



FUTURE F MANKIND



Introduction

- Plejaren Contact Reports Volume 1 (Plejadisch-plejarische Kontaktberichte Block 1)
- Pages: 295–308 [Contact No. [1 to 38](#) from 28.01.1975 to 13.11.1975] [Stats](#) | [Source](#)
- Date and time of contact: Tuesday, 3rd February 1953
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- Contact person(s): [Asket](#)

Synopsis

This is the entire contact report. It is an official and authorised English translation and may contain errors. Please note that all errors and mistakes etc. will continuously be corrected, depending on the available time of the involved persons (as contracted with Billy/FIGU). Therefore, do not copy-paste and publish this version elsewhere, because any improvement and correction will occur HERE in this version!

English Translation

Contact Reports with Asket from Years 1953 to 1964

Introduction and Justification as well as Precise Reporting of all Events and Explanations etc.

(Transcription from the original. Written in respective collaboration with Asket.)

Explanation

Mahrauli/India, the 30th of August 1964

My sightings and observations of 'Flying Saucers' go back many years – to my earliest youth when I was only five years old. At that time, on the 2nd of June 1942, exactly at 9:00 hrs in the morning, I saw the first extraterrestrial beamship together with my father. Coming from the east, it chased at a crazy speed over the mountain range of my hometown near the German border not far from the Rhine. Like a silver flash, it shot towards the 75-metre-high church in the centre of the village. But just in the nick of time, it performed a mad evasive manoeuvre to the right and shot past about 20 metres below and next to the church spire. I still remember very well that I was amazed at the gigantic size of the beamship, which I did not yet know was a beamship. I only found out about it a long time after the incident. When the ship flew past the church tower, it seemed enormous to me that it was at least three or four times the size of the church tower in its entire length. The church was a good two kilometres away from our house as the crow flies, when I stood with my father behind the house next to a large walnut tree and stared fascinated at this approaching object. I could still see it shooting past the church tower, and then it flashed directly over us at a height of only about 250 metres, only to disappear moments later far behind the Höragen forest 5 kilometres away, just as silently as everything had happened before. In fact, there was no engine noise during the whole incident and no other similar sounds either. I only noticed a strange low whirring sound, but I could not explain what it was. The object itself was disc-shaped, almost like two plates placed on top of each other, silver and gigantic, several times larger than the Protestant church, which the object had almost shaved off its spire. And when I consider and calculate all this today, I come to the

conclusion that the beamship must have been about 300 metres in diameter. Of course, I asked my father at the time about the nature and whereabouts of the gigantic object, and I still remember his answer very clearly word for word: "That was Hitler's latest secret weapon." Even though, at the age of five, I could not understand and accept my father's answer because it sounded too fantastic to me, I was able to put myself in my father's mindset, who had been a soldier on the German border for two years because of the cursed Second World War. His mind was burdened with the events of the war and with his soldierly duty, so it was probably also not surprising that he degraded the object as Hitler's new secret weapon. Who would have had other thoughts at that time? Certainly, I had other thoughts and could not accept my father's explanation. On the one hand, I was already following all the technical possibilities of earthly inventions at that time, and on the other hand, the observed object seemed extraordinarily familiar and familiar to me. And all of a sudden I knew that I knew such discs and that they came from outer space. I suddenly knew that I had already seen them myself, but where? That remained a mystery to me. I also did not know that these discs were called beamships, this only became clear to me much later. But where did I suddenly get this other knowledge? The knowledge that this object came from space and that I knew it from somewhere. The knowledge was just suddenly inside me, without me being able to fathom its origin. It was simply maddening, because I could not find the origin of this knowledge. Deep inside me, I began to dig and research and racked my brain, which was only five years old. In the process, I came across things that seemed outrageous to me at the time and made me feel lonely. Suddenly I was alone and could no longer connect with the environment, and this only three months after observing the object. During this time, my thinking had become a tremendous process and it often seemed to me like a gigantic machine working unstopably and violently, which had been set in motion by a mysterious force. Alone within myself, I was quickly insulted, ridiculed and teased as a cranky, stubborn and world-weary boy. This brought me a great deal of suffering and hardship and all sorts of other nasty things. Innocently, I was often severely beaten up because I suddenly no longer found it necessary to defend myself against any slander and simply let the mistakes committed by others be blamed on me with a smile. I no longer had any desire to clear up errors.

I had suddenly simply become tired of such things. But instead, tremendous thoughts often worked in me, and I recognised the truth of an immense number of things. Through these profound forms of thought, however, it became more and more difficult for me to find my way in the real world, for it was suddenly hard and relentless, stupid, primitive and deviant. In my thoughts I found many other ways and paths, and I felt continuously that inside me there was something much bigger, more powerful and gigantic than all the reality of worldly life. I did not know at that time why this was so, and so I worried about the how and why and the how and why of my fellow human beings, who, seen by me, were so very peculiar to worldly life. I began to study and investigate fellow human beings and quickly learned to assess and judge them. Soon I found that these fellow human beings of mine could suddenly no longer keep secrets from me, because I could simply fathom them without them having to do anything or being able to resist. I very quickly got to know the human beings – inside and out, and they were almost no longer able to keep a secret from me. I soon realised that a great many of them were dishonest and quite stupid and that they often lied nasty things to me, tried to deceive and cheat me and took advantage of me. I knew their exact thoughts, their desires, vices, lusts and ways and manners. But I found out that it was not good to reveal my acquired knowledge to them, because they immediately became malicious or got entangled in new lies. So I was not yet 7 years old when I was already able to see through and through a human being within a few minutes and to uncover the most secret things in him. I learned to sense when people wanted to lie to me, steal from me or cheat me; I already knew in advance. Why I then began to let myself be cheated, stolen from, lied to and taken advantage of, knowing what was coming, I still do not know today. The fact is, however, that I did not resist and still do not. I know when I am being cheated or stolen from, when I am being lied to and taken advantage of and slandered, but nevertheless I let it happen and keep quiet and will never tell anyone what I have noticed about them or in them. I have become aware that countless human beings are full of intrigues and vices and many other evil things which I am able to analyse in them within a very short time. Yet I remain silent and let them. Perhaps this is because I know that every human being must go his way of development and cannot avoid going this way through lies, deceit, swindling, exploitation, theft and other similar things in order to gather the necessary knowledge for the further development of consciousness. All these appearing factors led to different effects, for good and for bad. Old human beings, sorrowful and often tired of life, often called me to them and lamented their suffering. They were always happy to take my advice, and so I was also able to help them as a young boy of not even seven years. On the other hand, I was also invited

on various occasions, without my parents' knowledge, to join spiritualist and religious circles and sectarian communities because certain things had come to their attention. I soon found out from these circles and some sects that it was all a hoax and a fraud, because those who were supposedly inspired or the mediums were unable to conceal their fraudulent machinations from me and I therefore did things that exposed them. Through all these things and incidents, however, I became even more lonely and closed and the more I devoted myself to the secrets of free nature and things of thought, consciousness and spirit.

