

Chapter 10

A different alien**and my former lives**

A period of time had elapsed, I've no idea how long, when, instinctively, I turned my head towards the left. I'm sure my mouth fell open and remained that way. One of the two people I had met earlier was coming towards us from the left, leading a person, very odd in appearance, by the shoulder. For a moment I thought this person to be a Red Indian chief such as we see in films. I will try to describe him as best I can.

He was very small in stature, perhaps 150 centimetres but what was most striking about him was that he was as wide as he was tall - just like a square. His head was completely round and sat directly on his shoulders. What had at first sight brought to mind an Indian chief, was his hair, which was more like feathers, coloured yellow, red and blue, rather than hair. His eyes were quite red and his face was 'flattened' almost like a Mongoloid face. He had no eyebrows but lashes that were four times as long as mine. He had been given a robe like mine, although quite different in colour. The limbs that extended beyond the robe were of the same light blue colour as his face. His Aura, silvery in places, shone brightly and around his head was a strong halo of gold.

The shower of colour from the top of his head was much smaller than Thao's, rising only a few centimetres into the air. He was, telepathically, invited to take a seat, about ten paces to our left.

Again, the central figure levitated towards the new arrival and placed his hands on his head, repeating the procedure I had experienced.

When we were all seated, the great figure began to address us. He spoke in the language of Thiaoouba and I was completely stunned at finding I understood everything he said, just as if he had spoken in my mother tongue!

117

118 *Thiaoouba Prophecy*

Seeing my agitation, Thao telepathised, 'Yes Michel, you have a new gift. It will be explained later.'

'Arki,' the Thaora was saying, 'this is Michel, from the planet Earth. I welcome you to Thiaoouba, Arki. May The Spirit enlighten you.'

Addressing me, he continued. 'Arki has come to visit us from the planet X'. (I am not allowed to reveal the name of this planet, nor the reason I have been forbidden to do so.) 'And we thank him in the name of The Spirit and all the Universe, just as we thank you, Michel, for your willingness to collaborate with us in our mission.

'Arki has come in his Agoura¹ at our request, especially to meet you, Michel.

'We wanted you to see with your own eyes and touch with your own hands, an extra-planetary quite different from our own race. Arki inhabits a planet of the same category as Earth, although it is very different in certain respects. These 'differences' are essentially physical and have contributed, over the course of time, to the physical appearance of the people.

'We also wanted to show you several things, Michel. Arki and his fellow beings are highly evolved both technologically and spiritually which might surprise you considering you will find his appearance 'abnormal', even monstrous. However, you can see by his Aura that he is highly spiritual and good. We also wanted to show you, by this experience, that we can give you for a time, the gift not only of seeing Auras, but of understanding all languages - and that, without recourse to telepathy.'

So that was it, I thought to myself.

'Yes, that was it,' Thaora replied. 'Now, move closer, the two of you. Talk together, touch each other if you want to - in a word, make each other's acquaintance.'

I stood up and Arki did likewise. When he was upright, his hands almost touch the floor. Each had five fingers, like ours, but it had two thumbs - one in the same position as ours and the other where our little fingers are.[8]

We approached each other and he held his arm out to me, the wrist forward and fist closed. He was smiling at me, revealing a set of straight, even teeth, just like ours, but green. I held my hand out in return, not knowing what else to do, and he addressed me in his own language - now perfectly comprehensible to me.

1) Spacecraft of the planet X which travels at a speed slightly below the speed of light.

A different alien and my former lives 119

'Michel, I am very pleased to meet you and would have liked to be

welcoming you as a guest on my own planet.' I thanked him warmly, and filled with such emotion, began the sentence in French and finished it in English, which he, likewise, had no difficulty understanding!

He continued. 'At the request of the great Thaora, I have come to Thiaoouba from planet X, a planet that resembles yours in many ways. It is twice larger than Earth, with 15 billion inhabitants but, like Earth and other planets of the first category, it's a 'Planet of Sorrows'. Our problems are much the same as yours: we have had two nuclear holocausts during our existence on our planet and we have experienced dictatorships, crime, epidemics, cataclysms, a monetary system and all that is associated with it, religions, cults and other things.

