

Chapter 4

The Golden Planet

As Thao was winding up her narrative, my attention was drawn to lights of different colours, which had lit up near her seat. When she had finished talking, she made a gesture. On one of the walls of the room, there appeared a series of letters and numbers, which Thao examined attentively. Then the light went out and the image disappeared.

‘Thao,’ I said, ‘you spoke just now of hallucination or collective illusion. I have trouble understanding how you can delude thousands of people -isn’t it charlatanism, just as when an illusionist on stage fools the crowd with a dozen, more or less ‘chosen’ subjects?’

Thao smiled again. ‘You are right in a certain sense, for it is extremely rare these days on your planet and especially on stage to find a true illusionist. I must remind you that we are experts in all manner of psychic phenomena Michel, and for us it is quite easy because...’

At that moment, a shock of extraordinary violence shook the spacecraft. Thao looked at me with horrified eyes - her whole face had completely changed and one could read in it sheer terror. With a dreadful cracking sound, the vessel split into several pieces and I heard screams from astronauts, as we were all hurled into space. Thao had grabbed hold of my arm and we were flung through the sidereal emptiness at a giddy speed. I realised, only because of the speed we were travelling, that we were about to cross paths with a comet - exactly like the one we had passed by several hours earlier.

I felt Thao’s hand on my arm but didn’t even think to turn my head in her direction - I was literally mesmerised by the comet. We were going to collide with its tail - that was certain - and already I could feel the terrible heat. The skin on my face was ready to burst - it was the end...

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'Are you OK, Michel?' asked Thao gently from her seat. I thought I was going mad. I was sitting opposite her in the same seat where I had listened to her account of the first man on Earth.

'Are we dead or mad?' I asked.

'Neither, Michel. There is a saying on your planet that a picture is worth a thousand words. You asked me how we were able to delude crowds of people. I replied immediately by *creating an illusion* for you. I realise I should have chosen a less frightening experience, but the subject is a very important one in this case.'

'It's fantastic! I never would have believed that it could happen like that - and so suddenly. It was so very *real* - the whole scenario. I don't know what to say... The only thing I ask of you is not to frighten me like that again. Besides, I could die of fright...'

'Not at all. Our physical bodies were in our seats and we simply separated our ... let's call them 'astropsychic' bodies from our physical ones and from our other bodies...'

'What other bodies?'

'All the others: the physiological, the psychotypical, the astral, and so on. Your astropsychic body was separated from the others by a telepathic system originating in my brain which, acts in

this case, like a transmitter. A direct correlation is established between my astropsychic body and yours.

‘All that I imagined was projected in your astropsychic body exactly as if it was happening. The only thing is, not having had time to prepare you for the experience, I had to be very cautious.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Well, when you create an illusion, the subject, or subjects, should be prepared to see what you want them to see. For example, if you want people to see a spaceship in the sky, it is important that they are expecting to see one. If they expect to see an elephant, they will never see the spaceship. Thus, with the right words and cleverly controlled suggestions, the crowd will unite around you in anticipation of seeing a spaceship, a white elephant, or the Virgin of Fatima - a typical case of the phenomenon on Earth.’

‘It would have to be easier with a single subject than with 10 000.’

‘Not at all. On the contrary, with several people, a chain reaction is produced. You release the astropsychic bodies of the individuals and when you put the procedure in motion, they telepathise among themselves. It’s a bit like the famous domino lines - when you make the first one fall, all the others must fall right down to the last one.’

‘So it was a very easy game with you. Since you left Earth, you have remained more or less anxious. You don’t know what will *logically* happen next.’

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‘I took advantage of this typical case of conscious or unconscious fear that is always present

when one travels in a flying machine - the fear of exploding or crashing. Then, as you had seen the comet on the screen, why not use it too? Rather than cook your face as you approached the comet, I could have made you cross the tail believing it to be frozen.'

'In all, you could have driven me insane!'

'Not in such a short time...'

'But that had to have lasted more than five minutes..?'

'No more than ten seconds - just as in a dream, or should I say a nightmare, which occurs by the way, in approximately the same manner. For example, you are sleeping and you begin to dream... You are in a field with a wonderful white stallion. You approach to catch him, but each time you try, he runs away. After five or six attempts, which take time of course, you leap on the horse's back and begin to gallop and gallop. Faster and faster you go and you are happily intoxicated by the speed... The stallion gallops so fast that he no longer touches the ground. He is airborne and the countryside passes beneath you - river, plains and forests.