After the incident with the observed object on the 2nd of June 1942, I also began to observe the sky very closely and often saw points shining very high up just like small or large stars moving across the firmament, especially at night. At that time there were no earthly space satellites and the like, but nevertheless these 'moving stars' were there and criss-crossed the night sky. I can also still observe the same lights in the night sky today as I did then. Today, however, it is claimed that these 'moving stars' are only earth satellites that were shot into space by the Russians and Americans, etc. I must call this nonsense. I must call this nonsense, for in the forties no human beings on Earth were yet capable of shooting such objects out into space. Month after month and year after year I followed the trajectories of these lights in the night sky. Occasionally I also saw larger objects – also during the day. I saw how they passed by, leisurely and slowly, or how they whizzed by, like lightning. Often they would also stand still in the air or swing back and forth, as if they were hanging on a long invisible thread. In fact, sometimes it was just as if these objects had simply been suspended on an invisible thread in the blueness of the firmament. The shapes and sizes of the objects were many and varied, from a few metres to several hundred metres, and their shapes varied from that of a discus to spirals, small stars and triangles, to enormous spheres, etc. I often had the strange feeling that these objects had been hung on an invisible thread in the blue of the sky. I often had the strange feeling that the objects, so strangely familiar to me, had been hurled into the earthly atmosphere by a gigantic fist, to fly their circling, zigzagging, straight, pendulum-like and often seemingly insane figures, to simply suddenly become invisible or to 'hang' as if weightless in the air, only to suddenly float back into the gigantic fist that had hurled them into their path.

I have already said that even in my earliest youth I had the definite feeling that I knew these objects, these space ships, from somewhere – but it remained a mystery to me until the hour I am writing this explanation where I really knew them from. But the longer it takes, the clearer it becomes to me that I have indeed seen these objects at some time and somewhere before, on a gigantic aerodrome where hundreds of such machines of the most diverse shapes and sizes stood. But after all these years of much thinking and researching and pondering, I am still unable to recall where this was and how the connections are formed. Was I perhaps resident on another planet in a previous life, and did I live a special life there? Did I perhaps see all those ships there and take a vague memory from there into my present life? Is there something that has been absorbed into my consciousness through the memory banks as a noticeable memory or that has stuck, that I have impulsively taken over into my present existence? I also feel very strongly that I am a foreigner on this world called Earth. I am a stranger here, although I seem to know the good Earth very well, because many times I pass by in areas, not without suddenly knowing what lies hidden behind the next hill, what the landscape looks like and what ancient ruins are there. Often I can actually say with certainty what the landscape looks like behind the next mountain or hill, or what the shore of a sea looks like, without ever having been there in this life. But it is also the same with an extraordinary number of human beings; I know them and know their most secret thoughts without having to analyse them first. I have never seen them in this life with absolute certainty and yet I know them very well. I also often find that I know their problems etc. from somewhere and have already spoken to them about them once, but that they did not follow my advice and now approach me again with the same thing for advice. I know many actions and their sequences in advance, and many other things more. I have learned to see into the future and have realised that it is of great danger to explain things to fellow men that will only come to them in days, weeks, months or years. So I have learned to keep quiet about it, as I also do with very many other things. Many truths and insights may not yet be told to human beings because they are not yet mature enough. He is not yet able to grasp the implications of the whole truth, because he first has to be prepared for it very laboriously. I know the exact date and time of death of every human being, but life has also taught me not to do this and to remain silent, for this secret also holds great dangers and can bring premature death to every human being. I know many more things, but I must also keep silent about them, because human beings are not yet able to think selflessly and humbly in these forms and could therefore cause death and destruction

through inappropriate knowledge. These are things that move me, and the knowledge of these things requires a great deal of strength because they must remain secret. The present life, however, often poses a great riddle to me in this respect and because of my origin, which I have not yet been able to solve completely and about which I have not yet been enlightened from any side, although I know very well that various extraterrestrial life-forms are extremely precisely oriented about the solution of this riddle that moves me, at least partially.

I call myself a creature of the Creation, a Creation of the Creation, as this also represents every other life-form. But I also recognise myself as a wanderer through space and time, literally. I am a wanderer, a traveller through worlds, spaces, times and lives – I know this with certainty. I know that I am. And I know that everywhere I go I am only a foreigner – a traveller who, after fulfilling an important task, moves on again and fulfils his duty in the next place. Neither space nor time nor the world in question and my own life itself play a role, because I travel through it as a missionary (the word is an invention of Billy's and means 'mission-bringer' or 'mission-fulfiller'). And only fulfilling this mission is of significance and importance for me; for myself as well as for the respective life-forms of the respective world.

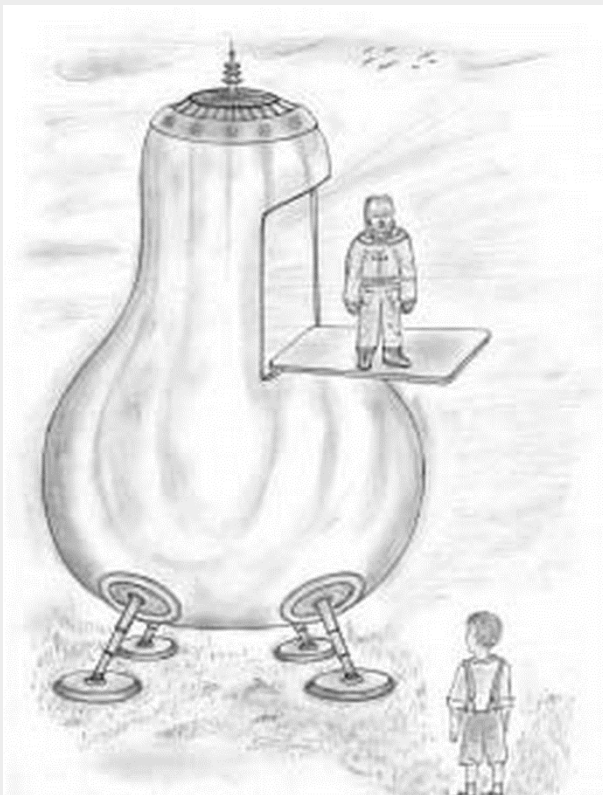
My simple observations of all possible objects were followed, after two years that seemed endless to me, by strange events that I first had to process and analyse. I still had no idea of telepathy and was deeply shocked when, on one of my birthdays, a soft voice suddenly sounded in my consciousness and asked me to now learn very strictly and to gather knowledge transmitted to me in this way. I now believed I had suddenly become ill in consciousness and was afraid. I did not dare confide in my parents because they would not have been able to understand me anyway. On the other hand, I did not trust this 'inner voice', which seemed to me to be an incredibly soft whisper, because I was of the opinion that this was the voice of madness, even though it constantly tried to reassure me. In my fear, I confided in our priest, who listened patiently to my whole story as I told him everything. The wise man smiled gently then and revealed to me that I really need not be afraid, for he was well informed about all these matters. Unfortunately, however, there was only so much he could do in these matters, and that was to instruct me extensively in certain things. To do this, however, it would be necessary for me to keep absolute silence about everything, because all these things would not be officially compatible with his profession. However, he himself knew about the truth of Creation, which he called 'God', and he had the task of working as a pastor in this place for very specific reasons, in the form of slowly enlightening the human beings about the truth, namely about religion, which meant a great deal to him in the true sense and even meant life. However, his work was a very difficult undertaking because the human beings in my hometown were particularly conservative, devout and also delusional. At that time, I did not understand his speeches very well and was also not able to grasp their deep meaning. This only happened many years later, when I had not seen this priest for many years. But one thing he was able to convey to me quite clearly was that this strange voice in me had nothing to do with madness and nothing to do with germinating insanity, but that it was the thought-voice of another human being who lived somewhere far out in the universe. Father Zimmermann, as he was called, explained that the 'sounding' of this voice in me was a means of communication that could be used over almost unlimited distances and that everything knew almost no obstacles other than a blockade of consciousness. I first heard him use the term telepathy when he mentioned this means of communication by name. He also revealed to me at that time that I was only receptive to very high swinging waves and that beings of lower levels were not able to penetrate me. This was only possible for very highly developed life-forms because I had entered this life for a special task and therefore had to be immune to malicious machinations and influences of lower and still underdeveloped intelligences and beings etc.