'However, eighty of our years ago (our year lasts four hundred and two 21-hour-days) we initiated a reform. In fact, the reform was set in motion by a group of four people from a small village on the shores of one of our largest oceans. This group, comprising three men and one woman, preached peace, love and freedom of expression. They travelled to the capital city of their country and requested an audience with the leaders. Their request was denied for the regime was dictatorial and military. For six days and five nights, the four slept in front of the palace gates, eating nothing and drinking little water.

'Their perseverance attracted public attention and by the sixth day, a crowd of 2000 had gathered in front of the palace. With feeble voices, the four preached to the crowd of uniting in love to change the regime - until guards put an end to their 'sermon' by shooting the four and threatening to shoot members of the crowd if they did not disperse. This they quickly did, in genuine fear of the guards. Nevertheless, a seed had been sown in the minds of the people. On reflection, thousands of them came to realise that, without a peaceful understanding, they were powerless, absolutely powerless.

'Word was passed around among the people - rich and poor, employer and employee, worker and foreman, and one day, six months later, the entire nation came to a standstill.'

'What do you mean by 'came to a standstill'?' I asked.

'The nuclear power stations shut down, transport systems halted, freeways were blocked. Everything stopped. The farmers didn't deliver their produce; radio and television networks ceased transmitting; communication systems shut down. The police were helpless in the face of such unity, for, in a matter of hours, millions of people had joined the 'cease work'. It seemed, for that time, the people had forgotten their hates, jealousies, differences of opinion as they united against injustice and tyranny. A police force and an army comprise human beings and these human beings had relatives and friends among the crowd.

120 *Thiaouoba Prophecy*

'It was no longer a question of killing four subversive individuals. Hundreds of thousands would have had to be killed just to 'liberate' one power station.

'In the face of the people's determination, the police, the army and the Dictator were forced to capitulate. The only deaths to occur during this incident were the 23 fanatics who comprised the Tyrant's personal guard - the soldiers were obliged to shoot them in order to reach him.'

'Was he hanged?' I asked.

Arki smiled. 'Why, no, Michel. The people were through with violence. He was deported instead, to a place where he could do no further harm, and, in fact their example inspired his reform. He found, again, the path of love and respect for individual liberty. He died, eventually, repentant for all that he had done. Now, that nation is the most successful on our planet, but, as on yours, there are other nations under the domination of violent totalitarian regimes and we are doing all in our power to help them.

'We know that all we do in this life is an apprenticeship, offering us the possibility of graduating to a superior existence and even freeing us forever of our physical bodies. You must know, too, that the planets are categorised and that it is possible for entire populations to emigrate to another, when their planet is in danger, but no-one can do so if the new planet is not of the same category.

'Being, overpopulated ourselves and, having highly advanced technology, we have visited your planet with a view to establish a settlement there - an idea we decided against since your degree of evolution would bring us more harm than good.'

I was not very flattered by this reflection and my Aura must have indicated as much to Arki. He smiled and continued. 'I'm sorry, Michel, but I am saying my piece without hypocrisy. We still visit Earth but only as observers, interested in studying, and learning from you, your errors. We never intervene because that is not our role, and we would never invade your planet, as this would be a backward step for us. You are not to be envied - materially, technologically or spiritually.'

'Going back to our Astral bodies, an Astral body absolutely cannot change to a superior planet until sufficiently evolved. We are speaking, of course, of spiritual evolution and not technological. This evolution occurs thanks to the physical body. You have already learned of the nine categories of planets - ours are at the bottom of the scale and the planets improve up the scale - up as far as this planet. [9] We, in our present physical bodies, can be permitted only nine days' stay here. According to Universal Law, on the tenth day, our physical bodies would die and neither Thao nor the great Thaora, within whose power it is to revive the dead, would be able to prevent or reverse the process. Nature has very inflexible rules with well-established safeguards.'

A different alien and my former lives 121

'But if I were to die here, perhaps my Astral body could stay here and I could be reincarnated as a baby on Thiaoouba...?' I was full of hope, forgetting, for the moment, the family I loved back on Earth.

'You don't understand, Michel. Universal Law would require that you be reincarnated on Earth, if you had not yet finished your time there. But it *is* possible that when you do die on Earth - when your moment has come - your Astral body will incarnate in a body on another, more advanced planet... a second or perhaps third category planet, or even this one, depending on your present degree of development.'

'It's possible then, to skip all categories and find ourselves reincarnated on a ninth category planet?' I asked, still full of hope, for, most decidedly, I regarded Thiaoouba as a veritable paradise.

