

Chapter 6

The Seven Masters and

the Aura

A huge flame burned blue; orange yellow and red flames burned around it. An enormous black snake slid straight through the flames, heading for me. Giants appeared from nowhere, running, and trying to catch the snake. It took seven of them together, to stop it before it reached me. But it turned and swallowed the flames, only to spit them back out, like a dragon, at the giants. They were transformed into immense statues just as they were - mounted on the tail of the snake.

The reptile became a comet and carried the statues off - to Easter Island.¹ Next, they were greeting me, wearing strange hats. One of the statues, resembling Thao, caught me by the shoulder and said, 'Michel, Michel... wake up.' Thao was shaking me and gently smiling.

'My goodness!' I said, opening my eyes, 'I was dreaming you were an Easter Island statue and that you caught hold of me by the shoulder...'

'I *am* an Easter Island statue, and I *did* take you by the shoulder.'

'Anyway, I'm not dreaming now, am I?'

'No, but your dream was really quite strange, for on Easter Island, there is a statue which was sculptured a very long time ago to immortalise me and which was given my name.'

'What are you telling me now?'

'The simple truth, Michel, but we will explain all that to you in good time. For now, we will try on these clothes I've brought for you.'

Thao handed me a richly-coloured robe which quite delighted me and, after a warm and perfumed bath, I dressed in the garment. A feeling of euphoria, which was totally unexpected, overwhelmed me. I mentioned it to Thao, who was waiting with a glass of milk and a little manna for me.

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1) 'Easter Island' - an isolated island in the Pacific with no trees, several thousand kilometres from the shore of Chile, on which there are numerous gigantic statues from stone. Some of these statues are 50 metres high and since time immemorial have been considered 'one of the seven wonders of the world'. Their existence has intrigued archaeologists and historians for centuries. (Editor's comment in agreement with the Author)

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'The colours of your robe were chosen according to those of your Aura; that's why you feel so good. If people on Earth were able to see Auras, they too could choose colours, which suit them and thereby enhance their feeling of well-being. They'd make use of colour rather than aspirin.'

'What do you mean, exactly?'

'I'll give you an example. Do you ever remember saying of someone: 'oh, those clothes don't suit you at all. He, or she, has no taste'?''

'Yes, quite often, in fact.'

'Well, in such cases, those people have simply chosen their clothes less skilfully than others, or mixed them less successfully. As you say in French, they *jurent* or 'clash', but more in the eyes of others than in their own. However, such people will not feel good in themselves, without realising why. If you were to suggest it was because of the colours they were wearing, they would think you odd. You could explain that the vibrations of the colours were in discord with those of their Auras, but they would be no more inclined to believe you. On your planet, people only believe in what they see or touch... and yet the Aura can be seen...'

'The Aura is actually coloured?'

'Of course. The Aura vibrates constantly with colours that vary. At the top of your head is a veritable bouquet of colours, where almost all the colours you know are represented.

'Around the head too, is a golden halo, but it is only really obvious in the most highly spiritual people and in those who have sacrificed themselves in order to help someone else. The halo resembles a golden mist, much like painters on Earth depict the haloes of 'saints' and of Christ. The haloes were included in their paintings because, in those times, some of the artists actually saw them.'

'Yes, I have heard mention of that, but I love to hear it from you.'

'The colours are all there in the Aura: some shine more strongly, others are dull. People in poor health, for example, or people with bad intentions...'

'I would like so much to see the Aura. I know there are people who can see it...'

'Many people on Earth could see it and read it a very long time ago, but there are few now. Calm yourself, Michel. You will see it, and not only one but several. Including your own. Now, though, I'll ask you to follow me, because we have so much to show you and little time available.'

I followed Thao, who placed my mask on my face and led the way to the flying platform we had used the day before.

We took our places and immediately Thao began manoeuvring the machine so that it dodged below the branches of trees.

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In a matter of moments, we had emerged on the beach.

The sun had just risen behind the island and lit up the ocean and surrounding islands. From water level - the effect was magical. As we proceeded along the beach, I could see other dokos through the foliage, nestled among flowering bushes. On the beach, the inhabitants of these dwellings bathed in transparent waters or strolled together on the sand. Apparently surprised to see our flying platform, they followed our progress as we passed. It occurred to me that this was not the usual means of transport on the island.