'It is truly wonderful. Then a mountain appears on the horizon, looming taller and taller as you approach. You have to rise higher with difficulty. The horse flies up and up - it is almost over the highest peak when his shoe strikes a rock, unbalancing you, so that you fall - down and down - you go into a chasm that seems to have no end ... and you find you have fallen out of bed on to the floor.'

'No doubt you are going to tell me this dream lasts only a few minutes.'

'It would have lasted four seconds. The dream started as though, from a certain point you wound back a film on video and then watched it. I know it is difficult to comprehend but in this particular dream, all would have begun at the moment you lost your balance in bed.'

'I confess that I don't understand.'

'I'm not at all surprised, Michel. To understand completely requires much more study in the field and, on Earth at the present time, you don't have anyone capable of instructing you on the subject. Dreams don't really matter for the moment Michel, but without your realising it, during the few hours you have spent with us, you have made great progress in certain areas and this is what matters. Now it is time to explain to you our motives for bringing you to Thiaoouba.

'We are entrusting you with a mission. This mission is to report all that you are going to see, live and hear during your time with us. Report everything in one, or several books that you will write when you return to Earth. We have been observing the behaviour of the people on your planet for thousands and thousands of years, as you now realise.

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'A certain percentage of these people are arriving at a very critical point in history and we feel that the time has come to try to assist them. If they will listen, we can ensure that they take the right path. This is why you have been chosen ...'

'But I am not a writer! Why haven't you chosen a good writer - someone well known, or a good journalist?'

Thao smiled at my vehement reaction. 'The only writers who might have done it, as it must be done, are dead - I mean Plato or Victor Hugo - and they still would have reported the facts with too much stylistic embellishment. We require the most precise account possible.'

'Then you need a journalist reporter...'

'Michel, you know yourself, that journalists on your planet are so inclined towards

sensationalism, that they often distort the truth.

'How often for example, do you see news reports that differ from channel to channel or paper to paper? Whom do you believe when one gives the death toll in an earthquake as 75, another as 62 and another as 95? Do you really imagine we would trust a journalist?'

'You're absolutely right!' I exclaimed.

'We have observed you and we know all about you as we know about some others on Earth - and you were *selected*...'

'But why exactly me? I am not the only one on Earth capable of objectivity.'

'Why not you? In time, you will learn the principal reason behind our choice.'

I didn't know what to say. Moreover, my objections were ridiculous since I had already embarked on this affair and there was no going back. Ultimately, I had to admit I was enjoying this space voyage more and more. Certainly, millions of human beings would have given all they owned to be in my place.

'I will argue no further Thao. If this is your decision, I can only yield to it. I hope I will be equal to the task. Have you considered that ninety nine per cent of people will not believe a word of what I say? For most people it will be too incredible.'

'Michel, almost 2000 years ago, did they believe that Christ was sent by God as he claimed? Certainly not, for they wouldn't have crucified him had they believed. Now however, there are millions who believe what he said...'

'Who believes him? Do they really believe him Thao? And who was he anyway? First of all, who is God? Does He exist?'

'I have been expecting this question and it is important that you ask it. On an ancient stone tablet, which I believe is *Naaca*, it is written: In the beginning there was nothing - all was darkness and silence.

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'The Spirit - the Superior Intelligence decided to create the worlds and He commanded to four superior forces...

'It's extremely difficult for the human mind, even when highly developed, to comprehend such a thing. In fact, in a sense, it is impossible. On the other hand, your Astral Spirit assimilates it when it is freed from your physical body. But I'm getting ahead of myself - let's go back to the very beginning.

'In the beginning there was nothing except darkness and a spirit - *THE Spirit*.

'The Spirit was, and is, infinitely powerful - powerful beyond the comprehension of any human mind. The Spirit is so powerful that it was able, by the action of its will alone, to trigger an atomic explosion with chain reactions of unimaginable force. In fact, the Spirit imagined the worlds - He imagined how to create them - from the most enormous to the most minuscule. He imagined the atoms. When He imagined them He created, in His imagination, all that moved and will move: all that lived and will live; all that is motionless, or seems to be - every single thing.

