

Maximillien de Lafayette

Ilil Arbel

**On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge:
Extraterrestrial Tao of the Anunnaki and Ulema**



On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge Extraterrestrial Tao of the Anunnaki and Ulema

Updated Edition with a New Appendix

Genesis According to *The Book of Rama Dosh*

The Anunnaki maintain that the universe was created from a molecule smaller than the tip of a pin, taking less than three seconds. The language is metaphoric, the science is highly visible – much like our own Genesis whose language covers the Big Bang and the Theory of Evolution.

Transliteration of a text from *The Book of Rama Dosh*

1. Inna bida rama dosh kali kilma
wa falki uzzu ina wa anru dani (Dounia)
2. u rama dosh khalki shama u erdi
3. wa erdi naya shak-lu fari mara anu absi
u rama dosh liwa basra erdi
4. u rama dosh shadah ilmu erdi rou'a min bashri
5. u rama dosh khalka belti isama shavah
6. wa leilu wa fagru subhi yomou badri.
7. u hawwa marki-ya kila la-ma nazri. U rama dosh

kali na inna erdi wadoo kourba shamsi, wa noura khalku, wa noura barku.

8. u hawwa ma dari akhlu jisma ma khalki sartu inaya mayi, rama dosh kali da jamu ma'aa rama faku erdi wa Zahra erdi u hawwa basri noura goulba.

9. u hawwa ma dari ma'uu u rama dosh daa'ghsbu ma'ii inna boukari hawwa nasmu-ya, w hawa'u nafsuru, u hawwa basri noura goulba

1. In the beginning, Rama Dosh spoke the Word and the universe burst into being and was ready for life.
2. And Rama Dosh created the heaven and the earth.
3. And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And only Rama Dosh could see the earth.
4. And Rama Dosh wanted to know what the earth would look like if it were seen by humans.
5. And Rama Dosh created a female human from their own essence, and called her Chavah. In their own image, in the image of Rama Dosh, created they Chavah.
6. And the evening and the morning were the first day.
7. And Chavah was confused, and said, I cannot see. So Rama Dosh said, I shall

position the earth not far from the sun, and there will be light: and there was light. And Chavah saw that it was good.

8. And Chavah was not hungry, since her body was not yet complete, but she was thirsty. So Rama Dosh said, Let the water under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and so it was, and Chavah saw that it was good.

9. And Chavah could not drink, so Rama Dosh made the water go up in steam so Chavah could breathe it, and that was the air, and Chavah saw that it was good.

10. wa leilu fajri barku itani yomu.

11. u hawwa isha maraadu rama dosh kali na inna erdi khalka ishbu wa fakha zahri gensu u hawwa basri noura gulba.

12. u hawwa na gimsu kilu ala tadri abani erdi wa harka nazri kulu ma'aa wa h'azru alama erdi. u hawwa basri noura goulba.

13. u hawwa isha maraadu itani u rama dosh zahru jsru i-lawida, u rama dosh ilmu i-ya haki. U rama dosh kali nama gubla inna hima nama eisha lawida na khalku bashru iina haya-ti.

14. wa leilu farji barku silsu yomu.

15. miba hawwa aspi-nama rama dosh akhza mina jisma-yaw a tourba min erdi abba maa'aa jam'uu inna taboura wa jalsi hawwa taboura nasbu enfsu illa zahru bashru ma innu jismu misla hawwa wa rama dosh ilmu na gulba.

Translation of the text (Cont'd):

10. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

11. And Chavah was bored. So Rama Dosh said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind: and so it was, and Chavah saw that it was good.

12. And Chavah, for her body was not as yet complete, could fly all over the earth. And she moved upon the face of the water and the earth and all the green things. And Chavah saw that it was good.

13. And Chavah was bored again, and Rama Dosh were angry with her and made her sleep. And while she slept, still they realized that she was bored because she was all alone upon the earth, and Rama Dosh knew that she was right. And Rama Dosh said, it is not good that the woman should be alone. We will make her a help meet for her.

14. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

15. And while Chavah slept, Rama Dosh took a part of her body, and parts from the dirt of the earth, and parts of the water, and mixed them into clay. And they put the clay next to Chavah, and they breathed upon the clay, and it became a man, but he looked like Chavah, and Rama Dosh knew that this was not good.

16. u rama dosh isbhahu zakar name wa uli marku
inna ajla bashru na zahru hawwa jisma baadi. U
rama i-shem hu Zakar u rama dosh antaka li jalsu
wu Zakar jalasi doughra.

17. u rama dosh antaka hawwa la jalsa wu hawwa
basra basharu wa ulma noura gulba

Translation of the text (Cont'd):

16. And Rama Dosh pointed Their finger at the sleeping man, and They touched him, and the man changed and no longer looked like Chavah, but like a man. And Rama Dosh named the man Zakar, and commanded him to wake up: and he woke up.

17. And Rama Dosh commanded Chavah to wake up, and she saw the man, and she knew that it was good.

*** **

Source: *The Book of Rama Dosh*. Text translated by Maximillien de Lafayette

*** **

On The Road to Ultimate Knowledge

Extraterrestrial Tao of the Anunnaki and Ulema

Updated Edition with a New Appendix

By Ilil Arbel
And
Maximillien de Lafayette

***** ****

Updated Edition
Copyright © 2010 by Ilil Arbel

All Rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

Title. On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge

Author. Ilil Arbel.

ISBN: 1452861560

EAN-13: 9781452861562

Date of Publication: 2010

Printed in the United State of America

Table of Contents

Introduction: Who is Germain Lumière?.....19

Prologue: Who and What are the Anunnaki-Ulema?....23

Chapter One: Meeting the Master, and Mastering Fears...29

Lesson One: Arawadi... 61

Chapter Two: Moving to the Middle East, and Encountering Tay Al
Ard...65

Lesson Two: Tay Al Ard...79

Chapter Three: Baalbeck: A Visit to the Underground City of the
Djinn and Afrit...83

Chapter Four: Rabbi Mordechai – A Reunion with the Kabbalist,
Alchemist, Ulema Master...113

Chapter Five: The Bridge of Enlightenment: Adventures in Budapest...139

Lesson Five: The Triangle of Life: Applying the Value of the Triangle Shape to Health, Success, and Peace of Mind...159

Chapter Six: Initiation by the Pères du Triangle...165

Lesson Six: Finding Your Lucky Day and Hour of the Week, Using the Anunnaki-Ulema Calendar...187

Chapter Seven: Ana'kh: The Language of the Anunnaki...193

Lesson Seven: Moving Objects by Using Mental Powers...217

Chapter Eight: Encounters with the Anunnaki and *The Book of Rama Dosh*...223

Lesson Eight: The Minzar, Your Mirror to alternate realities...249

Chapter Nine: Assuming My Responsibilities...265

Appendix: Book Two...277

Index....299

Books by Ilil Arbel

- The Ecology of Nature Spirits (2010)
- The New Chronicles of Basset (2010)
- Anunnaki Ultimatum (With Maximillien de Lafayette, 2008)
- Miss Glamora Tudor! (2007)
- The Lemon Tree (2005)
- The Cinnabar Box (2003)
- Maimonides: A Spiritual Biography (2001)
- Witchcraft (1997)

*** **

Books by Maximillien de Lafayette, a selected list

- From Zeta Reticuli to Earth: Time, Space and the UFO Technology. (400 Pages)
- The Biggest Controversies, Conspiracies, Theories and Coverups of our Time: From the Secret Files of Science, Politics, The Occult and Religion. (400 Pages)
- Inside A UFO: Alien Abduction, Hypnosis, Psychiatry, Quantum Physics and Religions Face to Face. (400 Pages)
- UFOs and the Alien Agenda. The Complete Book of UFOs, Encounters, Abduction And Aliens Bases On Earth. (400 Pages)
- Extraterrestrials Agenda: Aliens' Origin, Species, Societies, Intentions and Plan for Humanity. (400 Pages)
- The Anunnaki's Genetic Creation of the Human Race: UFOs, Aliens and Gods, Then and Now. (400 Pages)
- 7-Extraterrestrials-US Government Treaty and Agreements: Alien Technology, Abduction, and Military Alliance. (400 Pages)
- Biographical Encyclopedia of People in Ufology and Scientific Extraterrestrial Research: People Who Matter. (740 Pages)

- Zeta Reticuli and Anunnaki Descendants Among Us: Who Are They? (400 Pages)
- UFO-USO and Extraterrestrials of the Sea: Flying Saucers and Aliens Civilizations, Life and Bases Underwater (400 Pages)
- What Extraterrestrials and Anunnaki Want You To Know: Their True Identities, Origins, Nibiru, Zeta Reticuli, Plans, Abductions and Humanity's Future (300 Pages)
- UFOs and Extraterrestrials Day By Day From 1900 To The Present: Flying Saucers and Aliens Civilizations, Life and Bases Underwater (400 Pages)
- 1Hybrid Humans and Abductions: Aliens-Government Experiments (400 Pages)
- UFOs, Aliens Impregnated Women, Extraterrestrials And God: Sex with Reptilians, Alien Motherhood, The Bible, Abductions and Hybrids (300 Pages)
- 460,000 Years of UFO-Extraterrestrials Biggest Events and Secrets from Phoenicia to The White House: From Nibiru, Zetas, Anunnaki, Sumer To Eisenhower, MJ12, CIA, Military Abductees, Mind Control (400 Pages)
- Extraterrestrials, UFO, NASA-CIA-Aliens Mind Boggling Theories, Stories And Reports: **Anunnaki, Zeta Reticuli, Area 51, Abductees, Whistleblowers, Conspirators. The Real & The Fake** (400 Pages)
- Anunnaki Encyclopedia: History, Nibiru life, world, families, secret powers, how they created us, UFO, extraterrestrials. Volume I (400 Pages)
- Anunnaki Encyclopedia: History, Nibiru life, world, families, secret powers, how they created us, UFO, extraterrestrials.

Volume II (400 Pages)

- Anunnaki Encyclopedia: History, Nibiru life, world, families, secret powers, how they created us, UFO, extraterrestrials. (Condensed Edition, 740 Pages)
- 2022 Anunnaki Code: End of The World Or Their Return To Earth? Ulema Book of Parallel Dimensions, Extraterrestrials and Akashic Records (400 Pages)
- Anunnaki Greatest Secrets Revealed By The Phoenicians And Ulema. Are We Worshipping A Fake God? Extraterrestrials Who Created Us. The Anunnaki who became the God of Jews, Christians and Muslims (310 Pages)
- 2022 The Return of the Anunnaki; The Day the Earth Will Not Stand Still (350 Pages)

A Note from the Publisher

The events, dates, and locations written about in this book are entirely factual and tested for accuracy. However, the names have been changed to protect the privacy, and sometimes safety, of the individuals involved. This includes the names of the narrator, Germain Lumière, and his family.

How to use this book

Most of the chapters are followed by lessons from the Ulema Masters, and each is suitable, in its subject matter, to the events that were described in the chapter. The book, therefore, can be read and used in two ways. The readers can choose to study each lesson after reading the chapter, or move to the next chapter, pursue the entire story, and then come back to any lesson they may feel is needed in their lives. The choice depends entirely on

individual preference in reading and studying.

*** **

Introduction

Who is Germain Lumière?

Germain Lumière is a man of mystery, and the general public is not even aware of his existence. Before the authors received his permission to write the book, and the information that he graciously supplied, they knew very little about him. They knew about his membership in the *Pères du Triangle*, a secret organization exercising an extremely strong influence on world events, economy, security, and politics. They were also aware that he is Anunnaki-Ulema, a man who had been instructed by the greatest masters of this elusive group of keepers of the Anunnaki's secret traditions, scholars, teachers, and practitioners of the occult. The relationship between these two

groups was a fascinating surprise in itself.

In this book we read a deceptively simple account of the life of Germain Lumière, but even after receiving important information directly from him, doing additional research, and writing the book, many tantalizing questions remained.

The authors realized that even the straightforward chronology may be incomplete. For example, we first meet Germain Lumière as a six years old child, right after the end of the Second World War, greatly traumatized by the death of his adored father, the terror of the fighting, and the brutal aftermath of war. Simple enough. But how, the authors asked themselves, is this possible, considering the fact that the name of Germain Lumière has been mentioned after World War One as well, as a man engaged in doing exactly the same work, and for the same organization, namely, the *Pères du Triangle*? And what about the account, which makes no sense at all but still cannot be ignored, of an 18th Century nobleman by the same name, who practiced alchemy and transmutation, just like our Germain Lumière? We

assumed, at first, that these two individuals were his ancestors. But it was not so. Studying his genealogy, which was readily available for a member of such a prominent family, proved that they could not be.

We are introduced to Germain's formidable, magnificent, beautiful mother, a Jewish woman of German and French origin, the recent widow of a war hero. Mourning her beloved husband does not break her strong will. She withstands, and conquers, all the difficulties made for herself and her children, and not only continues with the business her wealthy husband left her, but increases the wealth into enormous proportions. She is a loving, kind, indulging mother who adores her children, and yet she allows her six-years-old son to go off with a mysterious Chinese Master to places like Benares in the heat of summer, and Hong Kong in the time of the typhoons. She lives by the Code of the Anunnaki-Ulema, doing charity, protecting the helpless, and practicing strict vegetarianism out of the principle of never taking a life. Is she one of the Ulema? And if not, how come

she does not notice that the great Masters that frequent her home actually teach her son? She does not tell and Germain respects her silence.

Germain undergoes rigorous Anunnaki-Ulema training from age six and up, and we follow his extraordinary road until he is in his mid twenties, ready to start serving humanity. He is taught by the dignified, mysterious Master Li, by the great Cheik Al Huseini, a well known master, and mostly, by the flamboyant, bon-vivant, balalaika-playing Kabbalist and Ulema scholar, Rabbi Mordechai.

Constantly on the move, going from elegant Paris to the sumptuous Damascus home, from the streets of Benares to underground cities in Lebanon, visiting obscure Asian islands and the Arab suks, Germain mingles with masters, practitioners of magical forms of self defense, evil spirits, Djinns, legendary linguists and even the Anunnaki themselves, never losing his quiet dignity and his ability to accept and adjust. He is shaken at times, but always maintains his self control, proving himself just the right material for his future

duties as an Anunnaki-Ulema who will serve humanity not by retreating into an obscure temple or ashram, but by staying and working from within society and in the world, not out of it. He has his doubts, proving to be as human as any of us, but small and great moments of enlightenment make him finally accept his destiny.

We leave Germain at the moment in which he is accepting his first assignment, but his story does not end. The authors hope that at some point in the future he would allow them to tell the other half of the story, which is most likely just as full of adventure and wonder. Time will tell.

*** **

Prologue

Who and What are the Anunnaki-Ulema?

The Anunnaki-Ulema is a group of people who come from diverse backgrounds, and who share a vast pool of esoteric knowledge, which they claim to have originally received from the Anunnaki. Despite its antiquity, this pool of knowledge is regarded as entirely non-religious and non-spiritual. On the contrary, it is wholly scientific, though it is based on mind power rather than on laboratory-based technology. The intellectual abilities of the Anunnaki-Ulema are enhanced by the opening of the Conduit.

The Conduit is a cell in the brain, responsible for storing and activating extrasensory powers. It had always been commonly activated by the Anunnaki, and the Ulema had learned from them how to activate and use it to great advantage. Traditional science, which is still mapping,

researching, and charting the brain, has not discovered it as yet. The brain, as is well known and freely admitted by scientists, is still much of a mystery to us. The opening of the Conduit allow the Anunnaki-Ulema to learn more than is usually seen as humanly possible, and in addition, learn with superhuman speed.

The Anunnaki-Ulema are not a homogenous group. They come from various backgrounds, born to parents of diverse religions, and from every country in the world. None of that matters to them – their affiliation is never to a religion, nor to a country. They are citizens of the world and they serve humanity. The way they serve is not the same.

Some Anunnaki-Ulema are recluses, spending their lives in study and research. Others live in the world and are very much part of it. For example, the powerful organization, The Pères du Triangle, which has enormous influence on world affairs, economics, security, and politics, and is functioning in total secrecy, is manned entirely by people who have had the Anunnaki-Ulema training.

The members are hardly recluses. In the Lodges occupied by the Pères du Triangle, one can meet heads of state, military leaders, Nobel Prize winners, and many other dignitaries who are entirely in the public eye.

All Anunnaki-Ulema share high ethics, unblemished moral behavior, charity, love of animals that includes strict vegetarian diet, service to the poor and helpless, and most interesting – they are all rewarded by a legendary longevity. Every one of the Masters that Germain Lumière had been taught by was at least a hundred years old, and some were close to two hundred. Nor do they show the signs of age; they are able to choose the age they appear to be, and often change it, which may confuse ordinary people with whom they mingle. In this book, the readers will be introduced to various great Ulema-Anunnaki Masters, and it may be beneficial to know something about some of them before starting to read the book.

*** **

His Excellency, Master Li

Master Li is Germain Lumière's first teacher. He was born in China, and when we meet him in the book, he is well over a hundred years old, but looks about fifty. He is tall, slim, and has a white beard. Sometimes he wears traditional Chinese robes, sometimes he prefers a European attire – very likely depending on the type of his current mission. Master Li works in the diplomatic service, sometimes as an ambassador, other times behind the scenes, aiding governments all over the world in the most delicate affairs. His linguistic abilities are legendary, and his turn of mind highly philosophical and extremely calm under all circumstances. He is also a talented healer and Germain is a witness to his treatment of a very sick woman whom he brings back to complete health – instantaneously. Though he possesses considerable extrasensory abilities and techniques, Master Li's view of the matter is that if it is possible to do

something naturally, it is best to leave it at that and not call on any supernatural agency or power. He does not consort with or employ supernatural beings unless absolutely necessary.

*** **

Zen Masters, names not given

During his childhood, Germain is taken to Japan to learn self defense, Zen, and calligraphy from two masters. Both of them are rather young by Anunnaki-Ulema standards. The first is Chinese, a tall, slim, ethereal type of person, in his late eighties. The other is Japanese, small, strong, rugged, and very physical, about sixty-five years old. They are good friends, have worked together for many years, and they live in close proximity, each in his own wooden, pagoda-like house, but sharing a beautiful garden. They are both of the

philosophical Zen turn of mind, and share the sense of humor that is often part of the disposition of Zen masters.

*** **

Taj

Taj is not full Anunnaki-Ulema, but has a strong connection to them. He is a Sudanese, about seven feet tall, very thin, and has a strange face. His behavior tends to be rather childish, but he is nevertheless extremely knowledgeable, and has somehow acquired a unique capacity to summon rogue Djinn and Afrit who would not obey their original master's commands. His extrasensory talents are not of the highest level, and mostly used as pranks, including his ability to send energy rays that can annoy people, or create electricity in various objects. Unlike the Anunnaki-Ulema, who have very little interest in wealth, Taj wishes to become wealthy, and he uses his powers to

achieve his goal.

*** **

Cheik Al Huseini

Living and working in Baalbeck, Lebanon, The Cheik has access to some of the most esoteric and important documents in the world, including *The Book of Rama Dosh*. He belongs to a different tradition than Germain's other masters. As a Middle Eastern Ulema, he comfortably used all the magical techniques that the Western Ulema are trying to avoid, since they follow a different road, working like scientists and generally preferring a simple lifestyle. He even employs non-human entities, such as Djinn and Afrit, on a regular basis. Even though his own mode of living is modest, he does occasionally follow the sumptuous tradition of King Solomon.

Dr. Farid

Dr. Farid is a high-ranking member of the organization of the Pères du Triangle, and a former president of the Syndicate of Foreign Correspondents. A brilliant, kindly man, he takes a liking to Germain during his initiation. When Dr. Farid is transferred to the Lodge in Baalbeck, he has access to extremely important documents, including *The Book of Rama Dosh*, And becomes instrumental for Germain's advanced studies.

*** **

Rabbi Mordechai

Rabbi Mordechai defies characterization. He dresses like a rabbi, works as an alchemist, Kabbalist, and linguist in addition to his usual

Ulema duties, and while his turn of mind is highly scientific, he is not above creating supernatural beings if he needs them to do some heavy and quick work for his many charity cases.

He can communicate with animals, create genetically engineered plants without a laboratory, and teleport himself in plain daylight. Larger than life and possessing eyes that are so brilliant that they make people lower their own eyes when talking to him, he is certainly not a recluse. On the contrary, he is a bon-vivant, a great cook, loves to dance, and plays the balalaika like a professional. He can also drink untold quantities of vodka without any ill effects, and despite strict vegetarianism, believes that caviar is another matter and altogether a gray area ("they are eggs!" he claims). Always cheerful, there is no adversity that Rabbi Mordechai cannot conquer. During his long life (he was born in Russia, and it is well documented that he was older than the last Czar) he had developed a huge network of people that help him with his work, and those who simply adore him for his great heart and loving nature.

*** **

Chapter One

Meeting the Master, and Mastering Fears

- War trauma and terror
- Meeting Master Li
- Miraculous cure of Sister Marie Ange Gabrielle
- Journey to Benares
- How a bird came to life and a snake was respectful
- The gruesome Indian Rope Trick
- Journey to Hong Kong and to a magical island
- The true meaning of gifts and favors
- Overcoming fears
- Lesson One: The Arawadi Technique

“Mama, what are they doing to this girl?” I screamed, trying to hide my face in her sleeve so as not to witness the horrible spectacle. “Why isn’t anyone helping? Help her, Mama!”

A group of six or seven men, wearing black clothes and berets and carrying large, very visible guns, were dragging a young girl, who was struggling and crying for help, to a makeshift station made of a rickety table and chair. They brutally forced the girl to her knees, and someone, holding a pair of large scissors, started cutting off her hair, pulling it mercilessly in the process. People went on walking, ignoring the horror, while some other stopped to watch, enjoying the cruel spectacle. My mother sighed deeply. “I’ll explain later,” she said, and gently giving my trembling hand to my nurse, stepped forward toward the gang. “Stop this immediately!” she commanded. “Now! Release this girl at once!”

The leader of the gang turned, tremendous amazement registering on his face. He obviously

did not expect anyone to approach him, let alone a woman. "And who, in the name of the Devil, are you to stop us?" He said. "You know perfectly well that we are members of the Resistance, and she is a filthy Collaborator, a friend of the Germans! We will catch all these sluts and shave their heads! This is our revenge and don't you interfere!"

"A Collaborator," my mother said contemptuously. "Half the country were Collaborators. The government itself collaborated. Are you pursuing the powerful people who sold us to the Germans? No, you torment helpless little girls, who did nothing more than trying to survive. Brutes!"

Profound silence spread over the scene. The leader hesitated, not knowing exactly how to react. But he realized that if he gave way, his supremacy over his gang would end there and then. Mastering his courage, he stepped toward my mother and grabbed her hair, which, as usual, was put up in a neat twist. It came off and her glorious golden curls fell down to her waist. "Perhaps you have done the same thing, Madame?" he sneered.

“Maybe we should give you the same treatment and cut off your pretty hair? Did you play nicely with the Germans?” I could not see Mama’s face, since her back was turned toward me, but I could imagine how angry she looked; she could be quite intimidating. As I was struggling to free my hand from my nurse, who was holding it tightly, and run to Mama, I saw her, in what seemed like slow motion, straightening herself to her commanding height, raising her hand, and slapping the leader’s face with all her might. He recoiled, shocked.

“Do you know who I am?” she said in a voice that could only be described as low and menacing. “I am the widow of Charles Lumière.”

“My God,” said the leader, his face turning pale. “My God. Madame Lumière, forgive me. Please. I did not know.” He turned around and said to the men who were holding the girl, her hair already partially cut. “Let her go. This is Madame Lumière.” They instantly obeyed and the girl fell on the pavement.

“Come along, my little one,” Mama said to the girl and held out her hand, “I will help you.” The gang

stood around them, silent, as the girl pulled herself up, helped by Mama.

“Don’t ever show your faces in this street,” said Mama to the leader. “You are a bad influence on my son, who will not forget this day when he grows up. Go now.”

Of course I did not know it at the time, but few people’s names were more respected by the Resistance than that of my father; he had done more for the Resistance than I care to explain now, and for France in general. The gang turned and left, and we went home, the girl, weak with terror and fatigue, supported by my nurse.

“Were you really a Collaborator, my child?” asked Mama, stroking the poor girl’s tear-stained face.

“Yes, Madame,” said the girl candidly. “But you see, father was killed in the war, Mama was sick, and my little brother was hungry... I am ashamed of myself for what I did, but yes, I had to feed him or he would have died... and then Mama would have died of a broken heart... and it was just a few times, really, Madame...”

“Don’t think about it, my dear,” said Mama. “We

all have to survive, one way or another. I will help you and your family leave Paris. I will find you a place and some work in the country, where I have property and connections, and where you can have a peaceful life, and I promise to keep an eye on you in the future. But first of all, we must find you a wig so no one can tell what these thugs did to you.”

Our house, an elegant and luxurious three-storied mansion that fortunately suffered little damage during the war, was only a minute away, and with considerable relief I entered and ran up the marble staircase to my room.

All during the war my room was the only place where I felt entirely safe, for some reason. Perhaps the pleasant presence of the familiar toys, perhaps the bed, where I could bury my head in the pillows, exercised calming influence, I really don't know. My mother, who was invariably kind and protective, tried to have me sleep with her when I was wrecked by nightmares, but while I wanted her near me, I still needed the comforting surrounding of my room, like a cocoon, around me.

Even the portraits of our ancestors that were hanging in various rooms and on the staircase frightened me when night fell, though during the day they did not worry me. Sylvie, my little sister, had no such terrors. A very placid child, she was not traumatized at all, thank goodness, and her cute little face was always smiling.

On that afternoon I threw myself on the bed and started crying uncontrollably. A year before these events my father was killed in the war. Now, even though the war just ended, I was completely traumatized by the experience and by his death, since I was very close to him and loved him intensely. Only six years old, I could not remember a time of peace. I was terrified by the Germans who had occupied Paris, and I did not believe that the bombs will not come back. I had horrible nightmares, every single night, and woke up screaming and shaking. And now, seeing our own people abuse a helpless girl was just more than I could bear.

After a few minutes, Mama came in and took me in her arms. I was shaking with sobbing. "I want to go

away too, Mama. If you can send this girl away to the country, why can't we all go? It is hateful here. There are bombs, and fires, and people attack girls in the street and I am so scared. And the man attacked you, too, he pulled your hair, Mama, I saw it. They may attack my aunt, or Sylvie, too. Why don't we leave here?"

"But I won the struggle, Germain. This thug was afraid of me, and left me alone and slunk away, the coward. Anyway, I can't leave Paris. I have to attend to the business that Papa left to us. So many people depend on it, my dear, and Papa would not have wanted me to desert them. Some day, when all is back to normal, we may travel. But in the meantime, I may find a way to give you a nice long vacation away from Paris, if you like."

"But will you and Sylvie be safe without me taking care of you, Mama?" I asked, in all seriousness believing that in some way I protected my mother and my little sister. Mama did not laugh, but answered quite seriously and reassuringly.

"Oh, yes, my dear, we'll be quite safe. Your aunt, and the servants, and our friends, and all the

employees in the business, will all be here for me. And as you realize, I do know some very important people who won't let me get in any trouble, ever. You should not worry. You need to be away from Paris for a little while, just to relax and stop your bad dreams, you see? We will find a way, and it will be fun for you. And Paris is liberated, Germain. There will be no more bombs, no Germans, it will be peaceful from now on."

I felt better. I still did not want to go out of the house, not that day, anyway, and I was not entirely certain that Mama was right about the war really ending. Even though she was usually right, she still might be mistaken, the Germans might have tricked her to believe that... Nevertheless, I felt I could leave my room. I stepped over with Mama to Sylvie's room and we played with the train set and I forgot the horrors for a little while.

A few days later I came down the staircase, and was about to enter the formal living room when I

was stopped by a voice I did not recognize. While I knew perfectly well that listening at doors was not a polite thing to do, I decided that hearing if what was going on in the living room was safe for me to encounter was more important than good manners.

“Well, Madame Lumière, I will be leaving tomorrow. I have met all the people I needed to meet. But I am coming back in three months, for the second set of meetings.” The voice spoke perfect French, but with a foreign accent.

“Did you accomplish everything you wanted to do, Your Excellency?”

“I am not sure. It’s not easy to gauge. Since Indochina is still a French territory, we cannot measure my situation by political standards. There was a need for new connections between our leaders, and at this time the authorities back home thought that a scholar would be more appropriate than a government official for such discussions. But did I succeed in all I wanted to accomplish? Who is to know? I have done my best.”

“My husband would have liked this approach,”

said Mama. "He always believed that the scholars and thinkers could help the world much better than the political figures, who are usually only out for personal power."

"Yes indeed, Madame, your husband and I always felt the same about such matters... I will never stop missing him. Such a good friend he was to me."

"My son is devastated by his death, Your Excellency. Traumatized, to be honest," said Mama. "Your suggestion of taking him with you is more timely than you could possibly imagine."

"I believe that being away from here for three months, in different countries, different cultures, will be highly therapeutic," said the voice.

"Where do you plan to go?"

"I expected to go to Hong Kong and Indochina, but now it seems I will have to spend some time in Benares, where I currently live with my family. That is why it would be so nice for the child. We have a big house with a huge garden, a large extended family, and little boys his own age coming to my school. The cheerful atmosphere will

give him great relief and amusement. And I will be back with him in early December.”

“Sounds just right,” said Mama. “As I am sure you know, the school year in Paris has been postponed to January next year, since they have to allow evacuees to come back. Also, so many people are out of the country altogether. I can register him in December, and it is perfect timing for his little vacation. But what is the weather like in Benares? I am ashamed to admit, but I do not remember when the monsoons strike the area.”

“It’s quite safe. The monsoons strike from June to August, and they are over now. I would not expose a Parisian boy to the illnesses that might be triggered by the extreme humidity of the monsoon season. The weather is quite comfortable now, sunny and pleasant.”

“Well, I can see no objection, and I am very grateful for the offer,” said Mama.

“Can I see little Charles?” said the voice. It was customary in those days to call a child by the name of his father, adding the word “little” before it.

“Of course,” said Mama. “Let’s see how he feels

about the idea. I will call him.” Realizing that in a minute Mama will be out and catch me eavesdropping, I quickly dashed upstairs and sat on the bed in my room, looking as innocent as I could, holding a picture book. Presently Mama came in and told me that there is a gentleman, a friend of Papa, who wanted to meet me.

In the living room stood a person that seemed to me like a materialization of a cartoon. He was tall and extremely skinny, had a long, white, thin beard, and light, golden skin. He wore foreign clothes that I have never seen before. But the strangest thing was the light around his head. As he stood against the burgundy curtains that covered the window, the light was shining like a halo. I did not understand it, and Mama made no comment about it so I was not even sure if she noticed it. Later, the Master explained to me that he put it on for me on that occasion because it had the capacity of calming me down. I don't remember seeing it around his head again. His face had a look of benevolence, deep kindness, that cannot be described. In Western culture we would refer to it, perhaps, as a biblical,

or saintly expression, but the Master would have never accepted such a term. He was, anyhow, extremely appealing to everyone, so much so that I noticed later, when the servants brought tea, that they hung about the room, not wishing to leave. They seemed to be mesmerized by him. At the time, the Master claimed to be fifty-six years old, but he seemed much older in one way, and ageless in another.

“Hello, Germain,” said the apparition.

“Hello, Monsieur,” I said politely.

“You should say ‘Your Excellency,’ Germain,” said Mama.

I considered that. No, he did not look like that; I saw many ambassadors in our house. He looked more like a teacher. I said that and the Master laughed. “Indeed, perhaps one day I will be your teacher,” he said. “Why not call me Master, like my other students?” Yes, I thought. That fitted him very well. “I like that,” I said. “Master.”

“I was a friend of your father,” said the Master. “And now I am a friend of your mother, and I hope your friend too. I come from Indochina.”

"I see," I said noncommittally. I had no idea where Indochina was.

"How would you like to come with me on a long vacation?" he asked. "I can show you interesting foreign countries, and you will meet a lot of nice people and see strange places."

I have already made up my mind that I would go. I dearly wanted to get away from Paris, and it was clear to me that Mama thought it was a good idea. And somehow, the Master had a strong appeal to me. But it was important to pretend that I knew nothing about the plan. I suspect the Master knew all along that I was eavesdropping before, but he did not say a word about it, then or afterwards.

"How long will the vacation be?" I asked.

"Until you go back to school," said the Master.

"Okay," I said. "I will go."

"Say thank you," said Mama, always anxious about my proper upbringing. The Master laughed again, in a most good-natured way.

"Thank you," I said. "When are we leaving?"

"How about tomorrow?" said the Master.

"Good," I said.

“We don’t need too many things,” said the Master to Mama. “In Benares, he will wear Indian clothing, which are cool and comfortable for the climate. With so many children around, we are always shopping for clothes and other things for them, and we can outfit him very nicely.”

The plan seemed very reasonable to me, and I settled to have some tea. After tea, when the Master prepared to leave, Mama asked him for a favour.

“I have a woman staying with me, a nun,” she said. “She suffered greatly, and she is very sick. Since this is your area of expertise, Your Excellency, would you be so kind as to visit her for a few minutes?”

The nun, a dear friend of Mama, was very sick indeed. She was bedridden and had lost the use of her legs. Mama was very worried about her, and the doctors could do nothing. The Master was quite ready to visit the sick woman. I felt I was part of the mission, now, since I was going with him tomorrow, so I followed them to the nun’s room, which was located on the third floor, with the other

guest bedrooms that were always occupied by some people who needed help.

My mother knocked on the door, and the servant who was keeping an eye on the invalid opened the door. The nun looked at the Master, horrified by his bizarre appearance. "In the name of God," she said in a hoarse voice, "what is it? Is this the Devil?" Naturally, she did not know he spoke perfect French. The Master laughed. "No, Sister. I am not the Devil." My mother smiled, and introduced them. "Sister, this is His Excellency Sung Li, a dear friend of Charles and me. Your Excellency, this is Sister Marie Ange Gabrielle..." The nun did not respond. Generally, she was a polite, pleasant woman, and would have never insulted anyone deliberately, but her illness got the better of her and she was not quite herself. The Master apparently understood the situation perfectly. He looked at her intently, then put his hand on the board at the end of the bed and shook it gently. The nun stared. He went on shaking it for a couple of minutes, and then said firmly, "Sister, stand up."

“He is crazy,” said the nun to no one in particular. “I am not crazy. Sister Marie Ange Gabrielle, stand up!” commanded the Master.

To my utter amazement, Sister Marie Ange obeyed. She stood up, and after swaying on her feet for a second, started walking about the room, the first time in months. Then she sat on the bed and stared again at the Master. “What happened?” she said weakly. “I walked, didn’t I? But I can’t walk. I am sick.”

“There is really no need for you to be sick, Sister,” said the Master casually. “So you cured yourself. You will have no trouble from now on.”

Indeed, Sister Marie Ange got well, went back to the convent, and lived a long and healthy life. But she never quite understood what happened. Well, most people do not know how to deal with miracles, sometimes not even nuns.

The next Day the Master came. I kissed Mama and Sylvie and went with him to the street, where his chauffeur waited in a large, black Citroen. The

night before I lay awake, afraid that I will have a fit of crying during the parting from my family, but somehow I did not feel stressed or upset when the time came. I wonder if the Master did something to my mind, calming it down – but I never asked and I will never know.

I remember we went first to Italy, and then to Morocco, and from there boarded a ship to India. I have no clear memory of any country before arriving in Benares. I imagine the trip was uneventful, and I probably stuck pretty close to the Master, because I was still afraid of just about anything around me. Having a strong memory for conversation, though, which later in life was extremely helpful to me, I remember a little of what the Master told me about Benares. I was naturally quite curious about it.

“It is a city of many names,” said the Master. “I particularly like the name Kashi, which means ‘City of Light.’ The name Benares is really rather new, given to the city by the British. It’s not my city of birth, of course, but I am fond of it.”

“Is it beautiful, like Paris?” I asked.

“Very different from Paris, and much older,” said the Master. “It is two thousand and five hundred years old. Is it beautiful? Well, some parts are, some are not. Indeed, some segments of the city are very poor, very miserable. But other parts are magnificent, and the whole city is interesting. We will have so much to show you, Germain.”

I could not wait to see it but at first sight I did not like it, because as we approached the city by train, and had to walk a certain distance to the house, we passed through incredibly poor areas. The streets were literally lined with people, lying on the ground, wrapped in their sand-colored clothes, the same color as the ground. I could not understand why people had to be so poor as to sleep in the street. You could not even tell if the people were dead or alive, and the scene frightened me very much. But soon I realized that no one paid particular attention to the situation. Women wearing colorful silk saris, that were as striking as the feathers of tropical birds, wove their way among the bodies on the ground. Westerners, mostly British, did the same, looking very military

and imposing. Suddenly I saw a horrible thing. A large snake crawled among the people on the ground, slithering here and there. No one moved, allowing the snake to pass. I froze with terror; I never saw a snake, except in the zoo. The Master put his hand on my shoulder. "The snake will not hurt you, Germain," he said. He raised his hand, and twisted it around, making a strange sound. This was bizarre. How could one hand make a sound? Apparently, the snake heard it. It rose vertically to the air, went down again, turned, and left the scene. Many of the poor children came to thank the Master. I realized he was well known around this area.

"You see, Germain, the snake simply went about his own business. It is not right to assume that he meant to harm anyone and be afraid of him, he had no such intention," the Master said cheerfully. All his lessons were like that. He never said, "Watch, I am going to do something wonderful now, pay attention." No, he did not want us to pay attention to himself, only to what we could see and learn. And indeed his students, knowing that, never

interrupted him but always paid attention, since just being around him was a constant learning experience – and a very pleasant one at that.

We finally reached his house, a very large place with a garden full of trees and flowers, incredibly lush growth which was completely different from the orderly gardens of Paris. The Master introduced me to the family and took me to my room, an extremely pleasant one, overlooking the garden. I changed into native clothes made of comfortable cotton, and joined the family to an excellent dinner.

For a few weeks, the Master had to go to his schools in Malaysia and Okinawa, and I stayed with his wife, a wonderful, kind lady whom I will always love. The house contained a large extended family, including his wife's sister, her own son and his wife, and their five children, two of which were very close to my age and became very friendly toward me right away. In addition, the school, next door, housed more children. Every so often a group of children from other locations, even other countries, came to stay for a while. The current group was from Tibet, all wearing saffron

robes and chattering like birds.

So the nephew's children took me all over Benares. At first I was terribly afraid, and didn't really want to go anywhere, but I was not going to let them know, I was too proud, so I forced myself to go and let them show me everything. The more I saw, the more interesting the place became to me. One of the first things they showed me were the ghats. Benares is situated on the River Ganges, and everywhere there were series of paved steps that lead into the water. Most of them had tiny temples built into their sides, and people who came to bathe in the Ganges would descend the ghats and then visit the temple while still standing in the water. They often prepared flowers, and lit oil lamps, to float on the river, as part of a ritual for washing away all sins and troubles from one's life. The children told me that the ghats and their temples were extremely ancient and built by royalty.

One morning, an older cousin took us for an adventure. We took a boat, and travelled down the Ganges at the very early dawn. We covered quite a

distance, which allowed us to see some of the larger temples. One of them, a temple dedicated to the Lord Shiva, was so covered with gold plating that its towers simply glowed in the morning sun. I was surprised as to how many people were already up and about, dozens of bathers waving at us in the most good natured way as we passed along, always hearing the lovely sound of the temple bells.

I was also thrilled to see the Benares Hindu University, not because I had any scholarly aspirations, at my tender age, but because my friends told me that the Master taught there. It was a huge, impressive university, established in 1916, possibly the largest in Asia at the time. I hoped the Master would take me for a tour when he came back, which he did.

No matter what day of the week, one festival or another was celebrated in Benares. I did not pay much attention to the subject of the festivals, most of which were complicated and beyond my understanding, but I enjoyed the spectacles and was seriously interested in the sweets that were

sold there. We never failed to get some – interesting tastes, very different from the sweets of Paris. My favorites were milk-based sweets, flavoured with rose water and saffron. I was also quite partial to dried fruit layered with cream and wrapped in betel leaves.

Eventually, after a few weeks, the Master came back. We were very happy to see him, of course. I was particularly interested in his return, not just because I liked him, but because I saw a mystery or two at the house that I wanted to question him about. First, I discovered a room which had a closed door. I knew I should not enter, but I did anyway, and to my surprise I saw a very untidy mess of papers, all sizes and colors. I was not comfortable asking anyone else, so when the Master came back, I confessed my spying and asked him what the papers were for. The Master smiled, and said, “Go choose whatever paper you like, any color, any size. Bring two or three pieces.”

I picked a few nice pieces and returned. The Master asked, “what would you like to see? A

bird, maybe? Shall we have a bird visit us?"

"But birds don't go in houses," I said. "Only if they are lost. I don't want any bird to be frightened and lost."

"Not everything is as it seems," said the Master.

"Some birds are not lost, nor are they afraid. They just visit." He quickly made a few folds in one of the papers, a white one, and to my amazement, a neat sculpture of a pigeon was sitting in his hands. I laughed, delighted with the trick.

"And I think a bird likes flowers, doesn't it?" asked the Master.

"Yes, they do," I said with conviction.

The Master made a few folds in another piece of paper, a red one. A rose magically appeared in his hand. I was thrilled, and touched the paper carefully. It was all so lifelike. As I touched the bird, it flew out of the Master's hand. I recoiled, slightly shocked.

"Nothing to be afraid of," said the Master. "Come along." He took me to the garden, and the bird flew after us in a rather business-like manner, as if knowing exactly what it meant to do. In plain day

light, the Master gently put the rose on a rose bush. The paper rose immediately turned into a real flower, and the paper bird, now a real, living pigeon, settled on the bush and made distinctive pigeon sounds.

“These two are not lost at all,” said the Master. “I think they are very happy.” I had to agree. Somehow, the incident, despite its magical and unusual tone, did not frighten me at all. I loved it.

And then came the miracle of the tree. In another room in this large house, around the exit to the garden, and with its door wide open, resided many empty flower pots, with just dirt in them but no plants. Passing by them one day, I asked the master, “Why do you keep all these empty pots?”

“They are made for giant trees that like to live inside the house,” said the Master.

“But how can you fit a giant tree inside? They are bigger than the ceiling,” I said skeptically.

“Well, I really was remiss in not having a few in the house already,” said the Master. “They are very important and bring happiness and luck. Please choose one pot, and let me show you how

the biggest tree in the world will fit into it.”

“But it can’t come into the house by itself,” I said.

“No, they don’t walk, but we can go out and look for it,” said the Master. We went out and stood before a giant pepper tree, covered by feathery leaves and red tiny dots of the pepper spice. A living, thriving, beautiful tree that must have been in the garden for many years.

“This tree?” I asked. “But it is not cut, it is growing! Don’t cut it, it may be hurt!”

“Of course I won’t hurt the tree. But we needed to choose a special kind of tree, right? That is why we are looking at it. Now come back inside and see what happened,” said the Master. We returned into the house, and in the formerly empty pot stood a tiny tree, the exact replica of the giant tree outside, complete with the small red dots of the pepper spice. I stared, speechless. How did it go into the pot?

“This tree is older than the one outside,” said the Master. “As a matter of fact, the giant tree is the baby of this little one, and grew from one of

its seeds. Where I am going to take you some day, when we start our serious studies, we don't measure people by their size. We measure them by this," he said, tapping the top of his nose to the top of his forehead, "and by that," tapping a small area around his heart. "Size means nothing."

Gradually, slowly, something was happening to me. I calmed down. Under the peaceful influence of the teacher, the magical occurrences, the friendships I developed, and the newness of the culture, I began to feel more and more confident. Of course, I was not aware of it, until an interesting incident brought it to my six-year-old attention.

That morning we encountered, at one of the festivals, an event that was new even to the nephews. A man, assisted by a child of about my age, were arranging some baskets on the ground, and a large crowd, visibly excited, was waiting for the spectacle to begin. Being small and agile, we slithered among the people and found a good spot.

The man sat on the ground, and removed a cloth from one of his baskets. He took a musical instrument, a sort of flute, and began to play. To my utter amazement, a thick rope rose vertically from the basket and started inching its way up. This went on for some time, until the rope reached an enormous height. It just stood there, entirely rigid, defying the laws of gravity. The man stopped his playing, and the child went to the rope and started climbing it. Up and up he went, finally disappearing from view. The audience whispered to each other, mesmerized. The man started calling the child to come down. I could understand a little bit of the language by then, even though the nephews spoke English to me, and that was a simple enough conversation and I understood it perfectly. From the far height of the rope, we heard the child refusing to come down. From one of the baskets, the man took out a huge butcher knife, put it between its teeth, and started climbing the rope. Soon he also disappeared from sight. The audience, apparently knowing what to expect, seemed agitated to a great degree. Suddenly, a

scream was heard, and horrible, bloody body parts fell to the ground. Many of the witness screamed, and one woman fainted, but no one paid any attention to her, their eyes glued to the rope. Soon the man came down, picked up the revolting body parts, and threw them into another basket. He wiped his knife on a piece of cloth, and covered the basket that contained the body parts with it. The audience was so silent you could hear a pin drop. Then the man picked up the blood-stained cloth and flourished it in the air. The boy, safe and sound, jumped out of the basket, smiling broadly. He then proceeded to go around the audience with a bowl, receiving coins.

“It’s fake,” I said to the nephews, quite decidedly.

“How do you know?” said one of them. “It seemed real enough to me. Horrible, really.”

“I just feel it,” I said. “I was not scared. It’s terribly disgusting, but it’s a fake. I know it in my head.”

I suddenly felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned, and saw the Master. He was smiling

broadly at me. I could see he was extremely pleased, but I did not know why.

“Did you see it, Master?” I asked. “It’s fake, isn’t it?”

“Yes, it is, Germain. If you are interested, I will explain to you later how he did it. A mere slight of hand. But what I find interesting, Germain, is that you were not scared by the sight of it, which was really rather terrible. Have you felt any fear?”

“None at all, Master.”

“When was the last time you felt afraid, Germain?”

“I am not sure, Master. It’s been awhile, I think...”

“Do you remember how scared you were when you came here?”

“Yes,” I said, rather intrigued. “Everything, even that silly snake, scared me. I don’t know why... but I am not scared anymore.”

“And when we go back to Paris, will you be afraid of the bombs, and of the nasty people?”

“I don’t think so,” I said, considering. “Mama said the war is over, and I am not sure I remember the

bombs too well now. But even if it were not over and there were bombs... I just don't feel this sort of pain, this thing in me, I can't describe it... how did you do it, Master? How did you make me not scared?"

"I did not do anything, Germain. Not a thing. I just showed you a few beautiful little things about life, like the bird, and the tree. You have conquered your own fears, and I am proud of you. But not everyone can do it on his or her own. So my own teachers developed a system of how to cure ourselves of fear."

"Can I learn it? Maybe someday I will be scared again?"