Father Zimmermann's explanations seemed very good to me, even though he gave me another blow by saying that my life would be exceptionally hard, full of privation and hardship, which has also proved true to this day. Through his explanations, however, I conquered my groundless fear and made an effort to expand the initially one-sided telepathic contacts. I asked questions and also received answers, and then I knew that Father Zimmermann had told the whole truth. Through these telepathic contacts with a life-form called Sfath, I was initiated into tremendous things that very often seemed insane to me. The consequence of this was that I now finally did everything that cut me off from the environment. I endured even more vicious intrigues than I had done before. So I practically became the scapegoat for everything bad that happened in our village. But I did not care and only smiled quietly to myself when people told lies against me and I had to pay hard for it. Often I was beaten so badly that I could neither walk nor stand nor sit. And because of my self-inflicted exclusion and

because of my peculiarity and closed-mindedness, I was later declared to be difficult to educate and placed in various institutions. But nowhere worked out, because everywhere they soon did not want such a peculiar boy like me anymore, or freedom called to me and I sometimes escaped from the closed institutions under life-threatening circumstances. For weeks I wandered around in the mountains and forests, living on wild berries, fruit, birds' eggs, grasses and roots. My bed was the bare ground and my roof the firmament, whether it snowed or rained, I did not care. All this earned me the reputation of an incorrigible, the reputation of a troublemaker and antisocial, etc. Now, of course, people were all the more inclined to ride on me and accuse me of everything bad. If there was a burglary or a theft somewhere, the police automatically called me in and accused me of deeds I had never committed. I knew enough now what to expect if I kept my mouth shut as usual and simply put up with the unjustified accusations. I do not know why, but I remained silent and did not defend myself against all the false accusations. As if under duress, I simply could not bring myself to give an explanation, and as if under duress, I even signed all the police reports etc. accusing me of the acts I was accused of, even though I had not committed them. The consequence was that I was admitted to a psychiatric clinic to have my 'state of mind' (state of consciousness) examined. Because instead of giving information, I had told the police all kinds of things of spiritual and consciousness-being origin and things about human beings on other worlds – why I do not know. I only know that I had to do it, whether I wanted to or not. I was placed in a special ward of the Rheinau Psychiatric Clinic. Everything was tight and locked, and even the windows were made of bulletproof glass and barred. After a month, however, I made a special key out of a piece of hardwood from a wooden carpet, with which I could open a toilet window on the second floor. Outside, the walls were smooth as glass, and seven metres below was the concreted house square. I just could not go back and jumped into the depths. I badly bruised my right foot and thought it was probably broken. Despite the pain, which almost drove me to the brink of madness, I dragged myself across the yard and climbed over a two-metre fence, then disappeared across a wide open field and dived into a forest 2 kilometres away. But by then I heard the search teams and the barking of dogs. I hurriedly ran through the forest and suddenly rolled down a slope. In front of me I heard water gurgling and crawled towards it; it was the Rhine. I quickly decided to jump into the water and swim down the Rhine, because who would look for me as a swimmer in the month of November and moreover at 23:00 hrs I swam down the Rhine for several kilometres and then climbed ashore with difficulty. Feeding on a few meagre plants, I limped for days towards the French border, always through fields and forests, so as not to get caught. In France, I enlisted in the Foreign Legion and also received medical attention for my foot. It was swollen thick and dark blue, sprained very badly, had various strains and bone cracks, but it soon healed. So I ended up in Algeria and learned a new discipline and many other things. After a while, however, I got tired of these things and thought of escaping. I quietly consulted with others and also with an old lieutenant of the legion who, interestingly enough, was very good and friendly to me. He wanted to dissuade me from my plan and explained that only exceptionally tough legionnaires could succeed in escaping and that this would require a whole man. There was talk among the legionaries themselves that a fugitive who got through was a hero and that only such a man was a real man, for an escape meant as much as if a human being had to go through seven hells. At first I let myself be frightened by this and declared to everyone that I would refrain from escaping under all these circumstances. But then I prepared myself secretly anyway and disappeared one night. For more than two and a half months I was on the road, often closer to death than to life, and I experienced not only seven hells, but countless ones. But then I was rid of the legion and I made my way back to Europe, where I wanted to turn myself in to the police and explain everything. I also actually returned and was taken back to the Rheinau, to the chief psychiatrist Prof. Rössli, if I still remember the name correctly. He, an old man, and I, a very young boy, became something like friends after only a few days. When he then issued my report, after I had explained everything to him, he did not write a word of it in his report. On the contrary; all the information I had given him in confidence, he also treated very confidentially. He himself explained to me that his intelligence quotient scale, which was geared to creative-spiritual matters, was unfortunately not sufficient to be able to record my intelligence etc. in this respect numerically, and that I would surpass even him very highly in this. However, this matter remained between us, which is why he only wrote in the report that I was above average. He also stuck to that. After that, for safety's sake, I was sent to the Regensdorf penitentiary as number 309, because they thought I would be safer there than in prison, where I also found ways to choose freedom. Shortly afterwards I was brought before the court and I was determined to finally speak and clear up all matters. I also tried to do so, but suddenly everything went back to the way it was before: a lump apparently got stuck in my throat again and something foreign seemed to control me. Not a word passed my lips and again I kept silent. The result was

that I wandered around in prisons and asylums for a total of 4½ years before I was finally released and disappeared head over heels abroad for about 12 years. The prison and institution time was not simply useless, I must confess, because during this time I learned more in spiritual and consciousness-related things than I could ever have learned in my home country in freedom. During this time, I also learned that the human being must be humble and selfless if he wants to be a human being. This was perhaps also the reason or one of the reasons for everything, because otherwise I would probably never have learned this. I see in this way that nothing was in vain and that through this I only gained advantages for myself, perhaps somewhat too good advantages, when I consider that I have already been reprimanded several times regarding my modesty and selflessness, which are supposed to be too great.