I should mention too, although swimmers and sunbathers are always completely naked on Thiaoouba, those who stroll or move any significant distance, always dress to do so. On this

planet, there is neither hypocrisy, exhibitionism nor false modesty (this will be explained later).

It was not long before we reached the end of the island and, accelerating, Thao guided the vehicle at water level.

We headed in the direction of a large island, which could be seen on the horizon. I could not help but admire the dexterity with which Thao piloted the flying machine, especially when we arrived at the shore of the island.

Approaching the coast, I could recognise enormous dokos, their points as usual towards the sky, I counted a group of nine, but the island was sprinkled with others, smaller and less visible amongst the vegetation. Thao took us higher and we were soon flying over what Thao called *Ko tra quo doj Doko*
- 'The City of the nine Dokos'.

Skilfully, Thao brought us down between the dokos, to a beautiful park located in their midst. In spite of my mask, I was aware that the golden mist that enveloped Thiaoouba was much denser around these dokos than elsewhere.

Thao confirmed I was not mistaken in my perception, but she was not then able to explain the phenomenon, as they were waiting for us.

She led me beneath an archway of greenery and along a path, which ran beside small ponds. Here wonderful water birds frolicked and little waterfalls murmured.

I found myself almost running to keep up with Thao, but didn't like to ask her to slow down. She appeared preoccupied in a way that was not typical of her. At one point, there was almost a catastrophe when I tried to jump, as much to amuse myself as to catch up with Thao. Due to the difference in gravity, I misjudged my leap and had to catch hold of a tree, which grew right on the water's edge, to prevent myself from falling in.

Eventually, we reached the Central Doko and stopped below the entrance light. Thao seemed to concentrate for several seconds, then she took me by the shoulder and we passed through the wall.

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She immediately removed my mask, advising at the same time, that I half-closed my eyes, which I did. Light filtered through my lower lids and after a time, I was able to open my eyes normally.

I must say, that this brightness, more golden than in my own doko, was considerably uncomfortable at first. I was most curious now, especially since Thao, who was usually very free and without protocol in her relations with everyone, seemed to have abruptly changed in her manner. Why?

This doko must have been 100 metres in diameter. We headed directly, although more slowly, for the centre, where seven seats, each occupied, were arranged in a semi-circle. The occupants sat as though petrified and, at first, I thought them to be statues.

In looks they resembled Thao, although their hair was longer and their facial expressions more serious, giving them the air of being older. Their eyes seemed to be illuminated from within, which was somewhat disturbing. What struck me most of all, was the golden haze, even stronger here than outside, which seemed to concentrate in haloes around their heads.

Since the age of fifteen, I don't recall ever having been in awe of another person. No matter how grand a personage: no matter how important he or she was, (or thought they were) I have not felt intimidated by position: neither have I had qualms about expressing my opinion to anyone. To me, the president of a nation is still just a person and it amuses me that people regard themselves as VIPs. I mention this to make it clear I am not impressed by mere status.

In the doko, all that changed.

When one of them raised a hand to indicate Thao and I should each take a seat facing them, I was indeed *awestruck*, and the word is feeble. I could not have imagined it possible that such radiant beings could exist: it was as though they were on fire inside and emitting rays from within.

They sat on block-like seats, fabric-covered, with straight backs. Each seat was of a different colour - some only slightly different and others vastly different from their neighbours. Their clothes too, differed in colour, suiting each wearer perfectly. All of them sat in what we call on Earth, the 'lotus position' that is, the sitting position of Buddha, with hands resting on knees.

As previously mentioned, they formed a semi-circle and, since there were seven of them, I reasoned that the central figure had to be the principal one, with three acolytes on either side. Of course, at the time, I was too overcome to note such details. It only occurred to me later.

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It was the central figure who addressed me, in a voice so melodious and, at the same time, so authoritarian. I was stunned by it, particularly since he spoke in *perfect French*.

'You are welcome among us, Michel. May The Spirit assist and enlighten you.' The others echoed: 'May The Spirit enlighten you.'

