

*« Would you have liked to witness
the writing of the Old Testament?
And the New, the Gospel? Today,
the Third Testament—how many
of you will continue to write it? »*

The following narrative has been composed over a span of 27 years and is currently considered to be the Book that, for some, has allowed them to experience a particular state of consciousness: that indescribable ecstasy that seizes mystics in the presence of someone or something they deem sacred. Another peculiarity, according to the most accurate interpretation of many prophecies, the words of Omraam Mikhael Aivanov, and Vladimir Seergevic Solo'ëv, who was the highest expression of modern Russian thought, is that it is destined to become the – Third Testament –. It can certainly be said to be the first global “book,” as anyone who comes into possession of it, at the protagonist’s indisputable judgment, will be able to take on a role in its unique and unrepeatable plot. The authors feel admiration for the daring who will enter the indicated dimension; a non-place capable of shaking the world and renewing it from its foundations. It is documented that it has been sufficient to open it and leaf through it to enter and experience the wonderful essence that eternally pervades every dimension. Access is granted to all, but for many, it will be necessary to read it multiple

times; the doors to that dimension can be opened by all who have the key and... this book, you will discover... is the key to those doors.

The episodes described, the protagonists involved, and every other element of the narrated events are deliberately random. The Authors

“Free yourselves from the anguish of the future. Erieder will reveal to you that his future will also be yours.”

“Well, it will indeed be Angels who fight by our side, but who... who dares to say how, when, and why our Angels must be made?...”

“... And there comes a time for everything, a time for plowing, a time for sowing, but then there also comes a time for the ‘sickle’...”

“Let us then see that a truly simple way to establish a system that does not require prisons, magistrates, law enforcement, etc... is indeed what I hope for: to become ‘believers,’ to believe in that part of ourselves incapable of lying to us, in order to discover that everything is possible for us.”

“He then said that, after this, more time would pass, and subsequently, the very walls of hell, those bastions called borders that encircle the earth and divide it along with its peoples, would collapse... if the trumpets are remembered for Jericho, for today’s border-walls, this book will be remembered.”

ORIGINAL TITLE: **THIRD TESTAMENT**

GOD WROTE THIS FABLE FOR MAN SO THAT HE DREAMS OF WHAT HE HAS CONCEIVED
WITH HIS INFINITE IMAGINATION.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY: JANUARY 27, 2013, AUTHORS: – EVERY INCARNATED
SOUL – TRIESTE – ITALY

*Dedicated to children by a father
who has no children”*

*“Is there perhaps a rule that
prohibits a Messiah from writing
what he believes to be true?”* Richard

Back.



*“Is there perhaps a rule that
prohibits a Messiah from writing
what will appear wonderful when
considered true? 666”*



G A A E L





For this narrative, we suggest two levels of reading: the first requires the ability to set aside one's certainties; this, along with the objective description of events, will allow the reader to formulate an extraordinary hypothesis.

The second expressive level, that which typically lies between the lines, if received in full awareness, will allow for a gradual penetration and an increasingly incisive presence of the perceiving subject in the universe postulated by Jung and Pauli.

The two were among the first to speak of synchronic phenomena and, together with Max Planck, David Bohm, John Wheeler, Werner Heisenberg, Erwin Schrödinger, and Paul Dirac, believed that quantum physics could not be understood without hypothesizing that consciousness (an unquantifiable element) was a fundamental component of reality. Finally, there would be a third level, but it is superfluous to recommend it; it does not imply the reading of the text, as what every spirit knows is also known, able, and willed by the Spirit that pervades all.

Placing this work within a specific literary genre is an arduous and perfectly useless effort; it has been conceived and has developed differently from all known ones; it is the Third Testament, the Work destined to be eternally inscribed. We believe that it should be placed in the soul so that it becomes an inseparable part of it. To do this, it will be beneficial to reflect on the impulses that characterize the collective I on its path. That macroscopic path is analogous to that of every realized Soul, which, in order to be such, must follow one of the infinite ways, and the uniqueness of the book is that it represents the way chosen by the author for himself and for anyone who wishes to walk it alongside him. Upon reaching the destination, he returns to indicate that the obstacles, overcome through chance, have the same essence as those that humanity will soon face. For the individual, eliminating them is equivalent to achieving transfiguration, while for the multitudes, this is indicated by the term palingenesis. The New Age, foreseen by clairvoyants and for which the greatest mystical figures sacrificed everything, will be glimpsed within these pages.

Those who reach beyond the end of every path claim the freedom, recognized for all the Children of God, to stand beside it but, above all, spread the awareness of their presence; this can be seen as that situation defined by mystics of every age... parousia.

By reading these lines, you may live alongside the authors the event described in the tome. It boasts particular characteristics; that of being known and desired by other Spirits for time immemorial and of being able to determine the Apocalypse. There are few writers who take twenty-seven years to write their work. Even fewer are those who pay such a high price to complete it. It seems incredible that the protagonist of this story has lost his home, his family, his freedom, and is about to lose his life; and yet these days, the interpreter of the story you have begun to read sees all his most basic rights trampled. His children have been taken from him, he has been evicted from his home, and sent to sleep on the street, under a bridge next to the most miserable.

Today he has been deprived of his freedom, but his dreams remain the same as always: he dreams of walking the streets of the world and seeing faces without tears. This will happen when it is understood that from above a cross and from below a bridge, it is possible to show others the Way. Reading page seven of the previous edition, we see that the author of these lines had begun to pay with his home, his family, and anticipated an increasingly high cost. In conjunction with this new version, he continues to pay the cost of his work with his freedom, and from the conclusion of the latest events, it could be inferred that the final sum to be paid will be among the highest: a life. He will pay by making available to all the Idea-Form born from a sum of experiences, some luminous, others dark. Thus, finally free from the burden of that ephemeral wealth, he will be able to hurl himself like a Ram against the Gates of Eden to create the opening through which all will be free to enter.

To those who deny the existence of that Threshold but, at the same time, base their opulence on the sacrifices of those who reached it and recounted it, a face capable of expressing the most intense pain will appear. Pay attention... that suffering is inherently contagious; if they do nothing to eradicate it, they will be relentlessly struck. They will thus fall into a despair of which there is no memory.

Wishing to avoid this, in order to restore the smile to that face and brightness to their own future, they will need to follow this advice: to dry the tears of those who walk alongside them on the way that leads to the eternal Gates. To give the right weight to this suggestion, it is good to remember that in this Universe every change begins from a cause... and, by chance, the protagonist of this tale, our Scribe, also hides in that Cause!

Before consciously embarking on his initiatory path, he randomly discovers love, a state of consciousness of which many individuals experience the lower levels; for some, it is a biochemical energy confined to the mind and only to mystics does it appear as the very essence of an unimaginable God.

Beyond every conjecture regarding love, one thing is certain: it allows even the most skeptical minds to see how incredible and unexpected situations manifest; inconceivable as the appearance of the “Prince of Lies.” In these pages, it will be discovered that men of faith and culture who lived in different eras, armed with their undeniable wisdom, claim that the unsettling figure of the Antichrist is in fact the Messiah! [appendix1]

Certainly, the Revelation would not be complete if a part of their thought were concealed: they indeed intuited that certain types of traditions were aimed at making accept the messages that announce the appearance of the Antimesiah! This explains the expectation of the twelfth Imam, the coming of the warrior God of the Jews, the descent of the Avatar who will bring about a collective spiritual elevation, and finally the parousia or return of Jesus.

According to the most noted scholars, there are no tangible clues about the presence of the Son of God in Palestine, aside from the few lines that qualified researchers exclude as having been personally penned by the historian Josephus in 93 AD. The total absence of specific concrete evidence indicates only one possibility; it is a social engineering Plan that the main protagonist of this fascinating narrative proposes. By using a book, whose appearance was predicted by a mystic who referred to it as the “Third Testament,” the thread that connects the events suggesting the birth of a God, should it prove necessary, will be found. Human beings believe themselves powerless in the face of leaders and systems that

subject peoples to cruel vexations; the inescapable consequence is the emergence of a will that activates, sometimes unconsciously, to create the image of a God who erases the exhausting limitations on their freedom. It is not new that this abstract creation, that non-existent god, can actually influence reality if it is made sufficiently credible by the determination of those who propose it or, simply, by chance; that entity opens the gates to a new world that seems to arise from wisdom without time or body; the same wisdom that is cyclically attributed to mythical beings.

It has been handed down that the appearance of the Antichrist would bring confusion to the minds of men; by comparing without prejudice the writings of saints and seers with descriptions of events that actually occurred to characters in our history, it may seem that this book aims to spread his thoughts. Among these pages, many clues will be found to support words that sound like dramatic warnings:

“The hour of his wrath has come, to reward his servants, those who fear his name, and to annihilate those who destroy the earth.”

At the time this prophecy was made, it was not easy to foresee that humanity would face the need to stop those who could destroy the planet. Today, it is evident that there is no other option but to halt those who chase money and power. The terrifying weapons are still seen by many as the most likely cause of a catastrophe, while the insidious and unrestrained pursuit of profit, according to a few impartial researchers, is the real and greatest danger; among them, it is worth mentioning Dr. Stefano Montanari, author of the book “The Circle of Fine Particles,” and his wife, Dr. Morena Gatti.

In his work, Montanari clearly and simply demonstrates what is stubbornly denied by political and economic powers: “It is possible to enrich a few exclusively through the exploitation and suffering of many.” He writes about the growing danger posed by those who, like the demons in allegorical paintings of hell, diabolical beings who use an inexhaustible fire to torment the damned, poison living beings and future generations while feeding the furnaces dedicated to energy production; energy that is used only minimally for noble purposes and thus causes dire planetary consequences.

According to St. Bridget and the mystic Catherine Emmerich, the Antilegge was to be born in 1949-50. Nostradamus, in his famous quatrains, referred several times to that unsettling figure, and the press lingers on his prophecies when it glimpses even a vague resemblance between his predictions and current events. Men whose fame has reached us because they demonstrated uncommon deductive abilities wrote about the Antilegge. They referred to it as the Great Monarch or the Prince of the Holy Militia, similarly to St. Francis of Paola, who wrote about him:

“He will found in Italy the great Society and the Army of the Crossbearers, who at first will be mocked by the unbelievers, but after victory, their laughter will turn to weeping. The Crossbearers will commit immense slaughter, and rivers of blood of the rebels will flow...”

In an ancient document, it is possible to read that his word will spread from the House of Wisdom; it seems that this has actually happened since the first version of the work was published by Edizioni Goliardiche, a publishing house well established within the University of Trieste. This incredible tale will be interspersed with reflections, some related to psychological processes that are very common and frequently present among both humans and animals. One of these is worth noting: that primordial instinctive impulse, that innate and unquenchable will that drives individuals on different rungs of the evolutionary ladder to assume, for various reasons, sometimes a flashy appearance, other times aggressive, and still others deliberately frightening.

Before starting to read this tale, a brief preface is also appropriate: the author, who we will see identify with the hidden protagonist, has been referred to over the years by different names and titles, so, following that custom, he will be cited by multiple names. We trust that the attentive reader will nonetheless be able to identify him easily.

At the end of this preface, it should be noted that alongside the three levels of reading, there are three versions of the book. The first, a concise typescript composed in the 1980s, alarmed some local officials connected

to esoteric circles. The second version, published under the title *Erieder*, caused curious side effects in some subjects who came into possession of it. Its presentation, as part of the local publishing exhibition held in Piazza dell'Unità d'Italia in Trieste, was canceled, and the publisher reported the unofficial reason for the sudden decision: "They say the text is not in line with the cultural policy of the Municipality" (one of the organizers). Shortly thereafter, an appeal was made to civil and religious authorities, through the local press, to urge a ban on the book. Then, some readers experienced auditory phenomena: they were in complete solitude, but voices coming from nowhere spoke to them. Others, perhaps carried away by their mystical temperament, experienced Stendhal syndrome without even flipping through the pages. Lastly, we will recall the literary critic of *Il Piccolo*, Alessandro Mezzena Lona, who wrote on 11-6-98:

– Among the "cursed" books, it quickly found a place. Perhaps it was the shocking cover with that monstrous red demon or that mysterious name behind which the author hides: *Erieder*. Which, read backward, becomes *King of Kings* and can evoke the mocking satanic habit of overturning all symbols of the Christian religion. The fact is that - *Erieder* - soon became a ghost text. Invisible in bookstores, not supported by any advertising, openly exorcised by people who shamelessly admit they haven't even read it. What will this book talk about? And here lies the beauty. Because *Erieder* can be read in ten different ways. It is not a novel, nor a treatise. It is, rather, the tale of a revelation. Of how the author, at a certain point, discovered, interpreting "signs," premonitions, episodes scattered throughout his life, and comparing them with the words of prophets, saints, philosophers, scientists, religious figures, politicians, and scholars, that he is the man who could herald the long-awaited New Era. Antichrist? Son of God? Direct emanation of He who has always guarded the mystery of existence? Names, as we know, do not serve to explain things. The most interesting aspect of this long confession-book, in which the author scatters precise data to be recognized, is that *Erieder* does not trumpet the usual pseudo-religious or pseudo-satanic proclamations to the four winds. What it formulates is, above all, a dream of human, spiritual, and social liberation. Addressed to those who suffer and lack the strength to lift their heads. To those who have suffered

injustices and drag themselves into despair. To those who have never heard a word of love, of encouragement, from their peers.

Erieder's is a revolt against human indifference. That tolerates war, that does not protect children and leaves them at the mercy of the worst nightmares. Who listens only to the powerful, who coexists with injustice, abuse, and malice. Who has no joy or hope anymore.

Written with perhaps excessive passion and fervor, naive and questionable in certain bombastic passages, more than the proclamation of the Antichrist, this book resembles the cry of pain of one who has seen love fade away. Of one who would like humanity, united, to dream of rebellion. Against those who play with our destinies.

The latest version of the book, the third, was inspired to serve as a key to another dimension; those who use it with love will be able to enter without fear.

The reader is simply asked to compare without prejudice the dozens of prophecies with just as many facts and events, more or less recent, that are described in a detailed and truthful manner. It is hoped that after a careful reading of the circumstances, during which many of the predictions made seem to come true, each person can form their own judgment calmly about the veracity of this incredible tale. This work does not pursue success; it aims to achieve the awareness that the presumed Antichrist is nothing more than the long-awaited gift from suffering humanity; a gift that will not be welcomed by certain "powers" of the earth because it is the tool to free people from their dominion.

A brief presentation of some of the accurate predictions that, in the protagonist's eyes, appeared as authentic synchronic miracles.

"He will be born when the leaves fall" Yes!

*"He will be born around the year 1949-50" ascerà attorno all'anno
1948 1950"* Yes!

"Next to the wave of the sea" Yes!

"Where the water becomes a sweet lover" Si! Yes!

"He will be born next to the sword" Yes!

"His mother will be a frail old woman with an owl's gaze" Yes!

“ He will have a brother” Yes!
 “Vi “There will be a harlot in his family” Yes!
 “ He will announce future events” Yes!
 “Porterà sulla fronte una piccola croce rovesciata” Yes!
 “ He will be mocked and humiliated” Yes!
 “He will wander for a long time, in his youth finally arriving before
 a dark cave, a Great Gallery” Yes!
 “He will arrive there at sunset” Yes!
 “ He will see the sun set to his right” Yes!
 “A wild forest around him” Yes!
 “He will see an ancient building and a staircase of white stones”
 Yes !
 “ He will take 78 steps inside the Great Gallery” Yes!

Each step was taken by placing a foot on one of the railway sleepers to avoid possible ankle sprains due to the darkness and large gravel beside it. Thanks to this providential synchronic intervention, it was possible to ascertain later how many steps were actually taken inside that dark cave. Following other disarming synchronic events, it was discovered that the established distance, by ministerial decree, between the aforementioned railway sleepers, corresponded exactly to 666 millimeters. The providential synchronicity also helped him when he intuited the answers to many questions he posed upon exiting; to all the questions, even the one about who could ever believe in the success of the fantastic and wonderful Plan entrusted to him. Unbeknownst to him, at that moment, the very person who would first answer yes to his intriguing question was being born.

“He will stop in the first niche to his left” Yes!
 “Inside that niche he will have an extraordinary experience” Yes!
 “He will have no more doubts when he exits the Great Gallery and heads
 toward the destiny that awaits him” Yes!
 “He will declare himself at the age of thirty” Yes!
 “No book will ever again be written that can resemble this one” Yes!
 “The Antichrist will want to resemble Him, and his first disciple will also
 be called Giovanni; he will be the first to whom the Antilegge will reveal
 itself” Yes!

“When a Pope who assumes the names of two apostles of Jesus sits on the throne of Peter, the Antichrist will descend among men. The Antichrist will be the angel of rebellion and will rain sparks of fire from heaven”

Yes!

“When you meet the shadows of the deceased... you will see the Antichrist appear” Yes!

“When a Pope who assumes the names of two apostles of Jesus sits on the throne of Peter, the Antichrist will descend among men. The Antichrist will be the angel of rebellion and will rain sparks of fire from heaven”

“A just and pious man, originally from Galilee, will be Pope; he will precede the Great Monarch by about two years” Yes!

“The flower of Evil will be watered with the tears of repentance” Yes!

“He And he will be a son of the Earth, son of a fisherman, to guide the human flock back to the way of life against the daily struggle against annihilation, death, the massacres that hatred and power have marked forever. And he will draw wisdom from the Wise Fisherman” Yes!

“God will exalt a man of the blood of Constantine (Slavic). Such a man will be almost holy in adolescence, a great sinner in youth, then will return to being holy” Yes!

“The Antichrist will come at sunset and gather the few faithful to demolish the false path. He will be insulted, betrayed, beaten, and killed by men. But he will teach men a way even more just than that which Christ traced”

Yes!

“He will be brought down as St. Paul was” Yes!

“He The true quest of St. George is the conquest of Paradise and the fulfillment of the Apocalypse... The Last Judgment will begin simply with a sudden noise, with an involuntary shiver dictated by the instinct for preservation against an intolerably threatening tyranny... The Apocalypse will necessarily begin with a massacre of tyrants” Yes!

“Christ came to free those who are under the yoke of tyrants, not to liberate them; the Antichrist will take care of that” Yes!



Introduction

It is rare to read that the most important phenomenon in the Universe is represented by the presence of the living God on earth, revealed and incarnated in a man. Even more rarely does one discover someone who is aware of it when such a phenomenon manifests. Today, this rare capacity for intuition, through a series of coincidental events, is about to be shared by an ever-widening and impactful circle of people. It all began when it was decided to implement the decisive phase of the most ambitious plan in history: a Plan that has been and can be seen as a revenge. To achieve this goal, an unimaginable weapon, unique in its kind and for which no defense has yet been prepared, would have to be used: - The Syndrome of the Hundredth Monkey -.

It may seem bold and presumptuous to hypothesize that some of the prophecies related to the Apocalypse refer to the events described in this book. We will see that it is by chance that among many prophetic messages it was possible to find those that anticipated this extraordinary story. By reading it attentively and without prejudice, you will agree that, however unusual, it will appear wonderful if it can be discovered as real. Realizing that the tale is truthful will also lead one to believe that, on the threshold of the year 2000, a time has come for a man to give his body, mind, and works to that Spirit which eternally pervades every dimension.

This gift will make other minds aware of their eternal existence. Thanks to the experience lived and the knowledge acquired by the protagonist, it can be said that a similar fate will be the heritage of every other being; the same Event will happen to each of you. Be assured of this, sooner or later, you will all come to be the living God, present and revealed. This is an unusual assertion but somehow acceptable to the mind; revealing now that we have always been what Is is undoubtedly more difficult and could rob the reader of the joy of continuing in the tale as it would render every other word superfluous.

Nevertheless, it is good to remember that the path to follow, to interpret a role that transcends the ephemeral, is built on a sum of experiences, among which is the choice to consciously contribute to the realization of the Intelligent Design. Such a commitment can extend to the ultimate sacrifice or limit itself to a lukewarm support, and the enlightened builders

know that the work of laying the foundations of the Kingdom, erecting its walls, or proclaiming its advent carries the same importance.

Let it be clarified to avoid misunderstandings that the term meritocracy has no place in the protagonist's vocabulary; this means that the glory, deriving from a sum of excellent qualities, does not depend on the degree of dedication to the Project but simply on the awareness of operating alongside the Architect to realize it. Having explored every possible path, one ultimately realizes that one is that living and eternal God; this does not happen thanks to an election, for the Truth, and this will displease many, is not at all "democratic."

History teaches that since the dawn of time, those who have been conscious of embodying it have not presented themselves as candidates but have chosen to support it before all with infinite wisdom. Following this, the position occupied is gradually recognized by others thanks to the healed eyes of the soul. Every child of God will restore sight to the blind, and everything you do in your day will be free from guilt; for there is no galaxy, blade of grass, nor word outside of God. Within Him, we find everything imaginable but also its opposite.

The presumed author of this book admits that he not only writes like an illiterate man, but in certain passages uses the pen in such a way as to make it seem that he considers himself nothing less than the Antichrist, that nefarious character spoken of in so many prophecies.

Rereading this tale, in which traditions, legends, and many prophetic messages that treat that figure in an unusual way are necessarily included, one notices that throughout the work seems to lie his awareness of wearing such a role, transcendent to a few clairvoyants, but delirious for "wise" and "learned" individuals.

Whoever, upon finishing the reading of this incredible but true tale, can appreciate that vision will discover a thought free from any conditioning, provided they recognize that possession of the Truth, the answer to every question, is not a prerogative of the majority as such. It is evident that every new way of conceiving reality first manifests in the individual; only later, and provided that their conception proves "advantageous" for other creatures, is it shared by the masses.

It is expected that the will to wear the guise of that unsettling figure, a catalyst for fears, hopes, and faiths, will not be hindered but, on the

contrary, after a careful analysis of the writing, will be seen for what it is: the central piece of a mosaic that is being formed thanks to strange coincidences, to synchronistic phenomena that seem to have been foreseen for centuries. In addition to this, it must be decided that from the Project-Erieder and all that it entails, no benefit will be drawn in the future; for in that case, and only for that reason, the love for the Work would lose that characteristic that above all must distinguish it: purity.

Perhaps, and this will depend precisely on those who venture into these pages for many aspects terrible and transcendent, the forms that the protagonist assumes, in a near future, will represent the Form of the God-Man.

For many, this is probably heresy, but those marked in the Book of Life—allow this poetic form to indicate those who turn with love towards others—know for certain that the true heresy is rather the belief that the Father shows Himself powerless to raise His son up to Himself. As a man, therefore, one can be naive, stubborn, anxious, fearful, and weak... but as the Son of God... it is expected that He be credited with an eternal and inexhaustible will to give His energy, and that these emphatic words be interpreted for what they are: the inner longing to comply with the ideal figure of a Father who, as such, requires and grants only acts of Love.

Without fear of contradiction, it can be said that from every form assumed and incarnated, the immense will to manifest what they “feel they want” in this Eon will gradually become more evident: the fulfillment of the Apocalypse and the advent of the new Era. Then every form will emanate its most glorious and sublime essence so that all may reach the most distant Universes, that indefinable Point placed beyond our vast galaxy to contemplate every astonishing aspect of it for eternity. Let us bear in mind that to reach the top of the ladder, one must gradually surpass all the rungs, and the protagonist, in these last days, wants to represent nothing more than a simple rung.

“He No one comes to the Father except through me.” (John 14:6)

Now it is necessary to justify this intolerable way of addressing you. Appearing as a presumptuous fool may later lead to reflection on the baggage of pride and prejudice that hinders the evolutionary path

of every being. In fact, if a single point were indicated as the ultimate goal, one would be viewed with less condescension; but the provocation is inflicted with the intent to sever the ties that hold the less noble impulses and represent a burden for every human being.

It has been written for centuries that the Antichrist would astonish the people by speaking of future events; well, among these pages you will find many clues that seem to confirm the accuracy of this prediction. It is certain, however, that, since there is no worse deaf person than one who does not want to hear, it is useless to repeat for them what seers have been saying for centuries:

“And the survivors, frightened by the punishment of others, recognizing in you the finger of God, will live in an era of peace.”

The Era referred to and which will be discussed more extensively in these pages is at hand. It is the period during which, unlike past eras, individuals with the awareness of a God will no longer find themselves alone, as there will be an exponential and sudden growth of the phenomenon that has been wisely deemed the most important among those known; they will no longer be humiliated or crucified but will be accepted by all and loved as elder brothers. In those days, those who move forward uncertain and unable to perceive the divine within themselves will discover it in those beings and will be blessed.

In these pages, the adventures of one of these individuals are briefly recounted; within them lies a real experience, and if you can grasp the extraordinary aspects of this story, reality will hold no more secrets for you either. You will discover that the events and many strange coincidences have indeed been lived by all the protagonists in the manner described. I hope you will appreciate the effort to provide a correct chronological exposition of the facts in order to render dubious any other possible interpretation. You will see every precaution taken so that one begins to live, together with what is most similar to a Spirit descended into matter, an extraordinary experience. This, with the sole purpose of increasing the awareness of how simple it truly is for anyone to approach that indefinable something that some call God. For the atheist, this high-sounding term may be a cause of annoyance, and thus

it is advisable to invite him to read every definition appointed to remind that supernatural Entity as a synonym of energy or of an undetermined force that has always pervaded matter.

An energy that, by chance, determines every change in this universe and thus, inevitably, also the change in its thought. This adventure, unique in its shocking dramatic nature in many respects, revealed itself to the protagonist, on rare occasions, as ecstatic. Those few but unforgettable moments were the primary and sole reason for the beginning of his struggle. Thanks to those moments of love, at the sunset of a day placed at the end of a Millennium, he sees himself as the warrior son of a God who imagines himself free to beget him in His likeness.

To those who want to know some extraordinary hypotheses about that bloodthirsty warrior, announced by many prophets, this book is recommended, which represents a war and every page a battle. The narrative will prove overwhelming, as only the war of a God can be. Now, to those who arm themselves with patience and wish to enter these pages with determination, victory is promised, the victory over that enemy who has always been more skillful and cunning: doubt!

“To those who have accepted him, he has given the power to become children of God: to those who believe in his name, who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” (John 1:12-13)

A thought of gratitude must be directed towards solitude; the merit was mainly hers if the struggle lasted until the end; thanks for allowing this narrative to be completed since she, capable of driving one mad with despair a thousand and a thousand times and equally capable of bending it, did not want to break it because it could become stronger. The peculiarities that distinguish this Work should be carefully evaluated, and it will appear likely that it was indeed this to which a seer of the past century referred when he penned these words:

“That no Book will ever again be written that can resemble it.”

On August 16, 1996, many more pages were added to the previous narrative. It could seem so incredible to a future reader, as it was truthful for those fortunate enough to witness, firsthand, the events reported on

these pages. The following day, the writing was lent without specifying who the author was, to a girl who regularly frequented the Hemingway. In that bar, there was also a very strange individual who often went after spending the night under a bridge or in some derelict house. He was a man in his fifties who looked thirty; it was clear from his gait that he must have practiced a kind of hard and demanding sport. His gaze was fixed ahead as if his path were that and without any alternative. A brief greeting, and he began explaining to her that he wanted to receive a judgment, especially on the chapter that, according to him, seemed the most engaging from a sentimental aspect:—The Black Virgin—. He said he needed to discover the possible reactions of potential readers and then reflect on the developments that certain truths hidden in every page would inevitably trigger in the most sensitive. She, having heard the request, took the volume and went to sit aside.

She was not in a hurry, so she settled in, ordering a coffee, while he continued to observe her: she was immersed in reading and did not take her eyes off the writing even to respond to those who, from time to time, spoke to her. She finished reading, slowly closed the book, and smiled; then, she placed it on the table and shared her impressions with him.

“To be honest, I was strongly impressed by the male character; unlike the others, he was able to lift that girl from the mud and reveal her unsuspected purity. He shaped her to obtain a figure that could prove useful for his purpose, but I do not fully understand what that purpose may be. I was intrigued by the fact that he predicted some particular circumstances that happened to the girl and also her dramatic death. The author, who seems to be the protagonist of this incredible story, sporadically reports predictions made centuries ago; they seem to concern our existences, and this honestly disturbs me. I have never been interested in these things, even if I often hear them discussed at the bar; but perhaps it was exactly this—she resumed thoughtfully after a moment—she, before anyone else, may have discovered that what was happening to her was all inexplicably true, and this led her both to love the man, if at this point it is a man, and to wait for her Franz in that shabby hovel... well aware that her dedication would push her to the utmost sacrifice.”

The man thought to intervene with irony and pointed out to her that, besides the female figure, she was praising nothing less than the character representing the Son of the Wicked. The girl, in turn, laughed amused, returned the book, and, without adding anything else, walked away.

Perhaps the objective of this literary effort is precisely this: to bring you closer for a moment to the diabolical “666.” In these pages, he is presented, in accordance with what the prophets say, precisely as a figure possessing supernatural powers. What then will be the purpose? Will it be worth trying to discover it? Will it be useful to delve into whether what was written in her work—Sciviat—by Saint Hildegard, founder in the 12th century of the monastery of Bingen in Germany, coincides with current events? Was it a simple coincidence, or are we facing something so extraordinary that, if real, reveals itself to be wonderful?

“When on the throne of Peter sits a Pope who will take the names of two apostles of Jesus, the Antichrist will descend among men. The Antichrist will be the angel of rebellion and will make sparks of fire rain from heaven.” no Book will ever again be written that can resemble it.” (St. Hildegard)

A few days later in Ponterosso, an anonymous passerby stopped to greet Laura’s sister and mother, that girl who by “chance” became the splendid protagonist of a part of the narrative; that chapter so suffered that someone suggested titling it – The Black Virgin – to underline its importance. Only a few words were exchanged with them, but then, on the verge of leaving, the man felt an overwhelming desire to make known Laura’s thoughts, to let them know that she, first among all, had had faith in the simple words with which her infinite possibilities were revealed to her.

He turned to the girl. “Believe me when I tell you that your sister is not really dead, and believe too that she knew it; she had sensed that she was eternal, that only her form would escape your sight. Her soul, in the last days of her brief life, chose to remain in that shabby world prepared for her on the third floor of a sordid tenement, not certainly to rejoice, but

to fight and suffer until the end. Only after extreme sacrifices does the Spirit show us the way to cross the threshold and reach the garden that hosts the games from which delight is eternally drawn. She could show a path that few take, that of renouncing her own happiness, but not only that; to win in that game, she would not hesitate to stake her own life. Only thus could her soul obtain what it desperately needed, an element even more necessary than the air she breathed: love. Her struggle, like mine—he added as if speaking to himself—ultimately became a game: the divine Lyla (with this term, in Sanskrit, one indicates the activity of a God when this appears as a transcendent game), the eternal and unchanging Lyla. Perhaps you cannot understand this, and my words may seem those of a man driven mad by pain, but of one more thing he was certain, believe me, she was convinced she had found someone who could show others the most suitable way for each one.”

In the end, he had used a somewhat brusque tone and, sincerely, he expected her to nod with pity. On the contrary, the girl expressed herself with disarming transparency: “I believe it; Laura was a girl sometimes impossible but of truly exceptional sensitivity.” Her response and her manner left him perplexed; she didn’t seem at all surprised to hear those unusual words.

Then she continued gently: “How strange, I have never dreamt of her; on Thursday I brought flowers to her grave, and that very night I happened to see her; but it wasn’t a normal dream, you know, it was different. She was dressed in white, approaching the door of my room and smiling; I understood from her gaze that she wanted to reassure me, she communicated intensely with me in an extraordinary way without using words. Then, slowly, still smiling at me, Laura came to the foot of my bed. She seemed made of bliss... forgive me... I can’t explain myself better; I believe there are not even words to do so, but she gave me a peace and extraordinary joy that lasted after I woke up for the whole following day.”

He quickly concealed a smile; others must only see on his face the suffering for the loss of his Consoler. As she slowly walked away, he reflected on the meaning of some words from the -Song of the Black Prince- written in the 15th century and read, coincidentally, just the evening before:

“When you meet the shadows of the deceased... you will see the Antichrist appear.”

The monotonous rhythm of the steps without a goal served to remove the pain that was tearing at his mind. Now he could direct a silent thank you to Laura. Their immortal souls understood how important his gesture was: that night she had returned to testify to her presence and to be a witness for him so that he could affirm it in these pages.

In February 1996, Laura, or perhaps just the memory she left of herself, returned from another dimension to communicate with a young woman; Raffaella, a poor unfortunate with whom she had shared, about a year earlier, the room of a miserable boarding house in the city center. Giliola, one of the pieces of the mosaic that is forming, insignificant if taken individually, but with an equally important role if inserted in this context, on the day she was taken to retrieve her suitcase in the same inn frequented by the two young women, told her companion that it was there that the two girls had met. She saw Raffaella emerge from the doorway, quickly disappear around the corner of the building, and this reminded her of that circumstance. After a few days, the strange man who had given Giliola a ride noticed her again in a downtown street due to her overly marked way of applying makeup that could not go unnoticed. Finally, some time later, he bumped into her for the third time. He was returning to Borgo along a little-used peripheral road and saw her waiting for the bus. Perhaps there was a reason why that young woman appeared to him so often; he had to understand why. He made a quick turnabout and stopped at the bus stop.

“Excuse me, I think you were a friend of Laura, or am I wrong?”

There were other people around, and having made a reckless maneuver and asked that question to a girl with the appearance of a firefly made him undoubtedly seem like one of those individuals who take advantage of the most unfortunate creatures; but he needed to know if his intuition had well advised him once again.

“Are you referring to that Laura who is dead?... The one who...”

“Yes!—he interrupted her—Exactly her, I am writing a book, and an entire chapter has been dedicated to her.”

The idea that those questions might appear as an excuse to approach her made him uncomfortable, but he continued.

“I wanted to know if there was something particular, something about her that might help me to describe her better.”

“We were together for a couple of months in the same room in a boarding house in the city, but honestly, I wouldn’t know what to tell you that might interest you. We didn’t hang out, so we didn’t have the chance to get to know each other well; are you a relative of hers or a friend?”

“Let’s say I was a great friend of hers; doesn’t anything come to mind that could help me? Something unusual that happened to you during that period?”

It wasn’t his insistence that disturbed her but the memory those words had brought to the surface.

“If something happened to her, I don’t know; I only know that something happened to me that almost shocked me.”

The tone of her voice dropped and became almost metallic: “Does this event also concern her?”

“Yes!... It was a dream, I dreamed that...”

She hesitated, so he gave her an encouraging look before continuing: “Would you mind telling me about it? Perhaps I can find useful elements to include in the story.”

“No! No!... absolutely not!... But right now, I can’t, I’m with someone, and I have to go somewhere; we could talk in the afternoon if you want.”

“Can you at least give me a hint of what it was about?”

His curiosity was rewarded as she resumed: “In the dream, we were in the lobby of the inn; she pointed out the paintings on the wall one by one with her finger, then, with a circular gesture of her hand, she clearly indicated that everything would change in that place. I remember that at the door, before she left, I asked her: “But aren’t you supposed to be dead?” And she, with a smile, giving me a pat on the shoulder, replied: “Yes! Yes! Don’t worry, we’ll see each other soon.”

You can imagine how I felt hearing those words; the next day I even went to a priest to ask him if the deceased could lead us to the afterlife.

The man remained impassive to allow her to continue: “What struck me about the dream is that it seemed she intensely wished for me to give maximum importance to her warnings. She was right because what she told me at that moment actually happened! Mario, the owner, I believe has returned to Modena, and all those paintings have been taken down.”

Her interlocutor was satisfied with what he had heard; he had found the person who could recount that experience, he could thank “chance” and the girl. He greeted her with a nod and walked away thinking he would be able to make that chapter even more interesting. Fate had placed that young woman full of contradictions on his path with a precise purpose; he had to first acknowledge it and take advantage of her unaware contribution to the realization of the Plan.

He would recount the various occasions when Laura displayed her innate ability to probe a different space-time dimension and would remind his readers that other individuals, throughout the centuries, had possessed that gift. It will be seen that this choice and the words of Swedenborg, placed at the conclusion of the introduction, will make some perceive an unsuspected reality towards the end of this singular adventure.

Some of those individuals have written or orally transmitted countless prophecies; many of these are undoubtedly incredible, and the realization of others seems improbable, but one of the reasons that led various seers to describe places, circumstances, and characters in an unreal way and attribute to them astonishing characteristics was the unconscious desire to reach a greater persuasive power, causing disturbance in men and thus facilitating the fulfillment of their prophecy.

In this text, except for a few exceptions, you will find those predictions that common sense deems credible and desirable; like pearls of wisdom, they have been strung into the fabric of the narrative and placed alongside the events that actually occurred so they can be compared more easily.

One might wonder why so much effort in recounting insignificant episodes, coincidences that seem to say nothing. In reality, this entire story is based on normal facts, on fortuitous coincidences that, suggesting an unexpected truth, allow those who receive it to transcend the current concept of reality.

The narrative has among its purposes that of favoring the understanding of the quantum leap, a phenomenon that, as Deepak Chopra observes in *-The Coincidences-* on page 55, concerns the behavior of an electron when it absorbs energy and when it instead releases it: a change of state that occurs without passing through intermediate conditions.

Deepak writes that the latest research in physics presents us with the crossing of another dimension by an electron and implies that the subatomic

behavior of a single electron can extend to everything we perceive in the dimension we know.

To summarize the concept, without having to use cumbersome and aseptic mathematical formulas, one can say that perhaps the quantum leap into the Kingdom is imminent. It is hoped that the constancy put forth in narrating this singular event has been sufficient, for in that case one of the first objectives will be achieved: that of making you believe so that you may share the bliss of “those who believe without having seen, for theirs will be the Kingdom.”

At the end of this adventure, it will be seen if the intent fully reflects Swedenborg’s statement:

“God becomes as we are, so that we may be as he is”





ANTICRIST

“A just and pious man, originally from Galicia, will be Pope. He will precede the Great Monarch by about two years.” (ANONIMOUS, 1490)

It happened by chance that this prophecy was found during the drafting of a manuscript, written with the intention of participating in the distant 1980 literary competition – The Lion of Muggia – through which an improbable truth was publicly asserted, a truth that, thanks to curious coincidences, was becoming increasingly likely. The intention was to more extensively re-propose in writing what had been taking shape for a long time. It was necessary to record the first correlations and the events that intuition suggested would occur in the near future; the extraordinary synchronistic events that would support an otherwise improbable thesis.

The Antichrist, it was then written, that disturbing figure known as the Great Monarch or the Beast of the Apocalypse, according to some mystics and numerous seers, would choose this particularly troubled era to conceal himself in someone in order to achieve his initial goal, and it was also advised to reflect on what had been predicted:“

“He will declare himself at the age of thirty and will speak of the task that awaits him for a period of thirty-six months”.

The time necessary to reach the age of Christ at the moment of his crucifixion in order to follow in his footsteps; but, unlike his inspirer, he

will then have to continue his strenuous struggle armed with only wisdom. His war will last twenty-seven years, at the end of which he will reign uncontested. These outlandish statements, which can only make sense when placed in reference to the historical path of Humanity, were written shortly after the election of the current Pope John Paul II. [Appendix 2]

Then, without imagining that anyone could have anticipated him, the first concise draft of this Work was described as the representation of a war, with each page being a battle. It was then by chance, under the guise of an uncontrollable literary impulse, that the suggestion arose to write in a notebook to recount some experiences and aspirations, already in the distant spring of 1970. These were confidences directed to a tumultuous soul and initially did not involve the burden of dedicating them to others.

Ten long years passed before that notebook was filled, in accordance with the predictions of renowned seers. The writer was completely unaware of this, but in that cold December, he made his decision to write in order to leave a mark that would determine an epoch-making turning point. A book intended to overcome every obstacle. There was the intention and nothing else, so one had to scrutinize the folds of events to find what could inspire others. The desire to create a unique work of its kind stimulated the intervention of chance; it was established with great irony that it would take twenty-seven years to complete the Third Testament.

During its writing, thorough research was conducted on the theme of the Apocalypse. It was found that many books were entirely unreliable; however, it was easy to intuit that those events capable of making the approach of decisive days seem probable would occur.

A serious reflection on the clues left everywhere among these pages will give rise to the idea that the man so unpredictable and so difficult to frame has been reserved nothing less than the role of the Beast. In this regard, some corroboration will come from the seers who have been able to describe, in an extremely precise manner, some singular events that have occurred in our days. The commitment to solely demonstrate the correctness of those predictions would certainly require less effort, but since their prophecies clarify only some aspects of the Plan, the presumed literary flair that one wishes to attribute to it should be reserved for the creation of a narrative that allows for its full vision. Thus, it is the merit of chance that on the eve of the third millennium—a time that

has witnessed titanic clashes and where fear arrives suddenly, like the cloud before the storm—someone feels compelled to pour an allegorical chalice once again. We see that it is about pouring; the act of drinking the bitter cup that some have busied themselves filling in recent times is not indicated, and it seems normal that a poor Christ decides not to be crucified anymore!

“At the age of thirty, the Antichrist will reveal himself publicly... He will lead a struggle that will last for twenty-seven years, then... he will dictate the Law.”

The twenty-seven years indicated by this prophetic passage, thanks to a very simple calculation, come to an end in 1997. The importance of this last date has been intuited by many, but until now it has not clearly emerged how the government of the world would be realized and in what way a bright future could be ensured for mankind. Today it is clear that the collective consciousness can recognize the finger of God in chance events. Soon, then, men, “blind ones to whom sight will be restored,” will see how easy it is to throw every Napoleon into the mud.

Today, to the most receptive minds, it seems there is someone who embodies a form that contains infinite contradictions but equally numerous possibilities. Through it, imperceptible and abstract phenomena are determined, creating history. The awareness of possessing the same creative capacity will grow in you exponentially only if you accept the idea that the prophecies and traditions recounted serve to understand the synchronic phenomena hidden in these pages. A clue in this regard is represented by the prophetic writing that informs us of the point from which those phenomena will radiate.

“He will be recognized by a small inverted cross on his forehead.”

It seems legitimate to ask that this point be understood and accepted for what it wants to be: the faint light that illuminates the path each one must follow to reach the gates of Eden. Even for the most optimistic person regarding the intrinsic possibilities of humanity, a superhuman effort is necessary to accept such statements without any reservation; therefore, it is useful to ask you to carefully consider this writing and that of any other author proposed in these pages in support of a shocking thesis. Repetition, even if it appears to stem from an unhealthy presumption, proves useful if some bombastic statements find support in the case while putting in our hands the book by Peter Lemesurier:

“Often, the close connection between the psychic and mental attitude of humanity and the material and physical phenomena that characterize the planet that hosts it is emphasized. This possible link is defined by Goodman with the neologism ‘bio-relativity.’ It is not, in itself, a new concept, but it is certainly not simple to explain. What is certain is that the human psyche has a power and a force so extensive and tremendous that it surpasses every expectation, even the most optimistic.” (-The Prophecies That Guide the World- p. 255)

Undoubtedly, only a noble spirit can devote itself to the elimination of obstacles on the path that leads to the goal indicated in this work. This confidence will certainly not make it appear any less presumptuous, but that is not the purpose of the confession; it is written so that others may also act as children of God as soon as possible.

Around the 1970s, the first impressions that would later prove valuable for the drafting of this book were put on paper; even in those sheets, a concept was upheld that, rest assured, would later be ridiculed and deemed absurd, the product of a sick imagination. A spirit that sees the remote possibility of one day having its hypothesis appreciated by others hardly retreats when the moment comes to remove the shroud of centuries laid over an unimaginable truth, inconceivable even for those who saw the image of Christ and that of the Antichrist placed on the same altar to be worshipped. Historians know that after the year 1000, those inconceivable ceremonies continued for about three hundred years. In modern times, it is possible to find disturbing parallels between those two antithetical figures. They are the bitter fruit of the same scorn and identical hatred that many pour around them in abundance.

Before the conclusion of the work, it will be understood that the difficult journey of the protagonist is necessary for the fantastic Plan conceived by his mind to be understood by others. A clue to this is provided by Giuseppe, a young man to whom a draft of the book was lent; he returned it after writing a strange request on it with a red marker, a wish that will allow many readers to glimpse what is hidden between these pages: -So send your sign and forgive me for all the suffering you have had to endure throughout your life.-

The soul of the young man sought a sign, and immediately what he requested took form with two different aspects. The first, which is

described in the second chapter where the astonishing possibility of creating significant coincidences is discussed, is directed expressly at him; the other became evident immediately afterward on the forehead of a priest. [Appendix 3]

When the same request comes from your souls, there will be a sign like in the time of the last plague in Egypt. Thinking of historians, tired of repeating that history is, more often than believed, destined to repeat itself, one would regard the premonitory signs with less disdain. Back then, the doors of the houses were marked with blood to save the firstborn from the exterminating angel; in these times, whoever receives that gift from the Father meant to distinguish him will be spared on the Day of Wrath! As with Joseph, your sign will also have two aspects, one tangible, the other abstract but with the same effect.