The events explained, which make up only a tiny iota of my life, are ahead of the logical course of my story, for they occurred many years after the events and occurrences of the first forties: It was thus at the beginning of the forties that Sfath made telepathic contact with me and I, through Father Zimmermann's explanations, positively confronted this contact. Sfath informed me that I was being prepared for a very great task and that I now had to decide for myself whether I wanted to take on the burden of this mission or not. According to his explanations, my former personalities had been active in the same mission for millions of years before I was born this time, and now I had been chosen for it again in this life and was therefore also under constant control by his person. That this was indeed the case could be seen from the fact that I had fallen ill with very serious pneumonia when I was six months old and there was no hope of my living on. Late at night, the doctor Dr Strebel appeared and prepared my parents for the fact that I would no longer be alive in the morning. Already unconscious and about to leave earthly life, he, Sfath, had intervened and given me back to life. Naturally, I wanted to get to the bottom of Sfath's claim and asked my mother about the events of my infancy. To my astonishment, she confirmed Sfath's information and explained that a 'miracle' must really have happened at that time, because there had really been no hope for me. Even the doctor, Dr Strebel, had explained that a 'miracle' must have happened here, which was completely inexplicable to him; according to medical findings, I should already have been dead.



Sfath's ship, according to a description in the Semjase block and by Billy, freely drawn by Christian Krukowski, November 2000

But Sfath explained many other things to me, for example also that the Earth had entered a new age and that precisely on the day of my birth the change of the midpoint of the transition period had taken place. According to his information, the transitional period should practically represent a leading out of the previous age of Pisces and the new introduction into the Age of Aquarius. This actual re-introduction from the first half is said to have begun at exactly 11:20 hrs on the 3rd of February 1937 and to be of the most important significance. Exactly at this time my independent conscious thinking also began, and from this minute on he began to prepare me for my task in this life. According to his explanations, every earthly-human life-form receives its spirit-form only about three weeks after conception and then, after birth, independent conscious thinking, which in my case, however, had been reduced to a few minutes, because I had been born only a short time before.

(Explanation, Tuesday 5th August 1975: With regard to my time of birth, I never made any effort to establish it. It was only in April 1975 that I made an effort for certain reasons and obtained my birth certificate. The time of birth is recorded as 11:00 hrs).

It was probably in the middle of summer in the mid-forties when I once again wandered lonely and alone and deeply lost in thought through the 'Langenzinggen' of the Höragen forest. ('Langenzinggen' was a large piece of open meadowland behind a large forest, very far away from any houses). As I was walking along, Sfath suddenly announced that I should wait a few minutes and not

get scared. So I waited, and after a few minutes something silver fell from the sky. It was a somewhat strange-looking structure made of metal and certainly no bigger than five or six metres in diameter. Not far from me, the pear-shaped thing touched down on Earth while I stared at it, fascinated. I could see an opening suddenly forming in the side of the thing and a figure stepping out into the open, which then came floating down towards me with a platform; a man who was already very, very old and dressed in a silver and very strange suit. A suit that didn't look much different from a deep-sea diver's suit, but only tight-fitting and all silver, and the helmet was missing. A little ponderously, the man approached, and then he spoke to me – in my mother tongue and in the platitudinous dialect peculiar to our village. Apparently, however, the man seemed somewhat unfamiliar with it, for he pronounced several syllables incorrectly, which I noticed immediately. He explained that he was Sfath and that I should now come with him. As if under a silent compulsion, I followed him to the strange pear-shaped thing and was somehow lifted into the opening by the platform that was now floating up again, without being able to see how I was lifted up. The opening then suddenly closed on its own and Sfath led me through another opening into a small room in which there were three strange armchairs, while the walls and the strange desks were full of apparatus and devices. I also saw various small windows in which strange figures were moving, and in some I even saw the whole landscape around outside this pear-shaped thing. Sfath asked me to sit down and then operated some apparatus. What he was doing with it I didn't know, but I saw in the little luminous windows on the walls and on the desks that the figures suddenly changed all the time and the landscape pictures were also subject to change. I suddenly saw the landscape from a bird's eye view. Questioningly, I therefore turned my gaze to Sfath, who now turned to me and sat down next to me. He explained that these 'windows' were not windows but screens, which were also developed on Earth and called television screens. It was a transmission of images through certain energies. But then he explained to me that we were very high above the Earth, hovering at an altitude of 70 kilometres. We would also stay here for a few hours because he had a lot of important data etc. to tell me and very important things to teach me. He explained that through his efforts I was already more developed intellectually than a human being of 35 years of age. I was also very far advanced in terms of spiritual and consciousness development and had already surpassed all earthly standards in terms of recognition, knowledge and understanding of creative-spiritual matters and their laws and commandments, so no one was able to answer my purely spiritually directed questions. (This must indeed have been the case, because neither Pastor Zimmermann nor my teacher at the time, Karl Graf, could answer my questions. With regard to these purely spirit-oriented questions, my teacher in particular often tried to get answers from professors, but they could not answer them either. This must not be misunderstood, for with this knowledge is addressed solely the knowledge of the spirit and its concerns and its entire environment in the realm of Creation and its cause and effect. If in this respect the earthly norm was and is far exceeded, then this has in no way anything to do with earthly acquired school knowledge etc., but solely with the knowledge of the original concerns of creation etc.).

It is interesting for me to note today that I did not feel any fear at all back then when Sfath explained to me that we were now 70 kilometres above the Earth. I did not even wonder about it, quite the opposite; everything seemed strangely familiar and natural to me. I was also no longer surprised by Sfath's explanations, and with stoic calm I accepted it when he said that he would only continue to look after me until the beginning of the fifties and then hand over this task to a much more highly developed life-form, because on the one hand his time was coming to an end and on the other hand he had too little knowledge etc. to be able to continue to instruct me. This would then have to be taken over by a life-form much higher to him, because at the beginning of the fifties I myself would have evolved so far in terms of spiritual and consciousness potencies that I would have reached his own knowledge in this respect. But since I was to be prepared for a very specific mission, I would have to be taught much further and therefore placed under the care of a much higher intelligence than he was. Further explanations by Sfath said that humanity on Earth was facing a very dangerous time and that the Second World War, which was still going on, would end in the following year, 1945. On the 6th of August 1945 the time would also round up, as the events of Sodom and Gomorrah would be repeated, thus ushering in the end of the world war. (Today I know that this gloomy prophecy referred to Hiroshima and Nagasaki when the first two atomic bombs of the new world history were dropped there on the 6th and the 9th of August 1945.) Apart from this gloomy prophecy, however, Sfath made many other statements about which he swore me to secrecy.