'But it existed only in his imagination. All was still in darkness. Once He had an overall view of what He wanted to create, He was able, by his exceptional spiritual force, to create, instantaneously, the four forces of the Universe.

'With these, He directed the first and the most gigantic atomic explosion of all time - what certain people on Earth call 'The Big Bang'. The Spirit was at its centre and induced it. Darkness was gone and the Universe was creating itself according to the will of the Spirit.

'The Spirit was thus, is still, and always will be, at the centre of the Universe for He is the Master and Creator of it...'

'Well then,' I interrupted, 'it's the story of God as the Christian religion teaches it - or just about - and I never believed in their nonsense...'

'Michel, I speak of no religion such as exists on Earth and especially not the Christian religion. Don't confuse religions with the Creation and the simplicity of all that ensued. Don't confuse logic with the illogical distortions of religions. We will have the opportunity to talk again later on this subject, and you are certainly in for some surprises.

'For the moment, I was trying to explain the Creation to you. During billions of years (for the Creator of course, it is eternally the 'present', but it is more at the level of our understanding to count by billions of years), all the worlds, suns and atoms were formed, as you are taught in schools, the planets revolving around their suns, and sometimes with their own satellites etc. At certain times in certain solar systems, some planets cool down - soil is formed, rocks solidify, oceans are formed and landmasses become continents.

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'Finally, these planets become habitable for certain forms of life. All this was in the beginning, in the imagination of The Spirit. We can call his first force the 'Atomic force'.

'At this stage, by his second force, He conceived the primary living creatures and many of the primary plants, from which later derived the sub-species. This second force we will call the 'Ovocosmic Force', as these creatures and plants were created by simple cosmic rays, which ended up with cosmic eggs.

'At the very beginning, The Spirit imagined experiencing feelings through a special creature. He had imagined Man by means of the third force that we will call the 'Ovoastromic Force'. Thus Man was created. Have you ever considered Michel, what intelligence it took to create a human being or even an animal? Blood that circulates thanks to the heart that beats millions of times independently of the will ... lungs that purify the blood by means of a complex system ... the nervous system ... the brain which gives the orders, aided by the five senses ... the spinal cord which is ultra-sensitive and which will make you [instantly] withdraw your hand from a hot stove so you won't burn yourself - it would have taken one tenth of a second for the brain to issue the order to prevent your hand from being burnt. [4]

'Have you ever wondered why, that of the billions of individuals on a planet like yours, there are no two fingerprints the same: and why, what we call the 'crystalline' of the blood, is just as unique among individuals as the fingerprint?

'Your experts and technicians on Earth, and on other planets, have tried and still try to create a human body. Have they succeeded? In regards to the robots they have made, not even the most highly perfected will ever be more than a vulgar machine in comparison with the human mechanism.

'To go back to the crystalline I mentioned just now, it is best described as a certain vibration particular to the blood of each individual. It has nothing to do with the blood group. Various religious sects on Earth believe absolutely in the 'rightness' of refusing blood transfusions. Their reasons relate to the teachings and books of their religious teachings and their own interpretations of these, whereas they should look to the real reason, which is the impact the different vibrations have on each other.

'If it is a large transfusion, it can have an influence on the recipient to a degree and, for a length of time, which varies according to the volume of the transfusion. This influence, of course, is never dangerous.

'After a time, which never exceeds one month, the vibrations of the recipient's blood takes over, leaving no trace of the vibrations of the donor's blood.

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'It shouldn't be forgotten that these vibrations are much more [5] a feature of the physiological and fluidic body than that of the physical body.

'But I notice that I have deviated greatly from my subject, Michel. In any case, it is time now to rejoin the others. We are not far from arriving at Thiaoouba.'

I didn't dare ask Thao then, about the nature of the fourth force, for already she was heading for the exit. I left my seat and followed her back to the command post. There, on the panel and in close-up view, a person was talking slowly and almost continuously. Numbers and figures, with luminous dots of different bright colours were continually crossing the screen, interspersed with symbols.

Thao sat me down in the seat I had previously occupied and asked me not to interfere with my security system. She then moved away, to confer with Biastra who seemed to be supervising the astronauts, each of whom was busy at her respective desk. Finally, she came back and sat down in the seat next to mine.

