, astral lucidity.

I am floating in a small provincial town, it is still very early but the day is up. I know I will not stay here long, as I often wake up outside the body for a few moments before I regain it. I visit the corner, outside the city there is a very straight road lined with trees of good size on the right, and just after the trees a railway line parallel to the road. I go to the end of agglomeration panel, nothing easier when you can go as fast as you want, and I memorize the name of the village, which moreover I did not know.

On the way back some easy research confirms the existence of this small town and the details that I have noted in passing.

...

Let's go back to the car. After buying it, I notice that my incarnated mind makes a projection on it. An automobile is a vehicle: it contains, transports, protects from cold, wind, rain, heat, insects and many other things. Beyond this, its characteristics confer additional advantages: the social status, the style, the external image that one wants to give to oneself, just like our clothes, our house, the company or the administration in which we work.

For the incarnated psyche, all that will contain our identity falls into the same category: what envelopes, protects, and reveals a certain image of us is similar: mother = house = body = car = clothes = social status.

There are both material and immaterial elements: age, culture, intelligence, voice; just like a car has a vintage, a color, a power, a sound, more or less sophisticated equipment. Here is one of the fundamental principles of the constitution of the dream bubbles: the house, the car, the clothes. That's what surrounds us, that we created because we think it's our identity, or because we want it to be.

This mental projection is unconscious and proceeds from a law that could be stated as follows: We identify with what we observe.

This starts with our birth. Over the months and years, we begin by identifying ourselves with the physical body. Speaking of it we say "I". Simultaneously we operate this process for our environment: my house, my region, my country.

And we achieve the constitution of this identity, with the kind help of our parents, our friends, our teachers, the media, and the religious preachers lying around.

Let's make an inventory of the elements of this personality.  
What do you want to look like?

I am a human being

I differ from the rest of creation. I belong to the category of most advanced living beings that can be observed, I am neither a mineral nor a plant nor an animal. I am like god.

This anthropocentrism is found in both believers and atheists.

I am a member of a human race

The color of my skin and other anatomical details rank me into the category of people who possess the same characteristics. The humans I feel closest to are the ones who look the most like me. In some cases, if the war is to be waged against others, I will do it.

I am a resident of this place

In addition to my physical characteristics, where I am born and where I live determine my membership in a group. If my near-similar live in another country, another region, on the other side of the river or on the lower part of my mountain, they are not part of my group. Under certain conditions, I will not hesitate to massacre these "foreigners".

About 95% of the earth's human inhabitants are likely to switch to war and extermination of their neighbors for reasons as futile as living in one place rather than another distance of only 2 kilometers. The basic human is vulnerable to propaganda, indoctrination, to all that is mass manipulation. What about the remaining 5%?

I am a member of a social class

My house, my clothes, my car, my style, my friends, my knowledge and all the external signs are elements of recognition for those who are like me.

My specific appearance

I am tall, small, fat, thin, weak, strong, man, woman, young, or old ... The specificities of my body contribute to my identity.

My character

The traits of personality, my talents and my deficiencies, my energy participate in what I am.

...

We have focused our attention on the physical body and its environment and we are identified with them. This identification is increasing to a certain point in the course of life, and then it is expressed differently. Older people often speak for themselves in the past: "I was that," but they usually continue to identify with their vehicle. At the moment of death, at the moment when we leave the material body, this identification ceases in the majority of cases, in the first seconds.

For some of us things are a little slower. We keep a certain idea of ourselves, we cling to it and this directly determines the place where we are going, according to the universal rule:

Consciousness and its place of manifestation are only one

A small part clings to the physical plane, often by addiction to this or that aspect, or by guilt, or by love for one of those who remain.

Another category of ex incarnated rises only a few floors above, to stay there more or less durably because of certain mental characteristics. We find, for example, the fanatical believers of the different religions, posed in a decorum that is in accordance with their hopes, except a few details. They stay there a certain time, and following the evolution of their consciousness, they go to the higher worlds.

There are also those who take the path down to accomplish a journey in the dark worlds, following the inclinations of their souls. In general they are full of hatred and fear, or of irrepressible impulses. These are the hells of human legends, and for once they are not quite fables. But nobody stays there for eternity, nobody. Do not believe what some religions say, they lie deliberately.