'Michel, can you take some iron ore and some carbon, heat them to the right temperature, and produce pure steel? No. First you must skim the rubbish from the iron; then it goes back to the pot to be processed again and again and again... for as long as it takes to produce first-class steel. The same applies to us; we must be 'reprocessed' over and over until we emerge perfect, for eventually we will rejoin The Spirit who, being perfect himself, cannot accept the slightest imperfection.'

'That seems so complicated!'

'The Spirit, who has created everything, wanted it this way and I'm sure that, for him, it's very simple; but for a poor human brain, I admit, it is at times difficult to comprehend. And it gets more difficult, the closer we try to get to the Source. For this reason, we have tried, and in several places with success, to abolish religions and sects. They apparently want to group people together and help them to worship God or gods and to understand [God]¹ better; and yet they make it all much more complicated and quite incomprehensible by introducing rituals and laws invented by priests who look to their own personal interests rather than following nature and Universal Law. I see by your Aura that you already realise certain of these things.'

I smiled, for it was true, and asked, 'On your planet, can you see Auras, and read them?'

'A few of us have learned to, myself included, but in this domain we are little more advanced than you. However, we study the subject enormously because we know this is what's necessary for our evolution.'

He stopped there, quite suddenly, and I realised it was a telepathic order coming from the great personage that made him do so.

'I must go now, Michel and I will be completely happy to do so if in having spoken to you, I

have been able to assist you and your fellow creatures - on Earth and across the Universe.'

He held his hand out to me and I did likewise. In spite of his ugliness, I would have liked to kiss him and hold him in my arms. I wish I had...

1) Editors comment.

122 *Thiaoouba Prophecy*

I later learned that he had been killed, along with five others, when his spacecraft exploded just an hour after leaving Thiaoouba. I hoped that life would continue for him on a more hospitable planet... but perhaps he would return to his own in order to help his people - who knows? I had met, across the Universe, a brother who, like me, existed on a Planet of Sorrows - studying, at the same school, how one day, to gain eternal happiness.

When Arki had left the room with his mentor, I sat down again near Thao. The Thaora who had given me the gift of understanding all languages, addressed me again.

'Michel, as Thao has already told you, you were chosen by us to come on this visit to Thiaoouba, but the essential motive for our choice has not been revealed. It is not only because you have a mind already awakend and open, but also - and *principally* - because you are one of the rare *soukous* inhabiting Earth at the present time. A 'soukou' is an Astral body that has lived eighty-one lives in human physical bodies, and has lived those lives [10] on different planets or different categories. For various reasons, the 'soukous' return to live on inferior planets, like Earth, when they could just as well continue to 'climb the ladder' without ever going backwards. You know that the number nine is the number of the Universe. You are here in the City of Nine Dokos, founded on Universal Law. Your Astral body has nine times nine lives, which brings you to the end of one of the great cycles.'

Once again, I was completely flabbergasted. I suspected I wasn't living my first life, especially after my journey to Mu - but eighty-one lives! I didn't know one lived so many...

'It's possible to live many more, Michel,' said the Thaora, interrupting my thoughts. 'Thao is up to her 216th, but other entities live far fewer. As I said, you have been chosen from among very few 'soukous' living on Earth, but, in order that you acquire a thorough understanding during the trip to our planet, we have planned another journey in time for you. So that you will better understand what reincarnation is, and what its purpose is, we will permit you to revisit your previous existences. This journey in time will be useful to you when writing your book as you will fully comprehend its purpose.'

He had barely finished speaking, when Thao took me by the shoulder and spun me around. She led me towards the relaxation chamber - a feature, it seemed, of each and every doko. The three Thaori followed us, still by levitation.

Thao indicated that I should lie down on a large piece of fabric that was just like an air cushion. The 'chief' Thaora positioned himself behind my head, the other two each holding one of my hands. Thao cupped her hands above my solar plexus.

A different alien and my former lives 123

The leader then placed the index fingers of both hands over my pineal gland, telepathically ordering me to stare at his fingers.