"Certainly you can learn it, though you will never need it for yourself again. In addition, you will probably find that much of it you have done to conquer your own fears. However, some day you will teach others how to use it. Actually, it's fun." I knew it would be, because everything the Master taught was great fun. And even though he was right, and that time in Benares cured me from trauma and fear forever, I am happy I can teach others how to

acquire the skill. The interested reader can find it in Lesson One, and I hope it brings relief to anyone who needs it.

Soon after these events we had to get ready to return to Paris. I was torn between the joy of reuniting with my family, and the sorrow of leaving my new friends and wonderful vacation. But we all knew that we will soon meet again.

For a while, the Master and I corresponded. He wrote to me about once a month, on beautiful rice paper, soft and elegant. Each page had an ornate frame around it, delicately depicted in lovely colors, and sometimes there was a picture faintly embedded in the paper itself, perhaps of cherry blossoms, or bamboo, or birds. Sometimes, when he wanted to emphasize a concept, he drew a picture. I liked these letters so much I asked my mother to have them framed for me, and I hung them on the wall. I did my very best to write back as neatly and as carefully as I could, because I

wanted the Master to see how much I was improving in school. Emulating his style, I also acquired the habit of adding little drawings to letters – which I have continued even when I grew up.

And then, to my great joy, the Master came back to Paris. He had more treaties to take care of, but that did not interest me greatly. What I was really happy about was that he asked Mama if I could go with him on another vacation, this time in Hong Kong. It was August, so we had about a month for our trip, and I could come back in September for the beginning of the school year.

“Is it safe, Your Excellency?” asked Mama anxiously. “I know Hong Kong is now in the hands of the British again, but still...”

“It will be entirely safe, Madame Lumière,” said the Master. “Life returned to normal, the people have recovered so quickly from the War. Hong Kong is very pleasant these days.”

“I was thinking more of the tropical storms,” said Mama.

“I don’t expect a very dangerous season,” said the

Master. "And anyway, we will always be in protected areas."

"Very well," said Mama, "but, Your Excellency, it may frighten Germain... would you be very much afraid of a tropical storm, Germain?"

I considered. "I don't think so," I said. "I was not afraid all this year, not of anything."

"It can be a good test," said the Master, looking at Mama with his pleasant smile.

"Yes," said Mama. "You are right, Your Excellency. I will let him try his wings again."

Naturally, we stopped first in Benares for a happy reunion with the Master's family. We could only stay one or two days before taking our plane directly to Hong Kong, but it was a joy to see everyone.

We went to the Kowloon Peninsula, the most urban part of Hong Kong, and I enjoyed walking in the noisy streets and seeing the perfect blend of East and West. The streets were very busy, with bicycles, cars, rickshaws, and pedestrians all shoving and honking and screaming and bowing to

each other as the need arose. Everywhere were big buildings, like in Paris, but with some Asian flair that cannot be defined, standing next to Buddhist temples. You heard people talking in many languages, since Hong Kong was an important port, but the official languages, as I found out from the Master, were Cantonese and English, so the myriad of signs in the streets were written in these languages. Enticing scents of food, spices, perfume, flowers, and incense floated everywhere. On some street corners you saw Chinese shops where you could visit a doctor who also sold traditional herbal medicines. You could stop for a bowl of shark fin soup, real or fake as the case may be, and shops that sold pretty little statuettes from all over Asia. But you also came across a very English-style pub here and there, a church, or a movie theater showing the latest from Hollywood. It was oppressively hot and humid, but I did not care about such things, and the Master, able to handle any climatic condition, did not seem to mind either.

The Master had some business to conduct in Hong

Kong, but after concluding them, he told me we were about to go to a place which was unique, and where no Western person had ever gone. We boarded a bark, a very simple affair that was clearly not designed for tourists, and in the afternoon of that day sailed off. After an uneventful trip, something appeared in the distance. "Is this the land we are going to?" I asked.

"Yes, we are almost there," said the Master. "It is a very small island, linked to a chain of other small islands by tiny harbors. If you look very carefully now into the distance, you will see an extremely unusual phenomenon. Concentrate on where these jagged, vertical cliffs should ease into the sea."

I looked, to my amazement, I saw the earth between the cliffs and the sea moving, shaking, as if in an earthquake. I did not notice any port, just this quivering land. I did not know what to make of it, and continued staring at it with disbelief, until we got much closer and I realized that what I thought was land really was a fleet of small boats, each attached to the other, all the way to the tiny

beach which stood at a slight incline toward the cliffs, completing the mirage-like phenomenon. It seemed like a platform made of boats. All were gently rocking on the water, their movement creating the illusion of an undulating land.

“So how do we get to the shore?” I asked, fascinated by this magical place. “There is no port and the small boats are blocking the way to the beach!”

“They are not blocking it,” said the Master. “They are our bridge. We are going to walk on them, jumping from one boat to the other. Come, I will pick you up and we will fly!”

Indeed, it felt like flying. With one of the sailors bringing our small luggage after us, the Master leapt from boat to boat like a huge bird, his robes and his beard streaming in the wind, finally landing on the wet, golden sand of the beach. I laughed as we stopped and he put me down. “Master, it is as if you have sprouted wings!” I said delightedly. “Can we do it again?” The Master laughed too. “We will, on our way back. There is no other way to catch a boat on this

island. Believe me, Germain, you are the only Parisian who has ever done that," he said. "They are almost entirely isolated here. The grown-ups may have gone out of their island occasionally, but the children here never saw a white boy before!"

He was referring to a crowd of children of all ages that had already gathered around us. They looked at me as if I were an alien creature. Of course, wearing a small cap, dressed like a Parisian child, and having white skin and green eyes, I must have struck them as utterly bizarre. Some of them moved closer, and gently touched me, as if wondering if I were real. They were very quiet and polite, though, and as I smiled at them, they smiled back and bowed. I, in turn, found the inhabitants a little strange as well, since the men, women, and children wore clothes that to me seemed very similar and I could not tell who was who. They all looked so much the same.

After a while we walked toward the village, followed by children at a small distance. The island, being a very poor place, had no electricity. Instead, they used lanterns. As dusk fell, one

lantern after another was lit, white, orange, green, red, and gold, the little lights were like shooting stars coming from all directions toward me. Being used to the lamps that were lit all at once in Paris, this gradual, organic illumination of the soft darkness was magical to me.

Our destination was a small temple on the top of a hill. Before entering, the Master showed me the Wheels of Fortune. The colorful wheels were attached to sticks. As you passed by them, you were supposed to turn them, one by one, for luck. They begun to spin, changing colors and making a soothing noise.

We entered a big room with high ceiling, the lovely scent of amber permeating the air. Candles were lit in many little niches, and everywhere stood little statues of men and women, made of green, pink, and lilac stone or metal. The whole place was incredibly colorful, full of tints I have never seen before except in crayon boxes. Such colors were not used in Paris, or in Benares, but here they leapt out of the crayon box and into the real world. Huge masses of flowers filled the

place, and the richness and liveliness of this room were like the birth of a fresh, new universe.

“You can bow before the Buddha and ask for a favor,” said the Master. “It’s the custom.”

“Very well,” I said, and bowed to a large statue. “I want to grow up, be a big president in France, and not let any Germans come to France ever again.”

“So,” said the Master, smiling kindly at me. “You want to be a president, an important person?”

“Yes,” I said, “I want to be important. Of course I do. Doesn’t everyone?”

“No, no,” said the Master. “This is not a good thing to ask from the Buddha. Remember, Buddha was born a prince, but he did not want to be an important person. Instead, he wanted to do good. So he would not like such a request. The best thing to do is to start by asking favors for others.”

“But this would be stupid, as I would be getting nothing for myself,” I said, a bit bewildered.

“Don’t you see? If you ask favors for others

first, then they will ask favors for you first!”

That made sense. It may be that a large numbers of people will ask favors for me, if I start like that. I listened carefully as he continued. “This way you get rid of egoism, you don’t thing about yourself first, you give first and receive later. I will show you. Ask the Buddha that the children of this fishing village will be happy and healthy, and never go hungry.” I did as he asked, and he put his hand on my shoulder and took me out of the temple. Outside, the children, who apparently followed us all the way to the temple, were chatting or playing with some homemade toys. One of the toys was made from a stick, which held a drum made from thick paper. A small cord, ending with a sturdy knot, was attached to two sides of the drum. The child would twirl the stick, and the knots in the cords would hit the drum and make a very beautiful sound. One of the children came forward, and unexpectedly offered me his own drum as a gift. I was delighted, and thanked him as best I could. The children laughed and ran away, singing and chatting like many little birds. “You see?” said the

Master. "You received without asking."

It was true, I thought. I asked a favor for the children, and the children gave me a toy. I cannot begin to tell how good this exchange felt. So different from the Parisian way. So lovely and kind. Later I found out that this was really a way of life in this village. The people, poor as they were and experiencing constant struggle for survival, were unusually loving. For example, they had to live in close proximity to each other, in truly crowded conditions. Instead of being unhappy about it, they took advantage of the closeness by always knowing who needed help. Often, the cooking was communal. If someone needed food, he or she knew that soon enough a neighbor or two would know about it and share their own meagre supplies.

"We are going to stay in this temple as our lodging," said the Master.

"What? We will sleep here, with all these statues? Where?"

"No, do you see the beautiful curtain by the

far wall? The one made of silk and lace? The woman who is in charge of this temple lives behind this curtain. She has rooms to let, and I have arranged in advance for us to sleep there.”

We walked behind the curtains, and entered a corridor that led to a few rooms. Each was lined with wood and clay, and had a low ceiling, unlike the very high ceiling of the temple. They were very clean and neat, and after the woman gave us an excellent dinner consisting a long strips of fish that were cooked in flour, rice, and bowls of dried fruit. As soon as I finished eating, I sank into one of the very comfortable beds, exhausted by my adventurous day, and slept immediately.

I woke up very late; wishing to find the bathroom, I wandered here and there and could not find it. I was annoyed, but luckily as I walked out the Master was there. “Are you looking for the bathroom?” he said.

“Yes, I went all over the house, there is no bathroom!” I said.

“They won’t have a bathroom in the house,” said the Master. “You fell asleep so quickly I had

no time to tell you. All the bathrooms are in the yard, since they consider it unclean to have one in the house.” I shook my head, wondering about the difference of civilizations from each other, and went in the direction the Master pointed at.

“We will go about the island and show you how people live here,” said the Master. We went down to the small beach. Some boats were on the beach, turned upside down, and the men were repairing them. Unfortunately, the Master explained, they are so poor, and have so little wood, that sometimes they had to simply patch a boat rather than fix it properly, and endangered themselves when they went to sea. But they had no choice in the matter. Others were fixing their fishing equipment. I saw that when they fished near the beach, they used nets, and when they fished farther in the water, they used boxes made of rattan or bamboo. “Would you like to try to fish?” said the Master.

“I have never fished before,” I said. “What would you use, a net or a box?”

“Neither,” said the Master. We went to the edge of the sea. Soft little waves touched the rocks that

lined the beach like a natural pier.

“You can take your shoes off so they won’t get wet, but don’t put your feet or play in the water for a little while,” said the Master. “We don’t want to scare the fish.” He sat on a rock, rolled up his sleeves, and put his finger in the water. He held nothing in his hands. I watched, fascinated, as the fish started to come to his finger, stuck their little heads up and opened their mouths. From somewhere, I can’t imagine where, the Master produced quite a lot of crumbs, and fed the fish. That was the Master’s idea of fishing; he never killed an animal in his life. When he was done, and the fish left, I grabbed his hand to see if there was any mysterious object in it, something with which he called the fish to his fingers. But there was nothing in his hands, nothing in his sleeves. The Master laughed. “No, I have nothing in my hands, Germain. It is simply knowing how to use your hands properly. Do you know how to join your hands?”

“Yes,” I said, and grasped my hands together.

“There is a better way,” said the Master. He leaned

his closed fist inside his other hand, which was open. "You see, Germain, the fist, which you make with the right hand, is for strength and power. The left hand, left open, is the shield. By holding the fist and the shield together, you protect others from your own aggression."

I tried it, and he approved of the way I placed the hands. "Now," he said, "I am going to teach you how to use the hands, followed by your body, to do what we call 'ballet with nature.' I would like you to practice it every day. Would you do that? And later, when we meet again, I will show you the next step."

"Sure," I said. "How do you ballet with nature?"

"First, you move your left arm in circular motion. Let your body flow with it, your whole body; sway and turn with it. When you get tired, move the arm in the same way, only in the opposite direction."

I tried, and it felt very nice both ways.

"Now, take the right hand, make a fist, and repeat the same dancing motion, first in this direction, then the other." I tried, and again, found it easy. Then I combined the two motions, under his

instructions, and he approved. I promised I would do it every day, which I faithfully did. I honestly thought I was dancing... only later I found out, when it was necessary and urgent, that the Master, the gentle, loving Master, really taught me the first rules of deadly self defense, and it would be rather handy later in life.

In the meantime, we returned to the temple. There were a few birds on the shore, not many. To my surprise, they took a look at the Master, and a couple of them flew straight at him and sat on his shoulder. The Master produced more crumbs from thin air, and the birds had their lunch. How did they know he could feed them, I wondered. "They just know," said the Master. "You will find that animals understand more than people do, if you love them."

I have learned so much and enjoyed my stay in the island, but unfortunately we could not stay as long as we wished. The news came that the weather was changing and tropical storms were forming not too far away. We retraced our steps, flying happily over the little boats again. I enjoyed it so much that

I did not notice that the sky was turning a rather ugly, greenish gray. We boarded our boat, and headed to the port. The wind began to rise; the sky became darker and darker. I looked at the Master and asked, "Is that the big storm?"

"Yes," said the Master, looking intently at me.

"I see the waves are becoming rather high," I commented in a matter of fact way.

"Indeed," said the Master. "It may develop into a rather nasty tropical storm."

"How interesting," I said. "I will tell everyone at school that I sailed during a typhoon. They will be so jealous." The Master started laughing.

"What is so funny?" I asked, surprised. "The children in Paris don't have a lot of adventures, like me."

"Are you not afraid, Germain?"

"No, not at all," I said. "I am sure the sailors have done it a thousand times before..."

"Well," said the Master, "we have accomplished a great deal, Germain. You have lost the last trace of your childhood fears. I am proud of you."

But this was not entirely the end. There was one

more proof I needed for myself, and that happened a few years later, when I was already in high school. A group of bullies, who did not like my political views, or anything else about me for that matter, surrounded me in the schoolyard. For a moment a pang of fear struck through me, but it did not last. I was suddenly cold and calm, and for reasons I did not at the time understand, I started doing the “ballet with nature” the Master taught me on the island by the sea. I waved my arms quite correctly, and then my right hand, made into a fist, shot into the face of the leader. In an instant, he was on the floor, his nose bleeding profusely. The rest lunged at me, but my arms, entirely on their own, waved in the air and one by one they joined their leader, except for those who ran away. That was the last proof I ever needed. I have never, since this incident, experienced fear.

We have reached the shore with no trouble. The storm veered and turned back into the sea, and we stayed for a couple of days and then went back to Paris. I was sad on the plane, since I had a

feeling it was going to be a while before the Master will come back for me. But the Master said, "Don't be unhappy, Germain. We will always see each other again, and no matter what, I will always know where you are. Come, let me show you how to make paper flowers, like the rose I made for you in Benares. You can give it to your mother when you get home." This cheered me up. "I will also make one for Sylvie, and one for Aunt Pauline," I said. And so I learned how to make my first origami, hoping that some day I will learn how to turn them into real flowers, just like the Master.

Lesson One: Arawadi

How this technique will enhance your life

You are facing a problem. It may be emotional, physical, or financial, and it seems overwhelming, with no way out. You have exhausted all normal options, and you are desperate. This technique, if followed properly, will give you the solution to your problem. The technique is the same for any problem.

The solution is tailored to each person's individual needs, preferences, lifestyle, and situation.

“Fear,” said the Master, “is a feeling. It is not a concrete object. Together with other feelings, thoughts, and problems, it can be resolved through our minds alone, without any physical action. For this, You have to train yourself to know and feel Arawadi.”

“What does it mean, Master?”

“Arawadi is a word shared by the Ulema and their Teachers, the Anunnaki,” said the

Master. “It describes the supernatural power or faculty that allows you to halt and send away problems and mishaps to another time and another place.”

“Is it very difficult, Master?”

“It is a very complex concept that touches metaphysics, esoterism, and physics. You don’t know these subjects as yet, and some of the concepts you will not understand, but you will remember what I teach you and you will have it in writing for the future. Some day you will understand it perfectly and teach it to anyone who needs help.”

The Arawadi Technique

- Go to your room, and close the door. You need privacy for the duration of the exercise.
- Sit down on your bed, and close your eyes.
- Tell yourself you have a bag; any shape that comes to your mind is fine. Strongly visualize yourself holding the bag in your hands, imagining exactly what the bag looks like.

- Gather the problems you wish to resolve and dump them in the bag.
- Close the bag and place it on the floor. Tell you mind you are about to get rid of the bag and its contents.
- Staying calm, never rushing, lie down flat on your back.
- With your eyes still closed, take a deep breath, and continue breathing slowly, in and out.
- Slowly, spread your arms and your legs.
- Give a name, any name you wish, to your right foot.
- Give a name, any name you wish, to your left foot.
- Address your right foot by its name, and tell it to command your left foot to go to sleep.
- Address your left foot and tell it that it is going to sleep.
- Address your right foot and tell it to go to sleep.
- Remain calm; a strange feeling, the likes of which you have never experienced, will come

over you. If you don't feel it within two minutes or so, repeat the procedures until it comes.

- Give a name, any name you wish but different than your own name, to your body.
- Addressing your body by its name, command it to go to sleep. Repeat this procedure four times.
- Tell yourself: I am floating. Repeat five times.
- The strange feeling will become stronger; you are now in a state of trance.
- You will begin to feel that a heavy weight is entering your head. This is a good sign, do not fight it.
- All of a sudden, you will feel that you are floating.
- Tell yourself that you can go anywhere you want, even very, very far.
- Tell yourself to go to the sea. In a few seconds, you will begin to see the sea below you.
- Lower yourself nearer the surface of the sea.

- You will notice that you are carrying the bag, since your mind had not forgotten to do so.
- Open the bag, and spit on its contents.
- Empty the bag into the sea, making sure it is now completely empty.
- Rise up in the air.
- Floating, tell yourself that you have dumped all your troubles into the sea.
- Ask your mind to repeat to your body that you have dumped all your troubles into the sea.
- Tell your mind to take you back home.
- Instantly, you will find yourself in your room, lying on the bed, and holding the bag. Keep your eyes closed.
- Check the bag. Inside the bag, you will find the solution to your problems. You will very likely be amazed by what you see, but do not doubt your eyes. This, indeed, is the solution to your problem
- Tell your body to wake up, and your eyes will slowly open. The solution, and how to

apply it to your problem, will remain clear in your memory, and you will be able to act upon it as soon as you wish.

*** **

Chapter Two

Moving to the Middle East, and Encountering Tay Al Ard

- Political issues in Paris
- Moving to the Middle East
- Troubles in Morocco
- On to Damascus
- A palatial mansion that has no toilets
- Mama brings Parisian elegance to the Middle East
- Business success and a happy life in Damascus
- Reunion with Master Li
- Meeting the supernatural Tuareg Ulema
- Telekinetic activity
- Lesson Two: Tay Al Ard.

“Madame, there are no toilets in this house!” Bernadette, one of the old and trusted servants who came with us from Paris, ran into the room, her face showing despair and disbelief.

“But there have to be,” said Mama dubiously. “They are human, they have toilets!”

She looked at our host, M. Loupin, with a question mark in her eyes. “There are toilets, right, M. Loupin?”

“Well,” said M. Loupin, “yes, there are toilets, but they are a little different than what you are used to, perhaps, Madame Lumière...”

“No, Madame, no, he is lying, there are no toilets. They have something horrible, terrible, instead... I said it again and again, we should have stayed in Paris, what are we doing here with these primitive people, so unhygienic, we will die from disease and starvation...”

Since Bernadette was rather fat and

comfortable looking, I did not think she was in immediate danger of dying from starvation, but I kept my mouth shut, waiting to see what was about to happen.

“Show me, Bernadette,” said Mama, and regally swept after the servant. And she really did look regal. Her commanding height, and beauty, and her strong presence were enhanced by her superbly elegant Dior suit. She wore her hat, gloves, and pearls, and she looked every inch like royalty, particularly in our new and exotic surroundings. I followed, intrigued, and so did M. Loupin, though he did that in a rather reluctant fashion.

Bernadette took us upstairs. I saw three bathrooms containing huge bathtubs that could easily fit a few people in each, much like small swimming pools. The walls were beautifully done with small mosaic tiles. “But this is very nice,” said Mama, surprised. “No, no, Madame,” cried Bernadette, “come here!” and she opened a door to a small room, the size of a normal toilet. It was entirely empty, and had a hole in the ground. “Oh,

that!" I said. "I saw those in Morocco. Remember when I visited this boy from my class, Mama? This is what they had. It's very difficult to use, you sort of fall backwards."

Mama had never seen one of these contraptions, since in Morocco we stayed in a French hotel and it had all the European amenities. She looked at the hole, speechless with horror. M. Loupin fidgeted, saying nothing. Mama took out a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes.

"This is disgraceful," she said. "Everything public is well presented, truly beautiful. Inside, this is living like pigs. In France, the kitchen and the bathrooms are the most important rooms in the house. I will not live like an Arab, M. Loupin."

"This is the best house we can give you, Madame," said M. Loupin in despair.

"Well, let's take a look at everything," said Mama. "I don't want to make a hasty decision, since the house is indeed beautiful."

I liked the house, so I was glad she did not storm out of it and go back to the hotel. It really was a palace. From the street level, forty or fifty

stairs took you to a terrace, paved with old, beautiful stones. Many potted palm trees stood around the terrace, and you could see more trees and lush vegetation in the garden that surrounded the house. From the terrace, three stairs led to a thirty-foot wide veranda. It had five columns, separated by stone arches, Ottoman style. The façade was Turkish in style, with blown glass for windows, the front ones small, the side ones long and narrow. They glowed softly in many colors, like sea shells.

From the Veranda, you walked straight into a huge hall. The floor was made of marble placed in intricate designs, the large white stones contrasting with black mosaics. The room contained more columns, enclosing small niches. The ceiling was high, between fourteen to sixteen feet, and the lowest four feet of the wall were covered with frescoes of animals and intricate arabesques. The rest of the wall was painted light blue, and the ceiling had frescoes as well.

Still, palatial as the place looked, the elegance of the front rooms was spoiled by the primitive

amenities. According to Bernadette, the electricity did not work well, and there was no visible source of heat. “And where are the bedrooms?”

“Oh,” said M. Loupin cheerfully. “No need to worry about that. You take any room you want, put the mattress there, make a bedroom!” In silence, Mama walked through the six rooms on the second floor. They were big and empty, but had beautiful, large windows that admitted the warm sunlight. “A mattress,” she said to no one in particular. “He wants me to sleep on a mattress on the floor.” She looked out of the window at the magnificent garden for a few minutes, reflecting. “And what about the dining room?” she asked in a voice that was arctic in its iciness. M. Loupin did not notice.

“For this we must go downstairs again, Madame,” he said. “It’s off the living room.” By the term living room he meant the huge hall, and indeed, the spacious dining room was elegantly proportioned, its floor made of shining yellow tiles, the walls paneled with dark, polished wood. It was suitable for large-scale entertainment, but had only one naked light bulb in the middle of the ceiling.

Mama, used to a crystal chandelier in every dining room she had ever occupied, ignored the sight and asked, "Where are the kitchens?" Naturally, they were at the far end of the house, incredibly big, and with appliances that must have been made during the stone age.

"M. Loupin," she said, "This is a difficult decision. The house is entirely Arab, everything public is lovely, everything private is primitive."

"One gets used to this," said M. Loupin with stoic resignation, a quality Mama definitely did not possess.

"Not me, M. Loupin. I am going to tear much of the house down and create a place that will be fit for my children, my servants, and myself."

M. Loupin shrugged. He knew her well enough to realize that she would do exactly as she pleased. "So you will stay, Madame?"

"We stay," said Mama. Sylvie and I cheered, and Bernadette glared, but then shrugged her ample shoulders and visibly rose to the occasion, accepting the inevitable.

But I must go back in time and tell how we got to Damascus in the first place.

After the war, we thought that once we got rid of the German occupation, all ethnicities in France would be treated as equals. We must have been naïve. Rampant favoritism and waves of anti-Semitism created an atmosphere that was reminiscent of the days of the Reign of Terror after the French Revolution. The government, openly in control, rewarded the members of the Resistance by giving them all the business they could find, and ignoring everyone else. Mama thought that being the widow of a respected Resistance leader would gain her their favor, but she was also a Jew. No one wanted to do business with a Jew, and the government even prevented Jews from immigrating to France. To be quite honest, the Gaullists were sometimes as bad as the Germans when it came to their hatred of Jews.

There were many reasons for this treatment, and the most important one was the fact that Jews were not eager to join the Resistance. They did not want to die for France, or have their sons and daughters

killed for the cause; in general, they were more interested in the prospects available in Palestine. The Gaullists felt betrayed by the Jews, and the cycle of hatred continued unchecked. It's hard to judge such a situation, where both sides have real reason for resentment, but right or wrong, Mama became increasingly isolated, and her hope that the Gaullists would help her because of my father did not materialize.

And then a strange thing happened. Certain officials of the Vichy government, located in pockets in various parts of the world, got in touch with Mama. They explained to her that strong communities of their people settled in Morocco, Algeria, Syria, and Lebanon. The officials told Mama she had no future in France, and warmly advised her to get out, at least for a few years. At first she was surprised by their friendly attitude, and then learned that it was a deliberate attempt to show that they were not really collaborators, just good people who adhered to their political ethics. They tried to prove it by helping French Jews, so in other words, it was a public relations program.

In addition, they particularly wanted wealthy Jews, with the view of partnering with them in various business enterprises, and Mama was exactly what they had hoped for as a partner.

Naturally, Mama hesitated for a while, but as her business problems became insurmountable, she decided to go. It took some time, because arrangements had to be made for the house and the vineyards, and finding honest, reliable caretakers was not an easy matter. Luckily, the convent Mama helped so often came to the rescue. Mother Superior arranged to have a few nuns stay at the house, turning it into a small orphanage until such time when the family chose to return to Paris. The vineyards were also put under the care of the convent, and the business therefore could continue without a break and without dismissing any employees. We were finally ready to go.

After my trips with the Master, I felt I was a seasoned traveler and rather boasted about it to little Sylvie, from my high vantage point of being ten years old, while she was only eight. She did not mind at all, ignored my boasting, and with her

sunny disposition enjoyed the commotion of packing and later the trip to Morocco, our destination. We chose Morocco because of the large Jewish population and the strong French culture. Mama's plan was to take her money and some of her large collections of furniture and antiques, and open an import-export business. It was a good plan and had the initial support of her Vichy officials, but unfortunately, it did not work out quite the way Mama envisioned it.

Most of the Jewish population in Morocco turned out to be dismally poor, and as soon as Mama came, descended on her like a cloud of locusts. She helped as best she could, but there was no end to the demands, and her resources, while certainly large, were not unlimited. So when a totally unrealistic demand was made that she would buy a ship, equip it, hire a crew, and send a huge number of Jews out of the country, she plainly refused. The community's affection immediately turned into virulent hatred, which was truly incomprehensible after all the help Mama extended to them. Worse, some threats were actually made, a

very unusual situation in any Jewish community. I suppose poverty, war, and despair damaged many minds in that period. Mama no longer felt safe. She went to some of her Vichy supporters, told them about the threats, and explained that she still wished to stay in the Middle East, but in a different type of community.

The Vichy people understood, possibly having seen it all before. Their advice was clear and simple. Pack up, leave, and go to Damascus, where the most powerful Vichy stronghold existed. It was to be a long and complicated trip, first to Spain, from there to Lebanon, then to Aleppo in Syria, then finally to Damascus. She thought it over and decided to pursue the advice, and then had a secret meeting with a very high official. I was not there, naturally, but later she told me about it. Apparently, he gave her terse, simple, but useful advice: "Madam Lumière, keep your mouth shut. Tell no one you are a Jew. We will protect you and introduce you to the right people." Such deception was shocking to a proud person like Mama, but she realized that this was a reality she had to face, and

agreed. There and then, she was discretely introduced to a French ex-colonel, who ostensibly took a job as her secretary, but also functioned as a body guard, who would later go with us on the trip and stay in Damascus until we were settled. All the papers would be taken care of by the officials, and the elaborate preparations for our departure had begun. It did not take long; in a few weeks we were on our way to a new and extremely exciting life.

Once in Damascus, after the first shock regarding the missing toilets in our new and otherwise palatial home, we settled to our new life. Fortunately, this time everything worked out. The Vichy supporters introduced Mama to one of the most prominent people in the country, who was a Christian, and they became partners in a new business consisting of rugs, cosmetics, and leather. We were rich before. Now, we were on our way to becoming fabulously wealthy.

Mama would not change her European ways or attempt to adjust to the Arab lifestyle. She bought

the lovely house, and after much construction and shopping made it into a civilized and comfortable place to live in. The house became the talk of the town since it was the first to have a refrigerator. People came to inspect the tiny cubes of ice that were created by the trays; most people still had ice boxes and had to break chips of the large ice slab that was delivered as needed. They also loved the telephone and came to use it. We made many friends, and life was good.

Mama refused to consider the Arab schools, even though some of them were perfectly fine. She found two strictly French schools, one for boys, one for girls, where Sylvie and I were taught by nuns, just like in Paris. I actually liked the school from the first day – but possibly because it had decent bathrooms and I hated the toilets at home until they were properly fixed...

One thing we mildly regretted later. For once, Mama did not recognize the great Arab art, and had a painter cover the frescoes and illustrations on the walls and the ceiling in the big hall. Perhaps the style was unfamiliar to her. A few years later, a

French cultural attaché told her she had committed a crime, covering art that was created by the greatest designer of the Sultan in Istanbul. Perhaps, but Mama did not fret over it. It would not be too difficult for the next owner to remove that paint and restore the frescoes after all, she said, and dismissed the matter from her mind. She would live like a French woman in a French household, and that was that.

Two years after we arrived in Damascus, I was playing in the garden. One of the servants came out and told me, "We have some Chinese people in the house. They want to see you." I had no idea who they could be, and went into the house, rather surprised. As soon as I crossed the threshold, I froze, noticing a faint, delicate scent of amber mixed with flowers in the air. Only one person on earth was associated with this unique scent combination. I instantly knew the Master came for me. I ran to him and we hugged each other, I was so happy to see him, I missed him so much. Suddenly I realized that he looked different

– he was dressed in a European suit, not his usual Chinese robes. “And won’t you say hello to my wife?” he said, laughing. I looked at the woman who stood nearby, smiling, and did not recognize her. Who was this lady, dressed like an elegant European, wearing makeup and perfume? She laughed at my amazement and I suddenly recognized my old friend and was delighted to see her. The first thought that crossed my mind was “Thank Heaven we fixed the toilets...”

They loved the house, and we gave them a beautiful room on the second floor. They planned to stay a week or so, and I spent all the time I could with the Master, while his wife went with Mama to various shops and places of interest. I was hoping he would mention a new trip, but as the visit took place in the middle of the school year, I knew it was not likely to happen. But this was the Master, so I knew something wonderful was bound to happen even if we stay put.

And indeed it happened. A couple of days later, the Master told me he wanted to introduce me to some important people. I did not know what to

expect, and was rather surprised when he headed toward the *suk*, as they called the market. What kind of important people could we meet at the suk, I wondered, but said nothing and waited to see what was going to happen.

I always loved visiting the suk. It was an extensive, ancient marketplace, part of it in the open air, the other part, which was my favorite, made up of narrow streets under massive arches of stone that served as a roof. Each arch had carvings on it, either pictures or letters, half rubbed off with age. The ground was covered with old, irregular stone slabs. The stores were narrow, each like a hole in the wall and secured with heavy wooden doors. Many were very small, like tiny caves. Others, though still narrow, were long and burrowed deep into the buildings. Even during daytime the suk was dark, so yellow lamps shed intimate, golden light over the merchandise. Everything burst with deep, glowing, jewel-toned colors. Most of the vendors spread or hung the colorful objects around the entrance, to entice the customers to come in. Anything and everything was

sold there – handmade rugs, silk and cotton clothes, accessories, cosmetics, spices, pickles, sacks of rice, beans, sugar, and coffee – anything you could think of. Copperware shone softly under the glowing lights, wood and leather furniture, inlaid with shells and mother-of-pearl, were piled with gorgeous silver jewelry, musical instruments produced a faint sound as the people pushed against them, and the scents of coffee, spices, food, and heavy perfumes lingered in the air. It was a place of magic.

We entered a shop that sold beautiful copperware and furniture made of wood and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Inside, he said a few words in Arabic to the man who was sitting at the shop. This was the first time I heard him speak Arabic, and I was surprised; how many languages did the Master speak, I wondered. The Arab took us to the back of the shop, to a little room behind a curtain. We entered, and inside sat a most imposing man, wearing a blue Tuareg outfit and a large turban. He was old and his beard was white, and to me he looked like a mixture of a rabbi, a priest, and a

patriarch, very different from the sheiks and the clerics we saw in the street. I sensed that he was very special.

As they were greeting each other in Arabic, I was surprised that the Tuareg did not rise. Arabs are extremely polite and hospitable, and it is unusual that a host would not get up to greet a guest. The Master introduced me, and we sat on a low divan across a little table from the Tuareg. He offered us coffee, and one of the workers in the shop came in with a tray, and poured it into three tiny cups. The Master and our host took their drink without sugar, but I could not drink Turkish coffee like that since I found it very bitter, and so I put some sugar into it. When I finished my coffee, the Tuareg asked me to give him my cup. He shook it a few times, allowing the coffee grounds and sugar to spread themselves around the cup, and said, smiling, "I am going to read your future." He started by telling me about my past, and what I was doing now, all perfectly accurate. He proceeded to tell me a few things about my doings in the future, then put the cup on the table. I was terribly curious. What was

in the cup that could tell him so much? So I stood up to pick the cup, but the Tuareg said, “no need to move, the cup will come to you if you want it, since you are such a good boy.” The Master said, “he really is a good boy,” which made me very proud, but before I could thank him, the cup rose in the air and floated toward me, and landed on in my lap. I looked at the Tuareg with speechless amazement.

“We call this Tay Al Ard,” said the Tuareg. “It means, Folding of the Earth.” I did not know what to say, having never heard the term. “You can pick up the cup now,” said the Tuareg. “What do you want to do with it?”

“I just want to see the things you saw when you told me about the past and the future,” I said. I looked inside, but the cup contained nothing more than some coffee grounds and a bit of sticky sugar.

“There is only coffee mud inside!” I said, disappointed.

“Look again,” said the Tuareg.

I looked. The cup became very heavy. I put it in my lap, and the mud inside started to move and fold,

like a living creature. I gazed at it, fascinated, but did not know what it meant.

“Can I take it home and show it to my mother?” I said. The cup flew again and went to the table. No, it did not want to go home with me.

The Master said, “This is your first lesson.” I had no idea what he meant, and the two of them started to speak in a language I have never heard before. Then the Master rose and told me it was time to leave. The Tuareg said goodbye to me, very kindly, and I noticed that again he did not rise.

In the street, I asked the Master, “Why did he not get up? This is unusual, and in any other way he was so polite and kind.”

“He has been sitting like this for thirty years, Germain.”

“So he never leaves this room?” I asked, incredulously.

“He does leave the room when he goes to teach in a very special school, which we call Ma’had. He teleports himself.”

“He can do that? He can fly through the air? Really?”

“He can do many unusual things. But he cannot walk.”

“What happened to him, Master?”

“Years ago, he had an accident and became paralyzed. He was offered two options by some very special people. He could save his body and walk again, or lose his body and acquire knowledge. He chose knowledge and was initiated by these people into a secret order of great scholars.”

“Who were they, Master?”

“They were Ulema, Germain, and he is an Ulema as well. The Ulema are teachers of very secret and important knowledge.”

“And he lost his ability to walk?”

“His body was cut in half, Germain. He has no lower body at all.”

“No lower body? He is just a half of a person?”

“Yes, he is just a half. That is why he cannot rise to greet his guests.”

“So how does he live? How does he eat?”

“He does not need to eat. He could, perhaps, if he wanted to, but he has no reason too.”

“But he drank coffee! Does he go to the bathroom?” The Master laughed. “No, he does not need to go to the bathroom. Anything he drinks evaporates from his body. When you have Tay Al Ard, you don’t need a physical presence. It is no longer of any importance.”

I walked along, deep in thought. “Master,” I finally said, “you said it was my first lesson. I suppose you mean the Tay Al Ard, but this is not so. It was not my first lesson.” The Master gave me a quick, searching look.

“What was your first lesson, then?” he asked quietly.

“The paper bird that you made in Benares. The one that became a real bird and flew to the paper rose that also became a real flower and attached itself to the rosebush.”

“I see,” said the Master. “So you figured it all out.”

“Yes, I think so,” I said. I did not add what I have realized, and knew with an assurance that cannot be explained, then or now. There was no need to say anything. The Master knew that I understood that he, too, was an Ulema, and that he was doing

me the inconceivable honor of teaching me and giving me his friendship. Why did he choose me? What have I done to deserve such happiness? I had no idea. I was only twelve years old, so I could not tell where it started, and what all this would lead to in the future, but I knew one thing with an absolute certainty – I was the luckiest boy in the world.

*** **

Lesson Two: Tay Al Ard

“Tay Al Ard,” said the Master, “is the metaphysical experience that produces a teleportation phenomenon.”

“Would I be able to do it?” I asked. I envisioned myself hopping at will to every corner of the earth, not even bothering to pack.

“Perhaps some day. It is extremely complicated and sometimes even dangerous. For the moment, I just want you to understand the concepts.”

“Where did the teachings come from?”

“The Ulema learned it from Rou-hi-yin, who are supreme beings that dwell in the fifth dimension. For many years, they practiced peacefully all over the world. When Islam came to the Middle East, the Prophet Muhammad banned Tay Al Ard, and many of the Ulema teachers became Allamah, prominent figures in letters, literature, science, and religion. However, not all of them renounced their Ulema identity. Those who

chose to remain Ulema, remained the custodians of the Anunnaki secret knowledge and esoteric powers. They joined the circle of Non-Muslim Ulema and the groups shared their knowledge. This was common particularly among the Sufis.”

“What do the words Tay Al Ard mean?” I asked.

“The words mean ‘the folding of space.’ To put it simply, you traverse the earth without moving. Instead of physically moving from one place to another, the enlightened persons do the exact opposite. They bring the place they want to reach to where they stand. The very earth of the place that they wanted to reach actually moves, and is placed under their feet.”

“Can you see the earth as it moves?”

“Never. It happens in a blink of an eye, no matter how far the destination is.”

“And only the Ulema know how to do it, Master?”

“That depends how you look at it. Under other names, the phenomenon manifests itself in many other cultures. But some say that all of the great

people who practiced Tay Al Ard, such as the great king Solomon from Judea, were secret Ulema anyway. It is well known that King Solomon moved the throne of the Queen of Sheba to his own palace so that she would feel at home during her visit with him. The event was recorded by both Islamic and Jewish teachings.”

“Are there any scientific explanations as to how it works?” I asked. The Master smiled. He saw I was already going in the right direction, and it pleased him.

“This is a very good question,” He said. “It was once well put by the Ulema Cheik Al Kabir. His exact words were: Time is represented with two lines not perfectly aligned; one for you, the other for what is not you. Space is represented with two circles, one for you, the other for what is not you. If you manage to place yourself between one of the two lines and one of the two circles without touching the other line and the other circle, you will conquer time-space.”

I considered this. “But time is not going in two lines, Master. It goes straight from yesterday to

tomorrow, through today, in one line.”

“That is what most people think, but they are wrong, and great thinkers understand the malleability of time and space. Sufis, Gnostics, pre-Islamic, Islamic, and Jewish scholars, all wrote about it. The Jewish Kabbalists, in particular, engaged themselves in the study of Tay Al Ard, but had a different name for it, in Hebrew. They called it *Kefitzat Haderach*, meaning, word by word, ‘the jumping of the road,’ but translated as the ability to jump instantaneously from one place to another or travel with unnatural speed. It was widely documented by them.”

“What about modern scientists?” I asked.

“Einstein discussed it in a number of his papers, and it was a component of his General Relativity Theory, relating to the warping of space-time enabled by the effects of gravity.”

“I read fairy tales and science fiction stories about such things,” I said.

“Of course you did. Fiction writers have been using it for many years,” said the Master. “But it is based on truth.”

“But I still don’t understand the principle of it,” I said. “How does the earth jump?”

“There are many explanations,” said the Master, “none of them complete, since mysteries are sometimes only partially understood. Look at it this way. Newtonian physics, which did not allow such occurrences, were replaced long ago. Such things as wormholes, dark matter, and space-time fluidity allow much more flexibility in investigating teleportation. For example, Quantum physics has proven that particles, such as photons and atoms, can appear instantaneously at a new place without traveling through space in any visible manner. Perhaps this phenomenon is possible by encoding information about an object, transmitting the information to another place, and creating a copy of the original in the new location.”

“In this solution, then, the earth does not jump.”

“This is correct. But in both explanations the physical phenomenon is similar, as it is based on the disintegration of the atoms, those of the earth or those of the person, and their reassembly at the place of destination. I see no true conflict here.”

“In the stories I read, the person just wishes to go somewhere, and there he goes,” I said.

“Again, this is not a contradiction,” said the Master. “In Western science it is now assumed that space does not have an objective reality, and reality itself is thought of as observer-based and subjective entity. If so, then ideas such as traveling in space without actually physically moving are no longer so strange. In this way, Tay Al Ard is viewed as the manipulation of reality by the person who wishes to travel from point one to point two in an environment that is subject to the traveler’s will.”

“And so,” I said, “the idea is everywhere, stories, science, different cultures, and you know many people who have done it. I suppose you have done it too.”

“Yes, I have,” said the Master.

“Well, then,” I said, “why can’t I learn to do it right away?”

“Because a child might be hurt in some of the places you might want to jump to, Germain. If the environment is not safe, and you are even a little

bit confused by it, you won't be able to find your way out and may even be killed. Let's wait until you are an adult."

"Ah, well," I said resignedly. "I guess the trip I was planning to the South Pole, to visit the penguins, must be postponed."

"Just a few years," said the Master.

*** **

Chapter Three:

Baalbeck: A Visit to the Underground City of the Djinn and Afrit

- A journey to RyuKyu Islands
- Studying an unusual self defense technique with two masters
- Graduating high school
- A trip to Baalbeck
- Early history of the Anunnaki visits to earth
- Meeting Taj and the great Cheik Al Huseini
- Supernatural preparations and a visit to the underground city
- Moving in other dimensions
- Encounters with Djinn and Afrit
- A great treasure is found
- Manifesting *The Book of Rama Dosh*.

Time passed. We were settled in our home in Damascus, now fitted with all the European amenities, Mama's business became very successful, and Sylvie and I were doing well in our schools and made many friends. The Master visited us often since his travels took him again and again to the Middle East. He had always functioned as an advisor to many dignitaries from various political spectrums and religious beliefs, and at that time he was the head of an important, international brotherhood, unrelated to the Ulema. This powerful brotherhood included people from all religions and political affiliations, and was spread over many countries. Naturally, between his duties to this organization, and his work as an Ulema, he was extremely busy, but that did not prevent him from instructing me and supervising my advancement. When I was fourteen years old, he decided to take me to the RyuKyu Islands, or Okinawa, in Japan.

“There are two teachers I would like you to meet. Both are experts in Zen meditation and

calligraphy,” said the Master, “which you should be instructed in. But most important, they will teach you a form of self defense that will be extremely useful for you in the years to come.”

“Is it different from what you have taught me, Master?” I asked. I loved self defense, and a new form would be very exciting, I thought.

“It’s a variant. The technique is called Dim Muk, or sometimes, Dim Mak. It is based on the production of internal energy, called Neicha, and external energy, called Weicha. It can kill or heal, depending how you use it. But we shall wait for the Masters to explain it better.”

So as soon as the summer holiday started, we boarded a plane and after an extremely long and tedious trip that involved many stops and changes of transportation, arrived in Okinawa. We were warmly welcomed by the two Masters. One was Chinese, a tall, slim, ethereal type of person, in his late eighties. The other Master was Japanese, small, strong, rugged, and very physical, about sixty-five years old. Despite their differences, they had been good friends for many

years, and lived in close proximity, each in his own wooden, pagoda-like house, but sharing a beautiful garden. The Japanese Master had a small meditation garden adjacent to his house, entirely covered with beautifully leveled granite gravel. The Chinese Master, who despite his spiritual looks and respectable age loved practical jokes, took advantage of his own habit of rising early to play a regular trick on his friend. Every day, around four or five o'clock in the morning, he walked to the little meditation garden and messed up the perfectly leveled gravel. When the Japanese Master woke up, he had to rake it again to keep its seemly appearance. This worried the Japanese Master very much, since he was afraid that wild animals came to the garden to disturb the gravel. The Chinese Master would listen to his friend's complaints with a very serious expression, never revealing the joke. I found out about it quickly enough, but the Japanese Master never suspected his friend for a minute, and went on raking the gravel with great seriousness every morning. I kept the secret, finding this silly joke quite hilarious.

The Masters instructed me in their technique of self defense. They believed that everything coming from the right side represented positive energy, while anything from the left side involved negative energy. The Yang and Yin system, widely accepted in the East, was based on this principle. To practice the technique, the student had to produce energy in his left hand. This energy was always negative. Then, the energy had to be transferred to the right hand, at the time choosing whether the energy will remain negative in both hands, or become positive in the right hand. If it remained negative in both hands, the student could kill his enemies with both hands. If the negative energy was transformed to positive energy in the right hand, then the right hand could perform the Healing Touch and cure people and animals from injury and illness. It could even revive failing plants.

I had to practice for years after leaving Japan, since this is not a skill that comes easily. But when I became adept, I could not only cure or hurt others, but also take care of my own body by

the ability to control my own temperature, and the temperature around me, by touching my body after producing the correct type of energy. I could also touch a burning candle and not be hurt by the fire. The most important advantage for me, I think, is that it gave me a great boost in confidence when back in Damascus. Sadly, many Arabs did not like the Europeans, and sometimes attacked them. To know that I could defend myself when necessary was a great relief.

Life went on pleasantly in Damascus. As members of a wealthy family, attending the right schools, and being naturally social and friendly, both Sylvie and I found it easy to acquire an excellent education, a charming social life, and generally enjoy ourselves. Mama was also quite content. All her commercial enterprises were a roaring success, she became the center of a huge crowd of Europeans who all adored her, and was much respected by the Arabs who did business with her. She continued to be as beautiful, elegant, and as French in dress and habits as she had

always been, and our home was a magnet to an eclectic, interesting, and sophisticated company. An extra special joy was added to my life by the fact that in addition to my normal studies, I was given a deeper dimension by my apprenticeship with the Master. I did not talk about it and kept it as a precious secret, but these special, strange studies became the core of my being.