Sfath never told me his age, but at that time I estimated him to be at least 90 or 95 years old. He also never told me his origins and what my actual mission was supposed to be. I only found out about the latter from other sources a few decades later. Until then, however, a lot was to happen and I was to experience things that often brought me to the brink of madness or death. But I was always able to overcome dangerous situations with my own strength. On only a few occasions was I given help from elsewhere, which I now know was always directly or indirectly of extraterrestrial origin. On the whole, however, I was completely on my own and had to master everything myself. This taught me a lot and in the end I was able to adapt to every situation.

The stay with Sfath lasted a little more than four hours at that time, during which he imparted tremendous knowledge to me. Towards the end of the meeting, he asked me to lie back in my chair, after which he put a strange structure made of countless wires and tiny apparatuses etc. around my head. Wondering what was to follow, I watched him calmly as he tampered with other devices, buttons and switches, and suddenly I heard and saw tremendous things inside me. Everything was suddenly just there: tremendous knowledge, insights and all kinds of other things. I suddenly felt strange forces entering me, how I was suddenly able to recognise things of the future, how I wanted to heal human beings of illnesses through some kind of powers, and many other things more. Then these influences suddenly stopped and Sfath removed the strange thing from my head with the explanation that I would now possess again all the abilities from previous lives that had been given to me by the apparatus. Under normal circumstances I would never lose these abilities again, only I should never use them selfishly or for profit. All abilities that were already present in me from previous lives through memory bank impulses and had only been 'awakened' by the apparatus should only serve my own further development. However, selflessly and without any sense of profit I may also use them to help and instruct other life-forms. I should also never use it for pure demonstration purposes, etc., and also not for scientific evaluations. Should I nevertheless want to do this carelessly or unconsciously, then all abilities and the entire knowledge would be blocked by an implanted 'fuse', whereby this block would remain in place until the danger had been averted. The same will also happen if any external influences penetrate my knowledge and abilities, such as hypnosis, etc. The blockade will also be automatically removed here. Also in this case the blockade will automatically appear and condemn all attempts etc. to failure. This blocking force was also so strong that it could endanger the lives of all those who attempted to penetrate by force. (This was also the case, as I have discovered time and again in the course of my life so far). After these last explanations, Sfath took me back to Earth, exactly where we had started hours ago. Then he disappeared in his pear-shaped ship, and I never saw him again after a few more similar or similar contacts and journeys to India. Only his voice was still heard in me for some time, when he transmitted many things and immense knowledge to me. On the 3rd of February 1953, his 'voice' inside me said goodbye. It sounded very old and tired. After that it fell silent forever.

Only a few hours after the silencing of Sfath's 'voice', which by then had become like a part of myself, a new 'voice' entered me. Just as with Sfath, it was just suddenly there, speaking to me. Somehow I found that this 'voice' was young and fresh, full of power and very different from Sfath's, namely very gentle and harmonious. This new 'voice', which was very familiar to me after only a few minutes, told me that she was a SHE and was called ASKET and that she was now my new companion. Through her, I learned many more things over the years and came to what seemed to me phenomenal realisations. And through her I was led out into the wide world for the second time, which I was later to travel for many years in order to explore and fathom many things. But this was to take a few more years before it happened. Until 1956, I was taught many things by Asket, but especially in spiritual teachings. This, however, was completely different from the religion I knew, into which I had worked my way over the years. I even secretly visited special schools and teachers in India and Jordan etc. to be informed about the priesthood and to learn a lot. Asket also urged me to devote myself to all other religions besides the Christian religion and to study them. So I first decided on various sects, studied Protestantism, then Catholicism and was taught Buddhism, Hinduism and Judaism, and finally I became a Muslim. All this took many years and only came to a definite end in June 1969, for up to that time I had been occupied with the study of spiritual teachings, along with countless other things, which I studied in great variety in order to fathom them in their deepest depths. In addition to the efforts for all the many things and the uninterrupted learning, I naturally also had to worry about my livelihood, consequently I had to work as well, if possible. During 12 long years of travelling, I therefore worked in more than 350 different jobs, as a priest and pastor, medicine man, village doctor, cattle doctor, marble sawyer, engineer for city buildings and road planning, etc., as a smuggler

(a very honourable job), and as a cattle driver, as a smuggler (a very respectable 'profession' in West Pakistan, where smuggled goods from Russia and China are smuggled through the Himalayan mountains), as a ship painter, demolition expert, German teacher, special state representative against criminal concerns and as a private detective and security guard etc. etc. *(only to be involved in a bus accident in Iskenderun/Turkey on the 3rd of August 1965 in the exercise of the last-named activity, as a result of which I lost my left arm. [Explanatory addendum of Tuesday, the 5th of August 1975: On the 25th of December 1965 I met my wife Kalliope in Greece, to whom I became engaged on the 25th of January 1966, but was then not accepted by her parents, consequently I abducted my bride on the 25th of February 1966 and married her on the 25th of March 1966 in Corinthos after a great many difficulties and police searches etc.]).*

So Asket's contact with me and her personal acquaintance came about only after Sfath's departure in 1953, in the early hours of the 3rd of February. In many cases this day has always been chosen, probably because this is my birthday and something new was always brought to me at this time. (This must have been related to my birthday itself, but also to the time of my birth. Sfath once explained to me in this regard that there were very few other births at the time of my birth, and that my exact time of birth appears only once among all earthly humanity). So it was in the early morning hours of the 3rd of February 1953, probably around 2 o'clock, when I was summoned to my home in Switzerland near Gutenswil/ZH by Asket's voice within me to go to a very specific place where I would then be picked up. That was all I could hear, and I guess that was all that was said. Perhaps I should finally meet Asket, for I had been thinking about her for hours; who Asket might be, what she looked like. So many questions suddenly occupied me that I had already reached my goal before I was even aware of it. But here everything happened very quickly, because as soon as I reached my destination, a bright light shot silently out of the sky and touched down not far from me. Following a quiet compulsion, I went towards it and was suddenly carried into an opening, just as it had been with the pear-shaped thing at Sfath. Then the opening closed and very strange things happened.

Asket's Acquaintanceship

(Just as with the introductory explanation, all of the following was written down together and with Asket's help. Asket was a very good memory aid for me. Moreover, by means of some apparatus she was able to reproduce verbatim words spoken long ago, so that in writing down the following reports I am able to reproduce truly verbatim every single word spoken and every sentence uttered by her or myself. The apparatus at the Asket's disposal for such purposes is able to bring out every single iota of a conversation from her subconscious and record it or transmit it as thought impulses. Mahrauli, the 30th of August 1964.)