No one is condemned to hell forever, absolutely nobody. (I insist)

Religiosity, spirituality, and identity

Religion is the exact opposite of spirituality. It aggravates the identification to a group, to principles, to beliefs, and is content to impose on you a form of sociability with those of the same clan: rituals, obligations, various unfair laws and it is well to remember, repression of the feminine world in this age of darkness. All the liberation struggles of the woman began by fighting the lead screed of the archaic religion in place.

Any religion that does not uphold strict equity and strict equality between men and women is an abomination in its entirety.

Sorry to be so raw and so direct, but someone has to tell you.

Spirituality is the direct relation between the incarnated being and the superior principles, divine principles if one wants to use a word that has lost all meaning by primitive religions.

It's a way, a way of being, a process. One of the major keys of this work is the de-identification.

Let us take the analogy of this beginning of chapter: the car.

I imagine that the incarnated mind that I use to explore this world is not the only one that has at least partially assimilated his identity to the physical body, and the car he uses.

We have a new car, a young and healthy body, and we say, "I am young".

The car is black, or white, like the color of the skin, and we say, "I'm white, or Asian".

But we are not our car, nor our body of flesh. Nothing obliges us to behave like a woman, or a man, or a white, or an Indian, as someone rich and powerful, or someone poor and shy.

All these identities are only stage costumes, we have forgotten that we play.

Moreover, these illusory identities are dreams which exhaust us, they drain a large quantity of energy to subsist.

Let's look at those who cling to their possessions, their status, their identity; they are tensed, stressed, fatigued. I am well aware of this because I have often been one of the champions of the category, in this life and in others.

Let us observe those who gradually relax, who take things less and less personally, who gradually give up transitional identity, simply by an awareness, not because they are fighting against it. They are more relaxed, more serene, more happy; they know so much better to enjoy the present moment, whatever it is.

No material good brings us lasting happiness. We get tired very quickly, and quickly we need new toys.

We can have fun owning an object, especially if it is useful, but it is better to avoid falling in love with it. No need to accumulate, let's do the housework in us and in our minds, let's travel light.

By the time our body dies, our transient personality will largely disappear. What we take for ourselves, our identity, our ego, will disappear.

But it will remain exactly the opposite of the ego: the true "me".

We will then get out of the car, and we will go for a walk where it could not take us.

And you can do it well before the end of this stay, go see for yourself, do not believe anything on word or because you read it in a vague book like this one.

## Higher teachings and mystifications

### THE MONKEY WHO TAKES HIMSELF FOR EINSTEIN

We are not what we think we are. Our physical body and a very low level mental form what we generally think is our identity, because we direct our attention to these two only objects. We identify with what our consciousness is illuminating.

This lower mind, having sometimes produced so-called high intellectual, scientific, philosophical, moral and artistic realizations, is it the epitome of evolution, the most elaborate thing that the universe has been able to produce?

The answer is no, we are at one of the lowest levels of the physical universe.

Our entire cultural environment claims the opposite, but our evolution necessarily involves this realization: we are at the bottom of the hierarchy. The real revelation of this situation creates an immense shock in the psyche of the one who suffers it: then we are only... that?

A stupid, boundless, violent and lousy primate who thinks he is the most advanced creature in the universe, and who thinks that "god" himself is like him!!!

A monkey with an embryonic intelligence, and who does not even know that there are other dimensions!

This is why part of Creation is amused by the earthly human species.

### TURNING TABLES

We do not have a monopoly on lies, cheating, falsification and manipulation. It is, on the contrary, one of the characteristics of the creatures situated at the very bottom of the hierarchy, a stratum of which we are indisputably part.

My friend Jeannot and I are interns in one of the best high schools in the region. The management of the school, with a very high level of success at the baccalaureate, is experimenting with progressive educational measures. We are not supervised in the evening before dinner, we are in study rooms in small groups from 5 to 6, supervisors pass once to check that everyone is there.

This leaves the field free for para-school activities, more or less official.

Jeannot and I, from the "premiere" class, we specialize a little by chance in mass hypnosis. With the help of a small book of 20 pages like: ***how to hypnotize in 10 lessons***, we end up becoming

real cracks in the matter. All this is at the beginning only a game, even if by this method we will begin to explore the hidden side of reality.