The next day, a second copy of the draft of the book was delivered to a boy who had offered to read it and give his opinion. He, the following evening, knocked on the door to return it. At that moment, the indecipherable one was in the basement working with the boiler, so he shouted to the visitor:

“I’m preparing to light the fire, just a moment of patience and I’ll be right there, I’m almost done.”

“I know, I burn with impatience.”

That unexpected response made him quickly ascend the stairs to go and open the door for him. On the steps in front of the entrance stood the young man in his twenties, whom he didn’t even recognize at that moment. The sun, now setting, illuminated his hair, changing its hue, and from his face seemed to emanate bronze-like reflections. The slightly metallic tone of voice as he handed over the book amazed him even more: “Sir, if you want, I can strike down whoever betrayed you; you don’t need to ask me, just let me think that you wish it.”

He had pronounced those strange words, fixing him decisively in the eyes. He scrutinized that gaze, fearing for a moment that he might read hatred in it, but instead discovered only deep sadness. Then his attention was drawn to the young man’s left hand; it was tightly gripping something, which seemed to be the grip of a gun tucked into the holster at his waist. Perhaps he had intentionally allowed the heavy jacket he was wearing to shift aside.

“Listen, dear boy, do you think I cannot wield weapons far more lethal and destructive than yours? I can only advise you to have faith in the Design that is unfolding and to wait, for the day of wrath has not yet come, and that is all I feel I must ask of you.”

Forgive these digressions; they are necessary to understand the different levels of thought that alternate in the soul of every writer moved by the desire to share a part of himself with others. It will be useful to include them in these pages, and one way to do so easily is to briefly return to the late 1970s, after the unsettling episode described in the third chapter. At the end of the detailed account of that dramatic experience, there will be no shortage of those who see a disconcerting analogy between that singular adventure and the visions passed down by some seers. They may also discover that these seers attributed to what they saw the value of an Initiation, or the importance of a legendary Investiture.

In those distant days, instinct suggested to our “hero” to endure every suffering and avoid reacting to provocations; the decision to take on that heavy commitment was made after observing the many similarities between his unusual experiences and what had been stated by many prophecies formulated over the centuries concerning the much-despised figure of the Antichrist.

Subsequently, by stripping away the embellishments, it became possible to perfectly overlap the idea and form of that messianic figure, which for many represents good, with that which only a few rare enlightened individuals rejected as an expression of evil. Identifying the figure of Christ with that of his Adversary is a conceptual operation that may seem impossible to accomplish, but in the case we are discussing, it was suggested precisely by circumstance.

Seeking confirmation for the numerous clues, evaluating the opportunity of having to cover such an unsympathetic role, indeed, decidedly diabolical, led him to reflect on the reasons behind actions, even if they were merely simple words that, so often, wounded his soul when not dictated by sincere feelings. Such sensitivity, which is not very common in itself, was incompatible with the personality attributed to the Antichrist by many seers. What revealed itself to be a figure much more enigmatic than one might suppose was, to some visionaries, shown as a powerful benevolent entity. The only one capable of putting into action

the words attributed to Christ; words inspired to be shared, regardless of whether he truly existed.

Here is finally the explanation for many disturbances and sufferings, simple links in a chain that would allow the indissoluble binding of two of the infinite expressions of the Divine. It would be precisely the pain suffered for identical reasons that would make the incredible symbiosis possible. But as happened with Christ, only those who could perceive every material form in the light of intuition, seeing the Beast and hearing its secret laments, would know how to share its suffering.

Attributing to the protagonist an uncommon sensitivity would give rise to ironic comments and grimaces of disbelief from those who believe they have known and associated with him. The reason why he occasionally simulated attitudes that seemed superficial or a total indifference is easily understandable. If, while flipping through a magazine documenting the deaths of many children for the most absurd reasons, he had succumbed to despair and, crying, had shouted the real causes, the unconfessable reasons that allowed for those atrocities, he certainly would not have gone unheard; they would have immediately interned him in some institution for the mentally disabled.

These difficulties present themselves to anyone who, from the depths of their soul, claims identity with Christ; at that point, the uniqueness with the Last Ones is also realized, and one chooses not to leave them. Two thousand years have passed since the one who proclaimed to the people the necessity of sharing was reserved the cross; to the Antichrist, the leader whom William Blake claims must guide you in the assault on Heaven, to the one who makes his soul and body hard as diamond to become the ram ready to break down the gates of Paradise, that dimension to which all aspire, what will you reserve? Today, there is only one answer to this question: when the last among you has crossed the threshold, this now useless ram will be burned, forgotten until the day when other doors, of other Edens, must be opened.

In previous versions, some facts were presented that were interpreted without regard for whether they appeared trivial or tendentious. It would be childish and foolish to continue doing so, as they represented only temporary stumbling blocks that are no longer necessary and on which the more seasoned seekers of the True must not stumble. Reintroducing

them among these pages would be counterproductive because it would render less credible what has long been asserted: “It is probable that the events announced by the prophets of every age and faith, concerning the troubling figure of the Antichrist, have largely already occurred, while others are gradually being realized at his will.”

It is evident that for every word of this work, it is possible to find a completely different explanation if one is guided by feelings that have not been sublimated and that have their days numbered; they are: envy, tyranny, selfishness, pride, the never sufficiently condemned indifference, and others with equally negative peculiarities.

“He who has in his heart a tendency to error is always looking for quibbles, subtleties, differentiated interpretations. olui che ha nel cuore l’inclinazione all’errore, è sempre alla ricerca di cavilli, sottigliezze, interpretazioni differenziate.” (QURAN: III, 7)

Can the way in which the Quranic verse used to support his words reached him be attributed to chance? As he typed his philosophical conviction on the keyboard, he felt it necessary that the same concept had been spread by a great innovator; it had to be inscribed in a book of recognized importance. He felt an urgent impulse to verify if someone had already done so; he thought it was like looking for a needle in a haystack but closed the computer. He could not stop; he was driven by deeper motives than simply taking a walk.

And so, together with Gilly, a woman he had known for some time, he went to the usual used bookstore. Upon entering, a single volume, placed in the window, immediately caught his attention: by chance, the very first page contained that pearl of wisdom that he wished to insert among these lines so that the meaning of the manuscript might gradually become clear.

Claiming to be driven by the necessity to propose to you what the mind of a sage has intuited, he falls into contradiction by asserting that he is free from all bonds. This mode of expression seems irreconcilable only at a superficial analysis; in reality, the use of the terms must, want, desire, etc., could comfortably be replaced, none excluded, with the word love.

Writing a book without these terms is, you must admit, very arduous; even more difficult is to make you believe that one loves to know your

interpretation of the episodes reported, that one loves what will be left in your minds at the end of the reading and, above all, that one loves to involve you in a story that no one could write.

The importance of the act of loving becomes clear when one understands that it allows one to discover-create some of you incapable of seeking subtleties and errors in this writing. In the end, it is precisely the joy of creating that leads one to act for others. The tale concerns the unique path that the protagonist follows; a life path that, without any ambition or self-satisfaction, can be termed exhilarating. A way that leads to determining a planetary upheaval, and the many clues left among these pages, in order to become proofs, must be carefully examined by you without prejudice.

It may seem strange to those approaching these themes for the first time that the terms used to indicate the diabolical “666” are often the same as those used to designate what is noblest. Equally strange is the fact that, while indicating goals so utopian as to seem spiritual, one can choose to don the clothes of the son of the Evil One. Ironically, it should be recalled that, to achieve a good harvest, one must first soil oneself with manure. Keep this in mind, and if you can believe that a realized spirit is free to love the most lost soul as much as he loves you, you will understand his Machiavellian end and support it.

“If you love those who love you, what credit is that to you?... Therefore you must be perfect, as your heavenly father is perfect.”

(Matthew: 5:46-48)

Many will not clearly understand what is being announced, they will express their outrage, trying to destroy the Messenger with the most insidious accusations, and they will certainly say: “There must be a firm opposition between the two, between the Messiah of our fathers and the Antichrist. Between us who represent good, respecting the will of our Lord, and those who choose to follow the Beast. We will create at least an irreparable rift; we will not be so foolish as to imitate those who compromise with Evil; we will fight to destroy it.”

They are not even touched by the idea that a Christ, or anyone embodying universally recognized values, consistent with the inspired

words reported by Matthew, could love him enough to share in his sufferings... to be him!... And thus... protected and guided by the Father just like any other being. (Fig. 1)

This truth is difficult to accept; not everyone knows how to recognize that particular law that allows one to transcend known dimensions: “when one loves, one IS.” One thinks to find the reasons for existence before and better than those who lack academic credentials; one even believes one can distinguish between what is real or at least possible and what is not. Welcome to the new sages, for this will realize yet another prophecy concerning the times of the End:

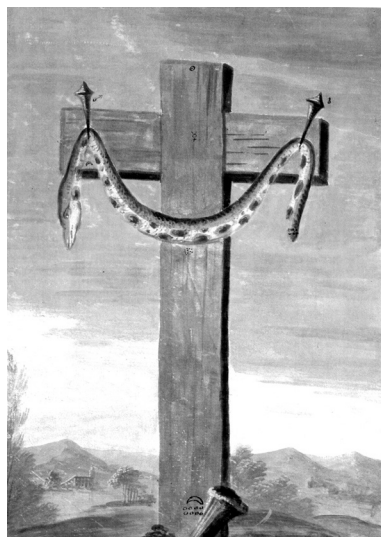


FIG. 1 - TRATTO DA UN ANTICO MANOSCRITTO

*“O The day will come when the wise
will be considered fools and the fools
wise!”*

Indeed, the eyes of God, of every possible God, see faiths based on dualism as pure folly. Never before, however, have so many minds been so close to understanding this truth. Now, it must be said, this will not prevent other minds from proving quite obstinate in rejecting it.

Friend, brother, restless cosmic wanderer traversing the eternal Way and finding in these lines the qualities of a spirit identical

to yours, we turn to you to tell you that there are infinite reasons why you will reach your goal; if we assert that at the moment we especially want it, you withdraw, feeling robbed of your freedom. But you... have you ever truly asked yourself what this goal is? Have you ever spent days and nights with this question in mind? Have you renounced everything that could distract you from the commitment to discover it? Have you fought simply for the love of Truth and to be worthy of receiving the answer? Meditate without prejudice to rightly understand this brief tale, and you will realize you are flying toward the thread of wool. The last Revelation, which is of the utmost importance, is the first to be realized:

"If The Christ and the Antichrist are One, and since you are in their image and likeness, in these pages you will discover their radiant example."

Finally, carve these words into your heart and remember them, if you can, on every page: "As the wing of the dove uses the air to fly, so you must use wisdom to soar in the happiness that you will know how to give."

Some time passed since the first synthetic copies of this writing began to circulate. The purpose was to see if the proposed vision had any chance of being shared or at least evaluated without prejudice. The invitation to embark on the path of knowledge and to train for impeccable action was not properly understood; therefore, other indications needed to be inserted into the context. They will serve to reflect on the Goal that eternally awaits and on the most suitable way to achieve it.

The primary objective, then, of those who will share every holistic and transcendent vision will be to strive, where humanly possible, to restore to the environment its original function: that of hosting every form of life, even the humblest, in the way desired by natural laws. Those laws do not conform to those conceived by men with more or less important political positions; they cannot be discussed, enacted, or trampled upon with impunity.

Those who oppose such a project, and it is natural that this occurs, will no longer be able to deceive the people with the mission to export democracy. They will be solely responsible for the ephemeral amusement of the writhing mass of worms that, due to their arrogance, they will help to satisfy.

Many parts of this writing seem obscure, while others are regularly mocked, especially by those whose presumption prevents them from admitting that a doubt about such topics could be legitimate. It should be known that it is precisely those self-important individuals who tomorrow will not be able to find the thread! To share the vision that is slowly taking shape, one will need to use some luminous clues. They have been placed by compassionate hands in different times and places so that they might be found at the right moment.

"God will visit the world with the religion of the S. Crucifers, mocked at the beginning by the unbelievers... but after victory... their laughter will turn into weeping. The Crucifers will commit immense

massacres, and rivers of blood will flow from those rebelling against
God.” (St. Francis of Paola)

“There will come a day when it will be necessary to destroy all that
has led man to prevail over man.” (The Nun of Dresden)

To obtain a broader understanding of the Plan, it is important that the prophetic steps, cited as we delve into this romantic tale, be compared with the description of the events experienced by the protagonist and the other interpreters of the story; many of those steps are scrupulously drawn from the writings of mystics elevated to the honors of the altars. Their prophetic words should especially make believers reflect, that is, those who, without ulterior motives, follow the advice of their own souls; those mystics are remembered for the virtues and spiritual merits that many faithful particularly cherish. So, is it possible to justify those who stubbornly refuse to listen to their heartfelt appeals? Certainly, but it is more useful to remember that the arguments supporting the credibility of those messages are placed among these pages like flowers by the side of the path you are walking. Bend down with humility to savor their fragrance and intoxicate your soul.

Thanks to intuition, with a lightning glance into the future, the praise for this work will spread, and this will become a reason for inevitable, terrible, and definitive confrontation, in a word: Apocalyptic! Nevertheless, be serene and confident; it has been written that not a single hair on your head will perish. The Spirit will watch over your soul; believing it will be difficult, but managing to do so is wonderful. Hope to remember it when the suspicion arises that someone is trying to deceive you for some unconfessable purpose; keep this in mind even when it seems that one simply wishes to astonish you by speaking of a dimension where the impossible is the norm.

The development of this story, wonderfully true, appears from time to time dark, repetitive, contradictory, and inflexible; as it decisively erases what was previously asserted with extreme firmness. A better method to leave you free to accept or reject the words written with such sacrifice is unfindable; beyond the truth, there is nothing else. That the infinite aspects of reality reveal themselves in an extraordinary way depends only on you, on a simple act of will or, if you prefer, of awareness.

Your spirit is omnipotent; realize this and you can summon it to action more quickly than you might suppose. If what you read were logical, rational, and penned with impeccable style because the author boasts academic credentials, your mind would understand perfectly; but sometimes it is a sign of naivety, other times of presumption, to believe that the infinite expressions of a hypothetical God are limited to what finds confirmation and can be reproduced experimentally. In this case, demanding from Him a literary masterpiece would be like insisting that trees are always placed where they can provide shade rather than being randomly distributed across the surface of the planet.

These pages thus represent a semi-unknown natural phenomenon... they must be studied with love and humility so that one day the energy they emanate can be utilized.

Some prophetic traditions refer to the three fathers of the Antichrist; the task of one of these was to prevent me from stopping writing my tale. The character in question, during his life, had the opportunity to speak, if only for a few moments, with someone who left a profound mark on history. It is nice to remember the names of some: he spoke with Kennedy, Jung, Rommel, and others of the same caliber; it is also necessary to add the mother of Salvo D'Aquisto to understand that simple teachings imparted in youth can, with equal simplicity, change History. It is especially from souls like hers that we learn the ability to heroically give one's life.

The man destined to provide the decisive push needed for the completion of the Work had arrived at sunset when some of the Authors met him. He gave the impression of not believing in thinking beings, in their capacity to love; nonetheless, he showed the anxiety to transmit what he was certain of: he saw dark storm clouds looming on the horizon and, to support his assertions, he cited ancient and recent prophecies from mystics of every race and country. Searching for verifications of those presented through him would take a lifetime; however, it seemed clear to our Scribe the task that awaited him. He sensed behind certain seemingly normal events a difficult design already hard to conceive... wanting to realize it then... better not to speak of it. He would certainly have surrendered had he not had the ironclad certainty that, over time, the proofs in favor of the thesis he was proposing would become more numerous and evident even without his conscious intervention.

At times, that “crazy” man who had the precious gift of wisdom forgot his pessimism and seemed to want to take revenge on the pains he had suffered, solemnly affirming, as if it were a revealed truth, the duty of man to worship... .., leaving us surprised and amused. In the discussions that often arose, objections were sometimes raised; one could not refrain from doing so when he stated that before the end, apocalyptic for him in the most catastrophic sense of the term, England would have a limping king whose name would begin with the letter “C.”

The prediction seemed certainly out of place and appeared to have little or no relevance to reality. He reiterated the seriousness of his statements by recounting the incident that happened to Prince Charles during a polo match: a fall from a horse that caused him a permanent handicap that was remedied by resorting to an orthopedic shoe. Then, on the side of the road that others would choose to follow, the burden was placed on the incredulous to find the confirmations to the many predictions that would come incessantly. He was thus seen by the seers as a character of profound experience, armed with an encyclopedic knowledge and an unwavering faith but, however extravagant, a legacy of the many sufferings endured, among which were three death sentences narrowly avoided, based on his extremely truthful accounts, the contribution he provided to our Scribe proved decisive.

During the meetings, elements useful for the completion of the Work invariably arose; this, combined with the deep affinity of our souls, indeed leads to considering him as a second father, not out of calculation but out of genuine affection.

What is believed to be strictly physiological has left a vague memory but enough to speak of it later; thus, it will be seen that the two figures, united only by the deep consideration that the protagonist held for them, presented themselves in two distinct periods to leave an indelible mark. A heartfelt thanks, then, to that great connoisseur of human miseries.

Now, the first verifications will be presented, derived from the book on prophecies that chance placed in the hands of the protagonist; the character who sometimes hides behind the curtain. Such clues have reached posterity through the “Great Sunset” cult in Oregon. This was a brotherhood active in those regions about two centuries before the fateful threshold of the year 2000. It will later be seen that they were able to

provide a precise description of the places and events concerning the Antichrist that, by a quirk of fate, perfectly corresponds to the places frequented and the episodes that profoundly marked the existence of our mysterious actor thirty years before the expiration of the second millennium. His followers held the adoptive father, the Fisherman, in high regard as he was considered the one destined to infuse wisdom into the Antilegislation.

To confirm their ability to foresee future events, it should be added that the same followers from Oregon thought of a seaport as the place destined to receive the birth of the “Son of Darkness or of the Last Hour.”

That said, it is noted that they proved perfectly suitable for the purpose for which they had associated and that they were not afraid to declare publicly: They had to prepare the way for the Antilegislation, and they did so by speaking in advance of the events that would characterize it upon its appearance.

Every comment on their accuracy in formulating this prediction and those that will be presented later is superfluous; however, an ironic question should be posed regarding its true progenitor: will it be the common one for all, or, uncomfortably, is it the Evil One? To posterity, as the saying goes, the arduous sentence. Perhaps the words with which his mother wounded him will be of help: “Your daddy says you are not his son.”

The commentator of the first book on prophecies that chance prompted him to read wrote that the Son of the Last Hour would spend his youth in a peripheral neighborhood, and it is precisely in such an environment that the unfortunate protagonist of this story spent his early years. Other prophetic passages reveal that the land chosen as the birthplace would be lapped by the sea, “sweet lover,” and an observer placed on the heights before Capodistria notes that such a description fits perfectly. The small town is among the most important ports of the Adriatic and, despite recent reclamation works, still appears surrounded by the sea; it is, for a long stretch, lapped by waters that seem like those of a pond, low and still. (Fig. 2) The writing of the Oregon lunatics seems an explicit confirmation of the words of Catherine Emmerich, a famous mystic born in 1774 who, during an ecstasy, described the city of Ur in detail, even accurately indicating its underground location in Chaldea. Her description was collected three decades later by an American archaeologist, a certain Taylor, who, having excavated in the spot indicated by Emmerich,

uncovered the streets, houses, and squares described by the mystic with the utmost precision. She also said:



FIG. 2 - CAPODISTRIA HA LE CARATTERISTICHE DESCRITTE DA SANTA BRIGIDA E DA ALTRI VEGGENTI.

“If I am not mistaken, I knew at that time that about fifty years before the year 2000, Lucifer would be set free!” (CATERINE EMMERICH)

“His first nest will be of stone, beside the wave of the sea... he will come when the plant loses its leaves (in our latitudes this occurs in October); he will grow where the heart of the anthill ends to leave the meadow to the small ants”... “Therefore, he should be born around the year 1949/1950. 1949/1950.” (ST. BRIDGET)

Numerous prophecies, many coincidences, and some recent scientific insights will make the shocking hypothesis presented in these pages seem possible in all its nuances.

*

In a country on the coast of Istria, just a few meters from the sea, on October 8, 1949, something indefinable took the form of a child and cast its eyes once again upon the miseries and splendors of the world. Long before this happened, that saint was able to see it, if she was able to prophesy it with such precision; and thanks to the many clues scattered throughout this story, it will be shown that the possibility of peering beyond time is not an exclusive prerogative of Christian mystics. Among the many who felt compelled to pass down their visions, even the followers of the Oregon cult demonstrated this capability, but since they were tasked with preparing for the advent of the Antichrist, they cannot at the moment be considered Christians. From the predictions presented so far and those that will be presented later, one can draw the conviction that it is possible to glimpse future events.

Meditating on those prophetic words, the Spirit that pervades all will uncover the reason, not determined by a cause, for why this happens. One will have the certainty that every event that has occurred aims to achieve realization.

“O you, yes! Just you... supreme men whom my eye meets, this makes me secretly laugh: you are so estranged from Greatness that for you I will be terrible in my Goodness.” (Nietzsche)

This thought, suggested by the immortal spirit to a man who left a deep mark on himself, has been chosen to introduce a theme or rather a question that seems very pertinent. It concerns finding an appropriate term for the immense massacres of one's enemies that the God of every faith reserves, because such holocausts, according to all religions, none excluded, are clearly envisaged. Non-believers who, thanks to reading these pages, will have the opportunity to know the new paradigm, will not seek those signs that herald change and will claim to be faced with an endemic and predictable collective madness. Visionaries have also spoken of this situation and announced that a senseless frenzy would appear punctually at the dusk of history to become an indelible “sign” on the evolutionary path. Those who still profess any faith without hypocrisy, if they do not attain the simplicity of a child, will not be able to discover the true reason for so many

events as the end of the Millennium approaches with great strides. Devoid of that kind of innocence, it is believed that the desperate mass suicides, the wars, and the massacres that are repeating with increasing frequency as precursors of an inevitable Apocalypse are merely consequences of a tragic fate. Only those with the heart of a child can think that the destiny of a man could also be to give substance to a shadow that claims the ability to interpret the trinessence in this unsettling era.

As seen, this possibility is recognized by all from the very first pages of this writing. The credit for having written it undoubtedly goes to chance, and it is always ascribed to it the possibility of utilizing the prophetic message coined by a man who, although harshly criticized, undeniably finds a place among the greats. Tomorrow it will be said that this was done so that what was predicted by others might be fulfilled with punctuality:

“O The day will come when someone will use the words of the prophets”

By day, it must certainly be understood as the period of deep and terrible upheavals that simple deductive logic indicates as imminent. This consideration would be of little consequence if it were not shared by men of great experience and by an ever-growing core of researchers. Now we must expect to hear the first objections arise: “Who are you to assign a prophetic mantle to Nietzsche? We cannot accept it; he was a sinner, an exalted one who died mad and who knows what else.” Well, to the objectors it must be reminded that the judgments of the Essence that pervades everything are different... they are not generated by intellect or intuition, and in these pages, you will find many curious coincidences between what was predicted and the episodes that adorned the existence of the main character of this story. They may serve as food for thought, especially for those who lack that important cognitive accessory of the soul that we call intuition. In this regard, it is appropriate to suggest accepting the presented predictions with due reserves; time, men, and the pedantry, which is a quality far inferior to wisdom, may have caused some inaccuracies. Nevertheless, they are welcome, as these imprecise details serve a purpose; they should only constitute an obstacle for those who deliberately hinder the construction of the Kingdom. For others, the

advice to follow is this: the desire to believe must not overpower the will to know; thus, the truth should be sought for the love of truth.

It is necessary to stimulate curiosity and simultaneously launch an appeal for caution, as many sections of this writing may seem dull, trivial, and completely disconnected from one another. Continuing to read, one will notice that among the elements inserted in the eleven chapters that make up the book, there is a deep connection; they are correlated despite the temporal factor. Transcendent events are unfolding, but the insurmountable difficulties that time can pose cannot prove to be an obstacle in this case. The narrative will become more engaging as it brings details about the family situation in the 1950s of that little devil, and elements corresponding to prophecies and traditions can be found. It has been said that at that time, the father held the position of People's Commissioner, and among his duties was assigning housing to the officers of the People's Army. Due to the shortage of rooms, many families hosted a soldier. It is easy to imagine that like others, his family also complied with the existing provisions. Under their roof, there was also the figure of a soldier.

“The Antichrist will be generated in the shadow of the sword.”

For this prophecy, I regret that I cannot cite the name of the inspired character who formulated it, but it is worth adding what a researcher specialized in the genre wrote: “Next to a soldier, a warrior.” It will be useful to know what some mystics intuited regarding traditions considered of lesser importance without thereby revealing themselves as less precise. Chance continues to cooperate with the intent to provide clues in support of such an extraordinary hypothesis that it seems unreal. Despite consulting many volumes that address these themes, elements worthy of being inserted into the context of this story continue to be found in the most curious circumstances. In one of these tomes, what only a few could have known was noted: the existence of the half-brother of the Antimessiah. A figure that very few know as it was only seen by lesser visionaries. Beyond this, our Scribe wishes to inform that according to his research, the Antichrist would have had two names. In fact, the laws then in force imposed two different names on that little

devil for the respective countries. At that time, in Zone B administered by Yugoslavia, unlike in Italy, it was possible for an unmarried man to acknowledge and give his name to an illegitimate child.

In this regard, it is superfluous to add anything else; it is enough to remember the tradition, common to many sects, which sees for the Antichrist an old toothless mother, falling apart and wrinkled. If this legend does not have the prophetic contribution, continuing our game, it can be said that there is the support of evidence. Today, at her venerable age, her appearance is unfortunately that of a falling old woman. Finally, taking advantage of your patience, another prophecy of which the source has long been lost but which faithfully recalls the figure that briefly stood beside the family chosen by fate to accompany the Antilegge:

*“Around him, of the same family, there is one who was a prostitute,
but she will not be recognized.”*

*

From the very first life experiences, the questions to which humanity has always awaited answers began to arise in his mind. Those mysteries were destined to remain without a why for a long, long time. One must recognize how difficult it was to solve the very first question, the fruit of a dramatic situation experienced. Today, seen as an allegory of the fate of people, it could represent the simplest explanation: That white horse that manages to free itself from material shackles, brings joy of freedom to his kind as well.

The day he posed it, at the end of winter in 1953, he played sitting in the middle of the road. Suddenly he was distracted by a dull rumble; he jerked his head up and widened his eyes, and among the dust rising at the end of the street, he saw the heads of many horses stamping as if mad. In front of them, a white horse reared majestically on its hind legs; it towered above all and a soldier of the People's Army struggled to hold it back by the reins. With a jerk, the animal broke free and began its run toward him, followed by the others. Time seemed to stop; fascinated by that spectacle, he remained motionless, admiring its power.

Then that unforgettable moment was interrupted by a caress. The gentle caress of a breath of wind, which led him to perceive

something terrible... elusive. The next moment, instinct, or rather unconscious selfishness, pushed him to the side of the road, throwing him through the mesh of a wire fence. The sense of security that followed allowed him to analyze the impressions of those moments. Then, the conjectures stopped in the face of pressing inner demands. He wondered, with the naïveté typical of children, why a situation that could cause pain had been allowed by one who could do anything. Along with this question, another more complex one arose: what was the reason he had avoided certain death? At that young age, another episode left in his soul a profound question that, with the passing of years, became enriched with further unknowns. The circumstance in question had already been included in the early drafts of the book but was then inadvertently deleted and finally forgotten.

It was a non-commissioned officer of the carabinieri who brought it back to the mind of the one who took on the heavy burden of recounting the facts reported here; suggesting that he write this incredible story to overcome the ongoing trauma of separation. It happened one morning in his office. He was a stocky man, with penetrating eyes, thick mustaches, and a cigar ever-present between his teeth. The disheveled man who had asked to speak with him, he thought, must have caused no small amount of unease in certain circles.

He stood immobile at the door, and he seemed to feel his presence, for he raised his head from the papers scattered on the table and smiled. Chewing on his cigar, he invited him in. "Oh, dear! What brings you around here?" "Lately, I've been thinking a lot about Laura and I'm looking for every excuse to keep talking about her. I just finished writing the chapter about the twenty-three days we spent together and I remembered some details that could shed light on her death. I believe," he continued without waiting for his intervention, "it's up to you to evaluate its importance." He laid out what he knew, then concluded sadly: "If the cause of her end is truly what I have hypothesized, human justice will never be able to strike the responsible party. Only the plague of the century, obeying a higher justice, will do so." He murmured the last words so softly that the non-commissioned officer could not hear him. As he had predicted, six years later, when no one was looking for the culprit behind Laura's death anymore,

AIDS found him; it was yet another demonstration of how often, in thinking of mere coincidences, he managed to intuit the events that would occur. As the soldier nodded with a quick grimace, he took out a draft of the text from his pocket and placed it on the desk. "I wanted to dedicate a few lines to her, read it, you know I value your opinion." He took the book, sliding it across the table like a playing card, and sheltered himself behind the smoky curtain of his cigar.

The other remained motionless, but the flash in his gaze indicated that he expected to find the ace that would allow him to win the game against the State. He began to read carefully the initial part in which the figure of an unusual Prostitute was outlined. He seemed to reluctantly accept the idea that fate had assigned to his interlocutor a street woman as a companion. He did not seem to frequent women of ill repute but he also did not show any resemblance to that character who was crucified, the one who sympathized with the destitute and was indignant with the hypocrites. Then, as he delved into the following pages, the features of the soldier relaxed, taking on an inspired expression. Once he finished reading, he pronounced a sentence that seemed to have been suggested to him: "These last pages are... how should I put it... I want to be honest... I find them too harsh; you obsessively repeat the same concept in a harsh, almost paranoid manner; you do not seem to keep your feet on the ground."

"A O great Rome, your ruin approaches, not of your walls, but of your people: harsh with letters it will make such a horrible split, the sword will plunge into all up to the hilt." (Nostradamus: X/65)



There! Keep your feet on the ground! For a moment, he recalled being four years old while playing with a child a head taller than him. The boy persistently asked him to go jump barefoot on the broken glass on the other side of the street, and he complied with the request, only to wonder at his astonished expression. Why such incredulous amazement? He thought naively. For this question too, he waited a long time before finding an answer. More than twenty years passed since

that absurd game; the time necessary to intuit that chance was playing him cruel tricks, aiming to make him undertake a gigantic work, and that simple episode was enough to reassure him. If chance had wanted him not to suffer even a scratch bouncing like a cricket on glass, for the same inscrutable reason, something equally or more improbable could have occurred: the Apocalypse indeed.

The non-commissioned officer took no notice of his absent air and resumed his criticism, advising him to remove them; he objected, arguing that real understanding could not be achieved by extrapolating the last part of the writing from the context preceding Laura's story. Then he became thoughtful, furrowed his brow, and remained silent for a long time. Finally, he nodded his head: "Perhaps you are right; perhaps those lines represent the final brushstroke of the great artist." He was four years old or just a little older when his parents decided to leave Isola to return to Trieste and settle in Servola; at that time, a decidedly peripheral district. To reach his house, one traveled down the Via dei Giardini, which, for a long stretch, was not even paved. (Fig. 3 + video)

Less than four years passed before his parents separated. His mother gathered her few belongings and moved into a ramshackle four-by-four-meter hovel divided by a wall of fiber cement. It was so dilapidated that after every storm, one had to gather with a cloth the water that overflowed from the bowls scattered on the floor. No one, like him, can testify how intense the pain and regret followed his decision to leave and cease all contact with the father of our Scribe; however, the words found in a prophetic letter from the 14th century, discovered during restoration work at the ancient abbey of Cluny, seem to perfectly describe the remorse that so long afflicted his mother's soul.

"If The flower of evil will be watered with the tears of repentance."

The brief and carefree period spent in that house in Servola, now in ruins, later evoked nostalgic emotions, as he could not understand what was stirring in the souls of his parents at that time. He believed he was safe with his family, that he had one like everyone else, and that nothing would sever the bond that united them. Blessed naïveté; had it been so, his parents would have opposed when the educational

direction decided to send him to a differential class because... he uttered “nonsensical” words.

In fact, to make such a decision, capable of making a pivotal turn in the life of any child, it is not enough to utter a few “nonsensical” words in a distorted Slovenian, learned in early childhood in Isola, a small Istrian town. When they suddenly returned to his mind, he showed his classmates that he knew them, and this made him proud because he imagined he possessed knowledge denied to others. Today, experience leads him to believe that this provision must rather be attributed to the behavior he exhibited in the school cafeteria. They handed him a bowl of aluminum and some darkened and dented cutlery; they had to use that stuff to eat. He was the first to be surprised by the indignation he showed by loudly stating: “I don’t eat in those bowls for pigs,” igniting the revolt of the other children with his first naive protest.

FIG. 3 - A SINISTRA L'INFANZIA DA SOGNO, A DESTRA PRIMA DELL'INIZIO DELL'INCUBO.

Fortunately, certain gifts are bestowed little by little. Had he known that they were directing him toward an unreachable goal with his own strength, he would probably have given up taking the first step. That was his destiny, and it would be terrible. He would be subjected, purely by chance, to particular trials of unheard cruelty. The circumstances would indeed be different, but they would share the same dramatic purpose: to

make him explore the path on which others would later embark. A path that sometimes could and must prove frightening.

Few things can disturb as much as that night when he found himself inside a coffin in a dream; he watched in terror as his body was already partially devoured by large, writhing worms. He was dead, but he could not accept the idea. What remained of him had to absolutely come out of that tomb. His task had to be to make it useful for something different, something nobler than feeding the worms. He managed to wake up and leap from the bed with a scream only after seeing a ray of moonlight settle on his chest: a beam of light filtering through the rotting boards he had managed to break with the bones of his now emaciated hands.

When, amid convulsive cries, he told his parents about the horrible nightmare, perhaps annoyed by the abrupt awakening, they did not consider it necessary to console him even with a caress. Anyone would agree that at six years old, as he was then, it was his right to receive it; at the sight of the Burning Bush, if caught unprepared, many could die from it, there is no doubt about that. In the story, this allegorical image is used because, as many will know, the Bush from the biblical tale represents a manifestation of the divine; the transcendent entering into contact with man.

It may seem inappropriate to associate it with that intense terror that assailed him, which could have broken hearts far stronger than his, but this allegorical thread must be followed patiently, and many other points where the transcendent manifests itself for those who have eyes to see will be found. It will be seen how simply this can occur in the chapter dedicated to Laura when she expresses doubts about the existence of God. Pay attention to the countless clues that will meanwhile be found on these pages, for if they are correctly identified, they will allow you to have her same vision.

It will become clear why, in reality, nothing manifest divides into good or evil, but both are needed as suitable tools to realize the Plan that can be glimpsed from every dimension. Such a work can be realized by anyone who becomes aware that everything, from the most common to the impossible... can exist within something that for convention many call God. Only then does one gradually begin to experience joy, that particular indescribable joy that arises from the perception of the infinite expressions of what one even doubted existed.

At that age, the days were predominantly spent in endless battles among gangs. Hordes of children gathered to swear eternal loyalty to their leaders and their proclamations but dissolved for dinner time. It is curious how their way of organizing was similar to democratic societies; this suggests the possibility that, upon reaching spiritual maturity, as adults they would choose an expression of society that is far more evolved. In recalling the lost time spent in foolish confrontations, everyone should regret having defended ideals, naively believed to be such.

Today, thinking of the diabolical weapons aimed at erasing life on the planet, the nostalgic solution is to return to childhood, but not to resort to slingshots, rudimentary spears, stones, and bows made from umbrella ribs, but rather to resolve every issue by appealing to a paternal authority. It is not the moment to reverse time; it is premature to try to manage such a law; a law that contains the premises for manifesting itself.

One must smile recalling the day he stubbornly decided not to back down and was surrounded by a screaming horde of “enemies.” He was immediately captured and, after a quick consultation, his captors decided to subject him to flogging with thorny brambles. The treatment did not seem compliant with the rights of a defenseless prisoner, and he desperately sought a solution.

He immediately thought of his father’s austere figure and quickly dismissed the possibility of proposing his intervention; it would not be credible to his enemies because the support of an adult, in those circumstances, was very unlikely; he certainly had far more pressing matters to think about. In that battle, he had indeed been defeated, but that did not justify their desire to see him humiliatingly shamed. After all, he had done his duty to the end.

He thus proposed the intervention of his brother, who at the time was a young man in his twenties, tall and imposing. To his great relief, his interest was deemed possible, and he was released instantly. Considering the age difference and the fact that their relationship was limited to a few exchanges of banter, it was probably gratitude for his hypothetical protection that grew his affection for him. Today, as then, he considers every pretext valid for pouring friendship, esteem, or love onto someone.

In the carefree years of early childhood, aside from the unforgettable nightmare, days passed without giving space to significant situations;

there are only a couple of dramatic memories. The first concerns the day of their departure from Isola, the great pain and that total disorientation that struck him when his father, in the middle of the street, slowly raised his hand for one last goodbye and he saw his figure gradually fade as he drove away in the car. The second was when Dado, as he still insists on calling him, was struck by a serious illness at work, and his mother was informed in his presence. As soon as she sensed the gravity of the situation, she began to scream and cry desperately.

Used only to his reprimands, the scene of such despair overwhelmed him, leaving him speechless. He watched her as if something terrible were about to happen. Meanwhile, his brother's companions had quietly exited, and his mother continued to despair, beating her fists against the walls. He stood immobile, staring at her helplessly, shaken by the sorrow; suddenly, his legs buckled, and he fell to his knees, a thought crossing his mind: was there not that good God capable of anything that so many talked about? He raised his gaze and implored: "God... – he said aloud – you who are also the Father of all, don't let him die; look at my mother, I can't bear to see her suffer like this, I don't have the strength, save him."

He seemed to hear his father's voice from the garden: "He will live, be sure... he will live... but he will have to suffer a lot." "Mom... mom... did you hear? – he shouted, tugging at her dress – Dad says there's no danger that Dado will die, but he'll just be very sick." His mother looked at him in astonishment, as there were only the two of them in the room; she thought he hadn't understood that the response had come from outside and then headed to the window. She climbed onto the chair, pushed the shutters open, and moved the laurel branch to see every corner of the garden, but he was no longer there; he wanted to ask him to repeat what he had heard so she could be reassured too. He must have left quickly, and he wasn't surprised; he knew that with Dado, his father had no dialogue and did not even seek it. Many years later, his brother would be slowly but inexorably torn apart by Burgher's disease.

Regarding the paternal figure, who demonstrated what he believed to be affection only with a few rare smiles, he had a profound regard. He considered his even rarer teachings to be right and indisputable. It was he who said it; it was his father; he could not be wrong. Today, his advice remains within him, unchanging. On one occasion he told him: "The day

will come when you will have to trust someone; if you are not able to trust your father now, on that day you will be lost.” He imparted that lesson during a circumstance he experienced as a situation of extreme danger.

They had gone out by boat to fish and were stationed just beyond the dam. He was fascinated by the freshly caught fish swimming nervously in the bucket at the bottom of the hull and followed every movement attentively. At one point, an unexpected wave, more violent than the others, tilted the small boat, throwing them onto the floor. They all found themselves floundering at his feet, and he, impressed, looked up.

The sky had turned dark, heralding a terrible storm; black clouds were coming from all directions toward them as if there were a tacit agreement to unleash their fury upon the two. The waves, ever more tumultuous, seemed to want to seize that shell on the verge of capsizing when they lapped the edge. So frightened that he avoided even the slightest movement, he could only plead with his father to take him back to shore. He reminded him through tears that he could not swim and that if he fell into the water, he would surely drown. At first, he seemed deaf to the requests and annoyed by his insistence; then finally, he agreed and pulled the anchor rope to himself.

His fear turned to terror when he said it must have gotten stuck between the rocks. He saw him tugging at the rope, trying again several times, and with each attempt, the small vessel rocked more dangerously. More and more terrified, he begged him to cut the line, to give up the anchor, not to let him die because of a piece of iron; but his father replied with those sibylline words he still remembers. In that moment, he hissed with an ironic tone that he should wait the necessary time to save all that could be saved; perhaps he did not realize he was adding a pointless cruelty to his fright.

“And he will be a son of the Earth, son of a ‘fisherman,’ son of a shepherd to lead the human flock back to the way of Life with daily struggle against annihilation, death, and the massacres that hatred and power have always marked. And he will draw knowledge from the Wise fisherman.” (-Last Omens- p. 168)

* * *

Shortly before their separation, his mother, due to financial constraints, was induced to entrust him to the boarding school on Via Pascoli: the E. C. A., the municipal assistance entity. There, the rigid discipline, ensured by the assistants during the day through the most foolish and cruel punishments, loosened at night, allowing the more savvy to involve the weaker and defenseless in their unspeakable games. “It is humorous to imagine the Antichrist in a large refectory of some community; a refectory with white walls, on which a Crucifix stands out. It is humorous to think of the Antichrist who, between a spoonful of soup and a piece of bread, crosses gazes with the other companions, or perhaps with the superiors.”

The above comment is by the German E. Wolstaft, and was taken from a writing dating back to 1904. Baschera, about eighty years later, regarding the prophecy, writes: “If we consider the Antimessiah in his maturity, that is, in his historical stature, in tradition, in legend, all this can also generate some hilarity; if, however, we consider the character more deeply, we will see that this could also be a necessary experience for the shaping of the character.”

“God will exalt a very poor man of the blood of Constantine. (i.e., of Slavic blood) Such a man will be almost holy in adolescence, a great sinner in youth, then he will return to be holy.” (St. Francis of

Paola)

Life at the boarding school was marked by precise rhythms; for every activity, the assistants established a schedule to be respected, but the time reserved for games in the large courtyard was the most eagerly awaited. For play, they invented infallible guns with simple pieces of wood and devised plots that had nothing to envy from “Red Shadows.” However, sometimes, in an unusual twist, his strange personality drove him to play the role of a silent ascetic sage.

It will be easy to believe that he was consistently ostracized by his peers after being mocked, with that unconscious cruelty typical of children. Being sidelined by his peers, with increasing frequency, was certainly not pleasant, so he was forced in his free time to seek refuge in reading. Thanks to those readings, he can now boast a certain degree of

imagination, and he must thank those who mocked and marginalized him at that time; they allowed him to know and appreciate Salgari, Verne, the Encyclopedia of Russian fairy tales, and all the other countless stories that, at that time, broke down for him the suffocating walls of the Institute.

Spring had just begun, and the anticipation for weekend outings outside the boarding school was evident. That Sunday morning, they took them, as always, to the small church within the institute to attend the religious service. The scent of incense that wafted in wide swirls throughout the nave and that heavenly organ music, never heard before, suddenly seemed to indicate to his soul a different Reality, where the sublime, the wonderful, and love were the norm. In that particular state of consciousness, the account of Christ's sacrifice permeated that reality; he was so disturbed that he promised himself he would do the same for his fellows one day. It would be just as wonderful, he was sure, just as he was sure he had to work to improve that reality he experienced every day.

Based on his thoughts of that time, he could describe himself as a little megalomaniac paranoid. A presumptuous one who showed an unreasonable optimism regarding his abilities, but a little being from whom to be wary, who embraced projects immensely larger than himself and who believed in something greater than any project; if this still constitutes a mistake, he may die from it, but he will do so at the foot of the tallest tower, where he has placed the most precious thing, and nothing will make him change his mind.

"The Antichrist will come at sunset and gather the few faithful to demolish the false path. He will be insulted, betrayed, beaten, and killed by men. But he will teach men a way 'even more just than the one that Christ traced.'" (- The Antichrist - p. 201)

Thus, he began to test his strengths, and wherever he found a weakness, more stubborn than a mule, he stubbornly forced himself to overcome it. He compelled himself to forgive those who took cookies from his pack, purchased with his mother's sacrifices, and those who shifted their responsibilities onto him to avoid severe punishment. In addition to the many self-impositions, during recess, careful not to be caught, he would strike the back of his hands with a stone. It

was certainly not enjoyable at all, but he sensed that, out of fear of physical pain, he could one day retreat from his purpose and therefore he had to train himself to overcome that fear above all. He became capable of enduring the painful corporal punishments inflicted by the assistant or, at his suggestion, by his companions, without even closing his eyes under their blows.

At this point, anyone who does not perceive a valid reason for such strange behavior and considers it the result of an unnatural affinity for suffering for its own sake would do better to burn these pages. From the flames that will rise, perhaps he will gain the necessary enlightenment to avoid the same fate. On the one hand, this personal progress could be deemed positive; on the other hand, it contributed to increasing, without his awareness, an unmanageable pride.