He began to rise gently above his seat still in the lotus position, and floated towards me. This did not entirely surprise me since Thao had previously demonstrated this technique of levitation. I wanted to rise before this undoubtedly great and highly spiritual personage, as a measure of the infinite respect inspired in me. In trying to move, I found I couldn't - as though paralysed in my seat.

He stopped just above and in front of me, placing both his hands on my head; the thumbs

joined on my forehead above my nose, opposite the pineal gland, and the fingers joined at the top of my head. It was Thao who described these details to me later, for at the time, I was overwhelmed by such a sensation, that the details didn't register.

During the time his hands were on my head, it seemed that my body no longer existed. A gentle warmth and delicate perfume originated within me, emanating in waves and blending with soft music that was barely audible.

Suddenly, I could see amazing colours surrounding the figures opposite me and, as the 'leader' returned slowly towards his seat, I could see a multitude of radiant colours around him; ones I had been unable to perceive before. The principal colour was a mass of pale pink which enveloped the seven figures, as though in a cloud, and their movements caused that wonderful, glowing pink to encircle us also!

When I had sufficiently recovered my senses to turn towards Thao, she too, was surrounded with wonderful colours, although less brilliant than those around the seven figures.

You will notice that, in speaking of these great personages, I instinctively use 'he' rather than 'she'. In explaining this, I can only suggest that the personalities of these special beings were so strong and their bearings so imposing, that I recognised more of the masculine in them than the feminine - *I mean no offence to women* - my reaction was instinctive. It's a bit like imagining Methuselah as a woman... However, women or men, they had transformed me. I knew that the colours surrounding them were their *Auras*. I was capable of *seeing* Auras - who knew for how long - and I wondered at what I saw.

The 'leader' had resumed his seat and all eyes were fixed on me, as if they wanted to see inside me, which indeed, is what they were doing. Silence reigned for a time, which seemed interminable. I watched the varied colours of their Auras vibrate and dance around them, sometimes far in the distance and recognised the 'bouquet of colour' Thao had spoken of earlier.

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The golden haloes, clearly defined, were almost saffron coloured. It occurred to me, they could not only see my Aura, but possibly *read* it as well. I suddenly felt quite naked before this learned assembly. The question that haunted me was: why have they brought me here?

Abruptly, the 'leader' broke the silence. 'As Thao has already explained to you, Michel, you have been chosen by us, to visit our planet, in order to report certain messages and to offer enlightenment on several important issues when you return to Earth. The time has come when certain events *must* occur. After several thousand years of darkness and savagery on the planet Earth, a so-called 'civilisation' appeared and, inevitably, technology was developed - a development, which was accelerated during the last 150 years.

'It has been 14 500 years since a comparable level of technological advance existed on Earth. This technology, which is nothing compared with true *knowledge*, is nevertheless, sufficiently advanced to become harmful to the human race on Earth in the very near future.

'Harmful, because it is only material knowledge and not spiritual knowledge. Technology should *assist* spiritual development, not confine people, more and more, within a materialistic world, as is happening now on your planet.

'To an even greater extent, your people are obsessed with a single goal - affluence. Their lives are concerned with all that the pursuit of wealth entails; envy, jealousy, hatred of those richer and contempt for those poorer. In other words your technology, which is nothing compared with what existed on Earth more than 14 500 years ago, is dragging your civilisation down, and pushing it closer and closer to moral and spiritual catastrophe'.

I noticed that each time this great personage spoke of materialism, his Aura and those of his acolytes, flashed with a dull and 'dirty' red, as though momentarily, they were in the middle of burning bushes.

'We, the people of Thiaoouba, are assigned to assist, guide and sometimes punish the

inhabitants of planets under our guardianship.'

Fortunately, Thao had briefed me on Earth's history during our journey to Thiaoouba. Otherwise, I'd have surely fallen off my seat on hearing such a speech.

'I think,' he resumed, 'that you already know what we mean by 'harmful to the human race'. Many people on Earth believe atomic arms to be the major danger, but it is not so. The greatest danger concerns 'materialism'. The people of your planet seek *money* - to some it's a means of attaining power; to others it's a means to acquire drugs, (another curse) yet to others, it's a way of possessing more than their neighbours possess.'