There is a secret society in high school, their cover is the bookbinding club. They practice spiritualism. Our stories of hypnosis have spread everywhere, so this group of initiates are revealed to us, they invite us to a meeting of turning tables. This happens in the months following my personal revelation, the psychological faculties have largely shown the tip of their nose.

Although this is my first session of spiritualism, I propose to change the protocol. No obscurity, we put a little light, and soft music, it will be more pleasant.

The session begins, and the table comes to life faster than usual, as I suspected. A beautiful demonstration, what is at the origin of the movements of this table, makes a quick proof of its supernatural powers; it divines what we have in mind, which we are alone to know. It's spectacular.

This round of observation makes me think. I understand the fascination of some people for this activity, but something crumbles me, something that comes directly from my all new fresh psychic sensitivity. I felt an immaterial presence in the room, indeed, but it did not seem to me at all that they were recent dead, as the table claimed.

At the second session I decide to test my idea, without informing beforehand my comrades of the secret society. I am a daring, very independent mind and disrespectful of the dogmas, characteristics of current character in the youth, but which will register durably in my incarnated ego.

It is with astonishment that my spirit friends hear me converse with the spirits, immediately at the beginning of the second meeting. I insult them and make fun of their mouths as much as possible! These spirits quickly come to threats against me, which stimulates my creativity. My comrades keep asking me to change register, especially as the atmosphere becomes heavy, everyone feels it very clearly, but I continue to laugh at the supernatural entities, and insult them. There is more and more crackling in the room, my friends are really scared.

The table is about 1.50m in diameter, it is solid wood and weighs a lot. We have our hands resting in a circle on the table, making our little fingers touch those of our neighbors. The fury of spirits increasing, the table begins to levitate! We accompany the movement, lifting our chairs looking under the table, it rises without anyone touching it other than on the top of the board. Then it begins to pitch, continues to climb, to the point that we can not leave our hands, arms in the air, almost two meters high, then it crashes to the floor with a smash. The central stand explodes, it will be repaired with nails and string.

End of the session. There is an 'exorcist' style atmosphere, everyone glares at me. I pushed my idea to the end, but curiously, I will never be invited to sessions of the club binding again.

I leave the room, and return to my study room, alone walking down the halls. Suddenly I feel one of these creatures approaching me. It is very resentful and did not appreciate my jokes and insults. To my surprise it attacks me energetically! I feel it grabbed my silver cord to try to parasitize it! (We have a silver cord that connects us to our higher self, even when the astral and etheric bodies are synchronized with the physical).

I am extremely surprised by this attack, but in the second that follows, a very old knowledge emerges from my conscience: I use my aura to give it a huge slap. For the first time I did not go for a dead hand, the entity is projected to five meters, as if it had taken 100,000 volts on the entire surface of its energetic envelope. I locate it very well, it now lands in a corner of the hall, frightened and hurt. It obviously did not expect such a quick and violent response. I still feel very hateful, but it is standing at a distance like a dog that has been hit with sticks.

In the following weeks I sometimes recognize its presence in high school, but it does not approach me anymore, it understood the lesson.

Me too. I understood who are the entities that move the tables in our spiritism sessions. They are inhabitants of the etheric world close to the physical, who enjoy playing with certain humans, they take the opportunity to capture some vital energy, among other things.

They draw without difficulty all the useful information in the psyche of the table-turners, and use certain basic characteristics of the terrestrial human species.

It certainly may happen that a recent dead wants to use this means to communicate with the incarnated, but I will say that it must be very rare.

In more than 99% of cases, it is complete deception. Sorry for "believers of the genre".

## **SPIRITUAL BUSINESS**

This is a very personal opinion, but I do not see any objection to some people making a living with spirituality. These cases rarely allow to become rich, often it is only a simple sustenance when it does not cost more than it brings back.

There is, however, a small group of people who have made certain areas a lucrative business. I have met some of them, here are some samples.

### **Medium in Bordeaux**

I consult this kind of person for the very first time, as much out of curiosity as because I am in a personal turning point. I am about 22 years old, and I think that life will take a certain turn, my idea will be totally confirmed in the weeks that follow.