A subtle change had taken place, but not only in him: now he unfortunately had taken on the role of scapegoat. Whenever there was tension between his section, made up of about twenty boys, and their supervisor or among his companions, he was the one who paid the price. The reasons for the punishments inflicted on him were fundamentally different from those for which others suffered. He sought in vain for a possible explanation for the hostile attitudes and that stubborn spite; he found none, but he improved his capacity for introspection. There were certainly no shortage of moments to exercise this quality when the assistant entered the hall and noticed a certain turbulence among the team. Not finding the responsible one, he would randomly choose someone to give a lesson in civility and send him to “cruise.”

This was the mocking term used for the punishment that forced them to spend endless hours standing still with their faces against the wall. Almost always, he was the chosen one because even then, they tried to quell the hints of rebellion he would display. To regain strength in the character that was forming, it was enough for him to hear the song “Ribelle” by Adriano Celentano.

One evening, at the moment of the ritual “examination of conscience,” they were all lined up, semi-naked and at attention, silently awaiting the reckoning. The thin man, dressed in a long black coat and with slicked-back hair, stood at the center of the room with a small notebook in his hands. The palpable anguish that filled

that place, particularly bright due to the white ceramic tiles, made everything more surreal.

It was cold at that moment, and at that very instant, in all the houses, other children were under blankets with their mothers nearby. Who knows what beautiful stories they were listening to while he was waiting to hear his name along with that of a companion, a certain Zagor. The man, using a tiny pencil, quickly flipped through his notebook. He gave a smirk of satisfaction, which disappeared as he called their names.

He had been in the new section for just a few days but had already witnessed some “reckonings” and knew what awaited him. He advanced slowly and stopped four tiles away from his teammate; they had to slap each other on the head ten times. The educator looked at them sternly. They awaited the snap of his fingers, which would signal the start.

The child in front of him started first; his blow was like a whip... and now... it was his turn. He placed his hand on his face, crying, and caressed it. The furious screams of Bilota immediately deafened him almost as much as the blows he continued to receive, but his were always and only caresses. At the end of the counting, the educator, irritated by that behavior, grabbed him by the sideburns and began pulling them upwards, forcing him to balance on his toes to lessen the piercing pain. Finally, satisfied by his groans, with one last slap, he sent him back into the line and, while he returned to ranks, hastily assigned him about thirty additional hours of cruise on his notes.

This was considered the worst punishment, consisting of standing at attention, immobile in front of a wall while others were free to play. Later, moved to another section, the situation did not improve; each assistant showed his preference for some form of repression and did not hesitate to abuse it. The day he was, as usual, accused by his companions of a fault that was not his, all his attempts to prove his innocence were ignored by the educator.

He knew it was a special day; in the evening, the annual show would take place in the dining hall, and everyone was euphoric. There would be external guests, and he would have to perform in a skit. It was almost a challenge for him; he had to wear a cardboard diving

suit to play the role of an inanimate robot, but he had set himself some minimal variations. Would they be enough to make his companions understand that he too had a heart and a soul? It was perhaps the only chance to make them reflect on his need to be treated like everyone else, and he could not waste it; he had to succeed. That evening in the hall, on benches arranged next to those of the boys, there would also be the girls from the female sections, and their sensitivity could help him. He intended to openly display what he meant by friendship; if he gained their emotional consent on that occasion, he would achieve the goal of improving his relationships with his companions.

Late in the afternoon, at the time to go down with the team, the assistant called him, freezing his blood:

“Hey... Mau Mau, you stay in the dormitory, so you learn for next time; when I ask who it was, you’ll come out immediately!”

As he headed towards the dark room, he thought bitterly that he would gladly have given up collecting injustices, even at the cost of losing a hand. That day, he was the only one in the entire boarding school punished, and without deserving it.

He threw himself on the bed and, as he was about to unleash all his bitterness, for the first time in his life, he stubbornly imposed on himself not to shed a single tear. The scornful words of the educator returned to his mind:

“You are a savage, a Mau Mau, and you cannot be with us.”

He thought he was right, but perhaps at least he would have been accepted by those primitive and innocent beings. He began to fantasize and remembered that among those peoples, to be a warrior and fully belong to them, one had to undergo the “test of courage.” For them, his tears would have been seen as a sign of surrender. It was indeed strange, the impulse to hold back his tears, because why did he feel the need to prove he was a warrior while at the same time sensing that no one could force him to fight? The solution seemed embedded in his rebellious genes all along. Perhaps it was a particular element because he would never accept to undergo a baptism of fire. Was this the inevitable test of courage, in use in civilized countries, that he found described in raw realism in - *Storia Illustrata* -? He rejected it, not certainly out of fear but simply because he regarded

his direct superiors, right up to the powerful figures who appeared in newspapers and on television, as inept; incapable of proving the legitimacy of any clash.

He continued to chase his fantasies, staring at the curtains that received the first rays from the streetlights through the shutters; at a certain point, he noticed that due to a curious play of light and shadow, a figure of an old Native American was silhouetted against the curtain. Immersed in those thoughts, the noises from the street came muffled through the double windows.

Then, perhaps due to the traffic that had intensified, the variety of sounds increased to the point that they began to sound like whispered words. Thus began an unusual game; he tried to piece together the dodecaphonic notes that most resembled some words; perhaps they would compose a phrase with coherent meaning. Attributing it to that imaginary figure, permeated with wisdom, perhaps would make the sadness vanish. At the end of the unusual game, rearranging the words written haphazardly, to his astonishment, they turned out to be worthy advice to be remembered: "A man never cries for himself; he saves his tears to shed them for others."

That little enviable privilege of playing the scapegoat persisted even after his expulsion from the boarding school. The severe and unusual measure was taken and justified with the foresight of being a Mau Mau and an instigator. Leaving the austere door behind, he thought he could finally breathe the air of freedom, but soon he had to change his mind.

In any case, the years at the boarding school did not prove useless. They left him with the firm conviction that, to be respected in reason and not see his rights trampled, he had to acquire an irreducible will and simultaneously train that adolescent body, an instrument that could prove equally important.

For a couple of hours, he had been rummaging through the rubble of the San Sabba rice mill, the macabre Nazi extermination camp, searching for pieces of iron, lead, copper wire, and more when a man in his forties, distinctly dressed, approached him cautiously. After inquiring why he was among those mounds of rubble, he offered to show him where he could find in abundance what he was looking for. Upon request for further explanations, he leaned beside him, placing a hand on his

shoulder. His excessive familiarity prompted him to react only with a brusque gesture of annoyance. Perhaps this led him to believe he could easily overpower him because he mistook his naive reaction for a timid resistance to his lust. Too late he understood what his true intentions were: he was fighting, and his hands were gripping his throat. He fought back valiantly for several minutes, screaming with all his might, sure that if he managed to satisfy his lust, he would kill him. With his desperate resistance, he must have unleashed the most bestial instincts in him, and now it was a matter of his life against his impunity.

Only chance or something equally indefinable managed to stop it; summoned by the screams, a worker from the nearby pasta factory decided to finally grab a ladder and peek over the factory's perimeter wall. To descend on the opposite side would have taken just a leap, but he could not do it; he probably thought that that aggression did not represent a justified reason to leave his post and interrupt production; he was paid to produce, not to play the good Samaritan.

The scene that unfolded before his eyes appeared in all its raw violence; he stupidly asked the maniac, almost politely, who he was and what he was doing. At that point, seeing himself exposed, the aggressor quickly composed himself and, without saying a word but displaying great calm, walked away, leaving him on the ground in a convulsive cry. Partially overcoming the shock, he stood up trembling and made the steep climb up the Ratto della Pileria to reach the carabinieri barracks. To the soldier who opened the door, he explained that he had been attacked by a man who, for a few moments, had almost succeeded in killing him. He was ushered into the room next to the commander's office; finally, he could recount what had happened and accompany them to wait for him where he was sure to pass.

He was wrong; he waited a long time while anger seemed to bite at his insides more and more fiercely. As he was about to leave, four men entered together and wanted him to repeat what he had told the guard. They remained silent, then, leaving him speechless, one of them said that for him the described episode was the fruit of his imagination and created for the purpose of gaining publicity.

It was crazy! He refused to believe what he had heard; what could he say to those who were supposed to protect him? Did he have

the right to fight, now as a man, against someone who had tried to dishonor and kill him? That was a question he sought to answer, and it is a question that arises every day for thousands of children. What connection was there between the absurd suspicion of the carabinieri and his plea for help?

Later, he sought in vain the connection between the absurd conviction of the carabinieri and his plea for help, but while typing the episode on the keyboard, intuition presented two possible explanations. The first suggested that instinct rejects the idea that a fellow human could be so base because discovering it is depressing. The second, more likely, indicated that the soldier sensed, beneath the threshold of consciousness, how impactful the words of that boy could be for a single individual and how important they would become if written for the future of all. Their unstoppable diffusion, like plagues in the dark centuries, could render those figures in uniform useless. Pure intellect did not allow imagining that at the right moment, exceptional men and women would think to roll the drums of war through literary works.

To not do injustice to the authors by mentioning only a few, we can say that the “spiritual novels,” which have recently abounded in bookstores, aim to make known and appreciate the same feelings that have shaken, and continue to shake, his soul. Those tales open a small window into the consciousness of many readers, thus allowing the denied emotions to enter. Those feelings, having become familiar, will not be abandoned and will accompany them throughout their lives.

Our Scribe understood this, gazing at the volume purchased to grapple with punctuation and grammatical rules. It was on the closed work table, and he did not even know the plot; yet suddenly, silent tears of gratitude stained the scattered sheets next to the keyboard. A strange reaction, but what he sensed was confirmed a few days later when reading in the newspaper that books, soaked in spirituality and very similar to his latest purchase, were all the rage in America, beginning to be appreciated worldwide and described by a distinguished literary critic... as the weapons of God!

At the most opportune moment, therefore, when the darkness of materialism was growing denser, some, without being fully aware of it, were promoting the most extraordinary, extensive, and accurate

advertising campaign in history. Similar to a propitiatory rite, would that cultural drumbeat allow the manifestation of the Antichrist? Were those novels, born of insights and the most ardent hope, preparing the minds of men to accept a story as extraordinary as it was real? A tale that each of you, if guided by the Spirit, could continue to write eternally. Anyone who wishes will be able to inscribe their name on the pages of a work that will in the future be called the Book of Life. A text that for now simply reveals itself as the first “global” book in history. The rude television anchorman who bears witness, with youthful impetuosity, to the death of human justice can do so. Since there is insufficient mercy in it, he has grasped, like few, the fatal moment.

He is preparing, along with many others, the way for the one who must make the path traced by Christ walkable. One of the many, an initiate from Oregon named Walsit, explained with great humility two centuries ago what the task of his sect was; it was to make the earth ready to receive the seed of the Antichrist. Today, therefore, it is subtly suggested to the more enlightened minds how to cultivate that same seed. Anyone who wishes to witness the growth of this Project can inscribe their name, as can all those who, like children, wish to color the Father’s Design.

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Perhaps it was the cynicism with which his agitated story was followed that ignited within him an uncontrollable fury: “But how... why!... Why! – He repeated angrily just outside the barracks – is justice not served to me even in this circumstance?... Well... I will think for myself.”

Running, heedless of the looks of those who noticed his tattered clothes, he went home. Without providing any explanation to his mother, who, seeing him distraught, tried to stop him to understand what had happened, he grabbed an axe and quickly returned to the scene, indifferent to the glances of those he passed. He searched very carefully but equally fruitlessly through the possible directions taken by the maniac; he had vanished, and he had failed to punish him as he deserved. That day he wanted to seek justice, and in the moment of anger, he believed it possible.

It wasn’t long before he began to seriously meditate on the real

motivations behind that drastic decision; he tried to understand if it should be included among those deemed impeccable by the Masters of life.

It should be noted that with this adjective, in the texts of initiatory wisdom, action or thought is qualified when it is not the direct consequence of instinctive emotions, for which one does not care about their possible future repercussions. For that episode, the most recurring dilemma concerned the right orientation between punishment and forgiveness; the inescapable answer was always the same: “Whoever is called to make such choices, be it the victim, the tribe, or a state, must possess a knowledge far greater than mine. Who could – he wondered – boast such enlightened wisdom? To whom should he beg for a solution? There is no sacred text that is not contested, and there is no sage who is not despised.” He asked himself those questions stubbornly, determined to find an answer sooner or later; but solving such a question meant possessing Knowledge. Should he perhaps attain such wisdom? And then, for what purpose?

There were probably more urgent and important matters, certainly more pleasant and interesting. Remaining on the edge of the path, waiting to see what they were, did not excite him because, inevitably, he resumed the journey on the path of knowledge.

Perhaps it was the tension from that constant search for a better way of life that alienated him from the affections of teachers, neighbors, and all those who, for one reason or another, had the opportunity to associate with him. His mother, constantly anxious at every minor mishap, was so influenced by their criticisms that she followed the advice of a mental health specialist: she had him committed to a mental hospital for a period of “observation.” Unbeknownst to him, she made an appointment with the specialist, and during the interview with the doctor, whom the child never had the pleasure of meeting, she reported that she had been traumatized because she had repaid his attentions by inexplicably throwing his clothes into the street. It was a rough wool sweater and a pair of brown shorts. She, stubbornly, insisted on having him wear them even though they caused him sores around his neck and thighs when worn for long periods.

Unfortunately, she forgot to mention this. Only many years later

did she admit to having sought the help of the Authorities following pressure from the neighborhood. The day she was pushed to confess it, she had a man in front of her, who had been sitting at the computer for many hours and was about to give the finishing touches to the point where he spoke of his entry into the tomb of reason.

Listening to her timid justifications, he preferred to remain silent, which brought back to him the prospect of internment. However, in that stressful situation, the reason was different; the hidden reason was the content of the book he was completing. Even the person requesting such a measure from the Authorities was different. Now it was the woman with whom he had shared over twenty years of life: his wife. From her, during the separation phase, he was accused and handed over to that same power they had opposed together all that time.

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Repeated knocks at the door made him reluctantly open his eyes. The light turned on, and figures dressed in white swiftly glided around his bed. A massive man with a swollen, greasy face ordered him to get dressed.

“Now you have to hurry – he said brusquely – the doctor is waiting for you, and we have no time to waste.”

Then he added: “You must come with us without making a fuss.”

He perceived an obscure threat in his words and something inevitable to which he could not oppose. He searched with his eyes for his mother; she was behind him and was looking elsewhere; his brother, sitting on the corner chair, stood up and reached out to give him his shirt.

“I don’t want to go – he mumbled timidly – where are we going?”

“Giorgio, they need to take you to the hospital for a few days; I spoke with the doctor, and he says you have to go as soon as possible.”

“But if I’m fine, why?... I’m sleepy... I don’t want to get dressed!”

Too bad for you – intervened the figure in white next to the bed – if you prefer to chatter, you can; just do it quietly because I have to drive.”

His irony was out of place, but why was no one intervening? Where did they want to take him? He slowly put on his pants and huffed into a sweater. Now he stood with his shoelaces untied, but he

was not given the time to tie them. “It’s about time! Now you can get in the car with my friend.” As he left, he looked at his mother.

“Be good, please; I’ll come to check the visiting hours tomorrow; stay calm.”

He did not respond and his eyes fell on the air rifle resting against the wall; the stock had been broken by axe blows. It had been her doing; she spent hours in anguish when he disappeared to play with the flobert and returned at sunset. The decision to destroy it was hers, but she had attributed the responsibility to Dado. A few days earlier, on returning from school, he had found the unpleasant surprise. After many tears and a single gesture of anger, he had resigned himself to the fact that he had lost his favorite toy. It was not possible that now, that outburst of anger, that instinctive kick given to the leg of their folding tavern table, could cost him so dearly. There were no longer vast prairies to escape to, where, without possessing anything, one holds the most precious thing: Freedom. The freedom not to subjugate anyone nor to have anything imposed on oneself.

Reluctantly, he climbed aboard the ambulance, bloodstains inside caught his attention, making him uneasy. The idea of being a lamb led to slaughter chilled him, so he tried to distract himself by looking through the scratches in the paint that covered the vehicle’s windows. “Sit up straight and don’t move... do you understand?” The peremptory tone, but above all, the gaze that allowed no rebuttal, forced him to curl up on the wooden seat and remain thus, immobile and silent.

In the night, they reached the psychiatric hospital pavilion. Upon entering, his fears grew. The paper bag with magazines was taken from him, and every door that opened before him was promptly closed again with a large, shiny brass key after their passage. He finally entered a large dormitory (Fig.4), vaguely remembering that of the boarding school, but there had to be something... a particular detail that he could not focus on... the windows! Yes! The windows had no handles; how could he not have noticed? Those strange curtains were not curtains; they were iron nets! He had ended up in a trap far worse than the E.C.A.

The confirmation arrived the next day; before discharging him, someone from his family would have to accept and sign the responsibility that would arise for the custody of a madman; otherwise,

he would remain in the snake pit forever. Forever!... It seemed he could hear the echo of that thought. He had to find a way to escape at all costs; he should not have been there listening to those strange and incomprehensible discussions.

Seeing men of all ages undressing, running, waving their arms, and screaming for no reason. Strange beings who sometimes approached him threateningly; if this was a punishment, it was for a fault he knew he had not committed.

“Nurse, excuse me... what do you think... when can I get out of this place?”

“Until you stop squinting, the doctor won’t let you out... either you get rid of that tic, or you stay here.”

“But that’s unfair, because it’s only me; there are so many with tics, and they don’t get sent here.”

His last words were almost a scream, and the man in the white coat immediately stiffened. Then he shook his head without saying anything more and turned to walk away.

“Nurse... but please... at least tell the doctor... every time I have a fever and can’t move a finger, Marco comes to hit me in the face and tries to poke my eyes out.”

“Be quiet!... Don’t use that tone anymore; if the doctor hears you raising your wings and causing problems, he’ll send you to the Effe pavilion; if they haven’t told you yet, that’s where the crazy ward is, and if you continue to be a nuisance, you can imagine what awaits you.”

Poor Marco was a subnormal child; despite being two years younger, he had almost double his build and spent much of his time locked in a rope cage. He was routinely released when he was in bed completely helpless due to medical treatment. The “therapy” quickly turned into a nightmare; he had to try to appear calm while the nurse approached with brusque manners and inserted the needle into his arm. He had to force himself to hope for God’s help so as not to find himself getting out of that bed with his eyes gouged out by that poor being.

Although everything appeared dark and worrisome, he must not give up; he had just turned twelve, alright, but he would grow up too, and if the day of the escape came, he would have to fight; he had to

be sure he could win. He had to train secretly at every opportunity but with caution; if he were discovered, they might intuit the true purpose of that mania for sport: freedom!

Indeed, at that time in Trieste, no more than twenty people practiced weightlifting. Cultivating that mocked discipline could lead one to be considered afflicted by an eccentric mental disorder; in fact, in addition to the slight tic in his eyelids, it was precisely that very tough sport that worried his mother. Watching him, as he tried to discover in his brother's shaving mirror, which others did not have, the hoped-for improvements in his muscle tone was, for her, surrendering to the thought instilled in her by others that she had a subnormal child.



FIG. 4 - DORMITORIO DEL PADIGLIONE OSSERVAZIONE SENZA LE RETI DI FERRO ALLE FINESTRE.

He must “thank” the medical treatment received if he returned within the legally set term of hospitalization. After the twenty-seventh day of observation, inside that gulag, one was definitively registered as mad. The “therapy” involved injecting a substance capable of triggering a very high fever. He would remain thus for hours immobile in bed, exhausted and in pain. Later, he discovered that the same “treatment,” based precisely on the use of that infernal drug, was reserved for dissidents, consciously passed off as madmen, in the Soviet Union.

On the day of his discharge, he remembered that upon exiting, he was almost dazzled. Everything seemed brighter; that intense

brightness was due to the snow covering everything with its white mantle. It rarely snowed there, and those moments were beautiful. He was moved at the thought that it could be a gift from God for managing to overcome that terrible ordeal. The same gift was sent to him many years later to make him understand that he had been betrayed by his wife and by a strange character we will meet later; an original type to the point of letting slip that he thought he had good reasons to believe he was the Antichrist. He had led the two to believe that in a specific point of the forest on the plateau, weapons were hidden, and one night, a strange dream pushed him to the spot, heedless of the sudden biting cold.

He found dozens of footprints in the place that only they knew. The snowfall had begun that very late evening; it had been preceded by a furious argument that ended with Carmela leaving his house. The quarrel had erupted precisely because of the character who unexpectedly confessed to believing he was the Antichrist during a mundane conversation. She reproached him for not wanting to help her, shouting the heaviest insults: “Why don’t you want me to find a nice girl and settle down? Why don’t you allow her to live next to your mother near us?”

“Because the accommodation next to ours must be for Giada or for the sister who will need it more; as a man and father, I have the duty to think of our daughters, then, for my spiritual children, I will have to think of them divinely.”

“He will come and stay with us as long as he wants!”

Stunned by the poison of those words, he looked at her in silence while she called the girls to take refuge in the apartment next door.

The wind made the snowflakes resemble swarms of crazed butterflies. From the tracks left, it was evident that someone had preceded him by a little. Who had gone to the woods at such a late hour? Aside from the footprints of those who sought the proof of betrayal, there remained those of those who were prey to the frenzy of destroying a constantly vigilant and distrustful man. No one could have imagined that chance, to protect him from their insidious actions, knew how to utilize the purity of the snow.

At fourteen, the moment came to enter the working world, and from the very first steps, he faced humiliations and bitterness. It will suffice to narrate a single episode, which will be useful to introduce some reflections on the necessity of enduring sufferings. It was just past noon, and the worker he assisted, a distant cousin, was ready to leave for lunch. Before leaving, he took a sheet of abrasive cloth from the sealed package and quickly polished a spot on the vehicle that was to be painted.

“Did you see?... – he said quickly – when I return, it must be treated the same way.”

He had just finished the job assigned to him when he heard him approaching, whistling.

“Tony, I just finished; what should I do now?”

Avoiding to respond, he approached the motorcycle to check the execution. He scrutinized every corner in silence, and in the end, without even turning his head, he surprised him: “Why didn’t you use this cloth?” He referred to the sheet he had used before leaving. Surprised by the question, he mumbled the first thing that came to his mind. It didn’t seem satisfactory as a response, apparently, because after getting closer, he suddenly struck him. Perhaps he couldn’t avoid it, but to dodge, he fell to the ground. He was quickly on top of him, pinning him down by pressing a hand on his chest and a knee beside him, repeating the question.

This time he didn’t even wait for the reply; he struck him in the stomach with the handle of the screwdriver. He continued to ask and strike, increasing both the intensity of the screams and the violence of the blows. He could no longer breathe. “How can I stop him? – he wondered fearfully – I can’t do it! Is there no one who can help me?” And here it was... he remembered Him! Yes!... You can do it.” He thought with a groan as his remaining strength faded away.

The figure that stood at the entrance, silhouetted against the backlight, created a giant shadow. “If you continue like this, the screwdriver will bend, and you’ll hurt your hand” – he boomed –. He seemed to know the meticulous care his cousin took with his tools. The Herculean-looking man also seemed determined to throw him away with one arm. Even that beast sensed it, for he stopped immediately and let him get up. He slowly recovered, casting a grateful glance toward the stranger, but just as he had arrived, he had departed.

There are many victims of such humiliations and far worse; the reason he found his situation unusual lies in the fact that the absurd episode just described and others of greater gravity recurred with an exhausting frequency and continuity throughout much of his life. Looking from a more conscious point of view, one recognizes the importance of being aware of every wrong suffered. Thanks to those continuous pressures, some, the few who manage to avoid physical or psychological collapse, are led to meditate on the necessity of such experiences. They serve the irreplaceable function of teaching to transcend them.

“For as the lightning that flashes from one end of the sky to the other, so will the Son of Man be in his day. But first, he must suffer greatly and be rejected by this generation.” (Luke 17:24-25)

“The Lord God has opened my ear, and I was not rebellious; I did not turn back. I gave my back to those who struck me, and my cheeks to those who pulled out the beard; I hid not my face from shame and spitting. Therefore, I have set my face like a flint. Near is he who justifies me; who will contend with me? Let us stand up together; who is my adversary? Let him come near to me! Behold, the Lord God helps me; who will declare me guilty? Behold, all of them will wear out like a garment; the moth will eat them up.” (Isaiah)

From the words of Isaiah, one can observe a continuum in the common experience that links every great mystic and all innovators who have appeared among men since the dawn of time. To not escape the custom, must he too wait before rising among the Nations? Surely he would have to show himself capable of crying for the fate of the powerful; he must also exalt before the heroism shown by the Russian fighters in the Nazi extermination camps. He would follow the path of Knowledge suggested by the Western mystics, then the Eastern, so similar to that of the Yaqui sorcerers of Mexico, who present their doctrine with the words of a disciple of Heidegger or as Kierkegaard himself used to.

It was also necessary to allow oneself to be wounded by your vanished dreams and to listen to every child's cry. The invocations of all the oppressed and the vain worries of the privileged. He had to do this to be able to answer some important questions.

Is it right to have cried for the lost opportunity of the American Nation when the man who preached the New Frontier was struck down? Is it right to know that one exalts when the ability to express an heroic virtue inevitably makes every enemy a friend? Is it right to know the reasons why he wanted to pursue every path? The answer to these questions is very simple: he lived those experiences to declare that they all lead to the knowledge of the Truth. The doubts that assail us during our lives and the sacrifices endured to answer precisely those doubts will lead us to the discovery of the same Truth. Finally, it is right that it be revealed to you why he listened to the cries and prayers: it was his duty as a man, as it is the duty of the children of God to dry those tears and fulfill their prayers when he feels the Hour determined by the Father.





II WALSIT

The baggage of experiences in the workplace was not composed solely of unpleasant episodes, similar to the one described in the previous chapter, but also included some unusual incidents, and it seems appropriate to recount the most significant one. At the time of the construction of the aqueduct on Via Rossetti, he had just turned 17 and was working as a laborer for the contracting company. One day, he was called in to perform a protective treatment on the welds using a particularly toxic bituminous product. Along with two more experienced workers, he entered the large pipe, crawling on his knees for about five hundred meters, until reaching the point indicated by the foreman.

He began the second phase of the work, which involved covering the welded joints of the pipe with a malodorous bituminous product. A couple of hours passed, and he would finally be able to stop that uncomfortable position. Before exiting, they thought to take a break, and one of the two started joking around. After a few minutes, his words became incomprehensible.

The other listened without showing any sign of having noticed; the youngest of the three pointed it out deliberately and, contrary to what he expected, they appeared annoyed and told him to be quiet. Even more alarmed by their apathy, he attributed the evident malaise to the toxic fumes of the paint and decided to leave immediately.

“Guys, if you want to stay in here, go ahead, but I’m getting out; it seems to me there’s something in the air that’s making you lose your sense, and before I start babbling like you, I’m turning back.” At that point, they seemed to regain some clarity; he heard them mumbling but did not intend to waste moments that could prove precious.

“Which way is the nearest exit? What direction should I take? Is it better to go back to where we entered or continue towards the first gate?” – he asked impatiently. The one closest to him responded first, mumbling, “If you keep going, you’ll find it right away.”

The other interjected, further confusing him: “But it might be closed; I didn’t see anyone opening it... no! Maybe not!” They spoke with a lot of confidence regarding the distance, but a little less about the possibility of quickly exiting what, for him, was starting to resemble a deadly trap. They continued mumbling about how they had personally installed the gate and that they couldn’t be wrong. One of them, finally, seeing him still undecided, added that since it was installed, that large valve had never been closed to allow passage in case of necessity.

His instinct suggested he disregard their repeated assurances and he placed his life, at least as he believed at that moment, in the hands of his intuition. Therefore, he decided to exit by taking the road that was most likely longer but that he already knew. He took a deep breath; it had to be the last one inside that pipe.

“If I don’t want to succumb to the deadly miasmas,” he thought firmly, “I must no longer breathe that toxic substance.” He then launched himself towards the exit, proceeding heedlessly with his hands, head, and knees scraping against the walls of what would soon become his coffin. He had barely covered a few meters when he threw away the flashlight he had; it was preventing him from moving faster.

“If I don’t give in to the idea of covering four hundred meters in these impossible conditions, with every step towards salvation, I will be more deserving of life.”

That thought gave him strength. Moments passed that seemed interminable; he believed he had covered at least half the distance, yet he couldn’t see even the slightest glimmer. In the complete darkness, he continued his run towards life. At one point, it felt like his heart was kicking him... it seemed ready to explode in his chest.

He stopped and placed his hand on it... for a moment he thought he had it in the palm of his hand; then, without taking a breath, he continued crawling. Now he no longer felt the pounding in his temples; now his pulse was producing a dull buzzing sound. A sound, like a distant rumble, seemed to make even the metal walls of the pipe vibrate.

It was too much for any human being: his arms gave way suddenly, and he collapsed, stretched out. For an indefinite time, he remained still like a stone forgotten by everyone, feeling nothing but the coldness of that stone.

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"He will have fallen like Saint Paul." (S. FRANCESCO DI PAOLA)

HE TRIED TO BREATHE, BUT HIS FRANTIC HEART PREVENTED HIM; HE TRIED TO MOVE HIS FINGERS TO BRING THEM CLOSER TO SALVATION, TO AVOID HAVING EVERYTHING ABOUT HIM FORGOTTEN... THEY REMAINED COMPLETELY STILL. HE THEN THOUGHT OF THE SUN, OF LIFE THAT WAS PASSING BY, OF FLOWERS, OF THE MANY BEAUTIFUL THINGS THAT “SHOULD” EXIST BUT THAT HE HAD NEVER SEEN. AND A SUDDEN ASTONISHMENT SEIZED HIM: “BUT HOW, AM I DYING IN HERE?... BUT NO!... IT’S NOT POSSIBLE! WHERE IS A PEN, A PENCIL... DAMN IT!

“I WOULD JUST NEED... A... YES!... EVEN A SIMPLE NAIL; I NEED TO LEAVE A MARK, I ABSOLUTELY MUST WRITE. AFTERWARD... I CAN DIE TOO, BUT I WILL HAVE DONE MY DUTY UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT.”

WHAT AT THAT MOMENT SEEMED TO BE JUST AN ABSURD THOUGHT, BROUGHT ON BY THOSE TERRIBLE MOMENTS, INSPIRED A LUCID REFLECTION. HE FELT A DESPERATE NEED TO START WRITING WHILE HE WAS DYING... “WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME, HAVE I SUDDENLY GONE MAD? – THE IDEA TROUBLED HIM – BUT EVEN IF I’M CRAZY, I ABSOLUTELY MUST GET OUT IF I WANT TO BE ABLE TO WRITE.”

THE IRREPRESSIBLE IMPULSE TO DO SO, FELT AT THAT MOMENT ESPECIALLY AS AN INDISPENSABLE DUTY TOWARDS OTHERS, HAD REMAINED DORMANT FOR YEARS IN A CORNER OF HIS SOUL WITHOUT EVER SURFACING; BUT THAT DAY, WITH THE COMPLICITY OF CHANCE, IT EXPLODED IN HIS MIND. LATER, HE ANALYZED THOSE UNFORGETTABLE SENSATIONS AND CONCLUDED THAT THE INSUPPRESSIBLE INTENT TO INSCRIBE SOMETHING ON THE WALL OF THAT CONDUIT WAS NOT AT ALL DUE TO THE DESIRE TO PERPETUATE, WITH THAT GESTURE, HIS INDIVIDUALITY IN TIME. HE CLEARLY REMEMBERED THAT IN THOSE MOMENTS HE DID NOT WANT TO WRITE WHAT HE THOUGHT, BECAUSE IN HIS NOW EMPTY AND USELESS MIND, ONLY THE STUBBORN WILL TO “WRITE WHAT HE WOULD ONE DAY THINK” REMAINED. AN IDEA UNKNOWN TO HIM THAT, ON THE EDGE OF THE OTHER DIMENSION, FOR THE FRACTION OF A MOMENT, HE HAD SENSED AS WONDERFUL.

HE MUST HAVE SEEN IT IN SOME FILM OR READ IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE: ALTHOUGH HE HAD REACHED THE END, THE HERO, IN THE FATAL MOMENT, STILL TRIED HIS LAST CARD, UNYIELDING DESPITE EVERYTHING. HE IMAGINED HIMSELF IN THAT PLACE WHILE STUBBORNLY IMPOSING HIMSELF TO ADVANCE A FEW CENTIMETERS, GRIPPING THE SAND WITH HIS HANDS. WELL, HE COULDN’T DO ANY LESS; HE HAD TO TRY TOO.

HE TRIED TO GRIP, AND WITH JOY, HE DISCOVERED THAT, ALBEIT SLIGHTLY, THIS TIME HIS FINGERS HAD MOVED. UNCONSCIOUSLY, HE HAD BEGUN TO BREATHE

AGAIN IN A BARELY PERCEPTIBLE WAY. REALIZING THIS, HE NOTICED THAT HE HAD NOT BEEN FURTHER HARMED; INDEED, HE WAS SURE, THE ECHO OF THE RUMBLE THAT EMANATED FROM HIS CHEST NOW SEEMED TO COME FROM FURTHER AWAY. HE FELT VICTORIOUS, HE HAD MADE IT; HE HAD REACHED A POINT WHERE THE TOXIC VAPORS WERE NOT PRESENT. THOUGHTS COULD PICK UP THE INTERRUPTED THREAD. HOWEVER, WHAT A STRANGE EXPERIENCE: HOW COULD HE EXPLAIN THE LITERARY IMPULSE SO IMPERATIVE AND THE INTENSE WONDER THAT FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY AFTER? THE INTIMATE CERTAINTY OF NOT HAVING TO DIE BECAUSE TIED TO AN OBLIGATION TO FULFILL? HE BECAME PREY TO DESPONDENCY. WAS HE NOT EVEN FREE TO LEAVE THIS WORLD? WAS HE PERHAPS BEING FORCED BY SOMEONE TO DO SOMETHING? WAS HE AN INSTRUMENT IN THE HANDS OF A BEING WITH NOT A SHRED OF MERCY? ONLY AFTER MANY YEARS WAS IT CLEAR THAT THE EPISODE JUST DESCRIBED WAS SIMPLY ONE OF THE MANY PIECES OF A MOSAIC, A PIECE THAT FIT PERFECTLY WITH ALL THE OTHERS. AND THE PICTURE THAT WAS SLOWLY FORMING COULD NOT HAVE BEEN MORE EXTRAORDINARY.

SLOWLY, VERY SLOWLY, HE RESUMED MOVING FORWARD; AFTER A WHILE, THE LIGHT OF THE EXIT BECAME VISIBLE. AT THAT POINT, HIS MARCH BECAME FRANTIC AGAIN; HE HAD TO GET OUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO WARN THE OTHERS OF THE DANGER HIS COMPANIONS WERE FACING; THEY COULD FIND THEMSELVES WITH NO WAY OUT, FINDING THE GATE FATALLY CLOSED. JUST OUTSIDE THAT TUBE, HE STRUGGLED TO THE EDGE OF THE EXCAVATION, CALLING OUT TO THE PEOPLE WORKING AROUND. HE WAS ASTONISHED BY THE INTENSITY OF THE LIGHT THAT DAZZLED HIM, BUT HE DID NOT FEEL THE SAME ASTONISHMENT WHEN IN THOSE FORMS, NOW CLEARER, HE RECOGNIZED HIS COMPANIONS FROM HIS DRAMATIC ADVENTURE, WHO WERE CALMLY DISCUSSING WITH THE OTHER WORKERS.

SOME TIME PASSED SINCE THAT UGLY EXPERIENCE, ABOUT TEN YEARS, BEFORE HE READ AN ESSAY IN WHICH SOME PROPHECIES PERTAINING TO THE GREAT MONARCH WERE REPORTED. IT SOUGHT TO OUTLINE HIS PERSONALITY AND LISTED EVENTS THAT WOULD CHARACTERIZE HIS EXPERIENCES.

FOR THE EPISODE DESCRIBED EARLIER, AND PARTICULARLY FOR THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENT, SOME CURIOUS PASSAGES HAVE BEEN SELECTED FROM THAT BOOK TO BE COMPARED IN THE LIGHT OF INTUITION. THEY ARE PRESENTED TO THE READER WITH THE WORDS OF THE RESEARCHER: "TO BE PRECISE, IN FACT, THE REVELATION OF THE 'HEART THAT WILL BEAT STRONGER IN THE LAST DAYS'... WAS RECEIVED BY GERTRUDE OF EISLEBEN, WHO HAD EXTRAORDINARY VISIONS AND DIED IN THE YEAR 1302 IN THE MONASTERY OF HELFTA."

DURING THE SAME PERIOD, BIBLICAL PASSAGES WERE IDENTIFIED THAT SUGGESTED CULTIVATING HOPE FOR A BETTER WORLD: “WHO WILL RISE UP FOR ME AGAINST THE WICKED? WHO WILL STAND UP FOR ME AGAINST THE WORKERS OF INIQUITY? THE DAY WILL COME WHEN SOMEONE WILL RISE TO SPEAK WITH THE WORDS OF THE PROPHETS.” THEY WERE ATTRIBUTED THE MEANING THAT MANY SHARE: IT WAS SIMPLY A HEALTHY READING! IN THIS CONTEXT, TODAY THOSE QUESTIONS FIND THE UNSETTLING ANSWER OF OUR PROTAGONIST: “IF THE ETERNAL HAD NOT BEEN MY HELP, MY SOUL WOULD NOW DWELL IN THE PLACE OF SILENCE.”

SOMETIMES CIRCUMSTANCES COMPEL US TO ASSERT THE ABILITY TO SPEAK WITH THE WORDS DEAR TO THE PROPHETS. ONE CAN BE LED, DURING THE TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS IT TOOK TO WRITE THIS TEXT, TO OVERCOME DIFFICULTIES OF ALL KINDS TO ACHIEVE IT; IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE THAT THIS WAS THE CASE, BECAUSE THE PURPOSE OF THIS LITERARY EFFORT IS PRECISELY TO PROVIDE FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF SOME MISSING LINKS OR, MORE SIMPLY, OF THOSE STEPS OF THE EVOLUTIONARY LADDER THAT HUMANITY MUST CLIMB. THOSE PIECES THAT WILL FINALLY SERVE TO PROVOKE THE EXTRAORDINARY EVENT THAT NORTHROP FRYE, IN HIS ESSAY – FRIGHTENING SYMMETRY – DEDICATED TO THE WORK OF WILLIAM BLAKE, RECOGNIZES AS POSSIBLE:

“THE TRUE QUEST OF SAINT GEORGE IS THE RECONQUEST OF PARADISE AND THE FULFILLMENT OF THE APOCALYPSE... THE LAST JUDGMENT WILL SIMPLY BEGIN WITH A SUDDEN ROAR, WITH AN INVOLUNTARY SHUDDER DICTATED BY THE INSTINCT OF PRESERVATION AGAINST AN INTOLERABLY THREATENING TYRANNY... THE APOCALYPSE WILL NECESSARILY BEGIN WITH A MASSACRE OF THE TYRANTS.”

FRYE CONCLUDES BY QUOTING THESE ENIGMATIC WORDS OF BLAKE:

“CHRIST CAME TO FREE THOSE WHO ARE UNDER THE YOKE OF THE WICKED, NOT TO LIBERATE THEM; THE ANTICHRIST WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!” (WILLIAM

BLAKE)

If the ultimate aim of this effort is to realize the prerequisites for obtaining what can be inferred from the inspired words of the poet, one should rightly expect an opponent, an Energy capable of taking concrete forms and also infinite abstract aspects, such as selfishness, cruelty, indifference, etc. It is, moreover, inevitable that the same Energy also

manifests the aspects considered positive by the minds of men. It will therefore be able to show itself in the guise of an increased general awareness, meaning by this the imminent overcoming of the Threshold by the human species. It is fundamental to reiterate that the dark side of the eternally luminous Energy has always emanated from the Opponent and his followers; one should expect that they will not passively accept a reality different from the one they have created. The same possibility is also hinted at by the words attributed to Christ, which, as it happens, reflect a perfect analogy with the current times and events:

“E ora a voi, ricchi: piangete e gridate per le sciagure che vi sovrastano! Le vostre ricchezze sono imputridite, l'oro e l'argento vostro è arrugginito; la loro ruggine sarà una testimonianza contro di voi e divorerà le vostre carni come un fuoco. Avete accumulato tesori per gli “Ultimi Giorni”! Ecco, il salario da voi defraudato ai lavoratori che hanno mietuto le vostre terre grida; e queste grida sono giunte agli orecchi del Signore degli Eserciti. Siete vissuti banchettando sulla terra, e vi siete saziati di piaceri, vi siete ingrassati per il giorno della strage. Siate dunque pazienti, fratelli, fino alla venuta del Signore.” (James: 5/1-2)

“Ma io vi ho detto queste cose perché, quando giungerà la “loro ora”, ricordate che ve ne ho parlato... manderò a voi il Consolatore che vi convincerà riguardo alla giustizia e al giudizio.” (John: 16/4-8)

Analyzing without preconceived beliefs the numerous clues already found, one is faced with a suggestive and disturbing hypothesis. Is it possible that the hour indicated by the seers is at hand? In this case, and only under this condition, the necessity to resolve a very pressing question would arise. It is a question that can be posed in many ways: Who should be struck and by whom? At this stage of the evolutionary process, will there be a dramatic natural selection? Is it possible that the unconscious of many human beings is solely responsible for every existing imbalance? Can we believe that souls may consciously use their extraordinary energy? That they decide to create the coincidences capable of temporarily distancing those who represent a burden no

longer necessary for their evolution? Anyone hoping that those who oppose the man who mystics and prophets, albeit under different guises, have described as the architect of change will be brought down would show that they possess the wisdom of a lesser deity, a divinity that only childish minds can conceive. It has been seen that in previous eras, many followed the path of that lesser deity they had created. They did so by committing a massacre every time they exported their faith in him, when they applauded him, and when they ignored him... but they undoubtedly followed the will of that lesser deity even when the massacres did not prevent them. It should be added that neither the elect nor the seers have been able to completely unveil the eschatological mystery, a term that can literally indicate the “Secret War Plan of God”; a God who will soon grant the perception of some unimaginable aspects of Himself.

“It would be wise to observe one of these unsuspected aspects. It is represented by the unconscious fear of punishment, a fear that can assail even the strongest of hearts and lead one to assert, with stubbornness, the immateriality of anyone participating in an apocalyptic battle. One falls into this error of judgment simply because one fears a material punishment and, contrary to what is often claimed, believes only in what can be seen; one particularly fears what only the eyes can perceive. Thus, in order to ward off the shadow of threat and delude oneself, one tries to make that danger as abstract as possible.

Well, on one of the infinite facets of the purest diamond or, if you prefer, in the valley of the realm of infinite possibilities, one can indeed see angels responding to the calls and prayers of those who are in tribulation. They rush to fight alongside them and at the forefront of those whom awareness has made free to act without generating karmic effects. However, a question must be posed to those who have not been able to reach that awareness: who... who can assert how, when, and why our angels should be invoked?... We respond with the words of the great Isaiah:

‘The hand of the Eternal will be made known through His Servants!’

Questions and answers are not subject to temporality; however, they can produce awareness in those who do not have enough of it.”

In these pages, the profile of the protagonist of this story has gradually taken shape, that unsettling character who, for centuries, has been described as a figure diametrically opposed to that of Christ. It will also be shown that the credit for being able to tell this story goes primarily to the few who have managed to pass down an alternative image of the Great Accuser. Finally, it will be revealed that the two profiles, thanks to a long series of extraordinary coincidences, are actually overlapping and part of the same face. A suffering face that will be illuminated by a smile when even the last among you can do the same.

In order to achieve a real understanding of the two personalities and their role in evolution, we will continue to follow the example suggested by a man who is believed to have truly lived and risen in Palestine. The first, at a certain period in his life, cited prophecies that he claimed referred to him in order to be understood and legitimized by his listeners. In the same way, the second will place before your eyes the revelations of prophets, saints, and mystics from every religion.

This will make it possible to realize that the coming of the Son of Man, the Avatar, the Twelfth Imam, and the Great Monarch, which they hoped for to end human misery, should be identified with the appearance of the Antichrist. It will be useful to make a necessary consideration. It is easy to suppose that every seer, mystic, or shaman had a moral structure conforming to their environment and their time; and precisely because of this imperfect measure of judgment, the visions described revealed contradictory aspects, and in many cases, decidedly incredible ones. This mental attitude, which manifests itself at the moment of the visionary or clairvoyant phenomenon, is not new at all, as Ezekiel already sensed its importance and emphasized it when he said: "Woe to the foolish prophets who follow their own spirit and have seen nothing."