Seconds later, I had the impression of sliding backwards at incredible speed, through a dark, endless tunnel. Then, abruptly, I emerged from the tunnel into what seemed to be a gallery of a coal mine. Several men, wearing small lamps on their foreheads were pushing carts; others, a little further away, were attacking the coals with picks or shovelling it into carts. I moved towards the end of the gallery where I was able to examine one of the miners closely. I seemed to know him. A voice that came from within me said, 'It's one of *your* physical bodies, Michel.' The man was quite tall and well built. He was covered in sweat and coal dust and laboured as he

shovelled coal into a cart.

The scene changed abruptly, just as it had when I was in the psychosphere on Mu. I learned that he was called Siegfried, when one of the other miners at the entrance to the mine shaft called his name in German, which I understood perfectly - and I do not speak or understand that language. The other miner asked Siegfried to follow him. He headed towards an old shed, somewhat larger than all the others in this apparent main street of the village. I followed them both inside, where oil lamps were burning and men sat at tables.

Siegfried joined a group of them. They shouted something at a brute wearing a dirty apron and, shortly afterwards, he brought them a bottle and some pewter goblets.

Another scene was superimposed on this one. It seemed that it was several hours later. The shed was the same, but now, Siegfried was staggering out, visibly drunk. He headed towards a row of smaller sheds, all of which had chimneys from which blackish smoke curled. Brusquely, he opened the door of one of them and entered, with me hot on his heels.

Eight children, progressing in ages from one year upwards, each twelve months apart, sat at a table plunging their spoons into bowls full of unappetising looking gruel. They all lifted their heads at the sudden appearance of their father, watching him with fearful eyes. A woman, medium in size but strong looking, with hair of a dirty blonde colour, addressed him aggressively: 'Where have you been and where is the money? You know very well that the children haven't had beans in a fortnight, and, yet again, you're drunk!'

She rose and approached Siegfried. As she raised her hand to slap his face, he grabbed her arm and, with his left fist, punched her so hard that she was sent flying backwards.

She fell to the floor, hitting the back of her neck on the chimney hearth as she did so, and was killed instantly.

The children were crying and screaming. Siegfried leaned over his wife whose wide open eyes stared lifelessly into his.

'Freda, Freda, come on, get up,' he cried, his voice filled with anguish. He took her in his arms to help her, but she couldn't stand. Suddenly, as she continued to stare fixedly, he realised she was dead. Sobered now, he rushed towards the door and fled into the night, running on and on, as if he had lost his mind.

Again the scene changed and Siegfried appeared, firmly bound between two guards, one of whom was putting a hood over Siegfried's head. The executioner also wore one with holes cut in it for his eyes. He was a huge man and held within his enormous hand the handle of a wide blade axe. The guard made Siegfried kneel, bending forward so that his head rested on the execution block. Now the executioner came forward and assumed his position. A priest hastily recited prayers as the executioner slowly raised his axe over his head. Quite suddenly, he let it fall on the neck of Siegfried. The victim's head rolled across the ground, causing the crowd to recoil several steps.

I had just witnessed the violent death of one of *my* many physical bodies...

The sensation was *so* strange. Until the moment of his death, I had been filled with a great fondness for this man, and although he had done wrong, I felt great pity for him. At the moment of his death, however, as his head rolled across the ground amid the murmurs of the crowd, I felt an overwhelming sense of relief - on his account as well as my own.

Immediately, I was presented with another scene. Before me was a lake, its shining blue waters reflecting the rays of two suns which hung quite low on the horizon.

A small boat, richly yet delicately decorated with sculptures and paintings, proceeded across the lake. It was guided by men, of medium size and reddish complexion, using long poles which they plunged into the water. Beneath a type of canopy and seated on an ornately decorated throne, was a lovely young woman with golden skin. Her oval shaped face was lit up by pretty almond eyes and long blonde hair that fell to her waist.

She was relaxed and smiling as the young company, which hovered around her, entertained her light-heartedly. I *knew* instantly that this pretty creature was myself in another life.

The boat proceeded steadily towards a landing pier, from which led a wide pathway bordered by tiny flowering shrubs. This path disappeared among trees that surrounded what appeared to be a palace, with roofs at various levels and of various colours.

With a change of scene, I was transported inside the palace to find myself in a lavishly decorated room.

A different alien and my former lives 125

One wall opened up on to a garden - a very orderly miniature garden of astonishing variety and colour.