I graduated from high school at seventeen, and was free for a while. Much thought had to be given to the decision and preparations for my university studies. I expressed a desire to go to Paris for that purpose, and was considering various fields, but nothing was final. I did not mind a little time off, though, and enjoyed my temporary idleness very much. At that time, the Master was visiting us, and as usual, had an incredibly exciting plan for me.

“Have you ever been to Baalbeck?” he asked.

“No, never.”

“It’s an interesting city, very old. There is a lot of controversy as to who built it, though.”

“Isn’t there some historical evidence?”

“Plenty, but there are four interpretations. The Christian Lebanese say it was built by the Phoenicians. The Muslim Lebanese prefer a theory claiming it was built by Djinn and Afrit. Some important occult leaders say it was built by Adam, after he was kicked out of Paradise. Well...”

“And the Ulema, what do they think?” I asked, knowing that this was the theory I would trust.

“The Ulema say it was built by the Anunnaki and the proto-Phoenicians who lived on the island of Arwad and in Tyre. There is a lot of evidence in this direction.”

“So will I see the ancient parts?”

“Of course. I would like to take you to a very special part of the city, where the Founding Fathers of the Ulema used to meet thousands of years ago. Unfortunately, we no longer meet there, because it became a tourist attraction and a state-controlled center of music and dance festivals. It will be fun for you, though, to mingle with all these tourists, it’s a nice place.”

“But surely that is not the reason for going,” I

said.

“No, it is not. I plan to take you to a secret underground city under Baalbeck, and show you where the Anunnaki landed for the first time on earth. Very few people know what is going on under the modern city of Baalbeck. The first Anunnaki landing took place before the Deluge, though they came again and again after the Deluge as well.”

“Before the Deluge? When was that, exactly?” I asked.

“About 450,000 years ago, perhaps a bit longer. At that time, the Anunnaki created the humans.”

“And what about God?” I asked. Even though I was taught much of the Ulema traditions and world view, I never heard about the creation of the human race.

“No one ever heard of God 450,000 years ago. You start to hear about God only around 6,000 years ago,” said the Master. I knew enough about the Anunnaki at that time to accept this without much trouble, so I went to find Mama and Sylvie

and tell them about the upcoming trip.

The trip from Damascus to Baalbeck could be accomplished in about two hours, at least you could do that if you traveled in a decent car. We took a bit longer to get there, since the car, borrowed from a friend of the Master who was also to drive us there, was an ancient Mercedes that did not use normal gasoline but rather employed *mazut*, or diesel fuel, and made such a racket it was impossible to hear yourself think. To my surprise, I saw a mysterious Sudanese man sitting in the back seat, dressed in ill matching jacket and pants and scowling at us. At the Master's request, he started to get out of the car to introduce himself. I watched the process in fascination, since he was not doing it quickly like a normal person, but instead was slowly extricating himself in stages, gradually disentangling himself, like a huge snake. I have never seen such a tall man, or anyone as strange. He was about seven feet tall, very thin, and his face did not look quite human to me, but like a giant from outer space.

This bizarre apparition just stood there, looked fierce, and played with a string of amber beads. The Master ignored his uncouth behavior and introduced us.

“This is Taj,” he said. “His name means ‘Crown.’ He is joining us because he has the key to the gate of the secret city underground. He is also able to persuade the Djinn and the Afrit to open certain doors, which is quite a talent.” I was not sure if the Master was joking about the Djinn and the Afrit, so I kept quiet, nodded to the Sudanese, and got in the back seat. Taj folded himself back into the car and sat beside me, the Master went into the front seat, and the driver, who seemed to be normal and cheerful, greeted the Master and me in a friendly way. The car started making a noise that was worthy of demons, but I did not care because I was thinking about the real devils, the Djinn and the Afrit.

I leaned forward and asked the Master, “Would I be able to see the Djinn and Afrit?”

“Yes, of course,” said the Master casually. “You can even try to talk to them, if you like. The

underground city is actually called the City of the Djinn and the Afrit; plenty of devils are there.” Since these devils did not seem to frighten the Master, I assumed he knew what he was doing, and sat thinking about what my part could be in this unbelievable adventure. However, I was aware of increasing irritation by what Taj was doing. He constantly played with his amber beads, clicking away on and on. I asked, “Why do you have to click these things all the time?”

Taj seemed annoyed by my question. “Try them yourself,” he said curtly, and handed them to me. I grabbed at them, and instantly, a horrible electric shock went through my entire body, quite painfully, and I cried out and threw the beads on the floor of the car. The Master screamed at Taj, “How dare you? How many times did I tell you never to do that? Give me the beads immediately!”

Taj handed him the beads, meekly enough, and had the grace to look embarrassed. The Master rubbed the beads, seemingly absorbing and removing the energy, and then returned them to me. “You can try them now,” he said. “And don’t give

them back to Taj until I tell you to.” Taj said nothing. He seemed unhappy in the car, constantly fidgeting, and could not sit still. Perhaps he was claustrophobic, I thought, and the confined space bothered him. We drove on.

Finally we arrived in Baalbeck. “Where now?” said the driver.

“We are going to the *Athar*, the ruins,” said the Master.

“I don’t know how to get there,” said the driver. “Shall I ask for directions?” He parked the car. There were many people around, some Arabs in traditional garb, some Europeans in every kind of attire and carrying backpacks and cameras. It seemed to be such a normal, cheerful place. I thought of the festivals and the music; how could there be Afrit and Djinn and all sorts of underground labyrinths in a place like that? It was as modern as can be.

“When you are with Taj, you do not ask for directions,” said the Sudanese with a superior air. The driver shrugged, not quite convinced. Taj winked at me and stared at the driver’s neck,

concentrating. The driver suddenly started to beat his own neck, complaining how much he hated mosquitoes. I was certain there were no mosquitoes in the car, and I was sure that Taj created the imaginary insects that were tormenting the driver. The driver's neck became really red.

"Taj, stop this nonsense immediately!" said the Master severely. Apparently, Taj could send certain energy rays that had the capacity of annoying people. Taj stopped, gave the driver the necessary directions, and we went to the Athar.

"First, let's go to the world biggest stone," said Taj. We drove further, and as we turned a road toward the Temple of Jupiter, I was shocked by the sight that met my eyes. It was a huge gray slab, partially buried in the sand, perfectly cut and smooth. It was unquestionably man made, not a natural formation, a short distance from the Temple. How in the world could such a stone get there? Who could have carried it? This stone was so immense that the stones of the Egyptian pyramids would be infinitely small, completely dwarfed, if put next to it. The Stonehenge

monoliths would be insignificant if they were placed next to it. In addition, it was immensely old, and even modern equipment could hardly cope with such a giant, let alone ancient technology.

“How big is this stone?” I asked, truly awed by the sight.

“Seventeen hundred tons,” said the Master.

“It is hand made, isn’t it?” I said. “It is too straight to be natural. It simply can’t be natural. And yet, how could it get here, if it is artificial? It just can’t!”

Taj grinned and said, “Hand made, yes, but not by human hands.”

I was beginning to get the idea. “Then who made it?” I asked.

“It was part of the landing area used by the Anunnaki,” said the Master. “There are six stones like it. Only the Anunnaki could move such a slab.”

“Ah, but I can make it fly,” boasted Taj.

“You must be crazy,” I said, disgusted with him.

“You want to see?” He said.

“Sure,” I said. “I would like to see you do that.”

“Very well, but not when so many people are

around. We will be back around nine o'clock, no one is around, I will show you."

Since it was around four o'clock in the afternoon, I was wondering how we would spend the time, but the Master had his own plan.

"We have plenty of time to do what needs to be done," he said. "I would like you to meet Cheik Al Huseini." This was the first time I met the great man, who later became my teacher.

We went back into the car, and drove to the Cheik's house. The house was small and modest, built sturdily of stone, with thick walls. The door was low, as was normal for middle class Arab houses. This style was followed for many years, for the sake of safety and security. Apparently, the conquering Ottomans used to sweep into houses that had large entrances while riding on their horses, and thus be able to kill and destroy anyone and everything inside. The low entrances forced the rider to get off his horse first, making him much less dangerous to the inhabitants.

In the big living room, which they called the *Dar*, many sofas were placed against the walls,

arranged next to each other. About twenty to thirty men were present, dressed in Arab robes and turbans. All were elderly, with long white beards. The Cheik was sitting in the place of honor. When the Master arrived, everyone stood up, repeating the word "*oustaz, oustaz,*" to each other, meaning "teacher." Someone pointed at Taj, and said, "The Afrit is already here." I thought this description fitted Taj perfectly, but expected him to be angry. To my surprise, he seemed pleased by being called that name, and grinned at me like a delighted child. We sat down, and the men came to kiss the hand of the Master. The light was low, only one lamp was turned on, but I could see that one person did not get up from his seat. Since this was strange behavior, I looked at him carefully, and to my amazement recognized the old Tuareg, whom I had met years ago in the suk in Damascus, the man who was cut in half. He recognized me as well, smiled, and motioned to me to come and sit by him. I came, and he said jokingly, "Don't start searching for the rest of my body..." I laughed, a little guilty, because that was exactly what I was planning to

do. At any rate I could see nothing, since the long robe he wore covered everything. Everyone conversed in Arabic, which by now I spoke very well, and after a while the Cheik motioned most people out. Eight of us remained in the room. The Master, Taj, and myself were the only outsiders. The Cheik, the Tuareg, and three other elderly Arabs completed the number of the people who were permitted to attend.

At that moment, a man came from an inside room, carrying a big copper pot, full of steaming hot water. He put the pot on a table in front of the Cheik, addressing him by the title *Mawlana*. This title meant "you are a ruler over me," and was used only to address kings, sultans, or prophets. I was surprised. This title belonged to very important people, but the house and everything in it spoke of middle class. So what could this mean? The Cheik must have been a very important person, somehow. I planned to ask the Master about it later, not wishing to disturb him with questions at the moment, since I was sure strange things were about to begin to occur.

I was sitting near enough to the Cheik to see everything very clearly, and waited breathlessly for the events that were to come. The Cheik took three pieces of blank paper, and threw them into the hot water in the copper container. The room was completely silent, no one moved, except Taj, who whispered to me, "You are going to like what you see, it's fun, but don't move no matter what happens." I nodded, and concentrated on the pot, looking occasionally at Taj for clarification. Somehow he assumed the role of my guide to the occult world, and I realized he knew exactly what was taking place. "Shush, just look at the container, something is about to happen," he said. I went on staring at the pot.

Suddenly, in a blink of an eye, the water in the container disappeared, and the three pieces of paper burst out of the container. They lined up in the air, without any support, one after the other. They waved about for a few seconds, then merged and became one larger piece. The piece of paper started swirling in the air, rotating around itself, quicker and quicker, and suddenly stopped in mid

motion. It was suspended in the air, completely still, and in a flash, letters appeared on it, printed clear, black, and easily visible from where I was sitting, though I could not make out the words.

The Cheik got up, approached the paper, read the words, and then asked one of the people attending to close the shutters on all the windows. The room became very dark, and the words, seemingly separated from the paper, glowed in air like a bright hologram.

The Cheik called Taj, and asked him to read the words. I could not hear what they said to each other, but they seemed to agree on something, as they stood there, nodding their heads. Then Taj came back to me. I asked him, "What was that?" He stepped on my foot to quiet me. His large foot's imprint was painful, so I shut up. Everyone else seemed to accept the phenomenon without trouble, and gazed at the Cheik as he began to move in a strange manner. He looked to the left, mumbling something incoherent, then to the right, saying the same incomprehensible things, repeating the sequence twice. Then he lifted his hands as if in

prayer, in the manner shared by both Jews and Muslims. Touching his chest and pushing his hands in front of him, he said, "*Ahlan, ahalan, ahlan, ahalan, bee salamah.*" The letters were still glowing in front of him in the air, and he added, "*Asma' oo hoosmah ath sab'ha.*"

I turned and pinched Taj, whispering feverishly, "Explain!"

"Don't you know anything?" said Taj. "These are the names of seven Afrit. They are going to open the gate of the underworld for us."

"But..." He stomped on my foot again to shut me up, and it really hurt and I kept quiet.

The Cheik said, rather loudly: "*Bakhoor, bakhoor!*" A man appeared out of nowhere and brought an incense holder. The Cheik moved it back and forth, the room filled with smoke, and everyone started to chant and mumble very loudly. I understood nothing at all of what they said. It seemed they were speaking in tongues, and the effect was frightening. They went on for a couple of minutes, then stopped abruptly. At that instant, the letters pulled together, became one shining ball

of light of intense silver color, and zoomed out of the room into thin air.

One of the people opened the shutters and the late afternoon light streamed in. The Cheik put his right hand on his heart and said "Thank you" three times. I was wondering who exactly he was thanking, and who, originally, was he praying for, since he never used the words God, Allah, or any other recognizable deity name. I did not realize at the time that the Ulema, even when they were Arabs, were not Muslims, and had their own, very different, world view.

The Master got up. Everyone rose with him, their robes swishing and making a faint sound in the quiet room. The Tuareg floated in the air. I looked at him, doing my best to control my discomfort. His upper body was solid, but the bottom half of the robe was obviously empty as it swirled around him, making the absence of his lower body extremely and disturbingly clear. He seemed like an apparition, a ghost.

Everyone came to the Master, bowed to him, and then grabbed his hand with both of theirs, in a way

that was clearly ceremonial. The right hand's thumb was hitting the spot between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, and then the left hand covered the right hand. The Tuareg floated near the master and did the same thing. Everyone looked at each other and thanked each other a few times, following their thanks with the words "*Rama Ahaab*." I did not know this word, and was not aware that they were speaking Anakh, the language that was shared by the Anunnaki and the Ulema. And yet I sensed that there was something very special about the way they spoke, as if by instinct. I was staring at the people and trying to understand their words until the Master tapped me on the shoulder and told me to come out.

Taj left with me, and said, "You talk too much. You should be paying more attention, such an occasion is not likely to happen again!" I shrugged, but I had to admit to myself that he was right, these events were probably unique. To my surprise, I was beginning to like the Sudanese, and no longer felt threatened by his strange appearance and bizarre behavior. As if reading my mind, he put his hand in

the inner pocket of his ill fitting and flashy jacket, pulled out two lollipops, and handed me one.

“Won’t you tell me a bit about the Afrit?” I asked, licking my lollipop. “I am not sure why we need to call them. Why can’t we just go into the underground city? I don’t quite understand anything that is going on here.”

“In your home, in France, do you have a *Jaras*, a bell, on your door?” he asked.

“Yes, of course,” I said, surprised at the question.

“Well, you see, the underground city does not have a *Jaras*, and it is locked. If you want to come in, someone must let you in. The Afrit can help you, but you have to call them in a special way. Otherwise, they don’t know you want them to open the door. How would they know? They are not too clever.”

“Where is the door?” I said.

He pointed to the ground. “Under you, under the house, there is a door. Right under the Cheik’s house. A door to the *Aboo*, the deep abyss. It is also called *Dahleeth*, meaning an underground labyrinth.”

“Are there other doors?”

“Very likely, but I only know this one.”

One of the people came out of the house, motioned to us to come in, and said, “We are ready.” In the house, everyone was wearing a white robe, and to my surprise, their heads were covered with the type of head scarf Jews sometimes wore in the synagogue. To confuse the issue even further, one was holding a scroll that resembled a Torah. I felt desperate. Were they going to delay our journey again and start praying? I really wanted move on, see the Afrit, have the adventure. I was tired of the delays. Thankfully, one of them handed me a robe and commanded me to go change my clothes, which I did, but Taj did not change his attire. I asked him why he was not required to do so, and he explained that he was not one of the *Al Moomawariin*, or the enlightened ones, so he was not required to wear the special outfit. This did not really clarify the matter, since I was not one of the enlightened ones either, but I decided to let it pass. Taj seemed to be right about the door being under the Cheik’s house, because we started to descend

the steps to the basement. The basement was long and narrow, and had a very high ceiling, perhaps the height of two stories. Everything, floor, walls, ceiling, were made entirely of gray cement. It smelled of dampness, and was very cold. We went through a one room after another, all narrow and long, eventually reaching a small room that had an iron gate by its far wall. The Cheik opened the gate with a large key, and behind it was a second door, made of thick wood. A second key opened this one. Suddenly a thought struck me. Why did he need a key? Why couldn't a man who had such supernatural powers simply command the doors to open? Or pass through them like a ghost, for that matter? I expressed my thought to Taj. "It won't work," said Taj. "Yes, of course the Cheik could pass through doors, but how would he take you with him?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered.

"You are not enlightened as yet. You cannot use supernatural means of transportation at this stage, so if he wants you, or me, for that matter, to pass through these doors, he must take you inside in a

normal way. If he tried, you will just bang against the doors and hurt yourself, while he would be on the other side.” I began to see that Taj was not stupid at all. Childish, and sometimes pretending to be silly and play silly games, but deep down, he was extremely knowledgeable.

We stood together in the small room, exactly like all the other rooms in the basement. The Cheik said, “Let the boy be the last one. He needs protection. Taj, come here.” Taj joined him at the front of the line, and we entered a long corridor. As we were walking, the corridor began to shift its shape. I felt seasick, nauseated, my balance was lost. The floor, and walls, everything was moving, rolling, undulating. I did not see clearly, and wondered how long this torment would last, when suddenly all movement stopped. I looked around and nearly jumped with terror. The simple corridor became a cave! A natural cave, not a man made structure. Stone, dirt, and natural formations were all around me. It smelled damp and filthy, water were oozing from some of the walls, and the light was dim. I did not like the place.

The Master told everyone except me to stand in a crescent shaped row, and hold hands. He ordered me to stand behind the crescent, and not to touch anyone. I was hurt. I felt neglected, as if I were not a part of the group, until one of the people turned to me and said kindly, “Don’t be upset, my boy. This is for your protection.” So I just stood there behind the people, feeling silly in my long white robe, but not unhappy anymore.

At that moment, Taj made a sweeping motion with his hands and body, and screamed a few words. The horrible sound he emitted was not human. It was very likely the loudest sound I had ever heard. He continued to move his hands violently, grabbed some dirt from the ground, and threw it up in the air. He pronounced a word that to me sounded like a name, and followed it by the word “*Eehdar!*” three times. Then he said, “*Oodkhool,*” three times. Immediately, a rubbery kind of form moved to the left, changed to a paste-like substance, and attached itself like glue to the wall. The sticky, pale mess looked like ectoplasm. Taj repeated his actions a few times, manifesting a new ectoplasmic

manifestation on the wall with each call. Then, he looked at the Cheik and said, "*Tamam!*"

The Cheik and Taj were engaged in a conversation in low voices. They seemed to be in agreement, since the Cheik said, "Yes, go ahead." Taj advanced toward the ectoplasmic forms, put his hand in his jacket's pocket and took something out, and gave some to each of them. At this moment, the Cheik stepped forward, ready to take over, and said "*Iibriiz!*" The forms burst into flame, which burned the ectoplasm and produced a thick fog. From the fog appeared human forms, but there were only six of them. The Cheik said "*Wawsabeh!*" The Master came forward, stood by the Cheik, and the Cheik repeated the word, adding, "*Anna a'mooree khum!*" and the seventh creature came.

Later Taj told me that these Afrit were originally created by the Cheik for a reason, as they usually are, and in the normal state of events were supposed to become the Cheik's loyal servants. However, the Cheik made a mistake and did not perform the exact requirements needed in the

procedure of the creation, and therefore he lost control over the Afrit. The result was disturbing. The seven Afrit developed independent and rather evil habits, and did not quite obey the Cheik as they should. For some reason, the only one who could call them to appear was Taj. However, that is all he could do. Since Taj was not an Enlightened One, he could not control them once they came, and to a certain extent was at their mercy and had to have an Ulema present if he was to avoid potential harm. As for another Ulema controlling them instead of Taj and the Cheik, that was not possible. The Ulema have four categories, based on their form of existence. Some Ulema are physical and live as humans, like the Master and the Cheik. Some used to be physical, but were no longer so. Some, like the Tuareg, straddled both forms. Others have never occupied a human form. All four versions of the Ulema can exercise immense powers, no matter if they are physical or non physical, but a physical Ulema can only control non physical entities, such as these Afrit, if he was their creator.

I shuddered as I watched the Afrit. At this point of my studies, I had my share of supernatural incidences, but I have never been so shaken before. In the semi darkness of this miserable, damp place, the Afrit were truly terrifying. Each had a more or less human face, but in this almost normal face the eyes were not at all normal. Instead, each Afrit had two circular orbs, with white background and a black pupil that stood out as if painted. The eyes did not move. If the Afrit wanted to look to the side, it had to move its whole head. The head was not connected to the body. Instead, it floated in a disconcerting, eerie fashion, just above the body. When the Afrit manifest, their bodies often appear first and for a few minutes appears headless, until they choose to manifest the head. This fact, coupled by their appalling ugliness, can frighten a human being to the point of death. There had been recorded incidents of people dying of heart attack or stroke caused by such events. I kept myself as calm as possible and continued to study the Afrit. The heads were bad enough, but the bodies were even worse. They were tinted a shadowy, ugly,

dark color. The torso resembled the shape of a bat. Their arms were attached to the back of the body, and the hands had extremely long fingers. Since the Afrit don't eat or breathe, they don't need a stomach and a diaphragm. Therefore, the body had a sort of visible cavity in the front, where these organs would have been. The legs were twisted, like entangled wires, which must help the Afrit as they jump. They rarely stay in one place for long, and keep shaking and moving and twitching. They looked back at us, their ugly faces twisted in a devilish, vicious smile. They kept chattering among themselves and pointing at us with their long fingers. But Taj told me that despite their apparent boldness, they were afraid of the Enlightened Ones. Any Afrit can see the shining auras of the Ulema, and for some reason they are terrified of these auras.

The Cheik commanded the Afrit to open the door. I did not understand the language he spoke, but I figured it out because he used the word "*Babu*," which is so similar to the word *Ba'ab*. Babu is really a door, though, while ba'ab is a gate, but the

words were close enough to make it clear to me that they were going to open the door to the underground world. I was speechless with anticipation. Everyone stood still, looking at the far wall of the cave, so I stared at it too, not knowing what to expect.

The far wall of the cave suddenly collapsed, in total silence. It felt like a silent movie, because there was no dust and no sound of falling stones. The stones tumbled down quietly, one by one, disappearing altogether rather than forming a pile. The wall was replaced by dark, hazy fog, that allowed us a glimpse of some far away buildings. "Now," said the Cheik to Taj, "Let's follow the Afrit, but don't let them play tricks on you." Taj nodded. We went through the fog, following another corridor and crossing identical rooms that seemed to follow each other in succession, all the while seeing the far off buildings in the distance. The Cheik started reciting something. The Afrit were jumping up and down like carousel horses, while pushing forward with great speed, and were already a good distance away from us, going on

their own mysterious errands. Taj said to me, "You can now move to the front, it's safe now, the Afrit won't pay much attention to us anymore." I quickly moved near the Master at the head of the line, and no one took notice of what I was doing. We did not move on yet. The Cheik asked Taj to show him a piece of paper he was holding, probably a kind of a map, and asked, "Do you know which room we need?"

"Yes," said Taj. "I know exactly where it is, it's very near us. I will go in, and if I find something, I will bring some pieces back to you so you can see them, and then we can all go in and bring everything."

Taj left for about five minutes, and returned with a beautiful pearl necklace, a few diamonds, and some Phoenician coins. He told the Cheik and the Master, "We can go in now, but remember, you promised that all the gold belongs to Taj."

"Of course," said the Cheik casually. "But remember," said the Master, "We are not just going into the treasure room. You will also take us to the other room, as you promised." It was clear to me

that the Ulema were not in the least interested in the treasure, but there was something else in this underground cavern that meant much more to them than any gold or diamonds. The Ulema do not need gold. They can manufacture whatever wealth they need, and they never manufacture or acquire more than they need. Riches are of no interest to them at all.

“Certainly I will take you to the other room,” said Taj. “I know exactly where it is.” He seemed quite pleased by the bargain.

We followed Taj into a small, closed room. It had no windows but was brightly lit, allowing us to see gold, gems, diamonds, and pearls stashed in boxes, jars, or simply thrown on the floor in heaps. However, I was not very interested in gold either. What I wondered about was the source of the mysterious illumination. No windows, no lamps, no candles, but bright light in every corner of the room. What could cause this? Suddenly I realized it had to be the same type of light that was discovered in the Pharaonic tombs and catacombs of ancient Egypt. Originally, the archaeologists

who went there were baffled by the light in the Egyptian tunnels, until they discovered the contraption that the ancient Egyptians had created. They found conical objects that functioned like modern batteries, producing light that was so much like normal electrical light that there was hardly a difference. The batteries had to be placed in a certain way against each other, or they would not light, and worse, could burn the user since they packed a lot of energy in their structure. I suspected this had to be the same type of illumination.

Taj pointed the door that would take us to the room the Master wished to visit. The Master asked him, "Do you want to come with us?"

"I will follow you as soon as I am finished here," said Taj, grinning. He pulled some linen bags from under his jacket, and busily started filling them with the treasure. The Master smiled indulgently at him, as if Taj was a child playing with some toys that meant little to adults but pleased the child a great deal. He said to the rest of us, "Well then, let's go to the next room." We

opened the door. Inside it was pitch black, but the Master stepped in without the slightest hesitation, and we followed. I envied his confidence. As far as I was concerned, how did we know an angry Afrit was not waiting for us? But since no one else showed any fear, I went with them. We could see nothing, but the Master kept talking to us and so we were able to follow him. All of sudden, bright light filled the room. I blinked a few times, and then saw the Master standing by one of the walls, holding two conical, golden objects in each hand, positioned against each other. I was right, here were the ancient batteries.

The room was empty of furniture other than a beautiful wooden table, carved into arabesques, much like Moroccan furniture. The Master placed the batteries carefully on the table, making sure the alignment allowed them to continue to produce light. I looked around. Other than the batteries and the table, the only object in the room was a large Phoenician urn, standing in one of the corners.

“We are going to leave you here for a short while,” said the Master to the group. “The Cheik and I are

going to get the materials we need for our project.”

“We’ll be right back,” added the Cheik with what seemed to me rather misguided optimism. There were Djinn and Afrit here! Wasn’t anyone concerned about these devils? The Master and the Cheik walked to the end of the room, very slowly, with measured, matching steps, as if choreographed. Then they reached the far wall, and literally went through the wall to the other side. I was not exactly shocked, since I have seen the Master go through walls before. It is an interesting phenomenon, but not as mysterious as one might think. To put it simply, the Ulema know how to control molecules; the Master had explained it to me thoroughly. Everyone knows that there is plenty of empty space between the molecules of any matter, and the Ulema make use of that fact with a specialized procedure. As the person who wishes to cross approaches the wall, the wall gradually becomes soft, as if its molecules fragment themselves, and the human body simultaneously does the same. The spaces between the molecules of both grow and readjust. The person and the wall

keep their shapes for an instant, then their molecules mingle and allow the passage. At that moment, the person passes to the other side, the molecules separate, and both wall and person become solid and normal again.

The rest of us waited for about half an hour. I was beginning to worry. The Cheik said they would be right back! Something must have prevented them from doing so. Perhaps the Afrit, who have by now completely disappeared, took them away, kidnapped them, led them somewhere horrible? I asked some of the other people if they knew what was going on, but they had no idea where the Cheik and the Master went. However, they did not seem worried, making it clear to me that they trusted these two to know what to do. "Don't worry," one of them said to me. "They can handle a lot worse than those stupid Afrit."

"I don't wish to contradict, Sir," I said, "but these Afrit seem pretty dangerous to me. The way they were pointing and smiling..." The others laughed. "I have seen the Cheik and the Master handle much worse entities," said the man who

spoke to me, very kindly. “Remember, the Afrit are cowards. They are mortally afraid of the auras of the Ulema.”

“But I understand the Cheik needs some help because of the way he handled their creation,” I said.

“Yes, this is true,” said the man. “These Afrit did turn out a bit wild. But with the Master there, they will never dare to harm them.” I had to be content with that. So I went in search of Taj, to see how he was doing with the treasure, perhaps help him finish filling his bags. I called him and was about to reenter the room, but I heard him scream, “Don’t come here!” and he tumbled out of the room, bleeding, and slammed the door behind him. “The Afrit beat me,” he gasped. “Beat me very badly.”

“But Taj, you could handle those seven Afrit so well! What happened to give them power over you?”

“Seven? Are you joking? There is a colony here, something like forty of fifty Afrit, and they all rushed at me and would not let me take the gold.”

“Is it their gold?” I asked. “What do they want it for, anyway? They don’t need money.”

“No, it’s not their gold. It used to belong to the Phoenicians, and now it belongs to no one in particular. But the Afrit like to play with it. They like shining things.”

“But you are holding one bag, I see.”

“Yes, I managed to save one bag. They got all the others, those slimy devils.” He smiled, regaining his composure. “Never mind, though. After all, I will be a very wealthy man even with just one bag. This treasure is amazing... Anyway, we must secure the door. Hold the bag for a minute.” He pushed the bag in my hands, turned, and repeated the same words he used when he originally called the Afrit, and gestured in the same way. While he was doing that, I heard shrieks and screams, which he later explained was the way the Afrit spoke as they were chased away. “That is that,” he said, surveying the door with satisfaction. “They won’t bother us again.” He took the bag and smiled at me through the caked blood and filth on his face. “A successful treasure hunt, ah, Germain?”

And some day I'll come back for more."

Back in the other room, I saw, to my considerable relief, that the Cheik and the Master have returned. The Cheik was holding a stack of forty or fifty sheets made of shiny plastic, or plasma, or glass, and the Master had the same size stack, but of a different type of material, brownish yellow like corn.

"What is that?" I asked Taj.

"I have no idea," said Taj. "They only told me which room I was supposed to take them to, but they did not tell me what project they were engaged in. I have a hunch it is something terribly important." I thought so too, since the Cheik and the Master seemed to be extremely solemn, and everyone else was completely silent. There was a strong feeling of expectation in the room. They each put his stack on the table, the Cheik on the right, the Master on the left, leaving a space between the stacks, and I noticed that the space matched the size of the stacks. The Master brought the urn from the corner to the table, and made a motion of pouring something out of the urn into the

space between the stacks. I saw nothing coming out of the jar, but I figured that it might be an invisible substance. This went on for about twenty seconds, then the Master returned the urn to the corner. The Cheik took one sheet from his stack, and put it in the space between the stacks. The Master then took a sheet from his own stack, put it on the Cheik's sheet, and waited a couple of seconds. Then the Master flipped his sheet back side up, and to my absolute amazement, there was print on the sheet, strong and black, consisting of strange symbols and letters I did not recognize. Piling the sheets on top of each other, they did the same to all of them. Surprisingly, the stack, when finished, was reduced in size to about a half of the original sheets, even though I could not see it reducing itself while it was worked on. I think that the plasma sheets were absorbed into the corn-like paper as the print was produced, but I am not sure. The Cheik pulled out a silk scarf from his robe, put the stack on the scarf, rolled it, lifted the ends of the scarf and tied them together, all in a ritualistic way. Then he said, "*Al Hamdu*" twice.

They turned to go, and we left the room. The Master, throughout the entire time, paid hardly any attention to me, which bothered me a little. I felt neglected, even abandoned. He must have noticed my unhappy face, because he put his hand on my shoulder, took me back into the room, and said, "Look!" To my amazement, the room was entirely empty. The table and the urn had disappeared. I was confused and uncomfortable. I could not understand why all that was necessary. Why Afrit? Why those doors? Where did the table go? What was this document and why was it worth all this effort? He laughed at my questions and said, "Look at the wall." The light was dimming as we spoke, and finally disappeared. It seemed this adventure was over, and I said, rebelliously, that I wish things were made clear to me, because otherwise, I have learned nothing.

"I will explain everything later, Germain. I promise"

"But what about the city you said we are about to see? The city where the Founding Fathers of the Ulema used to come to? The city from before the

Deluge?”

“So you want to see more? This was not enough?”

“Yes,” I said. “Basically, all I saw was you and the Cheik going through a wall and Taj fighting with the Afrit, which I admit were scary but were not too significant, I believe. I did not see anything remotely connected to the ancient city.”

“Well,” he said, “in this case, turn, and walk with me. You are already walking in this city.”

I looked around, and saw nothing, but he said, “Keep walking, it will come.”

I should have trusted him more fully. After all, when did he ever disappoint me? I felt remorseful as the miracle began to unfold in front of my eyes, but thankfully, he did not hold my short term rebellion against me, and went on cheerfully enough. Slowly, the ancient city started to appear like a Polaroid picture in front of me. The colors of the city were such as I have never seen before, glowing colors of incredible beauty. The Master explained that this was because the city was located in a space that had the same temperature everywhere, and no pressure on any object. Unlike

earth.

“What do you mean, Master, when you say ‘unlike earth’ like that? Are we not on earth?”

“No, we have left earth when the Afrit opened the door and made the cave wall collapse. We are now in another dimension,” said the Master.

“Everything looks a little different here.” The city became clearer, and I thought it looked like a holographic projection, either from the past, or from the future. The buildings, though beautiful, had a sense of alien, remote places. We were now walking in a well-illuminated street, the windows of the buildings shining with lights as well. The air was soft and fragrant.

“I see buildings and streets,” I said. “But where are the people?”

“They are here, but they are invisible to you. Your eyes are not constructed to see them, not yet,” he said. “Well, it is time to leave. Let’s go up these stairs.” We started climbing a very high, stone stairway that led from the street into a destination that was not quite visible.

I was surprised that we were not retracing out

steps into the Cheik's house, but the Master said there was no need for that, and that exits were available in various locations, and not as difficult to achieve as entrances. So we climbed the stairs, and when we reached the top, I saw a huge gray wall on my left, and noticed that the pavement turned into sand. The huge gray wall was the side of the Anunnaki stone. I understood that we exited from a hole under the big stone, were out of the strange dimension, and back on earth.

"So that is what Taj meant when he said he would make the stone fly?" I said.

"Yes, a rather poetic way of describing our trip," said the Master.

"Master, I am not wearing the white robe! I am wearing the normal clothes I left at the Cheik's house."

"Indeed, and so is everyone else," he said, pointing to the rest of the company, who were already standing near the giant stone, and wearing normal clothes.

"So what did we come here for? Surely not just to give Taj his treasure?"

“We came for the book, Germain. Everything we did was much worth it, even the encounter with the unpleasant and stupid Afrit. We have recently heard that the book was here, in this dimension, after having searched for it unsuccessfully for generations. And now we have recovered a copy of the most important book in the world.”

“The strange book you printed from the stacks? What is it?”

“It is one of the very few copies in existence of what is probably the oldest book to have ever been written. A book the Anunnaki had valued very much. It is called *The Book of Rama Dosh*.”

I didn't know why, but a shiver went through my spine when I heard the name of the Ancient book; the sound of the name triggered a reaction in my mind. For a second I had a feeling of tottering on the brink of a dark, warm abyss that contained something older than the universe, and glowed with endless stars. It passed quickly, and the Master continued.

“In the future, you will have the privilege of studying it. It contains the knowledge that may,

some day, save humanity from its own folly. At least I hope so with all my heart. And now, back to Damascus! Our friendly driver is waiting for us in the car.”

*** **

Chapter Four:

Rabbi Mordechai – A Reunion with the Kabbalist, Alchemist, Ulema Master

- Political unrest in the Middle East
- We are moving back to Paris
- Meeting Rabbi Mordechai
- A magical mezuzah
- Experiments in Alchemy and transmutation
- The amazing Mr. Markowitch
- How to build a house overnight
- Dealing with Ghooliim
- Rabbi Mordechai explains what the future will bring
- A futuristic machine and pure gold.

Due to political unrest in the Middle East, the climate was no longer beneficial for business.

Mama's advisors suggested, therefore, that she should move back to Paris. It seemed that the government in France no longer pursued the post war behavior that originally pushed Mama into the Middle East, so there was no reason for her to stay in there. Sylvie and I were overjoyed with the decision.

Of course, it would be hard to part with the old friends and the happy life in Damascus, but for me it presented a wonderful opportunity to fulfill my dream of going to the university in Paris. As for Sylvie, at age fifteen, the most important issues in the world were fashion, beauty, and romance, so she secretly envisioned herself ordering an unlimited number of dresses in the best *maisons de couture*, meeting elegant young Parisian gentlemen who would be vastly impressed with such a well-traveled, cosmopolitan young woman, and drinking coffee with equally elegant new girlfriends, who shared her interests, in charming little cafés on the Champs Elisées. The fact that it may be a little difficult for me to get into the university, after living in the Middle East for so long, never

crossed my mind, and Sylvie was equally oblivious to the fact that Mama would not necessarily encourage her aspirations, but that did not matter and we could not wait.

So letters went sent to the nuns, who ran the orphanage and pediatric hospital in our home during our long absence, and the tedious process of getting me into the University was also started.

After much thought, consultations with Mama, and many letters back and forth to the Master, I settled on pursuing a course of studies in philosophy and literature. I looked forward to it and knew I would enjoy my studies, but I was also secretly pleased with the fact that I would have to wait a few months for the beginning of the academic year, since I knew that the studies would be extremely rigorous, as is the way in all French universities. Sylvie was promised a few months off as well, since she was going to join her school at the beginning of the year rather than start in the middle, which is not encouraged in France. She promised to help Mama settle in the house, and since she was a smart, practical girl despite her romantic

dreams, Mama knew she could rely on her.

As we arrived in Paris, meeting with old friends was truly joyful, and to add to our comfort, everything went very smoothly. Mama arranged for the nuns to transfer the hospital and orphanage to the convent, giving them generous donations in the process, and they were extremely grateful. They quickly moved out of our home, and the renovations that were needed were not too difficult because the nuns typically maintained perfect cleanliness and order, and no damage was done to our home by the children under their care. After they transferred the children's furniture and equipment back to the convent, we had little to do other than bring our good furniture, pictures, etc. out of storage and get the house in order.

After a few months, I was accepted to the university without any trouble, and started my studies. Mama was busy with our vineyards in Aix-en-Provence and the rest of the business, all of which was doing very well, and met no interference from the government.

For two years, I concentrated on normal student's

activities. Even though I corresponded with the Master on a regular basis, and got a letter from him at least once a month, he had no assignments for me, telling me that for the moment I was too busy with the university to be able to do both, but I should not worry, since I will be back to it. I continued to practice the self defense and various other *Wushu* exercises, but nothing new came my way, until a letter arrived from the Master.

“My dear Germain, I am not sure if your mother has told you, but you are going to have a very pleasant surprise. In two weeks, Rabbi Mordechai, an old friend of your family, who had always been a very dear friend of mine as well, is coming to Paris. He will have interesting things to tell you and show you. Do you at all remember him? The last time you saw him you were a very young child, but personally I think it is very difficult to forget Rabbi Mordechai...”

Indeed. No one who had met Rabbi Mordechai even once could forget him, anymore that you could forget an earthquake or a typhoon. His energy, love of life, and powerful personality

would leave strong impression immediately on anyone who had the pleasure of meeting him. I remembered him very well, a large man with a long white beard, with a booming voice and a hearty laugh, always cheerful, always pleasant. I knew I would recognize him right away, and I looked forward to it. I went to Mama to inquire and she said, "Have I forgotten to tell you? How could I? I must really be too busy if I could do that. It will be such fun to see Rabbi Mordechai again." Two weeks later, around seven o'clock at night, I came home from school. As soon as I opened the door, I heard a laugh that filled the entire house, and I knew Rabbi Mordechai came. The house felt differently, as if the quiet atmosphere was charged by some extra energy that was not there before. I heard him calling me from the other room, booming at me as soon as I closed the door, though how he knew it was me I could never understand. "Finally you are here! I could not wait to see you!" And a great big bear of a man rushed out of the living room and hugged me with incredible strength. He let me go, held me at arms' length, and looked at

me with his intense blue green eyes, so bright that some people had difficulty looking at them and would lower their own eyes when he looked at them. He did not change at all, the white beard, long and thick, almost reached his belt, and he still wore the dark suit that was his signature. I remember him telling me that people who saw him from the back, wearing this black coat, thought he was a priest, but as soon as he turned, they would realize he must be a rabbi, but then again, not quite... to me he looked like the personification of a Russian peasant, but highly intellectual. Rabbi Mordechai was not easy to categorize.

“You look well, my boy” he said, and I felt that his approval was important, and was very happy to hear it. “You look wonderful too, Rabbi,” I said. “I am so happy to see you again.”

“Don’t think that just because I did not see you for a few years, I did not know what you were doing,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “Our friend, Master Li, kept me abreast of your advancement. He is very pleased with it.” A sudden suspicion occurred to me that their connections with each other, and also

with me and my mother, were not accidental, but I did not know at that time how to connect the dots, so I let it pass.

“I see you are still wearing your ring, Rabbi,” I said, laughing. I used to be fascinated with his ring. It was a heavy ring with a green topaz, which could be opened to reveal a secret compartment. Inside, he kept a dry bean, on which he wrote, in miniature, the entire Torah. “Is the bean still there?” I continued. “Of course,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “I need the Torah with me all the time.”

“And where have you been all these years?”

“Mostly in Estonia and Lithuania,” he said. “So much help is needed under the Soviets... such poor people, starving, homeless. I built towns for them.”

“You built towns?” I asked, incredulously. How could one man build towns?

“Oh yes, I’ll tell you about it later,” he said casually. “It’s a long story, and we should not keep your mother waiting.”

We returned to the living room, where Mama was pouring out some drinks for us to have before we

went in for dinner. “Now, my dear Madame Lumière, don’t you think you need a mezuzah? Where is your mezuzah? I did not see one when I came in.”

“Please, Rabbi, with all due respect, I don’t need any religious objects in this house,” said Mama, sighing, and handed him his drink. “They never did me much good, to say the least.”

“Ah, you will think differently about the kind of mezuzah I am talking about...” and he pulled out of his pocket a mezuzah and put it on the table. It was covered by blue and white diamonds of the first quality. Mama picked it up and looked at it, amazed.

“Well!” she said, “Perhaps I should change my mind... Shall I put it in my bedroom? It won’t be safe to keep a thing like that on the front door.”

“You can’t even carry it to your bedroom, Madame Lumière,” he said, his blue green eyes twinkling with amusement. “It’s much too heavy.” I saw Mama looking at the mezuzah that she was still holding in total amazement. It seemed to be pushing her hand down, getting heavier and heavier. She

placed it on the table, unable to hold it any longer. I tried to pick it up, and Rabbi Mordechai said, “Didn’t you learn anything in Damascus? Don’t you remember what happened when you tried to grab such a thing?”

I suddenly remembered the coffee cup I drank from when I visited the Tuareg in the suk in Damascus, as a child. The mezuzah had to be the same type of enchanted object, with a mind of its own. Mordechai looked at the mezuzah, and just like the cup, it jumped into my lap. I did not touch it, and did not quite know what to do. What’s more, I was a little uncomfortable about his knowledge regarding my visit to the Tuareg. How did he know? I looked at him with some suspicion and he burst out laughing, and gently slapped my face. “I know a lot of things,” he said. “I told you, I have watched over your advancement for years.”

Mama ignored this exchange and said, “Why don’t you take care of my arthritis instead of playing such tricks, if you are so powerful? I could not hold on to it, it was too heavy for my arms.”

“This has nothing to do with arthritis, it really is

just a trick of sorts. You can put it back on the table, Germain, it won't bite." I did and he put it back in his pocket, and we went to dinner.

After dinner, Mama, who was extremely tired after a long day at work, excused herself and retired to her own room. Rabbi Mordechai and I went to the library. "Now, he said, "let's go back to the issue of the mezuzah, shall we? Look." He took it out of his pocket and gave it to me. It was definitely the same mezuzah, but not a single diamond remained on it, and it seemed to be made of copper. "You see, using these tricks was the way I could help those poor people in Estonia and Lithuania. I can change metals, and other substances, into gold, diamonds, or other precious stones, as needed."

"So you put the diamonds in for a limited period of time?"

"Not exactly. I did not really have to put them in. When performing this trick, the person involved usually sees the physical object or property he or she lost and could not regain. Your mother lost her diamonds in the war, and her vision of the diamonds affected the mezuzah. You never lost

anything of a material nature, so now, while not influenced by her vision, you are seeing plain metal. It's much like a crystal ball. People see different things when they look into the same crystal ball, since it reflects their minds. If you were ill, you would see something related to illness and recovery. Had your mother's arthritis been really bad, she would have seen something related to it, rather than the diamonds. Fortunately, her arthritis is very mild. I needed to build houses for the people in Estonia and Lithuania. Most of the people from whom I needed to buy materials or get licenses, lost money in the past. So if I put anything on the table in front of them, let's say some leaves, or paper, they saw money, took it, and let me have anything I needed."

"And would the money disappear?"

"Sometimes, but not in a way that could incriminate me. Also, if they were good people, they could keep it."

I was silent. Something strange was happening here, I thought. Why is he telling me all these things? There had to be some plan, some

pattern, to his sudden appearance...

"I am going to give you this mezuzah," he said. "Carry it with you. When you are in trouble, real trouble, look at it, and you may be able to see the solution to your problem. It has a great secret, look." He held it in his hand, and with the other hand, opened an invisible compartment, then closed it. "Now," he said, "You try to open it." I took the mezuzah and there was simply no compartment to be found. The mezuzah was seamless. I looked at him with amazement.

"The compartment will only open three times in your lifetime. It will grant you three wishes. One of them, the last one, will be the ultimate request, relating to life and death. Before that, one wish will be used for yourself, the other for someone else. If you ask for help and the compartment opens, this is the sign that the wish will be granted. Now take it and put it in your pocket."

"Rabbi Mordechai," I said, putting the mezuzah in my pocket, "You have great powers, don't you?"

"I plan to teach you a great deal of these powers," he said without elaborating. "Now, off to sleep! I

am an old man and it is three o'clock in the morning!"

I could not sleep, this was really exciting. Why was Rabbi Mordechai planning to teach me? Was this the plan? What about the Master? There were so many questions. But before trying to resolve anything else, I decided I had to find out what this mysterious mezuzah was made of.

I had a friend in the Institut Pasteur, a scientist, who in turn had a friend who worked in a military lab. Next morning, my friend and I went to the lab, and let the military man look at it. He took preliminary measurements, so as to coordinate weight to size, and then put the mezuzah on a scale, matching it to a light weight that should have worked against a small copper object. But it did not work. To our surprise, the mezuzah's side of the scales sank down immediately as if it were much heavier than the weight. The military man fixed the scales and tried again, with the same results. He looked up. "This object is registering 20 kilograms," he said. "But it cannot be. A small object made of copper could not weigh that much

under any circumstances. I don't know how to proceed." My friend from the Institut Pasteur picked it up, and it was extremely light again. "This is bizarre," said my friend. "No point in going on, it won't work. Let's go home."