These human impressions of theirs significantly influenced their accounts and, as one might expect, the translations and interpretations that developed over the centuries often further evolved in the wrong direction. It is indeed noted that the most recent revelations are in line with the times, reflecting a greater intransigence and hinting at the desire of the inspired person to participate in the change. Reality, therefore, is often misinterpreted; yet for some inscrutable reason, we find prophecies and traditions that, referring to the Antichrist, use terms that clash when

attributed to a wicked being. This choice to position oneself outside the morality of their time leads one to think that some seers have taken to heart the words of Ezekiel. A clear example can be found by looking at the “Song of the Black Prince,” probably written in the 15th century:

The Song of the Black Prince

When the earth shall swallow the earth and when fire shall fall like rain from heaven; when man shall feed on words and anger, and the peoples shall be ruled by jackals; when the earth shall be a poisoned desert and the hydra's pestilence shall envelop men; when you meet the shadows of the past that will witness the resurrection of the dead, you will see the fateful Prince appear among the eastern mists, Lord of Thanatolia. He will ride a steed the color of blood and will be preceded by the royal symbol of the decapitated eagle and a black banner with fifteen drops of blood. He will appear on the clouds like a storm and will shake the earth. A thousand cities will be turned to ash; and the ash will bring only death. The Legion of the Black Prince will ride the skies of the whole world, sowing a flood of despair. Cities laden with glory and men of great power will be transformed into nothingness. The peoples will shut themselves in their houses, and their houses will become ash. Many will flee to the mountains, and the mountains will fly like dead leaves. The moon and the sun will be mad, but men will seek refuge among the stars; and the stars will fall to the earth like dew. When the thirtieth moon has passed, the legion of the Antichrist will vanish into the sea, while the night will torment the earth. And when the night is torn by a ray of light, the face of a man covered by the mask of a lion will be seen in the sky. And when he lifts the mask, a cry of surprise will rise from the earth, for the man, with the mark on his forehead and eyes the color of the sky, was among the good of the earth.

In his insightful commentary, Baschera points out that “Leone” is a messianic title used in texts that reference biblical passages. He also

notes the symbolism of the fifteen drops of blood, which could refer, in his view, to the fifteen states that formed the U.S.S.R. Regarding the headless eagle, the allusion to the necessity of a single leader, both at the head of the United States and the other states, is evident. In conclusion, Baschera states:

"There is then the surprise of the last act: The Antichrist who appears in heaven 'was one of the good people of the earth.'"

And here we have confirmation of the mimicry of this complex, enigmatic, and nefarious character. There is a passage in this canticle from which a specific characteristic of the Antichrist can be inferred: that of having blue eyes. It is precisely with sky-colored eyes that a gentle and good person is usually depicted. The seer has conformed to this convention; however, by emphasizing goodness as a quality that would distinguish the Antichrist, has he perhaps made a mistake? Only immature souls assign more or less noble virtues to those who have transcended good and evil; to understand this, without boring readers with dozens of pages, Swedenborg's words that close the introduction should be revisited in light of awareness.

In the 12th century, a sect arose whose followers placed the Antichrist above all deities. They knew about metempsychosis (reincarnation) and considered him as:

"One who comes to break the chains that bind man to his hidden punishment: the condemnation of forgiveness!"

"One who comes to break the chains that bind man to his hidden punishment: the condemnation of forgiveness!"

"I have come to open the eyes of Abel. Let not the fools believe that my appearances can be conditioned by any model!.. They are subject only to what your faith and your Love deem necessary."

(GGG)

For the followers of that sect, the Antichrist had the appearance of an angel and was sometimes depicted in many paintings with an enormous key, a symbol, of course, of the many doors that must be opened to reach

the “Kingdom of Freedom.” If one wanted to talk about how the figure of the Antilegis was regarded by some brotherhoods in those dark centuries, one could continue for a long time, but it would suffice to add that, after the year 1000, in all churches he was placed next to Christ on the same altar.

It will be noted that the narrative is often interrupted by moral or philosophical discussions; this is due to the desire to astonish and captivate because in doing so, it repeats the game of a serpent. Of that same serpent into whose den the children of tomorrow may insert their hand. By drawing your attention to the first part of a prophecy, astonishing for its concordance between the announced facts and those that occurred more than two centuries after it was formulated, we expect to see you enchanted by the charm that events, due to chance, emanate for you. Therefore, without taking away or adding anything to the writings passed down by a certain Walsit, who belonged to the early 1800s, we report on the Great Sunset of Oregon that has already been mentioned:

“Our purpose is not to worship the moon or the stars, but to prepare the way and pay homage to... those who are to come to straighten the paths laid down by Christ. The Antichrist will come to say that the path taken leads to a swamp; it must be destroyed without mercy so that others cannot embark upon it.”

And here, precisely in these inspired and unusual words, thanks to those mystics, we discover that the apocalyptic aspect of the Antichrist begins to take on entirely unusual colors; thus allowing us to notice the perfect analogy of his Plan with the shocking program of God that emerges from the words of John in Revelation:

“The hour of your wrath has come, and the time to reward your servants, the prophets and the saints, and those who fear your name, both small and great, and to destroy those who destroy the earth.”

“Only God can decide who to strike.” They deliberately forget what is written: “His hand will be made known through his servants.”

Because of the same bloody plan, the hypocrites who call themselves Catholics feel legitimized to label as a horrible beast anyone who advocates the necessity of working toward such a goal. Their objection is always the same:

"Only God can decide who to strike." "They deliberately forget what is written: "His hand will be made known through his servants."

"And then it must be added immediately: 'It will be the case that establishes the barricade that will inevitably be chosen.' The 'Beast,' the term with which the unsettling figure of the Antichrist was labeled by many seers, deserves some considerations. Every individual, indifferent to the massacres of endless groups of human beings, deserves such an epithet; let it be clear that they are not asked to martyr themselves to prevent it, but simply advised not to continue looking the other way; for indifference is, contrary to popular belief, one of the primary causes of those massacres.

The quickest to assign unacceptable nicknames to others will be precisely those who barricade themselves behind that guilty wall of insensitivity to dedicate themselves to safeguarding unjust privileges and the deceptive material well-being that derives from it. An example of such cynicism can be observed in their absurd moral alibis, with which they justify their estrangement from the extermination of millions of beings due to hunger, disease, and repression aimed at preserving the status quo. Well-known alibis: 'For their misfortune, those men have chosen to live (if one can speak of a choice of life) differently from us; we unfortunately already have our vital commitments, we must think of our tomorrow and educate future generations.' Problems that, in most cases, are solved by purchasing the latest model car or fashionable clothes to appear without being. Finally, they burden their children with commitments of every kind; it is a way to prevent them from asking the questions that only children dare to ask. There is no time to seek answers, for anyone; it is enough to flaunt an enviable culture by showing knowledge of the habits of... VIP characters. 'And then come on,' they say when their justifications no longer hold, 'let's

try to be realistic; if an individual wants to work, they certainly won't die of hunger!' Perhaps this is why so many children die—you should respond, disheartened to them—because they are indeed human beings with no desire to produce useless and harmful objects.

This, unfortunately, is the part that, in the theater of the absurd, many men's minds act out for self-defense, so that guilt does not surface and lead to their self-destruction. 'We,' they add, 'fortunately live in a democratic system, and by delegating others to provide, we are at peace with our conscience and absolved from any other duty. Let our representatives think about sending some containers of spoiled food; we are free to believe that our electoral commitment allows us to claim a right of precedence over Paradise.' On the logic of this 'magnificent system,' it is to be hoped that the condemnation of the only Judge who uses mercy will come. The punishment must be seen as a phase of waiting, similar to the winter period that descends upon the forest... everything appears still... dead... it is nothing but the waiting for new life. Even the most terrible experiences prove useful in increasing the level of awareness in all human beings, which can be discovered thanks to this passage found in a small volume:"

"We learn that there can be a democratic use of extermination technology appropriate to politics, as long as it is a democratically elected parliament that decides it or establishes that there is a 'license to kill' until a certain deadline, as in the case of the bombings in Cambodia. There is thus a tendency for continuity between the past and the present, in which aggression and terror flow and spread, regardless of their political disguise." (– From Fascist Squadristo to the Massacres of the Risiera – pp. 152-154)

"Finally, it must be said that many also advocate the need to address vital issues with competence and in a climate of social peace. What competence can be claimed by those who allow the incessant construction of terrible weapons? They promote this so-called peace for a very specific reason; it allows them to carry out infamous trades in complete tranquility, produce an infinite number of harmful objects, or, at best, completely useless ones that, it must be admitted, are extremely profitable. All of this while poisoning the air, water, and land, which belong to all of humanity and not to those who buy them or, worse yet, conquer them. However, is the long-awaited day for the righteous

and the oppressed approaching? Am I being unreasonable to think that many would like to see the moment when a man like them rises up to say enough and bring an end to this peace based on wickedness and hypocrisy? The realization of this utopian possibility is described in the sacred texts of every religion, and among the many explanatory passages, this one is particularly fitting:

“And there is a time for everything, a time for the plow, a time for sowing, but there is also a time for the ‘scythe.’”

Often, those in important positions display maximum tolerance; the purpose is to gain advantage, but when the need for radical change is invoked, they do not hesitate to resort to the most heinous violence. Many leaders deliberately hinder the aspirations of the masses simply to maintain their privileged position. They cleverly argue that ambitious goals are inextricably linked to a slow... very slow evolution of consciousness and, consistent with their selfish plan, they strive to slow the expansion of awareness. They pretend to ignore that the evolutionary process halts without experience, but soon they will experience it, even through the unpleasant consequences reserved for anyone who hinders that process. Recognizing that there can be no progress without experience suggests the intelligent position to take towards events. The wisest stance, reserved for a few, is to open oneself with gratitude to every situation, whether it is terrible or highly desirable; when the spiritual progress achieved allows one to do so naturally and convincingly, one discovers that one has come a step away from the edge. However, this spiritual attitude does not exempt one from seeking the causes of every negative series of experiences and proceeding to eliminate them. In fulfilling this task, the necessary mindset will be maintained to traverse a path between two precipices. Obstacles found along the way, driven by hatred, should not be eliminated; they are essential to reaching the goal; without them, there would be no path at all. And the path, when one manages to master the synchronicity, can be transformed; if necessary, it can be made dangerous, both for those who love and for others; it can even take on a hellish aspect, for the Way can take any form determined by circumstance.

The purpose of these pages is precisely to make every individual aware of this possibility. With this writing, contrary to custom, we will present the most nefarious and satanic being, the Antichrist, as a man with a vulnerable soul, who, abandoned by his family and destroyed by despair for having lost what was most dear to him, lays a lily on the grave of Laura, a girl whom everyone believed to be irretrievably lost.

That girl, one of the infinite pieces of God's mosaic for some, of "fate" for others, left aside would be seen as an insignificant and useless element, but included in this story, she reveals herself to be a wonderful creature, taking on and conferring to the chapter dedicated to her the colors of Paradise, Nirvana, or, to be more exhaustive, that unaltered state of freedom, awareness, and bliss, characteristic of the realized. Finally, the reader will see the possible aspects of the Apocalypse; one can then choose the most destructive and frightening aspect caused by hatred or the conscious and wonderful one generated by love.

Now, attention must be paid to the word eliminate; in resuming the term to use it wisely in this context, an example is necessary regarding the fact that even the most concrete and obvious actions actually fall into an order still to be discovered: a synchrony that also contemplates the most abstract possibilities. Try to visualize the operation of hanging a picture, simple, right? Continue to think that, in doing so, you ruin your thumb because of your own carelessness, a common flaw among many, and after this bad experience, you decide to eliminate that flaw mercilessly; do you become criminals? Let's take the case of a man who dedicates himself to evil; is it right to suffer his violence just because he does not appear to us as an abstract entity but manifests in the form of hair, bones, cartilage, excrement, and more? No! He must be e-li-mi-na-ted, but, be careful, in absolute relation to his actual dangerousness. To avoid misunderstanding, it must be clear that this is about exercising legitimate defense; it is legitimate even if directed against members of international agencies that safeguard unjust privileges. The instrument to verify the actual injustice is found in the inspired words written elsewhere in the Book; they constitute the foundations of Pangea: One has the right to everything that can be given to all. Not accepting but above all opposing this basic principle means harming others more or less seriously. Without this objective on the banner, any struggle will

be a futile race for personal power and will turn into the most heinous violence.

What has been said does not obviously apply to everyone or to every era; it is only one of the facets of the diamond that represents the truth. Each facet of that diamond must be seen, by those who have the will to fight, as a commitment arising from the desire to establish a world order that allows anyone to reach the starting point towards the most unimaginable goals; the era in which no one should fight against the adversities of a material nature, difficulties that everyone knows well.

For the figure of the martyr, and only for him, an element that in this dimension sometimes the masses demand strongly, holds the immutable doctrine that imposes him to abandon himself to total forgiveness and, often, to sacrifice himself. Regarding environmental difficulties, it is enough to briefly expose in another way a wise and predictable position that will be worth sharing at the right moment.

The Mére, a woman who lived alongside Master Aurobindo for many years, wrote that from her experience she gained the conviction that by removing obstacles from the environment surrounding the individual, one does not achieve a greater commitment on the spiritual side from him. From a certain point of view, one can agree, but it must also be said that if certain impediments are no longer necessary, the task to be accomplished is precisely that indicated: to be coherent and to remove them. To achieve this goal, it seems inevitable that one must fight for power; one can be sure that no Elohim intends to do so.

It has always been known that the most famous leaders, when they fought to obtain it, committed a tremendous mistake, and the consequences of such a mistake became even more evident when they came close to touching absolute power. They revealed themselves to be incapable because they did not use it to realize the utopian and truly revolutionary ideals concerning this phase of human evolution. They failed to impose the abolition of weapons, nor of money, nor of borders. They did not even write the word end to the history of monarchies, did not provoke any cracks in the walls erected by dictatorships and, what is equally grave, stubbornly consolidated the foundations of democracy, the breeding ground from which monstrous capitalism emerges. This is one of the most insidious and hypocritical forms of government because,

despite its proclamations, like the others, it does not allow anyone to question it. This last objective is achieved with laws aimed at preventing an effective alternative system from being experienced.

Another unpleasant effect of unjust laws stems precisely from the fact of observing them, an adjustment often imposed with violence. Recognizing them as unjust, many fall ill because their immune system weakens due to fear and the sense of guilt arising precisely from being sometimes acquiescent, sometimes complicit, in a culture enslaved to power; a system that passes off as freedom what it uses to create the bars of our prisons. The ongoing Plan, of which only a few intuit the existence, has a diabolical foresight: gradually, before everyone's eyes, reference points are removed and, when it will be recognized that one has become incapable of imagining a better system than the current one, one will understand the reason for such actions. What can restore optimism is the fact that the Institutions are rotten and on them, a New Era can flourish abundantly... it is enough to bury them! Utopian ideals have always been pointed out and seen as tremendous dangers to social order, an order that has for too long made billions of beings pay the consequences of its errors. Revolts have never led to an ideal model of society because their promoters had not yet become ideal men. Beginning to build on foundations laid where there is no selfishness, one will see that man can place his foot on the step from which he can take flight towards unimaginable goals, the dimensions intuited by the great minds that appeared throughout history. In human memory, no system with a pyramid structure similar to the one that will be briefly described in the following chapters has ever been established. It was not possible; the necessary elements to raise such a society were lacking. Fate had not yet provided the necessary prerequisites. Today, however, the stones are being laid to erect that construction, and those who do not take part in the project must expect not to be able to enter it. The veto imposed by the Spirit is unappealable, and, let it be noted, it knows how to keep this and every other promise. It suggests to the soul to patiently gather what fate places at its feet, and it does so because endowed with the extraordinary ability to turn everything into good.

In these pages, episodes have certainly been found that should be seen as acts of a fully aware soul; they serve as concrete clues only to

those who seek to see. Others will be found later when it is explained why those incredible synchronistic coincidences occurred, events that happened thanks to an extraordinary energy that is little known and even less utilized: an energy that can be identified with the capacity of man to realize his visions.

In support of the hypothesis that synchronistic phenomena can be managed, in addition to the many clues already provided, the peculiar predictions of a hermit reported by the weekly – Cronaca Vera – will also be presented, which, according to the opinion of the editor himself, dealing with current affairs and customs, falls among the magazines of a national popular style. After a necessary clarification, it is discovered that the issue dated 13/02/96 dealt with legends, traditions, and prophecies related to the Apocalypse. The insert contained a prophetic message, chosen from an ancient text, where an interesting description of the collaborators of the Antichrist was found. It stated that they would form a pyramid with the base composed of the most materialistic. (Fig.5)

For greater clarity, also considering that in other predictions there is mention of 12 disciples, by juxtaposing the twelve sections of pyramidshape, a circle is obtained with at its center the point that represents the total abstraction from matter. In the same issue, a particular characteristic is brought to the reader's attention that, according to the seer, would not only distinguish their leader but also allow recognition of him. Today it is possible to present it so that it can be meditated upon: In a message attributed to the hermit Peter, who died in the odor of sanctity in the 16th century, it is said that the Antichrist, the creature that personifies evil and destruction, will have a mark on his forehead that will distinguish him from all other creatures:

“Among the lines of the forehead, one will be able to see an inverted cross... a small cross that will indicate him to everyone.”

Observing from a different perspective, with a sufficient degree of awareness, one will see how it is possible to create coincidences. It has already been mentioned about a young man who inexplicably asked for a sign. By chance, the day after that strange request, a man, who will later

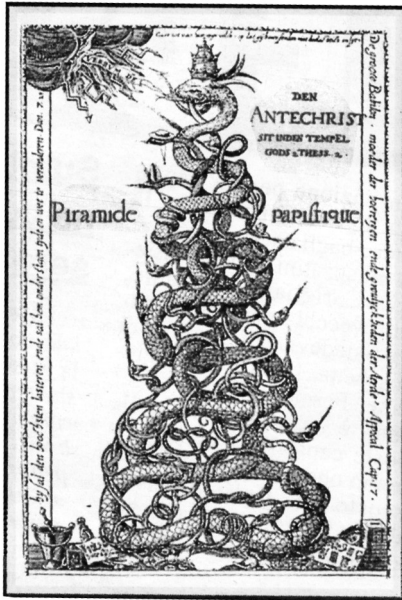


FIG. 5 - LA PIRAMIDE ERETTA DALLE ISTITUZIONI

spontaneously reveal details he could not have known, showed up that day before our Scribe, holding a newspaper. It was -Cronaca Vera- on whose pages he found written that Peter the hermit indicated precisely in an inverted cross marked on his forehead, one of the clues that would allow for the recognition of the Antichrist. Those who know how to direct their own destiny in every possible direction, intuitive to those who are aware, are faced with incredible coincidences; for others, the fact of knowing them makes them spiritually progress, especially if they recognize the hidden link with the sign indicated by Peter the hermit.

During the college period, fate intervened once again in events. One day, participating in a silly game, our boy suffered a deep wound and, as a reminder of the incident, a mark remained on his forehead resembling a small inverted cross. Was it the young man's desire to receive a sign that led our protagonist to discover in February 96 the interesting clue now described? A detail that, without careful observation, was impossible to notice.

The young man we have followed had become a man and, that afternoon, reading the article, mechanically brought his hand to his forehead, touching it more than once in search of the small scar. Was it still there? Could it be shaped like a cross? He slowly walked towards the mirror at the entrance, already knowing the answer. Looking closely, he saw the small inverted cross.

To suppose for a moment that he might be the biblical final peak of the thirteenth pyramid costs nothing; how could one forget who commits to supporting him? One should take a look inside oneself, now and at the end of these pages, when the same questions will be presented in another form. It will become clear that he does not claim the exclusive merit of being placed at the top. Is it right that one can

do this?... And what could be gained from it?... More power?... Power disgusts him... more glory?... Glory makes him melancholic because it distances him from simple souls... for a more intense happiness? His share of happiness is long since chosen to be given to others.

When one walks the path he has taken, one cannot bring along even those one loves. Do you think he can forget why he has fought day after day? Why he has cried and hoped for what few believe possible? He does not forget because he has renounced being loved and continues to love. It is not at all easy to renounce the Work. No! He cannot do it! He loves it, and if he were sure to be an obstacle to it, he would not hesitate to dissolve himself.

It has been written that the Great Deceiver would arrive: at this point, he deserves compliments; from the words he uses, one can be enchanted and, happy to be so, love whom “deceives” because, from a Father, everything is accepted. To hypercritical people, this may seem narcissistic or worse; in truth, it is only about knowing that from no form, secretly clad and permeated by love, can any evil actually be unleashed and harm. It has been mentioned a hierarchical pyramid system; the hidden meaning of the symbol of a social organization represented, precisely as a symbolic pyramid, is intrinsic to its form. The base has a higher number of stones, and therefore a larger volume, symbolizing an increase in material goods, in the opposite direction, at the top, one reaches austere asceticism. To be able to ascend in such a system, in order to advise others, is intimately linked to the individual’s capacity for renunciation. It will not be possible to simulate such virtue, nor will it be convenient for those lacking it: it will suffice to remain or descend to continue acquiring the same material elements of satisfaction.

This project poses no difficulty in being realized and, to appreciate it in proportion to its simplicity, just think of the mourning and scandals that fill the pages of newspapers; a chaos provoked by incompetent men inserted in the legislative castes and in the executive and managerial cores of current States.

Regarding material well-being, it is worth spending a few more words. To be able to squander the planet’s economic resources is, for many, an indispensable condition of freedom. For others, however, witnessing without intervening from the stage of civilized countries

the suffering and extinguishing of their brothers is not pure and simple violence; it is considered the consequence of an unfavorable fate, allowing them to pretend not to bear the blame.

Today, to many Abels, it must be said: there are many fears that grip the mind of man, and one of the effects of the Apocalypse will be precisely to free them from the fear that arises from need or the unforeseen. Watching that fear dissolve, some, to perpetuate the system that makes them privileged, will want to prevent it but will be overwhelmed by the unpredictable effects of the Apocalypse.

Materializing Eden or, more accurately, penetrating into the dimension that expresses it, is in every respect a utopia; however, remember that many past utopias later turned out to be concrete realities. No one can hope, nor demand, to reach the highest Eden without respecting the natural laws of this and the other dimension. If the human species must make sacrifices, the reward for every just struggle is and will be its spiritual elevation. This has been the norm for thousands of years; the teaching that transcends every painful experience will be possible when one enters that dimension.

Currently, corrections at the individual level can be limited to a slap or a furious glance, while those imposed in a planetary context prove extraordinarily terrible. The wisdom of peoples teaches that there can be more love in a slap than in a thousand kisses... the wisdom of the son of God expresses itself by suggesting that, after experiencing the apocalyptic experience, humanity will be able to receive the advice dictated to its new guides, those indications that the progressive increase of trust in others will allow to follow. Who will see him as a presumptuous sinner or worse, for having forged himself as an instrument of God in order to impart such teaching? Only hypocrites, madmen, and those who can boast virtues and wisdom superior to his. For the former, it is vital and convenient to make people believe that through dialogue and only that, it is possible to achieve a state of non-belligerence.

This is unthinkable simply because they actually do not want it; of course, it is not the dialectic that is rejected, it is the cost of the feared compromise. For the wisest, only a prayer: if it falls, do not let it fall in vain, for it will be the unfinished work that will tear at its soul, not the fall. Follow this advice: try to become aware of the wonderful

opportunity offered by the Spirit in command and you will see how friends, relatives, and those closest to you will divide over this point. One must be strong, ready; there will not only be division; there will be a desire for annihilation. And then, with astonishment, before the clash it will be discovered that one does not really know them.

It must be noted that the Spirit is not coercive; it does not force anyone, nor does it intervene in the material world in person. We, however, acting as conscious men of a transcendent reality can do so and, by acting with awareness, make those words traced long ago current:

“The hand of the Eternal will be made known through his Servants.”

There is a rooted habit of seeing the numerical majority, more or less silent, as a sure guarantee against errors; this allows many to wash their hands in front of the problems they should solve daily. A mental attitude that is at least indicative of immaturity; indeed, it is childish to insist that seven billion or more minds are right, because precisely seven billion is only an indication, important but not decisive. This way of approaching problems hinders those who actually reside higher and, with the help of intuition, manage to glimpse the horizons beyond time and space. A predisposition that unites these beings, chosen by fate, is the ability to deeply scrutinize souls. Since time immemorial, the path of Humanity has been traced in complete solitude by such men, and what has given them the strength to advance is the impulse for which it is useless to seek words to describe it.

Too often, in order not to leave deep scars in the soul, the Messenger has been answered: “What you propose is impossible; the malice of people prevents it.” He should have surrendered and concluded that there is no alternative to resignation, that one must submit to the whims of those who speculate on the solutions applied to social issues.

Think of meetings, situation assessments, votes, and the other thousand ways to waste time. These often inconclusive activities incur high costs, and those who act this way certainly do not know how the holder of true wisdom behaves. Anyone who reaches a high degree of spiritual development acts instantly and can do so because in no case must he mentally process an infinite amount of data to find the best

solution. Just as instinct suggests vital behaviors to animals immediately, so intuition will do for those who know how to cultivate it.

This historic Era will be distinguished because many men will want to cooperate, with beings chosen by fate, to begin building a Solar civilization; they will follow its advice fully aware of the evolution that has occurred in the method of command and thus in complete freedom.

An example will be useful here; a man of proven wisdom proposes solutions to the problems afflicting inexperienced youth; it is important that those who listen to the indications are aware that, should they ignore the advice received, it will be fate, not the Master as such, that imposes sanctions with infinite nuances, as when a child slips from the hand of his mother and may fall. Today there is an urgent need to reassess the paternal figure; its importance has been known since time immemorial, but for several decades, many factors have contributed to severely undermine it. It is often remembered that God is like a father; to the inspirers of the currents of thought that led to the birth of nations, the title of fathers of the Fatherland has been attributed; Little Father was the Tsar of all Russia, and, for some of those figures who have gone down in history, no term was more appropriate. Now, it is time to affirm that every father is the legitimate representative of God. The specific attributes, the work to which they are called, must finally be recognized and appreciated.

This can and must happen; allowing the state to guide one's children represents a defeat, failing in the most important task and neglecting our primary duty. Children need a tangible reference figure; they need his words, his caresses, and his love. The state cannot provide this, and thus, instead of reshaping man in the image and likeness of a creator, it deprives many fathers of the opportunity to lead their creatures by the hand. For a thousand reasons, whether economic problems, affective deficiencies, and others, many do not discover what the paternal figure represents. The greatest responsibility lies with that abstract entity, as it sometimes allows, and at other times facilitates, those difficulties that have been discussed.

The maxim of divide and conquer, if applied to fathers and children, represents the most insidious expression of the distorted purpose of that

Institution. Founding a society today in which the counselors have for others the affection of a father and are generous with every attention towards them must no longer be considered a utopia; it should be seen as a reachable goal and the best that the human mind can conceive concerning our time.

To realize it, it is enough that the critical mass, a core of individuals less extensive than one imagines, begins to use the “hundredth monkey syndrome” and intends to reach that goal; they have the capacity to replace every current system with indisputable advantage, whether democratic, dictatorial, plutocratic, or other, with the Patercrazia. This does not envision millions of individuals spending their lives collecting taxes and levies of every kind, making believe that the goal is to raise the standard of living of the community. The use of that obsolete method has the tragic opposite effect.

The Patercrazia can achieve unimaginable goals simply with Intent. This predisposition of the Soul, to which everyone can appeal, allows one to avoid current difficulties, labor negotiations, disputes, confrontations to safeguard inadmissible interests related to the execution of public utility works, and every other aspect of daily life. Following the widespread Intent, fate follows; the fortuitous coincidence that changes not only the vision of life but the very conditions of life.

The wonderful results that Grigori Grabovoi indicates as achievable by combining scientific rigor with spirituality, such as achieving immortality, are achieved, by coincidence, with unimaginable simplicity.

There are over seven billion minds available, and current technology allows us to reach and unite the small number of people who will be called to constitute that critical mass, that indispensable core. They will know how to combine fraternal feeling with the deep sense of responsibility that distinguishes exceptional fathers. These individuals can feel themselves responsible fathers of children they have never seen, children who succumb to hunger, thirst, and disease.

Such counselors, it is certain, would know how to find different and better solutions than those currently adopted, such as sending wagons and ships with expired goods for the hidden purpose of deriving future economic and political advantages. They would certainly succeed in prohibiting, being animated by a genuine paternal feeling, the

construction and maintenance of terrifying weapons. They would undoubtedly prevent those who have many roofs from enriching themselves off the needs of those who have none.

Patercrazia seems like a fun thing... it must be; the human family needs a father; it is emphasized one, no one in the world can boast two, it is not provided by nature. No one has ever written that someone or something can have two heads to make the final decision; clearly, this is impossible, and a social order cannot make an exception; if the relationship of affection is sincere, one progresses unimaginably.

What is incredibly possible, having previously cited Grabovoi, is the possibility that the Father is revealed to be what he can be: 12 Avatars, the pineal gland of Humanity. Understanding this equates to achieving the highest enlightenment in this dimension.

Fathers who are aware of their task love every single family member with the same intensity and know how to point the right path to all; for all, they want happiness. What they ask is to be allowed to act, and if they cannot, to bear the weight of that responsibility alone.

Those fathers do not accept that their children are locked in prison or interned in a psychiatric lager; they would know how to judge and help them better than any state because when a child is sad, there can be no joy for them. Those who hold power do not accept being ousted by such figures and deprive them of the awareness necessary to act in harmony with the extraordinary role they occupy. Feeling like a Father to all allows one to judge and advise with mercy, not to assign blame, and to continue loving.

Each state of this increasingly difficult and inhumane Planet is, if you think about it, just like a family: the “diligence of the good father of the family” is the true guiding criterion to be taken as a point of reference. (– The secrets of public debt – pp. 12-13)

The brief considerations just penned aim to instill confidence in the unstoppable metamorphosis of the method of command which, in its simplicity, was seen only by believers and expressed by the most marginalized. This possibility has never been taken into account by political scientists or political leaders due to their unconscious fear of becoming victims of the upheavals that will inevitably precede the establishment of such a System.

"The time of turmoil will not last more than three months... or years... and the crisis, in which the good will triumph, will be but a moment. When the wicked have spread many wicked books, these events will be near. Once occurred, everything will return to order, and all injustices will be repaired. This will be easy as most of the 'sinners' perished in the brawl, and the survivors, frightened by the punishment of others, recognizing the finger of God in it, will live in peace. I have seen such beautiful things concerning this that I lack the words to express them." (Religious 1793)

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The dossier drafted with the aim of participating in the Muggia literary competition was infused with brief references to past experiences that had marked him the most; those notes would certainly be very useful later.

Among those sheets, roughly bound, is the story of a man taken from the book – Sex and Love – by Frank Caprio, being similar to this one in certain respects, it will not be elaborated on.

The determining difference to be emphasized is found at the end of the brief story and is certainly the part that deserves the most reflection. Those who had the opportunity to read it will remember that the character ceased his struggle against various forms of injustice, having recognized his ridiculous and impossible aspirations. The conclusion was that only then, only at the moment he decided to give up, did he fail.

Contrary to the unknown person cited in Caprio's tale, our chosen one did not surrender when he intuited what the reward for the accomplished work would be: death! He did not renounce his work and chose to continue it to the bitter end. Having done so, the firm Intention transformed into faith in its success.

This conviction may well be the result of a simple biochemical process in the cranial box, but it was a reaction that brought with it a higher degree of awareness, to the point that fate determined a fact that transcends understanding: He did not have certainty in dedicating himself to a colossal project; it was the mind, the certainty, and the Plan.

He, instead, in his own words, confesses that after his renunciation, he could begin to have fun and relax. A pity for him, continuing on that

path would have revealed to him the splendid effect that superhuman commitment, when transformed into transcendent play, produces. Indeed, that decision to abandon the struggle, to postpone it, or to soften it, is made by countless individuals; for this reason, there is no inflation of those figures with the mystical halo that, in the distant East, are called Bhodisattva while in the West, more prosaically, utopists.

To carry out the Work, it is pursued without ulterior motives, one dedicates oneself to it and lives only for it. However, even those who recognize themselves as powerless to solve planetary problems are giving life to increasingly decisive movements in the various functions of social fabric. Such associations aim to achieve a better life, an existence inserted in the perspective of consequent spiritual progress, a source of indescribable possibilities in itself. What has slowed their powerful initial drive has been, above all, the fact that they have only partially assimilated the teaching of the Avatars.

These beings represent a divine principle or, if more pleasing, a natural one. When life requires an evolutionary push, the Avatar descends to begin his work. This may appear extremely varied, but fundamentally aims at creating or surpassing a powerful current of thought. Such an objective can be achieved by an Avatar-Savior even with the simplest and most unexpected tool, such as a book.

It must be said that men recognized among the wisest have stated that such Incarnations sometimes adopt attitudes incomprehensible to most; indecipherable for those who, with limited imaginative power, propose a God with specific attributes. Attributes that, it should be noted, must take on a positive role especially towards the creator of God.

Returning, therefore, to examine, with greater humility, the profound teachings contained in the ancient texts shining with wisdom. In them it is stated that the Ksatriya (warriors) and anyone who shares in principle the heroic act and considers it an important specific attribute of man must employ their energy to eliminate despots and all those who oppose the will of Krsna. It will become clear that if this divine will manifests, it aims to bring Life back to Perfection.

“THEY ALSO, UNLIKE WHAT IS PRESCRIBED FOR MEN WHO HAVE REACHED A DIFFERENT LEVEL OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT, MUST NEVER ASPIRE FOR FEAR OF AN UNCONSCIOUS REACTION, TO NON-VIOLENCE AND THUS

UNDERTAKE THE PATH THAT LEADS TO THE INFERNAL REGIONS. THE CONCEPT OF A WORLD UNION CAN ONLY MATERIALIZE WHEN WE ACCEPT TO 'SUBMIT' TO AN INFALLIBLE AUTHORITY. NO MAN, ALWAYS IMPERFECT, CAN OFFER A TRULY UNIVERSAL IDEOLOGY. ONLY A PERFECT AND INFALLIBLE BEING CAN PROPOSE A PROGRAM APPLICABLE EVERYWHERE AND BY EVERYONE."

The teaching above is taken from the -Sirimad-Bhagavatam-; what inspired it can also be found in the Bible, the Koran, and many of the works of the greatest thinkers.

"The reckoning approaches for men; yet they do not meditate on this. A new warning from the Lord never reaches them that they do not listen to, mocking it. Before you, other Apostles of mine have already been mocked; however, the punishment of those whom they ridiculed befell those who scoffed at them. Permission has been given to react to those who are attacked and who are driven from their homes, and if God did not repel the violence of some men through others, all that was most noble would be destroyed. Be zealous also in 'fighting' for the cause of God." (Koran)

The Erieder project, to which everyone is called to consciously collaborate, is functional for all and of simple realization; it should be added that the numbers are not binding, it is the profound meaning that must be received. To implement the Plan, all Humanity will be involved in the Game: this will be achieved by addressing the twelve Lords seen by Saint Francis of Paola to advise them to act in order to be recognized by the 144,000 elected; to these last ones, the same invitation will be made, to act with sincere dedication so that the recognition of the oppressed people can be obtained.

To the suffering humanity, it will be up to ask the Father to send down His Justice through the one who has presented himself in His Name against the operators of iniquity. If suffering dulls faith, just believe that what does not happen in a thousand years can happen in a minute. If for centuries and centuries your prayers have seemed unheard, one cannot exclude that today they have been heard by one who can. The remaining ones will be advised to recognize and regret the abuses committed.

“Every action generates realities that imprison the author of them in the material universe. Only by acting at the orders of the Lord can this chain be broken, and the Soul begins its flight in the Transcendent. Therefore, the Pandavas, fighting at his orders, were not guilty of any sin, but those who provoke wars to satisfy their personal interests will bear full responsibility for them.”

(-Bhagavad-Gita-)

All religions have described and awaited the coming of the Spirit, using terms like Mahdi or twelfth Imam, Avatar, Messiah, and many others, according to the faith professed at various latitudes. The Masters of all faiths preach that their God sometimes manifests, and they maintain that His descent among men is accomplished to recall his devotees to himself and annihilate the disturbing elements of society. Among these last ones, we find politicians, monarchs, etc., who fail in their primary duty: to make the path to happiness traversable for the peoples, solely with the aid of wisdom.

A duty that, as noted elsewhere in the writing, is clearly highlighted in a fundamental point of the American Constitution. Acting contrary to their mission, and this is under everyone's eyes, they have made the path resemble a hallucinatory avenue paved with corpses. We see that even the high priests of every social system have excommunicated, marginalized, and killed those who dared to remind the masses what their rights-duties actually were; for this sin, Mazzini paid with excommunication.

The Scribe of these sheets, which can never be rewritten, sees his soul bleed under the merciless blows of the mere executors of a Plan of which they are completely ignorant.

“The Universe is his Temple, and every ‘unfought’ profanation of the Temple of God falls back on all believers. It matters little that you may call yourselves pure: even if you could, by isolating yourselves, remain such, if corruption is two steps away and you do not seek to fight it, you betray your duties. It matters little that you worship in your Soul the Truth, if Error governs your brothers in another corner of the earth and you do not desire and

Do not attempt, as much as your forces allow, to overthrow it, you betray your duties. To millions of Men like you, God has entrusted the harmonious fulfillment of His Design; if you remain inert, can you still call yourselves believers?" (Giuseppe Mazzini)

Can one then call blasphemous those who wish to catalyze the force, the will, and the hope of those who dream of a fairer world? If one does not access a higher level of intuition, the invisible mark remains such. This is written in Revelation, and it is a mark seared in the soul and on the flesh from eternity of those who have contemplated that Design... the marvelous Design of the Indefinable, before which the merciless executors who made his soul bleed will bow down.

In this chapter, a datum has been inserted that will prove important: Our Scribe has noted for years and years, without caring to be fully aware of it, elements that might prove useful if inserted into a work that would help to face and win the dramatic challenges of the present. Subsequently, he carried out an examination of the collected material and, as in the distant times of college, when that unusual game with twelve-tone notes managed to astonish him, that child who enjoys our protection found himself holding coincidences that led to a single astonishing hypothesis. Thanks to those notes, he has managed to transmit to you many of the events experienced and pen these sheets with the subtle nuances that characterize and enrich them.

Over many long years, facts that appeared insignificant to the few made aware of the Plan were scrupulously noted, while to those who took note, every coincidence briefly revealed itself even in its celestial aspect. With this virtuosity, a new term has been coined, and an example of the application of the newborn word will be found at the end of this chapter.

Regarding words, many have been used over the centuries to indicate the Antichrist, and one seems particularly apt: the Antilaw. Spontaneously, one might ask: "But to which law were the seers referring?" To all!... All written laws, whether contained in a book, entered into computers, inscribed in official gazettes, or carved on stone tablets. What will make them appear "unjust" in the near future is this very immobility, while events, in continuous evolution, reflect the pulse of an immanent Life Form to which all that exists adapts.

Defining a situation and limiting oneself to the knowledge of a part of reality to judge it fairly is an absurd claim, nothing but a waste of time. The complexity of the infinite repercussions of a single gesture, whether a simple caress or a powerful punch, escapes the comprehension of the human mind. It is presumptuous to claim to understand the true cause of the most insignificant gesture, and on this, the most open minds would have much to reflect.

It must therefore be said that for every function the appropriate tool is needed, that to understand the existing one must use the Mind that does not confer limits on the possible. Only the intelligence of the Spirit, when called upon to do so, can formulate a Judgment. The infinite complexity can only be understood and judged by the God who sleeps in you. Wake him up and you will no longer need to build prisons nor submit to physical and biochemical laws; abstract realities enunciated in medical treaties and from which you draw the incorrect but only provisional justification of the “miraculous” event called death.

Today, the too many laws enacted by democratic parliaments or dictatorial bodies increasingly require corrections, and reading the DPCM confirms this; they provoke dissatisfaction and often deserve to be fiercely fought against.

Both the single holder of power and the four cats elected by the majority ironically sanction by law to behave incorrectly; this happens because those who promulgate them do not recognize the essence of everything and the impossibility of placing a limit, which is not purely conventional and illusory, on the reality they experience. It is up to us to bow to unjust laws and, if we refuse to do so, we find ourselves subjected to more or less severe criminal sanctions.

We carry a truth known since always and opposed to that of the States: it is crucial to opt for the law that is one with the transcendent and which will be applied after the God asleep in all has accepted it. Surpassing the threshold prevents the ascent of the collective from halting. This phase should be seen as the will of that indescribable essence that pervades everything; an energy that allows anyone who uses intuition to correctly interpret its infinite indications.

Hearing such a song out of tune may leave one perplexed, but the melody of a law that grants innocence a priori is undoubtedly celestial.

After realizing that one is exempt from guilt, one can reasonably aspire to the fulfillment of the biblical promise and that of the Koran, common to that of other Faiths. The dream is not to make or destroy current laws but to realize an apocalyptic project.

How many revelations are as important as the one that discovers and plays with an eternal instrument? Which of the infinite aspects of that energy hidden in everything does one wish to utilize? Blindly, one prevents it from expressing itself; why? Throughout time, figures who left their gigantic mark on the path followed by man have affirmed that it is enough to respect a single norm to attain eternal life; clearly, saints like Thomas do not settle for knowing what happens by following it; they want it to be revealed how and when that miracle occurs to admire it. If many are continually denied certain advice, it is not by chance; they are not physically fit, and the explanation of this assumption must be entrusted to intuition; exercising it tempers it, allowing us to push deeper into the Real. It should be noted that the increase in awareness entails greater responsibility and, obtaining the answer one seeks, one is ready to receive infinitely more and to share it.

It is good to respect a single law, that written in the heart of man; doing so is simple and can be started immediately. Only hypocrites claim to read different things; what they consider right is mostly what, especially in the short term, suits and gratifies their ego.

By following the law indicated, one is aware of acting in harmony with the Spirit to create positive effects. Inner well-being, but not only that, will be perceived by the people who, increasingly numerous, will experience the effects produced by the more evolved spirits. With the progressive increase in the number of those who will adhere to the Law and of those who will receive benefits from their work, there will inevitably be an exponential spread of gratification.

One does not ask to hope that such a great change in interpersonal relationships occurs; one invites to consider that humanity has always sought happiness; it cannot be excluded, therefore, that, in the not too distant future, it will be pursued in the manner advised by many mystics.

When individuals are moved by that noble intent, should they cause suffering to others, they will be exempt from any guilt, and any punishment will prove inappropriate and undeserved. Fossilizing

oneself in the nefarious recourse to repression means trying to prevent the fulfillment of that ancient hope: "As in heaven so on earth." Everyone could bring heaven down to earth using a simple, economical, and swift method. To reach that goal, one can choose to present oneself as an individual who feels invested with the task of gradually and as peacefully as possible determining the amalgamation of two Universes, the one that one faces daily with the one postulated by Yung and the physicist Pauli, the dimension one enters by crossing these sheets. It is appropriate to dress in the clothes of one who asks nothing in return for his commitment; the goal of the work is so lofty that one finds oneself ecstatic simply by consciously accepting to be part of it.

Now, to illustrate with greater clarity the part of the Plan that generates itself, the possibility of preventing the serious actions that one would wish were never committed by a human being, the final product of a series of thoughts that, like a river, flow in the same direction, should be recalled. Like a river, they have banks, represented by the collective unconscious, and when the individual, due to the rapid development of concepts, emotions, and desires, overwhelms them, at that point, disastrous behavior occurs.

Today, peoples find themselves inserted with little satisfaction in what is called a global village, and because of that, the same dissatisfaction looms over the mind and consciousness of the individual. The acceleration that has swept over the world of communications is extraordinary; the exchange of data on a planetary level is reaching a fibrillation. Never have the impulses of certain character states of minds, such as the precise will to prevail and manifestations of lethargy, selfishness, and shortsightedness, reached and determined their terrifying effect in such a short time in the most remote corner of the earth.

This link between psychic attitude and catastrophes in the broadest sense of the term is indicated by Goodman with the term bio-relativity. The reader who wishes to delve deeper into the subject will find the necessary indications at the end of the text. In any case, in the current context, it is not enough to avoid the appearance of such response-thoughts in the human computer-mind to prevent undesirable events. It is essential to determine the automatic emergence of other states of awareness. If the minds of human beings are subjected to certain basic

stimuli such as fear, they react in predominantly identical ways. What varies significantly is only the speed and intensity; they are similar to wonderful, romantic, diabolical computers programmed to reject suffering and seek whatever may favor and satisfy them.