It was my eighteenth close sighting of beamships, when I was picked up on the 3rd of February 1953 to make Asket's acquaintance.

I was picked up by a disc in the early second hour of the morning at a place which had been precisely communicated to me shortly before, which, however, Sfath had already arranged with me weeks earlier, so that on day X only the actual exact point had to be named.

Bitter cold prevailed at this early morning hour as I made my way to the favourite place of my thoughts where I was often alone for so many hours and where, sixteen days earlier, Sfath also announced to me the acquaintanceship with Asket which was intended to occur on this night.

In spite of the sharp cold, I broke out in a sweat as I climbed the small hill on which the agreed place was situated.

Arriving there, I did not have to wait long for some sort of thing which was still supposed to come there, because, arriving on the dome of the hill, I immediately saw a bright light plunge down from the sky and set down not far from me on the frozen-hard ground.

The bright light went out and I saw a matt silver and discus-shaped object which stood majestically quiet on three landing spheres and appeared to wait for me.

The disc's landing spheres were completely foreign to me, because I had never seen such things with that kind of form before.

After a short telepathic invitation, I approached the ship as if under a gentle compulsion and at once was lifted in through an opening, just as if by ghostly hands, because there was neither a lift nor some sort of other entrance possibility.

I had already earlier repeatedly experienced that with Sfath each time he brought me into his pear-shaped ship.

However, the interior arrangement of this ship was fundamentally different, in comparison to that of Sfath's.

There was only one single armchair present; also I was not able to see anyone.

The ship was quite obviously unmanned and was remotely steered somehow.

So, without being asked, I sat in the single, but therefore very comfortable, armchair.

Even before I could sit properly an enormous change occurred.

A change which, in my life up to that point, had always only appeared to me as a dream and fantasy.

The bright light which came from everywhere in the interior of the ship suddenly went out, and then suddenly I seemed to be sitting outdoors.

No longer could anything at all of the ship and the entire set-up be perceived, and when, in a reflex motion, I drew my left hand in front of my eyes, I was also no longer able to see it.

The entire ship and I myself had simply quite suddenly become invisible.

However, I also already started to move upwards, at an angle, into the night sky and slowly floated at a low altitude towards the nearby village where I simply remained hanging just two metres over the house which later belonged to my parents, while Asket's "voice" again suddenly sounded in me and gave me a several minute-long explanation and indeed in relation to my further path in life and that which was to come in relation to my family and my own family in later years.

After this explanation the still invisible ship, with me, started to move again – this time eastward and, with suddenly raving speed, shooting high into the night sky, without me thereby feeling some kind of discomfort or a pressure.

For me it felt just exactly as if, unexpectedly, I quickly went up in a lift.

Yet that, which perhaps arose from the surprise, was only in the first instant.

Perhaps it was also only because I could see how I suddenly shot quickly upwards.

The ship shot up with me in just minutes – higher and ever higher – and then, for the first time, I saw the stars shine like I had never, up to that point in my lifetime, seen them shine – big, beautiful, glorious, and wonderfully more powerful than I had ever seen them before from the Earth.

It was without doubt – I was in outer space, very high on the daytime side above the Earth, which I still only saw as a blue-white-greenish ball.

But indeed it was actually no ball, rather only a part of a ball, because now it suddenly looked like the Moon when it was half full.

Shooting through empty space, I saw, very far in the east, a gigantic luminescent disc positioned in outer space.

Indeed, that had to have been the Sun which already illuminated a part of the Earth on this side.

I thereby discerned a gigantic area which must indeed have been the Indian Ocean while, immediately after that, in a westerly direction, it adjoined dim contours which then spread out into dense darkness.

It was still deep night in the West, while far in the East the new day was already awakened and slowly advanced westward.

A truly quite fantastic picture.

But I could only enjoy this glorious picture for very short minutes – short minutes which seemed like seconds to me, as suddenly everything around me began to glow dimly and my vision blurred.

Then the ship and I were suddenly visible again, and I could again discern everything in the bright light of the interior of the ship.

Suddenly the entrance opening opened itself and I saw out into the outside.

Completely unnoticed by me, the object had landed.

Interested, I rose and stepped out, was "floated" gently to the Earth and stood on hard, dry ground.

In spite of the weak light of the night I was able to recognise that the earth was reddish and that this earth actually consisted more of sand, while huge fissured rocks towered in the near surrounds.

Indeed, I had to have been very far in the East, or then, on the other hand, in the South.

I was not able to decide, although the nocturnal landscape seemed very familiar to me.

Thinking deeply because of that, I strolled to the nearby rock, touched it and found it extremely warm.

As I touched the rocky material, something very peculiar occurred inside me: as if struck by a fine electrical shock, I jerked backwards and suddenly knew: "This is Jordan".

I was still wondering about this sudden knowledge as I noticed something bright that plummeted, like a stone, from the sky.

Luminous and as big as the Moon, I saw it suddenly emerge and plummet down.

At a terrific speed, it became bigger and, all of a sudden, it simply stood still in the air at a height of about 80 to 100 metres, simply without transition and without prior deceleration.

The object appeared to simply remain hanging in the air.

Yet then it sank slowly down to Earth, so slowly, lightly and safely like a feather hanging on an invisible thread, and without any sound.

Actually, to me it appeared precisely as if a gigantic feather-down continental quilt were to glide slowly to Earth in completely calm weather, and then, after a long eternity, finally gently and soundlessly set down on the Earth.

For me, it was actually a spectacle which I will indeed never forget; this luminous and completely soundless object which lit up the entire surroundings as bright as day and floated down, to then quietly remain on its landing place.

I waited for minutes because now something further would indeed have to happen.

Yet the time elapsed and nothing happened.

So I sat on a rock and waited for the thing that indeed still had to come.

And I waited a full half hour before something finally happened: from behind the ship walked a figure, which approached me within a few yards, while quite slowly the illumination from the ship dimmed and then went out.

Yet already after a few split seconds the ship glowed again with light and radiated somewhat like twilight.

In the weak shine of this twilight I was able to doubtlessly identify the approaching figure as a female person – ASKET, if my senses did not enormously deceive me.

And the next actions and the words spoken by the woman already confirmed my assumption.

She approached me in a familiar way and I suddenly perceived an enormous, loving sympathy which somehow penetrated me in a peculiarly painful way.

This perception was so very familiar to me that it was able to cause painful feelings in me, because I had indeed missed her in my earthly existence until now.

Asket's somewhat peculiar greeting ceremony struck me as strangely familiar and known, yet with the best of will, I was unable to find out why she seemed so familiar and known to me.

With a later question regarding this, Asket only smiled and explained that I should consider my other personalities in earlier lives before this current one.