This soothsayer receives in an apartment in the most beautiful neighborhood. I ask him about his abilities, how he perceives things, and slips him a couple of cues about the things I've been living for a few years, without getting into the details. He remains very vague about what he feels about me and my future, but invites me to attend a "teaching" session one evening, a few days later, to better answer my questions.

On the appointed day I go to that man, eager to learn something new, and this time from a person from the physical world. There are about ten people, mostly women, obviously from the local upper class. He has well chosen his clientele, they all ostensibly wear heavy jewels.

After removing our shoes, we are all sitting on the floor along the walls. The clairvoyant presents me as having perhaps vaguely one had or two experiences out of the body, more or less conscious and probably by accident. Well, anyway, I do not like to spread this kind of things in front of sleepers, no comment.

The teaching begins, it is inspired mainly by the theosophical tradition. All these ladies listen religiously, fascinated. I listen as well as I can, but rather quickly pick up rather strange things in the speech. After a few minutes, I dare to interrupt, ask questions, then I venture to express a different point of view on certain points, objections justified by repeated, albeit solitary, experiences.

Our seer takes it as contrariety. I observe him change color, I did not tell him that I see the aura very well and without any effort. He feels anger that he tries to hold, but he can not.

He then explains to the frightened audience the extent of his psychic powers, powers that he seems to have taken care to hide until today.

Hold on, among other things he can kill by thought!!! Truthful.

Heck, I thought it was a clairvoyant, when he's actually an African marabout, but white and in a suite! A crook, in other words.

I am very surprised by the reactions of the people present: there is this man who seems to be a victim of existence, but are all these ladies credulous at this point? The answer is yes. And they are stunned by my reaction to the superpowers of the tenant of the apartment: I die laughing and do not hide it!

Good enough to manipulate weak minds, our seer judges me too little developed to receive his teachings, and formulates his evaluation before me, which he should not have done. He is entitled to the answer of the shepherd to the shepherdess.

This evening was very hard for this poor guy. I leave them telling myself that he will probably catch up and continue to pluck them and tell them stupidities. Not terrible for a seer, he had not seen the "blow" coming by inviting me.



I remain many years without seeing any practitioner of this type, imbued with the idea that this profession is made up only of crazy characters. Later I will meet more, they are not all dishonest and some are quite talented.

Mystification index: 8/10. (I did not put 10 because the ladies have a real hobby)

### Aura Reading

In a shopping center in Lyon, there is in the middle of the shopping mall a sort of festival of clairvoyance. I spot a specialty of one of these ladies thanks to her signboard: aura reading.

I sit down, greet the lady who greets me kindly, and I go to the fact:

Me: then you see the aura?

She: yes I see the aura

Me: how is it?

She: what do you mean?

Me: its form, its anatomy.

She: how that?

Me: For example what is above the head, without talking about the colors.

She: I do not see what you mean.

Me: In fact you do not see anything at all, do you?

She: uh...you are a salon controller?

Me: no. Why do you pretend to see the aura?

She: It's fashionable.

Mystification index: 10/10 (she did not even bother to research a little)

### Ernest DUGLAND

Ernest DUGLAND is a pseudonym of my invention, but the person actually exists. I imagine that he will not appreciate too much if he reads these lines and recognizes himself, and his country still less.

This boy receive the revelation in the 1970s in the USA. He has attended hypnotists and attended regression sessions into previous lives, and has benefited from some direct experience. Then he operated regressions himself, and eventually formed a sort of school of therapists. He wrote a first book that I discovered after the emergence of my life in Greece, this book was really interesting.

Like a number of people of his kind, he organizes trips for spiritual seekers. We often meet natives, Ernest has a real talent to allow these people to express themselves freely without giving them lessons from the West.

For a number of years, he manages a spiritual business that seems as profitable as it is serious. He does not care too much about people, and is not too dogmatic, from my point of view.

Like all of us in this world, he is also a human being with his weaknesses. In my opinion his main weakness is his companion, whom I will baptize Bibi.

Following their meeting, Ernest and Bibi join forces in the spiritual business.

It was many years after I saw Ernest on a trip abroad, in the company of Blandine who discovered this universe of spiritual seekers.