I took the mezuzah home. Rabbi Mordechai was there, and somehow he knew where I was. I can't imagine how he knew, since I told no one at home about my plans, but eventually I got used to his ability to find out where I went. He looked sad. "That was not good, son. You could have asked me any questions you wanted about the mezuzah, but instead you went to the military. That is not good." he seemed upset about it and I felt like a real fool and apologized. "Well," he said, "never mind. Put on your hat and coat. I have got something to show you. We are going to visit an old friend of mine, I often stay with him when I am in Paris."

We went to a small house in a quiet side street near Avenue Victor Hugo, and a pleasant little man opened the door and greeted us warmly. Rabbi Mordechai introduced him as Mr. Markowitch. He took us into a modest living room, and opened a

bottle of Calvados. We sat comfortably, sipping our drinks, and Rabbi Mordechai said, "Son, not even the biggest scientist in France knows as much as this gentleman who is right here with us." Mr. Markowitch smiled in a deprecating way, and said, "No, no. I am nothing special..."

Rabbi Mordechai waved his hand, dismissing Mr. Markowitch's modesty. "I say, my friend, would you mind showing your laboratory to Germain?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Markowitch. "I will be delighted to show it to him." We went into the basement, which was large and comprised of several rooms. Mr. Markowitch opened a door, and stood aside to let us pass. What I saw there was in such complete contradiction to the simple living room that I gasped. The room was a combination of a movie set and a medieval laboratory, large, messy, dusty, and full of tubes, flasks, bottles, boiling water, and steam. I smelled something boiling, burning metals, and other strange odors. What in the world was this? Suddenly I had a hunch. "Are you an alchemist?" I

asked, bewildered.

“Not exactly,” said Mr. Markowitch. “I am only a transmutist, though I do my best to work for the benefit of humanity. Rabbi Mordechai is an alchemist, though. The greatest alchemist I have ever known.” That was something to digest. I knew Rabbi Mordechai was many things, but an alchemist was not something I expected.

“There is a difference? Don’t both professionals try to transmute metals?” I asked.

“Yes and no. The alchemists are of a higher level. They can transmute metals into pure gold, and also can produce the Elixir of Life. The transmutists can change substances into any metal other than gold, and we cannot manufacture the Elixir of Life.”

“I see,” I said, not sure I understood the implications.

“Look at this,” said Mr. Markowitch. He opened a drawer of a big table and took out a chunk of raw gold. He looked at it affectionately. “This is Rabbi Mordechai’s first gift to me,” he said. “The first of many. I would not sell this one for anything... he did not even have a bank account at the time,

would you believe it? And he produced this beautiful gold for me. He never thinks about himself.”

“So what do you do, Mr. Markowitch?” I asked, curious.

“I work for a French-Swiss pharmaceutical company as a chemist. That is my regular job. But I am also trying to work for myself, by creating a formula for a wonderful perfume. Rabbi Mordechai helped me all along, and if everything turns out well I will be able to make a lot of money. That would be so nice. Anyway, let Rabbi Mordechai show you his own workshop, which he uses whenever he comes to Paris.”

He went upstairs, and we entered Rabbi Mordechai's room, which stood in complete contrast to his friend's medieval lair. No tubes, no containers of any sort, nothing was boiling or steaming in this room. On the left side he had a large, old fashioned wooden table. Next to it stood a machine with a glass top, the likes of which I have never seen. A bed stood under an arch window. Next to it was placed a large sofa. On the

right side stood two large bookcases, and between them, a metal armoire, entirely modern, unlike the wooden country table. I commented on the lovely Bohemian crystal chandelier, and Rabbi Mordechai told me he got it in Yugoslavia.

“Shall we have some coffee?” asked Rabbi Mordechai. He went to a kitchenette-like corner, fitted with a few shelves and a sink, and started preparing strong Turkish coffee.

Settling comfortably in his chair and sipping his coffee, Rabbi Mordechai said, “And now, I promised to tell you the story of the houses I built. Do you want to hear it?”

“Oh, yes, I do,” I said. “I am not sure what you mean by building houses. I had no idea you worked in this line.”

“Well, I built houses, but I never laid my hands on a stone or a brick,” he said, his bright eyes twinkling with amusement.

“So you supervised their construction? Like an architect?”

“Well, maybe it could be described this way... You will be the judge. You see, the people I

wanted to help were poor peasants. They had no money at all, they ate meat once a year, maybe, and some of them lived in groups of eight to ten in one small shack. I decided I had to build them more houses, give them decent living conditions. Luckily, there was a piece of land in the vicinity that did not belong to anyone. I went to look at it, make sure there was water around so we could dig a good well. I found plenty of water, decided it was the right place, and then, boom! Overnight, I built them ten houses. Come to think of it, I had some preliminary preparations to do, so it really was not exactly overnight, but more like twenty-four hours.”

“But it takes more than twenty-four hours to build even a single room, let alone ten houses! Did you have hundreds of people to help you?”

“The work was done by four individuals and one enormous blanket,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “Getting them was what I referred to as preliminary preparations.”

“Did you say blanket, Rabbi Mordechai, or did I misunderstand you? What does a blanket have to

do with building houses?”

“No, you heard me right. The four individuals did not wish to be observed as they were building the houses.”

I sat there, watching him a bit suspiciously. Was he trying to confuse me, see how I would react to this fairytale? Or perhaps it was some sort of a test? Or maybe I was just so stupid that I did not understand? Rabbi Mordechai looked at me and said, “I can see that you feel that four are not enough to build ten houses overnight, right?”

“No way,” I said.

“For a really important good cause, Germain, I can use one individual to build something bigger than the Eiffel Tower, and in seconds.”

Rabbi Mordechai was never drunk. My mother told me that he was a real “Russian bear” and could polish a whole bottle without any effects. So obviously he could not be drunk now, when all I saw him take was Turkish coffee. But for a few moments I seriously suspected that he was. Nor was he crazy. So what nonsense was he telling me? And then I suddenly remembered something that

Mr. Markowitch said. Rabbi Mordechai, he said, was an alchemist. It had little to do with building houses, but still, as an alchemist, he had powers. And then something else connected to it in my mind. He never said his helpers were four people. He said they were four individuals. Could these individuals be like the Afrit I saw in Baalbeck? The thought was so sudden, so disturbing, that I was startled and looked at him with apprehension, and I think he read my mind because he said, "No, they are not what you think. Not like those you saw in Baalbeck, anyway. There are other sorts, you know."

"I had no idea that you knew about my meeting with the Afrit," I said. "How did you know I was thinking about them, anyway? Do you read my mind?"

"No, no. I don't read your mind, but what you thought was very clear and showed on your face. The Master told me all about your education, remember? And I know that the first meeting with the Afrit would make a strong impression on anyone. Anyway, my individuals were much better

than the Afrit you met. All Afrit are basically stupid, but mine, at least, listened and obeyed.”

“Are they spirits, are they humans, part human? What are they?” I asked.

“Mine are called Ghooliim.”

“This strange name sounds somewhat familiar,” I said, “but I can’t quite place it.”

“Yes, you are right, and this is a very good observation! I am pleased to see that you can make good connections in your mind. Indeed, the Ghooliim are part animal, part human, part Golem, part Ghoul. A hybrid race. They are made of clay, or earth materials, much like you and me, but they have certain physical differences from both humans and animals. For example, they are born full adult. They are sensitive to light, by the way, so they work only by night, but they are nevertheless great engineers.”

“Where do you find them?” I asked.

“I make them,” said Rabbi Mordechai.

“You make them? Really? So they are like machines? Robots?”

“They look exactly like you and me, they have

eyes, hands, feet, etc. They are not at all like machines or robots. You will not think them anything but human if you saw them.”

I leaned forward in my chair, shaken by what I was beginning to understand. Can he do the impossible, can he be playing God? “So you actually create living, breathing, thinking creatures? The Afrit I met where merely conjured spirits, but you are talking about something else, I think. A different level of beings.”

“When the Ulema, and some Kabbalists, reach the holy level of Kadash Daraja, they can create life. Real life. The creatures would function much like human beings, but they have three deep fundamental differences. They don’t have a soul, they don’t have a physical heart that functions like a blood pump, and they don’t have a wired brain. Also, their essence comes from another dimension, to which they return after their task is done. They are created for that task, and that is their only purpose. The creator tells them what to do, and they do it right away. In my case, I have created these four Ghooliim to build the houses, and they

did it very nicely, overnight.”

“Can you tell me how you create them?”

“I create each of the Ghooliim separately. For each, I bring with me seven pieces of papers on which I write certain codes, and I have to have my cane with me. Then I take soil, earth, or clay, and pour water on it to make it pliable. Once it's the right consistency, I mold it into a ball. I turn off most of the lights, leaving a very low illumination, maybe one candle or a small lamp, and pull back about four to five feet. I then read a certain text that would encourage the ball to take the next step, which is to shape itself into an oblong of about four feet, and be ready to follow my special design. At that point I take my cane, walk to the other side of the oblong, dip the cane into the oblong, and stretch it. I command the oblong to duplicate a human form, and it becomes a statue, lifeless, but similar in every way to the human form. I take the seven pieces of paper, and put two in the eyes, two in the ears, one in the mouth, and one on the breast, over the heart. I roll the seventh piece as if it were a homemade cigarette, go to the

other side of the statue, and throw the rolled paper at it. It always lands either in the nose or between the feet, and either position is correct. The statue starts to move and attempts to stand up. At this time I turn around and leave the room for a few minutes, so as not to look at the statue as it comes to life. Seeing the actual transformation is forbidden by the Code of the Ulema, as stated in the *Book of Rama Dosh*. I stand behind the door of the room, and wait until I hear the creature make a sound, which tells me that the procedure is complete. I go back into the room, welcome the creature, give it clothes to wear, and pull out all the papers, to keep safely until such time as they are needed to disassemble the creature and send its essence back to its original dimension.”

“And you do that after the task is done.”

“Right, since the Ghooliim are created to perform a single task. When the task is accomplished, I ask the Ghooliim to lie on the floor, next to each other, return the pieces of paper with the codes to the correct places, and pour water over the bodies of the Ghooliim. The bodies disappear, leaving earth

on the floor, and the essence goes back to where it came from.”

“Do they always go away peacefully?” I asked.

“No, sometimes they develop a personality, if the task is a bit longer, and they have the delusion of being human and want to stay in our dimension. Of course it would be cruel and inhuman to let them stay, not to mention dangerous, but they do become tricky. So the Ulema or Kabbalist must be even trickier, and hypnotize the creature into deep sleep. We then put the papers where they belong and set the paper on fire, and the body start smouldering. At that time, we pour the water over the Ghooliim and they disappear.”

“Fascinating,” I said. “I would love to witness the procedure, though I admit some of it would be terrifying. Thinking of the creature stumbling to its feet, trying to get up, in a dark room... still, I wish I could witness that.

“You will do better than just witnessing. At the right time I will teach you the whole process, including the codes and the text that needs to be said,” promised Rabbi Mordechai.

“I will know how to create life? Really?” I said incredulously.

“Why not? Once initiated, you will advance. I tell you, think big! Expect everything! Grow! That is what I hope you will do. Anyway, the houses were built very nicely by these obliging Ghooliim.”

“And then?”

“The next morning, very early, I went to inspect the houses, and removed the great blanket that covered the area.”

“What is this blanket?” I asked. “We are not talking about a real blanket, right?”

“No, it is a large plasmic sheet that can create a shield of invisibility over the entire area. We just refer to it as a ‘blanket’ because it’s a short and easy name. Anyway, someone saw the houses and informed the police, and soon enough I saw them advancing on me. Luckily, the captain was an old friend, Sergei, and he had two policemen with him.

“‘What is this?’ he asked me, surprised. He knew the area well and these houses did not exist the day before.

‘These are houses,’ I said.

‘Well, I see that, but how come? How did you occupy the land, how did you build, and what about license? Surely you don’t have one? And who did you build it for? You know very well that you will have to abandon this property right away, you have no right to it,’ said Sergei.

‘Sergei, my friend, you are asking too many questions...’ I said. ‘when your wife was dying, and the doctors gave up on her, do you remember who saved her life?’

‘Why, it was you, Rabbi Mordechai,’ said Sergei. ‘Do you think I would ever forget that? Of my wife, for that matter? She never stops praising your name.’

‘And did you ask any questions then? No, you were too happy to see her well. And anyway, if you had asked, I would not know how to explain it to you.’

‘You just touched her, and she stood up,’ said Sergei. ‘It looked like a miracle, so I did not want to interfere...’”

That rang a bell. I remembered something. “Wait!’ I said to Rabbi Mordechai, interrupting his

narrative. ‘That is exactly what the Master did for the sick nun, Sister Marie-Ange Gabrielle, who stayed in our house many years ago, before we went to Damascus...’

“Very likely,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “I am sure no one asked too many questions then, either. Anyway, I told Sergei that I have done much more than just touch his wife, and I put my hand on his shoulder, and explained something very important to him.

‘Sergei, everything and anyone I touch, I only do it for humanity’s good. These houses are for poor old people who have no place to live properly. And if I tried to explain to you how I built them in one day, you would not believe me.’

‘Problem is, Rabbi Mordechai, is that after what happened with my wife, I would believe you... I don’t know what to do,’ said Sergei.

‘You know that sometimes my methods cannot be explained. Remember when your daughter Irina was having trouble getting into the University? Remember how I transferred the money and got her registered from a distance, and when she got back

to the University the next day the secretary was amazed to see that all was written properly in her log and Irina was a registered student who had paid her bills, overnight? So I say, don't ask questions, Sergei. What does it matter? The houses are here now. But you have no reason to worry. If needed, I can make the houses disappear. Close your eyes for just a minute.'

Sergei closed his eyes, and I restored the blanket. 'Open them now, Sergei.' He did, and practically jumped, so surprised he was. The houses were not there. The two policemen were so scared by this phenomenon that they dropped their guns and ran away. Sergei stepped over and picked up the guns, automatically, staring at the direction of the houses that were not there. 'The fools,' he said, almost to himself. 'They probably think it's the Devil's work... But Rabbi Mordechai, all your work! Making it disappear like that, How? Why?'

'I can bring them back,' I said. 'If you close your eyes again, I will do so.' He did, and the houses returned. Sergei was shaken.

'You are playing with my head, Rabbi Mordechai.

Are you trying to scare me?’ said Sergei. ‘I know you are not the Devil, but honestly... So you can make them disappear and appear at will? Won’t it be dangerous to the people inside?’

‘No, I can get them out first,’ I said.

‘But what if my supervisors hear about it and come to inspect?’

‘You will give me warning, and I’ll make the houses disappear.’

‘Ah, well,’ said Sergei, giving up. ‘I’ll close my eyes to the whole thing and tell my policemen that if they don’t shut up the Devil will get them.’”

“What a story,” I said. “And did any trouble follow these events”

“No. Strangely enough, nothing ever happened to disturb the people I moved into these houses. Somehow, the police never talked, and the occupants were safe. Of course, such houses, built by supernatural phenomena, are not permanent. They last ten, fifteen years, no more. But when they disappear, I will find another solution. Anyway, Germain, I have other, very important things to tell you. Are you beginning to realize who and what I

am?”

“I suspect you are an Ulema, Rabbi Mordechai, as well as an alchemist and a Kabbalist. Too much coincidence if you are not an Ulema...”

Rabbi Mordechai laughed loudly and clapped his hands. “What a boy. He is not stupid, after all...”

“Did you think I was stupid, Rabbi Mordechai?” None of my teachers was ever so blunt, but I did not mind. He was so good natured, so alive, so full of love.

“No, no, my boy, of course not... but you do make stupid mistakes, and you will make more as you go on. I will try my best to prevent you from doing them. As you have probably guessed, it was decided that from now on I will be taking over your Ulema education.” I felt a thrill, a sense of happiness, at the words. “From now on, you will be close to me, very close, and if you pay attention to the advice and guidance, you will experience a great, big kind of life. An extraordinary and exciting life.”

“Of course I will pay attention, Rabbi Mordechai. Didn’t the Master give me a good character?”

“Yes, he did. If he did not, no effort on my part would have convinced the Ulema that you are good material for apprenticeship as a grown up. You spent your childhood studying with the Master, who was spiritual and philosophical. Then you studied self defense and various styles of meditation with the highly intellectual Chinese and Japanese Masters in Okinawa. Now you need practical guidance, application to real life situations. This is where I come in.”

“Will I never see the Master again?” I asked wistfully. I loved Rabbi Mordechai, but the Master was a very special influence in my life, for so many years, and I hated losing his friendship.

“Of course you will see him! We never desert our students, and he will continue to watch over you. But this is the Ulema’s way. Every student spends time with teachers from various countries, many disciplines, a great variety of instruction.”

“I am so very happy to study with you, Rabbi Mordechai. You are like a father to me.”

“That is good. We will start as soon as you finish your university studies. The most important thing,

at the beginning, is that you should know the real names of the days, the weeks, the years. You should know the hidden secrets that are contained in each hour of the day. And most important, your own personal place in all this. When you accomplish these tasks, you will have acquired extraordinary powers. For example, you will be able to accomplish any task faster than ten or fifteen people put together. You will be able to double yourself, and much more.” He stopped, looked at me in his quizzical way, and said, “Are you listening?”

“Yes,” I said. “I am listening, of course.”

“As time goes by, don’t be afraid if all of a sudden I will be inside your room without knocking at the door. It may be necessary for me to materialize, in order to help you.”

“I will never be afraid of you, Rabbi Mordechai.”

“That is good. When you get your degree, you will spend some time studying with me, probably in Budapest. I will give you a most extensive course of Ulema studies, and most important, help you open your Conduit, which will

enhance your powers and your knowledge. I know, I know, you are not sure how opening the Conduit is going to work, and you are apprehensive about it, but there is no need for that. It will be pleasant and easy, a rewarding experience that will change your life beautifully.”

“To be honest, I am still not sure I completely understand the concept of the Conduit,” I said. “So many strange and complicated explanations seem to exist.”

“It can be defined quite simply,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “The Conduit is a cell in the brain, responsible for storing and activating extrasensory powers. It is commonly activated by the Anunnaki, and the Ulema had learned from them how to activate and use it to great advantage.”

“But Western Science never mentions it,” I said.

“No, it does not. Traditional science, which is still mapping, researching, and charting the brain, has not discovered it as yet. The brain, as is well known and freely admitted by scientists, is still much of a great mystery to science.”

“This is true,” I said.

“But in a few short years, science will discover it, much like the way they discovered DNA, a concept that was known to the Anunnaki for eons. Anyway, returning to the business at hand, after we accomplish the opening your Conduit and do a little more preparations, you will meet Les Pères du Triangle.”

This shocked me. I vaguely knew who they were, but never imagined they would have anything to do with me. Since 1100 AD, they existed in Paris and in Provence, but all I really heard was that they were a most powerful and secret society, and that they regularly meet to decide on the economic flux of the world's markets. I was not sure what results were achieved by them. “They will want to meet me?”

“Yes, they will. It is all arranged. They will ask you a lot of questions, and if they like you, they will initiate you. I will have to teach you very extensively to meet their demands, but it will be worth it. If all goes well, after the initiation we will send you to Ethiopia, to meet the Grand

Master of the Lodge. Of course, you will also simultaneously work on your university studies, you must receive your degree.”

“Of course,” I said, hoping for the best. This sounded like a very busy schedule. Rabbi Mordechai looked at my concerned face and burst out laughing. “Not to worry, son! It’s not going to be all that difficult. Even from a distance, I will help you go so quickly through your university studies, it will be a joke! And we are going to have a lot of fun, too. Want to see a trick?”

“What kind of trick?”

“An alchemy trick.”

“So Mr. Markowitch told the truth? You really are an alchemist?”

“Among other things, my boy. Many other things. Before anything else, I am an Ulema. Also, I am a Kabbalist, and studied Kabbalah with the best. Kabbalah has a lot in common with the Ulema’s doctrines. I do enjoy alchemy, I admit, but it’s just a game, you know.”

“A game? People have given their lives to find the Elixir of Life, to create gold.”

“That is because they did not know what is really important. Knowledge is important, and kindness. Wealth and the Elixir are child’s play by comparison. Now do you want to see the trick or not?”

“Sure,” I said, cheering up. You simply could not stay gloomy in Rabbi Mordechai’s presence. His joy of life trampled over all difficulties and troubles. “So come to the machine,” he said. We approached the mysterious machine, and I saw a ring of blue light on the glass top. He said, “Take this ashtray from the table, and put it on the machine.” I did, and he turned a knob on the side of the machine. Then, from a drawer on the bottom of the machine, he took a shiny black box that looked like a cover, and put it on top of the ashtray. Tearing a piece of paper from one of his note books, he put it on the top of the black cover. “Now,” he said, “Draw something on this paper, anything you like.”

“Draw?” I said, confused. “Draw what?”

“Whatever! A banana!” he said.

“Okay,” I said, and drew a small banana on the

paper.

“You don’t know how to think big!” Rabbi Mordechai admonished me, tapping me over the head to emphasize his words. “Why such a small banana? Ah well, never mind. Do you want it gold, silver, a red ruby?”

“I can’t paint it, Rabbi Mordechai. There are no paints here,” I said. He shook his head in mock despair and took another cover from a second drawer under the machine, and covered my drawing. Then, he turned a second knob on the machine. Something buzzed, then stopped.

“Done!” he said. “Lift the cover.” I did, and to my absolute amazement, I saw that a perfect replica of my banana drawing, but solid and three dimensional, was lying on the black cover. It was made of gold. I looked at it, transfixed. It was just like what he did with the mezuzah. Rabbi Mordechai laughed.

“So now you see how stupid you can be, son?”

“Why stupid?” I asked, surprised. “I did everything you said. You said, draw a banana.”

“You drew this tiny, little, puny banana! If you had

bothered to draw a huge, fat, large banana, you would have created plenty more gold! You got to think big, very big, always!” I burst out laughing. Yes, I have missed an opportunity to create a huge slab of pure gold. I’ll know better next time. But most important, life and learning with Rabbi Mordechai promised to be an adventure of enormous proportions, and a world of knowledge, thrills, and extraordinary powers and creativity was opening for me. I could not wait to begin.

*** **

Chapter Five

The Bridge of Enlightenment: Adventures in Budapest

- Graduating the University
- Journey to Budapest
- Rabbi's Mordechai magical garden and most unusual friends
- A different type of technology
- Encounter with the Gypsy fortune teller
- The role of the Pères du Triangle
- Opening the Conduit
- Self transportation over a bridge
- Self realization
- Lesson Five: The Triangle of Life: Applying the Value of the Triangle Shape to Health, Success, and Peace of Mind.

Shortly after our conversation, Rabbi Mordechai left us and returned to Budapest, where he lived more or less permanently when he was not traveling to distant places to accomplish his mysterious work. I went back to the university, to enjoy a normal student's life again, but something was different. I noticed that my work became easier, and that I was doing it faster, just at the time in which the studies should have become harder. An essay that would have taken me a couple of weeks to research and write, now took a week. Studying for tests no longer required staying up late; a quick skimming of the material showed me that I knew it so well that I simply could not fail the test. The strangest phenomenon was that I always knew without fail what the test would actually be about. I did not trust this strange feeling and used to go over the entire material that was indicated to the students, but I could have dispensed with that if I had placed trust in my

strange premonitions. As the speed and comfort of studying increased, I tried to pinpoint the development of these powers; I knew it had something to do with Rabbi Mordechai, but what? Well, after much thought, I realized that each time I got a letter from him, my speed and ease of studies increased. Yes, he promised to do it from a distance, and he surely did. I suppose he enjoyed the joke!

I graduated with honors, and at the same day of the ceremony a letter arrived from Rabbi Mordechai. "The fun and games are over, son. Congratulations on your degree, but now the time has come to start some real studies." I laughed. Most people would consider a degree from a French university a difficult task, but Rabbi Mordechai considered it child's play by comparison to the complications of the Ulema studies. Ah, well. I hoped my newly acquired speed and ease of study would help me along that, too. "So pack your bags, Germain," the letter continued, "and come to Budapest for a little while. The summer is nice here, the Danube is really blue, I have a comfortable room for you and

a huge library, and we can accomplish all we need in about three months, I believe, if we work hard. But I promise to show you the sights and you will have some fun as well as hard work.” I knew I would. And I could not wait to start my Ulema studies and open the doors to a life studded with miracles.

He was waiting for me at the train station, wearing his black suit despite the pleasant summer weather, and looking, as usual, like a combination of a priest, a rabbi, a peasant, and a large bear. He hugged me with his usual enthusiasm, his eyes sparkling with joy, and I was so happy to see him after the year of separation. It is amazing how attached I became to Rabbi Mordechai after the very short time we spent together – but when two people are connected by Ulema ties, it can happen. Budapest is an interesting city in its design, since it is really comprised of two separate entities. The River Danube flows into the city from north to south. Buda, the residential area, is situated on the hills to the West. Pest, the commercial area, is located on a flat plain. Rabbi Mordechai’s house

was located in a quiet street in Buda. It was a typically large, three stories Eastern European stone house, with low windows secured with metal bars. Inside, the place was simply and comfortably furnished, and my room, where he took me to put down the suitcase, was indeed spacious and pleasant. A charming rounded wood burning stove was standing there, though being summer, it was not lit. A large, old fashioned dark wood armoire, beautifully carved, probably 18th Century, a bed piled with pillows stood under the window, and a desk and chair completed the furniture. The window overlooked a big, lush garden.

I expected Rabbi Mordechai to have a lab, perhaps with a machine that could transmute drawings into gold, like the one he had in Mr. Markowitch's house in Paris, but he did not have either. His work, apparently, was done in the library, a large room lined with books on all sides. It had a couple of big wooden tables heaped with more books, papers, and writing implements, and several comfortable old arm chairs for reading. He left me there, and went to get us coffee and lunch. I

suspected, quite correctly, that I will be spending most of my time in the room, so I walked around, checked the eclectic collection of books of so many subjects that they would make an ordinary person's head spin, and admired a large and handsome globe that stood on one of the tables. I always liked globes, so I gave this one a twirl with my finger, and watched it spin.

"Which country did you hit on with your finger?" asked Rabbi Mordechai, entering the room with a tray just as I was doing it.

"I have no idea," I said, surprised. Does it matter? I was just playing..."

Rabbi Mordechai looked at me with a mysterious air. "Yes, sometimes it does," he said, smiling benevolently at me. "We are going to do some interesting things with this globe. Come, eat, you must be starving after the long trip!" I had no objection and came to the table. Rabbi Mordechai swept aside a stack of papers, put a few books on the floor, and poured me a cup of excellent Turkish coffee. The light meal was very tasty, with delicious olives from Klamata, which, he told me,

were given to him by an old Greek gentleman as a token of friendship, good bread, and a white, spicy cheese, made into small balls that floated in olive oil. The cheese, he said, was brought by another friend, an old woman from Albania. “Yes,” he said. “These are good, old-fashioned people, they show their love by bringing such nice gifts, how could I refuse? I do my best for them in return. It’s the way people used to live in villages, in the old days, helping each other, bringing gifts...”

“I imagine you do a lot more for them than they do for you, Rabbi Mordechai, knowing your record of helping people. But still, it’s nice, you don’t have to do a lot of shopping,” I said. “And it’s very kind of them.”

“Yes, what do I need? As you know, I am a vegetarian just like you and your family, and I never touch meat or fish. All I need, after I get such delicacies as gifts, is bread, rice, and beans, since I grow all the fruit and vegetables I eat in my garden. For me, the simple life is best.” It was an interesting comment, since I knew he could live like a Sultan from the Arabian Nights tales if he so

wished, being able to manufacture gold at will. But the Ulema view luxury as childish toys, and only indulge in it if there is a need or a cause that demands it. However, as for the food, it turned out he was a superb cook. With simple ingredients and a kitchen that did not have elaborate and fancy tools, he could create meals that would be fit for royalty. I learned a lot of cooking from him and valued the skill very much over the years, particularly when I could later surprise guests who thought vegetarian eating was dull, by presenting them with a vegetarian banquet, cooked by myself, that would amaze them with its variety, colors and delicate taste and style.

When we finished the meal, I helped him stack the dishes on the tray, and asked, "Where is the kitchen? I'll go and wash up."

"I'd better show you," he said. We went into the living room, and in the far side of it was a heavy wooden door. "Watch out, there are three stairs here," he said, as he opened the door. The kitchen, at this lower level, was quite large, but extremely primitive. I wanted to put the olive jar and the

cheese in the refrigerator, but as I looked around for it, I did not see one.

“Where is the refrigerator?” I asked.

“I don’t have one,” he said.

“So where do you store the food?” I asked, surprised, still holding the tray and not knowing where to put it.

“On this table,” he said. I looked, and saw a table piled with vegetables, more cheese, bread, and many other foodstuffs. “But doesn’t the food spoil much quicker, without a refrigerator? If they are not available here, can’t people get iceboxes, at least?”

“Well, yes, many people do,” said Rabbi Mordechai, smiling at some funny idea of his own that I did not understand, “but I don’t need one. Take a look at these things, they are much better.” He pointed to three small objects that stood on the table around the food. They were made of crystal, and shaped like pyramids. I had no idea what purpose they served.

“Let me show you. Put the tray on the chair next to the table, then take the olive and cheese jars and

put them somewhere between these triangles,” he said. I assumed that by saying “triangles” he meant the crystal pyramids, so just as he said, I went to the table, put the tray on the chair, and placed the jars at the center of the table, between the pyramids. I was startled by the sensation of extreme cold that enveloped my hands and arms as I placed the jars on the table. The atmosphere in the room was comfortably warm. The atmosphere between the crystal pyramids was icy cold, as cold as a freezer. Rabbi Mordechai laughed aloud and beat the arm of the chair, making the dishes rattle alarmingly. “There are other options than technology,” he said. “The triangles keep the food fresh much longer...”

“You are playing tricks again!” I accused him, jokingly.

“Why not?” he said, smiling. “Knowledge does not have to take away your sense of humor, son! Life is fun!”

Indeed life with Rabbi Mordechai was always fun, even though we studied very hard, every day, all day long. My only complaint was that sometimes

he would be argumentative and use semantics that did not make sense to me, but the work itself was so interesting and engaging that it did not matter. Also, I felt that some of the techniques he demonstrated to me were simply tricks used to show off, though now I realize how wrong I was. Well, I was young, I suppose, and naturally there was much I could not understand. Around six o'clock we usually had our dinner, then went out for a walk, and he showed me a lot of the beautiful sights of Budapest.

Budapest is such a lovely town, that even the Soviet occupation could not hide the fact. Art, music, cafés, were everywhere. It was a city full of spas, the healthful water used not just by tourists, but by the inhabitants themselves. Parks and streets lined by horse chestnut trees gave the city a refreshing atmosphere, and even the cemeteries were imposing with their magnificent statues. I particularly enjoyed strolling along the grand boulevard that was designed by Count Gyula Andrassy, when he returned to Hungary in the 1880s, after staying for a while in Paris. He had

decided that Budapest needed a Champs Elysées' look-alike, and created a street of great beauty, with candelabra lamps, cobblestones, parks, and magnificent architecture. The street had many names during its colorful history. Sugár út (Radial Strasse) in 1883, Andrásy út in 1886, Sztálin út in 1950, the Magyar Ifjúság útja, or Hungarian Street of Youth, in October 1956, and Népköztársaság útja, or People's Republic in 1957, which is what it was still called while I was visiting. Many years later, in 1990, the original name of its founder, Andrásy, was restored, and the street underwent renovations. Of course, during my visit it was still a little shabby from the war years, but still, it glowed with the glory of its past and you felt as if you were living cultural history in every step. At one time or another, it was home to the musicians Erkel, Liszt and Zoltán Kodály, and the poet Endre Ady, among many other writers and artists. The old opera house was there, with the marble sphinxes that guard the front portals, various art museums, and Párizsi Nagyáruház, or Parisian Grand Department Store, with its magnificent Art

Nouveau facade.

Sometimes we visited, or were visited by, some of his old friends, a group of very pleasant and interesting people. At first I was surprised that all of them spoke at least one language I understood, but soon enough I realized that they were not exactly ordinary people, and after all, Rabbi Mordechai himself spoke twenty-six languages, both ancient and modern ones, so why won't his friends share his interest? Besides, with my newly acquired speed, I picked up Hungarian very quickly.

We did other things that were great fun. Rabbi Mordechai had a lovely garden behind his house, full of flowers, vegetables, and a few good fruit trees. I particularly remember the scent of basil and mint, and the marvelous tomatoes he grew. I have never seen roses as big and as fragrant as his. Did he do his gardening like everyone else, and just had a green thumb, or did he receive a little help from the Ulema secrets? I suspected there was some magic involved, and when I confronted him with the question, he laughed, with a slightly guilty

expression.

“Well, son, not here, really. I am just a good gardener here. But in Estonia and Lithuania, this is another matter... the gardens there are so small, and my people needed a lot of good food, to get well and strong.”

“So you did something to the plants?”

“Yes. I married certain plants to each other.”

“Whatever do you mean?”

“For example, I created a plant that combined the virtues of two of your favorites, mint and basil. You know they are very close in their makeup, coming from the same family, so it is very easy to create a plant that gives the leaves of both. Sometimes I would make a mistake and give someone a cup of tea, which was intended as a mint tea, with a mix of the two, and they would be looking at the drink with surprise, but usually it worked well. You went to the garden, and took the right kind of leaves for the dish you were cooking. As a matter of fact, I am sure that a few decades from now people will do it all the time, that is, engineer plants to fit various qualities.”

“I would bet you did more than just basil and mint, Rabbi Mordechai. How about a plant that gave both tomatoes and cucumbers?”

“No, no, that would make people very suspicious,” he protested. “Tomatoes and cucumbers do not belong to the same plant family.”

“So, you could combine potato and tomato, since they both belong to the nightshade family,” I suggested. “And what’s more, tomato grows above ground, and potato below ground, so no one will suspect. You could harvest the tomatoes in summer, and the potatoes in the autumn.”

“Nice idea,” he said. I noticed that he did not deny the allegation. Many years later, I saw a plant like that sold in a garden catalog as a “miracle plant.”

Another reason for my suspicion for magic in the garden was that the birds, which are rare in Budapest, came in great numbers to visit Rabbi Mordechai’s garden. I saw him talking to them many times, and they would come and eat seeds from his hands, and sit on his shoulders. He used to talk to them, very softly so as not to frighten the little things, and gave each an individual name. He

certainly considered them his personal friends. I have a great love of animals, inherited from my mother and encouraged by her, so I loved watching him with the birds, and the day that some of them ate from my own hand was a great joy.

Another talent he had was also a great surprise. One evening, Rabbi Mordechai took me to a famous gypsy café. The owner rushed over to greet him. She was a middle aged woman who looked like a Gypsy, though later I found out she was pure Russian. Her gray hair was done in braids, piled up high on her head, she wore huge golden earrings, and her red dress matched the flamboyant gold, crimson, and violet décor of the cheerful restaurant. The waiter and the members of the Gypsy band gathered around Rabbi Mordechai, calling each other – “Hey, come here, the Rabbi has arrived!” and many of the guests rose and came to say hello. We had a sumptuous meal, helped along by Vodka, which Rabbi Mordechai adored and could drink in large quantities without ever getting drunk. Before I knew it, he went to the band and said something, and they cheered loudly and

gave him a balalaika. This was really amazing – I had no idea how well he played the instrument. The entire performance of the band, which was quite good to begin with, greatly improved when he joined them. When he was done playing, he danced with half of the women in the restaurant, and only then returned, followed by a great applause, to drink coffee and have dessert back at our table. Then, a fortune-telling woman approached our table. She had a double job at the restaurant, I found out later, generally in the kitchen, but some nights as a fortune teller. She was a real Gypsy, unlike the owner, and apparently learned the fortune telling trade on her mother's knee. "Sir," she said to Rabbi Mordechai, "May I read your palm? Maybe I have good news for you? And later the young master, too?" Rabbi Mordechai laughed good-naturally, and offered her his palm.

The woman took his palm and looked at it. Suddenly, she stopped and dropped his hand as if touched by fire. She raised her big black eyes at him, and bowed deeply. "Daskali... mathia sou...

she whispered, with sounded like awe, or even fear, bowed again, and backed away from the table, and disappeared into the back of the restaurant, most likely into the kitchen.

“What did she say?” I asked Rabbi Mordechai, intrigued by the woman’s strange behavior.

“She said, ‘My teacher... oh, those eyes...’ having recognized me, she did not feel she could predict my future, it would not be seemly.”

“Recognized you? Everyone knows you here.”

“She is a real fortune teller, Germain. She has deep, ancient knowledge. Her people, the Romani, they can recognize an Ulema and they respect us, viewing us as their teachers and their superiors. She must be new at the restaurant, since we have never met before.”

I sipped my coffee and thought. All over the world, there seemed to be networks and connections that ordinary people, going about their business, did not see, did not feel, did not even suspect. Rabbi Mordechai, however, was not in the mood for introspection. Instead, he decided to play another tune with the band. After that, requesting the check

from the waiter, the owner came to our table, practically forbid him to leave so early, as she said, refused her pay, and said that we are to be her guests since Rabbi Mordechai's mere presence was so much fun that the other guests ate and drank double the quantities they would on any other night. So Rabbi Mordechai laughed, got another coffee for us, and stayed a little longer to please the kind lady.

On our way home, myself slightly drunk, I asked him, "Rabbi Mordechai, are you a physical or a nonphysical Ulema?" He burst out laughing. "Did you ever see a phantom drink so much Vodka? Of course I am physical. I love being physical and I love life!"

"But you can leave your body if needed, right?"

"Oh, yes, when needed. But generally it's much more fun to be in my body. I have never tried dancing when I am out of the body!"

All in all, the Ulema studies were extremely complicated and difficult, but the experience was

exhilarating, and I felt as if door after door was opened to me, showing vistas that I have never seen before. I learned many of the secrets Rabbi Mordechai promised to teach me, including the secrets hidden in various concepts, such as the days of the month and the week, and my place in the universe.

One of the most important lessons, which at the end of this chapter will be presented as a lesson to the readers, was the Triangle of Life. It was not an easy lesson to digest, but once I grasped it, it served me faithfully for my entire life. “We are going to study a very important matter today,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “We are going to apply the value of the triangle shape to real life and to the organization we call the Pères du Triangle. I am not sure if you are aware of it, but there are six Triangles on earth. Actually, they rule the earth.”

“Are they political, are they part of existing governments?” I asked.

“They are more important, far more so, than mere governments. Can you define for me what are the

most important things in life?"

"Life itself?" I said.

"Yes, this is right within itself, but it does not answer the question." I was annoyed. Here we go again, I said to myself. I am arguing with an old Jewish Rabbi. They always go round and round, using semantics that get you nowhere. "How can I be right and wrong at the same time?" I asked.

"Well, we will go about it in a different way," said Rabbi Mordechai. "What is the meaning of life on earth?"

"Family? Friends?" I said, knowing full well that he will argue again, and I was right.

"Family and friends make our life meaningful, of course," said Rabbi Mordechai, but they are not the meaning of life. The meaning of life is based on the fact that life is, in itself, a triangle. One corner of the triangle represents health. The second represents success. The third represents peace of mind. Visualize it like that." And he demonstrated by joining his two thumbs and his two forefingers, creating a triangle. "You find meaning by placing this triangle on the world." He leaned his hands on

the large globe. "But the all important thing is to find the right spot to put the triangle on."

"I am not sure I follow," I said, dubiously.

"So let's demonstrate it with some props," said Rabbi Mordechai. He gave me paper, pencil, a ruler, and a pair of scissors. "Now," he said, "draw and cut a more or less equilateral triangle from this peace of paper." I did, trying my best to make an exact drawing, and cut it carefully.

"Now," he said, "put it anywhere on the globe."

I took the paper, and feeling like a fool tried to place the paper on the globe, knowing that it will fall off since I used no glue. Of course it fell, several times, until Rabbi Mordechai smiled rather cynically, an expression I have never seen on his face before. "Put it on again," he said, giving the globe a piercing look. I did, and the paper stuck to the globe. Another trick, I thought. I was tired of tricks.

"Spin the globe," he said. The triangle stuck and the globe was spinning.

"As this is happening," said Rabbi Mordechai, "realize that if the lines of the triangle were

somehow continued, they would represent lines of energy around the world. Let's concentrate on the lines that occur when you extend the Health corner at the top of the triangle. This energy flows in currents, both negative and positive, mostly underground, traversing the globe." This was beginning to make sense to me. I span the globe again, the paper stuck, and I tried to imagine the continued lines that would follow the entire world. I was beginning to see the pattern.

"Those who live above the positive lines, will have good health. Those who live above the negative lines, will have bad health. But let's elaborate a little. Look at the drawing I am about to make."

He drew a triangle, wrote Health on the top of it, and said, "This is Triangle A." Then, he extended the lines. "Close these lines and thus create a second triangle of the same size exactly, which we call Triangle B. everything inside Triangle B will have good health. Now, make a copy, of an exact size, of Triangle A. Move it up and center it exactly on Triangle B. By doing this, you have

created a six pointed Star of David.”

By now I realized we were not doing any tricks, but studying a most fascinating and helpful technique. “How do we proceed?” I asked, poring over the drawing.

“We will number the four small triangles created on the sides of the Star of David 1, 2, 3, and 4. All countries located inside these four small triangles are good for health. Should you have a health issue, or a desire to live in the more healthy places, these are your choices.”

“So I imagine that you can do the same for Success and Peace of Mind, to find the best of each quality?”

“Correct,” said Rabbi Mordechai.

“Ah, but there still one problem here. Where do I put the triangle? How do I choose the original location?” I asked.

Rabbi Mordechai laughed. “For once, son, I encourage you to consider yourself the center of the world. You put the triangle wherever you are.”

“However, Rabbi Mordechai, another question remains. At this moment I am in Budapest. I put the

triangle on the map of Hungary and learn of my best locations. But next week, or next month, I am going back to France. Then, should I put it on the map of France?"

"Yes, of course," said Rabbi Mordechai. "This technique is working within the dictates of the moment. Wherever you are, the triangle follows. And it always works."

"I am a little surprised to see the Star of David involved in Ulema teachings," I said.

"Not at all," said Rabbi Mordechai. "You must realize that the Kabbalists share many of the Ulema techniques. There is much more to it, as this is only one of the seven great secrets of the Star of David," said Rabbi Mordechai. "The Kabbalists have been using it to great advantage for centuries."

"But the Triangle is used by the Pères du Triangle, so it is a universal symbol," I said.

"Good point. As you can imagine, the presence of the Star of David caused the usual Anti Semitic comments that the Jews are ruling the financial world. But this is sheer nonsense. The Pères du

Triangle include people from all religions and nations, and they have very little affiliation to either. The Star of David, even though it signifies in Judaism and is placed on the flag of the state of Israel, is entirely universal and many scholars claim its origin is Anunnaki.” Indeed, so much of the Ulema knowledge comes from the Anunnaki, that it did not surprise me.

Time passed quickly. I have learned so much, everything of which, Rabbi Mordechai promised, would enable me to succeed in my meeting with the Pères du Triangle, and later in all my endeavors in life. But something, I knew, was still missing, and I was very hesitant asking about it. One day I gathered all my courage and asked him, “What about the opening of the Conduit?”

“It will happen soon enough,” he said.

“But is there work to be done in preparation? What is the process?”

“It varies,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “Come on, let’s go out, you are tired from so much study.” I

certainly was, since that evening we continued working after our dinner, having been engaged in an interesting study, so we did not go to our usual walk. It was rather late at night, and I felt I would enjoy a little fresh air. "Let's go to one of the bridges between Buda and Pest," said Rabbi Mordechai. "It's a pleasant night for a walk."

"Which one should we go to?" I asked.

"Let's go to the Széchenyi Lánchíd, the Chain Bridge," said Rabbi Mordechai. I certainly had no objection to that; this bridge was a thing of beauty. It was called after Count Istvan Széchenyi, who had commissioned it, and was the first of the eight permanent bridges in the city. The Count invested much thought and effort in building the bridge. He not only asked a French authority, Marc Isambard Brunel, for advice, but even went to examine William Tierney Clark's bridge across the Thames at Marlow, England, before finalizing his plans. The bridge was built between 1839 and 1849, and the stunning lions at each end were designed by the great sculptor, János Marschalko. There is a great debate regarding the lions' tongues. Some say that

they are there, though extremely hard to find even if you climb all the way up the pedestals on the four corners of the bridge. Others say there are no tongues at all, and tell a legend that during the opening ceremony, a little boy noticed that the tongues were not there, and told the sculptor. Poor Marschalko was so distraught by realizing he had forgotten such an important detail, that he hurled himself off the bridge to his death.

It was late at night, there was no one present on the bridge, and the lights of the city reflected beautifully in the dark water. We stood for a moment, enjoying the sight, and then Rabbi Mordechai said, quite suddenly, "How long do you think it will take you to cross the bridge?"

"I don't know," I said, trying to estimate the length. "Would you like to bet I can do it quicker than you?" he asked, his blue green eyes twinkling with amusement.

"Sure," I said, laughing. "Why not?"

"Good," he said. "But you must walk straight and not look back or even to the sides." I knew he had something up his sleeve, but it was fun to play the

game. “Very well,” I said. “Shall I start?”

“Go!” he said, laughing, and I started walking, looking ahead, avoiding looking back or to the sides. When I reached the end of the bridge, Rabbi Mordechai was standing there, leaning against it, smiling.

“I see,” I said. “Very impressive. I would like to learn this technique.”

“I am happy to hear that you are not calling it a trick,” said Rabbi Mordechai, seriously.

“No, I don’t think this is a trick,” I said. I felt a vague regret. Have I let Rabbi Mordechai down by being skeptical? Were there some subtle points I have missed?

“Let’s go to the other side,” he said. “Would you like to try how this technique feels?”

“Yes, I would,” I said. In a fraction of a second, I was on the other side of the bridge, without any delay or even any sensation. I was just there, while a second ago, I was elsewhere. Rabbi Mordechai was not near me. I looked at the bridge, and I saw him walking toward me. Obviously, he wanted to show me that I was not hallucinating. If we were

both transported together, I might have suspected that we never really left and it was only some sort of hallucination, another trick, but seeing Rabbi Mordechai walking on the bridge would prevent any such suspicion. He wanted to reassure me, as I thought. I had shown a sad lack of trust, and perhaps I had hurt this great, forgiving, loving friend who would do anything for me. How could I? I felt so ashamed.

When he came to the other side, I said, "Rabbi Mordechai, I know why you transported me and walked yourself. I understand your motive. But it is no longer necessary to do so. I fully trust you. I am your student, forever."

Rabbi Mordechai looked at me with tears in his eyes, and hugged me with all his might. "You are more than my student, Germain. You are my son from now on." A great wave of happiness and peace flowed through me. He was not angry, he understood, he knew I placed all my trust in him and I was forgiven... Suddenly, I felt something I could not explain, something that happened in my mind, or in my brain, or in my soul, something that

I could not prove but was as tangible as the river and the houses. The ability to trust I have so suddenly discovered in myself burst open the gates in my mind, and my Conduit opened.