I found this somewhat secretive and wanted to know more, yet Asket admitted nothing more about it.

Asket's clothing also seemed strangely familiar to me and it was completely different from Sfath's somewhat cumbersome clothing which was reminiscent of a diving suit.

The way Asket was dressed had to nearly awaken the impression of a very modern angel: she wore a floor-length, very heavily pleated dress, of a peculiarly whitish-silver colour, belted at the hip.

Long brunette hair fell over her shoulders and her face was very beautiful – at least I perceived it so.

I found it not supernatural, rather simply human and beautiful.

But I could imagine that if Asket were to encounter any humans they would have taken her for a modern or futuristic angel, because I compared her appearance with pictures which I had seen in religious texts and so forth.

After the greeting I was called upon by Asket to climb into her ship which, to be honest, I did with somewhat peculiar feelings, because this ship seemed to me to emanate something which promised to solve very many of my life's puzzles.

But to start with not very much happened.

The ship zoomed high into the sky and then became just as invisible as the one which brought me here and which had now invisibly remained behind, left in the tangle of rocks.

Deep below, I recognised a sea in the early light of the approaching morning, which, in my estimation, could only be the Mediterranean Sea, which immediately also turned out to be correct.

But the ship had already crossed over the sea and sank quickly down to Earth.

I was able to discern gigantic pointed structures below us, which, shadowy in the morning light, stood deep below in the desert: pyramids.

We plummeted down into Egypt – to the pyramids of Giza.

But why, I did not yet know, because until then Asket had still not said a word to me about that.

So I also did not know that this was to be the actual beginning of the mission which had been passed to me.

I was not left unclear for very long about precisely which place the goal of this flight was to be, because, already in the next moment, the tempo of the descent diminished quite rapidly, without me feeling something myself.

And now the sinking became a gentle floating, down to a great pyramid which I had very well in my memory from many pictures – the Pyramid of Giza.

I recognised it by the gigantic "animal-human" which, as a statue, stood not far from the Great Pyramid.

And we sank exactly towards this "animal-human object", the Sphinx.

For the first time in my life I saw the Sphinx in its enormous natural size, because I had never been here before – at least not with my current personality in this life.

We set gently down on the ground only a few metres from the gigantic construction, and only a few metres from a small Bedouin camp where various humans, dressed like Arabs, were already busy with the breaking of their camp at this early morning hour.

They took no notice at all of the landing of the ship, and, naturally, I was astounded because of that.

It seemed simply absurd to me that the people could not see us.

Yet I then accustomed myself very quickly to that and found it very interesting that our invisibility really let nothing be recognised.

In fact, I suddenly found being invisible quite interesting, because, that way, I was able to observe everything quietly and undisturbed.

Asket had, until then, not spoken another word, yet now suddenly her "voice" sounded in me, and then I felt her arm.

I was not able to see her, because everything was indeed still invisible, as were Asket and I.

But now she explained to me that she was attaching a small device to my belt, so we would also continue to remain invisible after we left the ship.

I felt how she busied herself with my belt and, quite suddenly, I saw Asket kneeling next to me.

Shocked, I spun around and starred across at the Bedouins, because now they would indeed have to see us.

But then I heard Asket's "voice" in me again which explained that only we could see each other, while we were invisible to all other eyes.

To me, that seemed to be simply mad, and I would not accept it as true.

So Asket called on me to indeed investigate this.

We left the ship, which I could likewise now see, and which stood so majestically next to the Sphinx and, according to Asket's statements, could be seen by nobody.

That must indeed have simply been a mistake of hers, because I still was not able to comprehend, that – because of the small device hanging on my belt – everything was actually only visible just for the two of us.

But in the course of the year I accustomed myself to getting to the bottom of all things, so I impudently went up to a group of Bedouins who were discussing something, and who were conversing in a language completely foreign to me, but which, in spite of that, seemed somehow familiar to me.

The men, in their cape-like and colourful clothing, took not the slightest notice of me as I joined them.

So I then thought that I must further get to the bottom of this peculiar matter and grabbed a man by his cloth shawl, which I was actually even able to grab.

I plucked once powerfully at it and saw how the man looked around astonished and obviously, however, did not catch sight of me.

Shaking his head, he hitched his shawl straight again and resumed his discussion with the others.

What Asket had explained to me must indeed have been true.

But I was still not quite able to comprehend this fact and wanted to carry out a further test.

So I impudently approached a tent, slowly drew aside an entrance curtain and slipped inside, while Asket followed closely behind me.

It was a woman's tent.

Seven young and two older women were busy there with their morning toilette, while a further young woman nourished an infant at her breast.

I wondered again that these humans took no notice of me.

It must indeed have been simply monstrous for them that a man had invaded their tent.

Yet in no way did they concern themselves about that.

I did want to see that just once.

Straight away, I went up to a young, pretty Arabian woman, naked to the waist, who sat on a bundle of something, next to a bowl of water.

I slowly bent down to her and – stole a kiss on the lips.

Quite obviously she did not see me, only now her eyes became quite large, and she quickly drew her left hand up and lay two fingers on her mouth.

She drew them quite softly over her lips and her face appeared to be transfigured.

Perhaps she thought that she had been kissed by a beloved spirit.

Her hand sank down again and I dared to kiss her once again, quietly on the mouth.

With that, I felt how her body began to tremble, and I saw her brown eyes which now closed.

Then her head fell forward and she slowly tipped to the side.

I quickly caught her and lay her gently on the floor where she, with a blissfully transfigured expression on her face, remained lying for some minutes.

Suddenly a laughing "voice" sounded within me.

It was Asket who now laughingly asked me whether I was now convinced.

That I was.

Yet we waited until the young woman woke again from her faint, which all the others had obviously not noticed.

Probably still somewhat confused, she rose and sat on her bundle again.

Still with a transfigured face, she talked hastily and insistently to the other women, and obviously explained the event.

But they only shook their heads and assailed the happy young woman with veritable torrents of words.

I could not watch that, so I went from one to another and quickly kissed them, briefly but perceptibly.

One after the other abruptly became silent and stiffened.

And again it took minutes before they started moving again.

They all quite suddenly appeared to be changed, they went and sat with the one who was first kissed, and excitedly began to chatter, while Asket and I quickly left the tent.

Her "voice" still laughed pleasantly in me and then she opined that she had never experienced such a thing.

Only now had she actually seen how many possibilities invisibility provides.

I expressed my thoughts to her regarding the women because I had indeed behaved somewhat thoughtlessly.

Perhaps one or another of them had now gone mad.

To that, Asket said that my fears were indeed unfounded because she had checked the woman's thoughts and ascertained that they had all become very happy in these few minutes because they had arrived at the view that they had been kissed by an invisible angel.

In and of itself, these women would have had a very hard and unhappy life, but now they were all very happy and their lives would now also form according to that.

To that, I responded that, under these circumstances, that which I had done would have really only been a good deed, and Asket also confirmed that.