Servants with reddish skin, dressed in bright green loincloths, busied themselves with serving one hundred or so guests. These 'guests' were of both sexes and all richly dressed. They had the same type of light golden skin colour as the woman on the boat. In contrast to the complexions of the servants, these people had skins of the colour that blonde women on Earth can attain after numerous sun-tanning sessions.

The pretty young woman from the boat, sat, in what appeared to be the place of honour, in a high-backed seat. Music, soft and enchanting, could be heard and seemed to emanate from the far end of the room as well as from the garden.

One of the servants opened a large door to admit a tall young man - perhaps 190 centimetres in height and of similar golden complexion. His bearing was proud and his build athletic.

Copper blond hair framed a face of regular features. He advanced with a purposeful stride towards the young woman and bowed before her. Whispering something to him, she gestured to the servants who brought forward an armchair similar to her own and placed it beside hers. The young man sat down and the woman gave him her hand, which he held in his.

Suddenly, on a signal from her, a gong sounded several times, and silence fell. The guests turned towards the couple. In a voice loud and clear, directed towards the servants as well as the guests, the young woman spoke: 'to all of you gathered here, I want you to know that I have chosen a companion. This is he, Xinolini, and he will have, from this moment and according to my agreement, all the royal rights and privileges, after me. Indeed, he will be the second power in the kingdom, after myself, the Queen and the head. Any subject disobeying him or doing wrong by him in any way will answer to me. The first child that I bear Xinolini, whether male or female, will be my successor. I, Labinola, Queen of the land, have decided this.'

She signalled again, and the sound of the gong indicated the end of her speech. One by one, the guests bowed low before Labinola, kissing first her feet and then Xinolini's in gestures of subservience.

This scene disappeared in a blur to be replaced by another, in the same palace but another room, where the royal family sat in thrones. Here, Labinola was administering justice. All sorts of people paraded before the Queen and she listened attentively to them all.

An extraordinary thing happened. I found I was able to enter into her body. It's quite difficult to explain, but for a considerable time, while I listened and watched, I *was* Labinola.

126 *Thiaouba Prophecy*

I could understand absolutely all that was said, and when Labinola pronounced her judgement, I was in total agreement with her decisions.

I could hear in the murmuring of the crowd, reflections of admiration for her wisdom, never

once did she turn towards Xinolini and never did she ask his advice. I felt a great pride invade me, knowing that I had been this woman in another life and I felt, during this time, the light tingling sensation that I was starting to recognise.

Everything disappeared again and then I was in the most luxurious of bedrooms. It proved to be that of Labinola, who lay, completely naked, on the bed. Three women and two men hovered nearby. As I approached, I could see her face, streaming with perspiration and disfigured with the pain of labour.

The women, midwives, and the men, the most eminent doctors in the kingdom, seemed worried. The child was arriving in a breech position and Labinola had lost a lot of blood. This was her first child and she was exhausted. Fear was evident in the eyes of the midwives and doctors and I *knew* that Labinola already realised she was going to die.

The scene moved forwards two hours in time and Labinola had just breathed her last breath. She had lost too much blood. The child, too, had died, suffocating before it could emerge into the world. Labinola, this pretty creature of twenty-eight years, so beautiful and good had just released her Astral body - my Astral body, to live another life.

Further scenes were already appearing, revealing other lives on other planets - as men, women and children. Twice I was a beggar, and three times a sailor. I was a water carrier in India, a goldsmith in Japan where I lived till ninety-five years of age; a Roman soldier; a black child at Chad devoured by a lion at the age of eight years; an Indian fisherman on the Amazon, dead at forty two years leaving twelve children; an Apache chief dead at eighty six years; several times a peasant farmer, on Earth as well as on other planets; and twice an ascetic in the mountains of Tibet and on another planet.

Apart from when I was Labinola, ruling Queen of one-third of a planet, most of my lives were very modest. I saw scenes from all eighty of my previous lives - some of which impressed me a lot. I do not have time to detail them all in this book, as they would fill a volume on their own. Maybe one day I will write it.

At the end of the 'show', I had the impression of moving backwards in the 'tunnel' and, when I opened my eyes, Thao and the three Thaori were smiling kindly. When it was established that I

was indeed back in my present skin, the leader addressed me in the following words:

'We wanted to show you your past lives, that you might notice they vary, as though they were attached to a wheel. Because a wheel is made to turn, any point on it that is on top will soon be at the bottom - it is inevitable, do you see?