What has been said should not be misunderstood; it is not intended to propose total control similar to that hypothesized by Orwell, but rather the freedom to want to reprogram oneself, removing data and inserting others so that, as a result of every future mental operation, joy may be obtained.

It is advisable to remove some data from the minds; this is a topic that deserves to be explored. The most dangerous form of feelings of selfishness and greed stems from a very common object, a simple piece of paper money. The existence of this concrete datum and the implications it entails is manipulated by various computer-minds, and the result is what is known. For a moment, imagine that humanity decides to give up those paper values: is it possible to restore the use of barter? Absolutely not! Because the awareness necessary to make that choice is the same that allows one to establish, at the same instant, interpersonal relationships based on elements that adequately replace those “values.” If the relationships between different races and peoples reflect the relationships had within families united by solid affection, one can calmly give up paper objects for mediation.

In a society built on this utopian base, its components are individuals aware of the necessity of establishing relationships on abstract elements. In this way, the will to harm of the individual and the group will completely dissolve since such fetishes will have no right of citizenship in the new system. The computer-minds will erase the data-thought associated with elements such as money, power, and similar, from which primarily unpleasant effects such as insecurity, greed, etc., are derived. Deprived of those data, those same minds will be free from the virus of greed, hatred, and what ensues.

The less advanced souls, unable to act in every circumstance with perfect balance, will solicit the help of their guides to evolve further. They, continuing with this intent on their path, will make their actions increasingly prudent, gradually able to produce positive effects for an ever-increasing percentage of beings. To the skeptics, it must be said that

the level of awareness being spoken of is already active. Though rare, there have been acquittals of individuals involved in episodes similar to this imaginary one: “There is a man aboard a vehicle; along with his family, he is traveling down a road lined with deep precipices; due to a mistake, which the civil consortium of tomorrow will understand by admitting the right to exist, the death of his loved ones ensues.

He has acted lightly and will have committed a thousand other mistakes, as he is still imperfect; but anyone who accepts the only law today is aware that man has automatically generated intense pain—the only “punishment” that should be inflicted, which will allow him to progress to the point of causing no more suffering in others and consequently, not to himself either. Tomorrow, there will be no surprise at those who, with heads held high in the house of Justice, will listen to the judgment-advice of men who, unlike the current Magistrates, will not express themselves as omnipotent entities, legitimized to inflict penalties in order to atone for non-existent faults. In the future, no one will feel compelled to observe the countless, contradictory, and pretextual laws of today; it will be understood, thanks to these pages, that it is sheer madness to believe one can refrain from respecting that Law of Nature which commands progress along the path leading to the common goal that everyone aspires to, without committing acts that create suffering. In those days, it will be known that one has the right to a judgment tempered by Mercy.

To truly grasp this concept, one must embark on the path of tolerance. The foresight of some judges today already allows them to acquit men involved in similar cases, but it must be reiterated that the sense of understanding-awareness must be broadened so that tomorrow, when a person commits an act that blindness has deemed a crime for centuries, that understanding-awareness will indicate what is in his interest and that of society... that of alleviating, as far as humanly possible, the discomfort and suffering he has caused. Now, let us consider the kind of emotion that arises in a man when, having committed a serious fault, without coercion from anyone, he voluntarily engages in recreating the conditions closest to those existing before his act. Probably a mix of compassion and admiration... for a “criminal”; it is the beginning of the Way that will be followed tomorrow by loving one’s “enemies”.

This is just one of the sensible and simple ways to establish a system that does not require prisons, Magistrates, law enforcement, etc... and it is precisely what will be followed by becoming “believers,” trusting in that essence incapable of lying when it asserts that everything is possible. All this may seem trivial and taken for granted, and initially, one may remain perplexed by the necessity of opening the prison doors to achieve the rehabilitation that cannot be rapidly obtained in any other way.

At the current level of awareness, it is so; there is skepticism because an important possibility is not considered: that of ascending the steps of awareness in many ways, one of which involves replacing priorities to align them with the higher rungs of the value ladder. Another effective technique, to achieve a tangible result, is repetition; it is understood that this technique should be applied to every aspect of daily life. One can begin with the simple act of consistently and increasingly often replacing the fleeting gratification of having with the enduring gratification of doing, whether it be a smile or a noble gesture like not letting a hand extended in help fall. By applying this method, one quickly becomes aware that the creation of such an alternative system will allow every individual to reach those goals that he cannot even imagine now.

To realize such a way of life and thus the establishment of an unconscious thought that increasingly conditions our actions in a strict manner after someone has committed a crime, it is essential that the critical mass, the tip of the diamond of humanity, is capable of seeing that someone for what he truly is: nothing more than a child and, in the case of a heinous crime, a severely ill young man. This means that they should know how to show the eventual perpetrator the understanding one has for an unconscious child and know how to wisely guide him towards a conscious act of reconciliation. This is the mental attitude that is advised to the “core of the 144,000” because, in the heart of the individual who has caused the unpleasant event, the irrepressible impulse to eliminate or at least mitigate the consequences of his error will generate automatically.

It is not superfluous to remember the waste of time, money, and human lives, derived from isolating individuals of all races and beliefs in a prison, to prevent them from reacting even more fiercely to the

injustices endured. To these, we must add the many who are raised while culpably erasing the noblest values from their souls. It has been said that penalties in these cases are imposed by superfluous laws, which justify their existence and everything that follows, inoculating guilt where in reality there may be none. The guideline, unwritten in the Official Gazettes that it is hoped will be adopted, is seen by the wisdom of the people as the well-known but insufficiently appreciated common sense of intuition. This predisposition of the soul is destined to evolve and perfect itself during the next Era; it will no longer be intelligence that provides the necessary support to establish the rules of relationships between individuals, but intuition.

The transformation of morality has been evident for some time; quietly but decisively, some of the people with the highest degree of spiritual maturity are beginning to love its aspects. What more valid and current reason could there be to be dragged before judges and governors than to recognize and respect a single Law? What better reason, seeing what is happening, to hold one's head high? Finally, what pretext can be found to strike the catalyst of the hopes of billions of beings? Will that pretext be found before the chosen ones make the hand of the Eternal known, standing invincible under the banners of the one who has always felt called to an apocalyptic destiny?

“Cursed be he who withholds his sword from blood and performs the Work of the Eternal weakly.” (Isaiah)

Much has been said and much has been written about the last century of the second millennium; among all these messages, one particularly interesting one can be reported: it is about the so-called “Prophecy of the Spanish Code,” seemingly traced back to the end of the nineteenth century. The most significant part of the message is as follows:

“When the sun enters the first quarter of the summit, the servants will rise on the barricades against the masters. And blood will flow in the white city. (The White City around the Kremlin) When the sun enters the last quarter, it will be the masters who will rise on the barricades against the servants, in the land of

the calves. (referring to Italy and -the march of the forty thousand-) Meanwhile, many servants will have become masters, and many masters will be gnawed to the point of becoming servants.... Blood will flow, as no revolution has ever seen, since the days of Cain. The fold will then be a den of thieves, wrongdoers, and idiotic doctors, chosen by a brainless people. Beware then of those who say they defend the house and work. Beware of the whites, the reds, and the blacks because they come from the same great robbery. From the barricades will rise a wise man who will strike to the right and to the left, who will bring justice and cut off many tongues." (Don Bosco)

In this regard, the endless succession of scandals must be remembered: Oil for Food, Watergate, P2, P3, Tangentopoli, Parmalat, Telecom, continuing with Datagate thanks to Edward Snowden. Everything seems to justify the Blessed if we think about what certain journalistic environments wrote: there was talk of a thread that, starting from Trieste, connected an episode of corruption that occurred in this province to others of the same kind that happened in Milan. It was following this that the illegality committed in the Julian city prompted some Lombard Magistrates to investigate the scourge of bribes. The ambitious specialists in loopholes, unable to read between the lines, will be fascinated by the idea of discovering that an attempt is being made to boast the merit of having brought to light the tares, and in this writing, they will seek the smallest errors. They have been inserted to prevent the soul corruptors, who believe themselves above all criticism, from realizing that the time has come to render them harmless by stripping them of all credibility. This will happen in a situation similar to that of a shipwreck, where those who cause it are hardly accepted onto the lifeboat and drown. In our case, if fate spares them, it will do so for them to serve as a warning to others.

"Since most of the 'guilty' perished in the scuffle, and the survivors, frightened by the punishment of others, recognizing therein the finger of God, will live in peace." (Religious, 1793)

At this point, it is important to reiterate what has been previously expressed between the lines: within the evolutionary process, encompassing every form of life and every inanimate element, there is a succession of causes and effects. Like frames that an unseen director has produced, they allow those spectators who watch those events with awareness to witness the manifestation of an energy that also drives the individual to evolve.

By resorting to intuition, after having shed the ballast of prejudices, one rises above usual explanations and glimpses the spiritual one. Thus, one witnesses the story of certain beings who, within this process and according to the necessity of the moment, achieve, while respecting the manifest reality which is nonetheless veiled to others, transcendent perfection. The attitude that humanity as a whole, except for a few seers, assumed throughout history was precisely that of not acknowledging it. And it could not have chosen otherwise: the level of evolution reached was lower than necessary. The historical period destined to host a radical change in this position has finally arrived. To receive the authoritative confirmation from one's intuition, it is suggested to push beyond the apparent meaning of these words and to forget the partial vision of reality for the time necessary to read the text. In this way, one can arrive at the contemplation of Total Reality.





III

INVESTITURA

In addition to suffering crushing defeats in his work life, he would also suffer even worse in his emotional life; they made solitude feel like an insurmountable mountain of granite. Its boulders, falling suddenly on his soul, crushed him mercilessly. “French,” as he affectionately called his great friend, could not bear those terrible blows without succumbing.

To avoid following his fate, he decided to dedicate himself more diligently to the search for the true cause of pain and why it manifested in the most unexpected circumstances. He thought that the reason for suffering could be identified, described, and perfectly weighed, and in his naivety, he believed it could even be avoided. The transcendent aspect of everything that exists strangely did not even occur to him. He later understood that everything imagined had its own autonomous spiritual life and was able to contemplate its perfection.

Reaching this level of awareness led him to intuit that even the assault on Heaven had to be launched with equally Spiritual weapons. To follow the path that could lead him to the realization of a dream or perhaps a nightmare, he absolutely should not yield to self-pity, that insidious enemy that awaited the evening to contest to solitude the anxieties of his soul. He thus turned to the study of theosophy, eventually coming into contact with Eastern doctrines. It is important to specify that the path

of knowledge is the heritage of all humanity and traverses every land, even the most remote, and therefore cannot be confined to the East or to a single nation by means of a border, nor attributed to a race due to its degree of civilization.



Now, in addition to the exhausting weightlifting sessions, he paired them with equally intense meditation; he had not yet reached the end of the path, a term used in Yoga texts to indicate the journey and the grueling trials that aspirants to transcendence must overcome.

Slowly, very slowly, although he used all his resources, he advanced on the path of realization; he confirmed it at every step, for thanks to intuition he contemplated dimensions previously unthinkable. He was not yet immune to the discouragement and suffering derived from recognizing his impotence; the solitude of the soul, or perhaps the remorse of not being up to the required standards, pushed him to seek refuge in the ecstatic dimensions he knew well.

One day, therefore, just over twenty years old, he reacted to a more lacerating crisis than usual by deciding to escape his hellish situation. He said goodbye to his mother, telling her that he would not be coming back, and deaf to her usual worried recommendations, he slowly walked away towards his father's house. He found his father busy, to the point that he seemed not to be surprised even by the belt with the revolver at his side.

"Hi Dad... I stopped by to say goodbye, I'm leaving, but I'm glad to have found you, I wouldn't have wanted to leave without first having done so."

"But where are you going? Did you tell your mother?"

"Yes! I've already talked to her... I don't know yet."

"And when will you return?" "I don't think I'll ever come back."

He remained silent and motionless, staring at him when he sensed that he probably would not see him again. He did not speak even when he turned his back on him and began to walk slowly toward the corner of his old house. At the last moment, before leaving his field of vision, he turned and noticed the quick wave of his hand. He responded, leaving tears for a long stretch of road, a way he had

walked until that day without him. He could not feel that his heart was screaming, that he wanted a father to pick him up, to lay his head on his chest, and to hear him say to wait together for the pain to go far away and never return.

Even before heading downtown, he crossed paths with two Carabinieri on Via di Servola; they were walking slowly on the other side of the street, and had they noticed the holster peeking halfway out from under his jacket, they would certainly have intervened, so he followed them with his gaze to understand their movements. He would no longer accept any orders, any imposition; it was impossible to add more pain to his suffering. The two walked away calmly, unaware of the violence that could suddenly erupt. This gave him the opportunity to understand what a man's first duty was; to neither do nor allow others to spread evil and its poisonous fumes. He was astonished to have forgotten this, so when he reached the center, he paused inside a doorway on Via Ginnastica to unload the ammunition from the revolver. In the case of a shootout, he could not afford to miss, he would not hit those who probably did not deserve it.

The complexity of the situation continued to be felt; he was an asocial and dangerous element for everyone, an enemy to be defeated, in a word, evil. Now, he was unarmed and did not even have the will to hit; perhaps that was precisely the message he should leave?... Beware not to fall into the error!... Or could he do more? But what? Crossing the city, on Viale XX Settembre, he ran into the brother of a classmate; they exchanged a few words, and this allowed him to notice the weapon he carried at his side. It was a certain Leo, rightly an Ultimo, who confided to him, a good ten years later, while they were in the courtyard of a prison, that the hell would open its doors to Yugoslavia after five or six years. He added that it would take some time and, subsequently, the very walls of hell, those bastions called borders that enclose the land and divide its peoples, would collapse. "If the trumpets are remembered for Jericho, for today's wall-borders this book will be remembered," he concluded with conviction before making him a promise, "At the right moment, if you wish, you will be able to be useful." The suitable period is this; he can say what he felt that day and what he learned about the future on other occasions.

"I still have many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now. However, when he comes, the Spirit of Truth, he will guide you into all the Truth, for he will not speak of his own accord, but will tell you what he hears and will declare to you the things to come. He will glorify Me, for he will take what is Mine and declare it to you." "Ho ancora ancora molte cose da dirvi, ma non siete in grado di sostenerle al presente. Comunque quando Quello sarà arrivato, lo Spirito della Verità, vi guiderà in tutta la Verità, perché non parlerà di proprio impulso, ma dirà le cose che "ode" e vi dichiarerà le cose avvenire. Quello mi glorificherà, perché riceverà da ciò che è mio e ve lo dichiarerà." (John, 16/12-13-14)

Having reached the first heights behind the city, he distanced himself from men even in mind. Thus, he arrived at the beginning of a large, completely dark tunnel, which was the railway tunnel that passes under Villa Revoltella, located in a beautiful park adorned with many statues. He turned his gaze around to see one last time the world he was leaving, which he had not managed to make resemble the Eden he had been able to contemplate; he was desperate because he could not find the strength to do so, and he was sure that if he had stayed, he would have been destroyed unnecessarily.

The last rays of the sun seemed to offer a farewell; he turned to the right to contemplate the blood-red disk clouded by the clouds and murmured, "Go to rest, I am grateful to you, at least you managed to illuminate them a bit." Then his attention was captured by the reddish glimmers that seemed to emanate from the white stones of that building, located to his right and reachable by means of a steep and narrow staircase. Around him, the dull colors of a long-abandoned forest. He banished from his mind what could have been the last images of the world that, despite everything, he had loved and resumed moving forward.

That intense feeling of safety was astonishing; he had the inexplicable certainty that in that tunnel he would finally conclude his search, there he would find the answers to his endless questions, and without asking himself the reason, he resolutely entered. As much as he had loved it, that world had expelled him, humiliated him, hurt

him, and his wounds showed no signs of healing; they continued to make him suffer. He remained a disoriented being, unable, despite everything, to understand why so much suffering and so many anxieties often struck his soul. He should have paid greater attention on the rare occasions when he picked up a Bible; it was easy to understand that Christ was “made perfect” through suffering. In the college church, he had asked, still a child, to be tempered but saw no fruits; everything remained unchanged. His pain was useless, ridiculed, and nothing else. He staggered, fell, crawled, but the instinct was to get up to continue fighting, and he obeyed it. He did not realize that suffering was inevitable and necessary for a soul that ascends; he did not attribute the due importance to the prophetic biblical consideration that succinctly indicates how every soul is tempered:

“But first, it is necessary that he suffers many things.”

Thus, not acting impeccably, the result was that he used his energy for a personal purpose: to counter situations that could somehow hurt him. This falls within the realm of a selfish use of one’s abilities; a minuscule percentage of selfishness, okay, but nevertheless, it was always that kind of push. By cultivating impeccable action, one becomes aware that the legitimate rejection of pain is that concerning the suffering of others.

The prophetic steps handed down by the Walsit are revelations received by a disciple who participated in the night ceremonies of the Oregon sect, in honor of the Antichrist. The meetings occurred on particular occasions during which other messages were obtained that were also attributed to the same sect and dated to the same period. From the latter, one can easily identify the many analogies that allow revealing the hidden plot of a wonderfully true story:

“At a young age, the Antichrist will be lost, shaken by his ‘spiritual struggle,’ wandering uncertainly, finally arriving before a great dark cavern. The sun will set to his ‘right and to his right will be the ‘ruins of white stone,’ a ‘staircase’ always on his right side. There will be in a garden the ‘statues’ of many deities and a ‘wild thicket’ all around. He will descend inside ‘78 steps’ (from the Latin grados meaning step) and will fall asleep in a corner and

will dream of his father, and his father will enlighten him. When the night comes out, he will know how to find the way, for him and from him there will be Light.” (SECT OF THE GREAT-SUNSET)

Could it be a mere coincidence that, perpendicularly from the entrance of the gallery, there were exactly 78 sleepers at the first niche where he stopped? Or could one rather think of a synchronistic event intended by someone or something that appears only under certain conditions? Is it an unsettling clue that he stepped on them 78 times before finally reaching that niche? Is it just a coincidence that the distance of 666 millimeters between the sleepers was established by railway regulations? What has been seen will ignite the curiosity of every attentive reader. In order for what has been patiently ignited not to extinguish, the legend of the Investiture, common to most of the brotherhoods of the Antichrist, will continue to be discussed, and other versions of it have also emerged:

“The Son threw down the bag and prepared a resting place... he ate and then fell into a deep sleep. A gigantic hand emerged from the earth and drew him to itself, and the Son found himself in a great cave. ‘Approach,’ commanded the Evil One, and said: ‘I, the Supreme Emperor, have begotten you... I command you to wage war against the light on earth... (the brilliance of gold, which blinds and prevents one from seeing the Way) at the door you will find my Law. Go and spread it in the name of the Antichrist... your only weapon will be Supreme Wisdom. Your only collaborator will be the white and yellow dove.’”

“At the entrance, the Antichrist was uncertain, wavering in the dark, unable to find an answer to so many questions. Only upon exiting the ‘Great Cave’ (also mentioned in other prophecies) will the character fully realize the terrible task entrusted to him.”

A brief explanation will be necessary to understand the reasons why many esotericists attributed great initiatory value to the dramatic moments experienced by the Antichrist in the ‘Great Gallery’ (Fig.6 + Video). While drafting this part of the work, some impediments

occurred that caused a temporary interruption. Anticipating the resumption, it became clear that it was necessary to include data drawn from the works of other authors, to be compared and added as further clues to the more significant ones in this chapter.

FIG. 6 - PUÒ ESSERE QUESTA LA -GRAN GALLERIA- VISTA DAI VEGGENTI?

During this pause, one morning Erieder decided to return to Old Town; he wandered around without much conviction among the goods displayed on the stalls and, rather than looking for the classic needle in a haystack, he felt like he was searching for a match at the end of a raging fire. Only chance, he surprised himself thinking, could come to his aid. In the end, he attempted a foray into the used bookstore that is on the corner next to the church.

Upon entering, he asked the owner where the esoteric publications were, and he pointed to the shelf next to the window with an apologetic air for not being able to offer a wider range of titles. Suddenly, he realized that it wouldn't be necessary; he had certainly already found what he was looking for. His gaze was fixed on the first volume, on the cover, a photo of a pyramid under a starry night, and in the sky, a determined hand had written a number with a pen: 666. He took the book while continuing to scan those stored, which held no interest; confident he was not mistaken, he went to the counter to purchase it. The request made upon entering the store was unusual, and he thought

he would have to give explanations: “You see... I need these volumes mainly for research; I’m writing something unique in its kind and, although I don’t look like one, I like to pass myself off as a writer. The topic I’m addressing is, in my opinion, extremely relevant; we are on the threshold of the year 2000, and given the current times, it is wise to doubt whether we can continue indefinitely down this distorted path.”

“Just think, I’ve known people who wrote things that, from my perspective, are truly commendable and they didn’t look the part.” – replied the owner, quickly nodding towards the dimness that enveloped the piles of books at the back of the store.

“Unfortunately, due to various problems that arose later, they were unable to complete their work.”

“I firmly believe,” he interrupted brusquely, “that I too will not complete mine, but for another reason: I want to leave some blank pages for the one who will be worthy of penning her thoughts alongside mine. It will then be up to my readers to understand and pursue the purpose that lies hidden in my work; one of them will be the one who has been chosen.”

At these words, he showed surprise at the strange explanation that had followed but did not comment at all and resumed reading the large volume, perhaps a catalog, placed on the desk. He had been working for many hours, bent over the monitor typing some edits, on the table the first draft with many blank pages just retrieved from the binder. His mind wandered incessantly; now he found himself in front of that strange prediction: it had been gleaned while quickly flipping through a book that had been offered to him long ago, but he had refused.

To those who have reached this point in the story and see some doubts dissolving, something magical manifests; something similar to a passage written in ancient times, on the pages of a book that seemed barren, certainly hermetic to our Scribe, but which may prove unsettling for its precision:

“Before the end of this way of existence, a book will be written with blank pages.”

If that day in the city center he had wanted to place those meaningless words within a coherent interpretation, he would have

wasted only time, and the only plausible reason why that strange prediction reappeared, is perhaps that he had memorized the curious detail to which no one would assign the slightest importance.

That sudden memory stimulated the intuitive side of his mind to recognize the curious analogy between the book with blank pages and the draft he had on the table, in which he had left a significant blank space available for the woman who, according to his intentions, would later fill it. He certainly did not reserve it with the intent of aligning with the prophecy; he had buried it so deeply in the recesses of his memory that it could not interfere with his literary work. Moreover, he did not miss it. The research he was conducting was bringing to light such a harvest of coincidences, recorded over centuries, that it would be enough to make even the most obtuse Thomas reflect.

Many clues may not suffice, so let a piece of advice suffice: analyze calmly the following sheets, and you will see that the choice to leave the last part of the Book blank should not be attributed to an unconscious desire to adhere to a design borne of fantasy but is due to his unyielding will to reserve it for another hand. Would it be that of his bride reborn in the Spirit? Or that of one who believes and awaits a Messiah? Chance dictated that some of those blank sheets would be filled, a couple of years later, by a woman whose name in Hebrew has a dual meaning:

“sent one and woman of God.” Could this be a spur for the female figure who awaited?

That evening he began reading the volume he had just purchased; the pages followed one another without generating interest that deviated from simple intellectual curiosity. Upon reaching page one hundred eighty, he found a curious hypothesis, advanced by others, that the corridors, halls, and all various passages within the colossal construction had been expressly built to create a symbolic initiatory path. The description of the trials to be overcome to achieve realization brought to mind the dramatic adventure experienced within the conduit on Rossetti Street; a situation that had left an indelible memory.

“Before reaching the vast hall, the initiate would find a passage so low that it would force him to crawl.”

Was it chance or the energy that sustains the universe and permeates every form that pushed him, at a young age, onto the path that initiates of every era have walked; ensuring that before entering that wide Gallery, he experienced the necessity of crawling through that buried tube in a central street? How sublime was that transcendent energy that, in the form of Hermetic tradition, indicated the reason for the mysterious succession of so many dramatic situations and emphasized the importance of their chronology.

That hidden wisdom was imparting its secrets to those immersed in the circumscribed reality of the material Universe. The succession of coincidences occurred punctually at the most opportune moment. This was inexplicable relying solely on logical reasoning; it was impossible to find a reason for it; one had to rely on intuition to understand if something abstract could interfere with events, and if he did not become aware of the existence of a Plan conceived by a being infinitely above any architect, for which no presentations can be coined, it would have been impossible for him to subsequently transmit his own awareness. On the other hand, it is often repeated that the love for truth allows one to discern the simplicity and greatness of the event that some Illuminati are already witnessing: the beginning of the Apocalypse.

While writing the third chapter, other intuitions regarding certain experiences found support. By a strange twist of fate, the particular situations that, according to some seers, would characterize the figure of the Antichrist, whose shadow would loom at the twilight of history, proved analogous even in the smallest details to the experiences he had lived. There were steps to consider important so that, upon finishing these pages, the hypothesis that would arise could be shared and would continue to solidify thanks to so many dramatic coincidences.

“The texts state that the aspiring initiate must justify his courage and integrity before being admitted to the ‘Great Gallery,’ which is the ‘Hall of Truth and Light,’ and that this means intense and painful work, all for the purpose of spiritual progress.”

“The behavior of the initiate within the narrow underground path must conform to what is prescribed.”

Thanks to those terrible moments experienced in the underground pipeline of Rossetti Street, it was easy for him to imagine why the ancient Egyptians attributed extreme importance to the behavior of initiates during the decisive moments inside the narrow underground path. He learned that in those lost centuries, in the folds of time, the aspiring initiate faced the risk of life, as the narrow passage would flood during particular times of the year. After this, another element needed to be evaluated without prejudice: a design illustrating the dangerous path that the Initiates had to take and bearing the fateful number, almost as a seal of the knowledge acquired following their trial.

Those experiences deeply marked him and led to exclude that they were simple coincidences determined by a purely human creative impulse. Take, for example, the circumstance that arose when, with unparalleled skill, chance placed in the hands of our Scribe, the volume with the cover stamped with the number of the Beast, just after he had felt that strong urge to provide further clues. It presents the same disturbing characteristic: that it was willed by chance.

That symbol made up of three sixes appeared among its pages as the result of a measurement taken on each of the diagonals of the floor of the “Chamber of the Triple Veil or Chamber of Mysteries.” Using the sacred unit of measurement adopted by the builders of the Great Pyramid, the pyramid inch, one obtains the figure that appears in the drawing presented later. Some archaeologists have argued that the ancient people of Egypt intended to send a message capable of challenging the millennia with their colossal constructions; it must be agreed that, in this case, they fully succeeded.

At this point, it is advised to those who stubbornly seek different interpretations, that it would be easier to find them relying on probability calculations; perhaps their stubbornness will be rewarded; they may discover how many chances there are that the malevolent 666 truly feels the need to provide readers with so many clues, as if they were ropes to throw to shipwrecked souls in a sea of coincidences.

The logic of skeptics suggests excluding that the Incarnation of Evil wastes time warning humanity. “Evil does not exist,” they confidently assert, “let alone that it can sit down in front of a computer to write a book!” Experts in legal technicalities may perhaps establish mathematically the

reason why on that volume, found precisely at the moment our Scribe felt the need for it, someone wrote that occult name-number. For those less stubborn about remaining in their positions, finding that diabolical symbol inserted in this context, it is worth considering the possibility that an event, for which there are not sufficient reasons for it not to happen... occurs by chance. The need to include this infernal data in the computer-mind is dictated by the aim of determining a more conscious involvement and, above all, the right choice of side. Thus, simply, all can experience the descent. It is not necessary to be a Bodhisattva, an Avatar, or a Christ to ascend and descend from heaven; one only needs to completely break the chains of selfishness and one is free to act in the various dimensions of the manifest Universe.

The decision to renounce one's own contingent interest allows one to reach and spread, contrary to what one might suppose, total Freedom. It cannot have been a blind person who, thousands of years ago, made that particular number appear through simple mathematical rules in the diagonals of the Chamber of the Triple Veil. It was a man capable of seeing, beyond time and space, what would benefit the descendants of his descendants, thanks to the high degree of awareness he reached. He, like many others throughout the ages, demonstrates the same ability that has been attributed to the Antichrist: that of astonishing people by speaking of future events. Unlike the latter, who seems to delight in writing pages upon pages, he ordered the erection of that colossal construction that has defied the centuries.



In 1952, Carl Gustav Jung and the German physicist Wolfgang Pauli co-authored a work titled - Interpretation of Nature and Psyche -. They too, like the brilliant minds that preceded them in various historical periods, spoke of an absolute universe, beyond time and space, in which both the psychic and material universe manifest. According to the authors, it is a mystical absolute endowed with an order uniquely assignable to it, unchangeable by the will of man, inscrutable by his common capacity for perception, and completely detached from even the essential laws of cause and effect. It is a point where all commonly accepted differences

between the knowing subject and the known object dissolve, as well as the distance between mind and matter. It becomes clear that this is the point where the cause of precognition should be sought. To an attentive observer, it spontaneously seems that chance, something arising from nothing, is an effect of two Realities merging. It was indeed chance, a non-existent thing, that allowed the notice of a drawing among the pages of that text, which suggests the solution to many questions. (Fig.7)

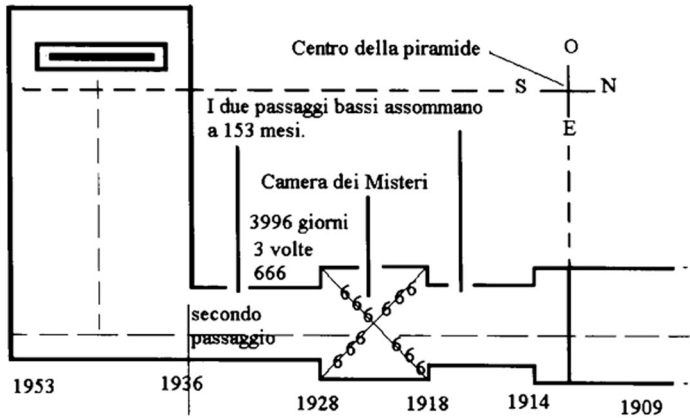


FIG. 7 - INTERNO DELLA PIRAMIDE DI KEOPE, TRATTO DA: -LE DRAMMATICHE PROFEZIE DELLA GRANDE PIRAMIDE- PAG. 228

Among the few lines drawn appears a number, seeking the right interpretation; when one reaches the end of the writing, the Intelligent Design will appear before their eyes. There, within that endless project, lies the answer to every question. It would be appropriate for every soul to ask whether there is a connection between the revealed facts and what was predicted; is there perhaps an occult thread that binds individuals past to history, venerated as prophets, and the author of this writing? And if this thread exists, what purpose does it serve? The narrative will continue after presenting a brief passage from an ancient Eastern text; it suggests how chance provides answers to unimaginable questions similar to the one posed in the early pages: is there perhaps a link between the current decline of values and the author of this book?

“O Bharata, whenever the law of dharma declines and the license of adharma tends to triumph, I manifest.” [Note 2]

He felt as if he were descending a staircase that vanished into the bowels of the earth as he had to place his foot, stretching his stride, exactly on the sleepers in front of him. By proceeding in this manner, he avoided the annoyance of walking on the large gravel between the tracks and a probable sprain of the ankle. He ventured until he was enveloped by the deepest darkness; it was cold, and he felt water filtering through the walls. At that point, fatigue began to make itself felt; upon reaching the first niche, he let himself fall to his knees and shivered under the lash of a cold draft. He took off the bag, a dialect term used around here to mean the jacket he wore, and prepared a sort of bed with it to lie down on the ground. Immediately after, he decisively thrust his hand into his pocket to take the ammunition for the revolver; along with it, he found a pack of roasted almonds, which he mechanically brought to his mouth, marveling at not tasting them.

In the pocket now remained only the bullets; he took out just one: it would be enough. He loaded it into the chamber and turned it to prepare the weapon for firing; slowly, with resigned determination, he rested the icy barrel against his temple. He remained like this, motionless for an indefinite time, or rather, the beginning and end of those moments were so utterly lost in nothingness that they revealed themselves to him in their true essence: eternal! Now he would finally be free; it was just a simple gesture, but a thought he did not recognize as his crossed his mind: “No!... You must not!”

He believed he was petrified; he wondered why he could not reach that dimension he had been able to contemplate so many times, and the answer did not take long: in the next moment, it seemed that something, someone, was dragging him, worse, hurling him with an irresistible arm into the depths of the Universe, into the darkest and coldest point of the void, where everything is immobile and nothing could warm him with its presence. Where nothing existed but Him.

“Why?... Why... why” – he repeated, sobbing. –

And behold: he was above that trembling boy who cried and saw him kneeling with the weapon pointed at his head; he felt a great compassion for that weak, selfish, and defenseless being. Weak yes, because he had not succeeded in his intent, defenseless... because a simple lead bullet could have annihilated him, and cowardly selfish. Because for a moment

he had thought to leave others to struggle in the darkness of ignorance, pain, and despair, unable to find their way. At the crucial moment, a whisper from his heart came: “I cannot leave them, I must not, I will return to their own hell and try again until death. What should or could I do? Who would ever want to help me? What could bring about change?”

He descended back into the niche, inside a wounded soul, and the stones under his knees made him choose another position.

He let himself fall stretched out on the jacket; for a moment, the silence seemed amplified by the sound of water flowing down the rock walls, then, a modulated sound, alien to human possibilities and more like that produced by a technological instrument, insinuated itself into his mind. Inside it, so it seemed, a phrase was slowly articulated, barely perceptible: “Be wise... be the Antichrist and you will succeed.”

“We need a leader,” – he thought, not paying attention to that nonsense just emerged from his deepest self – “a catalyst, a triggering factor, but I cannot imagine its characteristics. One moment! It seems to me... yet... but of course! In the last pages of the Bible, there is talk of a character who would unleash an apocalyptic chaos never seen before; I believe that nothing could better change the created situation than such a pandemonium. The preconditions seem to be abundant,” – he acknowledged with a thread of optimism – “the environment, the historical period, and the current technological progress are among the most favorable for simultaneously directing all peoples toward the same purpose. Perhaps those years spent seeking the solution to the problems afflicting man have finally matured in my mind the answer.”

Following the thread of those thoughts, he began to wonder if, by interpreting that little enviable role in a credible way, he could help them. He thought he was right if he tried to prevent men, who had become like children in his eyes, from continuing their cruel games. He would have to do so by telling them about the ogre to scare them and make them think. That would be preferable to the solution of striking them mercilessly before, during, or after their bloody and senseless games. “But how... damn!... It came to my mind for a moment... what was the name of that... ah!... Right!... the Antichrist!

Only in the face of such a figure, in a global and definitive showdown, would many of them become less inclined to hypocritical compromise

and finally raise their heads, turning their gaze to Heaven. However!... Such a path has never been indicated to anyone, or perhaps, no one until today has managed to make it walkable. Is it right for me to try to do it? Even if that character, presented as a diabolical being, at the end of his adventure is burned alive or crucified on an obelisk? Mah!... I must not be normal, a person like others, if I go looking for such troubles.

In any case, I cannot back down due to such a prospect; if they act in good faith to erase what they see as the representation of evil, they can do so... but only after, when it becomes impossible to repeat the serious mistakes of the past. At that point, I will have managed to eliminate the main causes that bring suffering among men. I believe this reason is the only one for which a man is allowed to fight. Ultimately, if among all the solutions that could be devised, only this one has the highest probability of success, could fear make me retreat? No! Never! I could not allow it; what purpose did I train for stoicism as a child? I cannot imagine a nobler purpose.”

The idea that the intervention of a charismatic man, capable of removing those who hinder the path leading to eternal conscious existence, could occur did not leave his mind. He imagined that sooner or later men would seek the help of someone up to such a task; before intervention could be possible, they would have to shed their most base envy. Those moved by instinctive emotions do not accept that others reach unimaginable goals because, out of ignorance, they subconsciously fear that the goal, if reached by others, is irretrievably lost for them. Lacking awareness, they ignore that goals, even the most extraordinary, are innumerable, as infinite as the possibilities of reaching them.

In the end, he concluded that he could not refrain from playing a game that had the attainment of Eden for every being as its stake. By doing what he had been unconsciously preparing for so long, in order to obtain recognition or otherwise, it would be an act of human egoism; giving with the ulterior motive of receiving was, in his judgment, simply a baseness he could not shoulder. He found it illogical behavior, heedless of the deleterious effects, and he had to understand the reason for it. Perhaps he had gone mad, or, as Eastern texts suggested, those who reach the transcendent dimension of the Bodhisattva act in the real interest of every existing form; if this was his case, he had arrived there without even realizing it.

He had not taken even a step in the direction he had glimpsed, and already an insurmountable problem presented itself. He began to weigh all the emotions that slowly presented themselves to the judgment of consciousness; a Bodhisattva was considered a positive figure, an enlightened sage, while the Antichrist was seen as the quintessence of evil. How could the two figures coexist? No one would believe it possible. He posed the question and immediately intuited the answer: “It will not be a problem for Him, or rather, for Us.”

He had come, of his own free choice, to be the instrument of a mind that could do all, and if he believed that taking on the role of an Antichrist was a positive, just, and inevitable fact, he had to act accordingly and accept it willingly. But it was distressing to know that if he pointed out different or even opposite goals to those currently pursued by leaders, he would be pointed out to hatred, derision, and contempt. He was also certain that they would place every kind of obstacle in his path. He could thus bitterly emulate those who said to forgive them because they did not know what they were doing, making those words his own. Was he right if he believed that the reason for not abandoning them lay precisely in the fact that they did not understand? The more he thought about it, the more it seemed to be the way out for blind and suffering humanity.

“I think it’s time to take off my hat; such a joke could only have been conceived by an infinitely mischievous god. But how on earth does one proclaim such an outstanding truth?” – he wondered, making his way towards the exit of the gallery – “For that to happen, situations and coincidences should occur that would lead men not only to consider it possible but even inevitable. It will be my Spirit that creates those circumstances,” – he thought as he exited that cold cave – “and I sense that at first, it will do so without my full awareness; but later, I am sure that when my soul feels the need, I will be able to create them on the spot. There is no other way, and it will be extraordinary to act as one with the Spirit in the end.”

To approach this aspect of the transcendent, one could say that the Scribe walks in the footsteps of the one before him, and from how He proceeds, he intuitively discerns the direction and the goal.

In order to place his foot on those imprints, it was not enough to see them; it required humility. By proclaiming certain truths of his initiative,

without the endorsement of the Spirit, one achieves, at best, only to throw away the key to the asylum.

The risk, then, will indeed be high; not only is it difficult to believe that someone could have lived circumstances so particular, respecting a precise chronological order, but those who hold positions to manage public life will purposefully show that they do not understand. The reason is simple; the masses, recognizing the presence of the Antichrist, the twelfth Imam, the Avatar, or the Messiah, would constitute an uncontrollable variable.

Try to imagine the reaction of the masses if that figure managed to make himself credible in their eyes, indicating how to erase those fears and pains that, like swords, hang over the heads of so many; it is possible that he would find the support of those masses that can only lose their chains? To think that someone, with peculiar characteristics, manifests to meet the long-suppressed needs would constitute the best clue to the existence of the Source from which all can quench their thirst: the indescribable dimension that can be reached when the soul is finally free to imagine.

This ability to dream what the mind suggests as impossible is the innate predisposition to keep one's head in the clouds; a habit dear to many children that is often considered a character disorder. In some particular situations, it stimulates intracerebral chemical reactions. These "symptoms," under suitable conditions, can spread like a simple flu. A single individual, capable of fully imagining the existence of a dimension with infinite possibilities, just needs to know how to reveal it to the unconscious of others to determine an increase in their awareness and allow them to glimpse the Reality that cannot be presented in any other way.

The cold began to be felt again; having gathered his jacket, he retraced his steps; at the exit, the faint glow of the moon inspired a reflection on the little light sufficient to illuminate the path. "I will have to be more trusting from now on; I think that the little Light I carry with me will be enough to brighten their way."

He continued walking and questioning how to act, what to say or contradict, and noticed that for every question, he found the answer. Was it ever possible? Until a few minutes before, he had been unable to

decide without first thoroughly analyzing the aspects of the problems, and now he intuited the solution with incredible speed. He sensed that at the right moment, he would say and do the most appropriate thing without having to choose, because, so fate had decided, he should no longer be limited by his own choices. It was like the tree that blooms in spring and gives its fruits to all without feeling any doubt; only chance could prevent someone from finding the path that leads to the feet of that tree. He was finally ready to assert that he had no doubts; perhaps he was a presumptuous fool or... to allow others to discover it, it was enough that he prevented anyone from cutting him down.

“God has given you the Law. His Law is the only one to which you must obey. Human laws are not valid unless they adhere to explaining and applying it. And it is not only your right but your duty to disobey and abolish them. He who best explains and applies God’s Law to human cases is your legitimate leader: love him and follow him.” (Giuseppe Mazzini)

In the cave, he found the courage to lay down his sword, and in return, found himself holding an invincible weapon for which a name has yet to be coined. The energy that this weapon releases creates awareness and allows one to experience the peculiarities of other dimensions. It is equipped with an optical and acoustic system that allows one to perceive from a great distance the approach of catastrophic events, extraordinary epochal changes, and to hear the footsteps of those who come to open the last Door. With such a weapon, he would have won if he had wanted to fight, and if others wanted to wield it, they could do so safely if guided by love.

To avoid generating unnecessary perplexities, it should be noted that actions taken in response to aggression produce only devastating effects, whereas this weapon, upon learning its use, allows one to “create the synchronistic circumstances that shape the events to which all witness.” A man acts in response to the results produced by his own actions, while the superman creates different effects even while performing the same acts.

Being a manifestation of faith, understood as self-awareness, his gestures are expressions of that extraordinarily free energy from any

constraint, whether physical, chemical, or otherwise. The expansion of consciousness, which arises from experiencing the radical change of so many certainties, reveals the celestial aspects of the Universe and simultaneously the extraordinary possibilities of a new way of acting within every dimension.

On the next step, it is understood how one discovers-creates one of the infinite Edens in all its reality, a reality that can rightfully be called celestial. It should not have escaped notice how the desire not to understand nor to allow others to increase their awareness has been described. The reason is simple and can be intuited by describing an imaginary situation.

There are companions in a valley surrounded by high mountains; they live under the will of their leaders who promise to make that valley green again, which has become barren due to many wrong choices but cannot do so, and the state of degradation is now irreversible. One day someone, having accidentally reached the highest and most inaccessible peak, discovers an untouched land beyond.

If this person gathers around him those who work and live according to the authorities' dispositions, to lead them to where the heavy restrictions become only a distant memory, how would those same authorities react? It is certain that the privileged figures would devise every trick to prevent it, and this solely to avoid losing the ephemeral material advantages related to their position. Consider that instead of a still virgin valley, a transcendent dimension is indicated; it is equally certain that the most materialistic would react terribly out of fear of losing that little they manage to relate to.

Now think of the hypothesis that someone, in this turbulent era, has managed to see beyond the usual horizons and can prove it; it is clear that he should expect fierce reactions, which could extend to others if they decided to follow him to the "great plains."

It will be remembered that there was talk of the risk of being annihilated; it is necessary to know that anyone who embarks on the path that leads to complete spiritual realization is in constant danger of making a misstep. For the warriors of the Spirit who reach the edge of this dimension, annihilation is not the direct consequence of the actions of others; indeed, no one is allowed to bring them down; their fall is merely a means to lead others

into other dimensions. Should the initiate still be on the path and leave his physical instrument free to act, guided only by the impulses of instinct, he makes the fateful misstep that determines his fall.

One of these errors was committed by our protagonist just before experiencing the Great Gallery when he displayed his unshakeable faith in that Dimension. During a heated discussion regarding the survival of consciousness after the death of the physical body, he foolishly wagered his life to demonstrate absolute certainty about that Reality he had perceived so many times.

It served no purpose to accept the challenge that had been put to him, which consisted of taking that tiny pill, passed off as a potent poison in order to prove that he did not fear death. On that occasion, he showed firmness in pursuing an aim; then calmly going to eat with the challenger and a certain Giordano, thinking that what he believed to be the last pizza, he thought he had no other obligations towards them... and that was the gravest mistake.

By imitating the example of the Indian Kalanos, who showed his contempt for life to Alexander the Great by letting himself be burned alive, he had taken the path of inconclusive sacrifice, and only later did his intuition suggest that he should reserve the same stoic determination for a much more important work. With that gesture, in fact, he had simply sinned of selfishness; by making that decision, he had ended up fighting against windmills, and by wagering his life, perhaps he awakened the spirit of another individual, but was that an appreciable outcome? And the others?