I see immediately that something has changed in Ernest's behavior. I like him but I quickly notice that he has a different behavior. During a pseudo outdoor teaching, one of our fellow travelers thinks he wants to take a picture of him, he is loudly sermoned, I quote:

***"Would you dare to photograph a priest in the middle of his homily?"***

Ouch , Ernest has arrived at that level! As for teaching, we are at the top of the art of saying nothing. Another example :

We are in a kind of ruin supposed to be the remnant of temple of sort. Well, we have to form a semicircle, Ernest and Super Bibi officiating. You know all the good that I think of rituals in all their forms, I obeyed not to disturb the group. The nutty ritual begins, I think of the distant future, when this planet will no longer be inhabited by slaves. Then I note that one of the present ladies is visibly bothered by the heat, to the point of feeling bad. I go out of the magic circle to go and get a bottle of water in my backpack, outside the sacred ruin. But I can not go back to the band, Ernest blocks me the road, I quote:

***"You broke the circle, you can not come back"***

Ah yes, the beautiful circle, it is broken, very good, the universe will recover. What am I doing here? Delighted to escape these tomfooleries, I hand him the bottle showing him that there is a disciple in bad condition in the circle. Ernest understands his mistake.

In the evening he gives me explanations and excuses quite confused. I then give him my opinion on the things and the sacred things, the rituals, their functioning and their malfunctions: I do not care in cosmic size proportions.

This little nuanced analysis expresses quite well the essence of my thought.

Blandine and I understand what is going on in Ernest's mind, he is under the influence of Super Bibi, his companion.

In the morning, the latter explains that it is difficult to return to earth, because of high spheres who had the honor of receiving her during the night. In addition, if I understood correctly, she would have made a kind of fusion with her animal-totem (I do not know which one), which allows her to assume without complex many behavioral differences.

Super Bibi is self-proclaimed as being very evolved. Satisfied with her opinion, she considers her clients with contempt and distance. She sometimes deigns to receive one or the other in the first circle of their followers, in order to send them spiritual-shamanic platitudes in their ears. Heartbreaking and ridiculous.

Ernest, as to him, he changed. He remembers having lived a life of priesthood in ancient Egypt. He has recovered the meaning of the coronation and the rituals, as well as the haughty and sufficient attitude of the religious prelates since the world is world. To see his behavior, I think indeed probable this former existence as an Egyptian priest, but I see things with another eye.

The vast majority of these priests were poor men imbued with power. The social model of the time was again the quartet nobility-clergy-army-plebs. The clergy had greater power than many of the nobles of the time. This is what always happens in theocratic systems, humanity has not changed in 5,000 years, this model is still perpetuated today in regimes under the cutting of a recent religion. And in 5,000 years, all these cases will have disappeared and made room, once again, for a new religion which, if we are not careful, will do exactly the same thing.

You said evolution, what evolution?

Here, Egyptian reincarnated priests are as stupid, narrow minded and sick of rituals as they were thousands of years ago. Always proud, holders of the truth, always mediocre. Always so "servants" until decadence.

Let us not forget the past, let us recover our memory to see in the history of this world a crowd of very ordinary people: soldiers, nobles, priests, women and men of the people, and sometimes, rarely, extraordinary people, whatever their social label of the moment.

Ernest was probably an ordinary priest and remains an ordinary man. He and Super Bibi have transformed their spiritual business. Two words sum up the mutation: sectarian drift.

Their customer base now seems to be mainly people in pain, many single women seeking refuge. The teaching is empty, Blandine is very surprised, she learns nothing, is not confronted with any new concept on the part of business leaders. But the trip is very nice.

I do not stay long with arms crossed. Super Bibi and Ernest are entitled to a continuous barrage of jokes from me in front of the shocked disciples.

Super Bibi tries a virile explanation face to face with me, which confirms the order of precedence in their relationship.

The result of this interview is not in the sense that she hoped: I do not intend to become a "superior" in any way, given what she shows of that simulacrum of superiority. I confirm that she makes me laugh, that everything she does and everything she expresses is grotesque. As for my points of view and my jokes, I will continue to express them, and now I intend to let myself go completely free, without taboo or prohibition.