So I did not worry anymore at all about these women and only hoped that Asket was really correct that, because of this, the women's lives would turn for the better.

Suddenly Asket grasped me by the hand and led me to a small entrance, opening to the pyramid.

Through long, musty passageways, we walked in twilight through the interior of the pyramid.

Then it was so dark that I could not recognise anything more.

I wondered about the fact that I did not collide with anything and that Asket found the way in spite of this literally Egyptian darkness.

(Translators' note. This German idiom "Egyptian darkness" corresponds to "pitch dark" in English.)

We walked in that manner for a long time and I felt that we climbed down somewhere on various occasions.

Then suddenly a very weak light was discernible precisely as if the first light of dawn entered, yet I was not able to fathom the source of this twilight.

Now we stood before an enormous, squared stone, somewhere deep in the pyramid.

Right before my eyes, suddenly the gigantic ashlar simply dissolved into nothing.

And already Asket pulled me over the position where, just a few seconds before, the giant ashlar had been completely joined with other squared stones.

A steeply descending passageway, which was guarded by two oddly-clothed men, opened behind the ashlar which had just now vanished.

And as I threw back a glance as I walked down the passageway, I could not help but ascertain that the squared stone, which had just disappeared, was again precisely as visible and completely joined as just shortly before, when I saw it for the first time from the other side.

As I made this assessment, Asket's "voice" whispered in my consciousness that I should be mute and not try to speak because we were in a place which was not constructed by her race and it additionally would not be even slightly useful if we were to be identified here and uncovered by the guards.

The guards we saw are members of, or are related to, a power-conscious, extraterrestrial group, who, through certain impure means, force a majority of Earth humanity under their control, in order to bring the entire Earth under their control.

So then I became silent and mutely followed my leader past the two guards, who took no initiative at all against us.

Quite obviously they could not see us and it seemed to me as if, for the two of them, Asket and I simply did not exist.

It was a funny situation for me to which I simply could not so quickly accustom myself in spite of the previous experiences.

It was simply something completely new and unusual for me.

The passage, which was furnished throughout with steps, led steeply and deeply down into the pyramid – deeper and deeper it went down, and then, suddenly, we stood in a gigantic hall which seemed to overflow with light coming from everywhere and nowhere.

The hall was giant sized, as was the gigantic disc-shaped spaceship which rested here next to various smaller ships in the middle of this hall, deep below the surface of the Earth.

A giant spaceship deep below the foundation walls of the Pyramid of Giza.

I actually believed I was dreaming.

I pinched myself on the ears, once, twice, three times.

I felt the pain and I pressed my fingernails into my ears.

The pain intensively reinforced itself.

It actually was not a dream.

Here, resting deep below the Pyramid of Giza, was actually a disc-shaped spaceship of approximately three hundred metres in diameter.

A ship similar to the one I already had seen once on the 2nd of June 1942.

And this ship here must indeed already have been in this giant storage hall for centuries or even for millennia, very deep under the earth and, by my reckoning, at least 3,000 or 4,000 metres below, or to the side and downward, from the Pyramid of Giza.

Asket did not allow me very much time to sink into astonished contemplation of this ship, because she already pulled me by the hand further to a small plateau on which I had already, from a distance, been able to see some sort of still-unidentifiable things.

Yet with what this dealt did not stay a secret to me for long, because, as I arrived at this small plateau with Asket, I was not spared astonishment.

I required minutes in order for me to finally become conscious of the complete facts.

On the small plateau lay an ancient, large and very heavy, wooden, Y-shaped cross.

There were three rusty things right next to it, which, indeed, hundreds or thousands of years ago, must have once been hand-forged nails.

Or was the brownish-black coating on the nails not rust at all – was it perhaps blood?

Was it perhaps blood like the brownish-black coating on three different positions on the wooden cross?

It must indeed have been so because right next to these things lay an ancient wreath, wound around many times, with abnormally big thorns, on which this red-brown coating was likewise recognizable.

That this wreath of thorns was unmistakably constructed something like a crown could not be overlooked.

Also the about two metre, blackish, wooden rod and the purple-coloured cape were not to be overlooked next to a small leather pouch out of which glass pearls or glass stones appeared to have rolled.

It was unmistakable: here I stood before Christ's, respectively Immanuel's, crucifixion utensils.

It simply had to have been so and nothing else.

I was not even able to imagine another possibility.

Here I stood before everything which was connected with the death of Immanuel alias Jesus Christ – and the glassy stones in the little leather pouch were not stones, rather certain precious stones, whose sense and purpose, however, I was not yet able to fathom.

Mute and moved, I stood before these witnesses of an ancient time which had been of worldwide significance for a very large part of humanity.

Mute and moved, I looked at the things laying there and sent a grateful, quick prayer to heaven that I, of all people, was permitted to see everything here.

I thereby quite forgot the words of Sfath who had once said to me that the Christian religion is just as much an irresponsible, evil, poor piece of work, for the stupefaction and enslavement of humans, as are all the other terrestrial religions.

Still, who would have blamed me, that I, as the son of a protestant Christian family, could simply not think of deception when Jesus Christ was spoken of.

In spite of not being strongly religiously influenced, I could not simply and easily loosen myself from these things laying here which were pregnant with history, because right here actually lay the crucifixion utensils which had to have testified as evidence for the accuracy of certain things of the New Testament.

That occurred to me now and I wondered about Sfath's words, that everything is only meant to be a deception, that Jesus Christ should never have been called Jesus Christ, rather Immanuel, that he was not God's son, and that God is not Creation.

Only, why had Sfath told me such things, because, here before me lay, indeed, at the least, evidence to the contrary, that certain things were indeed the truth.

Now I simply no longer understood anything. What was now the actual truth then?

Asket must have fully registered my thought-dilemma because she gripped me by the arm and pulled me along with her – the same way back that we had come shortly before, whereby I could still observe various things.

We again strode past the two guards, who took no initiative against us at all.

Again the heavy, giant, squared stone dissolved into nothing and we stepped through the opening.

It obviously led back through the same passageway and suddenly we stepped out of the dark pyramid again.

I saw the Sphinx and our ship, and then I already sat in my arm chair again and we shot toward the sky at a crazy speed.

I realised only vaguely that the Bedouin camp had disappeared and that many foreign people were going around the Pyramid – tourists, who really wanted to see "everything" here.

The Sun was already very high in the sky, and thereby I noticed something unbelievable; I had not been in the Pyramid for only a short time, rather many hours long, although, to me, the time appeared to be only minutes.

The ship with Asket and me raced back with unimaginable speed and set down on the same place from where it had started the flight to the pyramids – deep in the desert mountains of the Jordanian countryside.

And the ship lay there more than two full days, while Asket instructed me in very many things and also provided me with many explanations.

It was, for me, two days of wonder, joy, recognition, learning and the acceptance of a mission.