'What is happening?' I asked

'We are reducing speed progressively as we approach our planet. We are now 848 million kilometres away and will arrive in about twenty five minutes.'

'Can we see it now?'

'Patience, Michel. Twenty-five minutes is not the end of the world!' She winked, evidently in good humour.

The close up view on the panel was replaced by a wide angle shot, allowing us a general view of the command room of the intergalactic base, as we had seen earlier. Now each operator was deep in concentration at her particular desk. Many of the 'desk-computers' were operated orally, rather than manually, responding to the operators' voices. Figures, accompanied by luminous dots of various colours, crossed the screen rapidly. No one in the spacecraft remained standing.

Suddenly, there it was, right in the middle of the panel. The intergalactic centre had been replaced by... Thiaoouba!

My guess *had* to be correct - I could *feel* it. Thao immediately telepathised an affirmative, leaving me in no doubt.

As we approached and Thiaoouba grew on the panel, I couldn't take my eyes off the sight, for what I saw before me was indescribably beautiful. Initially, the first word which sprang to mind was 'luminous' - this then was juxtaposed with 'golden' - but the effect produced by this colour was beyond any description. If I were to invent a word, perhaps one that might apply would be 'lumino-vapour-golden'. In fact, one had the impression of plunging into a luminous and golden bath - almost as if there were very fine gold dust in the atmosphere.

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We were descending gently on to the planet and the panel no longer showed its contours, but rather, the contours of a continent could be distinguished, ending abruptly at an ocean, that was sprinkled with a multitude of islands of different colours.

The closer we came, the greater was the detail discernible - the zoom lenses were not used at the time of landing, for a reason which was explained to me later. What captivated me most, was the *colour* before me - I was *dazzled!*

All the colours were, in each tonal variation more vivid than ours. A bright green, for example, almost shone - it radiated colour. A dark green had the opposite effect - it 'kept' its colour. It is extremely difficult to describe, for the colours on this planet could not be compared with any that exist on Earth. A red could be recognised as red, but it wasn't the red we know. There is a word in Thao's language which defines the types of colours on Earth and on planets similar to ours - our colours are *Kalbilaoka* which I translate as 'dull' - theirs, on the other hand, are *Theosolako viniki*² which means they radiate their colours from within.

My attention was soon drawn to what looked, on the screen, like eggs - yes, eggs!¹ I could see the ground dotted with eggs, some half covered with vegetation, and others quite bare. Some seemed bigger than others and some lay down. Others were upright with what looked like the pointed end towards the sky.

I was so astonished by this sight that I turned again towards Thao to ask her about these 'eggs', when suddenly on the screen, there appeared a round form surrounded by several spheres of different sizes, and, slightly further away, yet more 'eggs'. These ones were enormous.

I recognised the spheres to be space vessels just like ours.

'Affirmative', said Thao from her seat, 'and the round form you see is the cell in which our spacecraft will be accommodated in a few moments, for we are in the process of docking.'

'And the gigantic eggs, what are they?'

Thao smiled. 'Buildings, Michel, but just now, there is something more important that I must explain to you. Our planet contains many surprises for you, but there are two, which could have harmful effects on you. I must therefore ensure that you take certain elementary precautions. Thiaouba does not have the same gravitational force as your planet. Your weight would be 70 kilograms on Earth - here it will be 47 kilograms. When you leave the spacecraft, if you aren't careful, you risk losing your sense of equilibrium in your movements and your reflexes. You'll be inclined to take too great a stride, and perhaps fall and injure yourself...'

1) I should say *half an egg*, as we shall see later on, the description would be more appropriate. (note of the Author)

2) Theosolakoviniki, - a similar effect can be observed with pure monochromatic colours, when light vibrates in a narrow band of frequencies. The author had confirmed this when he was shown such colours. Is it a coincidence that 'Theos' in Greek means 'God'? Are these colours 'pure' like God? (Explanation of the Editor)

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'But I don't understand. In your spacecraft, I feel fine.'

'We have related the internal gravitational pull to correspond with that of Earth - or almost.'

'Then you must be extremely uncomfortable, for you must weigh about 60 kilograms more than your normal weight, given your size.'