I am a destroyer of gurus, the supreme annihilator. No kidding...

Ernest, more gifted for communication, returns to the charge in a more dexterous way, recognizing some human errors on his part. I like him, so I give him the best advice possible, though a bit straightforward: "**change your companion**".

Sectarian drift... Ernest was parasitized by Super Bibi, too bad.

The rest of the trip will be very painful for Ernest DUGLAND and his boss. I will do in pastiche and mockery. Super Bibi will be very worried when she sees that some disciples are beginning to want to console themselves with me. No danger on this side, I have no desire to teach or treat sleepers, any more than I need.

**Mystifying index: 6/10** (remains the trip and the meeting with the natives)

While writing this book I caught myself shuddering. Can I become so stupid myself? Invent rituals? Take myself for a priest? To make fun of my poor human brothers?

In terms of previous lives, unlike DUGLAND, my CV is pretty flat.

If I was part of the nobility in China and Japan, I was not at the top of the top. Most of the time I found myself in ordinary roles, in the middle of the jungle, the savannah, or Mongolia. As for my non-terrestrial incarnations, they are in a non-comparable register. I do not have the desire or the talent to become the leader of a group of proto-humans, perched on the highest branch of the area, and I do not recognize any of these primates as "my" leader in any way.

However, if like Ernest I had to lose energy and memory, I asked my relatives to shoot me without warning, it will make one less.

## SECTARIAN DERIVATIVES

Like the powers in place from which they are inspired, the neo-gurus operate on the following schemes:

- 1 °) Establishment of a doctrine, a concept, a corpus of ideas-truths.
- 2 °) Personification of this doctrine through a unique individual, often handicapped by a pathological narcissism. Autocracy, no sharing of power.
- 3 °) Opacity of the financial management, fraudulent use of the laws on the non-profit associations.
- 4 °) Submission to rules and rituals, dogma, discipline.

Deception, indoctrination, decorum, financial predation, even punishment for failure by the disciple.

Does this remind you of something ? Look no further, you have our good old terrestrial primate religions.

I put all these people in a similar box: teach something that they do not understand and rely on beliefs. Teach more or less huge stupidities, among others, but in the pure goal of gaining a position of personal power.

We are an assembly of proto-human primates. Let's look who sits on the highest branches of the power tree:

Political leaders, whatever their ideology, it is only a tool of power; the nobles (when there are some left); religious leaders, no matter what they claim to be true, it is only a tool of manipulation; financially rich people, and finally people who are intellectually talented and re-known as such, for example scientists and artists.

These categories coexist and mix: to be a rich politician doubled as a scientist perches you bottom on a high branch, it will not be easy to take you off.

This hierarchy defines the rules of behavior and thus brings about social cohesion. True shared wealth makes groups evolve in their totality. The question of what constitutes true wealth then arises, and I would define it as follows: that which improves the average prosperity of the human group.

Continuing, from my point of view, what is prosperity?

It is the most comprehensive and easy response to the basic needs of individuals, that is, physical survival, and to a greater expression of higher abilities.

The sectarian drift vampires the members of the sect, it goes against their personal prosperity as collective. Like religions, it is an instrument of stagnation and of oppression, and has the advantage of transforming a wild primate into a domestic animal.

Astral teachings

What is above is like what is below.

Following the example of their land colleagues, there is a host of extra-physical entities who are about to teach you things they do not always master themselves, but who take advantage of the position of weakness of the incarnated human. If you have the slightest doubt, flush them, your intuition and your discernment will be refined with experience. Do not take anything for cash, check everything for yourself. Do not be fooled by flashy evidence, it's an old, very effective thing to keep you on a leash.

Consider each entity as your equal, even if it is 10 times larger than you and emits 1,000 times more light. I know it's not easy, but it's one of the best tips I can give. Otherwise you risk to break and in the worst case you could found a religion, there are precedents, beware!