I staggered a little, caught on to the bridge, and recovered almost instantly. The world felt different than before, but I was still myself.

“How did it happen so fast?” I asked.

“It was not fast at all,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “It was exactly as it should be, as it always is, and always will be. You see, your other masters taught you many things, and there was an enormous amount of dormant knowledge which was accumulated in your mind and constantly fed by them. And now, at the right time, and under the right circumstances, and encouraged by your ability to accept the Ulema way, the Conduit opened, by itself, like a flower. You are now ready to start on the road to being a full- fledged Ulema. Welcome, my son.”

*** **

Lesson Five

The Triangle of Life: Applying the Value of the Triangle Shape to Health, Success, and Peace of Mind

How this technique will enhance your life:

With the help of the triangle, you will be able to find the perfect areas on earth where your health, success, and peace of mind will be at their optimum. You can work it on a large scale and find out the best countries to live in, or on a small scale, which would give you the best neighbourhoods in your own city or county.

Synopsis of the Theory **(For complete description of the theory, read Chapter Five)**

- There are lines of energy spinning around

the world. In this exercise, we will concentrate on the lines that are revealed by the use of the triangle. The energy flows in currents, both negative and positive, mostly underground, traversing the globe. Those who live above the positive lines, will have good health, success, and peace of mind. Those who live above the negative lines, will have bad health, lack of success, and will experience mind turmoil.

- The meaning of life is based on the fact that life is, in itself, a triangle. One corner of the triangle represents health. The second represents success. The third represents peace of mind. You find meaning by placing the triangle you are about to draw on the world.
- The student might ask, where do I put the triangle? How do I choose the original location? The answer is, you put the triangle wherever you are.
- The student might ask, what if I change locations? The answer is, this technique is

working within the dictates of the moment. Wherever you are, the triangle follows. Change it as many times in life as you need. It always works.

Materials

- This lesson can be accomplished with two different props. You can use a globe, or a flat map of the world. A globe gives a more precise directions, but it is expensive and sometimes hard to get. The student may instead use a flat map of the world. It is not as precise, but the distortion is so slight that it does not signify, and it is cheaper and readily available.
- If you are using a map, you will need lightweight paper which is somewhat transparent, a pen, a ruler, and a pair of scissors.
- If you are using a globe, you will need plastic wrap, the kind that is used to wrap

sandwiches or leftovers in the kitchen, since it will adhere easily to a globe. You will also need a magic marker that can write on this material, a ruler, and a pair of scissors.

Technique

- The drawings below show how the double triangle, or the six-pointed star, was created.
- To be most effective, an individual exercise should be used separately for Health, Success, and Peace of Mind. As you copy the template below, simply change the word on top for each exercise.

Triangle A was drawn as an equilateral triangle.

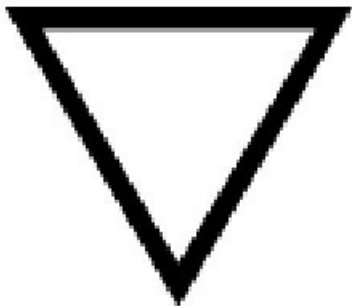


Health

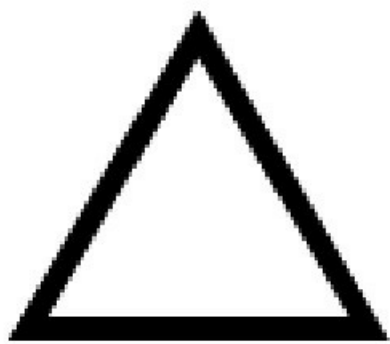
Success **Peace of mind**

Figure 1: Triangle A

- Triangle B was drawn by extending the lines on top of triangle A, and then closing these lines and thus creating a second triangle of the same size exactly.



Triangle B

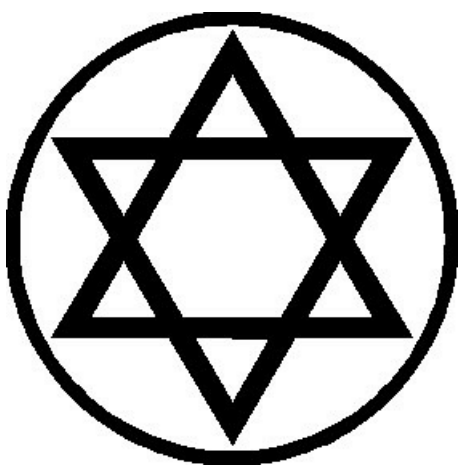


Health

Success Peace of mind

Figure 2: Triangle on the top is triangle B.

- Triangle A was moved up and centered exactly on Triangle B. By doing this, we have created a six pointed star. We have numbered the four small triangles created on the sides of the star, as 1, 2, 3, and 4.



1. **2**

3 4

Figure 3: The six pointed star

- Copy the template of the star on transparent paper if you are using a map, or on the plastic wrap if you are using a globe.
- Place the center of the star precisely on the location of the place you are living in now, at this very moment.
- All countries located inside these four small triangles are good for your health. Should you have a health issue, or a desire to live in the more healthy places, these are your choices

*** **

Chapter Six

Initiation by the Pères du Triangle

- A call from the Pères du Triangle
- Journey to Ethiopia
- Preliminary tests by the Ulema
- Meeting Dr. Farid in Addis Ababa
- An awe inspiring initiation into the Pères du Triangle organization
- The nature of the Lodges
- Lesson Six: Finding Your Lucky Day and Hour of the Week, Using The Anunnaki-Ulema Calendar.

I returned to Paris, a changed man, and started living the double life that was to be mine from that

moment on. Only Mama noticed the difference, but with her usual discretion, said nothing about it. I often wondered how much she knew about my Ulema connections, and why she did not wish to speak about it, particularly if, as I suspected, she was an Ulema as well. She certainly lived her life according to the Code of the Ulema. Many things hinted to it, such as her respect and love for animals, carried to the point of being a strict vegetarian and never hiring a person who did not have a companion animal to care for, or who had ever mistreated animals, even slightly. Her lifelong charity to those who needed help, her quick understanding of situations and ability to respond to them confidently, and her quickness in acquiring knowledge, all fitted the Ulema lifestyle. Her indifference to organized religion, while being open to spiritual matters as they occurred, also seemed part of the Ulema way. And why did Master Li and Rabbi Mordechai spend so much time in our home, if she were not an Ulema? It could not be a coincidence. Most important, as an adult I understood that unless she was at least

partially involved, she would have never consented to send a child as young as seven-years-old to travel to Benares or to Hong Kong, particularly during the typhoon season. But she would not speak of it, and I respected her silence, which lasted till her dying day. She must have had a reason.

I started my studies toward a doctorate degree, and with my Conduit now fully open, they were so simple and easy that they only filled a small part of my time. So I began doing other things that interested me. For example, I published a book of poetry, and it became an instant success, gaining praise from such lofty critics as a number of members of L'Académie *Française*.

The success of the book encouraged me to continue, and I wrote other books, this time about French literature. They begun to be used in schools, though I don't think people knew how young I was... I had time to socialize and make many friends, not only among my peers at the university, but at home, since our house was, as usual, a *salon de culture* for important and

interesting people, drawn by Mama's style, elegance, and hospitality. Many of my new friends were influential in society and in the world of business. However, this was only part of my life. Rabbi Mordechai told me before I left Budapest that one day, out of the blue, I will receive the all important phone call from a representative of the Pères du Triangle. I would know them because they would use a code name for me, Nabil, translated as The Messenger.

One quiet evening, as I was sitting at home reading, the phone rang. I picked it up, and a voice said, "Nabil?"

"Yes," I said. "This is Nabil speaking."

"Tomorrow, please come to the Café de la Paix at seven o'clock in the evening. Sit at an outside table, order a cup of coffee, and I will join you."

"You will recognize me?" I asked.

"Yes, I know what you look like," he said.

"Very well," I said. "Thank you. Would you tell me your name, please?"

"No," he said. "Not on the telephone. I will introduce myself when we meet." He hung up. This

was it, then, and so much depended on it. I wanted to telephone Rabbi Mordechai in Budapest, to ask for his advice, but decided against it. He trusted that I could accomplish this task on my own, and despite my natural anxiety, I knew that indeed, I could trust myself to do so. I was ready.

The next evening, I went to the Café de la Paix as planned, and sat at an outside table. Trying to look as ordinary as possible, I ordered a cup of coffee and a favorite dessert, an *éclair*. Unfortunately, as I knew so many people in Paris, and this café was extremely popular, it was hard for me not to be seen and approached by some people I knew. Fortunately, no one stayed after saying hello, until a good friend stopped by my table. Bertrand was the editor-in-chief of an influential magazine, a brilliant man, who had gotten this prestigious job at a surprisingly young age. I liked him very much, but at that moment, he was the last person I wanted to see, because I was afraid he would sit down and chat, as was his habit, and then the representative of the Pères du Triangle might decide not to join me. Bertrand stood by the table, and said, “What

are you doing here at this time, Germain? Shouldn't you be working?"

"No, it's a nice evening, I did not feel like working. Actually, I am waiting for someone," I said, trying to not show my annoyance. Why wasn't he leaving? Didn't he have something to do?

"Yes, it is a nice evening," he said. "I might get a cup of coffee too. Is this a good *éclair*, Nabil?"

I jumped up. "No!" I said. "It can't be. You?" He laughed and sat down. "Yes, me. Why not? Why should I not be their liaison?"

"I just assumed it would be some mysterious stranger," I said, still feeling startled by his new identity as a member of the Pères du Triangle.

"Ah, well. I suppose I don't look like a mysterious stranger," said Bertrand, laughing. He certainly did not. Short, plump, and with a cheerful, rounded face, he did not in the least resembled the image of the representative of the Pères du Triangle that I had in mind. I imagined a tall, very thin, elegant middle-aged man, wearing a hat low over his forehead, hiding his piercing black eyes. "So how is Rabbi Mordechai?" he continued, waving at the

waiter, who approached us. "Get me the same thing you got for Mr. Lumière," he said, and turned back to me, as if we were enjoying the simplest and most ordinary evening.

"He is very well," I said. "I did not even know you were acquainted," I said.

"Really? Didn't you know that Rabbi Mordechai introduced me to the magazine, and got me the job?"

"No, I had no idea," I said. "But I know his connections are amazing."

"As time goes on, so would be ours," said my friend. "When you are a member of the Pères du Triangle, the whole world opens up to you. I am a brilliant young man, as everyone, myself in particular, is ready to acknowledge. But do you think that I would be in such a high position at my tender age? In France, people my age are considered mere children."

"But you are doing a great job, everyone says so."

"Yes, but merit is not the only thing in this world. Connections are very important."

"And being a member of the Pères du Triangle

opens the doors,” I said.

“Yes. You see, the Pères du Triangle are only one of the organizations of the Ulema. They are responsible for those of us who are destined, from an early age, chosen specifically for certain qualities, to serve as Ulema who are in the world and of the world. There are other organizations, who would initiate those who are more fitted to the strictly spiritual life. They would spend their lives in a very different way, more secluded.”

“I strongly prefer being in the world,” I said.

“Naturally, and so do I. That is why we were chosen for this route. They know exactly what you are good for, Germain, even when you are an extremely young child, and they never, ever, try to go against the grain and groom you into a different person. They never make a mistake, either. That is one reason why your studies were supervised by Master Li and Rabbi Mordechai, both of whom serve in the world, dealing with all the important political and economic issues, and are not living on a remote mountain top.”

“I have so much to learn,” I said. “I have been

studying since I was a young child, as I am sure you have, too, and yet, the sheer amount of things I have to learn seem to have no end.”

“It will all become easier once you join the Pères du Triangle, you will see. The early stage will be over, and true apprenticeship will begin. Anyway, here is the plan. You take the plane, and at your arrival at the airport, they will come to pick you up.”

“Airport? Where am I going?”

“To Ethiopia,” said my friend. “How early can you leave?”

“Next week,” I said. “Don’t I get a name or an address, in case they forget to pick me up?”

“No, they will not forget. They will tell you all you need to do in preparation for the presentation, and the initiation that will follow. Once you get the airline ticket, by the way, let me know the flight number. I’ll arrange with them to pick you up.”

“They are secretive,” I said.

“They have to be, Germain. But there is one thing they will allow me to tell you. Should anything happen to you, and you need help, always start by

drawing a triangle, either on paper or simply on the ground. Also, when you shake hands, do it in a specific way which I am going to show you when I get up to leave. I can't do it now because shaking hands at the table will attract attention, but when we part, it will look perfectly normal, so pay close attention."

"It's almost theatrical," I said. "Like a film about spies. Why so much drama and subterfuge? Aren't you a very strong organization? What are you afraid of?"

"Of course we are a very strong organization, and there are many of us around, but secrecy is most important. If we were less secretive, we would achieve much less."

I gave up. He would not tell me more, so we talked a little longer, finished our coffee and dessert, and no one would have suspected that we were anything other than two young men meeting briefly for a chat and a snack. When we got up to leave, he showed me the special handshake, looking perfectly natural as he did so, and then I went home to make my preparations for the trip

that would, one more time, cause a great change in my life.

The plane landed in Addis Ababa. After going through customs, I stepped into the main hall of the airport and looked around for the person who was to take me to my hotel. I had no idea what to expect, but apparently the guide knew exactly what I looked like, since almost instantly I was approached by a tall, thin, middle-aged gentleman. He greeted me politely in perfect French, and seeing my surprise, explained that he was not an Ethiopian, but was born and raised in Senegal, where of course they speak French. I said, "Hopefully, one day we can converse in your language."

"What language is that?" he asked, his face completely expressionless.

"Why, An'akh, of course. The language of the Ulema. Aren't you an Ulema?"

"No," he said curtly, and conducted me to the car that stood outside. The driver was standing

against it, smoking a cigarette while waiting, and greeted me politely. As we drove to the hotel, my guide told me that he was a retired captain from the Senegalese army, and in his extreme youth, served in the Foreign Legion. It was clear that he had a life of high adventure, and I hoped he would tell me more, but we soon came to the hotel. For a small and rather boring town, it was a beautiful, modern building.

“I would recommend that you rest for a few hours, Mr. Lumière. Then, with your permission, I will pick you up at eight o’clock and we will go to dinner.” I thanked him, and as he left, I was taken to my room. The hotel was extremely comfortable and done in the European style, and after the long trip and the heat outside it was nice to take my shower and rest in the cool, pleasant room.

At eight o’clock, I was already waiting for my guide in the lobby, and he came, accompanied by his wife. A very elegant woman, she had the most amazing long neck that lent her an air of supreme grace. She was beautifully dressed, and on both her arms she wore a large number of

colorful bracelets made from various metals. The bracelets created a twinkling sound and a rainbow of color whenever she moved her arms. My guide introduced us, and told me that his wife, in her youth, was a show business superstar in her country. Also, when she visited NY, she took a major part in one of the productions of Ziegfeld Follies. She smiled and said, "It's all in the past, the glamour is over, I am a business woman now," though she did not elaborate on her business, I could see this was a high powered individual, much like her husband.

They took me to a lovely restaurant with live entertainment, and we had a wonderful dinner, chatting about French music, my hosts' visits to Paris, and other pleasant but general subjects. Only once my guide surprised me by saying something totally unexpected. I saw him looking intently at some people who entered the restaurant, and he shook his head and said, very quietly, "I hope everything will be okay. Do you know, Mr. Lumière, I heard on the grapevine that there may be a *coup d'état* against the Emperor Haile

Selassie... I hope this is wrong.” I did not know what to say, so I just nodded in agreement. During the entire evening, nothing was said about my upcoming meeting with the Pères du Triangle.

It was quite late at night when my hosts took me back to the hotel. My guide’s wife stayed in the car as he escorted me to the front door. He shook my hand, and to my utter amazement, gave me the special handshake sign. I stated at him. “Why, then, did you tell me you were not an Ulema?” I asked bluntly.

“An Ulema does not say ‘I am an Ulema,’ because the word is not even a noun,” said my guide. “It is an adjective, a description, and also a compliment, a form of recognition that should be given by others, not oneself.”

“Thank you,” I said. “I get it. I see.” That was the first lesson in modesty by the Pères du Triangle. It was a hard lesson to take because I realized how much I have to control myself and keep my mouth shut, and I felt foolish. I was embarrassed to think that the first thing I did, meeting this person who was so important to me,

was to reveal my ignorance and do what should not be done – ask unnecessary and unwelcome questions. Then, in a flash, I realized that our dinner was my first test. It was clear that I passed this test, because my guide said, rather pleasantly, that someone will pick me up the next day at four o'clock in the afternoon. Had I not passed, he would have directed me to return to France. But from this moment on, I planned on being much more on my guard. I thanked him and entered the hotel, still musing. Yes, since early childhood, I was told again and again never to ask questions. “Open your eyes, open your ears, pay attention, learn – but do not ask questions.” All of them, Master Li, Mordechai, even my old friend Taj, told me that I ask too many questions. Well, this was the first time anyone brought to my attention the nature of the word Ulema as an adjective. This was very interesting. I will make sure to remember that.

The next day, at four o'clock exactly, two people came for me. One looked more important than the other, and walked slightly ahead of him. He shook my hand, smiling broadly in a most good-natured

way. He was middle-aged, white man, around fifty or fifty- five, of middle height, and spoke French though it was clearly not his native tongue. The first thing he said, after introducing himself as Dr. Farid, was a considerable surprise to me. I did not expect anyone to say, "Mr. Lumière, we have been waiting for you for ten years!" This was a strain on my newly adopted self control, but I managed to ask no questions. I thanked him for his kindness and left things as they were, but I must admit I was stunned. He saw the astonishment on my face, and said pleasantly, "Any questions?" I said, "No, no questions." He repeated, "No questions?" and I said again, "No, no questions." This, of course, was another code. When you insisted that you had no questions, you have identified yourself with the Ulema. He nodded, and escorted me to his car, saying that we are going to the Lodge.

To my own surprise, I felt perfectly calm. As we settled to our short trip, the other person doing the driving, my guide gave me his business card. The card indicated that Dr. Farid was the former president of the Syndicate of Foreign

Correspondents. So he was a journalist by trade. We chatted for the next twenty or twenty-five minutes, and finally arrived at an old building, perfectly ordinary with nothing special to mark it, standing in a nondescript street. Most of the houses had three or four stories, were sand-colored or painted in other drab, neutral colors, and a few had the distinguishing mark of doors that looked like arches. The street was dusty, had very few passers-by or cars, and there were palm trees here and there.

We entered into a mid-size foyer, and from there, passed through a black wooden door and encountered two corridors, one to the right and one to the left. We turned right, and walked to another room, where a man was sitting behind a desk. He looked at me with the bored air that all official clerks share, no matter which country they come from, and asked me to fill out a form with very ordinary personal information. Once this important task was accomplished, he stamped the form with two different inks, and pulling out a canvas bag, none too clean, requested that I leave with him any

rings, watches, wallet, belt, suspenders, glasses, or anything else that could be defined as an extra. I was not happy to surrender my very expensive platinum watch, so delicate and thin, particularly when I saw the man toss everything rather carelessly into a bag, but I managed to keep quiet. During these annoying procedures, which kept my attention riveted on the man with his forms, his attitude, and his commands, Dr. Farid vanished. I ventured to ask the man where did Dr. Farid go, but he answered casually that I will soon see him again, and would I please step into one more room and wait.

The procedure was beginning to bother me. I expected to be awed, amazed, and even frightened by the grandeur of the organization I had heard so much about. Instead, I was harassed and bored. Here I was, important enough to be initiated into a secret organization that was feared and respected; Dr. Farid told me that they were waiting for me for ten years, so obviously I had some importance in their eyes. So what the hell was going on? Why would they treat me like some refugee who wished

to settle in Ethiopia?

The room I sat in was quite austere, paneled with dark wood. I was sitting on one of the many wooden chairs that stood around the room, and in the middle there was a coffee table with nothing on it, not even old magazines or newspapers. A typical waiting room that could be placed in any country in the world. I had nothing to do, so I amused myself by looking at a row of pictures that hung on the wall. All the illustrations were of three kinds – symbols that I did not recognize, historical places or monuments from all over the world, and landscapes. Not a single portrait hung on this wall. I found the lack of portraits reassuring. In government offices you will always find pictures of heads of state. In religious organizations you will find the Pope or the archbishop or the Lama or the Buddha. Someone is always adored and revered, but here it was refreshingly clear that this was not the case and no one was revered, at least in this waiting room. Much later I asked Dr. Farid why there were no human portraits hanging on their walls. His answer was very much to the point, and

quite humbling: “We are not worth looking at, Mr. Lumière,” he said.

I had plenty of time to muse about the nature of the pictures, because they kept me waiting for half an hour. I don't like to wait, finding it irritating and somewhat insulting, and usually I would get up and request an explanation to what I tend to perceive as a slight. Not this time, though. I adhered to my decision to be patient, keep my eyes open, learn all I could, and ask no questions. I suspected, quite rightly, that I was being watched and perhaps tested again, so I made myself comfortable in my chair, showed no signs of impatience, and did my best to present an attitude of calm and relaxation. I think it worked, because after thirty minutes I heard a voice. “Welcome, welcome, the door is open, please come in!”

I got up and went to one more room, where a physician and a man who I assumed, wrongly, was his assistant, were waiting for me. The physician introduced himself, and ran a quick check-up on me. I submitted to the checkup without saying anything, and he said, “You are in good shape.

Good luck!” and left the room. The guide remained with me and said, “Well, Mr. Lumière, do sit down. I am your guide in this event. I will now instruct you as to what is about to happen.” “Finally, it’s about time,” I said to myself, but did not express the thought verbally. I was rather pleased with my self control.

“Please pay close attention to what I have to tell you,” said the guide. “You have two minutes at your disposal for the one last option to change your mind, go back to the hotel, and return to France. This is because if you choose to remain here and go behind the door in front of us, this is it – you will enter a different world. You will be asked to give an oath of allegiance and loyalty to the organization, and you must give up any other affiliation, political, national, or religious.”

“I am aware of that, sir,” I said, “and I am willing to give my oath.”

“Very well,” said the guide. “Would you please follow me?” By now, I was led through so many rooms and corridors, I have completely lost my bearings, and I strongly suspected that it was a

deliberate attempt to disorient me. Again, I found this a tiresome cliché, and wondered if anything inspiring will ever happen here. “Before we go, however, you must give me your shoes, jacket, tie, and socks, unbutton a few buttons on your shirt, and roll up your sleeves.” I was always extremely careful of my appearance, and did not like the idea of presenting myself to the Pères du Triangle looking like that. Besides, in France, that is how they treat criminals. If I did not know any better, I thought, I would think they were about to hang me. The guide saw my disgusted expression and said, “What is wrong, Mr. Lumière?” I said, “I don’t mean to be difficult, sir, but I feel like a fool, looking like a refugee, when I am expecting to be presented to a most distinguished organization on which I was hoping to make a good impression.”

“No, no, Mr. Lumière,” said the guide quietly. “You are neither a fool nor a refugee. Rather, you are a pilgrim.” I realized how right he was and my irritation disappeared. I was a little embarrassed by what was lesson number two in modesty given to me in Ethiopia. “Most

important,” the guide continued, “whatever happens inside, don’t panic. Stay calm.” That was much better, more like the excitement I was expecting. The guide took a piece of cloth out of his pocket. “I have to tie this band around your eyes, Mr. Lumière. You must be blindfolded during the ceremony. This was unpleasant, but I said nothing. After blindfolding me, he walked me to the door I saw before on the far side of the room, and knocked three times, opened the door, and led me in. I felt a chill, as the room I entered was much colder than the small room we left.

I had no idea what to expect, so I stood quietly in my place and waited. I had the sensation, without seeing anything, that the room was large and packed with people, but I could not be sure. My mood changed. I no longer felt I was experiencing a set of clichés, the atmosphere somehow had different vibrations. A deep voice, which I assumed belonged to one of the officials, said slowly and calmly: “Please state your name.” I did, and realized to my annoyance that my voice trembled a little. The voice said, “Are you ready to

join Zawiyah (corner)?" the guide whispered to me "Say yes," and I did so. The question was repeated two more times, and each time I said, "Yes." Even in my state of excitement I realized that the three corners represented the shape of the Triangle. They rarely say the word "Triangle," by the way, in the outside world, preferring to refer to its corners as the representatives of the shape.

The guide said, "Start walking straight up, I'll tell you when to stop." I started walking, stumbling a little since I could not see, and after a few steps he said, "Now turn left, stop, and take off your shirt." I did as I was commanded, feeling like the humblest beginner despite my years of Ulema studies, and I imagine that this was the intention of the exercise. Besides, I felt unpleasantly chilly. I turned two more times, following, again the shape of the Triangle. "Now," he said, "Stand still."

A man came from somewhere and stood in front of me, so close, that I could feel his presence even if he did not talk. "How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

“I am twenty-five,” I said.

“No,” he said. “From this moment on, when asked for your age, say that you are three.” Obviously, this was a code. “Yes, sir,” I said.

“What is your favorite flower?” he asked.

“I really can’t think...” I said, surprised. A flower? What did a flower have to do with it?

“From this moment on, your favorite flower is the white rose,” said the man. I nodded in agreement and said nothing.

“What is your father’s name?” he asked.

“My father’s name was Charles,” I said.

“No,” he said. “From this moment on, when asked for your father’s name, say that it is Hiram.” Hiram? I knew Hiram, the Phoenician king, from the Bible. What was he doing here?

“Now,” he commanded, “Repeat everything we have talked about.”

“When asked for my age, I say I am three, my favorite flower is the white rose, and my father’s name is Hiram,” I said. The man did not answer, but suddenly I felt something touching me on the shoulder. It could have been a stick, a baton, or a

sword, I did not know, but the sudden touch, when my nerves were so much on edge, made me jump. I suppressed it and stood still.

“Do you swear to respect the word of the Triangle?” he said.

“I swear,” I said.

“Do you swear that you will never reveal the secrets to the unworthy?”

“I swear.”

“Do you swear that you will use all the knowledge you will gain for humanity’s good?”

“I swear.”

“Do you swear to treat people fairly and equally no matter what part of the world they come from?”

“I swear.”

“Kneel,” he said. I did.

“Close your eyes,” he said. I thought, they are closed and covered with the band, what exactly does he want? As if reading my mind, he added, “Close your eyes to the external world.” I understood the meaning and remained quiet.

“Extend your hands in front of you.” I did.

Suddenly, I smelled wax, and felt a sensation of heat that almost burned my hands, and then was swiftly gone. I was pleased that I controlled myself and did not withdraw my hands. That was thanks to the early Ulema training. The man poured a little water on my head, and then took the band off my eyes.

I opened my eyes, and slightly dazed from the blindfold and my state of nerves, looked around me. I was standing in the middle of an immense hall with a ceiling so high you could hardly see it. The hall was dark. Very little light came through stained glass windows, very high up, depicting pictures of the Ethiopian legend of the connection of its kings to the Biblical King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. A myriad of candles burned everywhere, on benches, in niches on the walls, and in large candelabras that stood on the floor, but the space was so huge that the candles did little to illuminate it. About a hundred people, perhaps even more, were sitting on very elegant silk velour chairs and benches, impeccably dressed in black.

All of them stood up and said in unison, "Welcome, Germain," and the sound coming from so many people was like a muffled thunder around the room. I stared at them, still stunned, and recognized a few extremely important people who held powerful positions in the world. I said nothing, and the guide took me to a bench that was reserved for the newly initiated members. "Sit down," he said.

As soon as I sat on the bench, everyone sat down. I heard three knocks on the door, it opened, and another young man, his eyes covered with a band, was led by his guide to undergo his own initiation. There were to be three initiations, and I found out later that this was usually the case, the three, of course, representing the Triangle.

At this point I was no longer feeling much stress, and rather enjoyed watching the initiations of the two men who followed me. To my relief, they seemed to be just as apprehensive and disturbed by it as I was. I saw that the fire that burned my hands was a torch held by the officiating man and passed quickly over them.

The water was poured over the initiate's head came from a silver urn, beautifully carved, and the object that touched my shoulder and startled me was a silver sword. I looked at the members, and saw that a man who I assumed to be the Grand Master was sitting on an elevated chair, dressed in a white tunic. He was flanked by two urns filled with white roses, and two enormous candelabras.

At the end of the last initiation, the three of us were asked to stand up in front of the Grand Master's chair. I looked at his hawk-like face, and realized that this was what I thought a representative of the Pères du Triangle should look like, dark, mysterious, slightly threatening. He stood up, approached us, asked us a question: "Were you afraid?"

"Yes," we said in unison.

"You see," he said, "We are always afraid of that which we don't know." He raised his finger, pointed at us, and said, "Enemy No. One is fear. Enemy No. Two is ignorance. Enemy No. Three is Greed. From this moment on, never have anything

to do with fear, ignorance, and greed.” He sat back in his chair, and looked at us majestically and silently.

The guide, still by my side, said to me: “Bow, politely, in reverence.” I did, and the guide led me out of the room. I do not know where the other two initiates went.

“Let’s go and get your clothes and your other things,” said the guide casually.

“Is that it?” I asked.

“Yes, that’s it,” said the guide, walking ahead of me through these interminable corridors and rooms.

“But I was told about an examination, and that they would ask many questions,” I said. “The examination was to precede the initiation, I thought.”

“They did,” he said simply.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“You will figure it out on your own,” he said. Later, after much thinking, I realized that they were aware of the exact extent of my development and knowledge, that the Master and Rabbi

Mordechai were always in touch with them, and basically, they knew all they needed to know before they allowed the initiation to take place in the first place. But at that moment, I was too confused to figure anything out. I still felt like a novice.

“So what is going to happen to me now?” I asked, breaking my decision not to ask any questions. But the guide was understanding.

“Mr. Lumière,” he said, “You are now one of us. You are no longer a novice or an aspirant. You will be learning a great deal now, many secrets and techniques. All is open to you, everything we have, you are on an equal footing.”

“So when do I get back to France?” I asked, mistakenly assuming that he was referring to some studies in Ethiopia.

“It’s up to you, anytime you want, your business here is done,” he said.

“So I go back to Paris. How will I get in touch with the Lodge there?”

“We are all over the world, with two places in France. I would suggest that you contact your

friend Bertrand, who had acted as our liaison, and of course your own teacher, Rabbi Mordechai. You will never lack for support, Mr. Lumière.” We now entered a small, empty room, with only a desk on which my clothes and accessories were piled up. “Well, here are all your things,” he said. “I will let you get dressed, and you can leave through this door. It was a great pleasure meeting you, and I am sure we shall meet again soon.” I thanked him and he went back through the door we came into this room. I put on my clothes and was relieved to see that my watch was not destroyed by the rough treatment. I looked at it, and realized that I have spent about three hours at the Lodge.

I left through the door he indicated, and to my surprise found myself in a totally unknown street. It was certainly not the entrance I used to get in. I had no idea how to get back to the hotel, and the street was small, primitive, and empty. I knocked on the door I just left, which I had closed behind myself, but there was no answer.

I looked around in desperation. Having been taken there by a car, I did not know how I got to the

lodge, and anyway, it was a twenty minutes ride that went through complicated little roads. What was I to do? Suddenly I saw an old man coming toward me, carrying a huge stack of bread on his head. I signaled him and tried to make him understand what I was looking for.

We did not speak the same language, but he understood when I asked for a taxi, and shook his head to express his inability to supply me with one. Then I mentioned the name of the hotel, and he smiled broadly and took me to another street, nearby, where a dilapidated, dirty, violet and green bus was standing.

I thanked him, gave him some coins, and tried to talk to the driver, but he did not speak French either. However, when I handed him some money he motioned to me to sit down. The bus was entirely empty, but after a short wait he took me back to the hotel.

I decided I must invite the Senegalese gentleman and his wife to dinner before I leave, but that was the only obligation I had to carry on, and after that I went back to France. I spent,

altogether, five days in Addis Ababa. Normally I would have been interested in visiting interesting spots in the country, but this time I was anxious to get home and speak to Bertrand about my experience.

A few days later, Bertrand and I met.

“It was impressive, wasn’t it?” he asked.

“Very impressive,” I said. “Not the first hour or so, but later, the initiation, was awe-inspiring. But there was no examination.”

“Of course there was,” said Bertrand. “Your entire life was a preparation, and the final test was your reactions to the charade of room, and corridors, and waiting, and stupid clichés. You passed.”

So I was right in my suspicions, I thought. Ah, well, I might as well let it go. “So what now?” I asked him.

“Now you go back to your studies with Rabbi Mordechai, and he will start teaching you all the techniques and practices you will need for later assignments. In addition, you can attend the

meetings of the Lodge in Paris.”

“Speaking of the Lodge, the one in Addis Ababa was strange. When I saw the Lodge from the outside, it seemed such a small place from the outside, but from the inside it was very large.”

“Probably it was connected to another building, and also may have had a lot of space underground,” he said.

“I had some trouble getting back to the hotel, and I don’t really know the address of the Lodge,” I said.

“It does not matter in the least,” said Bertrand. “You see, it is not a permanent Lodge. They choose a country to fit the studies of the new initiate, rent a place for the purpose, and after the initiation is over, most of the time they will vacate the premises. You will never have any business there again, so knowing the address is not important.”

“You were right, by the way, about the choice they made for me for serving in the world, rather than being an ascetic recluse. That Lodge seemed very worldly, and I saw some important

people there whom I have recognized. Extremely well known, I should say.”

“Of course. Eventually, you may be initiated by other Lodges, as needed. You are now Rank 3. There are also Rank 8, 18, 31, and 33, so obviously there are many levels and roads. In the meantime, you should start, as I said, by going to the meetings. They get together every Thursday, and I will give you the address, and come with you for the first time, if you like, do some introductions. Some meetings are reserved for only a few high-ranking individuals, but the Thursday meetings are open to all of us. Possibly you will meet some members of the Cabinet and ambassadors. And oh, yes, get in touch with Rabbi Mordechai.”

“Of course I will,” I said. I had a strong suspicion that it will not be necessary, that when I get home, that very evening, I will find that he had already sent me a letter, in which he would direct me as to what to do next. I was right – the letter was sitting in the mail box. “Dear Germain,” it said. “Congratulations on the Initiation, it is a great

achievement and I am sure it was fun as well. You must tell me all about the tricks they played in the Ethiopian Lodge – it is not always the same tricks, you know, though they always excel in their sense of drama. But getting back to the real business of life, take a little time now to finish your doctorate degree, which of course will be very fast and easy, and also try to attend a few Thursday meetings whenever you have the time. Then, come back to Budapest. We shall get down to some real work – it's time to learn everything that will start you on your way to the big, huge, fascinating, interesting, entertaining life I have promised you! We'll have a great time!"

*** **

Lesson Six

Finding Your Lucky Day and Hour of the Week, Using the Anunnaki-Ulema Calendar

Humans follow certain calendars. The most common one is the Gregorian Calendar, which is a reflection of the Christian faith. It is younger than the Muslim calendar, which in turn, is younger than the Jewish calendar. All of these are considerably younger than the Anunnaki calendar, which is the only one used by the Anunnaki-Ulema.

The Anunnaki-Ulema reject the idea that the week consists of seven days. Their week consists of four days, corresponding to certain days of our week. These are the only days to use in this technique, and the other three days in our week should not be calculated upon.

The Ulema-Anunnaki days are:

- Day 1: Thilta (Tuesday)

- Day 2: Araba (Wednesday)
- Day 3: Jema (Friday)
- Day 4: Saba (Saturday).

The importance of these days is the relationship between the person and the hours in each day. Using the calendar of the Anunnaki-Ulema, each person can find the luckiest hour of his or her week.

You might feel that one hour a week is not sufficient for anyone's needs. It might also not improve your luck at work if it occurs, say, at two o'clock in the morning each Saturday.

This predicament can be easily resolved by performing another technique, Time Manipulation, on that exact hour. The time that will be added to your life under such circumstances will be as lucky as the original hour, and your chances of success will be vastly improved. The Anunnaki-Ulema highly recommend performing a combination of techniques, since each enhances the other considerably.

A couple of questions might arise as you work with this technique. First, are all people with the same number of letters in their name share a lucky hour? Yes, indeed they would. There are only sixteen grid lines to represent millions of people each. And this leads to an interesting discovery. The numbers of letters in people's names represent a certain harmony that exist between them. For example, if you wish to approach someone in high places for a favor, finding that he or she shares the number of letters and the lucky hour will enhance your chances. Always send your request to him or her during the lucky hour, either calling on the phone, using your e-mail, or placing a written letter in the mailbox.

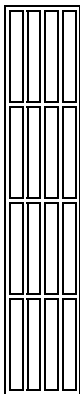
Another question is the issue of languages. What if your name is written with four letters in America, where you now live, but with five letters in another language, the one from your native country? The answer is simple. Always use your native language, the language that you were first aware of your name in, in your grid. It is imprinted on you, and so will be much more accurate and certainly

more powerful.

An important fact to add is that this technique is simple, but it can be enhanced in many ways by subtle variations. Adding those variations, which will be dealt with in future books, extends the knowledge of how time and space is related to luck and success, and how to fine tune the process. But even in this straightforward version, the technique is incredibly powerful, so much so that it may change your life completely, always for the better.

Tip: If any added numbers are higher than one digit, always add the numbers and use the result. For example, if instead of $3+1+1+1=6$ you will find yourself with, say, $4+7+7+7=25$, add $2+5$ and use the result, namely 7. If you have $40+41+42+43=126$, add $1+2+6=9$.

The first step is to prepare a grid of sixteen squares, like the one below.



In the next step, you will establish the **calendar of the week**, by writing them in this specific order.

Grid 1

Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 1
Day 3	Day 4	Day 1	Day 2
Day 4	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3

In the next step, you will establish the **calendar of your name**. Let's say your name is Suzan. You will write your name in the squares, but you must write from right to left, the way they did in many ancient languages, including Ana'kh. Then, you follow, still from right to left, with the number of the days, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Grid 2



A	Z	U	S
3	2	1	N
Z	U	S	4
2	1	N	A

In the next step, you will establish the **calendar of your lucky hour**. Look at the two squares above, and try to find the one square that has the same number in both drawings. When you compare each square, you will see that the second square in the last row has the #1 in it. Fill in the number of the days in the first row, the way it appeared in the first grid.

Therefore, Suzan's lucky hour will occur during the second day. (If more than one square presents the same number, add the numbers.)

Grid 3

Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
	1		

In the next step, we shall start our calculations. Keep the first row as is, and fill the rest of the grid with the number 1. In each column, you will now subtract the three #1 from the day in the first row. $1-1-1-1 = -2$; $2-1-1-1 = -1$; $3-1-1-1 = 0$; $4-1-1-1 = 1$

Grid 4

Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1
1	1	1	1

-2 -1 0 1

We will now add the number we have calculated.
 $(-2) + (-1) + 0 + 1 = (-2)$

We continue our calculations by using the number we have achieved, -2, as a filler in the grid below, in three rows under the basic days row on top.

Then, we will calculate the values of the columns the way we have done in the previous grid.

Grid 5

Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4
-2	-2	-2	-2
-2	-2	-2	-2
-2	-2	-2	-2

-5 -4 -3 -2

We will add these numbers: $(-5) + (-4) + (-3) + (-2) = -14$

We will combine the individual numbers comprising the number fourteen by adding them: $1 + 4 = 5$

We will add these two numbers. $(-14) + 5 = -9$

In the next step, return to the first grid, displaying the calendar of the week. Starting on the second

row, count the squares, going from right to left, nine times. You will reach Day 3. This establishes that your lucky hour will occur on Friday, the third day of the Anunnaki week.

To establish the hour, go back to Grid 4, and look at the row that expresses Day 3. Add the numbers:
 $3 + 1 + 1 + 1 = 6$

Calculate: $(-9) - (+6) = -3$

To establish the hour within the 24 hours in each day subtract, $24 - 3 = 21$.

21 is 9 P.M.

Therefore, Suzan's luckiest hour of the week occurs at **nine o'clock in the evening of each Friday.**

*** **

Chapter Seven

Ana'kh: The Language of the Anunnaki

- Return to Budapest
- A daunting list of techniques
- The nature of the Conduit
- Time manipulation
- An exciting invitation from Dr. Farid
- The history and nature of Ana'kh
- Linguistics and ambassadorial duties as a future expertise
- Practicing the magical techniques
- Lesson Seven: Moving Objects by Using Mental Powers.

I did as I was told. I stayed around in Paris to complete my doctorate degree, and also attended a number of Thursday meetings at the Lodge of the Pères du Triangle. The meetings at the Lodge were extremely interesting. On my first visit, Bernard introduced me to a number of important and influential people, and I was amazed, as time went on, as to how much influence the organization exercised in France – or indeed the world. It was an education in itself.

Once I finished my studies, I went back to Budapest to study practical Anunnaki-Ulema techniques with Rabbi Mordechai. His plan was to teach me many techniques, and at the same time, evaluate my future plans for the activities for the Pères du Triangle. Much depended on which direction I will prove most valuable for my future work, though it was already decided, years ago, that my road was going to take me toward the diplomatic service, much like Master Li. Rabbi Mordechai wanted me to complete my education in

three to six months, so much had to be crammed into this time frame. Still, despite the hard work, life with Rabbi Mordechai was always pleasant, and it was nice to settle in my old room, work all day at Rabbi Mordechai's well-stocked and eclectic library, and take our evening walk when the work was done, as was our routine.

The first evening after I came, Rabbi Mordechai said casually, as we were having dinner, "So, Germain, I imagine you want to know what techniques I am about to teach you."

"Yes, of course," I said. "I am looking forward to it."

"A lot of them are fun," said Rabbi Mordechai, dipping his flatbread into a dish of hummus served with mixed pickles. He made a Middle Eastern dinner, the best I had in years. "But some of them are harder than others. Therefore, I think the best way to approach our studies is to start with a technique that will allow you to control and manipulate time, and so make the study time much shorter."

"That will be very nice," I said. "I had already

partially enjoyed it, since my doctorate degree was accomplished with greater ease and speed after you helped me with the opening of the Conduit.”

“The new technique will enable you to work much, much faster. People will suspect you are working at a supernatural speed.”

“Which I will, won’t I?” I said. “Wouldn’t you call these techniques supernatural?”

“That depends as to what you call supernatural, I suppose. People use this word whenever they encounter something they do not understand. As far as I am concerned, nothing that we see or do is supernatural. My motto is, if something exists, it is, therefore, natural; otherwise, it would not exist. The expression ‘supernatural’ seems to me to be meaningless,” said Rabbi Mordechai.

I considered that. “That sounds right,” I said. “Well, what are the techniques you plan to teach me?”

“I think all you will need for your future work and personal advancement is comprised in this list,” he said, pulling out a piece of paper from his pocket. “Why not take it with you when you go to bed, and

read it at your leisure? Now, since we have finished dinner, we may want to take a little walk.” I took the list, put it in my pocket, and opened it only when I went to bed. I have to admit I was startled when I saw the number of subjects I was supposed to learn in such a short time. Even with the time manipulation, I suspected that it will not be easy. I am reproducing the list here.

1. Learning a new language in less than two hours.
2. Seeing very clearly in the dark.
3. Controlling the heart rhythm/speed.
4. Reading others' thoughts.
5. Seeing others' aura.
6. Stopping external bleeding instantly.
7. Seeing a certain number of future events.
(Not predicting!)
8. Fully controlling physical pain.
9. Looking young (approximately 37) permanently. Stopping the physical appearances of aging.

10. Sensing and understanding bad and good vibes, and how to block the effects of negative vibes.
11. Moving objects at distance.
12. Teleportation.
13. Traversing solid objects, such as walls.
14. Finishing multiple tasks fifty times faster than others.
15. Recovering from injuries in an amazing speed.
16. Influencing others in decision making, though only for a good purpose.
17. Controlling electrical and electronic supplies and gadgets to a large degree.
18. Reading a big book in minutes.
19. Acquiring the healing touch.
20. Communicating through telepathy (sending and receiving messages).
21. Entering and exiting parallel dimensions.
22. Communicating with the "Double".
23. Communicating with a deceased person during the 40 days period following his/her death.

24. Communicating with animals.

25. Partially changing the molecular properties of objects and substances.

The list was daunting. Also, while some of the techniques seemed to be extremely useful, I was wondering why I needed so many other techniques, that seemed purely spiritual, for a life of work in diplomacy. But I had learned my lesson – I was not going to ask such a question... or any questions whatsoever. I would take the instructions and act like a sophisticated Ulema, absorbing all that I was taught. Having settled that, I turned over and went to sleep.

“So, good morning,” said Rabbi Mordechai next morning, as I entered the library. He was busily copying something from an ancient manuscript, probably made of papyrus. “What did

you think of the list?" he asked.

"Fascinating," I said. "Covers everything I can possibly imagine."

"Yes, unless we decide that something must be added as we move along, I think the list is pretty complete," said Rabbi Mordechai. "We will start, as we discussed, with time manipulation. You see, much of the preparation of the Conduit was already accomplished, in your case, over the years of study."

"In what way?" I asked.

"You have absorbed certain rules, certain techniques, since early childhood, even when not aware of it. These are techniques which are partially physical and partially mental. You could refer to them as psychosomatic. But you don't know how to work with them. As a beginner, even though your Conduit is now open, you cannot tap directly into it, because consciously, you don't even know where it is located in your brain. By adopting some postures and positions, you will send sensations to your brain. These positions will create internal muscular vibrations, and your mind

will read them. You will be sending mental visionary lines, and these will activate the cell which is responsible for the imagination. By the power of concentration and introspection, you will start to get intensified activity in the brain. This will cause a buzz vibration in the brain, which the Conduit will begin to detect. Then, the Conduit will absorb the vibrations and organize them, and from that moment on, the Conduit will take over.

To summarize, by attempting certain activities, you are sending a message to your Conduit. It will take some time, because at the beginning, your Conduit may not catch the messages, or if it does catch them, may not interpret the messages correctly, because the Conduit is not one hundred percent awake. With practice, the Conduit becomes familiar with these type of messages, and it begins to give them codes. Each activity would have its own code.

One thing must be understood from the start. You cannot do these techniques to amuse yourself, since they simply will not work unless there is a purpose to the activity, and it must be a beneficial,

positive purpose. But I think you are already well aware that there is nothing frivolous about our work.”

“Yes, of course,” I said.

“I would like you to read this manuscript,” he said, handing me the sheet of paper on which he was writing as I came in. “Let your mind absorb the content. It is written concisely, and we can discuss the fine points later. I will leave you to it and come back in about an hour.”

I settled in one of the comfortable armchairs, and started reading. I will reproduce the sheet exactly as it was written. As we went along with our studies, all the techniques were taught to me like that, first reading each techniques on my own, then discussing it with Rabbi Mordechai, then practicing it. Each was imprinted on my brain forever.

Time Manipulation

Human beings treat time as if it were linear. Day follows day, year follows year, and task follows task. The Anunnaki-Ulema, however, have long ago learned how to treat time nonlinearly, and thus be able to accomplish more in their lives. It would be beneficial if you could manipulate time in such a way as to be faster than normal people, and this is what we are going to do with the help of the forthcoming exercise.