'It's true that under this force, our bodies are heavier, but we have counter-balanced this by a semi-levitation, thus we are not uncomfortable, and at the same time, we have the satisfaction of seeing you move among us at ease.'

A slight jolt indicated we had docked. This extraordinary trip was over - I was going to put my foot on *another planet*.

‘The second point,’ Thao resumed, ‘is that you will be obliged to wear a mask, for a while at least, for the brightness and the colours will literally intoxicate you, just as if you had drunk alcohol. The colours are vibrations that act on certain points on your physiological body. On Earth, these points are so slightly stimulated, so little exercised, that here, consequences could be unfortunate.’

The security force field of my seat had just been ‘turned off’ liberating me again, to move about as I pleased. The panel was blank but the astronauts were still busy. Thao led me towards the door and back into the room I’d first entered where I had lain for three hours. There, she took a helmet, very light, which covered my face from my forehead to just below my nose.

‘Let’s go, Michel, and welcome to Thiaoouba.’

Outside the spacecraft, we walked along a very short walkway. Immediately, I felt lighter. The sensation was very pleasant, although somewhat disconcerting, since several times I lost balance and Thao had to steady me.

We saw no one, a fact that surprised me. Earthly perspective had led me to expect to be welcomed by a crowd of reporters, cameras flashing ... or something similar - perhaps a red carpet! Why not the head of state in person? For heaven’s sake, these people wouldn’t be visited by an extra-planetary every day! But nothing...

After a short distance, we arrived at a round platform, to the side of the walkway. Thao sat down on a circular seat inside the platform [6] and signalled that I should sit down opposite her.

She took out an object the size of a walkie-talkie and immediately I felt myself pinned to the seat, just as I had been in the spaceship, by an invisible force field. Then, quite gently and with a barely perceptible hum, the platform rose by several metres and moved off rapidly towards the ‘eggs’, about 800 metres away. The thin and slightly perfumed air was lashing the exposed area of my face below my nose, which was very nice, its temperature being around 26 degrees Celsius.

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In just seconds, we arrived, and passed through the walls of one of the 'eggs', as if we'd passed through a cloud. The platform stopped and came to rest gently on the floor of the 'building'. I looked around me in all directions.

It seemed absurd, but the 'egg' had disappeared. We had indeed, entered the 'egg' and yet around us, as far as the eye could see, stretched the countryside. We could see the landing ground and the docked spaceships just as though we were outside...

'I understand your reaction, Michel,' said Thao who knew what I was thinking, 'I'll explain the mystery to you later.'

Not far from us, were gathered twenty or thirty people, all busy to some extent, in front of desks and screens which flashed with coloured lights - similar to inside the spacecraft. A type of music played very softly, elevating me to a state of euphoria.

Thao signalled me to follow her and we headed towards one of the smaller 'eggs' situated near the 'supposed inside walls' of this larger one. As we went, we were greeted with happiness by all we passed.

I must mention here, that Thao and I made an odd couple as we moved across the room. The great difference in our heights meant that, as we walked side by side, she was obliged to move slowly so that I didn't have to run to keep up - my movements were more like ungainly jumps, for each time I tried to hurry, I exacerbated the problem. I had the task of coordinating muscles that were accustomed to moving a weight of 70 kilograms and now had only to move 47 kilograms - you can imagine the effect we created.

We headed for a light that was shining on the wall of the small 'egg'. In spite of my mask, I was very conscious of its brilliance. We passed beneath the light and went through the wall into a room that I immediately recognised as the one featured on the screen in the spaceship. The faces too, were familiar to me. I realised I was in the intergalactic centre.

Thao took off my mask. 'It's all right for now, Michel, you won't need it here.'

She introduced me personally to each of the dozen people there. They all exclaimed something and put a hand on my shoulder as a gesture of welcome.

Their faces wore expressions of sincere joy and goodness and I was deeply touched by the warmth of their reception. It was as if they considered me one of them.

Thao explained that their principal question was: why is he so sad - is he ill?

'I am not sad!' I protested.

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'I know, but they are not accustomed to the facial expressions of the people of Earth. Faces here, as you can see, reflect a perpetual happiness.'

It was true. They looked as though every second, they received excellent news.

I had been aware that something was strange about these people and suddenly it hit me: *Everyone I had seen, seemed to be of the same age!*