After so many references to that dimension, it is natural to see the desire to know more details arise or, better yet, to contemplate it. To do so, one must pause a moment to stop the representation of one's thoughts and try to listen to music with the heart or, more simply, wait to feel it vibrate and spread from one's chest to all that exists. One would be enveloped by indescribable happiness, a bliss of a higher nature, and if the search comes from the soul, one will contemplate something that, when described, is equivalent to limiting and obscuring. If it proves easier, one can look into the face of a loved one from whom one hopes to be reciprocated; perhaps what was inexplicably shown to our Scribe when he was a teenager will appear.

Her name was Barbara, and that day, beyond her black eyes, he sensed the silent presence of purity and contemplated the only beauty that pervades everything. Suddenly discovering the different reality of those marvelous black eyes gave him bliss. It was an explosion of absolute joy that deprived the center of his being of all limits... while the Universe... became he himself!

Later, even a simple meadow, a flower, a sunset, the most unexpected objects revealed their true essence; it was enough not to listen to the mind, to its “intelligent” observations, and its depressing certainties. Those who live such experiences, and there are more than one might expect, can calmly scoff at the thesis of the French psychiatrist Yanet, who attributes them to a “psychasthenic manifestation resulting from hysteria.” Had anyone informed him of this, he would have been grateful. Years and years of painful searching for a correlation between him, you, every other imagined thing, and a possible God were unnecessary.

From his high pedestal of wisdom, Yanet indeed asserted: “There is no correlation between Him and any concrete or abstract thing.” A caustic way to respond to such statements is to say that if he renounced his mind, now as always, you, and by you, we mean exclusively those who limit themselves to perceiving Realities only with rationality, should renounce us, three distinct entities that, through his fragile shell, invite to begin an eternal game. That day he would have left in silence, for he did not consider himself up to what he had set out to do: to convince solely by the force of ideas and reason in order to bring about a concrete improvement in all fields. He had lost all enthusiasm, recognizing the mistake of believing that in the face of an extensive increase in well-being, the result of a less instinctive way of living, even the most obtuse conservatives would surrender. He accepted defeat for not having known how to face those individuals who were considered mean and wicked; those who, due to ignorance, but not only, rejoiced in the suffering they inflicted.

One must therefore thank chance for the fact that what was delivered to him during that challenge on Viale, at the Voltolina bar, was not actually poison, and that was probably a good thing. Perhaps it was a sign to dissuade him from other mistakes later on, such as the irreparable mistake of truly giving up. With only his presence on the stage of life, he

might have convinced the entire world, and if indeed his steps were guided by that Intelligence that hides everywhere, it would not be surprising that he could do so. Contemplating Intelligent Design, coincidences now appeared as the norm that dictates perspective in every design, even the most insignificant, like that of his own form. That same Intelligent energy would have created the fortuitous circumstances necessary to enlighten the minds of the humblest and the justest among you.

He had thus found his place in Nature: he was the light leaf that falls without having to choose its trajectory. He was iron and fire to forge “new and immortal men.” It often happened that he imagined himself as the tallest tree in the forest: what now astonished him was discovering that he was not at all proud of it; rather, he felt indebted. What merit could he ultimately boast of for having sprouted in the most fertile, sunniest, and most sheltered spot from the whirlwinds? None! The pride he had finally lost was replaced for a moment by the joy of knowing that from the largest and strongest plant, the best and most rewarding products are obtained. He could assert with full awareness without fear of contradiction: “I am what I am and I can be all that Is.”

The reader is asked to make an immense effort not to consider him presumptuous, convinced of having accumulated exclusive merits, which are actually non-existent; but if he can intuit that everything imagined becomes real thanks to that energy that moves his hand and that of everyone, he will understand that the spirit of every reader is the Energy that guides him. He asserts, in the manner described by some seers, that what is found in another form is already present in the sacred texts of all religions. In all of them, the same concept is read: men indiscriminately are ultimately the result of their highest conceivable aspiration and the actions taken in pursuit of it. Supporting this assertion is the wisdom contained in the biblical text: “Everyone will receive according to their works.”

Thus, thanks to those illustrious predecessors, it is understood that when a person desires to obtain, be, or accomplish something, based on the actual intensity of their intention and actions, everything becomes possible. It is not unreasonable to err on the side of optimism and affirm that the greater the task one sets out to accomplish, the more extraordinary the tools one will have at their disposal.

Meditating on these last lines, on the possibility that is presented, allows the mind to assimilate all the necessary data to realize that it is not just a simple hypothesis but an uncontestable reality. It is also worth noting the circumstance that every creed, considered by its followers as the sole custodian of the truth, is explained differently from other faiths.

Those who belong to certain esoteric schools of thought believe that events can sometimes be attributed to transcendental phenomena, possible only after achieving a high degree of spiritual development. The same inexplicable facts, for others, are miraculous and attributed to faith or the providential intervention of an Entity they imagine at their discretion. Spiritual warriors see only one difference between the various religions, which lies in the terms used and the way they present their beliefs; the ultimate meaning is the same, and those who regain the soul of a child can perceive it in the inspired advice to have faith in the encounter with the transcendent experience. At that point, one could say to a mountain to move from here to there, and it will move, and nothing will be impossible for you. Seek the ultimate reality, and you will find the miracle or, to use a more scholarly term, the quantum leap. It is seen as a possible reality accepted by all religious denominations, but not only that; even the most qualified researchers in the frontier sciences have recently arrived at the same conclusions. All indicate the same phenomenon, perhaps the most interesting in nature, with different words, allegories, and motivations.

Considering the above, one can assert that a spiritually evolved man does not desire the impossible, as long as he aspires to the highest responsibility to replace, with a luminous path, the distorted route that leads to the swamp. On this point, there is a wonderful article in the American Constitution; it precisely advocates the ideal development of man and concisely indicates the way to achieve material progress in symbiosis with spiritual progress. Inexplicably, in the era of the global village, especially the Western world denies the path indicated in the article and pretends to ignore that Eastern doctrines show the same path.

Generally, politicians find a thousand justifications for their desire to hold important public roles. Without a doubt, they do not know what every Avatar and every Bodhisattva knows: if the latent dissatisfaction

of the soul leads a man to undertake an activity that suits him, no matter how altruistic it may seem, it is and remains only a means to placate selfishness; the work of the refined politician is not an exception, nor is that of someone who pursues a noble ideal for their entire life. It can thus be inferred that such a man has not reached self-realization when he is forced to continuously satisfy his ego; not even if he is a public figure who enjoys the fame and applause of the masses.

Only one who is free from any duty and any desire is a realized being. A clear analogy of this can be found in physical laws: for every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction, and the same situation occurs after the satisfaction of a pleasurable stimulus. Satisfaction is soon followed, sooner or later and without any apparent relationship, by a dissatisfaction that is directly proportional. To escape this tremendous situation, one must act in such a way: complete the works begun without caring for the applause that may arise from them while maintaining emotional detachment; like an apple that, falling from the tree, does not choose its direction even though it is perfectly integrated into its environment. Thus, action is normally performed to appease our dissatisfaction; this selfish stimulus, if it were to suddenly cease, would then release a force of an inertial kind; therefore, although in reality one no longer aims to pursue any egocentric purpose, one would be carried, precisely out of inertia, to complete what has already been started. In other words, intuition must guide actions, which, at that point, escape rational judgment of being positive or negative but fit into a Just Design. It is up to everyone to find a place for those pieces and to place them where they can shine like the others. It is the ancient procedure of acting without acting, a concept found in various Eastern texts; it is often followed by exhaustive comments but seems to be little known among Western politicians, philosophers, and free thinkers.

It was almost ten o'clock; he had exited the tunnel and was slowly descending into the city. He paused in front of the side door of the Ginnastica Triestina, a sports center frequented by a friend from back then. As usual, his companion was waiting for him, a striking dark-haired woman.

The step was certainly not the best place to rest, but after wandering for so many hours, it felt like a comfortable couch. He patiently waited

for her to come out, and when she did, they exchanged only a few words. She had surely noticed his state of mind but didn't ask anything about it. He briefly mentioned that he had tried to end it all because he was overwhelmed by doubts and disappointments; however, strangely, he did not speak of the experience he had in the tunnel or the irrevocable decision he had made before leaving that gallery. The only friend he was seeing at that time remained completely in the dark about everything. He revealed nothing; fate had it that his confidence was only picked up much later by an individual named Giovanni.

That evening, at the end of their brief conversation, he expressed concern about what his mother might have done in the meantime, and so, reluctantly, he made a decision: he pulled out the revolver and, holding it by the barrel, rendered it useless by forcefully slamming it against the step. He was still completely unaware of the prophecy regarding the only weapon that, according to some seers, the Antilegge was supposed to use. The refusal to employ a traditional weapon might seem like a mere coincidence, which raises the question of what he might have used, a few years later, to "predict" the death of a local politician and the "accomplice" of those who violated his home to carry out a strange theft. It would be worth asking what he actually used to foresee the fall of the Berlin Wall and, to the astonishment of some, to announce the horrific end of those who testified falsely against him, of those who welded bars to prevent him from entering his mother's house, and to foresee the events that were later reported by the press and TV.

"his only weapon will be Supreme Wisdom." (Great Sunset Sect)

"Rudolf Steiner was convinced that Prophecy was one of the highest forms of Wisdom..." (From -The Great Prophecies- p. 169)

During that period, the early seventies, texts dealing with prophecies and seers left him indifferent. The books or magazines that piqued his interest were of a different nature, and it was a stroke of luck that, after a few years had passed since that solitary experience, he began to direct his attention towards those particular readings. A long time had passed since the tunnel episode; the memory was almost erased and did not influence his choices in carrying out his usual activities in

the slightest. This must be stated to make it clear that it was indeed a chance circumstance that put that book dealing with such an Antilegge into his hands.

The strange detail that aroused his curiosity that day was found in a chapter concerning the sects that worshipped the Antichrist. One of these transmitted the legend of the investiture of that character, and the environment, period, and even the reason for his spiritual turmoil were described exhaustively and clearly. From the portrait that ultimately emerged, he felt he could deduce that from those adepts, he—who had lived the experience they described with such precision—was hailed as a long-awaited liberator. In the text, he discovered that there was also a description of some of his “peculiar characteristics,” which, after a thorough self-critical examination, he recognized with amused astonishment as fully reflecting himself. He thus found himself making the first disconsolate considerations about the role he could play: “Damn! It really seems that some aspects of the Plan I perceived the evening I narrowly avoided shooting myself are effectively coming to fruition. The first concrete clues of the fantastic Project I contemplated while exiting that dark tunnel are finally coming to light; in order to make use of them one day, I must remember to document every event and anything that could prove useful in supporting the existence of that Plan. To claim that coincidences exist that indicate the possibility of being 666 without a shred of evidence is like asserting that an embryo enclosed in a bird’s egg can fly simply because it was laid by a species equipped with wings.

It happens to him gradually that he takes to the air, and it will happen to me that I slowly find the support of other exceptional and, above all, verifiable clues. First, I will check, hoping it is possible, how many steps were taken inside that tunnel; if they were exactly seventy-eight, as written by Walsit, it would be quite a singular coincidence, and by documenting the occurrence, one might think that someone could have “seen,” almost two centuries before, those particularly significant moments experienced inside that dark lair.”

That day, continuing to read, he learned that the unsettling character would be more skilled with the rod (understood as a pen) than with words and that he was destined to write; a shiver ran down his spine

and penetrated his mind. For a moment, he felt as if he were reliving the terrifying experience of some years earlier and recalled the absurd idea of finding a nail in the plumbing to inscribe words intended for others. He stopped reading, set the book down, and remained thoughtful for a long time; it seemed he could discern a method to follow in those pages; the situations described in that volume and his experiences were practically overlapping, and if correlated with the vague and indefinable commitment he had taken on since childhood, they could have even made stones reflect.

At that moment, however, it was only a few events, guessed by a case more unique than rare; he would need to conduct specific research on such themes. Only if similar coincidences proved extraordinarily numerous and their interpretation was not distorted could he then assert, without doing an injustice to others' intelligence, that such events were worth discussing without prejudice. Thus, everyone would have the opportunity to seek an answer to the interesting question posed by Einstein: "When coincidences are too many, how should we call them?"

This can be a fascinating challenge for anyone, and everyone can accept it and overcome it. After the first book, many others followed; the episodes he read and could relate to his own experiences now numbered in the dozens, without, of course, having to resort to far-fetched interpretations. Finally, it is indeed true that many passages found in the texts considered sacred by the three major religions "seem" to refer specifically to that humble form which is writing for you. They are not reported to avoid making the Scribe appear pedantic to those who already see him as an extravagant pretentious person. Revealing himself as boring would prevent skeptical readers from reaching the end of the tale.

The research he subsequently carried out was conducted without any obsession; it mainly took place when he happened to come across some texts on prophecies. During that time, he was more focused on correlating the political scandals happening in his country with what was occurring internationally. Sometimes, he searched for the root cause of the butterfly effect and the hidden connection of events. He was convinced of what others would later express: "If a butterfly flaps its wings in Tokyo today, it can cause a hurricane in Brazil in a month." (Cohen Jack, Steward Jan, op. cit., p.191.) Finding that connection

might have led to understanding whether someone was indeed pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

Reading the writings of seers capable of making surprisingly accurate predictions, he was quite surprised to find the chronological precision. They, citing their predecessors, claimed that after what was initially predicted occurred, their prophecies would immediately follow.

However, that improvised research left him with more doubts than certainties, as the very abundance of correlations seemed to produce the opposite effect. Saturation made everything and its opposite seem possible. Doubt, therefore, was the likely consequence. He had to find a way to exclude it, but how? It was certainly not a trivial matter. Well, he would think about it when he put in writing the prophecies he discovered that fully matched his experiences and possibly those of others.

As usual, the human side tended to resurface; he would have liked to provide certainty with a mathematical demonstration, perhaps resorting to the law of large numbers, but that was not his task. The concept that blessed are those who believe without having seen is always valid because, as in this case, it is their soul that believes, not their mind subject to deception. It is evident that any assertion, even the most logical, can be contested with a thousand arguments. The only one who cannot be contested is the one who accepts everything and its opposite; he knows that doubt can be defeated by adopting an attitude of trust in something.

Regarding blind trust, or faith, some things need clarification; first of all, it must be said that the ability to live one's faith coherently, especially when it involves personal sacrifices, demonstrates a high evolutionary degree. However, such trusting dedication is legitimate only to a certain extent, beyond which it plunges into fanaticism.

The second observation, less trivial than the first, always concerns the act of faith, meaning the possibility of believing in something that cannot be scientifically proven, as in the first case, but unlike that paradoxical situation, one experiences the concrete validity of one's belief, and at that point, everything is accomplished. Every other dogma and belief becomes true, real, and concrete, just like ours.

The accuracy of every hypothesis becomes logical and eternally scientifically demonstrable, as the data examined demonstrates the accuracy of every other data and every possible hypothesis. All of this

is simply stunning, and one can be sure that the deepest minds, those of researchers in every field of human knowledge, will endorse it, making this truth their own—one that nothing can undermine; neither time nor space, nor knowledge.

Walking a path fraught with dangers, it is useful to believe in something that can help in critical moments; it is an incredibly important psychological support, as abstract as one might want, but with tangible, concrete effects. Therefore, the only effort required is to reach the awareness of receiving the necessary help at the right moment. It is important to believe it until one can formulate two different thoughts at the same instant: then one will have proof of the first conscious contact with the Spirit, the eternal Intelligent Energy.

Following such contact, one will relinquish the reins of the mind and those of the soul to the Spirit, and it will happen that one becomes aware of being eternally supported and permeated by the same Energy that also sustains the most distant worlds. Every action will thus become His expression, and no one will be able to afford to condemn them.





IV

THE COMPANION OF THE ANTICHRIST

It is easy to imagine that loneliness and misunderstanding must have left deep wounds in the soul of someone who offered themselves to realize our Plan. Now, they endured it better and were aware that these experiences had been necessary. They understood that it was time to extend the search in another direction, so as to advance more quickly on the path they had undertaken. To do this, they needed to find a woman whose aspirations were as similar as possible to theirs.

They remembered perfectly that during those days they felt a stronger certainty of the imminent meeting with someone who would accompany and support them for much of their journey. Without her, they felt incomplete, perhaps unfit, certainly unhappy. It is certain that the person sent by fate to collaborate on our program was able only rarely to alleviate their loneliness; moreover, she must be justified for not having done so consistently; the “disturbing” factors, first and foremost, the serious illness that struck their daughter, would have overwhelmed even a giant.

The search for a collaborator was motivated almost exclusively by the realization that to achieve a dream, a woman would be indispensable. From the two principles, the masculine and the feminine, a third would

arise: the perfect balance... that constant and unstoppable force that knows how to shape the Kingdom of God but first, their companion would be asked to walk the path of devotion to the end. Only a woman, in fact, could mend the many wounds of the soul that they would surely sustain during the struggle, and so it was that at the appointed time, their meeting happened by chance.

It was a day in late summer; they were walking along the seafront of Barcola among the bodies sprawled in the sun when suddenly they found themselves in front of a petite girl with long, wavy black hair that seemed to envelop her. Struck by that striking figure, they were surprised to find themselves overwhelmed with thoughts: “How can I remain stunned in front of this kind of sprite? She can’t interest me; she’s not particularly beautiful or even curvy like a cover model. She’s just a little more than a child; I don’t think she possesses anything of what is usually sought in a woman... and if for a moment she seemed like an angel, I fear she must know more than the devil. Perhaps her intense charm stems from her reserved demeanor... or perhaps because she seems like a cunning feline on the prowl? Ugh!... And yet... so indecipherable and with those eyes that look like those of a lost and frightened fawn.” – What am I thinking, damn it! It can’t be that loneliness plays with my imagination to this extent. –

For a moment, the unusual jumble of thoughts was replaced by the desire to walk away, then, resigned to go all the way, they resumed their mental slalom. “Probably this is a new way of behaving; sometimes, new trends, ways of speaking, of acting, and of dressing emerge among the masses immediately. Yet she is the only one who has sparked such a barrage of questions from deep within my soul, and it’s strange this urgent need for an answer to make it stop. Perhaps she isn’t from Trieste – they continued to ponder, believing this was what struck them – who knows where she’s from... Ugh! It’s useless to rack my brain; I’d better talk to her.”

“Hey, excuse me, can you lend me that newspaper?”

“Sure, but it’s not mine; it’s hers.”

The tone of the response and the look might have been excessively kind, and they were not prepared to speak with an alien, so they preferred to turn to their companion. She was a little whirlwind always in motion;

they had known her since she was a child and at lunch, she surely ate soft things in oil sprinkled with a pinch of gunpowder.

“Hi Anna, she says it’s yours, so I can take it, right? I’ll bring it back as soon as I’m done.”

“You can keep it; we’re going back to the city soon. Bye.”

They walked away with the rolled-up newspaper in hand, and after a few steps, the previous thoughts returned:

“What’s strange about that girl? She speaks our dialect perfectly, knows Anna... and seems not to see anyone; what will her thoughts be, what does she really think? But what the hell am I worried about? Why should I care what others think? I know well that they all have the same things on their minds, the same banalities. And yet she seems different, unattainable like a goddess in an inaccessible place. Ugh!... For heaven’s sake, how can I feel afraid to approach her and at the same time be so attracted to her? And then, why shouldn’t I approach her? Perhaps she is the very person who can make me live the experiences I sense I lack. Do those represent the initiatory doors I must pass through to realize the project that no hand could draw?”

This last thought interrupted the barrage of questions, leaving space for a mute decision. “Damn, the moment I put it this way; now I’ll have to knock on the heart of every possible candidate and anyone who shows a glimmer of interest in the way I interpret existence. I’ll have to do it, avoiding becoming emotionally involved, with detachment. Past romantic adventures have taught me that I would be in serious danger of falling in love again; it’s probable that pain could break me if I were abandoned once more.”

They followed the two sprites with their gaze as they disappeared behind the two long rows of trees and slowly gathered the magazine and the bath towel. “Now there’s nothing left but to get dressed and go to the gym; I could follow her, but I won’t; I want to challenge fate: that girl who seemed so special to me has never been seen in Barcola; if one day I happen to meet her again, I’ll try to understand the reason why she left me so unsettled.”

The next day, after splashing around in the water near the harbor, with slow strokes, they went towards the rocks to climb back up; while doing so, they placed their hand on the nearest one, raised their gaze to look for

other holds, and stopped in amazement. The rocks around seemed there to protect her; she looked painted, the microscopic bikini made her seem dressed only in her long black hair slightly waved. It was her again, only she hadn't stumbled into him; rather, he was overwhelmed by her slender figure. He thought ironically that it was a very bad sign. He stood up on the nearby rock and, pretending to be surprised to see her, greeted her with a quip.

"Hi, if you don't move those hair, you'll become black."

"I won't turn black even if I move them; you're in front of the sunlight now." "Sorry, can I jump back into the water if you want..."

"There's no need; you can stay here; I'll be leaving soon."

"You're leaving so soon? The sun is still high... you live far away then; you come here very rarely... right? I don't remember ever seeing you. On these rocks, you look like a mermaid and if I had seen one, believe me, I wouldn't be able to forget it."

"Thanks for the mermaid; this is the second time I've come here."

"How?... The second time? But then where have you been? You're not from Trieste; you live in Muggia then?"

"No! I'm from Taranto and I come here to my mother's only in the summer."

"I don't believe you even if you swear; you don't have the slightest southern accent. Do you enjoy teasing me?"

"Look, I'm telling you the truth."

"Well then, in less than two months, you'll leave again and won't come back until next year, right?"

"No! I don't think so; my mother has decided to move permanently to Taranto, and there will be no reason to come back."

They remained silent, she with an inscrutable look, while from his it was clear he was wondering what purpose there was in trying to get to know her, accompany her, wait for her, and maybe desire her, without finally obtaining even a smile. In the seventies, very few would choose to waste time with a girl to build a story without a future.

"I'll come to the sea every day," – she said softly – "it's too hot in the city."

"See you tomorrow then, bye!" "Bye..." "By the way, I don't even know your name..." "Carmela!"

“Carmela? Strange, I would have sworn it was...”

“What’s strange?” she asked amused.

“I thought your name was Laura, but it doesn’t matter; don’t mind me, sorry, it’s a fixation I’ve carried since I was a child... bye, see you tomorrow.” “Bye!”

A few days later, despite logic suggesting that the relationship just begun was too tenuous to hold, when they were together, they completely forgot about it and, following their dream, made sure to catch the possible indications. She had to be special; even from the first meetings, she showed the ability to guess many of their thoughts. She seemed to have traveled a long way on the path of devotion and they were led to believe in her capacity to follow it to the end. They were not in the habit of spending entire days with a girl they knew practically nothing about and had never tasted that extraordinary serenity that enveloped them when they walked with her.

“How strange life can be sometimes,” – they were surprised to think – “now that to avoid another cruel disappointment, I impose myself not to give in to feelings for a girl, now that I practice the detachment learned with so much effort from Eastern texts, she seems to fall at my feet and live off me. Is it right that I see her as the cause of my serenity rather than attributing it to the fact that I have finally learned to renounce all emotion?”

And the memory of so many pains suffered in the emotional field awakened.

“What if she were to suffer what I suffered when I was left? When the rupture of the relationship caused the drift of my soul into a sea of poison? If that happened, it would mean that the blame for her pain would be mine. No!... I can’t imagine her bent over a book with her tears soaking the pages. No!... I couldn’t live peacefully, remembering her without feeling my soul clawed by remorse. She, so small and defenseless, would never do that; she will never reach the point of hurting me; if she loves love, she can never betray it.”

With a bit more wisdom, derived from subsequent experiences, they recognized that at that time, their optimism must have truly been sky-high. Back then, everything suggested to them that she wasn’t like the girls they had dated until that day. “But what is happening to me? Is it

possible that this little girl is the one I am waiting for? The one who will support my soul in the dark moments that lie ahead? I don't know... I can't find an answer, but it's unlikely; soon she will have to leave, she will have her commitments, school, her friends in Taranto, and I will remain just a good memory."

They walked slowly beside her, ascending the road that passes by the University. The heat was suffocating and that day there wasn't a soul around; perhaps they could have held her hand, but it seemed premature; they had no certainty, and the questions they asked her could certainly seem trivial. They were looking for clues that would reveal the level of awareness she had reached.

Molding their eventual companion from nothing would have been a task capable of draining the energy needed to continue the work they had just begun.

"But how can I be sure I'm not wrong? Damn it, it's not easy at all. Well, I've found it... I'll follow my intuition; if, like a fool, I let her dream of a life beside me in the world we've found, I'll accept to bear the consequences; I will continue to delude her for a lifetime. I will live beside her waiting for her to discover, she first, how love can be different from the representation usually observed. Sometimes I doubt she is the one destined to collaborate on the project, but it is not right to mock the infinite aspects of love, and I certainly won't do it; I don't intend to reserve for her the cynicism with which I have been hurt so many times."

They could not absolutely forget their goal, the task that awaited them and toward which the inertial force pushed them: it was to chase and capture a different love, the coveted prey with which to feed those who would one day ask for it.

Days passed, slowly fading, and their ego seemed to follow them. What struck them most was her way of being beside them: she was their shadow, and keeping her close required no effort. Like a shadow, she followed their steps, and for this act of devotion, it was right that she began to glimpse the light through the form she embodied. They saw her merge into them: every intention was immediately shared by her, every curiosity that assailed them also gripped her soul; all their thoughts, as soon as they let them surface, found their echo in the girl beside them. It could be no one other than that long-awaited figure, and this conviction

began to strengthen as time passed.

Summer had ended; they received news of her imminent departure and lay on the bed in their room. Late at night, the incessant cadence of thoughts was like the ocean crashing against the rocks. And so it was for them too. It is not the wave that chooses the cliff upon which to dissolve and envelop it, nor does the rock choose the impetuous surf destined to drag it away forever.

“But soon she will have to leave, and I can’t let her; she doesn’t want to. Her mother won’t allow her to stay in a city she doesn’t even know; she’s not even eighteen, so I must follow her to Taranto. I believe the wave capable of shaking me has finally come, and now it’s up to me to stand by her forever and make her love and devotion ready to overcome any obstacle. Perhaps she will be the first to see that imaginary world that is becoming increasingly tangible and with ever more defined colors.”

And so, the trust they had placed in that woman, who despite everything continued to hide a side of her soul from them, urged them to follow her to the distant southern city. They didn’t wait for her to turn eighteen; at that time, one had to be twenty-one years old to marry if those exercising parental authority over the minor objected to the marriage. They, to speed things up, quickly caused a ruckus until her parents resigned and consented to the marriage.

After spending a few months in a shabby room in the “Palace of a Hundred Dogs,” known because the incessant screams of those living there could be heard all the way to the elegant adjacent street, they finally brought her back to Trieste, where, in the following years, the difficulties presented themselves that, as they had intuited, would only be overcome thanks to her.

Despite everything, they had kept her in the dark about much of their incredible project; they had said almost nothing to her about their most significant experiences and only rarely explained in general terms the utopian objectives that the various forms of Yoga aimed for. The path she would have to follow and for which she was extraordinarily gifted was that of devotion, not that of knowledge. Sometimes, however, they received confirmation of her words in the most unexpected moments; like that day when they went to a village on the plateau behind the city, with her father and a friend of hers. Carmen’s father was driving his old

Alfa and had been wandering aimlessly for more than half an hour. At one point, they concluded that they had gotten lost. They had no idea where they were or where they would end up going in that direction; until, turning the car, what they later discovered to be Monrupino Hill with the small church on top appeared in the distance.

“Stop!” – they almost shouted with force – “This is a place I’ve seen before, but I don’t understand how or when; however, I’ve never been here before, not even as a child, so it’s impossible I could recognize it. No one has had the opportunity or the desire to take me around here. I’m sure I know it, but I can’t remember how it happened. – A few moments passed, and the memory surged impetuously. – Ah! But yes! Now I understand! It’s incredible... now it’s clear to me... I had a dream a few months after we got married... yes! Just a dream and nothing more, – they continued in a low voice as if talking to themselves – but I don’t remember many details, and then, what seems strangest to me is the fact that I perfectly recall in every detail some images and consider them very important and absolutely nothing of what happened before or after those clear sequences. I’m on a blue motorcycle – they murmured, looking in the direction of the hill as if expecting to see it – of the Harley Davidson type and I feel the chills of an unusually cold day with continuous gusts of wind.”

After recovering from the disturbance that such intense sensations had caused, they turned to the driver: “Let’s try to go left; as soon as we reach the end of the valley, we’ll find a road where immediately after on the right there will be a kind of quarry or a place where they work with stones.”

They gave other brief directions that turned out to be surprisingly accurate, but that didn’t catch their curiosity: they didn’t notice their evident excitement, or if they did, they probably thought it was a stupid joke.

Some time later, they had a dream, but it would be more accurate to call it a nightmare, as the deep terror experienced still prevents them from forgetting it. That dream had to be inserted into a particular story, alongside others, to realize this unique and astonishing tale. They saw themselves in those indelible mental frames while, filled with fear, they followed people proceeding slowly between two rows of tall shelves.

They were made of dark wooden planks and looked like macabre loculi without a closure slab. Inside them lay beings similar to skeletons who slowly stretched out their hands to hold them back, but they didn't have the strength to do so; they could only brush against them. They wondered with fear if they longed to share their fate or were trying to avoid something even more terrible.

They continued to walk, fearing that they might manage to grab them, until they suddenly realized they were in a large hall. They were forced to remain still now, not understanding where they were or what was happening; they looked around but could not distinguish the contours of the environment due to a dense white mist.

They were waiting for something dreadful; now they felt absurdly "small and defenseless." Suddenly, they heard a terrifying noise similar to a powerful blow against a metal sheet. That sound filled them with terror, an overwhelming terror... it was terror itself!

They would have wanted to move away from that place, paying no attention to the point from which that terrifying noise was coming. Through that fog, they now glimpsed a crack of light that gradually increased.

A large iron door opened slowly, and the light became blinding. An anguished anticipation remained in their soul. After a moment, they began to distinguish more clearly a dark silhouette in the midst of that dazzling brightness: it was a large truck backing up with an obsessively slow pace towards them. Their terror was indescribable; they couldn't move, they were about to be crushed... They woke up coughing and vomiting before their heart gave out from fear.

Some time passed since the night of the nightmare, but for a strange circumstance, it suddenly returned to their mind. They were over five hundred kilometers from home, having been guests of Carmen's mother for a few days. One morning, passing by the row of mailboxes located in the hallway of the apartment building where she lived, they stopped instantly: a copy of "Reader's Digest" was inside a cardboard package resting on the last mailbox. For that volume, they felt the same interest they would have felt for a brochure about anti-cellulite cream, less than zero. They were completely indifferent to that book, and yet they saw with dismay their hand acting on its own. They sought justification,

thinking there must be something among those pages that would prove useful. Tearing the wrapping, they pulled out a carefully bound volume with a black cover and a red swastika titled “Nude Mannequins.”

If they had listened to the mind that considered that action senseless and reprehensible, they wouldn’t have slipped it into their suitcase intending to read it once they reached Trieste.

Perhaps that book could increase their knowledge, they thought on the way home. “Will it be useful at the right moment to extend my field of intervention? If I couldn’t resist the urge to steal it, there must be valid reasons.”

So, as happened more and more frequently, in that circumstance, they followed their intuition, and this allowed them to add another important piece to the mosaic they were creating.

They had been back for over a month; that evening, they were bored in bed while Carmen was tidying up in the kitchen. Suddenly, as was often the case, they shouted in a peremptory tone: “Hey, Carmé, do you remember what happened to that book about the Nazis with the black cover and the swastika in the center,... the one I stole in Pavia?”

“Which one? What book with the black cover?”

“The one I took at your mother’s house... actually, from the mailbox down in the hallway. – As usual, her prolonged silence made them angry. – Damn! How can you not remember? Yet I made it clear that I cared a lot, not to ruin it, and above all not to lose it. Is it possible that whenever I forget something, you inevitably do too?”

“I don’t move a leaf that you don’t want, so I warn you: it’s late, and I don’t intend to waste an hour as usual looking for what you need; I have other things to do now.”

“It’s incredible, but it’s a constant – they grumbled irritated – if I don’t find what I’m looking for immediately, I have to turn the whole house upside down for hours.”

“Don’t take it out on me now; I haven’t even seen it; I only know you talked about it with Gianni.”

Resigned to rummaging everywhere to find it behind the last object moved, they slipped on their slippers; to do so, they had to bend down, and as they raised their head, their gaze fell on the suitcase on top of the wardrobe. “Could it be that for once, luck is helping me?” – they

grumbled confidently. –

As hoped, the book was there, and a moment later, all satisfied, they returned to bed. They started flipping through it; here and there, there were some horrific photos; there were beings that had little human left; there were barbed wire and barracks covered in snow.

Then, perhaps simultaneously with Carmen, a pot or something fell, but at the very moment they laid their eyes on “that” photograph, they heard again that frightening sound that had terrified them in the nightmare. A sound vibration capable of shaking the soul of the most fearless man, for in those photos... there was what they had seen in the dream.

They stiffened like an automaton and turned their gaze from that page; it was incredible: they had seen the same skeletal faces and the same desperate outstretched hands inside those wooden lofts.

They let the book fall; they no longer had the strength to hold it. To perceive for just a moment the smells and sounds of the nightmare experienced long ago had multiplied the horror of those images. Minutes passed in anguish, and Carmen, who in the meantime had finally finished tidying up, had slipped in beside them under the sheets.

“Come on, turn off the light; you know I can’t fall asleep otherwise. You weren’t even reading when I came in; I saw you, only now have you picked it up again; are you doing this to annoy me? What have I done to you?”

“But come on, gnampola, what are you saying? I was simply thinking about these terrible images.”

They stretched their arm, and she glanced distractedly at the indicated page, satisfied with their explanation, whispered goodnight like a proud and satisfied little girl who had done everything well and surrendered to sleep.

A good part of that night, they spent awake; they had to read every word; there could be something important, and not just for them. Besides the photo, which reflected in minute detail what they had dreamed, they found the description of some dramatic episodes to which those images referred; it was the same one they could have made when they awoke from the nightmare. Those pieces might be useful one day; otherwise, for what reason had they felt the irresistible urge to steal that book, and why live such a terrifying nightmare only to find it later in those pages? Why

find themselves in a gas chamber and believe that after the shower they could leave that place on a truck?

– Some were waiting like a release for the famous truck, inert, apathetic, others rebelled, running to the door, pounding with their fists and screaming... A truck approaches, backing up towards the door that opens in front of it... –

In the following passage, they found many details that perfectly coincided with the experience lived in the nightmare and that could explain the terror felt during the strange “dream” and the crazy fear that the truck could crush them:

– The room is now strongly illuminated. A horrible picture is then presented to the eyes of the spectators: the corpses are not sprawled all over the room but piled in a heap as high as the room.

The explanation lies in the fact that the gas first floods the lower layers of the air and only slowly rises to the ceiling. This forces the unfortunate to trample on each other and climb over one another... I note that at the bottom of the pile of corpses are infants, children, women, and the elderly; on top, the strongest. I describe to them the suffering that this little girl had to endure and the horrible scenes that preceded the death in the gas chamber. When everything had plunged into darkness, she inhaled a few gas cyclon puffs. Just a few puffs; her fragile body collapsed under the pushes of the mass, which struggled against death, and, by chance, she fell with her face against the wet cement floor. That little moisture prevented asphyxiation. Because gas cyclon does not act in the presence of moisture – (Ibidem)

That little girl, the only surviving witness of those terrifying days, did not rise among the strongest but remained on the ground, running the risk of being crushed by that damned truck that was slowly backing up. The strange phenomenon that led them to live the terror and desperation experienced by the Jewish deportees can have many explanations in your eyes: paranormal cognition, fraud, coincidence, or metempsychosis. The last possibility, which we wish to suggest, has no medical contraindications, cannot do any harm, nor lead you to deliberately wrong conclusions.

Following this hypothesis, it is possible to attribute to the spirit the capacity of having been a little girl; an innocent and defenseless creature in the hell devised by man. Such a capacity is discovered in an ancient

tradition, difficult to date but known to the sages of the Jewish cult, which tells of a King born of the blood of Sionne destined for the world throne. Thinking of metempsychosis and the prophetic passages that express the belief in the descent and royalty of the character destined to leave a deep mark in history, the episode can be framed in light of such esoteric elements and finds an adequate correspondence.

“He will be from the tribe of Dan, and he will be recognized by Israel as the King they awaited so faithfully.”

In one way or another, all kings come from a feminine figure. It is neither a boast nor a shame to proceed from the immortal Spirit of that little girl, for it is merely one of the expressions or, if it sounds better, a phenomenon due to that perennial energy capable of being perceived in countless forms... even in the enigmatic form of the Antilegge.

It is hoped that the battle cry of this future king, who chooses the crown of thorns between a throne and a crown, will be heard by the masses powerless before the difficulties that slow down the evolutionary path in the current dimension. Some perceive them as a diabolical design and uselessly attempt to erase it. Paying attention to that cry, the Intelligent Design of the God of every creed takes precedence over the first and becomes more evident so that all can color it. The connection between that ancient tradition, the stolen book, the terrifying dream that appeared to our Scribe, and the girl who lived that dreadful experience and was able to tell it to a nurse at the extermination camp will appear clearer if the interpretation given to the words reported by tradition is accepted: The King born of the blood of Sionne is none other than the new Man born from the blood of the Holocaust.

Now, the many “ifs,” “perhaps,” “who knows,” those adverbs that seem doubtful will be briefly commented on. From them, one could deduce that no certainty can be boasted. This is not the case when one is free to direct the evolutionary phenomenon in every direction, and in the Reality proposed for the reader’s attention, two antithetical choices can coexist without one excluding the other; that Reality, it must be accepted, IS!

This concise definition, in truth infinitely complex, is used to describe

what cannot be humanly de-fined nor indicated in any way to evoke the experience; it is like talking about the taste of salt to someone who has never tasted it... it is useless to talk about it for hours.

They closed the book; the sun was rising. The first rays filtered through the shutters. “Yes, bright... as they should be for the first disciples – the mind suggested – I can’t wait to see Gianni’s face when I try to tell him about the strange experience I lived inside that gallery, the Plan that emerged from it afterward, and everything else. One of these days, he will be the first to hear about those dramatic moments, then, if he wants, we will go together to see if it is possible to determine how many steps I took before reaching that niche where I stayed.”

“The Antichrist will want to resemble him, and his first disciple will also be called Giovanni; he will be the first to whom the Antilegge will reveal if.”

Several years later, they found confirmation of this extraordinary coincidence when, by chance, they discovered that a seer had even indicated the name of the first person to whom the Antichrist would have confessed his nature; a personality born from experiences such as the one lived in the gallery and the incredible Plan that had emerged from it.

That discovery could have made them euphoric and tickled their pride; instead, what they witnessed simply confirmed the ability of the Intelligent Energy to create the necessary coincidences to facilitate the understanding of one of the infinite, wonderful possibilities of the Spirit itself. If for some prophecies our Scribe has omitted to mention the author and the volume from which they were taken, it must be fully justified since, when other prophetic pieces subsequently appeared, in order to give more weight to the words they wrote, being aware of having already found them in abundance, they did not attribute particular importance to those last ones. It sufficed to believe with just a pinch of trust, and in the end, the Scribe would obtain it.

At that time, they were not glued to the radio to perform the task assigned to them; only news of wars, famines, revolutions, and similar events, as it is right, piqued their interest. They strengthened their

discernment by trying to discover how the usual and most insignificant could influence the most striking events.

Due to the initial lack of commitment, primarily due to the exhausting sports activity, some of the extraordinary prophecies hastily put aside became lost. The most curious, with its inaccuracies, had the effect of increasing their interest in seers. They remember finding it in a paranormal magazine; it was a decidedly countercurrent interpretation of the number 666.

The author wrote that originally, on the first sacred texts, the number-name by which the incarnation of evil would be indicated was transcribed as follows: 600-40-60. It was also specified that the letters of the ancient Greek alphabet were used to indicate indifferently both that number full of obscure meanings and the word black. The article continued by pointing out and emphasizing several times a curious analogy that astonished them.

It noted that the name of God in Sanskrit: Krishna, means black! So a connection was established between symbols of different cultures; those numerical symbols had been used to indicate the same divinity. In any case, not losing so many clues occurs without purpose; one can be sure of that. Many, in fact, should not be convinced; they should serve as a terrible example for those who will remain. A clue in confirmation of the above appears in the writing of a religious woman dating back to the distant 1793:

“And the survivors, frightened by the punishment of others, recognizing the finger of God, will live in peace.”

They rarely spoke about their experiences with Carmen; they did not consider it necessary for their inner progress. It is known that to advance on the spiritual path, explanatory words are superfluous for the bhakti-yogi. With this term, semi-unknown to Westerners, yoga masters refer to those who follow a spiritual path characterized by an absolute devotion to a being or a purpose.

Carmen was particularly predisposed to follow that path; this was demonstrated by her ability to fully dedicate herself to the role of mother. They limited their intervention to a few sporadic considerations

and a few hints at those intuitions they had jealously guarded. Should she happen to read prophecies with specific references to a figure similar to hers, she would not waste time asking questions. They fostered her initiation in a thousand ways; they knew that the day would come when they would ask her to trust blindly, to have faith in what the mind cannot understand. They would also have to choose between the path taken, which was now becoming steeper, and the one that would soon appear to her.

One day, they approached her while she was busy tidying the house, asking her to stop and listen; they wanted to hear her opinion on a theme that was particularly close to their heart.

“Carmé, do you remember what I told you about the experience in the tunnel, when I decided to take the gun to end it all and all those prophetic descriptions found later that seem to refer precisely to that strange adventure that happened to me? Well, look here for a moment; in this book, it might seem that it’s talking about you. No! Don’t look at me like that! Don’t believe that I’m joking as usual... or that I have nothing to do; read and tell me what you think.”

“Wait a moment; I’ll be right back; I have to take the tablecloth to the other room; otherwise, Paco will make a mess.”

The three-year-old macaque was happily on the table, now he could rummage around calmly, understanding that he was being ignored because they were interested in something else.

“Carmen, listen, the number of details that coincide perfectly is remarkable.”

“The companion of the Antichrist will be confused with the ears of corn (petite, slender) ... she will have a small breast... He will be more skilled with the rod (pen) than with the word, and the task of speaking will be entrusted to the person close to him with stuttering lips.”

They quoted some more passages and waited for her possible reaction; then, seeing her little engaged, they continued: “Do you remember when I spent months without speaking to anyone except you? You were the one who spoke for me with others... remember the

faces they made? It seems that even this detail was predicted a long time ago. You know, when I met you, at some moments I thought I could spend only beautiful moments with you, but after a while, I began to believe that you were the person capable of helping me realize my dream: making others aware of how the other dimension expands, inside and outside of us; it is for us what yeast is for bread.”

It would have been better if they had said something more; the events that would soon wound them would reveal themselves less painful and traumatic for both. They should have told her that they felt the need to experience the marriage in the role of the head of the family. Only in this way could some significant coincidences for their Project take place.

The Plan required seeing the inevitable and extensive interactions that the figure of a father determines. They intuited the usefulness of understanding the internal changes of a primary cell of the human social body, as this would allow “managing” in the best way the catastrophe hanging over their heads. A disaster that would begin the very moment those cells began to disintegrate to a greater extent for the most various reasons.

“So I would only be this for you, something that has come in handy... an object... perhaps precious, but nothing more!”

“Come on! Don’t talk like that; you make me feel guilty, even though I have no guilt. Think about it; do you remember our walk along the University road when I met you? When pretending it was a game, I started asking you questions? Back then, you only gave your answers after weighing, among the possible ones, the one that would most satisfy me.

Now, if you keep in mind that what was not at all a normal game, that there exists the remote possibility that you are involved in a design, you should acknowledge my foresight. You shouldn’t be sad; beyond all that, I love you, and I will love you until the day you settle into what you think you are; a woman with the duty to give all that is just and noble when requested.”

“But you are not like me; now you speak well, but can’t you see? When it happens that you get angry, how much fear you inspire in me. To achieve your goals, you wouldn’t stop at anything; there’s nothing

that could make you think, desist...”

“You’re wrong, my love; you can, you are the only one who can stop me; I don’t understand why, nor do I intend to try to understand it; I simply accept that it is so.”

In that circumstance, they gave her the impression of knowing how to resort to lies and any wickedness to draw her closer to them because, without replying, she walked away to continue with her chores.

The reason they considered her an effective brake was understood while reading the horrifying tragedy of the Jewish people in the Nazi extermination camps. Reflecting on that terrible collective experience, they arrived at an intuition of when she could assume the role of the maternal figure. The significance of those distant events will be explored at the beginning of Chapter IX to provide a rational explanation for why only she could stop their hand in situations where they risked losing control. Indeed, which person can cool the burning offense better than a mother? And many seers had written that it would be the Mother who would do it but not forever.