To perform this exercise, one must have complete privacy. Also, You must remember that one's consciousness changes under the influence of the exercise to such an extent that a mother, for instance, would not hear her children if they call her. So the exercise cannot be done while young children are at home. If you are taking care of an ill or elderly relative, you should not pursue it either. It cannot be pursued at your place of employment, because almost all jobs involve the presence of other people. Therefore, for the purpose of this exercise, we will choose a simple frame and an acceptable set of tasks. Let's choose a Saturday, and select a few tasks. Let's also assume that all of

the tasks must be done on Saturday, because on Sunday you are expecting to be busy with other things. You have, in short, seven hours. Let's assume you have chosen these tasks:

- You have to drive your spouse to the airport.
- You have committed yourself to your boss, promising that you will write a report of a hundred pages or so for Monday.
- You want to shop for food for the week.

This is quite a lot to do in the seven hours allotted for the tasks. The trip to the airport would take about an hour. The shopping will take about an hour and a half. As for the report, it looks like it should take at least ten hours. So obviously some of the things you wanted to do will not get done. But the Anunnaki-Ulema say that all these things can be done if you learn to break the mold of linear time.

Equipment

For this technique, you will need a few props:

- A round net. It can be anything – a fishing net, a crochet tablecloth, anything made of thread or yarn with perforations. It can even be a piece of cloth in which you cut enough holes to make it look like a net. It should be around four feet in diameter.

- Paper
- Pencil
- Scissors

Technique

- Since one of the tasks involves taking your spouse to the airport, work on the preliminary preparations behind a closed door, so your spouse, who is still at home, will not be a witness to your activities.
- Look intently at the net, and memorize the way it looks, so that you can easily visualize it.
- Close your eyes and visualize the net.

- In your mind, draw a large circle on the net.
- In your mind, let the net float in the air, making sure it is not flat and horizontal, but moving, bending, waving, and drifting in a vertical position most of the time.
- In your mind, concentrate on the three tasks you wish to accomplish.
- In your mind, represent each task as a hole that you mentally perforate in the net. Since you have three tasks, you visualize three holes.
- Open your eyes, pick up the physical net, and toss it lightly on a chair or a couch nearby. Do not make it flat and horizontal, just let it land on the piece of furniture like a casual throw.
- Close your eyes again, and visualize the holes in the mental net. Look at the holes you made, visualizing their shape, their edges, and their exact position on the mental net.
- In your mind, throw the mental net on the physical net.
- Take the paper and pencil, and draw three

circles that would match, by their shape and size, the mental holes you have visualized.

- Cut the circles out with the scissors.
- Write the description of each task you wish to perform on the back of one of the circles, a single task for each circle. If possible, break the task into segments. For example, if you are working on the circle that represents the trip to the airport, write: 1. Take car out of the garage – five minutes. 2. Drive to airport and drop spouse at the terminal – twenty five minutes. 3. Return home – twenty five minutes. 4. Return car to the garage – five minutes. Do the same for all the tasks.
- Put the circles on the physical net and fold it around them. Tie the top with a ribbon, so the papers will not fall out, and suspend it on a hook or a door. It must remain suspended until the tasks are done, or until the seven hours are over.
- Start with a linear task, which will anchor you. The most appropriate one is the trip to the airport, and for this task no Anunnaki-

Ulema powers are used at all. Even though your Conduit is not open, since you have not been trained by a master, it is still there and it can calculate what it needs to do, and how to partially and gradually squeeze the other tasks into the frame of seven hours.

- When you return home from the airport, you should start the second task, the shopping. While you are shopping, the Conduit will employ a system that will function like two old-fashioned tape recorders working at the same time. One tape recorder is working slowly, about 30 turns per second. The other tape recorder does 1000 turns a second. They do not interfere with each other. While you are shopping, which is represented by the slow tape recorder, the time you are using is slower than the time the Conduit is squeezing in. The Conduit knows how quickly to “spin” because you have outlined the tasks and the time they should take on the circles of paper. This is, therefore, the way the faster tape recorder works.

- When you return from your shopping trip, you decide to go to your typewriter to work on your report. You have to make sure all the physical parts are working properly: the typewriter is in good order, the paper you have is sufficient for typing the entire report, your ribbon is fresh, and everything on your desk is in order.
- Before you start working on your report, unplug the telephone, turn off the TV, make sure nothing is on the stove, and your room's door is locked.
- Start typing the report.
- What will happen now will not be entirely clear and understandable to you, because you will be existing, for the duration, on a different level of vibrations. Everything will seem, and actually be, faster than you are accustomed to, including your typing speed. Your body will function normally, but you will not be entirely aware of it, and you will lose your awareness of your physical surrounding as well.

- After working for a while, you will feel extremely tired, and without much thinking you will lie down and fall asleep. This is important, because at this time, it is not your normal physical faculties that are in control, but copies of yourself and your double are handling the job. Unless you are an enlightened master, it is best to sleep during such occurrences.

- After a while, and the time for that varies greatly, you will wake up. Naturally, you will return to the typewriter, feeling again like yourself, and ready to resume your typing. You may be stunned to see that the report of a hundred pages, which you expected to spend hours upon hours preparing, will be neatly stacked by your typewriter, completely done. When you read it, it will be perfectly clear that it was written by yourself, entirely your work and your style, including your regular mistakes and typos, since the doubles do not edit your work. The only difference is that it was done with immense speed. This is a

proof positive that you have done the work personally and did not hallucinate these occurrences.

Closing the Energy Center

You have created a strong field of energy, which now must be closed.

- Take the net you have suspended, and open it up.
- Take out the paper circles, and cross out the tasks that have been accomplished.
- Fold the net and put it in its accustomed place.
- Throw out the circles.
- You have closed the energy center, and your tasks are done.

I sat for a while absorbing the idea, thinking about the fine points, then made a quick effort and memorized the whole thing. In a little while, Rabbi

Mordechai came in, carrying a bag.

“I don’t think I have anything to ask, Rabbi Mordechai,” I said. “I believe I fully understand this technique.”

“Very good,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “And I assume you have memorized the instructions?”

“Of course,” I said.

“In which case,” said Rabbi Mordechai, “Let’s start!” and approaching one of the tables, poured out the contents of the bag, which included a fine crocheted white net. I was ready to practice, and I should report that I mastered the technique right away. I am very grateful to Rabbi Mordechai for this newly acquired ability. It has been a great help to me ever since.

After about six weeks, Rabbi Mordechai came into the library carrying a letter. “I have exciting and surprising news for you, Germain. Dr. Farid, your guide from Ethiopia, has written to tell me that he was promoted to a very high position within the Pères du Triangle organization and the

Hiram Lodge.”

“That is wonderful,” I said. “What is his new position?”

“He is the Grand Master of the Lodge in Beirut. He wrote to me because he knew you were here, studying, and he wanted my permission to extend an invitation to you to go to Beirut when you are done with our studies.”

I was surprised. I would not have thought that Dr. Farid would even remember me. “That would be a very interesting trip,” I said, not wishing to ask any questions as to why Dr. Farid had an interest in me. “More interesting than you think, Germain. He is offering you a promotion to level 8.” I could not believe my ears; I thought such promotion would take years.

“I don’t understand why he would want to do that,” I said.

“Only a level 8 can attend a certain lecture that will take place in Beirut very soon,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “The Pères du Triangle think you will be ready. I agree. Dr. Farid, who had taken a great interest in you, does not want you to miss it.”

“What kind of lecture?” I asked.

“It’s not the lecture itself that presents the restrictions,” said Rabbi Mordechai, his blue green eyes glittering and dancing with amusement. “It’s the lecturer who may present the problem. Only members of level 8 and over are permitted to meet him.”

“Really? Who is he?” I asked, quite intrigued.

“He is an Anunnaki, who is coming straight from Nibiru,” said Rabbi Mordechai. I have to admit I was rendered speechless by this revelation. I just stared at him in total disbelief. An Anunnaki? And I was supposed to meet him? Could that really happen?

“We have to accelerate our studies,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “The lecture is two months from now. We no longer have six months. And what’s more, you have to study Ana’kh.”

“Yes,” I said, musing. “Of course. The Anunnaki will not lecture in any other language. I won’t understand what he says if I don’t know Ana’kh.”

“True, and besides, you won’t be able to read the book that Dr. Farid wants you to study.”

“He wants me to study a book? Which book?” I asked, a vague suspicion surfacing into my mind. I dismissed the suspicion as stupid, because what crossed my mind could not possibly be happening. Not that book... it was not possible... I looked at Rabbi Mordechai, feeling the blood draining from my face and a chill entering my body. Rabbi Mordechai smiled.

“Yes, Germain, you guessed it. *The Book of Rama Dosh*. Dr. Farid has the copy in the Lodge.”

When I got over my shock, we made a plan. I would learn Ana’kh right away, and then complete the rest of the techniques. If we ran out of time, I would return to Budapest and finish the studies after my visit to Beirut.

“I will have to give you a short lecture about Ana’kh, Germain.”

“I know very little about it, Rabbi Mordechai. A lecture will be quite in order. It is, after all, an alien language.”

“Yes, I imagine you think it is very difficult to understand extraterrestrial language, but the truth

is, it is not totally alien, because it was the first language humans learned to speak. Before that, so many different quasi-human races could not talk properly. They looked and acted like apes. No one knows exactly when humans learned to speak, but the Anunnaki-Ulema believe that they started about 65,000 years ago. So it is important to learn the origins of our languages on earth.

A long time ago, extraterrestrials named Ana.Na.Ki, more commonly known to us as Anunnaki, landed on earth for the first time, in the area that was later known as Phoenicia, and also on the Island that was later named Arwad. Both places are mentioned in the Bible, the Gnostic scriptures, the Kabbalah, the Middle Eastern epics, and in The Book of Rama Dosh.

The Anunnaki observed the ape-like quasi-humans. As these creatures roamed the earth, they produced vocal sounds, but did not have a real language. The Anunnaki captured some of the creatures, and conducted genetic experiments on them, attempting to improve the race and its opportunities and conditions, and to help the ape-like beings develop

a language. Their aim was not entirely altruistic – they wanted the quasi-humans to work as laborers or slaves. The experiments were not successful, the creatures did not improve their appalling looks, nor did they develop higher intelligence or language. So the Anunnaki decided to change the technique, and instead of using the quasi-humans' DNA as their source, they used Anunnaki DNA, and created the first modern human beings.

There are many stories, tales, epics, and mythologies regarding the creation of the first humans. We have ancient Akkadian and Sumerian clay tablets, records of the Ugaritic cosmology, the Bible, and the Aztec, Native American, and Hindu epics, but they are all metaphoric or poetic. The only accurate description of the creation of humanity is in *The Book of Rama Dosh*.

When the Anunnaki created the first human beings, they were similar to the Kabbalistic 'Golem,' a creature made of clay and infused with life by its creator. You might call the Biblical Eve the first female Golem, but the truth is that they did not create just one 'Eve,' but seven different ones, and

also created seven different 'Adams.' They started watching these Golems, how they walked, how they behaved, how they reacted to various situations. Then they began to help them develop certain physical and mental faculties. Some of these faculties we still have, some were lost. The lost ones are recorded in The Book of Rama Dosh. One of the most important faculties they gave these Golems was speech.

The Anunnaki developed a language that would suit the Golems, and called it Ana'kh. It was not the official Anunnaki language, as spoken on Ashtari, which is also known as Nibiru. It was a dialect, or a limited version of the Anunnaki language, based on limited phraseology and vocabulary, and without any grammar to speak of. But the sounds were well captured by those early Golem/humans, who lived in the area that was later to be Phoenicia.

To understand this perfectly, one must know the exact story of the evolution of the Golem/human into a complete human, but for the moment, just to understand the development of Ana'kh, we have to

stay with a short description.

When the Anunnaki created the Golem/human, they put the faculty of memory in their Conduits. It was supposed to be programmed in such a way as to last for a few years, until the task that was assigned to the Golem/human was accomplished. At the expiration of the assigned time, the memory was supposed to end. But for some reason it did not, the Golem/human retained much of it, and some of them remembered the words they have learned from their masters and creators. We know that they put it in writing, but unfortunately, most of these priceless records disappeared. All we have left is the records that tell that the Anunnaki moved from Phoenicia to Central Africa, Iraq, Egypt, and Ethiopia, and stayed there for a while, and then returned to their home planet, Nibiru.

They returned much later, in 10,000 BCE. A huge gap exists between the time they left Earth and their return, and we really don't fully know what the Golem/humans did during this gap, but when the Anunnaki came back, they were still there, though greatly changed. These people, who

possessed Anunnaki DNA, evolved into modern humans, and many were living in the areas where the Anunnaki landed for the second time. They landed in Baalbeck, and spread to Tyre, Sidon, Byblos, and Arwad. They were surprised to find that the language that they have taught the Golem/humans was still in use by the humans, and was much developed.

The humans did not know who the Anunnaki were, and called them People of the Sky. At that time, no religion, no gods or deities, were thought of. The people did not even worship the elements and powers of nature, as so many archaeologists and anthropologists suggest, but they did fear these elements. This fear turned into something like a ritual, and rites were organized later on and eventually developed into religions by the more intelligent people, who called themselves priests. As it usually occurs throughout history, the priests became scribes, and recorded much of the Ana'kh. They informed the people that Ana'kh was given to them by the gods that came from Heaven, namely, the Anunnaki. This was the first organized religion,

and originating in Phoenicia, and later spreading to Sumeria, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, and Ur. It was in Ur that Abraham learned about these multiple gods and chose the most suitable one for himself, forming a Covenant with Yahweh.

Originally, as I mentioned, Ana'kh was not meant to be a fully developed language, and did not even possess a grammar. Only words and expressions were used. Later on, as the Anunnaki became very fond of the early Phoenicians, they began to teach the Elite and the priests a more developed version of the Ana'kh, as spoken on Nibiru. The scribes wrote down the language, its characteristics, symbols and forms.

Incidentally, the scribes/priests of Phoenicia always wore red and saffron robes. These colors were symbolic of the fire and heat that the early Anunnaki spaceships produced. The Anunnaki taught them where to find the dye for their costumes. It was produced by shellfish in the Mediterranean, and called Urjan. Later, when you attend the Level 8 promotion at the Lodge, you will see people in the Lodge dressed in red. They are

the custodians of *The Book of Rama Dosh*, and they are called Urjanees. Once you are in the Lodge, Ana'kh is the only language you will speak with the Ujranees, and any of the Enlightened Ones. Look at these symbols, to start with."

He showed me a few symbols, and explained how to draw certain geometrical forms. I have never seen these symbols before. "There are thousands of symbols and expressions, and then the developed Urjanees grammar will also be necessary for you. And we have a very short time to teach you all of it. So, do you know what you have to do, Germain?"

"Yes," I said calmly. "I believe I do." He looked at me with his bright, glittering eyes, and waited, but I remained unruffled.

"I will learn it in minutes, Rabbi Mordechai, by not thinking linearly..." He interrupted me and said, "Ah-ha! Manipulation of time!"

"Yes," I said. "I will use the net."

"Very good," said Rabbi Mordechai. "Your Conduit is evolving. Let's go to it right away. We did, and I learned so quickly that Rabbi

Mordechai was amazed. I did more than speed through the process, but also showed knowledge of words and expressions he never taught me. I mastered the grammar easily and smoothly. The Conduit, obviously, was working on its own.

“You are showing linguistic talents that are well beyond my expectations, Germain,” Rabbi Mordechai said. “I am very pleased. I believe that these talents will take you in very far in the direction of diplomacy and ambassadorial duties. That is wonderful.”

“I am very happy about it,” I said. “And I was thinking, shouldn’t I quickly pick a few more languages, then, earthly ones, I mean? It would surely help if linguistics is to be my specialty.”

“Yes, that will be a good idea,” said Mordechai. “The more languages you have the more useful you will be to the Pères du Triangle. And by the way, I wanted to mention to you that there is no need for typewriters, or even pens, to write Ana’kh, even though of course you can use either if you wish. Rather, the use of the Miraya is very common. You can use any size, and the words will appear

automatically as if you are writing them. Would you like to see the process?"

"I believe I have already seen the process," I said.

"Have you forgotten my Baalbeck adventure?"

"Good boy!" he said, clapping me on both shoulders. "So you did! How could I forget?" Of course, I saw it when the Sheik and the Master printed *The Book of Rama Dosh* in the underground city at Baalbeck, using nothing but Mirayas and light. Suddenly I had a revelation. "Rabbi Mordechai," I said. "The machine that converted my banana drawing into gold, in Paris, was also a kind of a Miraya, wasn't it?"

"Of course," he said. "But you know, Germain, I think such things will be invented by humans as time goes by. Not gold, perhaps, but print will be traveling mysteriously from machine to machine, arriving thousands of miles away from where the original was put on the machine... I am sure of that... only a few years from now." Of course he was right. We do have the fax machine, and it is now an old fashioned device that no one pays attention too. I wonder when we will start passing

physical objects over our new and improved fax machines... pretty soon, I will venture to predict.

And so I became completely fluent in Ana'kh, and in addition, played with learning a few other languages in the same way, as a form of exercise. I truly enjoyed it, and was extremely gratified when Mordechai, checking my progress, said to me, "Germain, your linguistic capabilities are above and beyond what is even normal for an Anunnaki-Ulema."

"Really?" I said, surprised.

"Yes. It is obvious that these are your special talents. We have always known that diplomacy and perhaps ambassadorial duties would be your profession, but I am seeing an even larger vista with your abnormal capacity for languages. I will report all this to the Pères du Triangle, and we will evaluate your future duties while you are having a good time in Beirut. Anyway, it is almost time for you to leave. We shall get you ready to go in a week, and in the meantime, perhaps you should

relax and enjoy Budapest for a few days. After all, you covered all the techniques, and you will not need to come back to finish things off.”

That sounded good. I felt free, joyful, and almost giddy with the anticipation of what I was about to see in Beirut, and I felt pretty sure of my grasp of all the techniques. That evening I had a chance of proving it to Mordechai. We went a little earlier for our walk, and passed by the school yard of a not very wealthy high school. A few boys were playing basketball, and as was customary in poorer countries, the basketball court was made from simple poured asphalt. There was no cushion of any kind, and just as I was thinking that the boys could really hurt themselves if they fell, one of them jumped quite high and fell on his knee. I rushed toward him as I saw the blood pouring out of a four inch cut. Immediately, I put my hand on the cut, and concentrated on healing it. The bleeding stopped immediately, and the cut began to close. No one noticed since I quickly tied a handkerchief over the whole thing, and we left, Rabbi Mordechai smiling to himself half with

satisfaction and half cynically at my approach. "Good job," he said. "They did not even notice that they have witnessed a miracle..."

Another opportunity of proving my new powers arose a couple of days later. "We are out of bread and cheese," I said. "Let's go to the store and get some this afternoon, so we will have it for dinner." We walked to the store, while out of respect I walked slightly behind Rabbi Mordechai. But I did have some plans... The store had a heavy wooden door, and Rabbi Mordechai, who was a couple of steps ahead of me, opened it and entered. When he got in, he saw that I was already standing inside, leaning on the wall and smiling at him. "Now why did you do that?" he said, not too seriously. "Didn't you do the same thing on the bridge?" I said. "It's my turn!"

"Well, in this case, since you are so smart, why don't you pay for the bread and cheese? I did not bring any money," said Rabbi Mordechai.

"But I don't have money either," I said.

"So you are stuck?" he asked.

"Well, yes, I am stuck," I said, trying to look as sad

and pathetic as I could.

“Come, come, don’t try to outsmart your teacher,” he said. “I know you can pay. Put your hand in your pocket.” I did, and pulled out an empty pocket to show him.

“Nonsense,” said Rabbi Mordechai. “Put your hand in your pocket again and this time, concentrate. You have already convinced me that you have not brought any money.”

Since this was what I planned to do all along, and it was a very easy technique for me by now, I looked sadly at my empty pocket, turned it so I could tuck it back in, and concentrated. When I got my hand out of the pocket it was full of money. Rabbi Mordechai laughed, clapped his hands with appreciation of the performance, and I went to pay for the food.

“Well, we are done,” I said, carrying the packages to Rabbi Mordechai.

“Not quite,” he said. “Look behind you.” A woman that I sensed to be about sixty years old, but looked much older, stood in the corner, trying to undo the knot in the handkerchief where she tied up a few

coins. I looked and realized that there was not enough money in the handkerchief to buy anything at all. Without much thought, I went and gave her the bread and cheese, and avoiding her heartfelt thanks quickly left the store, followed by Rabbi Mordechai. You might ask why I did not give her the money that was left in my pocket after I paid for my purchase. The reason is that money acquired by such means may not be stable, and if she keeps it for a few days, may or may disappear. The bread and cheese would be stable and last her for a couple of days, and it was therefore a safer gift.

On the street, Rabbi Mordechai said, "Wash your hands once before you eat. Wash them twice if you don't share your food with others."

"I feel so happy I have given her the food, that I am not really hungry anymore," I said.

"You will be hungry after our walk, but don't worry about it," said Rabbi Mordechai. I did not think about what he said until we got home. On the table, I saw bread and cheese waiting for our dinner; food was given to us. "You always get

what you give,” said Rabbi Mordechai. We had a very nice dinner and a pleasant evening, and by the time I went to bed I put my hand in my pocket just to check. As I thought, the money that was left over from my purchase disappeared. It had served its purpose both for us and for the poor woman, and there was no need for it to stay any longer.

In a few days I was ready to leave for Beirut. “Germain,” said Rabbi Mordechai, “your education is complete. I will always be there for you for consultation, help and advice, and you will always be my son. But your studies will take a different turn. With your knowledge of Ana’kh, you can now study from the primary sources and the abundant commentaries, and with your command of the techniques, you can move on to your diplomatic service. When you go back to Paris, after studying *The Book of Rama Dosh*, you will report to the Pères du Triangle’s Lodge, and your assignments will be given to you. You are now a full-fledged, independent Anunnaki-Ulema.”

“I don’t feel it yet, Rabbi Mordechai,” I said

humbly. “I still feel a student, a novice, despite all the accomplishments you have given me.”

“Don’t worry about it,” said Rabbi Mordechai.

“There will be a moment of enlightenment, when suddenly you will realize how much power and wisdom you have acquired and how you can use it to your own and humanity’s advantage. It will come!”

Lesson Seven:

Moving Objects by Using Mental Powers

As mentioned earlier, you cannot do any of these techniques to amuse yourself, it simply will not work unless there is a purpose to the activity, and it must be a beneficial and positive purpose. It does not have to be a great undertaking, a simple positive intent will be just fine.

Put a lightweight coaster on the table. You wish to manipulate it with the beneficial intent of preventing a cup of coffee or tea from spilling on the table. Before starting, sit in a comfortable position next to the table. Never attempt to do this technique standing up – you may very easily lose your balance and fall.

You should not try to start with a heavy object, but once you learned how to work with this techniques, and your powers become stronger, you could increase the weight of the objects.

Preparations

In preparation, certain changes in lifestyle are needed during two weeks before you start your exercises:

- Avoid all alcoholic beverages.
- Avoid smoking, or tobacco in any form.
- Abstain from sexual activity.
- Do not eat meat.
- Do not use any animal fat, such as lard, bacon drippings, or butter, in your cooking.

Precautions During Practice

During your practice, certain precautions must be taken:

- Take off your shoes, and make sure your feet touch the ground, to anchor yourself.
- Do not wear anything made of metal.
- Do not allow either people or pets in the same room with you. You must have complete privacy.

- Do not have any crystal glass in the room with you.

The Technique

- Extend your hands in front of you from the elbow up and shake them in the air for four or five seconds. This cleanses the hands from superfluous energy that might have accumulated on them.
- With your arms in the same position, spread your fingers and hold for three seconds.
- Put your thumbs on your forehead, right on the temples, with the fingers still spread in front of your face. Make sure the thumbs are located in the small indentation that is close to your eyes. People who practice acupressure will recognize this spot – pressing it is used to cure headaches. Hold the position for three seconds.
- Rotate your thumbs, taking your fingers to the back of your head, and put your

forefingers in the indentation at the back of your head, where it meets the neck. Again, People who practice acupressure will recognize this spot – it is used to cure headaches.

- Push your forefingers into the indentation, and hold the position for ten seconds.
- Close your eyes.
- While still sitting with your back straight, bring your chin as close to your solar plexus as possible. Remain in this position for ten seconds. At this point, you will feel a slight dizziness. This is perfectly fine, it is part of the procedure.
- Keeping your thumbs in their position, release the forefingers, and rotate your hands forward until you can put your forefingers in the small indentations by the sides of the bridge of your nose. In acupressure, this is the site for one of the techniques that release pressure in the sinuses, so practitioners would be able to recognize the sensation. The rest of your fingers should be kept in a

horizontal position, the fingers of one hand resting over the fingers of the other hand, the thumbs pointing down.

- Move your thumbs toward each other and have them touch. Your hands will form a triangle. Your arms will be in a position of ninety degrees, relative to your body.
- Say to yourself, mentally, I will now make the coaster move.
- In your mind, draw one line from the middle of your left wrist, and another line from the middle of your right wrist, toward the coaster. Visualize the coaster between the two lines.
- Keeping your hands in the same position, raise your head and sit straight.
- Drop your hands down slowly. In your mind's eye, keep on visualizing the coaster.
- Bring your arms close to your body so the arms touch the ribs.
- Move your hands up to a position in which they are horizontal to the floor.
- The left hand should serve as a rod,

moving the left line further to the left. The same should be done with the right hand, moving the line further to the right.

- Keep concentrating on the coaster, with your eyes still closed, for at least another minute.
- With your eyes still closed, you will notice blue lines and bubbles moving in front of your eyes.
- At this point, decide which side of your body you are about to employ. You may use either side, but not both at the same time.
- Let's assume you chose the left side. Open your eyes, and concentrating on the left line, look intently at the coaster. Move your left hand a little to the side, and the coaster will move with it. You have accomplished your mission.

Closing the energy

This is the end of the exercise, but like any other mental technique, you cannot just leave and go

about your business. You have created a center of energy, which should never be left open. The energy you have created with this exercise is linear. To create an all-around center of energy needs a higher training, and closing it is more difficult, but closing the linear energy is relatively easy.

- Extend both hands, straight in front of you.
- Make the hands stay in the direction of the lines.
- Bring the hands close together, with a very little distance between them.
- Visualize a very thin thread entering the space between the hands. Close your hands around the thread.
- Bring your closed hands toward your solar plexus.
- Open your hands, and shake them as you have done in the beginning. You have closed the center of energy.

*** **

Chapter Eight:

Encounters with the Anunnaki and

The Book of Rama Dosh

- Journey to Beirut
- The nature of the Beirut Lodge
- Reuniting with Dr. Farid
- Affiliation-Membership: promotion to Level Eight
- The Anunnaki lecture
- Meeting with Sinhar Baalshamroot
- Visiting Cheik Al Huseini
- Studying *The Book of Rama Dosh*
- Mama's death and apparition
- Lesson Eight: The Minzar, Your Mirror to Alternate Realities

As soon as I left the plane, even before going to customs, a distinguished looking gentleman approached me. Offering his hand, he gave me the special handshake and introduced himself. As I found out later, he was a former officer in the Syrian army and an engineer for Middle East Airlines, quite an important man to receive a novice, I thought, and felt honored.

“I am inside because the inspections usually takes a very long time here, and my presence will help to shorten the time,” he said. Leaving everything in his capable hands, I was out of customs in ten minutes, while the rest of the passengers were standing in very long lines. The officer then conducted me to a chauffeured car, and we drove off.

“I am assigned to you, Mr. Lumière,” he said. “You may not be aware of it, but each member who visits the Lodge for the Affiliation-Membership is given a so-called Godfather, who is to conduct him or her about the business, and make the formal introductions to everyone.

However, all your business will start tomorrow. I am taking you first to your hotel, so you can rest and be ready for the ceremony.”

After a short trip, we arrived at the Saint Georges, a five star, most distinguished hotel. Again, I was surprised that they had treated me with such honor, but knowing that the least said the better, I thanked him for his kindness, and we arranged to have me picked up at three o'clock the next day.

I had a relaxing evening and a wonderful dinner at the hotel, slept late, and was ready for my Godfather at the lobby a little before three o'clock. He came at the same time, and we drove to the Lodge.

Beirut is an interesting city. It is shaped as a triangle that is situated by the sea and flanked by two hills, and combines the beauty of both, while still allowing a flat enough surface for building. The architecture is a mixture of Arabic, Turkish, and Western styles, creating an aura of cosmopolitan sophistication, where a golden-domed jewel of a building can stand next to a

modern, Western office building. The city is divided into sections, each dominated by either Christians or various sects of Muslims, but like many Middle Eastern country, the residential, commercial, and sometimes even the industrial areas are mixed. The street where the Lodge stood, which was in a Muslim neighborhood, was full of antique shops, known for the rare artifacts they sold.

The Lodge was built in the elegant Turkish architectural style. It was a tall building, and while it did not seem extremely big on the outside, its inside was spacious and impressive, since the ceiling was very high. It had the air of a Middle Eastern embassy, with mezzanines, elegant staircases, and the traditional decorations of arabesques and mosaics. The walls were paneled with dark wood and pink marble, and as I entered, I had a nostalgic *Déjà Vu* – the place looked like many of the handsome buildings I had known during my childhood years in Damascus. It even smelled the same, giving off the scent of a very old, but well-cared for house.

Unlike the business-like members of the European Lodges, the people who occupied this one were of a very warm, welcoming, loving nature. Everyone was extremely friendly. In a few minutes Dr. Farid hurried out of his office to meet me, and hugged me as if I were a long-lost son. He took me to a salon, where a spread of coffee, fruit, and Middle Eastern pastries were ready on a huge, shining brass tray resting on wooden legs. I smiled at Dr. Farid, who was pouring coffee for me with his own hands rather than calling a servant. "This is very different from the Initiation in Ethiopia," I remarked.

"Of course," he said. "In Ethiopia, you were a pilgrim, a novice, waiting to be accepted. Here, you are a member, equal to everyone!"

"So I will not have to remove my shoes and tie, or tie up my eyes, for the Affiliation-Membership ceremony?"

"Oh, no. Nothing of the kind," said Dr. Farid, laughing. "Such treatment is over. You must get used to being a full-fledged Anunnaki-Ulema, my boy."

“That is what Rabbi Mordechai is saying, Dr. Farid, but he said it will happen naturally.”

“Of course. Like you, I felt rather humble after all the years of study with the great masters. I did not accept my equal position easily, but felt like a novice for a long time after my initiation. Years, really. Still, sooner or later I became comfortable with it. It was probably different for Rabbi Mordechai. I know him well, you see, and love him as well as you do, so you probably will agree with me that there is nothing in the known universe, or unknown universe for that matter, that could possibly intimidate Rabbi Mordechai. He is larger than life, and I think he was like that since birth. I can imagine him going to Ashtari and speaking firmly to the Council of the Anunnaki, if he felt that was needed for helping some of his starving protégés in Eastern Europe.” I laughed. This description was true.

“This Lodge feels different from the other Lodges,” I said. “There is something about it, something in the air...”

“Well, yes. The other Lodges you have visited are more worldly, business-like organizations. This one has a leaning toward the spiritual, though we are conducting regular business as well. We have direct access to ancient legacies through secret manuscripts that tie up the Anunnaki to early Phoenicia, Egypt, King Solomon, Genesis, among others. And most important, we have access to *The Book of Rama Dosh*... such things show in the aura and air of a place.” As always, when *The Book of Rama Dosh* was mentioned, I felt a chill go down my spine.

At this moment, my Godfather came in and joined us, and the three of us spent a pleasant half hour together before it was time to attend the ceremony, where I would be promoted to Level Eight. Dr. Farid left us, and my Godfather and I went together.

He conducted me to a large hall, full of people. All wore the same black robes, except for one section, where fifteen or twenty people sat by themselves, all wearing bright red robes. These were the Urjanees, which Rabbi Mordechai told me

so much about, the scribes who wore clothes reminiscent of the Anunnaki's early space ships, colored by the special dye made from shellfish of the Mediterranean. I was wondering if the dye was still made from the shellfish, or were the Urjanees using modern dyes, but it was a passing thought. I had not time to muse on that, since my Godfather took me to an altar that stood in the center of the hall. It was covered with a black silk cloth with a white edge around it, and on it stood a candelabra with three candles, commemorating the three seconds that the earth took to form, according to *The Book of Rama Dosh*. Two swords, with handles made of solid gold, rested on the altar next to the candelabra.

We stood before the altar. One of the Urjanees got up, approached me, and greeted me in Ana'kh. I responded in the same language, in which I was now completely fluent, and the whole room applauded with appreciation. The Urjanees proceeded to ask a few questions, which I answered. The audience applauded again. Then, the Urjanees picked up the two swords, crossed

them and put them over my neck. "You are a Level Eight member now, Mr. Lumière," he said. I proceeded to bow to him, to show my thanks, but he stopped me. "We are all equal here, I am not worth bowing to," he said, picked up a necklace on which hung a medallion, and put it around my neck. He wrapped a red silk sash around my waist, and added a belt made of metal and fine leather, into which he stuck one of the swords. "Follow me," he said.

We went to the end of the room, where a stone basin stood. It was full of water, and on the bottom of it I could see mud. "Stick your sword into the mud," he said. I obeyed.

"Now, pull the sword out," he said. I attempted to do so, and found that I could not lift the sword out of the mud. I looked at him, surprised, and he smiled and said, "This is your last lesson. Our word is like a sword. Once you pronounce a word, you cannot take it back. Let all your actions and thoughts be like a sword." My Godfather came over and handed me a red robe, and I put it around my shoulders. The audience

applauded one more time, and the ceremony was over. My Godfather took me out of the room, Dr. Farid rushed over to congratulate me, and gave me instructions about the upcoming lecture I was supposed to attend the next day. I was taken back to my hotel, to rest and prepare to what was to be the most amazing lecture I have ever attended, before or after.

I must admit that the prospect of meeting an Anunnaki was intimidating. I have had many experiences in my life that would be considered “supernatural,” but I had adopted Rabbi Mordechai’s motto, that if something exists, it must be natural, or else it won’t exist. But this occasion had nothing to do with the occult or with the supernatural. There was never a doubt that the Anunnaki existed. Nevertheless, meeting your own creator is not something most people could take lightly, and the Anunnaki had created humanity.

They were extremely long lived, so this Anunnaki, for all I knew, might have been involved in the original DNA experiments... an unsettling thought. I did not sleep much that night.

My Godfather picked me up and we drove to the Lodge. He conducted me to a room, where an attendant gave me a black robe to put on before I went in. I sat down with the audience and looked around. The room, constructed like a small, crescent-shaped amphitheater, was austere. The walls were painted grayish white, and the lights were dim. In the middle of the room stood a rectangular table, flanked by two oval tables made of heavy, thick glass. The center of each, of a diameter of perhaps twenty centimeters, was made of crystal and platinum. The room was already full of people, all wearing the same black robes like the one given to me, and two people were at the central table, talking quietly to each other; I assumed they were the speakers. I could not discern all the words, but it was clear they were speaking Ana'kh. As Rabbi Mordechai told me, Ana'kh was the only language spoken at the Lodge.

After a few minutes, one of the speakers turned toward the audience and said, "We are about to give you an opportunity to view *The Book of Rama Dosh*. You will view it as long as there is

enough energy to keep the book manifested. Later, Grand Master Farid will accept requests from those of you who like to see a copy of the book privately, for purposes of studying.” The audience, clearly not understanding, whispered to each other, creating a rustle of soft sounds, “What do they mean, energy?” “I thought it was a real book.” “I did not know that we could study it...” and such like remarks. I said nothing and waited. I thought I had an idea of what the book was like, remembering the experience of printing the book in Baalbeck, though of course I could not be sure.

“We can clearly hear you,” said one of the two speakers at the table. “What we meant is, you are about to see a projection of the real book, but it can only be made permanent when Sinhar Baalshamroot will agree to seal it.”

The title, Sinhar, was Anunnaki, of course, so I imagined that Sinhar Baalshamroot would be the lecturer. I knew what to expect, since the Anunnaki almost always manifest in the same way, and Rabbi Mordechai described it to me. Still, the tension in the room was high, and I was not all that

calm myself.

Suddenly, a bright, yellow shaft of light appeared in the room, seemingly out of nowhere. It was a dusty sort of light, with particles moving in it at a random motion, much like a sunbeam through a window on a summer afternoon, but brighter and highly visible against the dimly lit room. Soon, the little particles stopped moving in their crazy random way, and instead, started to coagulate, moving toward the center in an orderly way. The particles at the center formed a globe, while the rest of the shaft of light was clean and empty of particles. Then, a sudden visual but silent explosion took place in the center, as if the center burst into fireworks. Slowly, the fireworks rearranged themselves into the shape of a baby.

In a few seconds, the baby form started growing. It expanded, changed, filled out the shaft, and seemed to become a grown-up man. But the man was deformed. Part of his back overlapped his neck, his hips jutted away from his body, and the face was blurred. The man rearranged himself, became normal, and stepped out of the shaft of light. The

shaft remained where it was, waving gently and illuminating the man. His eyes glowed in the dimmed room, like the eyes of a wolf, or like two little lanterns.

Eventually the glow in his eyes subsided, but the eyes were still not normal. They seemed to glitter, so brightly that I was not able to make out their color. Then the glitter died down, and I could see that his eyes were dark, almost black, and unusually large. They did not move, but stared at you directly. I remembered Rabbi Mordechai mentioning that the Anunnaki did not possess a retina, and their vision was based on a more sophisticated mechanism. He had olive skin, and the little bit of his hair that was showing under his white head covering was coal black. And he was extremely tall, over seven feet, his height emphasized by the long white robe he wore, very plain, reaching his feet. In the dim light of the room, his attire glowed softly. "Greetings," he said. His voice was startling. It sounded like one of those old records you played on an old-fashioned turntable – if you put it on the wrong

speed, it became fast, squeaky, and scratchy, very unpleasant. He stopped, made some elaborate movements with his hands, and spoke again, this time with a very pleasant, deep and soft human voice. "I am sorry. It is all right now." His eyes, now so black and velvety, gazed at us from under the white head covering, and they were so extraordinarily beautiful, so full of thought and wisdom, that even if I did not know he was an extraterrestrial of extreme old age, I could have guessed it in an instant. His face, though chiseled and masculine, was also breathtaking in its stark beauty. No wonder, I thought, that the ancient humans thought the Anunnaki were angels. That was what an angel should look like, if he existed... I noted that with his appearance, a scent of flowers, a little like roses but not quite, filled the room. It did so gently, unobtrusively, and certainly not like a heavy perfume, but unquestionably there, lingering softly.

The Anunnaki went to one of the circular tables, put his finger on the center, and spun it. Light emanated from the crystal and platinum

center, and suddenly an image appeared on the wall – the page of a book. Another page followed, and like a film, the pages continued to come after each other. One of the speakers said, “Soon it will be possible for you to read it.” After a while, letters appeared, and some of the book became readable. I knew I was already given permission to study the book, so I was not concerned about discerning words, but I could see that everyone was doing the best they could to catch the words.

The Anunnaki said, “The head of the Lodge will give each of you a message regarding future instructions. Any of you who wish will be able to study the book later. A few will be chosen to receive direct instruction from me first. Those who receive a blue envelope are invited to convene here shortly.” One by one, we passed by the table, each having a chance to look at the images on the wall as we walked outside. The speakers handed us the envelopes. As I expected, mine was indeed blue, and after all of us passed by the table and left the room, I returned to the lecture among the thirteen chosen members.

The Anunnaki waited for us, quiet and unmoving. I had the feeling that his immense age had given him the joy of never having to hurry. I could not imagine such an individual being impatient. As we all returned to our seats, gathering at the front of the room as much as possible, he started to speak.

“This will be the first and last time you see me, since I have to speak to many people of your race, and there will be no time for me to speak more than once to anyone. I am here to tell you about what is going to happen in the year 2002.

“We, the Anunnaki, are meeting with you out of courtesy. No one will say that warning was not given. The events I am about to describe, and the date, were decided upon long ago, in your terms, right after your World War II. You are important to us, and we feel that perhaps you have not been properly evolving, mentally and spiritually, because of some mistakes we have made. At least, this could be a partial cause. Still, whoever is at fault, the situation on this planet cannot continue. On the good side, many of you will experience

enlightenment in 2022.

“There are two facts that only some of you are familiar with. First, you must be aware of the activities of certain extraterrestrial races who had been damaging human DNA. Particularly dangerous are those who are called the Grays. They experiment on humans with the intention of saving their own race, which is suffering from an incurable disease called Progeria. Information on this disease is readily available, so I will not go into it here. Second, you know that the Anunnaki created Earth, millions of years ago. Earth was created as a laboratory – a place to develop a new race. The High Council of the Anunnaki did not agree to have the experiments done on Nibiru, so the planet-sized laboratory was a good solution.

“Unfortunately, the Grays decided to interfere. They did so by diluting and destroying the pure DNA that was given to the humans by the Anunnaki. The great knowledge that could be had from these experiments did not materialize, at least not completely, and eventually, the Anunnaki decided to stop the experiments and leave earth, or

at least no longer use it as a laboratory.

“We never quite deserted the earth, and in particular, we kept our connection with our students, the Anunnaki-Ulema. But despite our effort to prevent it, the Grays managed to create greed, violence, and unbelievable cruelty within human nature. Such characteristics were not part of the original DNA we used to create the humans. We had intended to create the humans in our image, but that was no longer so. When I think of the barbarism some humans display, torturing, abusing, killing their own species, and doing the same, and even eating, the bodies of other species, I cringe when I think that humanity was created in the image of the Anunnaki. Right now, humanity is divided into three groups, based on their level of contamination.

“The first group is those who exhibit heavy Grays’ DNA contamination. These people, considering the practices they engage in, are doomed. We see them as pure evil and there is nothing anyone can do for them. The second group are people who exhibit a medium level of Grays’

DNA contamination. They have some chance, not much, but still, we hope that they will listen to our warning and try to work on their own redemption. We offer no guarantee, of course. Then, there is the third group, people who exhibit light Grays' DNA contamination. They have a chance of survival. Those who are not contaminated will be classified differently.

“This will not be the first time we have cleansed a planet. The procedure requires a cataclysmic event, which we accomplish by bringing a bubble of the size of the earth and made of a special substance, resembling anti-matter but not destructive, and make it touch the earth's atmosphere. When they touch, all the humans that have been lucky enough not to be contaminated by Grays' DNA, and all the animals, plants, and those inanimate material which the Anunnaki wish to preserve will be stripped from earth and absorbed into the bubble, and occupy areas fitted for their special needs. All the creatures involved will have no recollection of the event, to avoid trauma.

“The earth will then be cleaned of all

pollution, dirt, landfills, plastics, and smog, using extremely advanced technological tools. Once that is done, the earth will be the way it was before humans lived on it, and at that point, all the creatures and objects we have saved, all the humans, animals, plants, and inanimate objects that were kept in the bubble, would be returned to earth. Anunnaki guides will be there for the humans, who would naturally need quite a bit of help to adjust to the new life. The animals, who possess a superior capacity to adjust, will not need any guidance.

“Those who were heavily contaminated will simply be destroyed. What is left are those who are the medium-level of contamination, and the lighter level. If any of these succeed in completely cleansing themselves, they will also go in the bubble and be saved. Medium level who do not succeed in the cleansing, will be destroyed. Those with light level contamination will have access to another option. They will have to go through Ba’abs, or Star Gates, into other dimensions, so that they could be evaluated by the Anunnaki. It is

extremely difficult to go through a Ba'ab, but it is possible to succeed, it is not entirely hopeless. Many, however, will vanish during the attempt. Those who survive, if they can be cleaned, can go back to earth. If not, they will live out their lives in another dimension, where conditions are much like your own earth before the cleaning.

“Of course, they will not be permitted to hurt each other, and there will not be any animals there that they could torture or eat. They will lead a normal life, but will not be able to reproduce, so eventually they will die out. We will not kill them, since they are not inherently evil like the heavily contaminated ones, but they cannot be allowed to reproduce the bad DNA. All that might sound harsh to you, but you must understand that the Anunnaki do not indulge in sentimental pity. We do not think that any form of evil should be allowed to exist.

“I understand that this is difficult for you to understand and accept. Realize that we have not reached these conclusions lightly. Perhaps, given the time and the efforts you, our students, and the Anunnaki, are going to engage in, perhaps it is not

be too late to save humanity.

But I doubt it. The greed and cruelty are very deeply ingrained. Only time will tell.”

We sat in shocked silence. This indeed was a harsh message. And yet, I could understand their point of view. We must have been a great disappointment to the Anunnaki. No one said anything, no one attempted to ask a question.

He then spoke of other things, but I cannot reveal them in this book, since I have been asked to keep them secret. Throughout the lecture, I noticed something extraordinary. He would talk for two minutes, and of course we were glued to his fantastic teaching, but then he would stop talking for about three minutes, and speak to us telepathically. Off and on, two minutes and three minutes. Obviously, he was doing for us more than just giving the lecture. He also advanced, by a huge quantum leap, our telepathic abilities.

When the lecture was over, he said, “I want to make it clear to you that you have met a true Anunnaki, and have not been exposed to a charade or a hoax. Please pass by the table as you go out.”

We formed a line, and each stopped before him. I stood at the end of the line, wanting to contemplate what was happening. He pointed his forefinger at each of us, and told the person his or her name and age. He had never seen any of us before, of course, and yet I felt that he could tell the story of each of our lives, had he wanted to do so. At the same time, we were puzzled by one more message, that one nonverbal. When my turn came to stand before him, Baalshamroot's beautiful face shifted and changed right in front of me. I stared as the planes of his face were being modified, fascinated by the bizarre phenomenon, unable to move. To my utter disbelief, the male Anunnaki turned into a female, a woman so beautiful that my breath was taken away. "Yes, we are all shape-changers," she said, smiling at me. Her eyes, black and immovable, gazed back at me. "But I did not mean it as a mere trick. I wanted to make sure that all of you realize that we are all one, male, female, Anunnaki, human, animal. We are one! Remember that. Remember me. Goodbye." And in a blink of an eye, Baalshamroot

vanished. I felt a deep sadness, as if a deep void opened in front of me, knowing I will never see her again. But I also knew that was as it should be, and one must accept.

Slowly, thoughtfully, I went to Dr. Farid's office, musing on all that has happened to me in the last few days; it was hard to digest. I was going to get instructions as to when and where I would be given the honor of reading *The Book of Rama Dosh*. Another miracle will manifest in my life.

Dr. Farid informed me that the arrangements have been made, and that the next day he would pick me up very early in the morning. We were to drive to Baalbeck, to see Cheik Al Huseini, my host during my previous trip to Baalbeck. It was there that I saw the startling printing of *The Book of Rama Dosh*, in the underground city. It would be nice to see him again. Dr. Farid added that Ulema Ghandahar, an expert on *The Book of Rama Dosh*, would join us at the Cheik's house.