Very early in my research, during some trips out of the body, I sometimes notice particular Presences. They do not do in the spectacular, on the contrary, they stand back, I find it difficult to see them, as if they were entirely dressed in monk's robes, the hood on the head. They arise unexpectedly, slip their message, and disappear. They answer questions that I do not ask myself, not yet. This is the universal mode of communication: the ball of information. Example:

One of these entities gives me a ball of thought. I open it, I see a beach beaten by small waves. Someone digs a hole in the sand, but the water does not reach it. The explanation is included in the ball, it is spiritual awakening, if one wants to translate things this way. It does not consist in acquiring something, such as knowledge for example, but losing something, creating a space in itself, a kind of emptiness that can receive something from elsewhere. The message explains that no one can know when the hole will be filled and what will be filled, you should not expect anything. But when the time comes, there is a great tide combined with strong winds, and water wins the hole, even if it is far away, it is full. The coming of the Superior Knowledge consists in creating a space in itself, and not expecting anything from it, otherwise it closes. Things happen sooner or later. I will understand the true meaning of this message about 20 years after receiving it.

During out-of-body trips in recent years, discussions with people from higher worlds have often been rich in teaching. My main criterion, there as here below, is to select people who do not have the big head and keep lightness, humor.

The best teachers are those who do not need to have students. What they are, what they live is enough for them to be fulfilled. If they provide help, it is out of pure compassion and desire to contribute to the evolution of sentient beings.

Not being followed, not being understood does not pose any problem. They do not make a crisis of authority and calmly support the contradiction, without despising it. They do not seek after their personal interests because they are already filled beyond all. To give you must have a lot.

Here are the real teachers, here and there, it is not so difficult to sort. Judge according to your heart and also with your intelligence, allow yourself to be lucid and see things as they are, including if it is uncomfortable.

These are just tips, of course you can do exactly the opposite, and not suffer. Up to you.

This book has no other pretension than to bring you a certain number of elements, so that you can trace yourself the best path. Have a nice trip !

## Christmas tales

Sedona, Arizona. With my dear Blandine, we are in a kind of supermarket of esotericism, the whole city is "new age".

There is a charming old lady who sells quite expensive kinds of photographs.

She explains that these are pictures of aura. There are spots of light around the heads, they are very pretty, I explain that these spots can represent many things from an artistic point of view, but in no case they represent the aura, even from very far.

The lady is a bit bored and tries to argue about the wonderful technology that makes it possible to get those spots, and how much they relate to the person photographed. Bullshit, I advise her to change her business, in case she wants to do something more honest. We leave each other good friends, after all, I will not stay at her stand all year to break her business.

At the floor above there are esoteric consultations. It is a hypermarket of clairvoyance, there is the choice between a large number of providers. Usually, we are not customers of this kind of thing but in Sedona we act as tourists and explore a little everything, intuition. We choose a couple, he is a beautiful boy of Hawaiian origin, she is white American.

They are both very friendly. Blandine does not speak English, but when she sits down for consultation she has the sudden sensation that it's going to be her party.

And that's what is happening, they mainly address her, I translate. They are good, go straight to the problem. Blandine says nothing but cries for long minutes. Sequence emotion ...

Then they take a look at me and formulate together and immediately the same diagnosis: "it's a teacher".

Still this thing! No, no, I hasten to answer, very little for me, thank you!

At this point I have to specify that I am not at all a spiritually evolved being and that does not tempt me to come up with it, for the moment at least.

I do not want to heal people either, physically, psychologically or even spiritually, and I do not need it.

Like everyone else, I help people who are close to me, if I can, but I do not want to change the world. I have neither the desire nor the energy nor the skills. I am like many of us, an ordinary person.

It's been years since my friends on the other side put the same kind of teaching story on me, and I've always referred them to roses. No, but did you see the face of potential students?

I confirm my position to the couple of seers, which makes them laugh nicely.

...

There is a story about Buddha. We ask him why he came back to teach the way to humans, knowing that there are two categories: those who have already found it and who do not need anything, and the others who are completely lost and who, whatever we do, will never understand anything.

Buddha answers that there is a third category: those who are in between. To them the good information will be profitable, they can take the right direction, a little help will suffice.

I have sometimes thought about those who I might like to tell, to explain some of the things I know, and in fact I quite agree with this guy, Buddha.

I have no desire to try to convince crowds of sleepers, they know nothing and can not understand anything, it is stupid to take care of them.

It is not useful either to address those who have lived and understood by themselves, these people do not need anyone.