“I will be obliged to let my Son’s arm go free... Then you will see that God will punish men more severely than in the days of the flood.”

A thousand impenetrable reasons conspired for them to part ways and for winter to descend upon their souls; however, he knew that after frost comes spring, and the two precious seeds that the Spirit guarded would eventually sprout. Within this allegorical framework, a name must be placed: Carmela. Originally, it meant “God’s garden,” but for those two seeds, one would have to seek a garden that had not been infested by weeds.

Every picture must also be placed under the right light, and for this, there is the date that many prophetic texts, considering it important, report. Those interested in hidden messages may know that an Egyptologist, taking measurements inside the Great Pyramid of Cheops, used the sacred pyramidal thumb and derived, in addition to the number 666, a date he deemed very important: 1953. Perhaps

it is a coincidence that this was the year of birth of the bride of someone who would like to give substance to collective nightmares and dreams? The picture that is unfolding will eventually be framed by the enigmatic words of Luke:

“The Queen of the South will ‘rise’ on the Day of Judgment with the men of this generation and condemn them.”

The metaphysical enigma presented is of simple solution if one thinks that the Saint has managed to find a flattering definition for her who, in 1953, saw the light in the South and participated, partially aware, in his project for many years and, in these Last Days, has been called to judge and erase names that appeared unworthily on the pages of the Third Testament. The saint does not add that she too would have poured betrayal into her cup.

Through Gilly, the Enemy would have suggested she abandon the path: “Leave him, you must think of yourself... do not stop for the love of your children... you will get nothing from them.” The Opponent would have used Gilly to strike his blows without supposing that she would later transform into a Lily of Steel and, in the chapter dedicated to her, one will see how the chosen one has been able to use her cutting thread. Perhaps destiny wants him to drink to the last bitter drop from that cup? Must he do so to understand that, when one loves, gall turns into honey? In any case, when later one hears him speak of her, it will not be to remove her from the place that belongs to her, and for now, the advice remains to evaluate, without any prejudice, every explanation given, even the most unthinkable, because every truth of this Universe is subject to change.

One could continue to turn the piece of reincarnation in one's hands, which explains many paradoxical situations, but, as there are many publications on the topic, it will suffice to add that some Church Fathers and many pillars of thought, in every era, strongly supported metempsychosis. The intellectual jabs that have just been distributed aim to sharpen the ability to parry any possible conceptual aggression. One must submit the found statements to the scrutiny

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of intuition without being deceived by bookish knowledge. Having learned this impeccable technique, for a Warrior who has descended onto the battlefield of Ultimate thought, it is essential to practice it to the extreme consequences.





V

THE GIFT OF HANUMAN

Paco, their little monkey, like many of his kind, paid dearly for his instinct for freedom; he was shot down by machine-gun fire. Carmen seemed to have lost a child, so much was she grieved, and indeed, that monkey received all the attention reserved for overly exuberant little ones. There was nothing that could deter him; if his instinct suggested he could sneak out through the door or window without being caught, he did so without the slightest hesitation. Once free, the anguish of losing him began for them: when they saw cars brushing past him, when he climbed the poles holding the power lines, and when people tried to hit or capture him. To all this was added the fear that, following his instinct, he might harm some little innocent, guilty of approaching him without respecting the ritual proper to his species.

Sometimes, before making him desist from romping around the neighborhood and returning, they had to spend the entire night following him without scaring him. In the end, tired and ruffled, begging for forgiveness with unmistakable grimaces, it was always in her arms that he sought refuge. It was she who held him to her chest, preventing him from punishing him when she managed to catch him, and it was always she who silently cried on the rare occasions when she anticipated his escape and punished him severely, making him appear a man without any mercy.

“If I don’t let him do it, sooner or later he will die; he will either be electrocuted or shot,” he repeated confidently.

“I can’t, I can’t do it,” she replied anxiously. “I suffer, and I don’t think it’s right to treat him so cruelly.”

Then... she found herself with Paco dying in her arms.

A carabinieri had shot him because he had wandered away from home for the umpteenth time. She thought it was her fault; if she had not listened to him but had been more severe, fierce in everyone’s eyes without caring at all, they could have continued to share the same emotions of their adorable little creature. That evening, she resigned herself to taking him, now lifeless, in a fire brigade vehicle; they had to reach a veterinarian to end his suffering. Poor Paco, lying on her knees, gasped rapidly. She looked into his eyes, hoping fervently that he would survive; she sadly expected to read fear and pain there, but she remained stone: he was looking at her with curiosity, with wonder. He knew all his expressions perfectly, even the most imperceptible; she could not possibly be mistaken.

She straightened her back in the seat and looked in the rearview mirror to understand the reason for that gaze. As the car passed under the streetlights, the reflected face lit up. “Well... what’s on his forehead?... These are tiny drops of blood! That’s not sweat at all, like I’m used to at the gym.”

How much wisdom in that popular intuition that considers animals capable of recognizing, first, the most unpredictable phenomena of Nature. At the last moment, Paco had reached the dimension of Hanuman, the Monkey God faithful to Krishna, spoken of in the Indian sacred texts.

“You’ve managed to see your lord,” he thought with bitter irony, “now no one will be able to prevent you from playing in his Infinite Garden.”

Then, he wiped away those inappropriate drops of blood from his face with the back of his hand. Others, noticing them, recalling his strange comments while getting onto their vehicle, might have thought that the intense pain was causing somatic phenomena due to hysteria.

“Seeing these spots they will think I’ve gotten dirty with your blood, my little one, but you know the truth, and finally, you know that if I hit you when you slipped away from my guidance to romp freely among the branches, I never stopped loving you. For the things that happened today,

my mind will find an explanation tomorrow, but it will not be able to explain to others how you could be like a son and that from you, I could have received more than I gave you. Perhaps I will be a beast, similar to the Antichrist seen by the seers, and a non-human beast like me cannot allow its cub to be captured, taken thousands of kilometers away, kept in the dark in a cold basement inside a cage, where it can only sit. A fierce beast knows how to fight to the death, and if one is not capable of doing the same, one must bow before the determination of so many animals, their spirit of sacrifice pushed to the extreme. They, however, do not have much choice; they can use their claws, their teeth, and their instinct. I will be able to use weapons that do not even seem like weapons and, precisely for this reason, even more lethal.” (Fig. 8)

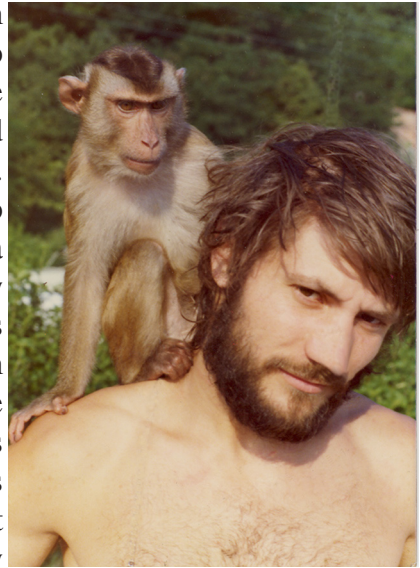


FIG. 8 - PACO, INDIMENTICABILE HANUMAN

“When new plagues will wander the Earth like storm-laden clouds, great events will be near, for a branch of humanity will be dry and must be broken.” (The Black Spider, Bavarian monk of the 16th century)

A few days after his death, he wrote a few lines with Carmela with the aim of having them published in the local newspaper. They were provocative and condemnatory words:

Now finally the monster will no longer terrorize you. You, who are undoubtedly civilized people, can sleep soundly; you deserve it, you have done everything that was your responsibility. You have delegated to men of common sense, like you, the task of enacting laws that allow the deportation from their natural habitat of defenseless creatures. Your vocation to make known and appreciated by all beings the “civilization” allows you to accept this work with the utmost serenity. They are delicately ripped from the affection and play with

other cubs, animals of all races, until a “dangerous” bond is created between a little King Kong given as a gift and his new “family,” which must be broken. And dangerous, considering what has been possible to establish with certainty, could be a very appropriate term. It has been shown that stress due to captivity weakens the immune response in macaques. In the bodies of primates, there are about fifty SV24, completely harmless in the animal that lives free in its natural environment but capable of activating and unleashing deadly diseases in subjects who lose their immune defenses.

How common it is to believe that AIDS is the effect of a wrong attitude by men is well known; what is less known is the fact that its initial spread has been largely attributed, coincidentally, to the anthropoid species of macaques. Finally, the spread of this ulcer of the body and soul, which occurred after his death, brings to mind the advice already included in the introductory note: eradicate today the pain from faces, to one day avoid that even the snout of a little creature knows horror and suffering. The continuation of the letter was a summary of the pain, the emptiness, the determination to overcome it, and the many orphaned emotions that Paco had left in them:

– Little Paco became more civilized day by day: he started using the toilet and even learned to turn off the light before leaving a room, bringing everything requested and peeking into the guests’ pockets. He even reached the point of looking with nostalgia-desire at pictures of forests and being scared when he saw a reptile in photo reports, eating at the table with utensils and going out with his “dad” for ice cream. But one day he discovered that man’s civilization is incompatible with Freedom; he discovered it at the highest price—his life. Those who, out of greed for money and other things, destroy Nature and trample on Freedom will no longer sleep soundly for long. –

They will discover that the death of Paco, a little monkey, was enough to generate in him the desire to oppose and stop them. The slaughter of so many children, orphans and not, who during the Stalinist era were called besprizornye, and the pain of so many mothers will determine in many Men the desire to unite and oppose those atrocities. They will understand that their supreme duty is to rally under the banners of the one who has always been destined for

the wonderful and terrible task of stopping and reeducating those who commit such acts. Further down, a few words concluded the letter:

I also want to let you know that Paco, for me and my husband, was, is, and will be like a son. We have given up his affection and presence to spare a possible pain to another father and another mother. I hope that our sacrifice, and especially that of our dear little Paco, is not in vain. Do not let such things happen anymore, fight for the freedom of all, even for those beings that live one step lower. Do not let them suffer and destroy them. Paco will give you back that smile you have lost.

While reading the words written by his companion, the memory of Hanuman resurfaced in him. Those lines had to be taken to the local newspaper, so later it could be understood and felt what was the sentiment that, more and more often, prevailed over her: unfortunately, the goodness; goodness is like a flower with an intense fragrance, if not tempered by wisdom, it intoxicates.

The name Hanuman might have aroused some curiosity, but for many it would be superfluous to address this topic; the idea contained in this tale is directed simultaneously at practitioners of all faiths. For those who already know that symbolic figure, just mentioning the name is enough for them to understand the part of the message directed at them. For others, it is sufficient to sense that if his existence contained a mystery, the little creature that has just disappeared must also become part of it. Logically, their letter was not published, but following the article that described the hunt for the “monster,” they received a very moving letter from an unknown person expressing sincere sorrow and the desire to contribute with that gesture to alleviate theirs.

Time passed, and one night she dreamed of him. She found herself with Carmela in a real forest; strangely, instead of approaching to take the liquor candies from their pockets, of which he never had enough, he distanced himself to the point that they began to worry about losing him. Holding his hand, with her eyes trying to penetrate into that fluorescent green that enveloped them, Carmela softly murmured: “If he doesn’t come back, to whom will we give all these candies? Unfortunately, we don’t have any children.”

She freed herself from his grip, wondering how she had thought the same thing at the same moment, and while she was still trying to reach

him to entice him to return, she suddenly decided it was not right, that he should remain free in his beloved forest. Then, getting closer, among the play of light and shadows, she noticed that from above, something was dangerously swinging, a strange bundle that, as absurd as it seemed, looked like a newborn creature wrapped in a patchwork blanket.

“It’s destiny that one cannot rest in peace,” she thought anxiously, “now that you have finally found freedom in your environment, I must endure the anxiety for a life in constant danger. From me, one can expect anything,” – seemed to say his look between jumps. – “It would be a joke worthy of you; thanks to those hidden gifts that all creatures can boast of, you would manage to make us find a child and force us to suffer even more than before.”

That thought, so imperative, combined with the helpless anxiety for that little body in danger, made him open his eyes again.

Carmela next to him continued to sleep; it was deep night. He adjusted the pillow, promising himself in the morning to announce to her that she would have a child of her own. He could talk to her about Paco and what that dream wanted to assure her. He would tell her that it was Paco who announced to him the arrival of that gift and, to realize his dream, he simply had to avoid eating the flesh of those belonging to the Animal Kingdom. He would have to trust, even though she had wished for it in vain for eight long years; it was enough to keep silent about the perceived danger; she vaguely sensed its nature, and it was not the case to tell her without being sure: any child would indeed be a blessing. Caring for that unpredictable rascal who darted from tree to tree like a splinter had been for them like looking after an entire kindergarten; no child, surely, would have caused so many worries and pains. This time he was mistaken, but it was better not to have known: they would not have had the courage to accept that gift! A gift named Jade.

On average, every ten days for seven interminable years, she made them witness her exhausting battle: her weak forces against an unpredictable and cruel illness that left her no moment’s respite. The very serious form of asthma that their daughter suffered could strike her at any moment, leaving its indelible mark on their souls.

The only consolation that kept him from going mad was knowing

that the Father strikes hardest those whom He loves most. Then, with the years, the reasons for loving her became many; one of the many valid reasons he found in the garden of the house the day he stepped on a cockroach. The insect was upside down, frantically waving its tiny legs, as if desperately clinging to life.

Jade arrived right after, probably noticing that he was observing something carefully, and she approached, remaining silent for a moment to stare at it, then her lips began to tremble. She turned away without listening to the justifications that came spontaneously to him and slowly walked away, continuing to cry.

Quite some time passed when, passing through the back of the garden to tidy up some tools, he found her with swollen eyes and deeply dejected. He had completely forgotten the fate of the cockroach, so he thought she had quarreled with Lara; the sister, usually more submissive and accommodating, who perhaps had reacted.

Laretta had been conceived precisely to help them make the suffering existence of the firstborn more bearable. For this reason, when Jade lightly hurt her sensibility, she flew into a rage. So a bit abruptly, he asked her the reason for that crying, and her answer left him speechless: “He didn’t want to die, daddy, I saw? How desperate he was, how he moved his little legs, why did you step on him to make him die? You’re bad!”

“My child,” – he cleared his throat, hiding his emotion, torn by different feelings, pride for the sensitivity she showed and dismay for the unjust accusation and her hasty judgment –.

“Do you think that tiny insect, an insignificant little creature, if it saw you crying like this, would have reason to be happy?”

“But it can’t see me anymore, poor thing.”

“Do you believe so? You cannot know what the Miracle of Death is; no one has ever spoken to you about it, and the few things you have heard about it are not enough to make you understand the truth. Now is not the time; you are only twelve years old, but I promise you that soon I will explain what is needed to understand its secret.”

Almost two years passed before keeping that promise, so demanding.

“It will be the man of the cràcchilì (forest) who will come to save humanity. He will arrive at the end of the millennium and will

carry in hand the axe because many will be the dry branches, but no one will dare to cut them. And the man of the cràcchilì, after pruning the old plant, will plant a little plant whose name will be òòéòòu." [Note 3]

That day he was wandering as usual in the forest on the plateau behind the city. He was looking for firewood when the rustling of a viper slithering next to the path, a short distance from his feet, instilled in his mind the sensation of an impending hidden danger: betrayal. At that time, it was only vague feelings, but later, while writing these very pages and listening distractedly to the news, in a decidedly unusual way, he became fully aware of what was about to happen.

The anchor was busy reporting the mysterious end of two people on an island in the Mediterranean. He also spoke of the enigmatic message they had left written, with red paint at the place of the tragedy, just moments before dying: "Your son 666 is in danger."

Those inexplicable words, that sinister warning that only his intuition allowed him to associate with the risk he was running, had been sent in such a way because others too should start seeing how Intelligent Energy communicated? Thanks to that message, he noticed other imperceptible signs of danger and avoided succumbing; they arrived at the right moment, while his wife, along with someone who was behind the treacherous character who had challenged him declaring himself the Antichrist, was plotting against him.

"In the Last Days, wives will conspire against their husbands" [Note 4]

The State and its accomplice had unleashed their offensive. The representatives of the former sought to annihilate a declared and unpredictable enemy; the latter wanted to derive unspeakable advantages from his annihilation. However, to succeed in their intent, it was essential that someone came to betray him. "Lately, I see too much," – he thought to himself – "is this perhaps a sign of betrayal? I am waiting for that day, but I cannot suppress the anguish."

Now, thanks to a creeping being, the direction it had taken, the speed with which it proceeded, and other impalpable elements, he sensed that

moment was imminent and who would stain themselves with that guilt. The reptile was not very large; it was a little creature capable of even evoking sympathy, yet he immediately thought of catching it to show it to his daughters.

To the compassion for the animal, due to his knowledge, the mind immediately prevailed the instinct to protect the little ones. He needed to warn them to keep away from that type of snake in case they encountered it during school trips. Vipers are generally very poisonous, and Jade, being already severely weakened by her illness, would be at greater risk. So, to make it harmless, he did not hesitate much. He killed it with a stone, striking it on the head and various parts of the body, then stuffed it into a glass container found on the spot and returned to the car. He placed it inside and resumed gathering and sawing firewood. Several hours passed since the killing of the little creature, and as dusk fell, he decided to return. Having gotten into the car, he took a quick glance at the glass jar; the snake was in the same position as when he had placed it. Once home, he could not very well hit it in front of them, so he needed to be sure of the little snake's death. No! There was no doubt, it was rigid as a branch. He started the engine, but it struggled to start.

"Yet it isn't cold; it must feel offended because now I use it as a hearse after having used it for years as a cart for wood," – he joked, annoyed by the setback. –

It took him no more than half an hour to reach home, and parking, he checked one last time on the snake; it was still in the exact same position. He was excited at the thought of the expressions that would appear on his daughters' faces, so he didn't even unload the wood but grabbed the glass jar and approached the gate. He rang the bell impatiently until the door opened, and little Eva, the youngest, popped her head out. The little rascal, as usual, began to grumble: "Just a moment! Ugh!... I can't even finish washing my hands."

"Come on, call Lara and Jade; I need to show them something."

"What is it? What's in that jar?"

"Stop it and go call them."

"No! I'm not going because they won't come anyway."

He gave up, exasperated: "Jade!... Lara!... Come and see a viper."

In the meantime, he had placed the reptile on the steps in front of the

door, and after a moment, the two older sisters also appeared. They began to frantically circle around the little creature while he warned them never to approach a snake with that color because that, and he emphasized it strongly, was a viper. Lara, as usual, with wide-open eyes, was not paying much attention to what he was saying:

“How beautiful, what nice designs... but is it dead? Why is it so still?”

“Daddy!... Daddy!...” – Eva repeated like a broken record, tugging at his sleeve – “You were the one who killed it!... Daddy, tell me... Yes! Yes! You were definitely the one!”

Finally, Jade stopped and, starting to cry, immediately made her sisters halt and look at her, stopping their chatter. Tears fell to the ground, and some splashed onto the snake. Not even if they had been drops of molten metal could they have created that result: the viper twitched, began to move, and quickly headed toward the back of the house, passing by the feet of the little girls. She remained still and thoughtful; she had kept the promise to reveal the various aspects of death, and if one is recognized by one’s fruits, they should fear nothing else.

In those days, he preferred to pretend not to know that he would be betrayed by everyone. It was written that one of the signs by which one would learn of the approach of the Apocalypse was the most despicable betrayal, and it was right that it should be so. In any case, that would also be a lesson for the little ones and not just for them. Inevitably, the singular experiences that occurred in the lives of some would allow others to understand the importance of such events.

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It was then the Eighties; it is unnecessary to say with certainty who managed to convince her, but it is likely that it was Ennio, a writer with the reputation of a “damned” who at that time was taking care of a radio program. During the broadcasts, he praised a very well-known “sorceress” in the city, to the point that Carmen, one afternoon, decided to go to that fortune-teller.

It is not intended to extol her ability as a witch; it is mentioned to underline the facts concerning that visit and, in particular, the strange behavior adopted subsequently by the sorceress towards our Scribe. The woman, of middle age, described the events that, according to her, were to occur in detail and extremely clearly. Upon her return, seeing her so euphoric in

recounting that experience, he became curious to understand what could have excited her to such an extent. It was worth getting to know the person endowed with such charisma. He called to make an appointment, and on the agreed morning, he went to the place; a tastefully furnished apartment near the bridge on Via dell'Istria. He rang the intercom, and the door was opened immediately, and with two steps, he entered the elevator. Arriving at the floor, he found the fortune-teller's door in an instant, but it was unnecessary to ring the bell; the door opened, and a rather insignificant-looking woman presented herself. She seemed like a housewife, disturbed by an unwelcome visitor while she was busy tidying up the house. She looked at him strangely and seemed very surprised. For a moment he thought he had the wrong address, then that she might be the maid, since the woman he had spoken to on the intercom just moments before had clearly shown that she understood the reason for his visit by inviting him to come up. So he deemed it appropriate to repeat the reason he was there:

"I came because my wife is convinced that the sorceress I have an appointment with has some special power."

At that point, he noticed that the woman was visibly disturbed; it was clear from how she nervously twisted her hands. "The lady is not here." She said, tense and brusque. This time it was he who was surprised: "But how, I had an appointment; she told me to come up just a moment ago." "I don't know anything, I don't know what to tell you now... if you'll excuse me..."

He was bewildered; something suggested to him that this woman was precisely the "sorceress" he was looking for. He hesitated at the doorstep because she seemed suddenly frightened, and he could not see the reason. "Perhaps I am mistaken; it is probably the maid, and working for such an unstable character surely puts her at ease."

He sought a logical explanation for her illogical behavior and had to settle for what seemed, albeit unconvincing, as the most plausible.

"Well! Good morning, I'm sorry for the bother."

Arriving home, the first thing he did was to talk about it with Carmen. As he explained the situation, his perplexity increased; there was something he could not focus on, some detail that eluded him; in the end, disheartened, he asked what the sorceress known to her looked like.

To his great astonishment, as she continued with the description, he increasingly recognized the woman he had spoken to that morning.

“I don’t understand; she seemed to fear that I wanted to unmask her, yet I did nothing but praise her; it’s strange that she was so frightened; did something happen inside? Did her husband know me and suggest she not meet me?”

“It could be an explanation; knowing what kind of person you are, she may have feared that you’d cause some trouble to get back the money I gave her or simply that she’d quarreled with him, which would at least justify her evident embarrassment.”

“I’ll have to ask her for another appointment; I won’t give up; being made fun of by a modern witch is just too much, don’t you think?” Carmela shook her head and without replying walked away.

He fixed another meeting by phone, and after about twenty days, he returned to Via dell’Istria. She didn’t seem to recognize him at all, but she showed excessive haste while they entered the spacious living room. Curiosity took over to direct his thoughts that raced like wild horses: “Listen, last month I was here, and you personally told me you weren’t here; why?”

“But what do you want from me, what do you expect? You present yourself as a God on earth, and I can’t stand those who are late for appointments.”

“Less than two minutes if we want to be precise.”

“That’s enough; that’s why I answered you like that the other time.”

He was astonished and held back the impulse to tell her that those words were enough for him to consider her an idiot. Her justification was clearly a pretext; those few moments could not be considered a delay, and he had not even taken on the attitude of an arrogant skeptic. He remembered that he had come with the intention of unmasking her, and therefore he restrained his tongue.

“What else can I say; I couldn’t imagine that a few seconds would be so important.”

“What do you want to know?” – she asked brusquely. –

He replied that he intended to realize a very ambitious project and, to feel more motivated, he needed the response of a medium. She was so evasive in her answers that he doubted whether she had done it on purpose to prevent him from assessing her. Ten minutes later he was on his way home, and

as a good Istrian, he regretted bitterly the money spent with the sorceress. Incredibly, shortly after, some of the episodes that had been predicted to his wife long in advance occurred. First came those relating to other people, relatives she had not seen for a long time, then, after a few months, even the facts concerning her personally took shape in perfect succession.

All those coincidences began to break through his skepticism because at work he began to joke about it. Carmen had been told that, following a construction site accident, he would end up in orthopedics. Thus he seized every opportunity to remind his companions and if he had to climb the stairs of the apartment where they were doing the renovation, he would ask a friend, who in that case was also a work colleague, to carry him or at least hold his hand so that he wouldn't accidentally fall. It often happened that he had to nail some boards, and then he would call Giovanni, whom he already knew, to hold the nail in position; then, mimicking frenzied blows, he would imitate the sorceress. Laughing, he noted that his hand would never take the blow that was supposed to break it, as underneath, there was always Giovanni's. Thanks to these diversions, the working hours became a real joy... a little less for Vanja, their nice boss.

Several unforgettable weeks passed, during which they committed to semi-destroying with great care the apartment in question, which, as per the estimate, they were supposed to restore. Towards the end of their meritorious work, he passed to another company; [Note 5] six days later, due to non-compliance with safety regulations by the new owner, he was in orthopedic division with a broken ankle. The preventive measures required by law were far too burdensome; it was better to contribute to his enrichment and stoically endure that painful setback.

The X-ray examination revealed a fracture of the ankle; only after his persistent requests for further examinations to verify that there were no other bone lesions was it possible to discover the second fracture. Now, unlike the first therapeutic approach, it became necessary to perform surgery to insert a metal plate; and it was advisable not to be influenced even by that strange quatrain found during that brief hospitalization:

"And he will hold the iron in the bloody wound." (Nostradamus)

His workmates visited him in the hospital, and between a grimace of pain and a laugh, he again recounted the words of the sorceress:

“And so, guys, you already knew that the witch, speaking with Carmen, predicted that I would break my bones at work, and knowing me, you also know how remote that possibility was, but it unfortunately happened.”

With their presence, they had restored his good humor, and to keep it longer, he had to provoke them by resorting to some naive exaggeration. Their wit would not be long in coming.

“But I haven’t told you everything yet; I read by chance yesterday a quatrain by Nostradamus that is quite relevant; it was indeed about that bloodthirsty monster that you know.”

The two visitors, knowing his hobby of collecting prophecies with the aim of creating a book, settled on either side of the bed.

“He... – a brief pause to stimulate their interest and resumed in a solemn tone – should have suffered a fracture of the left ankle.”

At this point, to confirm his expectations, Sergio intervened ironically: “Sorry, you know, but you throw yourself off scaffolds to make everyone think you are the Antichrist, and the community has to spend money to fix your fractures, which also rhymes, to get you back to normal, which magically continues to rhyme? Your mania for wanting the world always round is costing us dearly.”

From laughing too hard at his jokes, he felt as if he had his ankle in their teeth, but as soon as he could speak, he objected: “But how can you think I did it on purpose?”

“Mah!.. I sincerely believe that you are capable of doing it... in your head, you certainly have the kind of worm that eats away at the brave.”

He continued to laugh until tears fell, then preferred not to reply. After all, it was not a compliment; it was a metaphorical stone thrown against his intention to realize an Intelligent Design.

✱

Some time before the accident predicted by the fortune-teller, another inexplicable fact, relying solely on rationality, occurred during the period he worked as a site manager in Piazza Ospedale.

He had finished about ten days prior the file with which he intended to participate in the Leone di Muggia. He pompously referred to it, with barely

concealed satisfaction, as a romanced essay, partially autobiographical. It consisted of a few typewritten pages, and the very few copies were distributed all during that period to evaluate their impact. In those pages, an attempt was made to compare the predictions of mystics and seers with some inexplicably occurred facts. The title, – I the Antichrist – seemed to indicate all the limits of the author’s personality.

He spoke about it with his workmates, and Paolo, a tall, dark-haired, and incredibly thin young man, showed particular interest asking for a copy. He enthusiastically accepted to lend it to him; he was a very sharp guy, and receiving criticism would be useful. A few days later, while returning it, Gianni and Sergio were present, and they had witnessed firsthand the compilation of the writing; they knew the period in which it was finalized and when the very few copies were distributed. Therefore, they were astonished when Paolo began to joke about the authorship of the work he had lent him. They asked him the reason for such incredulity, and the answer left his two friends even more perplexed:

“As soon as I got home, I threw the typescript on the kitchen table, and my mother, seeing the title, told me she already knew what it was about. Obviously, I replied that it wasn’t possible, but she told me the story in detail and even said she knew the author, an Istrian who sometimes went to the P.C.I. circle on Via Madonnina. She said that during the last meeting, which took place about six months before, he had confided to her about writing the many coincidences that had happened to him, his unusual adventures, and the hypothesis that could be drawn from all this. In conclusion, my mother recounted in detail everything I found written in “your” little book.”

Paolo ended his particular explanation with the same ironic tone; he had thought he had been the victim of a joke, and that must have been his little revenge. One could not blame him; anyone in his place would have believed his mother rather than Gianni and Sergio, who remained silent, listening.

He remembered perfectly that in the party circle, he had set foot there only once more than ten years earlier to warn them that if they dared to attack him again like perfect idiots, believing him to be a fascist and justifying their armed aggression with chains, with the fact that even the police behaved in that way, their beloved circle would be destroyed

with clubs. To clarify that mystery, he had to speak with Paolo's mother; perhaps it would be possible to identify the mysterious character she had met. The next morning, the woman appeared with her son and confirmed in detail his words. While listening to her incredible story, the Scribe carefully studied her features to rule out having met her on other occasions; he was sure he had never seen her before, and she too showed that she did not know him at all.





VI

THE SEED OF EVIL

Slowly, he had resumed walking without the aid of crutches and, by chance, one morning while passing through the center, he noticed a large cross on the stone portal of a stern-looking building. The point and manner in which it had been left surprised him: it was at such a height that it would have been uncomfortable for anyone to practice it. It was not marked with chalk, hence it could be excluded that it had been done by advertisers, and then, whoever had executed it had repeatedly scratched the hard stone of the portal with the intention of conferring greater visibility by increasing the thickness and depth of the engraving. That drawing left in such an unusual way piqued his curiosity; instinctively he turned to the other side of the street; strangely... on the opposite door, the same symbol was scratched. A highly unlikely idea flashed in his mind, and he immediately tried to dismiss it: “No! It can’t be, what am I thinking, it was some lanky person who brought flyers and, lacking chalk, in order not to have them delivered unnecessarily, marked the already completed door in that way.”

Yet that explanation did not convince him; the time necessary to leave that symbol was decidedly too long. No advertising operator could afford to make the delivery of flyers while wasting all that time. He proceeded along Via Mazzini; the next portal and the one at the intersection bore

the same mark. He continued to scrutinize all the doors as he walked, and seeing that none were exempt from that decoration, his curiosity grew. He stubbornly dismissed the idea that was now boiling in his mind; he had to first verify in other areas of the city.

He resumed walking briskly as much as his painful ankle allowed and, in less than half an hour, he found himself quite far away, but the mark seemed to follow him; it was present on every portal, perhaps made by the same hand. “Is it possible that the seed recently scattered is already starting to sprout?” In reality, years had passed since the day his first manuscript began to circulate. “Maybe yes! Maybe that movement that the more open-minded souls hope for is forming even at these latitudes; the one predicted by so many mystics: the army of God’s Swords ready to be tempered by fire and prepared for Martyrdom.”

“To affirm or desire the existence of something is to create it; not wanting the existence of something means to destroy it.” (ELIPHAS LÉVI)



Some time passed since then, and other events of obscure meaning occurred. These took place when he confided, to a couple of carefully chosen people, that the director of the kindergarten attended by Giada, a kind and reserved woman, was aware of the true author of that manuscript, whose true story we already know and which had been created with the unusual title: – I the Antichrist –.

He had suggested it, actually misleading the two interlocutors, in order to study the side effects. From behind the scenes, he would observe undisturbed what certain news could provoke, and, as anticipated, about three months after spreading that information, three middle-aged men, distinguished and with a determined appearance, went to see her. According to the description provided by the director, they exhibited a deep culture and were in search of the author of that singular little book. Without any effort, the chosen one had pushed “someone” to search for the author of “his” typescript that dealt with the Apocalypse on a trail that would lead them to a character who in turn had written an esoteric book and was considered by the most qualified esoteric researchers in the city, none other than the Antichrist. The

character that the Scribe, guided by chance, had induced to seek and whom he indicated as the author of – I the Antichrist – was therefore not in reality the author of the manuscript with the provocative title. It was the woman who directed Giada's kindergarten who told him about the consideration that character had in certain circles, a piece of news that our Scribe relayed, with appropriate adjustments, to the two he deemed suitable to notify "three middle-aged, distinguished men with a determined appearance."

It was the director of the kindergarten herself who told him about these latest developments. Speaking of qualified esoteric circles dedicated to the worship of the devil in a city like Trieste might make one smile, if their affiliates, as that official spontaneously pointed out, had not become university barons, industrialists, magistrates, and prominent figures in various sectors. She, therefore, indicated to her visitors the location where that character had recently moved after leaving his job at an important research institute. Being herself interested in maintaining some form of contact with him, she requested that once located, she be kept informed.

The three promised her and took their leave. "In doing so," reported the director, "one of them stated seriously: The time has not yet come for this story to be made public."

After that visit, about six months passed, and fate brought the relatives of one of the founders of the Anticancer Center on Via Pietà from Argentina. Two of them, during their stay in Trieste, went to see her to be able to reach the mysterious character in question together. Their trip was perfectly useless: the Antichrist had been missing for a long time without leaving the slightest trace. Later, our Scribe returned for a short time to contact the municipal official as she offered to give Giada free tutoring lessons. Thus, he came to know the effects that his appropriately adjusted indications had subsequently caused; the most evident was undoubtedly her distress, due to the fact that the "usual unknowns" had shown themselves to be threatening so that she would refrain from informing them of their interest in someone who enjoyed being considered the Antichrist.

"Think about being a teacher and remember that you have a daughter and a granddaughter."

He tried to insist to obtain some more clues about those three men; he was lucky because, during the last interview, she let slip a comment that, read in the context formed following his suggestive confidences, allowed one to intuit how the plan to hinder the Work of the Scribe was developing. After having excluded that it was a matter of simple guardians of the Order, she said verbatim: "...They are people... but please don't ask me to be more precise... capable of determining political turns in Italy... and perhaps not only in Italy."

Then, she extended her arm handing him the book resting on the desk: "This is -The Pendulum of Foucault- read it carefully so you will understand what danger it is about. She stopped looking worriedly toward the half-open door and, after a moment, resumed: "You write about a plan to conquer the world and, in Umberto Eco's tale, one of his protagonists does so too; he invents a conspiracy only to confide it to others, but his project is believed to be achievable and, to prevent him from revealing the truth, they kill him."

"And the religious thought sleeps, waiting for development, in our people: whoever will know how to awaken it will have done more for the Nation than with twenty-seven political winds." (G. Mazzini)

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Now he had proof, the seed he had sown was beginning to sprout; new roots-ideas were spreading and strengthening rapidly within the social base. Above, the buds, that is to say, the representation of the 144,000 elect, were beginning to open, but only a few privileged individuals were slowly opening their eyes to that abstract and unexpected danger. Having the opportunity to talk about it with receptive people, he ironically declared himself satisfied; as abstract and unexpected as it was, it was still a danger for them. After so many stinging defeats, he finally boasted of his first victory thanks to an ancient technique still in use in Tibet, to his Islamic-type "fanaticism," and to a deep Christian faith. Now the goal, the same that in reality every belief pursues, would be achieved thanks to a sophisticated psychological weapon. Always with the same weapon, he would eliminate the contradictions that prevent the extremes, namely the sharpest minds, from merging into harmony and becoming those notes that compose the most inspired lyrics of every belief.

Now, it would be useful to illustrate the prophetic steps that anticipated that very sowing. For this operation, the dissemination of concepts that seemed devoid of meaning at the time is to be understood; they were tirelessly repeated for years until they inevitably began to be accepted by others. Those solitary ideas, like high snow-capped peaks, had long been included in the most inspired books, but it is not right to bore you, so we only cite a few:

"The ignorant princes (rulers) will disapprove of the most learned in celestial matters (spiritual modus vivendi) they will be punished by edict, chased like scoundrels and killed where they are found... The great society and army of the Crucifers will be founded in Mesopotamia, (Italy) by the river (people) near (sympathizers) the light brigade (guerrillas) which that law will deem an enemy... Of philosophers a new sect, death despising, gold honors and riches. Neighbors will not be Germans mountains, incitement and support from sympathizers they will have." (Nostradamus: 4/18-3/61)

To compare the words of these quatrains with the events that took place in Italy in recent decades and discover their analogies, it is first necessary to remember that the famous seer, in the introductory letter sent with his centuries to the then King of France Henry II, warns that Mesopotamia should be understood as the European region between the 37th and 42nd parallel: as if to say our peninsula. Moreover, many seers have seen the birth of something in Italy that would cause a global upheaval, some a new religion, some a new type of thought, some an army composed only of the best men from all nations. Among them was Saint Francis of Paola, who, in the distant 1482, wrote to such Simon of Alimena:

"By the virtue of the Holy Spirit, I am granted the spirit of prophecy, one of your descendants will be the leader of the Holy Militia, and there will be no lord in the world who is not of the Holy Militia. They will bear the sign of the living God in their chests but much more in their hearts. The first to be of such a Holy Order will be from the city of Spoleti, they will become

the most faithful of the Most High. Now that the time of the greatest and most righteous justice of the Holy Spirit is coming, the Divine Majesty wants many citizens of Spoleti to follow the Great Prince of the Holy Militia. The first to secretly bear the Sign of God will be from that city, to whom it will be written and advised by a Holy Hermit to bear it uncovered and engraved in his heart. Such a man will begin to investigate very subtly the secrets of God about the great visit and governance that the Holy Spirit will undertake in the world, through the Holy Militia. He will interpret the sacred secrets and will often be admired having foreseen the secrets of the Holy Spirit. O Spoletini, rejoice greatly that such a Prince over Princes and King over Kings will have you in great grace and crowned he will be of the "three" most marvelous crowns, he will exalt such a city and make it one of the first cities in the world." (Saint Francis of Paola)

On August 13, 1496, the Saint wrote again to Alimena:

"Magnificent Lord, after you will come one of your descendants, as I have written and predicted many times by the will of the Most High. Such a man will be a great sinner in youth, then he will convert to the great God, from whom he will be drawn as was Saint Paul. Victorious over the Dragon he will be called... He will be the great founder of a new Religion, different from all others, which will be divided into three orders, that is, of knights in arms, of priests meditating in solitude, and of most pious hospitallers. It will be the last Religion, and it will yield more fruits than all the others. It will extirpate all the tyrants of the world, taking by force of arms a great kingdom and will make one fold and one shepherd, giving the world a holy living and will reign until the end of the ages. The whole world will have only twelve kings, one Pope included among the Twelve and very few lords [note 6] and these will all be saints. Hallelujah... Blessed Christ, for he has deemed it worthy to grant me, an unworthy sinner, the prophetic spirit with most clear prophecies, not obscure, as he has done with other servants writing and speaking obscurely. I know that

the incredulous and prescribed people will mock my letters and will not take them seriously, but yes, by the faithful who aspire to holiness. Such letters will generate such sweetness that they will delight in reading them often and taking copies with great fervor, for such is the will of the Most High. In these letters, it will be known who is Jesus and who is not, who is predestined and who is prescribed, and much more will be known in the era of the Holy Sign of the living God, and whoever loves Him will be a Saint of God... Nothing more is needed." (Ibidem)

In the opinion of the writer, attention should be particularly directed to this statement of the Saint: *"In these letters, it will be known who is Jesus."* The Brother intends to say with these words, and this is the most plausible explanation, that through the content of his writings, it will be recognized who consciously shapes the form of the energy that pervades everything.

It does not require the sharpest intelligence to argue that the insertion of his epistles in a context like that proposed in these pages has finally given meaning to his claims. We might add that they take on, in this case, the highest meaning. Only by configuring the writings of the saint within the field of hypotheses enclosed in this book does the prophecy about the importance and purpose of his very letters fully realize.

It is at least strange that a saint could claim that a descendant of Alimena would reign for centuries. This detail appears incomprehensible and continues to be so unless one associates the character described by the Saint with the Great Monarch announced by Nostradamus and the controversial figure that others saw approaching the twilight of this era: the figure of which we guide and sing the deeds. A Monarch that promises immortality.

Imagining that this book includes an accurate heraldic research, the royal origin of the true Author would be recognized, and these words would probably carry more weight. It should rather be remembered what has been written so far:

"I could tell you much more, infinitely more, but I won't, because to reach awareness it is necessary to act."

This means that the man with blue eyes is not necessarily good, but the one who voluntarily extends his hand to others. For the latter, in

order to proceed further, it is sufficient to advise them to believe that the diabolical and the divine entities, announced with different names and attributes by the seers, are in reality the faces of a single and irreplicable coin. The words of Brother Francis of Paola reveal one of the objectives that will characterize the beginning of the New Era: of why we have been subjected to death for time immemorial, but, even more importantly, it will be possible to realize that there are goals set far beyond the now outdated boundaries. On other secret goals, Humanity will soon be illuminated by the inexhaustible Energy that an Avatar, descended under a bridge, has brought with him.

Such an eventuality is said to be possible not only by all Religions and by countless shamanistic cults but has been believed achievable by men who lived in the times of ancient Greece and those in the even older Egypt; in fact, it is often found in some of their most fascinating stories. The splendor of so many comfortable theories can lead to getting lost in sterile searches, but fate provides a glimmer of light on this exciting enigma. From common interpretations of the Bible, we learn that after having sinned, man was subjected to the Lady with the sickle; this is easily forgotten, just as it is forgotten to reflect on what sin really is.

From the dawn of history, along with everything that lives, one becomes an easy prey to more or less agonizing evil and eventually death. In laboratories, it has been believed to discover that every suffering arises from perfectly known causes; few remain stubbornly attached to the idea of a possible cause unfathomable and evanescent to the point of being considered miraculous; most do not even notice that in many clearly outlined clinical cases, the cure proves ineffective despite expectations.

Known but unpredictable factors intervene, that could be the immediate response; the explanation instead is this: one has been permeated, wrapped, and cradled by the miracle, by the transcendent, and the First Cause, with which one can consciously interact provided its existence is recognized, grants infinite possibilities; not least, the one to reprogram apoptosis in harmony with the dimension one is entering.

Several years passed since he penned this concept, and regarding the possibility of programming the functions of the cell, other important insights followed. The biologist Bruce H. Lipton reports: "An Australian research institute directed by Cornell B. A. demonstrated that a biological

cell membrane could display information on a computer screen. The first formidable insight arising from this is that cells are programmable and the second that the programmer is external to the computer/cell.” (-The Biology of Beliefs - p. 104)

In 2006, proof came punctually from Nobel Prize winner Shinya Yamanaka who, by reprogramming adult cells, obtained their transformation into stem cells.

Is it due to chance that until now we have been deaf to the words, identical to ours, that your Spirit eternally repeats, so that they may be heard and reality seen from an angle not obscured by the mists of reason? It would suffice to hypothesize a mindset free from any possible disturbance; this would be the ideal situation to avoid the many psychosomatic troubles estimated by official medicine to account for around 80% of total pathologies. In that condition, without any particular effort, one achieves the classic iron health. To assert that one knows the name, quantity, and dosage of the substance produced by the brain that allows for immediate and inexplicable healings with current scientific knowledge will certainly provoke a mocking laugh on many faces; it is even more certain that that derisive grin will, one day not far off, turn into a grimace of furious suffering.

Besides the mocking grins, there will be the predictable stance of those who have witnessed the sudden healing of patients suffering from terminal and incurable illnesses in hospital corridors, who, without possessing even a shred of explanation, stubbornly refuse the possibility that such processes escape the law of cause and effect. They have decided that there is a reason, even if it is the stupidest... there is!

Consider the iron health; reaching such a result is not much yet. The mental state that will allow maintaining biochemical processes unchanged over time is a psychic faculty that will manifest in increasingly vast sectors of humanity; it can be described as a sense of bliss that boasts some particular characteristics, such as lasting extraordinarily long over time. One learns that nothing is created and nothing is destroyed, but everything is transformed; well, before long, some of the biochemical laws will be transformed precisely by the Son of Man. On that day, few will be aware of acting in concert with him. Others will do so unknowingly, others still, the current blind who superbly lead other blind, will seek in every way

to prevent the opening of the door that opens onto other dimensions. To prevent them from succeeding, the wisest will make the possibilities of the Spirit contemplate for those who will lift their heads to finally listen to his words. This will favor the hoped-for change and, at that point, the explanations for that circumstance called death, which today seem satisfactory, will be completely forgotten. They will no longer be taken as a pretext to justify an event that is in reality non-existent.