The Cheik, as hospitable and pleasant as ever, was delighted to see me, and hugged me enthusiastically in the friendly and warm Arab

fashion. "I knew you had the making of a great Ulema in you, Germain!" he said, holding me at arm's length and looking at my face with great affection. "You were such an attentive youth, and so fearless during our meeting with the Afrit, we were impressed!"

"I wish I had known you were impressed at the time," I said, laughing. "I felt like such a fool, and Taj made fun of me."

"Ah, that is just Taj," he said indulgently. "Such a silly man, like a big baby... But we all love him anyway. And he is doing very well now, with all the gold he got at the underground city."

"He was badly beaten for it by the Afrit," I said.

"You pay the price for everything in this world," said the Cheik philosophically. "But in the end, everything is as it should be. As we Arabs say, Machtoob! But come in, come in! Ulema Ghandahar is waiting for us in the library." My excitement at the thought of finally reading *The Book of Rama Dosh* hardly needs to be described.

We entered the house and went directly to the

library. It was a much smaller room than I expected, and the pretty, carved and glassed over bookcases seemed to contain scholarly, but ordinary books, the kind you would find in any scholar's library. I was surprised, since I expected a huge collection at Cheik Al Huseini's library. Little did I know what was to come...

The Cheik introduced me to Ulema Ghandahar, who shook my hand and said that he would be so happy to acquaint me with the most important book in the world.

Cheik Al Huseini went to one of the bookcases and pushed a hidden button among the carvings on the wood. The case swerved to the side, and a short secret passage was revealed. We walked through it to a wooden door, and entered a library of immense proportions. The ceiling was very high, about fourteen feet in my estimate, and the room stretched to the proportions of a hall. Bookcases lined the walls, floor to ceiling, and more books were stacked on tables. These books were mostly very old, as you could tell from the leather and cloth covers. However, not only books

were there. Through the glassed doors on some of the cabinets I saw a huge collection of ancient rolled-up scrolls. There was a divan on one side, and a few comfortable chairs, all done in the sumptuous Arab style. Diffused light came from the partially covered windows. This was exactly like the library I had imagined Cheik Al Huseini would have. Of course, I thought. There are things here that should never be seen by the non-initiates. He must keep it secret.

Cheik Al Huseini went to one of the bookcases, looking for something, and without turning his head said, "Please, help yourselves!" I looked at the table before me, on which three cups of tea, which were not there a minute ago, suddenly materialized, accompanied by some pastries.

I smiled and looked at Dr. Farid, pointing silently at the tea cups. "This is only the beginning," he said mysteriously. My excitement mounted, I could not wait to see *The Book of Rama Dosh*, and I was wondering if that was what the Cheik was looking for. I sipped my tea and took a pastry.

It was interesting, I thought, how different the Ulema of the Middle East were from the Western ones, or the Chinese, even though their goals, aspirations, and ethics were exactly the same. For example, Rabbi Mordechai always said, "If you can do something normally, there is no reason to use the so-called supernatural powers." Master Li was exactly the same. I was taught the techniques that emphasized the power of mind, not techniques that had the touch of the magical. The Middle Eastern Ulema did not think in those terms. They comfortably used all the magical techniques they wanted, and in addition, seemed to have contact with non-human entities who lived with them and worked for them. I decided that the people of the Middle East loved emulating the sumptuous style of King Solomon, with his Afrit, gold, talking animals, flying carpets, and rivers of wine. The Western Ulema tended to work like scientists, with a tendency toward austerity and a simple lifestyle. The differences were dictated by personality and culture, I suppose, because all of them wanted and achieved the same objectives, only reaching them

by different roads.

The Cheik turned away from the book case, and walked a few feet toward us. He did not find the book he looked for, I thought, worried that it was lost and I will not be seeing it after all. A sense of disappointment went through me, but I noticed that the Cheik was doing something strange. He turned toward the bookcase, lifted his arm, and pointed at the book case. Then he stopped, not moving. A second later, a book came floating toward him, and hovered in midair. The Cheik sat down and spoke a few words in a language that I did not know, but from the way he said it, I deduced that it was a code.

The book floated further toward him, and settled gently on the table. It was a big, heavy book, with a wood bark cover that had no marking on it to show what was its title. The Cheik did not touch it. Instead, he went to a small table on the side of the divan, and brought a small box made of dark wood, inlaid with silver and mother of pearl. He put it next to the book.

“Germain, would you please go to the

bathroom next door, take a shower, and put on the white robe that hangs on the door,” the Cheik said. “We’ll wait for you.”

I did as I was told. While showering, I wondered if the book on the table was indeed *The Book of Rama Dosh*. How could it be? It looked quite different when the Cheik and Master Li printed it with the help of the Miraya plates and the light. Then, it looked like shining plastic, very modern, while the book on the library table was a normal, old book. Later I found out how this worked, so I might as well explain it right here.

The Book of Rama Dosh exists as only one copy. It is located in another dimension. Each time an Anunnaki-Ulema needs a copy, it must be printed directly from this original. Calling it requires special situations and techniques, such as I have seen in the underground city, but the advantage is, each copy is an exact facsimile of the original. Other ancient books are subject to mistakes in printing, incorrect interpretation of words, etc., but not *The Book of Rama Dosh*. If this was the same copy that was printed in my

presence, then the Cheik took the plates, which I remember him to wrap carefully in a silk scarf, to his own library, and there made sure it is properly wrapped in wood bark. It would never be wrapped in leather or any other animal-related substance.

Of course, I could not be sure that this was the same copy, but no matter what, the content was always identical to the true, the one *Book of Rama Dosh*.

I put on the white robe, returned to the library and sat at the table with the other three. Cheik Al Huseini opened the book, so now I knew that must be *The Book of Rama Dosh*. I tried to keep calm. This would be the first time I would see Ana'kh printed in a book! And who could tell what the book is about? The Cheik turned the page. It looked old. He turned a few other pages, each looking newer and smoother than the last. None of the pages had anything written on it, though. And yet, the three others seemed to be absorbed in reading the book! Was I going mad? I did not want to interrupt them, or ask questions, but I was beginning to feel desperate. Another page was

turned, and it was again completely blank. I sighed with irritation. The Cheik suddenly stopped, looked at me and said, "*Moo Akhazaa*, forgive me, please." He laughed gently. "You cannot see the writing without the necessary machine," he continued. "We no longer need it, at this stage, and when you get to stage 18 and over, you won't need it either, but for the moment, this machine will help you see the writing." He opened the little box that was on the table next to the book, and took out a sophisticated-looking contraption. It was obviously meant to be used as eyeglasses, but did not look like modern ones. Rather, it was more like a Seventeenth Century Swiss watch, and I saw wheels attached to it on which certain letters and numbers were written, some big, some small, in an old and elegant font, looking like codes.

"What is this?" I asked. "It is going to help your vision," said Cheik Al Huseini. "Take a look at how it is constructed." There were three layers of lenses for each eye, made of glass or crystal, completely transparent. A small wheel, made of gold and edged with green topaz, was attached to

each lens, all on one side. Each wheel had a little knob used for adjusting the codes. You would lift each lens individually, and adjust the wheel to the required code. On the other side was a larger wheel, about twice the size of the little wheels, and it adjusted itself to the position of the small wheels once they were in the perfect position.

Once the arrangement of the lenses and wheels was complete, the machine would allow you to see colors we usually do not see on earth. Within these colors reside separate dimensions, or perhaps the colors reside in these dimensions, which is really one and the same. It is as if a door is opened to a spatial gate, an entrance to these parallel dimensions. You are on earth, but through your Conduit, you are entering an unearthly, separate dimension.

“Now, put the machine on, and look at the bookcases. Don’t look at the light from the window. This will allow your retina to adjust, and will bring up certain visual faculties.”

“What does it do?” I asked, putting the machine on.

“It emulates the natural vision of the Anunnaki, who do not possess a retina, but a more complex mechanism. Even if you close your eyes, once you put the machine on, you can still see.”

“What is the name of this machine?” I asked, still looking at the bookcase, as directed.

“It is called Minaizar, which is a diminutive of Minzar, the ability to see. The vision through the Minaizar is called Nazra.” Said the Cheik.

“I am seeing something strange,” I said. “The bookcase is suddenly huge, astronomical...”

“But it is still visually very clear, right?” said the Cheik. “Unlike the usual type of visual enlargement, like a magnifier, which blurs everything and forces you to step back, the Minaizar retains its sharp image.”

“This is true,” I said, “But I feel a little dizzy...” I closed my eyes to refresh them, and was amazed that I could still see, just as the Cheik said before. I opened my eyes and returned to the table, sat down and looked at the book through the machine. Geometrical forms and numerical symbols were printed on the page I looked at. As I

was gazing at them, they opened up, unfolded, and I saw letters coming through and appear on the page. Everything was written in pure, original Ana'kh. I could read *The Book of Rama Dosh!*

Here I must explain a few things about Ana'kh, which would clarify my reading. Ana'kh is a unique language, and has some characteristics that no earthly language possesses. For example, when one wants to translate a page verbally from say, Latin to English, each person will have slight variations on the text that they will produce. The same would happen in simultaneous translation of any living language by a translator in the United Nations. Even when translating a book on paper the variations will appear, which is making translation more an art than a science. Not so with Ana'kh.

If a hundred Ulema will verbally translate a page written in Ana'kh, they will use the exact same words, in any language they use. The same goes for written translations. They are not really translating. They are transmitting, rather, with the help of the Conduit, and no variations will ever

occur.

Another interesting trait is that the phonetics make themselves clearly “heard” as you read Ana’kh, even if you have never seen or heard the word you are reading. The words pronounce themselves for you, and no mistakes are ever made. The machine, of course, facilitates that, but it is accomplished by the Conduit. The machine is actually linked directly to the Conduit.

In any book, you cannot start in the middle of a paragraph or a word and still know what the page is all about. You must read a certain amount to grasp the meaning. With Ana’kh, each word presents its own meaning and message. There is no need for grammatical sequences. The words, helped by the machine, follow you, rather than you follow them. In an ordinary book, you have to go back to certain pages if you want to retrace something. In Ana’kh, because of this tendency of the words to follow, you don’t need to go back. Rather, you call the word to you. The simplest analogy would be a search engine on a computer. You type the word on a search engine, and the

connected messages appear. That is what happens with Ana'kh.

When you look at a page, you encounter about three hundred Nokta – meaning spots, or messages. You look at a certain Nokta, and it opens up to thousands of other words and meanings.

The content is huge, but not intimidating, since it opens up in what seems to be multiple screens. Then, you can choose what you are interested in.

I was reading along, finding it very easy to understand the pure, traditional Ana'kh, and completely comfortable with the viewing machine, so much so that I no longer noticed wearing it. I was particularly interested in the creation of humanity, so the book took me to that moment in time. I kept doing this, moving from one Nokta to another, until I decided to move to another subject. I was fascinated by what the book had to offer regarding the dimensions and limitations of the universe. I got the precise information I wanted regarding the question of whether the universe is expanding or shrinking. After that, I wandered into

a Nokta regarding the future of humanity. One thing led to another, and I was so totally absorbed, that I did not know if the other three were still with me or not, and certainly did not know how much time passed. Finally, after watching millions of years unfold in front of me, I pulled back with a sigh.

I felt the hand of Dr. Farid on my shoulder, and turned. "Do you know that you have been reading for two days?" he asked, smiling.

"Two days?" I asked, startled. "I did not eat, or drink, or sleep for two full days?"

"Yes," said Dr. Farid. "And you squeezed millions of years into two days. Time to go."

I did not feel it. Not a bit of exhaustion or thirst or hunger was caused by this intense study that lasted two days. On the contrary, I felt as comfortable and refreshed as if I came back from vacation. I mentioned that to Dr. Farid on our way back and he said that this was a common reaction, though some people did feel rather exhausted. Apparently it was an individual reaction. Still, he advised me to go to the hotel and rest. It was early afternoon when we arrived in Beirut, and Dr. Farid

invited me to dinner, so we could discuss the readings. I took a nap, and then went to the bathroom to shave and shower before meeting him for dinner. As I finished shaving, I saw a movement in the mirror. Next to my face in the mirror I saw Mama's face.

I turned around, shocked. What was she doing in Beirut? How did she arrive? How did she enter my room, since the door was locked from the inside? I stepped forward to hug her, but she gently pulled back, something she had never done before. "No, my dear, you can't hug me..." and I instantly knew. "No!" I cried. "It can't be! Don't tell me!"

"Yes, Germain. It was my time. I had to leave, there was no choice in the matter," Mama said gently. "But what of it? You can see that I am here, in person, and talking to you, am I not? Death is not the end, you know."

"When did you die, Mama?" I asked, my heart almost breaking inside me. Life without Mama... how could that be? And she was still so young, so beautiful, always healthy, other than the touch of arthritis.

“About an hour ago. I had to come and tell you, because I did not want you to see the telegram first. So unpleasant, those telegrams. You must come home to the funeral. Sylvie needs you, too. She is crying and I can’t get in touch with her, she is not like us, her road leads in other directions.”

“So you were always an Ulema, Mama. I suspected that.”

“Yes, of course I was. Rather, I am... Let’s not talk about me as if I were in the past, my dear!”

“You never told me you were an Ulema.”

“No, there were many reasons as to why I was requested to keep it a secret. Some day I will tell you all about it.”

“Will I see you again?”

“Of course you will. To begin with, let’s meet at the funeral.”

“You will come to your own funeral?”

“Naturally. I would not want to miss it. I will be the best dressed woman there, too.” I laughed.

“I can’t believe I am laughing,” I said. “You

are dead, and I am laughing.”

“Dead... there is no such thing as dead, Germain. I am living in another dimension, that is all. Laugh all you want, and never, ever cry about me. By the way, to prove to you that you are not hallucinating, please check your armoire when you get home. I left you some papers there, some requests of things to do. Not the will, that is with the lawyers. I took care of it a while ago.”

“You were not sick, were you?”

“I was not sick. I died from a sudden, and painless stroke.”

“That is good, Mama. I could not bear to think of you suffering.”

“Not a minute of suffering, I promise you.”

“You look younger, you know,” I said. “Much younger.”

“Yes, you leave the old body, regain a new one. No pain of any sort. Arthritis is gone, too. Well, my dear, I must go now. So many things one must do at a time like this. I will see you at the funeral. And oh, yes, you should get the telegram in a few minutes, I think.” She vanished. I stood there,

looking stupidly at the place where she stood. There was a knock on the door, and I went and opened it, rather automatically and without thinking. An employee of the hotel stood there, holding out a telegram. I did not have to read it.

*** **

Lesson Eight

The Minzar, Your Mirror to alternate Realities

Building and using the Minzar is risky. The authors and the publisher do not take responsibility for anything that might happen to those who would attempt to follow these procedures.

However, if the student reads the instructions carefully and does not deviate from them, it should be a reasonably safe procedure. If you choose to try it, this may be one of the most important lessons you will ever learn, since the benefits, both physical and spiritual, are without equal.

Readers who are familiar with the concept of the Anunnaki's Miraya would notice a

resemblance in the way these tools are used. However, the reader should realize that we are not pretending to use the kind of cosmic monitor that is connected, through the Akashic Libraries on Nibiru, to the Akashic Record itself. It is beyond our scope to even conceive how such a tool had ever been created. Nor are we attempting to recreate the kind of Minzar that is used by the Anunnaki-Ulema, who are enlightened beings whose Conduit has been opened. Most of us possess a Conduit that has not been opened, and the Minzar we recommend is fitted to our level of advancement. Nevertheless, working with the Minzar will open doors that will astound and amaze any student.

You will be using the techniques to create an alternate reality that will allow you to do things you have never imagined are possible.

What you are aiming for is a place to which you can retreat at will, a place where you can have many options. It will be a place of beauty and comfort, and it should allow you opportunities to learn, to create, to invent, to meet compatible

people, to connect with animals, to heal, or to simply take a vacation . The place is designed and planned entirely by you, and is brand new. You cannot say “My new alternate reality is exactly like Rome, Italy,” because there is a good possibility that the Conduit, confused by this mixed message, will actually take you to Rome, Italy, in our own world. If this happens, no real harm is done, but no benefit will occur either. You will simply be wandering the streets of another city, not benefiting from the advantages of an alternate reality at all. However, you should certainly take certain elements from places you like, Rome included if that is what you wish, since you are not required to build your new reality in a vacuum.

However, don't limit yourself to one place. You may want to copy a particular art museum from Rome, where you can always indulge in looking at your favorite sculptures and paintings. Then, you might want to add the gorgeous rose garden from the Brooklyn Botanic Gardens in New York City. A charming old-world train station from somewhere in Eastern Europe might make the

place more interesting, with perhaps a touch of the Orient Express, and a sunny Mediterranean beach would not hurt, either. How about a café you liked in Paris, and the cozy little library from your home town, where you used to have so much fun during your childhood and you knew you could find every book that was ever written?

Design the house you would want to live in. It may be an opulent mansion, or on the other hand, some of us would prefer a small, simple, rural-type house with a restful cottage garden. It's all entirely up to you. Create your new world carefully and don't worry if you change things around as you go along, there is always room for change and development. Did you suddenly remember your trip to China and a wonderful Pagoda you liked? Put it in. Did you enjoy your snorkeling in Australia? Add a barrier reef.

One thing should be made entirely clear. Any place you want is allowed, except a place where others are hurt in any way whatsoever, and that includes not only humans, but animals as well.

- Do not imagine a steak dinner, do not imagine fishing, do not imagine hunting.
- Don't waste your time imagining the "glories" of wars.
- Do not imagine a place where you demean your spouse and yourself by having multiple partners.
- Do not imagine pornography.
- Do not imagine a place where you revenge the ills brought on you by people you hate. Your Conduit will not accept any action that can cause pain or even discomfort to any living creatures. Therefore, if you have any negative intention, you are wasting your time.
- You can build twenty Minzars, but none of them will take you to such a place. Rather, if you wish to heal from hurts imposed by others, or painful addictions, imagine yourself getting away from all and entering a fresh new world where nothing of this sort exists.

- **Rest assured that you will never meet anyone who had ever hurt you in your new reality.**
- **Do this for a few weeks before you build the Minzar, so the new place is well established in your mind and you can imagine it in seconds. This is essential because contacting the new reality during the building of the Minzar requires speed, and no one can create a new world for themselves in a few minutes! And most important, don't do it as a chore. This should be a fun, rewarding mental exercise.**

There is no doubt that you will meet pleasant people in your new reality, but there are those who would also wish to have a guide, or a friend, to introduce them to the new world. This is also possible, and the directions are given below. If this is part of your plan, by all means do the same and imagine the person you wish to contact with. Don't limit yourself to the kind of person you think you

should choose. The friend does not have to be a conventional “spiritual guide” which is often described by people who channel entities, such as a Native American guide, an Asian guru, or a guardian angel. The guide can be just about anyone you would like to have as a friend

Prerequisites

- For seventy-two hours before building the Minzar, and before any subsequent visit to the alternate reality, you must abstain from:
 - Drinking alcohol
 - Using any addictive substance
 - Eating meat.
 - Wearing nail polish
 - Do not wear clothes made of polyester.
 - Wear white or light colored clothes.
 - Imagine only positive conditions (see above for details).

Precautions

- Before starting, please read the full instructions carefully.
- These procedures are for novices, and involve mental transportation only. If, however, you become extremely adept, there is a possibility of future physical teleportation. In such event, please exercise some logical restrictions on your activities. For example, **people who had heart problems, pregnant women, and those with severe arthritis, asthma, diabetes, should not take the chance of moving physically between realities without consulting first with an Enlightened Master** who would advise them on the best way to proceed.
- The Minzar, during building or using, may explode. The explosion is small, and the glass that is used does not shatter or fly around, so you will not be hurt by it. However, if it is built inside your home, or in any confined

area, such an occurrence may cause damage to children, pets, furniture, or decorative objects. The Minzar must be built in an outdoor location, where the energy that will be released during such an explosion will not cause damage. You can build it in your back yard, but if you live in an apartment in the city, you must find an appropriate location where you will be outside, but still have some privacy.

- A woman should not wear loose skirts, flowing dresses, or scarves. For everyone, close-fitting clothes, though not too tight for comfort, are highly recommended.
- Never wear clothes made of polyester.
- Remove any jewelry or metal objects you may be wearing.
- You will be using dry ice. When you handle it, make sure to wear gloves, since direct contact with dry ice will burn your skin.
- You will be using two bowls. Make sure they are not made of metal.
- When you cut the dry ice, be sure to place it

in the dry bowl. Never mix dry ice and water, this can cause serious injury.

*** **

Equipment and Supplies

The supplies required to build the Minzar are readily available. You will need:

- Laminated glass, two feet by two feet, with rounded, smooth edges. Laminated glass is made of two layers of glass, and it does not shatter into sharp-edged slivers when it breaks. It is the safest glass you can use. Have the store cut it for you to the right dimensions.
- A few pieces of charcoal
- A roll of aluminum foil
- A very small quantity of dry ice. You will only need a small cube, approximately the

size of a dice.

- Two very thin pieces of wire, each three feet in length
- Two iron nails
- A Magnet
- Two plastic or glass bowls that would contain sixteen ounces of liquid each. Never use metal.
- Lumber, enough to build a two feet by two feet base, two inches height
- Wood glue
- Adhesive spray
- Fabric glue
- Small finishing nails
- A small hammer
- Water
- A sheet of white linen, large enough to create four panels that you will use to surround yourself as you work with the Minzar. This sheet should be made of flame-retardant fabric, or if you cannot find such a sheet, spray your linen with flame-retardant spray.

- Four Pieces of cardboard, six feet by two feet.

Building the Minzar

- Magnetize the iron nails by placing them next to the magnet for a few hours.
- Build a wooden base. It should be a simple box, two feet by two feet, and two inches tall. Use the wood glue and the finishing nails to make it steady.
- Fold each piece of cardboard vertically, ending with a small pyramid measuring three feet by two feet. Make all four can stand up steadily.
- With the fabric glue, attach four panels from the white linen sheet to the cardboard pyramids.
- Rub the coal on one side of the glass, until it covers the surface with a thin black film. Use the adhesive glue spray to stabilize the film.

Allow to dry thoroughly.

- From the aluminum foil, cut seven ribbons. Each should be a little less than one inch in width. Six of the ribbons should be exactly two feet long, and the seventh should be two inches longer.

- Take four ribbons, not including the longer one, and glue them to the coal covered side of the glass. They should be placed with equal distance between them and from the edges, creating five equal sized spaces where the coal dust will be visible.

- Take the remaining three ribbons. They should be glued on top of the four ribbons, but in ninety degrees to them, creating a grid. The longer ribbon should be glued in the middle of the box, with an inch extending on each side. The others should be glued with equal distance between the middle ribbon and the edges, creating four spaces. The grid will thus be made of square spaces between the ribbons.

- Use the extra ribbon that is extending from

both sides to attach the wires. Each wire will be extending vertically from the box.

- Place the glass on the wooden base, coal and ribbon side down, and clean side up. Make sure the glass and the base are squared and the edges are perfectly aligned.
- To each wire, attach one of the magnetized nails you have prepared in advance.
- Arrange the panels around the box. There should be one on three sides, and the fourth one will be placed behind you.
- Pour the water into one of the bowls, and place one of the nails into it. The wire that is attached to this nail must be fully stretched.
- Cut the dry ice, wearing gloves, into a dice-sized cube. Place it in the dry, empty bowl. Remember never to mix dry ice and water! That wire should be closer to the glass than the one that is touching the water, so bend it slightly.
- The dry ice will produce some smoke. That is normal, it is an effect that is often used for theatrical production, and it will not hurt you.

- Sit in front of the glass box, put the fourth panel behind you, and close your eyes.

Contacting the Alternate Realities

- Close your eyes and visualize a green, virgin land, a place no one has ever seen before.
- Imagine, dream, and think about the land you have been visualizing for the past few weeks. You are bringing the things you love and want most, the good things that you wish to see in your life, to the green land. You are creating a new earth, the way you want it.
- There are people in the new place. You must build places for them, streets, houses, a wonderful city or countryside, exactly the way you want it. Working as fast as you can, and with your eyes still closed, in a few

minutes you will sense smoke coming from your left side. It will not rise high, but remain rather low, and it will creep close to the glass. Realize that even though your eyes are closed, you will actually see the smoke.

- When you are sure you are seeing the smoke, open your eyes.
- Put both your hands on the glass, with your fingers spread out.
- Concentrate your gaze on the spaces between the fingers. Bring to mind all the beautiful things you imagined in the new land, and place them in the spaces between the fingers.
- Start alternating your concentration between the tips of your fingers and the spaces between the fingers. Continue for about five minutes. You will notice that the tips of your fingers will produce light, in the form of sparks. There will be no physical sensation caused by these sparks.
- Slide your hands closer to your body until they are about an inch or two from your body.

- Put your hands on the edges of the glass, each on one side.
- Look down into the bottom of the Minzar. You will notice that the color of the aluminum ribbons has changed, and that the charcoal film looks as smooth as a marble. The glass has turned into a black mirror, and a line of light will vibrate on the black surface.
- You will begin to see the things you have imagined as miniatures in the black mirror. Some will look proportional and organized. Others will be out of proportion. They will be moving and shifting.
- You may have created a person to function as a friend and a guide. If you did so, look for that person in the Minzar. You will soon find him or her, so try to increase the size of the person. In a few seconds, the person will acquire dimension, proportion, and personality, and will appear as real, in or out of the Minzar. You will establish a true rapport with him or her, though you may not quite understand the nature of the rapport.

- If what you imagined is a country, or a place, or a house rather than a person, you will develop the connection to it so that you will be able to escape to this place at will. Many students prefer creating such a place, since, as it will most likely to have people in it, will combine the advantages of both.

In the future, you will not need to build a second Minzar, or even use the many steps of preparations to envision the person or the place you have created. They will be stored in your brain. The act of building the Minzar was meant to trigger one of the Conduit faculties in the brain. A rudimentary one by comparison to what the Anunnaki-Ulema can do, but of great benefit none the less. You could not, for example, simply buy a ready-made black mirror, and work with it. You must follow the step-by-step the creation of the Minzar to achieve the effect.

It will be a good idea to throw out the unnecessary equipment, such as the nails, the

bowls, etc., but keep the Minzar, which has turned into a beautiful black mirror, as a stimulus for the activity.

You can go into the new country anytime you wish. It is a physical place, located in a different dimension, but just as real as this one. When you go there, you can spend months in that time frame, while here on earth only a few minutes will pass. That is because the Conduit allows you to duplicate yourself, to create a double, and time is different in other dimensions. What you can do there is limitless. You can simply rest and enjoy a place that will never hurt you, a vacation from the trials and tribulations in the here and now.

Or, perhaps, you wish to create something. Let's say you want to write a screenplay, and can never find the time or the leisure to do it here. Well, you can go to your special place for the duration of the time you need for writing this screenplay, and come back to your present existence after a few seconds of leaving it. The advantage will be that you have written the play and it is all there in your memory, one hundred

percent of it. All you will need is the short time needed to type it.

Or perhaps you are not well, and you would like to see the doctors and the hospitals you have created at this new environment. It is quite likely that they may have a cure for at least some ailments – it won't hurt to try.

Possibly you wanted to build a magnificent library, containing an enormous number of books. By all means, this is a wonderful experiment, with one added bonus. When you are at this library, make a note of certain titles/authors which you have never heard of before. Then, when you are back home, ask a librarian, or check the Internet, to see if such titles/authors exist.

If they do, it would be a proof that you have not been hallucinating! Or perhaps you would like to try a new career, see how it feels to become a teacher, or a singer, or a trapeze artist. Why not try it? You are the best judge on what you wish to accomplish!

Subsequent Visits to the Alternate Realities

After the initial visit to the alternate reality, you will no longer need to use the Minzar. As mentioned before, some students find it easier to look at the Minzar for a while before attempting the visit, but it is not entirely necessary.

- The best time to visit is your usual bed time. Before you go to sleep, just lie down on your bed. Generally, it is best to lie on your right side, to avoid pressure on the heart.
- Close your eyes. Think about the place you want to visit. Draw as clear a picture of it in your mind as you can. At this point, remember the way your hands were placed on the Minzar, and imagine yourself behind your fingers.
- Tell yourself the first activity you wish to perform during your visit.

- For seven to ten seconds, do not think at all. Make your mind completely blank.
- Do not be startled – amazing things will begin to happen now. Images will float before your eyes, you will hear sounds, or noises. This is called “The buzzing of the mind.”
- At this moment, the preliminary rapport is established between the necessary cell in your Conduit and your double in the alternate reality. The cell will zoom you there and your double will be your guide. In other words, the cell acts as your vessel, and the double as the pilot.
- As soon as you arrive, the double will stop all activities and instantly merge with you. Your visit has begun.

*** **

Benefits and Advantages

Beside the pleasure and learning experiences that you gain through your trips to the alternate reality, there are several concrete advantages that will manifest themselves very soon in your normal reality.

- You will be less tense or nervous.
- You will gradually lose any phobia that might have tormented you for many years, perhaps all your life.
- Your physical health will improve.
- You will be able to work efficiently, since you will bring with you some very important creations, plans, or thoughts from your alternate reality. Such products or services will be performed in much greater speed since they have been “rehearsed” in the alternate reality.
- You can learn languages with surprising speed since you can actually learn them first in the alternate reality, and the memory is

retained. That applies to other skills, such as computer skills, art, music, and many others.

- You will put every moment to good advantage. If you hate waiting in line, or sitting in the doctor's office, or listening to your boss droning on and on while of course you cannot put a stop to the conversation, just hop to the new reality for a few minutes, and do something fun or creative there. Of course, for these few moments you will be out of touch with your earth body, but you will be recalled back quickly as soon as needed. Obviously, using this quick "hop" you will never be bored again, ever. To complement this activity, it is advisable to always carry a notepad and a pen in case you wish to quickly record an experience.

Returning to Your Regular Reality on Earth

We must note that there is never any need for fear. Some people are concerned that the body that they have left on earth when visiting their alternate reality might be exposed to harm, perhaps even attacked. There is no reason for such fear. First of all, with the exception of the first time, when you originally build the Minzar, you will usually do it in the privacy of your own bedroom, and alone.

Second, no matter how long you will spend in your alternate reality, you will return to your body seconds after you left it in our reality here, since time flows very differently in the alternate reality, and the Conduit knows how to handle it. The only thing you should be concerned about is not to come back into the body too quickly. If you panic suddenly and zoom into your body, you may harm it by this speed. You are perfectly safe, so come back easily and slowly.

The best procedure for a beginner is to spend the time and enjoy the stay in the alternate reality without worrying about coming back. The first few times would not take long, since you are

so new at it, anyway. After a while, your stays will be extended. In both cases, after what seems to be minutes, hours, days, or months, since it really does not matter how long you are there, suddenly you will remember that you left your body behind. For a few seconds, you are not sure which part of you is real, and it may create the sense of fear discussed above. Remember there is nothing to fear, your Conduit is in control, and it knows what it is doing. So when this moment arrives, allow yourself to relax, and in seconds you will be aware that you are back in the presence of your normal earth body. Do not rush, and do not bunch yourself quickly into the body from either side. Instead, help your Conduit by hovering horizontally right above your body, and then settling peacefully into it. Most likely that will be followed by a few minutes sleep, after which you will wake up refreshed and in complete memory of your activities in the alternate reality.

Chapter Nine:

Assuming My Responsibilities

- Mama's funeral
- Mama's description and explanation of the Afterlife
- Discussion with Sylvie about Mama's last wishes and instructions
- Sylvie's wedding
- Reporting for duty at the Pères du Triangle's Lodge
- Assuming My Responsibilities
- Enlightenment and acceptance.

The day was dark and dank, and the wind was blowing, but fortunately it did not rain. I stood by the open grave among the many, many friends and associates that came to wish Mama the last

goodbye. I felt lonely and isolated. Yes, she came to see me in Beirut, and told me that life is not over when we cross to the other side. But life here and now, without Mama in the background, was so sad, so empty. I missed her.

“Now, what is the sad face all about?” I heard Mama’s voice. I turned around. She was standing next to me, dressed most appropriately in a superbly elegant black suit, complete with high-heeled patent leather black shoes and a huge wide-brimmed black hat, and leaning on a black umbrella with a silver handle. If I were not surrounded by so many people, I would have had to laugh – she was so chic at her own funeral. “Nice hat,” I whispered, turning to the side so no one would think I was talking to myself. Sylvie, who was standing next to me on the other side, was crying and saw nothing.

“Yes, I think the black roses are a nice touch, don’t you?” said Mama, adjusting her black lace gloves. “And you are taller than me with those high heels. You could not wear high heels for years for the arthritis. Is it really gone?”

“Oh, it’s gone completely,” said Mama. “Being dead feels very healthy.”

“You don’t look a bit dead,” I said. “And here I am, mourning you. And Sylvie is so unhappy. Just look at how she is crying.”

“I can’t help Sylvie, my dear. She is not an Ulema, and she can’t see me. I hope she will soon recover. She is a strong girl, and her fiancé will help. He is such a good young man.”

“But I am going to miss you so much, Mama.”

“I will miss you too, Germain. Of course we will miss each other. But think about it as a temporary situation. Surely you realize that when your turn comes, we will meet again?”

“Yes, I understand that. Still... I wish you could visit every so often.”

“But you know I can’t. That is the last time I can come, but I will be watching over you and whenever I can, I will send you a little sign. Don’t be sad, my son. Life is going to be busy and active for you, you will do much good, and when you are finished here, I promise I will come to help you cross.”

“Thank you, Mama. That is a nice thing to look forward to.”

“If you stay over after the funeral, we can take a little walk and I’ll tell you about the Afterlife. It’s great fun.”

I have never heard the Afterlife described as “fun,” but that was Mama all over. “Certainly, I’ll stay. I’ll tell Sylvie to take everyone home and I’ll come later.”

“And when you do get home, don’t forget to look for the papers and instructions I left in your armoire, in your room. You must get everything in order before you leave.”

“Am I leaving? Where will I go? Where will they send me to?”

“All over the world, I think. You will travel a great deal. But don’t worry. Follow your road, and Sylvie will take care of the business. She is well suited for the work and she loves it, while you need to spread your wings.”

The funeral was over, the soil put over the grave, and people came to shake Sylvie’s and my hand. I took Sylvie aside and said, “Would you mind very

much if I stay here for a little while? I need some time alone.”

Sylvie looked at me. I had a feeling she knew more than I suspected, but said nothing.

“Certainly,” she said. “I’ll take everyone home and give them drinks, Jean Claude will help me.”

I returned to Mama, who was looking sadly at Sylvie. “It’s really too bad I can’t talk to her,” she said to me, “but some day, of course, she will know, like everyone else. Ah, well, let’s go to the more secluded areas. We don’t want people to think you are talking to yourself.” We wandered around the cemetery. Pere Lachaise is one of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world, full of trees, impressive statues, and old tombstones. Shady lanes provided privacy, and we could talk freely.

“So tell me what you saw in the Afterlife, Mama,” I said.

“I have not been there very long, you know, but time and space play a different role there, and also, what I knew from before allows me to understand what it is really like and what will happen next,”

said Mama. "You will also know, when the time comes."

"Doesn't everyone know?"

"No, many of the dead don't realize that they are dead. They don't seem to see the border between life and Afterlife. These people can be very anxious. They sometimes try to get back to earth, meet their loved ones, and they are very upset when the living cannot see them."

"So what happens to them?"

"The guides, spirits of higher dimensions, help them realize that they are dead. Sometimes, if a person had a real need to go back to earth to accomplish something, the guides are saddened by their pain, and allow them to go back, manifest, and complete their task. Once they do that, they can come back, much happier and calmer. It only happens once, of course, but after that they are ready to adjust to the Afterlife."

"What is it like, over there? Were you scared when you passed on?"

"There is nothing frightening about the afterlife," said Mama. "It is very much like earth, but

peaceful, much more beautiful, and there is no strife or violence of any kind. To the departed, who have shed their bodies and are occupying a new body, it is as physical as the earth is to the living. Everyone is healthy, there is no disease, no pain, no violence. There are cities with streets and buildings, gardens and parks, countryside – all seems normal, like a poetic interpretation of life. You will see millions of people, coming and going in huge waves. There is much to do, since the place you come to first is no more than a quick stop. You only stay there for twenty to thirty days, and then move on.”

“Do they know where they are going?”

“It depends. I do, because the Ulema told me. Most people cannot see what is ahead of them, only what is behind them. But they always move on to a higher phase.”

“So naturally they are a bit scared of the unknown.”

“Yes, some of them experience anxiety. That is what the twenty to thirty days period is for, deciding what needs to be done. And they are

helped by the guides, or by people who chose to stay longer in this place.”

“So you can stay there longer?”

“Yes, there are various options, of course. One option is to go to the place you have created when you built your Minzar and planned a place of rest and happiness. Many people choose to go there for a while – it is up to them how long they would stay there. Time is not really a very important issue in the Afterlife. You can stay there forever if you like it very much.”

“The place created with the Minzar must be very appealing to most people, I should say,” I said. “It’s custom made for your own happiness.”

“Yes, and the person already has friends, a place to stay, things to do, anything he or she likes best. It’s a good option. But eventually, I would say one should try to evolve into the higher dimensions. You don’t know what you miss unless you see it.”

“When I built the Minzar, Rabbi Mordechai told me that I could not stay in the place I created for too long, since the energy would dissipate and the living body will call me back. But I suppose it’s

different when one is dead.”

“Yes, since this is now part of the depot of knowledge located in your brain, which was created by the Minzar experience. It is called Spatial Memory.”

“So you plan to move on after the thirty days?”

“Yes. It is as it should be, and I want to evolve into the higher dimensions. But as I promised, I will come back for you and be your guide when it is your time to follow me. Think about it as a short, though necessary separation, but temporary all the same. What it all comes down to, Germain, is that there is no death. And the Afterlife offers so many opportunities for new growth, new knowledge. There is nothing to fear.”

“Will you see Papa? Will I see him when I go there?”

“Of course we will. Do not worry and do not mourn me, Germain.”

“I will try not to, Mama. I promise.”

“Well, my son, I will be leaving now. No need to say goodbye. Rather, *au revoir*.” I closed my eyes, not wishing to see her leave, and felt something

brush my cheek as if she kissed me. When I opened my eyes, there was no sign of her. She was gone. I went home and helped Sylvie attend to the visitors; I had never felt so numb.

*** **

That evening I went up to my room to check for Mama's instructions. Sure enough, a fat yellow envelope was placed in the drawer of the empty armoire. If I had suspected that my visions of Mama were hallucinations, here was the proof that they were not. But I did not suspect that at all, I knew that I saw what I saw. I took the envelope to the desk and turned on the light. I was sure there was a lot of business papers to see to, and I was planning on studying them and then passing them on to Sylvie and her fiancé. But I could not do much work that evening when I saw that on top of the business papers was one sheet of lavender paper, the paper Mama always used for her personal correspondence. "You see, Germain," was written on the paper, "you did not hallucinate. I really

came and gave you these instructions. Have a good time and never be afraid of death again! It's just a transit from one place to another, and we still are ourselves, wherever we go. Bless you, my dear, and we shall meet again." I put the paper down. I needed to think of all she told me. I missed her, missed her terribly, and always will, but she succeeded in one thing, and that was very important. I would never again be afraid of death. There was nothing to be afraid of, if Mama was there to greet me when I come.

After a while, I read Mama's directions, and they were simple enough. Mostly, it contained instructions of how to transfer the business to Sylvie, and how to help her to proceed. The rest was how to dispose of certain items, and what to give to a few people. Not exactly a will, since the official will was in the hands of the lawyers, but extra little things she knew she could trust me to carry out, mostly of emotional rather than material issues. A knock on my door interrupted my thoughts, and Sylvie came in, carrying an envelope in her hands.

“Germain,” she said in a rather hesitating manner, “I have no idea where this came from. It was not on my desk this morning, and now it was. It is from Mama.” She looked a little scared, so I thought quickly and told her it was I who put it there.

“It was inside the enveloped addressed to me that I found in my armoire” I lied. “Mama must have left it there by mistake, when she left me my instructions.” Sylvie looked relieved. She was never involved in any supernatural or Ulema business, but a smart girl like her, living her entire life with Mama, must have suspected some things. But it was not her way or her inclination, and it was best not to involve her in such matters.

She opened the envelope, and inside was one sheet of paper. She looked at it, and shook her head in surprise. “Germain, it is a letter from Mama. She says I am to take over the business and let you go ahead with your studies and your involvement with your organization. Is that what you want? Don’t you want to take over the business, or at least do it together? I will agree to whatever you want.”

“That is what she wrote to me too, Sylvie. She

knew what she was doing. I am sure tomorrow, when we read the will, the same wishes will be stated officially. As for how I feel, I am very happy about it. Had she wanted me to take over the business, I would have honored her wish. But it would have been a burden, since I want to do other things... and you have always liked the business and helped Mama for years.”

“Yes, I could do it, Germain, but I would never want to deprive you, had you wanted it. I would have loved doing it together, too.”

“You are the best sister in the world, Sylvie. Thank you. But I think I should pursue what both Mama and I knew I was best at. The organization is interested in grooming me for diplomatic work, you know. It’s not bad at all.”

“I don’t know much, Germain. There is so much I have always tried not to notice. I am not good at such matters.” She seemed very uneasy.

“We don’t need to discuss my work, Sylvie. It’s a little mysterious, granted, but honest and good, so it’s all right. I will be doing a great deal of traveling, though. Will you be comfortable here

without me?"

"It's too big for me with just the servants," said Sylvie. "To tell you the truth, I think I should get married as soon as possible. A very quiet wedding of course, since Mama passed away, just you, our aunt, and Jean Claude's family. Then he can move in with me, and we can run the business. He is a lawyer, and this would help, and I won't be alone."

"This is an excellent plan. A simple, quiet wedding would be best, of course. A big celebration would not be worth much without Mama, would it?"

"No, it would not. The whole world is not the same without Mama. But this is the best way, I think.

*** **

And so it was. A couple of months later, we quietly celebrated Sylvie's wedding, and she and her husband went on a short vacation, just a few days

in Florence. They were to come back in less than a week, and start working. Everything at home would continue as it was, the old servants would stay with Sylvie, the nuns would still be helped by her. All was just as Mama would want it.

That night I sat in my room, looking again at Mama's last letter to me. I sat there for a long time, holding the paper in my hands. It retained the delicate scent that it always had, and I felt Mama was not far away. I thought about my life, my amazing past, my incredible future, and realized that the time has come to move on. I got up, went to the phone, and called Bernard, asking him to arrange a meeting with the Pères du Triangle Masters at the Lodge. The next day would be Thursday, just the right time to speak to the Grand Master.

The next day, at the Lodge, the meeting went on as usual. I sat next to Bernard, saying nothing, and listened to the plans and the discussion. Every so often, I felt the eyes of the Grand Master on me. As

always, he was rather impressive in his white outfit and headgear, which made him look much taller than he really was. We had arranged for an interview after the meeting. When everything was over, and the members dispersed, Bernard said goodbye and left, but I stayed in my seat and waited. In a few minutes the Grand Master came toward me, and I got up. He shook my hand very kindly. "I am sorry about your mother's passing, Germain," he said, "but I am sure she contacted you, did she not, after her death?"

"Yes, sir, she did," I said. I suspected he might have seen her at the funeral, since his powers were greater than mine and he was not standing far from us during our conversation, but he maintained his discretion and said nothing about it. We entered his office and sat at both sides of his large, empty desk. I waited.

Like everything else in life, this meeting was not what I expected. Somehow, I assumed the Grand Master would lecture me on my destiny, life plans, future duties. I expected a dramatic, paternal kind of talk, a sort of blessing, perhaps. It was nothing

of the sort. The Pères du Triangle are very pragmatic people.

“So Bernard tells me you are ready to work, Germain?” the Grand Master said, removing his head dress and wiping his bald head with a handkerchief.

“Yes, sir. I am ready to start any time you want me to.”

“They tell me that your linguistic capabilities are superb. How many languages do you know now?”

“Twenty one,” I said, “Including some ancient ones.”

“I know you are familiar with Arabic, but I assume Italian and Swahili are among the other languages you know?”

“I am extremely comfortable with both languages, sir,” I said.

“We have a business deal that will take you from Dubai to Italy, and then to Mozambique. Could you be ready within a week?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Come back tomorrow morning to my office, and I will brief you on all the details. The sooner you

go, the better, this is a very delicate affair. We have all your papers ready, everything is arranged.”
“I’ll go and pack my bags, sir.”

The Lodge was rather far from home, but I was in the mood for a long walk. It was a warm, wet night, a high wind was blowing, and the trees cast moving, dancing shadows over the brightly lit streets of Paris. My mind was bursting with images, mirroring each other, glittering, promising, following my past and future road. This very evening, the second part of my life had just begun, though how it would unfold was still shrouded in mystery.

I found myself near the Seine, and followed one of the massive stone staircases that led to it, wishing to be near the water. The wind followed me, blowing autumn leaves in little swirls. The water was dark, illuminated by myriads of tiny lights, particularly when one of the excursion boats traveled silently by, leaving strings and ribbons of light behind it, and delicate white mists floated low on the water. I heard a disjointed bit of an old song drifting from the boat, telling of autumn

leaves and someone that was never forgotten, and I thought of all the people that I would never forget no matter where my road would take me. I felt alone in a world of mist and darkness, remembering things past and feeling somehow lonely.

Then, at this moment of reflection, something totally unexpected happened, not with any sudden burst, but in a very gentle and comfortable fashion. I simply knew, with a deep, abiding conviction, that I was not at all alone, that I was connected by unending threads to everything that ever was, is, or will be, that I had my place in time and space, and that indeed, as Baalshamroot tried to tell me, we were all one. With a sense of humility and gratefulness, I finally accepted that I was a true Anunnaki-Ulema, now and forever.

*** **

Appendix

On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge, Book Two: The Return of Germain Lumière

Soon to be published, this book tells about the life of Germain Lumière as a mature man and a full-fledged Ulema Master. It will tell much about the adventures, intrigues, and relationships experienced by him. We will meet old and new friends and foes, and continue to advance on the road to the ultimate knowledge with a guide like no other. The authors are extremely grateful to Master Germain Lumière for his kind permission to write and publish this book.

Prologue A Journey to Maalula, and Meeting Saint Tekla

My training usually allowed me to keep panic at bay, to look for opportunities rather than allow fear to get in the way of solutions. But this time, I was in a predicament that was, to say the least, intimidating. After beating me thoroughly, and then promising me that unless I talked, I would be executed at dawn, my captors locked me in a small cell in their infamous prison. This was not the first time I had been arrested, during the ten years since my first assignment for the Pères du Triangle, but I have always been able to get myself out, either by normal means or by the special techniques my teachers instructed me in.