There is a third category, that of people who already know something, who have started the road, who are sure that this world is not the only one. They just need to be given the overall perspective, and some details.

I rate this group at about 0.001% of the current population, which is one in 100,000 people, hence the title of the book you have in your hands.

With such a marketing target, no question of doing a bestseller. But that's not the goal, you understand it. If only one person came out of sleep using things like this book, that will suffice.



When I met Christel SEVAL, my editor, he convinced me to write this testimony. I thank him for helping me do what I needed to do here.

We often talk together, Christel is always fond of details and additional data. We have arrived at the following conclusion: what characterizes me mainly is the memory.

I remember all my life. At the age of 14, at the end of college we were all seen by a psychologist to determine our orientations. It was with this lady that I learned that it was not customary to remember the very small childhood, of which I told her many details at her request: to breastfeed with my mother, to passing to bottle feeding, learning to walk, and all that follows.

There is no shadow zone, no fracture. I was 4 years old when, during a walk in the snowy countryside, I began to relieve painfully the psychological symptoms of my previous incarnation, the one I spent for a few months, alone, in the dark and dusty dormitory of a Western orphanage. I was sick, sleeping in a little bed among other companions of misfortune, abandoned by my parents too. I died quickly, it was at the beginning of the 20th century. Abandonment, one of the sufferings that passes most easily from one incarnation to another, even more than hatred.

I remember many past lives, often with a lot of details. I remember every morning my dreams, and sometimes trips out of the body. I remember things that happened between two incarnations, in the higher worlds.

In this life I remember for example the moment when my parents went to see the priest of the parish to prepare my baptism, I was in the arms of my father, head up, and I had trouble following the look at the strange black thing that was walking in the room, the priest.

The memory of my first day of kindergarten is very lively, what I saw, what I did, what I thought, everything is intact. I think with a little effort I could almost remember every day going to this school.

I come back sometimes with a friend, Didier. It is the son of the baker installed at 150 meters from the school. I have to go another 250 meters to reach the house, crossing the National road. Didier sometimes accompanies me a little further than the door of the bakery.

We are barely five years old when we come to a big question, Santa Claus. Didier is absolutely convinced of his existence, and I try in vain to explain to him my conception of things.

To me too my parents have told the same story, brilliantly. I see clearly in their game, they invented this story to please me, but I was never fooled. Didier lets me continue the path, he remains on his intellectual positions.

While walking I wonder about his lack of lucidity. Of course I have no proof of what I advance, but it seems to me as an evidence! And I think about my parents who told me this fable since I was little, would they tell me stories, but on other subjects? I go through some of the things that may have been a little "arranged".

And I go a step above. And to them, my own parents, did anyone tell stories that they believe for lack of lucidity, like my comrade Didier? My intuition blows me when yes, that's exactly what happens, everyone is here in the illusion, no one knows what the truth is.

It is precisely here, at this moment, between the bakery and the toy store, that I begin to understand: I am 5 years old and I am in a world of Sleepers.

Then will follow the eternal dilemma: is it possible to be right alone against its cultural environment? After dozens of years of reflection, for me the answer is yes. No matter who teaches us here, they are mainly reproducing the beliefs they have been taught.

Even though they are the best scientists of the moment, they know almost nothing about Reality. I am aware that what is being told here can and must surprise, however everything is true. To each of you to conduct your research, or to sleep the rest of your physical life. We wake up sooner or later, in this world or another, so nothing is serious or definitive.

The truth is infinitely richer and more beautiful than all the stories of Santa Claus that are told here. Is not this the best of news?

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**Next issue in the second half of 2013 at Atlantes editions of a book translated from Italian who will have the effect of a bomb!**

Mauro BIGLINO, one of the few specialists of the ancient Hebrew in the world, a professional translator of the Old Testament and accredited by the Vatican, after years spent in the service of the Roman Catholic institution, decided to publish his most exact translation. This translation is distinct from the religious version and proposes an explanation where the gods descended on Earth are beings of extraterrestrial origin. They are the ones who by genetic manipulation created the human race. To be continued...

See in Italian on: <http://www.unoeditori.com/index.php?method=ecom&action=zoom&id=608>

See the videos of his subtitled conferences in English (6 videos):

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fhkavWAIQes>