This time, the normal means did not work, as was evident from my black and blue body and the cell I was locked into, and for some reason which I could not understand at the time, my special techniques seemed to be blocked by some agency that was not visible to me. No matter what I tried, I could not perform any of my escape routes, and my

attempts to contact any of my friends through telepathic means seemed to be blocked as well. At the time, at thirty-five years of age, I was not as yet at my full capacity, which one acquires only at age forty and after additional tests, but I have never failed so miserably before, and I was not sure what to do. In addition, I was in great pain, because trying so hard to escape prevented me from concentrating on healing the damage my captors did to me through their beatings.

So I sat on the floor and reflected. Since the spirit of my mother came to see me, on the day of her death, I was not afraid of dying, so the threat of execution at dawn did not cause me despair. However, I knew I should try to go on living because my tasks on this plane of existence were not even near completion. According to my masters' predictions, I expected to live into old age, so execution at thirty-five was not in the plan. Also, my sister and her family would be very unhappy, and so would Rabbi Mordechai and Master Li. "Well," I said loudly, "I believe I have exhausted all my options. I can't see a way out, but

nevertheless, something must turn up.” What could turn up in a tiny cell without a window, lit by a single bare light bulb on a very high ceiling, with a heavy metal door that was barred and locked from the outside, and not a single piece of furniture, I did not know, but physical reality was not the only one I was familiar with. I decided to try something I had never dared to try before – contacting the Anunnaki themselves. I had met with some of them, but always through my own masters, or other teachers. Still, I always knew that some day I would have to try it on my own, and this seemed to be the right time. Without debating the issue any further, I acted on my decision. I cleared my mind, ignored my pain and my desire to escape, and aligned myself with my Conduit. If I succeeded, I knew that something, or someone, will indeed turn up.

Almost instantly, a bright yellow shaft of light appeared in the cell. Dusty and shifting, with particles moving in it at random motion, it looked like a very large sunbeam coming through a window in the late afternoon. The small particles

swirled wildly, then suddenly stopped, and coagulated into a globe in the center of the shaft of light, while the rest of it remained bright and empty. I smiled at it, knowing very well what will happen next, but was entranced by the sight, as always. The speed of its arrival made me suspect that the whole thing was a test – did the Anunnaki, or my masters, felt that I had postponed making contact for too long? They would not hesitate to put me through the horrible ordeal if they felt that this was the only way to make me try the contact. No, they would not hesitate, despite the agony and trauma it would cause me; nor did I resent it, if it were a true test. Sometimes, harsh measures must be taken, as any Ulema would know. I forgot the issue in my joy of watching the light.

The globe burst into fireworks, which then rearranged themselves into the shape of a baby. The baby did not stay small, but started expanding, filling out the shaft in a distorted shape of a human being, whose face was blurred. Very quickly, the shape corrected itself into a proper human form, and stepped out of the shaft of light. Yes, I was

honored by the presence of an Anunnaki who came to my rescue.

The Anunnaki was dressed in the long white robe, usually worn by these visitors whenever they came to Earth, and a head covering that hid most of the face, except the eyes, which glittered like those of a wolf. Slowly, the glow subsided, and the eyes became dark, almost black, and unusually large.

I knew these eyes. They had haunted me for ten years, ever since I met their owner when I attended her lecture in Lebanon, just before I was permitted to study the *Book of Rama Dosh*. These dark eyes never left my thoughts, waking or dreaming. I rose from the floor with difficulty, due to the severe pain, and bowed deeply. "Sinhar Baalshamroot. You have come to help me, and I am honored and grateful. I did not presume to think that you had remembered of my existence."

"Of course I remember your existence," she said simply. "I am your Watcher, Germain." I gasped with astonishment and disbelief. My Watcher? Baalshamroot? "I did not know," I said humbly. "I had no idea..." Theoretically, I knew that every

Ulema had his or her Watcher, and I suspected I must have one, but why Baalshamroot? Of all Anunnaki, how did she become my Watcher?

“I chose to be your Watcher after we met at the lecture in Lebanon,” she said, answering my unasked question. “When I met you, I knew that you might need me.”

Need her? I would certainly agree to that. Meeting Baalshamroot terminated any possibility of my having a normal relationship with an earth woman. This magnificent Anunnaki, so much above me in every way, was still the only one I could ever love, for the rest of my life, or even beyond this life. But of course I could not tell her so; a human is a lowly creature to an Anunnaki, an insignificant creature... and yet she chose me. It was sufficient that she was my Watcher, and it brought me more happiness than a million years with an earth woman could bring. I sighed and asked the question that was important for me to know.

“Was being captured and beaten a test, Sinhar Baalshamroot? Was I supposed to make a contact with you before and neglected to do so in my

stupidity?”

“Yes, it was a test. A harsh one, and I am sorry about that, but for whatever reason you kept postponing making a contact, which is a very important skill and we must be sure you know how to do it. I hope you do not resent the serious discomfort this test had brought you.”

“I am more than happy about the test. Any amount of pain is worth it, if it makes me know that you are my Watcher, Sinhar Baalshamroot.”

“That is good. Well, before we go on, let’s take care of the pain from the beatings,” said Baalshamroot, and made a motion with her hands. A soft breeze enveloped me; I could almost see a blue tinge in the air around me as the breeze blew and wafted around my body. In a few minutes, not only all the pain and bruises were gone, but the dry blood on my face and hands disappeared, I felt as clean as if I had taken a good bath, and my clothes, which a few minutes ago were filthy and torn, became spotless and mended.

“That is better,” said Baalshamroot. “And now, we should leave this miserable place and go on a

journey.”

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“To the little town of Maalula, near Damascus,” said Baalshamroot. “I am sure you have heard of it.”

“Yes, I have heard of it, since I lived in Damascus during my childhood,” I said. “But I never visited the place. It is a Christian outpost, isn’t it, a rather unusual place in a Muslim country?”

“Yes, it is,” said Baalshamroot. “But the reason I want us to go there is that it is also my own birthplace.”

“Your birthplace, Sinhar Baalshamroot? But you are an Anunnaki. Were you not born on Nibiru?”

“I am an Anunnaki by genetics, my entire DNA is Anunnaki. As you know, some people are, particularly in that part of the world, since it was an Anunnaki outpost long before it was a human habitat. But like the others of my kind, I was born on Earth, and had to pass through a ba’ab and change my body considerably when I was a very young earth woman, about two thousand years ago. I really was an earth woman, German, which is,

partially, the reason why I chose to be your Watcher. I do understand earth people very well.” Thoughts were racing through my mind. I heard about a few people who had passed through the ba’abs and became full Anunnaki. I never knew who and why. Could I achieve that? Were my genes sufficiently of Anunnaki origin? I had no idea. And if I could, and changed myself enough to be accepted by the Anunnaki society, would I be worthy of their respect, enough so as to be able to tell Baalshamroot how much I loved her? By Anunnaki standards, Baalshamroot was very young, she still was a part of our earthly history. I have heard of earth people marrying Anunnaki who were hundreds of thousands of years old... but I forced myself to stop thinking on these lines. It was not the time to think about such matters; I had to remember, always remember, that I was a lowly creature, a worm, standing next to this glorious, enlightened being.

“Yes, I want you to see my birthplace and to learn who I am, since I will be your Watcher for the rest of your life. And after that, when you pass on to the

next phase, we shall remain friends, Germain, perhaps I will even be permitted to guide you further on your evolution. An Anunnaki does not offer such a friendship lightly, nor does she ever desert her charges.”

“Thank you, Sinhar Baalshamroot. I have no words to tell you, you cannot know how happy that makes me,” I said.

“But I do know,” she said simply and kindly. “I do, and it makes me happy, too. And now, let’s go.” She took my hand, and in an instant we were out of the cell, in the dusty street in front of the prison. Two of my captors were leaning against the prison’s door, smoking cigarettes and chatting; they did not see us. Baalshamroot looked at them dispassionately, but with obvious distaste.

“They are evil,” she said. “Stupid and evil and unnecessary. Should I kill them? Would you like me to destroy them?”

“No, they are not worth the trouble, they are not the masterminds,” I said. “If you kill them, their bosses will find new ones and corrupt their minds, too. We might as well just leave. They may even be

killed by their associates, because I disappeared from the cell, anyway.”

“Very well,” she said. “You are right. Let’s go.”

In a blink of an eye, we were in Maalula. The little town itself, which I knew contained less than two thousand people, was not very remarkable. It consisted of small and drab stone buildings with flat roofs, painted tan and blue, huddling against each other in very close proximity. The air was hot and the light very strong, but it was far from a desert-like environment, since a belt of greenery, including fig trees and grape vines, enlivened the landscape, and patches of herbs and greenery appeared here and there. A sleepy and uninteresting town, but the huge mass of rocks that encircled these houses was more than impressive. The rocks, situated on the eastern slopes of the Al Kalamun mountains, formed sheer cliffs that

dwarfed the human habitation into a beehive perching on the top of an abyss. The slopes were covered with boulders and had deep caverns, some natural, some carved by humans since time immemorial. Baalshamroot looked around her affectionately. "I have come to visit often since I had turned into a full-fledged Anunnaki. It had not changed all that much over the centuries," she said. "The monasteries are attractive. There are two; one is called Mar Sarkis, or Saint Sergius, and the other is Convent of Mar Tekla, of the orthodox faith. We are going there."

"Why this one?" I said.

"Because it was named after me. I would like you to see it, and a special little cave behind it, when I tell you my story."

"Named after you, Sinhar Baalshamroot?" I asked, perplexed. "But it's called Saint Tekla's!"

"Yes, of course," said Baalshamroot, smiling. "You see, Germain, I was Tekla. In a way, I still am Tekla, though I do not like to think of myself in the ridiculous mode of a Christian Saint..."

I was quite confused, but kept silent and waited to

see what will happen, not wishing to annoy Baalshamroot with too many questions, a habit that I once had and took many years to overcome. We proceeded toward our destination. The building was constructed on several levels, giving it a certain elegance, all built from ancient mellow-toned stones. Following the stairs, we reached the top floor where I saw a church with a dome and a cave into which filtered a stream of water. The whole place was almost empty of people, and had a serene and quiet atmosphere.

“Do you know, the people here still speak Aramaic?” said Baalshamroot.

“No, I did not know that. I knew that it was an enclave of Christianity, but I did not know they spoke Aramaic. I imagine you mean mostly Syriac, the modern Aramaic?”

“Yes, unfortunately, mostly the modern dialect, but it is not all that different. I am sure if Paul preached today, he would have been understood by everyone.”

“Paul?”

“Yes, Paul of Tarsus. The one who used poor Jesus

of Nazareth as an excuse to convert people to his own new religion.”

“So you knew Paul personally?”

“Yes, I knew him well. Very well. Not at first, though. He was already a wandering preacher, well traveled, when I was only eighteen, the daughter of Onesiphorus and Theodosia, a wealthy couple, highly respected in the community. I was considered a very beautiful girl, and happily engaged to a young man named Thamyras, who also came from a very good family. My parents and his arranged the match, as was the custom then, but he loved me very much. I thought I loved him, and I believed he was so good and kind. Ah, well, few humans are, really, but at the time I could not tell, and I thought I was human myself. In those days, we knew nothing of DNA, and I have never so much as heard of the Anunnaki. The plans for a sumptuous wedding were being made, when Paul of Tarsus came to Maalula. It so happened that I was sitting at a window from which you could hear every word Paul spoke at a nearby house. His doctrine, during this first lecture, hypnotized me. I

thought Heavens opened before me.”

“What did he talk about?”

“At first, of Jesus Christ, claiming that he was our savior and the son of God. I was an ignorant girl, since girls were only taught the domestic arts and a little reading and writing. I knew nothing of any spiritual or intellectual matters, but the Anunnaki genetics were strong, and I longed for this dimension in my life, not knowing what I longed for. Paul’s discussion of things beyond everyday reality strongly appealed to me. But what he aimed at, mostly, was the concept of chastity, and that appealed to me even more. He claimed that our views were all wrong. We were taught that our entire existence and our chance to immortality depended on having as many children as possible, and that procreation was a woman’s only choice for a good life. I believed it, of course, and planned on having many children. But Paul was saying that having children, marital relations, any sexual contact at all was bad, wrong, and would prevent our resurrection and our entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven. I suppose that as a genetic

Anunnaki, I already felt that sexual relations, as conducted by humans, were wrong. As you know, Anunnaki couples are united by the Mingling of Lights, not by physical contact, and that human sexuality is merely a faint imitation of the joy of the Union... I did not know it consciously, but the concept that something else was more important than our idea of the necessity of procreation appealed to me. I listened to him, on and off, for three days, and became convinced that everything he said was true, including his theory about the godhood of Jesus Christ, which later I found to be a pure invention. I was so convinced of his truth, that I broke my engagement to Thymaris. And that was the beginning of my real troubles, since he was rather vengeful and even cruel. In addition, my parents were distraught.”

“So what happened next?”

“If you come into the cave, not this one where the water is dribbling, but my own cave, where I hid later, I will use a Miraya to show you how the events occurred. It is more private than this cave, since pilgrims think this one, with the water, is my

cave, and believe the water has miraculous healing properties. We will not be disturbed in the other cave. Some of these events I want to tell you about are hard to believe, unless seen in person. Mind you, the legends told about me now, thousands of years after the fact, are not all true, of course, and Paul tried to erase my memory from his writings, as well, and with some success.”

We climbed a narrow flight of stairs, carved into the wall of the mountain, and eventually entered a small cave. Several large, smooth stones were scattered on the ground. “These stones were here two thousand years ago,” said Baalshamroot. “I sat on one of them when I was resting, after I ran away from my pursuers... do sit down, and I’ll start showing you the events.”

I sat on a large, smooth stone, rested my head on the wall, and waited. It was dark inside after the blinding sunlight outside, and slightly dank, but cool and not unpleasant, and even though Baalshamroot’s blue breeze cured me of the pain I suffered from the beating, I was still a little tired, and the respite was welcome. Baalshamroot

removed a small Miraya from around her neck, and directed it toward the wall of the cave. As usual when using a Miraya, a small window of light appeared on the wall, then grew to the size of a large television screen. A picture appeared. A young woman of superb beauty was standing before what appeared to be a court of law. She wore a simple white dress, lightly embroidered in blue, and a large necklace of gold and turquoise hung around her neck. The girl looked like Baalshamroot, but not entirely. If I had not known these two were the same person, I would have thought they were relatives. Baalshamroot's face was sculptured and spiritual. Tekla's face was still rounded and had on it the innocence of youth. But you could not mistake the huge dark eyes. Also, the coal-black hair, long and loose over her shoulders, and the clear, glowing olive skin, betrayed the Anunnaki genetics. The magistrate was looking at her in a severe way. "Why have you turned away from your marriage, Tekla?" asked the magistrate. "Don't you know this is a crime? Are you not ashamed?"

"I wish to follow Jesus Christ and Paul of Tarsus," said the girl. "I wish to learn and to preach the truth of God."

"Paul of Tarsus is a criminal. He was already thrown into prison, and will eventually be put to death for perverting this town," said the magistrate.

"I am surprised he was allowed to pass through so many towns and was not arrested before. As for Jesus Christ, he is nothing but a bad dream, my girl. Such a thing as the Son of God does not exist. It is evil and stupid. Forget all that, return to your family, and behave sensibly, or else, I will condemn you."

"I cannot turn back on God," said Tekla.

"If condemned for such a crime, you will burn at the stake, as a witch. Is this nonsense worth dying for? Look at your mother, crying. Look at your father, ashamed of his own daughter."

Tekla did not answer. She just stood there, saying nothing at all, looking at the crowd.

"Burn the witch!" someone shouted, and a whole lot of people took up the chant and cried, "Burn the witch!" Tekla still said nothing.

“Take her home,” said the magistrate wearily to her parents. “She is just a stupid and misguided child and I have known your family for many years. Put some sense into her head. Beat her, if necessary. However, if she continues with this, she will burn. I am warning you.” The Miraya darkened, but something started whirling, and I realized Baalshamroot was going to show me the next turn of events. Indeed, I saw Tekla running in the streets and approaching a dismal house. She knocked on the door and a man, wearing a shabby Roman outfit, came out. I assumed he was a turnkey.

“Let me in, and I’ll give you my earrings,” whispered Tekla. “They are made of gold.” The turnkey looked around the street, saw no one, and let her in. She handed him the heavy gold earrings, and he put them inside his robe, quickly. They walked to a cell, and he let her in there, too. Inside was a tall, thin man, sitting on the straw that was spread on the filthy floor. Tekla threw herself at his feet and cried. He began talking to her, telling her to be strong in her faith. It was horrible to watch,

since I knew that he was going to lead the silly girl to her death as a witch, and there was nothing I could do about it. I wanted to kill him. I had to remind myself that the event took place two thousand years ago, that the same girl was standing by my side, but I could hardly bear it anyway. Two men entered, grabbed Tekla off the ground, and led her away.

“One of them, the good looking young man on the right, is the man I was engaged to,” said Baalshamroot calmly. “He followed me, and his brother came with him. They all felt their family was disgraced because I broke the engagement.”

“The magistrate told your parents to take you home...”

“Yes, you see, my parents did take me home and locked me up in my room, and after I refused to listen to them they beat me, but when they left me finally I climbed out of the window and ran out to find Paul, and the scoundrel kept inciting me to continue with my idiocy. Well, here is the next scene, watch.”

I saw that the two men brought her in front of the

magistrate again. This time the whole thing took no time at all, and the magistrate said, "I give up. Burn her."

I saw people stack the wood, build it high, and prepare the stake. They tied her to the stake and lit the fire. I saw Tekla looking around wildly. "Who were you looking for?" I asked.

"Jesus Christ," she said. "Can you believe it? I thought he would come to me. But look, someone else came."

A great eruption from the earth was heard, from some distance. "My Watcher," said Baalshamroot, smiling. "Her spaceship made a noise, since she was in a great hurry to get me out of the fire and executed a bad landing." Light was pouring suddenly out of the sky, a cloud formed, and huge quantities of rain and hail came out of the sky and quenched the fire.

"And I still thought it was Jesus Christ," said Baalshamroot, laughing at the memory. "The crowd ran away in terror, and the magistrate let me go. They all panicked." I saw people undoing the ties and telling her to leave town. The Miraya darkened

again.

"I left my parents and my town. It so happened that Paul managed to run away from jail, I don't remember how, and he hid in a cave with two of his people. I joined him and begged him to let me come and be his disciple. I must admit that for a while he tried to dissuade me, telling me that women always get in trouble when they preach, particularly pretty ones. But I said to him that I was willing to take the chance, and anyway, I no longer had a home. So finally he agreed, and we went to Rome. It was a long journey. The legends later told that I went to Antioch, where I became the first Christian Saint, but this is not true. We passed Antioch on the way, but the events that they are telling about, at the arena, happened at the Coliseum in Rome. We preached and carried on with sermons and baptisms, converting many poor people into Christianity. I believed with all my heart that Jesus Christ was my savior... and all the while the real Jesus of Nazareth was living comfortably with his wife, Mary Magdalene, and their children, in Marseille. He went there after he

was saved so cleverly from the Romans, but that is another story. Ah, well. I was young and innocent. Thank goodness, my Watcher was still taking care of me. Yes, I was arrested again, they caught me preaching. Paul was out of town when it happened, converting and baptizing in the rural areas next to Rome. After a short hearing, I was taken to the arena, to be thrown to the lions. Look.” She directed the Miraya again.

The Coliseum, clean and new, was packed. The Emperor and Empress, beautifully dressed for the festivities and hailed by the crowd, came in and sat down under their velvet and silk canopy, ready for the fun of seeing human beings torn to pieces by beasts who were already tormented by hunger and thirst. Two victims were thrown into the arena, one man and Tekla. The crowds cheered with joyful expectation of the blood sport. Heavy iron gates were raised up, creaking, to release the great beasts. Two male lions and a lioness entered and looked around, dazed by the light. They were thin, probably starved for days, but still majestic, their tawny skin glowing in the afternoon sunshine. The

male lions wandered around the arena, somewhat confused, shaking their impressive manes. The lioness, on the other hand, marched straight to Tekla, and stood before her, as if she were a faithful dog. It was strange, she did not attempt to get a meal, just waited patiently.

The male victim was quickly killed by a male lion, who calmly began to eat his flesh. The crowd, slightly disappointed by the speed, cheered a little feebly. They would have preferred to see some torture inflicted on the victim by the lion. The other male lion came forward, crouched, and attempted to leap over the lioness to grab Tekla. Very neatly, the lioness leapt into the air and with one bite on his neck, killed the male lion, who was much bigger than her. The crowd screamed. The second lion raised his huge head, noticed the commotion, and deserting his meal, tried to attack Tekla over the body of the lioness, exactly as the first one did. The lioness jumped against him and bit him, too, but this time she was already tired and the bite did not kill him outright, so the two beasts engaged in a fierce fight, goring each other, and eventually dying

together. The starving lioness, never attempting to get her own meal, sacrificed her life to defend Tekla.

Such a thing could not have happened, and yet it did. It must have seemed entirely unnatural to the crowd. The young woman, alone in the arena, surrounded by the remains of the other victim and three dead lions, stood tall and steady, gazing at the crowd with untroubled, fearless eyes. She even smiled at them.

Several women screamed, "Free the girl! The gods are protecting her!" Tekla heard them and shouted something, but could not be heard over the crowd's screams. "Would you believe, I was saying that there were no gods, that Jesus Christ himself was protecting me," said Baalshamroot. "No one heard, though, which was a fortunate event. Look."

Many women joined in. "Free her, free her!" they were screaming. The Emperor looked rather helpless, not knowing if he should unleash his guards on the crowd, or obey it. The empress got up. "She is to be free," she commanded, and lowered her thumb in the traditional gesture. "The

woman has subdued the wild beast. She must be a virgin, protected by Vesta. I command her release.” The Emperor seemed happy that the decision was made for him, and lowered his own thumb. A slave went into the arena and lead Tekla out.

“The Empress held her thumb down, Sinhar Baalshamroot,” I interrupted, surprised. “Shouldn’t it be up? She gave you freedom.”

“No, this was a mistake, perpetuated in Hollywood, where they did not read Latin very well. It is exactly the other way around.”

“And why did the lioness defend you?”

“My Watcher, of course, controlled the lioness,” Baalshamroot said. “I left town and went in search of Paul, preparing to continue our mission. I met him out of town, and we went on, but everything changed between us. After the scene with the lions, many people came to believe I was a miracle worker, and my reputation preceded me. People knew about me before I came to various towns, and seemed to pay more attention to me than to Paul. He did not like it. Paul did not mind having me around when I was a humble follower, but

generally he disliked and mistrusted women, as is clear from his writing. When I became famous, he was afraid I would usurp his power and control over the events. Therefore, he betrayed me. It was easy enough for him to do so when I tried to visit my parents in Maalula. I heard that my vengeful betrothed, Thamyris, was killed in an accident. He had been drinking heavily with his friends, and on their way home, a wagon, pulled by an ox, ran over him. My father was also dead, and I wanted to be reconciled with my mother.”

The Miraya showed the little town, not all that different from the modern one. Tekla stood talking to her mother. “But Thamyris is dead, Mother,” she said. “He will no longer claim me as his wife. Why can’t you forgive me? Why can’t you join me in my belief in Jesus Christ, our Savior?”

“Thamyris’ death does not make you less of a criminal,” said Tekla’s mother. “He would not have been out that night, drinking, if you had married him. As for your father, he died of shame. It is as if you killed both, and ruined my life as well. What have I got to live for? Go away, you

brought me nothing but pain and shame.”

Tekla lowered her head and went away. The Miraya followed her to a water pit, surrounded by many people. Paul stood by. One young man suddenly said – look, everyone! This is Tekla! She is the one Thamyras died for! Catch her, kill her!”

I saw Paul slink away behind some people, as a group of men caught Tekla and held her. “What shall we do with her?” One asked.

“Throw her into the pond! Drown her! Let her die for what she had done to Thamyras, and her father, too!” shouted another man. “Drown her, kill her!”

Baalshamroot sighed and stopped the Miraya for a minute. “My poor Watcher must have been getting tired of protecting me. So many times she had to extricate me from all the entanglements. But this time, I saw Paul run away and leave me to my fate, and for the first time, my faith in him wavered. I was so shocked to see him betray me, not coming to my aid, that I felt my entire world was tumbling down around me. My believe in Jesus Christ was closely associated with my belief in Paul’s goodness. If Paul betrayed me, was Jesus Christ

true to me? In an instant, I lost my faith, lost everything. I wanted to die, death was the only release from my agony. With superhuman strength I extricated myself from the men who held me, and threw myself into the pond. Look.”

I saw Tekla throw herself into the water, but she did not sink. Instead, she rose to the surface as if weighless, her long black hair floating like a cloud around her. She seemed to be shocked, looking around her with dismay and horror, since she obviously did not try to swim, and yet she was not drowning. A great yellow light appeared in the sky, shining right over her, and she was slowly raised into the air, still in the same horizontal position she was in the water, her wet hair tumbling down vertically and dripping water. The crowd screamed with terror. “She is a witch! Run away! She is not drowning!” they all turned and ran away, in panic, as she was levitating in the air toward the light. She floated in the air for some time, then seemed to turn as she was set on her feet on the edge of the water.

Baalshamroot turned the Miraya off. “As I was set

on my feet, a gentle voice said in my ear, "Run to the cave above you, Tekla."

I ran up to the cave, obeying the voice mindlessly. I went inside and sat on one of the stones, dripping water all around me. What was happening? I had no idea. Outside, I could hear the people, those who recovered themselves from the panic, climbing the mountain after me. That was fine with me, let them kill me, I thought. I want to die anyway. What did I have to live for? But it was not to be.

As the people gazed into the cave, hesitating whether to come in and grab me or not, a shaft of light appeared in the cave. The people retreated, scared of the sight. Out of the shaft came my Watcher, took my hand, and guided me a little deeper into the cave, where her spaceship stood, ready to leave. We entered it, and she took me away. At the time I did not know what happened to the people, but later I heard they had told everyone that I went into a cave and then vanished into thin air."

"And after that, did you understand the situation?

Did you realize who the Watcher was?"

"Yes. Once I got over my ridiculous faith in Paul of Tarsus, I could begin to understand the truth. From then on, my life changed, and I worked toward becoming the Anunnaki I am today, but that is another story, for another time; some day I will tell you how it was accomplished. The interesting thing is, Paul had tried his best to erase my name, and greatly succeeded, at least for a while. My name only appears officially in a small book, called the *Acts of Paul*. But the legends that begun to surround me were impossible to kill. It is still claimed that I was the first Christian Martyr, that I have sacrificed my life for the Son of God. Thank goodness this did not happen, and I can devote my life to learning and truth."

"An amazing story. Thank you for telling it to me, Sinhar Baalshamroot."

"It had to be told. And now, I will be taking you home to Paris. Or would you prefer to visit Rabbi Mordechai in Budapest?"

"Yes, I would love to see him, tell him all that had happened."

“He knows, Germain.”

“So that is why I could not contact anyone telepathically? He blocked it for the test?”

“Yes.”

“And I passed the test?”

“Yes, Germain. You passed the test.”

“Will I see you again, Sinhar Baalshamroot?”

“Yes, now that we have established contact, I will be visiting you off and on. And of course, should you need help, please contact me. Always remember I am your Watcher.”

As if I could ever forget...“Thank you, Sinhar Baalshamroot,” I said.

“Will you report to the Pères du Triangle soon?”

“As soon as I am back in Paris, after my visit with Rabbi Mordechai.”

“And do you feel ready for your next mission?”

“I am ready, Sinhar Baalshamroot. Always. The Pères du Triangle know it.” She smiled at me, pleased that the ordeal did not deter me from my work. I smiled back, happy in the certainty that she will not disappear from my life. I would never feel alone again, knowing that she was there for me, my

own Watcher, my guide forever.

In a blink of an eye, I found myself in front of the familiar house of Rabbi Mordechai in Budapest. He was standing in one of the windows, waiting for me. I waved at him and walked straight in.

INDEX

A

AFRIT

Creation of by Cheik Al Huseini.....100

Description of.....100–101

Gold and.....106–107

Names of.....94–95

Preparations for summoning of.....93–95

Sending away.....106–107

Summoning.....98–100

Taj and (*See* TAJ)

ALCHEMICAL TRANSMUTING MACHINE

Generally.....123; 135–137

ALCHEMY

Alchemical transmuting machine.....123; 135–137

Alchemists versus transmutists.....122

Markowitch, Mr., meeting with.....121–123

Transmuting ashes into gold.....135–137

Transmutist, meeting with.....121–123

ANA'KH, THE ANUNNAKI LANGUAGE

Anunnaki creation of humanity and.....206–210

History of.....206–210

Rabbi Mordechai, teaching by.....205–212

Unique nature of.....243–244

Urjane, scribes of.....210; 226–227

ANCIENT BATTERIES

Generally.....103–104

ANIMALS AND PLANTS, ULEMA CONNECTION TO
Master Li

Bird and rose miracle in Benares.....43–44

Birds, communication with.....58

Fish, communicating with.....56–57

Rabbi Mordechai

Birds, communication with.....147

Garden, magical, in Budapest.....146–147

Plant experiments, Ulema style.....146–147

ANUNNAKI

Ana'kh, the Anunnaki language (*See* ANA'KH, THE
ANUNNAKI LANGUAGE)

Baalbeck, Anunnaki's early connection to.....87–88

Humans, creation of.....88

Landing stone in Baalbeck.....90–91

Lecture in Beirut (*See* ANUNNAKI LECTURE IN
BEIRUT)

Technology (*See* TECHNOLOGY, ANUNNAKI AND
GENERAL ANCIENT)

ANUNNAKI LECTURE IN BEIRUT

Generally.....228–237

Baalshamroot

Manifestation and appearance of.....229–231

Shape-shifting of.....236–237

Book of Rama Dosh

Generally (*See* BOOK OF RAMA DOSH)

Viewing of.....228–231

Cleansing of the earth.....232–235

Events of 2022.....232–235

Gray's contamination of humanity.....232–235

Humanity, degree of contamination.....232–235

ANUNNAKI-ULEMA

Animals and plants, connection to (*See* ANIMALS AND
PLANTS, ULEMA CONNECTION TO)

Cheik Al Huseini (*See* CHEIK AL HUSEINI)

Dr. Farid (*See* DR. FARID)

Early history of.....79

Eastern versus Western Anunnaki-Ulema.....232–235

Lessons and techniques (*See* LESSONS AND
TECHNIQUES)

Lumière, Madame

Generally (*See* LUMIÈRE, MADAME)

Associations with.....165–166

Master Li

Generally (*See* MASTER LI)

Being an Ulema, Germain's realization of.....78

Money and wealth, relationship to.....103

Nature of.....77; 100

Père du triangle (*See* PÈRE DU TRIANGLE)

Rabbi Mordechai (*See* RABBI MORDECHAI)

Taj (*See* TAJ)

Tuareg Ulema (*See* TUAREG ULEMA)

Ulema as adjective.....172–173

ARAWADI

Lesson and technique.....61–64

BAALBECK, TRIP TO

Generally.....86–111

Afrit (*See* AFRIT)

Anunnaki's early connection to Baalbeck.....87–88

Anunnaki's landing stone.....90–91

Book of Rama Dosh (*See* BOOK OF RAMA DOSH)

Cheik Al Huseini (*See* CHEIK AL HUSEINI)

Early history of Baalbeck.....87–88

Taj (*See* TAJ)

Tuareg Ulema

Generally (*See* TUAREG ULEMA)

Reunion with.....92–93; 96

Underground city in Baalbeck (*See* BAALBECK,
UNDERGROUND CITY OF)

BAALBECK, UNDERGROUND CITY OF

Ancient batteries.....103–104

Anunnaki's early connection to Baalbeck.....87–88

Anunnaki's landing stone.....90–91

Batteries.....103–104

Descending to.....97–98

Description of.....103–104

Other dimension

Entering.....101–102

Exiting.....108–110

BAALSHAMROOT

Manifestation and appearance of.....229–231

Shape-shifting of.....236–237

BEIRUT, TRIP TO

Generally.....223–247

Affiliation-Membership (*See* subhead: Promotion to Level 8)
Anunnaki lecture (*See* ANUNNAKI LECTURE IN
BEIRUT)

Description of.....224

Dr. Farid (*See* DR. FARID)

Godfather, meeting with.....223–224

Lodge

Description of.....224–225

Spiritual nature of.....226

Promotion to Level 8

Ceremony.....226–227

Dr. Farid (*See* DR. FARID)

Invitation for.....204–205

BENARES, TRIP TO

Benares, description of.....40–41; 42–43

Bird and rose miracle.....43–44

Master Li's home and family.....41–42

Poverty in Benares.....40–41

Rope Trick, Indian.....46–47

Snake, encounter with.....41

Tree miracle.....44–46

BERTRAND

Generally.....166–170; 184–186

BIRD AND ROSE MIRACLE

Generally.....43–44

BIRDS, COMMUNICATION WITH

Generally.....58; 147

BOOK OF RAMA DOSH

Ana'kh, unique nature of.....243–244

Arrangements to read in Beirut.....	237
Cheik Al Huseini	
Secret library.....	238
Telekinetic activity.....	240–241
Copying and printing	
Baalbeck, printing in.....	107–108; 110–111
Single copy, as.....	240–241
Extended time spent reading.....	245
Minaizar as reading device.....	241–243
Nokta.....	244
Reading and studying of.....	243–244
Reading device (Minaizar).....	241–243
Viewing during lecture in Beirut.....	228–231
BREAD AND CHEESE GIFT	
<i>Generally</i>	213–215
BUDAPEST, TRIP TO	
Chain Bridge.....	154–155
Description of.....	141; 145–146
Garden, magical, of Rabbi Mordechai.....	146–147
Gypsy café.....	147–150
Gypsy fortune teller, encounter with.....	148–150
Home of Rabbi Mordechai.....	141–142
Library of Rabbi Mordechai.....	141–142
Study in	
First period.....	140–157
Second period.....	193–215

C

CHEIK AL HUSEINI

Afrit, and (*See* AFRIT)

Boiling water and paper technique.....93–95

Book of Rama Dosh, and (*See* *BOOK OF RAMA DOSH*,
subhead: Cheik Al Huseini)

Meeting with.....92

CHILDHOOD

Benares, trip to (*See* BENARES, TRIP TO)

Damascus (*See* DAMASCUS)

Fears, dealing with (*See* FEARS, DEALING WITH)

High school graduation.....86

Hong Kong, trip to (*See* HONG KONG, TRIP TO)

Master Li

Generally (*See* MASTER LI)

Benares, trip to (*See* BENARES, TRIP TO)

Damascus, reunion with.....73–78

Hong Kong, trip to (*See* Hong Kong, TRIP TO)

Meeting in Paris.....34–39

Middle East, moving to (*See* MIDDLE EAST, MOVING TO)

Paris

Master Li, meeting with.....34–39

War, life after.....29–39

Self defense (*See* SELF DEFENSE)

War, life after.....29–39

CONDUIT

Description and explanation.....134; 197–198

Opening of.....155–156

Questions regarding.....154

DAMASCUS

Arab versus French lifestyle issues.....65–69; 72–73

Business success.....72–73

Home, description of.....65–69

Master Li, return of.....73–78

Suk, description of.....74–75

Tuareg Ulema (*See* TUAREG ULEMA)

DIMENSIONS, OTHER THAN EARTH

Afterlife

Beirut, discussion with Lumière, Madame.....246–247

Paris, discussion with Lumière, Madame.....265–270

Underground city in Baalbeck (*See* BAALBECK,
UNDERGROUND CITY OF)

DR. FARID

Invitation to the Beirut Lodge by.....204–205

Père du triangle initiation and.....173–174

Reuniting with in Beirut.....225–226

Studying *The Book of Rama Dosh* (*See* BOOK OF RAMA
DOSH)

E

ENLIGHTENMENT, GERMAIN'S EXPERIENCE OF

Anunnaki-Ulema, final self acceptance as.....275–276

Conduit, prior to opening.....156–157

Master Li being an Ulema, realization of.....78

Trust, ability to.....156–157

EXTRASENSORY EVENTS

Afrit (*See* AFRIT)

Bird and rose miracle.....43–44

Birds, communicating with.....58
 Bread and cheese gift.....213–215
 Curing Sister Marie Ange Gabrielle.....38–39
 Fish, communicating with.....56–57
 Flying with Master Li.....52
 Ghooliim, creation of.....125–129
 Half body and spiritual nature.....77–78
 Healing a wounded boy.....212–213
 Houses, built overnight.....124–132
 Magical objects (*See* MAGICAL OBJECTS)
 Shore, missing.....51–52
 Sister Marie Ange Gabrielle, curing of.....38–39
 Snake, encounter with.....41
 Tay Al Ard (*See* TAY AL ARD)
 Telekinetic activity (*See* TELEKINETIC ACTIVITY)
 Teleportation (*See* TELEPORTATION)
 Transmuting ashes into gold.....135–137
 Tree miracle.....44–46
 Tuareg Ulema (*See* TUAREG ULEMA)
 Walls, walking through.....98; 105

F

FEARS, DEALING WITH
 Rope trick, Indian.....46–49
 Tropical storm.....58–59
 War terrors.....32–34
 FINDING YOUR LUCKY DAY AND HOUR OF THE
 WEEK, USING THE ANUNNAKI-ULEMA
 CALENDAR

Lesson and technique.....187–192
FISH, COMMUNICATION WITH
Generally.....56–57
FLYING WITH MASTER LI
Generally.....52

G

GERMAIN LUMIÈRE'S FAMILY
Charles Lumière (Germain's father).....31; 39
Lumière, Madame (Germain's mother) (*See* LUMIÈRE,
MADAME)
Sylvie (Germain's sister) (*See* LUMIÈRE, SYLVIE)
GHOO LIIM, CREATION OF
Generally.....125–129
GIFTS AND FAVORS, MEANING OF
Bread and cheese gift with Rabbi Mordechai.....213–215
Child's toy with Master Li.....52–55
GOLDEN BANANA
Generally.....135–137
GYPSY CAFÉ
Generally.....147–150
GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER, ENCOUNTER WITH
Generally.....148–150

H

HEALING A WOUNDED BOY
Generally.....212–213
HONG KONG, TRIP TO
Generally.....49–60
Birds, communicating with.....58

Description of.....50–51
Fish, communicating with.....56–57
Flying with Master Li.....52
Gifts and favors, meaning of.....52–55
Island, trip to.....51–60
Shore, missing.....51–52
HOUSES, BUILT OVERNIGHT
Generally.....124–132
HUMANS, CREATION OF
Anunnaki, by.....88

I

INITIATION INTO THE PÈRE DU TRIANGLE

Description of.....177–182
Dr. Farid.....173–174
Ethiopia, trip to.....171–172
Guides
Initiation helper.....176–177; 182–183
Physician.....176
Senegalese captain/Ulema and his wife.....171–173
Preparation for.....174–176
Return to the hotel, problem with.....183–184
Ulema as adjective.....172–173
INVISIBILITY BLANKET
Generally.....124; 129–131

L

LANDING STONE, ANUNNAKI'S

Generally.....90–91

LESSONS AND TECHNIQUES

Anunnaki-Ulema techniques, list of.....195–196

Arawadi.....61–64

Finding Your Lucky Day and Hour of the Week, Using the
Anunnaki-Ulema Calendar.....187–192

Minzar, Your Mirror to Alternate Realities.....249–263

Moving Objects by Using Mental Powers.....217–221

Tay Al Ard.....79–82

Time manipulation.....198–204

Triangle of Life.....159–164

LUMIÈRE, CHARLES (GERMAIN'S FATHER)

Generally.....31; 39

LUMIÈRE, MADAME

Afterlife

Beirut, discussion in.....246–247

Paris, discussion in.....265–270

Anunnaki-Ulema, associations with.....165–166

Apparition in Beirut.....246–247

Business

Damascus.....86

France.....113–115

Death of.....246–247

Funeral, appearance at.....265–270

Nuns, aid to.....38–39; 70; 114–115

Resistance movement, relationship with.....29–31

Social life

Damascus.....72–73; 86

Paris.....166

Vichy government, relationship with.....69–70; 71–72
LUMIÈRE, SYLVIE
Childhood in Paris.....32; 34
Family business, assuming responsibility for.....270–273
Moving to the Middle East.....70
Paris, return to.....113–114
Wedding.....273

M

MAGICAL GARDEN

Generally.....146–147

MAGICAL OBJECTS

Alchemical transmuting machine.....123; 135–137

Ancient batteries.....103–104

Anunnaki's landing stone.....90–91

Bird and rose, paper to life.....43–44

Book of Rama Dosh (See BOOK OF RAMA DOSH)

Golden banana.....135–137

Invisibility blanket.....124; 129–131

Mezuzah, shape shifting.....117–121

Minaizar as reading device.....241–243

Minzar.....249–263

Reading device (Minaizar).....241–243

Ring with Torah.....117

Triangles, refrigerating.....143–144

MASTER LI

Damascus, in.....73–78

Description of.....36–37

Diplomatic duties.....83–84

Flying in Hong Kong.....52
 Home and family of.....41–42
 Meeting with.....34–39
 Self defense, teaching of.....57–58; 58–59
 MEZUZAH, SHAPE SHIFTING
Generally.....117–121
 MIDDLE EAST, MOVING TO
 Damascus, settling in (*See* DAMASCUS)
 Government harassment in Paris.....69
 Morocco, trouble in.....70–71
 Vichy government agents, assistance by.....69–70; 71–72
 MINAIZAR
Generally.....241–243
 MINZAR, YOUR MIRROR TO ALTERNATE REALITIES
 Lesson and technique.....249–263
 MOVING OBJECTS BY USING MENTAL POWERS
 Lesson and technique.....217–221

P

PARIS, LIFE IN
 Childhood (*See* CHILDHOOD)
 Markowitch, Mr., meeting with.....121–123
 Master Li, meeting with.....34–39
 Rabbi Mordechai
Generally (*See* RABBI MORDECHAI)
 Meeting with.....115–116
 Return from Middle East.....113–114
 Transmutist, meeting with.....121–123
 University and general (non-Ulema) studies (*See*

UNIVERSITY AND GENERAL STUDIES)

War, life after.....29–39

PÈRE DU TRIANGLE

Assignment for Germain.....273–276

Bertrand and.....166–170; 184–186

Description of

Bertrand, by.....169–170; 184–186

Rabbi Mordechai, by.....134–135

Future expertise for Germain

Generally.....169–170

Linguistics and ambassadorial duties as future
expertise.....210–212; 273–276

Initial contact with.....166–170

Initiation into (*See* INITIATION INTO THE PÈRE DU
TRIANGLE)

Members, choosing of.....169–170

PLANT EXPERIMENTS, ULEMA STYLE

Generally.....146–147

R

RABBI MORDECHAI

Alchemists versus transmutists.....122

Ana'kh, teaching of (*See* ANA'KH, THE ANUNNAKI
LANGUAGE)

Anunnaki-Ulema techniques, list of.....195–196

Balalaika playing.....148

Birds, communication with.....147

Budapest, trip to (*See* BUDAPEST, TRIP TO)

Conduit

Generally (See CONDUIT)

Opening of.....156–157

Description of.....115–116

Energy lines around the world.....152

Friends of Rabbi Mordechai

Bertrand.....166–170; 184–186

Budapest, in.....142; 146

Dr. Farid (*See* FARID, DR.)

Markowitch, Mr.....121–123

Master Li (*See* MASTER LI)

Père du Triangle.....168

Garden, magical.....146–147

Ghooliim, creation of.....125–129

Gypsy café.....147–150

Gypsy fortune teller, encounter with.....148–150

Home in Budapest.....141–142

Houses, built overnight.....124–132

Kefitzat Haderach.....155–156

Library in Budapest.....141–142

Magical objects

Alchemical transmuting machine.....123; 135–137

Golden banana.....135–137

Invisibility blanket.....124; 129–131

Mezuzah, shape shifting.....117–121

Ring with Torah.....117

Triangles, refrigerating.....143–144

Markowitch, Mr., meeting with.....121–123

Meeting with in Paris.....115–116

Père du Triangle, description of (*See* PÈRE DU TRIANGLE)

Plant experiments, Ulema style.....146–147
Star of David, universal significance of.....153–154
Study in Budapest
First period.....140–157
Second period.....193–215
Supernatural, definition of.....195
Tay Al Ard (*See* TAY AL ARD)
Time manipulation.....198–204
Transmuting ashes into gold.....135–137
Transmutist, meeting with.....121–123
Triangle of Life.....150–154; 159–164
Triangles, refrigeration by.....143–144
Ulema teacher, assuming responsibility as.....132–134
RING WITH TORAH
Generally.....117

S

SELF DEFENSE

Energy based system.....84–86
Japanese Zen masters, learning from.....84–86
Master Li, learning from.....57–58; 58–59

SHORE, MISSING

Generally.....51–52

SISTER MARIE ANGE GABRIELLE, CURING OF

Generally.....38–39

SNAKE, ENCOUNTER WITH

Generally.....41

T

TAJ

Afrit

Beating by.....106–107

Sending away.....106–107

Summoning of.....98–100

Meeting with.....88–89

Supernatural tricks performed by.....89–90

Treasure, hunting for.....102–104; 106–107

TAY AL ARD

Budapest, Rabbi Mordechai.....155–156

Cultures other than Ulema using.....80–81

Dangers of.....82

Kefitzat Haderach.....80–81; 155–156

Learning the technique in Budapest.....155–156

Lesson and technique.....79–82

Modern science and.....80–81

Tuareg Ulema.....75–78

TECHNOLOGY, ANUNNAKI AND GENERAL
ANCIENT

Anunnaki's landing stone.....90–91

Batteries.....103–104

Cleansing, planetary.....232–235

Minaizar as reading device.....241–243

Minzar.....249–263

Printing with the Miraya.....107–108; 110–111

Reading device (Minaizar).....241–243

Walls, walking through.....105

TELEKINETIC ACTIVITY

Cheik Al Huseini.....240–241

Tuareg Ulema.....75–78

TELEPORTATION

Generally.....80–81

Rabbi Mordechai.....155–156

Tuareg Ulema.....75–78

TIME MANIPULATION

Lesson and technique.....198–204

TRANSMUTING ASHES INTO GOLD

Generally.....135–137

TREE MIRACLE

Generally.....44–46

TRIANGLE OF LIFE

Lesson and technique.....159–164

Technique.....159–164

TRIANGLES, REFRIGERATING

Generally.....143–144

TUAREG ULEMA

Generally.....75–78

Half body and spiritual nature.....77–78

Meeting with.....75–78

Tay Al Ard.....75–78

Telekinetic activity.....75–78

Teleportation.....75–78

Ulema's help.....77

U

UNIVERSITY AND GENERAL STUDIES

Generally.....113–115

Books, writing and publishing.....166

Doctorate degree.....166; 193
Graduation.....140
Philosophy and literature.....114
Speed of study enhancement.....139–140
URJANEE, SCRIBES OF ANA'KH
Generally.....210; 226–227

V

VICHY GOVERNMENT
Generally.....69–70; 71–72

W

WALLS, WALKING THROUGH
Generally.....98; 105