The perception of a mourning event, like any other situation, occurs on multiple levels: just as someone looking at the horizon near the shore sees only a part of the sea, there is one who, surveying it from the top of a mountain, admires a broader portion, then we have one who contemplates beyond the spherical shape of the planet from a far-off spacecraft and enjoys a spectacular view; finally, at the highest level, we find one who sees with the eyes of the soul seated on his unreachable spirituality and contemplates the inexplicable. The act of seeing, therefore, for the entire subsequent evolutionary phase will ensure that one becomes accustomed to the idea of being immortal. This will first happen to those who know how to maintain for as long as necessary the simplicity of children. This refers to that magical mental disposition that leads them to believe even the most improbable event possible; a condition as mentioned, similar to the experience of mystics. Later, even the most rational and least intuitive minds will gain access to what is indicated as the transcendent dimension.

Progressively, other living forms on earth, in the sea, and in the air will be involved. In the end, matter that is thought to be inanimate will also reveal unsuspected qualities.

Peering specifically, it can be said that the search for knowledge, if suggested by deep altruism, will allow probing more fruitfully the elements that seem to make apoptosis a certain given, and, thanks to chance, its previous reasons for being will dissolve. Then full confirmation of Max Plank's hypothesis, the great German physicist, formulated several decades ago will be available:

"We are not authorized to think that there are physical laws that can exist in a similar form in the future."

From this wise consideration, one understands that the field of hypotheses concerning the controversial biblical theme that deals with

eternal life actually presents unimaginable horizons. For that passage, one can find many interpretations, and this is because it is not remembered that the truths sought for centuries are often extremely simple. In fact, it is simple to recognize the action that isolates from evil; the act that is an indispensable condition for the establishment of biochemical laws capable of regulating the eternal life of a simple cell and that of the most complex organism is simply that of loving through intuition and not with the mind. To start loving in that way, one does not necessarily have to wait for the Apocalypse which, as is well known, means revelation; it is our opinion that it is more dignified to do so when the fear of losing what matters to us has not yet manifested itself.

It must be said that the way of loving suggested is not the most common, just as a common man cannot be the one who claims to be willing to reveal that even small insignificant cells can be immortal. There is freedom to choose who should unveil the mysteries of existence; this gift belongs to every single man and to every single cell. Aurobindo reveals in this regard: "In the cells of our body resides a hidden power that sees the invisible and designs eternity."

Will it ever be possible to achieve immortality? Yes! By making this common house a paradise. A place where the exploitation of the planet and of man is definitively abolished and justice is the fruit of awareness and mercy. Whoever prevents you from doing so, be they a friend, a father, a magistrate, a guardian of order or a saint, denies you what you are destined for. The commitment to realize a dream can be endorsed by the greens if what is reported in this regard by an ancient prophecy is considered:

"The Antichrist will be captured by the green men..."

Capture? Or rather, accompany? A misunderstanding due to the mindset of the seer? A mystic who clearly indicates who is taking the defense of Gaia and what makes it so wonderful. An environment so conceived, which is recommended to realize and which appears as a paradise, is capable of influencing cells to the point of determining their immortality. (See the study by philosopher Eva Jablonka and biologist Marion Lamb: (Epigenetic

Inheritance and Evolution – The Lamarckian Dimension, 1995)

“The Antichrist will spread his poison promising immortality to men.”

✱

Everyone should choose to take on the tasks they feel up to, that of managing the energy of love, a feeling on which there is still much to say, requires the utmost commitment; while that of learning the most difficult concepts, using melodies, can be seen as a game in which everyone can participate. Before closing this yet another essayistic parenthesis, the reader is suggested to continue following the threads of this story, using a musical background. A music that fits the narrative, so that the inserted concepts are assimilated at a subliminal level, thus sparing you the bitter experiences that await those who walk the path alone.

✱

After the physiotherapy session, he remembered the appointment with his former employer. He was still walking with difficulty, but if he hurried, he would arrive on time. He found him along with a short, elegantly dressed man with a kindly appearance.

“I’m an officer of the Digos,” the stranger immediately clarified, introducing himself. “We have been friends for many years,” he explained in a belligerent tone that did not admit rebuttal, “he asked me to intervene to compel you to stop bothering him by asking for an account of the broken ankle.”

“If I decide that something has to be paid, even circulating in an armored vehicle one cannot avoid giving me what is due, and I want to add that your friend’s proposal to make everyone share the burden of the damage I suffered is disgusting! If you think it is right to share the costs with him, then you must also share the blame.”

The ruddy man, with a sharp gaze, showed himself determined to resolve that situation, “At the first mistake you make,” he growled, “rest assured that I will refer you to the judicial authority.” That was his duty, and he would not falter. Tarzan, without showing any fear, continued to discuss, until his former “master” took his leave from his friend to return to his commitments. Left alone, they walked down Corso Italia, and like a spider, he began to weave his usual web.

“So, when will you start punishing those you deem right?” he asked suddenly, letting professional interest show through.

“My dear colonel, there is a fundamental error in your question; first of all, I certainly will not be the one giving orders, secondly: if a Christian commits criminal acts, you don’t go and arrest the Pope... right? If tomorrow a Crucifer or, if you prefer, an Antichrist uses a rope, an axe, a stone, a Boeing 767, or simply a rifle as a weapon, I would be grateful if you did not come trample the grass of my garden.”

Something in their dialogue struck him, perhaps it was the reminder of his colleagues’ misunderstanding towards his brother, a cynical attitude that ultimately caused his psychological collapse, perhaps it was showing regret for that incident of which he happened to be aware; the fact remains that before saying goodbye he felt obliged to confide that, in his environment, a career was usually subordinated to the support given to some powerful figure.

We have just recalled an avoided confrontation, and this circumstance brings to mind his reflections as a boy: who ever thought of the potential atrocities hanging over everyone’s heads, thanks to the technological level of weapons of mass destruction? Was it possible or rather inevitable, the annihilation of every form of life on the planet? Some had built the nuclear tower of Babel in the bowels of the earth, mostly out of thirst for power; this could only be a fault, and it had to be so even for those who passively accepted such a situation. The divine/natural law sometimes reveals itself through the simplest physical laws: a construction made with poor and polluting materials collapses on itself much earlier than expected, programming a painful experience for the builders and their accomplices.

Only thanks to chance, those who will raise their eyes to the sky asking that construction be dissolved will avoid being overwhelmed. Among the infinite actions that can be performed, there is that without cause or motivation of any kind, and it is thanks to chance if it can prevent the planet, this wonderful jewel, from becoming a spherical tombstone wandering through space.

There is no reason to leave a perpetual challenge to the power of the One unanswered; a power that has always manifested itself through love, that sentiment whose beginning is unknown and which irreducible

men of every era, often paying with their lives, manage to perpetuate. At the beginning of the new Era, he will bring down, thanks to them, the goats at the head of the human flock, in order to stop their mad rush towards the precipice.

“The cries of the weak, the humble, the wretched, and lastly of the Just, have reached my ears, the Prophets had foretold it. For having done so many were persecuted, killed where they were found, but not a hair of their head perished. Today my Chosen walk numerous among you, but you do not see them, just as you do not see me; but the day long awaited by the Just and the Prophets is coming, you will see nation rise against nation, you will see earthquakes, floods, and pestilences, but before this they will lay hands on you and persecute you, putting you in prison, bringing you before kings and governors because of your choice. But this will give you the opportunity to bear witness. Therefore, set in your heart not to premeditate how to answer for your defense, for I will give you a word and a wisdom to which all your enemies will not be able to withstand. Now you will be betrayed even by parents, brothers, relatives, and friends; many of you will be made to “die”; you will be hated because of my name, “but not even a hair of your head will perish.” By your perseverance, you will gain your souls.”

By obstinately refusing every compromise, one becomes aware of the infinite capacities of our soul. What is the soul? They will say we do not even see it. Let us try to abandon every certainty for a moment and reflect on how much truth these words may contain: “everything that can be imagined exists, it truly exists... anything, let us always remember, and slowly we will realize we are Gods.” If it is thus difficult to imagine it as the holder of Truth, it will be easier to see it as the mirror capable of reflecting all the Truths residing within you. For many, it will be more difficult to believe his claims than their deceptive senses, but it must be said that the closer one gets to him, the better one hears the Spirit responding to questions, to all questions!

It has been written: “Vengeance is mine”... and for centuries the Chosen have been preparing for that terrible and Eternal day as he writes words that are eternally the same! When I sent you without purse, without travel bag, and without sandals, did you lack anything?... But now, let him who has a purse take it; and let him who has no sword sell his cloak and buy one!”

There are several letters that compose this verse, but the interpretations could be many more. To indicate one that represents the current situation, we will use, as always, a personal illustration:

“In the land of man, in the vast courtyard of a noble house enclosed by high walls, there were busy and cheerful people. One day one of them ascended for reasons attributable to chance to a height that allowed him to gaze beyond the walls of the nearby houses, right into their courtyards. What he saw shocked him: hunger, pain, despair, oppression, and death reigned there. He immediately descended and, after narrating to his companions the realities they had ignored, proposed to extend a hand to those brothers in such sad conditions. At this point, to his great astonishment, he had to witness helplessly the beginning of endless discussions: who kept the keys to the pantry with who had those to the courtyard, who was too busy with who was not at all, those who feared unpleasant consequences from such a gesture with those who saw reasons for pride... These useless contrasts continued for a long time, but, as is known, man was allowed to do what he wanted, but not for as long as he wanted, for it happened that on a day brighter than others, some of them, faced with such stupidity, hypocrisy, and wickedness, driven by an ‘Inner Force,’ finally took up the Sword.”

It is understandable that an effective way to prevent the use of those diabolical weapons is to deprive the enemy of a territorial objective by revealing the knight at their feet; that warrior who waits for the Sign to raise the Sword of God above their heads. At that point, the enemy will have only time to repent, and if they are sincere, they can don the clothes of the prodigal son.

Now is the time to reveal to those who intend to untie the material bonds that prevent the soul from soaring into the Dimension where freedom is sovereign, what has been hidden for a long time: “it bears a name that no one knows except him,” this unexpectedly simple riddle of the name “666” actually encapsulates the awareness that everyone will one day have, that of being trinities. Six three! Body, Soul, and Spirit! We are the three fundamental aspects of existence that seem irreconcilable to most, while to those who manage to merge them, they reveal all their extraordinary qualities. The latter can thus

become part of the elect who have the opportunity to serve with the effectiveness offered by the suitable tools.

Now it would be appropriate to succinctly outline the immensely important role that the aforementioned 144,000 will play. In Theosophical teaching, they are attributed the same function exercised on man by the pineal gland. For the uninitiated, the task of this crucial organ is completely unknown, but for the clairvoyants, it determines the direction of individual experiences whenever it reaches activity. An activity that remains wisely dormant until a certain degree of consciousness evolution is achieved.

Is it possible that a tiny grain of sand can disarticulate a cemented steel gear? Imagine the consequences for the current System if a core fused by a burning Love, like that of a God, is introduced. This refined core will be induced to form the symbolic pineal gland of Humanity; it will represent an enlightened guide, indispensable for humankind venturing into the new dimension.

To accept the idea that they can advise the way to an indescribable future, it is necessary to reflect on enlightened thought or intuition, a faculty that exalted minds know how to employ for the benefit of others. Before long, this precious ability of the mind will become the most evident heritage of those 144,000 individuals mentioned. They will consist of individuals of both sexes, particularly advanced at an inner level thanks to the interchange or collaboration that, especially unconsciously, is offered to them by those who approach them.

These enlightened minds will honor the debt contracted with you, providing you, as predicted by some seers, with the useful advice to achieve material development in function of spiritual development. Dividing the emerged lands by 144,000 results in a territory extension that is most suitable for management by each of them. The consequence of their choice to cease the intensive and selfish exploitation of the territory and their fellow beings will lead to the actual availability for everyone of the fruits of the earth. It is now established that during certain scientific experiments conducted in distinct laboratories thousands of kilometers apart, the solution to the same problem was reached at the identical moment, without any prior contact between the experimenters. We should therefore hope that this phenomenon

occurs in the future for a broader circle of people simultaneously, and when this happens before long, the Counselors, as defined in some prophetic writings, will be able to easily carry out the task to which they are called: guiding man on the path that leads to happiness and freedom.

“When a new sun warms the Earth, when man becomes a friend of the planet he lives on, behold, the great prophets of old will appear to announce renewal... They will be masters of wisdom, and their word will be the bread of the soul.”

Enlightened men then, for they will provisionally and timidly indicate the direction to take, and they will do so in a thousand ways, some using a Judgment, like the Judge of Cinquefrondi, who acquitted a group of immigrants guilty of illegally tapping into electricity.

In doing so, although the abstract motivations of his sentence may not seem at the moment inspired by unlimited wisdom, they nonetheless contain the seed. By persevering in that direction, it will be seen that the fruit of such a seed is the understanding of this simple truth: when a man is driven by the constant desire to seek the strength and properties of Nature to advance the community, sooner or later he receives as a gift a “spark,” which is the result of the work of Alessandro Volta, Nicola Tesla, and many other researchers. This benefit, like any other bestowed gift, must absolutely be shared freely. Do so, and from the Spirit will descend a rain of gifts for those who share; if someone selfishly wants to continue to appropriate it, in the end, they will be burned, and there will be no flood that can extinguish that fire. That spark, like everything else, is in reality of the Spirit, and anyone who draws from it, with a heart grateful to Him and professes the same altruism, commits no fault.

“Take therefore all that you need to advance together with your brothers towards me, towards that Point in which I identify, for all that is mine is also yours.”

Of the sect of the “Apostles of the Great Supper,” destined to reappear, according to a legend, six days before the coming of the Antichrist, it is said that they were accustomed to meet at night to

pray to the Father of the Antichrist to send his beloved son to earth.
He would come to say:

“Take what you want, for it is all yours.”

A curious detail of this sect is that every ceremony was a bit like the page of a “Book that no one would ever write again.” The comment in small caps now reported seems perfectly in line with the hypotheses inscribed on the pages of the volume you hold in your hands and with the circumstances that have allowed its appearance. In fact, if centuries pass and someone thinks of composing a literary work in which they dare to expose what has been dared here, it would not be possible for them to gain acclaim and recognition; everyone would believe them solely to be the author of a plagiarism or, in an esoteric sense, the monkey of a God.





VII LA VERGINE NERA

30. 1. 95.

X my number 1 (in every way) You swore to me eternal love, you swore never to leave me alone... but because of someone, we were separated for ten damned days. The worst nightmare of my life. There was a problem, actually two: you weren't there, but there were vultures who managed to "stain" my white skin, even if only a little. And I was okay with it, because my life without you "was no longer life." At the third hole, you reappeared; you heard me, I'm sure of it, you felt that I needed you. I thank you and 666. Now that I have had the chance to prove it, I can say it: without you, I am nothing and nobody. Please don't ruin everything. What else can I say? Thank you, my loves. 666! [note 7]

Today she is no longer here: she is dead! Her form has dissolved, her Consoler has completed her Work, and he, with a heart torn by pain but a soul rejoicing, wants to keep a promise. He swore it to Laura, one of the Eternal Images of the Spirit that sacrifices itself in the name of Self! He told her that he would place the soul of the Prostitute, the soul that was the first to consciously want to take on the role of the Companion of the Antichrist, on the highest pedestal. Fate brought them together because she still had the soul of a child and felt, like few others, the

need to be loved; perhaps this is what pushed her to try to tear away the black veil of pride that envelops his bride and does not allow her to come closer to him again. Laura knew that she too desired love, but she sensed that she was no longer capable of recognizing the particular way in which she manifested it.

“Ecco “And behold, there are some among the Last who will be among the first... and some among the first who will be last.”

(Luke 13:30)

Many of the prophetic words attributed to Christ have come to pass, and these in particular reveal a clear reference to exceptional souls; souls like Laura, the protagonist of an important part of the story. She played a role that was a source of pain but came at a particular moment in her life.

It was fate that brought her onto his path when he needed her irreplaceable help to realize our Plan. It is not easy to understand why every time the writing needed some significant element, it spontaneously presented itself to be used. A clue to understanding this will certainly come from the few lines dedicated to her; they should be read carefully as they contain many useful hints. Every soul will want to ask if it was fate that allowed a Pearl so rare to be found buried in the mud. The advice is to listen to the Spirit's response; He does not deceive and only He knows what He knows; when the Design is seen, it will begin to be colored freely.

“Be like children, it is written, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven...”
 “That is descending upon the earth and making men increasingly aware.”

Laura could have continued to “play” her role, but their Spirit knew it would not be so. To be like Him, she would have to walk the same path, ask herself the same anguishing questions, and make the same choice: to pursue her happiness or that of the Other. She refused her own and chose the Other. The tears she is shedding and will never cease to shed, every time her Form thinks of His, will serve to make the seed they have sown in other hearts bloom. This would not be a revelation if what everyone knows were recounted, so we will speak of what a fortuitous coincidence allowed to glimpse: the wonderful soul of the last of women... the Soul of Laura. Their meeting happened as usual by chance. That evening, inside a bar, she approached him with the intent

to lure him: “Hey, can I talk to you for a moment?... “ “Sure, tell me...”

“Can we go outside?... I want to ask you...”. – She did not continue, she headed to the entrance ahead of him, and when they were outside, she resumed –

“How do I seem to you, a beautiful girl... or not?”

He was not used to such direct advances and remained speechless for a few moments. She waited for his answer, following his gaze over her body.

“Don’t take offense, you’re like a perfect statue that no one is allowed to admire.”

“Listen to me, excuse me for insisting, but I absolutely need to reach a certain amount; I need to find two hundred thousand lire, but I’m only asking you for a fifty to spend two pleasant hours. If you could at least give me part of the money I need...”

He didn’t let her continue: “Beyond any other consideration, you must know that I am married and the father of three little girls. For me, the discussion you’re having, with everything it entails, is closed. I wouldn’t reopen it even if you were the most beautiful woman on earth.”

She remained silent for a moment, then continued: “Could you at least take me to Via Trento? I absolutely need to go home with some money; otherwise... you see...?”

As she said this, she lowered her head and pushed aside her light brown hair. “Look, I’ve been beaten to a pulp; I have seven stitches under this bandage, and I’m all bruised from the kicks I received.” She lifted her shirt slightly to show the scattered bruises on her body. “Listen, regarding Via Trento, you can’t ask me to take you there just to get you dirty, but let me understand who caused those injuries and why.”

“They accused me of stealing, but it’s not true; they took all my clothes, I only have these jeans and this shirt; if I don’t return with the money they asked for, they’ll give me more. I’m scared... help me... please; give me what you can, if you leave me your address, I’ll try to pay you back as soon as possible... I swear.”

“I can’t reward someone who has hurt you.”

The answer must have seemed like an irrevocable sentence to her, as the faint hope of scraping together a few coins without being humiliated

abandoned her, and she lowered her head. “Just let me have a beer – she whispered – I need to get drunk; I can’t understand anything anymore, otherwise, I won’t be able to do it.”

She was crying now, the line of her neck and shoulders, which seemed sculpted like a masterpiece, was trembling at times. Like an automaton, she began to rummage uselessly through her purse in search of cigarettes.

“Can you at least let me smoke?” she finally said.

“I’m sorry, I don’t smoke, but if you accompany me to the corner, I’ll buy them for you. I think that in your situation, they’re the lesser evil; I’ll pass by the tobacconist, you’ll have time to explain yourself better, and I’ll see if I can help you.”

He listened to her story again and convinced himself that she was telling the truth. At that point, he thought he had to do something; he couldn’t pretend to ignore her. If the next day the newspaper wrote about her and her reckless act, he wouldn’t be able to forgive himself.

In the end, he offered to accompany her home.

“I don’t think they will look for a fight if they see a man near you; just make sure not to act on impulse. Maybe I can get your things back. We’ll act cunningly and make them believe that otherwise, they’ll have to deal with a marshal of the carabinieri I know. I consider him a ksatrya, a warrior, and if you tell him your problem, he will certainly know how to solve it.”

He imagined her effort to understand the last words and explained that external obsessions were not limited to English words but, thanks to yoga associations, even terms from the Far East, where anyone who bore a weapon was once called ksatrya. He had deliberately used that unusual term to distract her from her fears, forcing her to think of something else, but she did not share his confidence and appeared hesitant.

“I don’t want to be treated like a scoundrel... and by those people, no less,” she added with pride.

“But what are you saying?” he asked, astonished by such naivety. “With a treacherous enemy, you cannot afford to be loyal in any case. By conforming to the type of loyalty they expect from you, you lose from the start; think carefully, the first to break the law of silence are

precisely them. Because if I were to attack them suddenly and seriously injure them, do you really think they would keep their mouths shut? As soon as they could talk, they would tell everyone they were attacked for no reason by a crazy man.”

In the meantime, they had returned to the car, and at the moment of getting in, she asked him to first stop by a friend’s house.

“I’ve owed fifty thousand lire for a long time, and now it’s come back to me... it will be a help no matter what,” she sighed.

“Alright, let’s go.”

As he drove, he occasionally threw a quick glance at her: she seemed deeply dejected, but from the depths of his soul, the thought that she might want to use him to get money for drugs and continue to destroy herself hurt him.

“You’ve found someone who would risk his life for you,” he thought bitterly, “and you treat him like this, you deceive him too.”

It might have been the Peruvian music playing from the stereo, but he felt emotion welling up with tears on his tense face. Disturbed by this excessive involvement in the girl’s existential problems, he nervously wiped his eyes. He narrowly avoided a head-on collision with a car coming from the opposite direction. She was lost in her thoughts and did not realize the danger that was barely avoided. When they arrived, he had to wait for a long time, but it was worth it because on the way back she said that her friend’s father had convinced her own father over the phone to receive her at home.

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“You should decide to stay with your father for a while; do you get along?”

He ventured that suggestion as they descended the stairs towards the car.

“Not much, but I adore him.”

It was late when they arrived, and that night she stayed to sleep there. At the door, when it was time to say goodbye, she asked one

last favor: "Could you come by tomorrow morning at nine to take me to Via Flavia, where I live? Not bringing cash, I have to expect everything from them."

"Alright, I'll come!... Bye!" "Bye... please come."

"Don't worry, I have never refused my help to someone who has asked me so insistently."

The next morning, true to his word, he picked her up; that day and even afterward, he made her wait a long time, it was a habit of his. Then, following her directions, he took her to Via Flavia to the illegally occupied house. It was a room and a toilet of extreme squalor. The character of the neighbors, he regrettably noted upon first impact, was not at all better. As soon as they arrived, Laura knocked on the door of the flat below hers; she hoped to get back the clothes that her creditor had taken from her wardrobe and perhaps to obtain an extension on the debt. They seemed to be expected because the litany of curses and insults that came muffled through the wide cracks in the door rose in volume. A lanky guy, barely restrained by the woman behind him, positioned himself, spreading his legs in front of the entrance. Seeing the girl by my side, he immediately extended a hand in anger while with the other he began to strike her palm furiously.

"I need the two hundred thousand lire, otherwise, with all your stuff, I'll fill garbage bags and then burn it."

As he spoke those words, his eyes seemed to emit burning hatred. It was wise to take him at his word; to burn those few things, a look like that would be enough.

"Listen to me well," he growled impatiently, "you can't act like this; she could report you for what you're doing."

Addressing him with that absurdity, he saw his eyes filled with condescension and almost wondered why he did not feel hypocritical. Surely, to him, he appeared as a man interested in a situation that did not concern him, with the sole aim of gaining some unconfessed advantage. No judge would give weight to the words of a Laura. "Only Erieder could hear the cries of the last asking for justice?" This bitter reflection pushed him to change tactics.

Meanwhile, the tall, skinny thug, taking off his shirt, resumed shouting: "I don't care; we can say we saw her stealing, and there are many of us."

In the meantime, called by the commotion, almost all the occupants of the building had gathered on the landing. One by one, they began to yell at her.

“She always screams; you can’t even sleep.”

“She does everything with men in the lobby,” shouted an incredibly filthy-looking woman, “her boyfriend threatened me and even started shooting in the stairwell. She has to leave this house; she must disappear forever, otherwise, we’ll take care of it, she needs to leave us in peace.”

At that point, there was nothing left to do but pay the requested sum. Strange, although everything led him to believe she was not an innocent victim, he found himself with moist eyes. He searched within his soul for a pretext to justify that sudden weakness. He found it imagining for a moment one of his little girls reduced to that state, capable of evoking only hatred and disdain in others. If it had been her in the mud, wouldn’t he have tried to clean her up?... And at that very moment, he felt he loved her.

He had lost the will and the strength to fight against any injustice just moments before he met her; that was why he had turned to the Father, and now, his intention to fight was reborn stronger than ever. The war, like a flame keeping him alive, had flared up again. “Could it simply be a coincidence? Was she handing him the sword he had dropped.”

“Well! Guys, let’s try to be reasonable,” he said to those present, trying to hide his emotion. “We could choose a compromise: half the sum right away, in exchange for half the clothes... is that agreeable to you?... Tomorrow you’ll get the rest.”

The next day he returned to that dilapidated building to see if everything had been smoothed over and realized that the problem was not just her four rags.

Now he faced an unexpected enigma. There was something strange about what was happening that piqued his curiosity. On the third floor of that depressing tenement, in that hovel that, without immense optimism, could not even be called a dwelling, he was observing scattered details that seemed to mock him. On the walls of the room, he saw sheets of paper glued with inverted crosses drawn on them, and everywhere the three sixes seemed to be sealing musical texts. They were written

directly on the wall blackened by cigarette smoke. At the inevitable request for explanations, she confided that her current partner was obsessed with the occult and particularly with anything that reminded him of el diablo. She added that she had the three sixes tattooed on her skin and that she had wanted them. He was rather taken aback; what could she know about themes like religion or philosophical inquiry? What could she intuit about his thoughts, or rather, about the mystery surrounding that disturbing figure indicated by a number, to speak of it with such certainty?

“Listen, if you have nothing to do, I would like to exchange a few words with you about the idea you seem to have formed about this six hundred sixty-six.”

She hesitantly agreed, and only after stepping out onto the street, he saw her more relaxed and reassured. He thought it was due to the repeated assurances that he did not consider her a fanatic as they descended the stairs.

A few days later, he returned to the discussion they had had while getting ready to go out, and she confided that the request to accompany him to obtain clarifications about the symbol she had noticed had made her experience a very strange and equally intense feeling. She described it as the anguish of “bearing the weight of a guilt that was not hers.” So, in that moment, she had wondered what she could have done and why he had shown such interest in her ideas. She had even questioned why she needed to leave that place to talk about it. Then, smiling at the fears that had assailed her, she added: “I also thought that number should never be written.”

Realizing that her naivety could reach that point moved him, but in addition to this, she must have possessed other virtues. He began to believe it more intensely.

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They went out, but on that occasion, he hardly spoke of what was on his mind. It was beautiful to see her as she removed the veils that obscured the splendor of her soul. When he asked why and because of whom she had started using drugs, she replied: “It was immediately after a furious fight with my mother, but I never wanted to tell her: if she were to suffer from remorse, I wouldn’t forgive myself.”

Erieder recalled the conversation he had had with his father, his words on the phone the night before: “The last time we saw each other, I was ashamed for three months for how she behaved...”

His reflection was interrupted by Laura’s words about her father: “I adore my father.”

It seemed she had read his thoughts, and later he realized how sometimes she was truly capable of that.

They spent an entire day talking, he asking her questions on the most diverse topics, she proudly discovering that she was certain in her answers. It was dark when he brought her home; before getting out, she turned and, in a friendly manner, wanted to kiss him on the cheek.

“Stop! You mustn’t do this, you mustn’t touch me, you need to stay at least an arm’s length away from me, remember that, if what we have established comes to pass, your boyfriend shouldn’t find anything to object to, no one should be able to say anything.”

Their agreement consisted of two very simple clauses: she would benefit from his hospitality in exchange for household services.

The hidden pact, of which very few were aware, stipulated that she was to collaborate on writing the chapter in which she would be the protagonist; while, it was their secret, his promise to help him trace the ring stolen from his home. It was a true wedding ring, purchased in Corso Italia for the sum of 666,000 liras, which he intended to give to his bride at the time of her spiritual awakening. The ring belonged to the one who eternally fills his blank pages. The woman who has always appeared in the man’s dreams, the one who has always sought him and allows herself to be sought. She would have waited even if her sleep lasted a thousand years.

His decision was made; Laura, endowed with a steel-trap memory, would have the task of reminding him of the situations they would necessarily share. In particular, she would need to report what might have disturbed her during the dialogues exchanged between them for the time they would spend together. He advised her to always pay the utmost attention; he would surely ask her to remember every word spoken in certain circumstances and the feelings she experienced on specific occasions. He convinced her that even the smallest details were important. To be able to input into the computer what he solemnly

assured her would be a brief but extraordinary period of his life. He therefore had an absolute need to know her real impressions. Considering she was another man's woman, he regarded her as untouchable; being married, he was part of another being and could not dispose of her body at his pleasure. She would laugh with him at the baseness that surely others would think. It was also a joy to prevent others from continuing to throw mud at her with impunity. In those days, the matter that covered her began to dissolve, and he started to see her: her soul was extraordinary but he was not surprised, for the scriptures are clear where it states that some of the last would be among the first.

"Who could have sunk lower," he found himself thinking, "the scriptures, which are simply the dictionary of popular wisdom, have not been wrong up to this moment; it is therefore impossible that it is deceiving me regarding her: she believes in me, even though I warn her, advise her not to trust blindly, and that she should always and only carefully evaluate everything I say. She understood that what I have always claimed truly exists: a Love that looks incredibly different from what is commonly described."

That evening they were wandering without a specific destination when he suddenly followed the impulse to insert a cassette into the radio. The notes of the Litfiba startled her; surprised, she asked, barely looking at him: "How did you think of playing this for me?"

"I knew you would like it."

Sometimes she was just like a little girl, a child to whom a long-sighed gift is offered. She lowered the volume so she could talk to him:

"Listen, I understand, I think I know who you are; how can you say certain things without ever having seen me and without knowing who I associate with; how can you say with such confidence that my life changed radically when I was fourteen..."

"Listen..." – he interrupted her to prevent her from getting lost in a world that she did not yet fully belong to – "you think you understand already, but you are mistaken; anyway, let's pretend it's so, that you are right, what would you want? Money? To be famous?"

She did not hesitate for a moment: "I want to be with my Franz and I want to have many children... but it won't be possible, I know, it's something I've felt inside since I was a child."

His face darkened; he was silent for a long time, then continued: “Today I spoke with my doctor; I’m pregnant.” “I’m happy for you.”

“He advised me to have an abortion,” – she continued – “I won’t be able to keep it, and it’s better if I do it right away.”

“You mustn’t do it; he may be right, but your duty is to try to bring it to life, not to kill it, denying it any chance to see the light. You must seek the solution that may prove to be the best for all beings, under any circumstance, remember that!”

Using that tone which allowed no rebuttal made her feel more alone, lost, oppressed by an overwhelming responsibility. The Spirit took pity on her and wanted to support her by continuing: “The paths seem many, I know, but in reality, Laura, believe me, we all walk the one most suited to us, so don’t distress yourself; you’ll see that you will act in the most appropriate way.”

They remained silent again.

She tried in vain to read his thoughts and then resumed in a calm tone: “Please listen to me, and if you can, answer me sincerely. You claim not to believe in God but only in the Devil, why? Explain it to me.”

“It’s true, I feel it inside me; if there were a God, He wouldn’t allow what you see, all this suffering.”

“Laura...” – he said slowly, waiting for her to look him in the eyes and continued – “it’s not as it seems; it’s not about who is responsible, but about who is aware; outside of God, you find nothing; the One does not exclude the Other. God, besides what you see, touch, and hope for, is also the three six my dear and can even be the terrifying nightmare of a child.”

With her, he did not need to repeat himself; what he said penetrated deeply into her soul to the point of awakening her Spirit. That spark that often appeared in his gaze confirmed it. Now he wanted to talk to her about himself, his dreams, but he limited himself to sharing a silly thought from when he was a child: “Did you know that as a child I was in love with the name Laura? I was convinced that I would meet one, indeed, if what I expected hadn’t happened, I would have gone to look for someone named like you; I was just imagining a completely different situation. My brother had been engaged to a certain Laura

for some time, and I, think how strange... I remember in detail the few times I saw her, even the white checkered tablecloth, because I considered it extraordinary, a true privilege, to be engaged to someone who bore that name.”

The affection for the girl now before him was directed by the years that separated them, towards an exclusively paternal sentiment; as human beings, there could be nothing else, but matter is not an end in itself since, after twenty-three days, their eternal souls reached out to each other and contemplated having always been united. It happened the day he had carefully evaluated the situation that had arisen between them; he decided to test any developments by proposing to take her to the place where, many years earlier, he had lived an experience that had particularly impressed him and of which she was completely unaware. He wanted to share the emotion and allow her access to the other dimension.

“Listen Laura, today I would finally like to take you to that place with the beautiful view that we didn’t get to reach yesterday; don’t ask me why I insist so much, but I care that you see it: I neither want nor can tell you more, but I’m sure you will understand there. It’s outside the city; with the motorcycle, we’ll get there in no time. Put on a sweater and a jacket; it’s very windy, and up there, it’s certainly colder.”

He remembers having to insist for a long time to convince her to wear something over that light t-shirt.

He had to take her up there; it was a necessity of the soul; he was sure of it, for it suggested to his mind that she would surely recognize that place. “I can’t be wrong,” – he thought – “I want her to see it; if she remembers having been there, like it happened to me the first time I arrived with Carmela and her father, what other clues could I still need?”

It was the long time passed since the only time he had been there, or perhaps it was fate that made him take the wrong direction at the intersection. He took a bumpy road and, as he nervously traveled, noticed the cut stones he had seen in the dream. After a few hundred meters of winding ascent, they reached the top of the hill on which the little church stands, surrounded by high white karst stone walls.

As soon as they got off the motorcycle, they passed through the stone archway of the large door; she walked slowly, looking around

with astonishment. She said she inexplicably knew everything about that place but simultaneously claimed she had never been there before. It was her; now he was sure. The desire to meet a female figure that overlapped with the description of the Companion of the Antichrist passed down by some seers had been fulfilled. Too many details matched, and the possibility of her soul being burdened with every wickedness was becoming concrete.

Now he had to carefully evaluate all the elements at his disposal; only in this way would he be able to insert two spiritually identical pieces in the right place in the mosaic. The day that had become necessary, a second companion had providentially appeared, and now he sensed that his task was to redeem with life the betrayal of the one who had shared a large part of his existence with him; for Laura, too, the enemy would be a serpent, and both had to be struck at the heel by its venom. For her, they would speak of poisoning caused by a lethal mixture of alcohol and psychotropic drugs; while for his wife, the death of the soul was due to an explosive mixture of hatred and pride, triggered by those who advised her not to follow him along the path he had taken. Fate assigned the second the nickname Cobra; the first would not hesitate to throw him his veiled challenge, declaring himself to be the Antichrist. Fate left that arrogant with the terrible task of contributing, in a decisive way, to the destruction of the emotional bond that united his family. A task for which he earned the hell of madness while locked in a cell at Coroneo.

Laura slowly approached the wall and jumped to sit down. He went near her, asking her to look at the small valleys around and the distant mountains: “Look, you like it, right?”

“Yes! It’s beautiful.”

“It has always been like this, and not just this place, this sky, the entire universe; we have always been the same, you and I. We have been here a long time ago on this hill, we are here now, and we will return; we will come to these valleys, near this church, forever,

“United forever and, thanks to you, other souls will be able to reach that dimension where freedom becomes total.”

It felt like listening to a wonderful fairy tale, her face showing peace, the joy of being there. Then her gaze displayed wonder again, and she was amazed to recognize things she knew she had never seen

before. He watched her attentively; she was utterly sincere, showing astonishment and repeating that she had never been in that place, and now, she was like a child in a fairytale castle. Suddenly, she descended from the parapet and pointed to a small structure made of wooden planks protecting the barometric measuring instruments: "Look, your name should also be engraved there, help me find it." She approached that kind of cage and walked around it but quickly stopped. "There it is!... I was right, it really is there, but it's incomplete... how strange, isn't it?... "

"It would be strange if you and I didn't exist; without us, the entire universe would be devoid of purpose."

Then they remained silent for a long time, only their gazes, directed at what surrounded them, and their sighs broke the mystical union of their Forms.

"It happens more and more often that Laura's dreams materialize, and those I tell her, we then experience together." The sunset was approaching, and soon the terrible nightmare would follow.

This was possible because she had reached that level of awareness where everything one can imagine can become Reality. Everything was finally achievable on the extraordinary path they were following. It was the one leading to the center of the dimension subject to a single law: that of love or, if it seems overly sentimental, according to the nature of the Intelligent Design. Slowly, they returned home; on the motorcycle, she held on tighter than usual, and the feeling of losing her, which often surfaced, faded.

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That night she dreamed of him caressing her hair, and she lost the baby she was expecting that same night. The next morning, she went to his house early, knocked on the door, and, as usual, a toothless guy came to open. Her instinct suggested not to trust the friendship he was trying to show, but to wait to understand the hidden reason for his presence next to Laura. She didn't wait long; a few days later, he hissed a veiled threat, boasting of being nicknamed the Cobra, and discovering this was like receiving a blow. He was the serpent that was supposed to strike her with its venom. The guy, standing in front of the wide-open door, hoped

to convince him to come back later. Blowing out excuses through his few remaining teeth, he unsuccessfully tried to prevent him from entering. With a few steps, he found himself next to the bed. Laura was sleeping, and the Cobra continued to appear particularly agitated; he struggled to get him to speak, saying that during the night he had suggested she go to Burlo due to the severe pains she was experiencing, and from how he described those moments, he thought it had been a miscarriage. At that moment, he didn't connect the events to the blows Laura had received a few days earlier; however, she couldn't forget them; those blows must have wounded her soul as well as her child. In the emergency room, they stitched her up with seven stitches, and she discharged herself from the hospital without notifying the attending physician.

In her last hours of life, this thought haunted her; it was precisely this anger and great despair that made her scream those terrible words to the couple in the apartment below:

“You killed my baby, but you will not let your own rot; it has been promised to me that it will be taken from you.”

And promises, as we know, must be kept. Many months later, when nothing and no one could further chip away at one of the brightest tiles of her mosaic, the couple was stripped of their child by court decision. He let her rest and waited for her to awaken; her eyes looked like those of an injured fawn when she reopened them. She glanced over the squalor surrounding them and directed a mute question at him. Since she had followed his advice and decided to keep the baby, it had to be born; it was neither possible nor fair for her wish to be ignored. Before closing her eyes again, she looked at him as if he had betrayed her.

“Laura,” he whispered with all the sweetness he could muster, “nothing truly wrong can happen anywhere in the Universe; if it ended this way, there is a reason; you simply do not know it, therefore you cannot judge.”

Slowly, she got dressed, then they went down to the car and drove around for a long time without speaking. It was very late when he convinced her to have dinner. He took her to a small trattoria; they sat in a corner, and she started crying again.

“If I had known I was expecting a child, maybe I could have saved it; I would have told them to stop, to do it for that little creature I carried inside me.”

“Laura, you must not suffer anymore, do you understand! You must learn to do it; otherwise, you will die from it; pain can kill more cruelly than drugs, remember that.”

“Then let me drink, let me drink until I forget everything.”

“Do you want to forget me too?” – he asked with a tone of resignation in his voice – “No!... Not you!”

“Then try to follow my advice; I cannot stop you from killing yourself with wine or anything else; I can only tell you that your body is the temple of your Spirit. I could also tell you that if you must get high, I will too; only by refraining from doing so will you prove that you love me more than you love yourself.”

“I would never hurt you,” she said in a whisper, “but let me do it, just today, please.”

“I tell you again, I cannot stop you; I can only be by your side and suffer while watching you.”

At the end of the meal, she stood up and followed him out of the restaurant with unsteady steps. When they got to her house, the effect of the alcohol manifested in all its devastating shades. She felt very sick, lay down on the tattered sofa fully dressed, and immediately fell asleep. Gently, so as not to wake her, he took off her boots, then took her wrist and brushed her forehead with his other hand. No... she should not worry; she was not burning. He left her wrist, but just as he was about to leave, she grabbed his arm.

“Don’t go away, stay close to me,” she whispered. “I will stay close to you, now and always, I promise, but now sleep; I will sit here beside you and not leave.”

Then his hand moved on its own, caressing her hair, just like in the dream; he touched the spots where she had been hit with utmost gentleness; she was living her Calvary, and no one realized it.

At the most crucial moment of her life, she would have to face the most difficult test. Would she have been able to renounce Love and the most overwhelming happiness but not to love? Would she return to the same hell as him when he returned from the Grand Gallery?

To grasp the real meaning of the latest events, the inexplicable ones that occurred a few days earlier must be told. That morning, they were going to the Lazzaretto; he had proposed renting a room for her; he

couldn't take her away from that squalor, provoking the jealousy of his Franz and the anger of his wife. On the other hand, his sensitivity also prevented him from being hosted by Tarzan knowing that the little girls lived in an adjacent lodging. One evening, however, his scant knowledge of the female universe suggested to him to shake the souls of his daughters by returning home with her; he thought that the fear of losing his affection would push them to seek him; but it was not so; they were only capable of preparing revenge.

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He had described to her the view that could be enjoyed from the house he was taking her to, and she had begun to fantasize and make plans. At a certain point, he interrupted his monologue: "Laura, listen to me carefully; I have to ask you a very important question, and you must answer me honestly."

She looked at him with curiosity; the serious tone he had taken must have struck her, but something held him back, perhaps it was the sea reflecting the leaden hue of the sky. "No!... I don't think it's the right time to ask you; the moment isn't right, the colors I prefer aren't suitable, and it's not even the ideal place for these things; I will ask you tonight."

Calmly, she resumed her monologue; she was beginning not to be surprised by his way of acting, like a leaf carried by the river towards the sea, she let herself be led by the time with neither beginning nor end towards a point without boundaries. Upon arriving at the place, they let themselves be fooled by a guy who, as one could easily guess, had no intention of renting them the room.

Returning towards the city, instead of the usual route, he diverted towards the Sanctuary of Muggia, where, from the viewpoint next to it, you can admire Trieste with its sea in front and a crown of mountains behind. They were getting closer, and she asked to stop there; so he parked the car next to that ancient church. They walked slowly and in silence, and suddenly she spoke in a way that made him relive an ancient emotion:

"If I say something, it will bring back your good mood; I'm sure."

"Say it; I really need it; that guy was driving me crazy too."

"I feel like I came here to lose my virginity; it's the most ridiculous thing I could think of, right?"

She burst out laughing uncontrollably, not realizing that he was looking at her with wide eyes. In the Dimension where anything can happen, everything could fascinate and astonish, even the ability to perceive memories that others had lived and been buried by events. Recovering from his astonishment, he suggested they have a coffee; she had managed to bring back his good mood in a simply wonderful way. Only one person could have understood the meaning of those words, spoken in that place, and the reason for his amazement: the bride he had next to him, she, at that precise point, had given herself to him for the first time.

At noon, they had lunch in Val Rosandra and talked for the entire afternoon. Around six, he returned to the city to take her to the police station; being under preventive measures, she had to sign a register every day at the designated hour. Having fulfilled that obligation, he proposed going to San Giacomo for an aperitif; he forced himself to think that by keeping her busy with the most common activities, he might delay the day when he would make an absolutely unconventional decision. Upon reaching the intersection next to the pharmacy, he stopped the car; she instinctively turned her head slightly towards the church to see if the way was clear. At that point, she suddenly brought her hands to her chest and with a jolt leaned forward. He noticed her rapid movement and saw that shortly after, she settled slowly back against the seat. Then, in a voice different from usual, she explained:

“I felt immense joy here, deep in my heart,” she said without hiding her astonishment, “and it was wonderful; it was beautiful, only it lasted too little.”

There was no need for anything else to understand; her face still emanated the overwhelming ecstasy she had experienced.

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“I felt immense joy here, deep in my heart,” she said without hiding her astonishment, “and it was wonderful; it was beautiful, only it lasted too little.”

There was no need for anything else to understand; her face still emanated the overwhelming ecstasy she had experienced.

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At noon, they had lunch in Val Rosandra and talked for the entire afternoon. Around six, he returned to the city to take her to the police station; being under preventive measures, she had to sign a register

every day at the designated hour. Having fulfilled that obligation, he proposed going to San Giacomo for an aperitif; he forced himself to think that by keeping her busy with the most common activities, he might delay the day when he would make an absolutely unconventional decision. Upon reaching the intersection next to the pharmacy, he stopped the car; she instinctively turned her head slightly towards the church to see if the way was clear. At that point, she suddenly brought her hands to her chest and with a jolt leaned forward. He noticed her rapid movement and saw that shortly after, she settled slowly back against the seat. Then, in a voice different from usual, she explained:

Friday! How he wished he had never lived through that Friday. In the morning, she seemed like a beast that had been stripped of its cubs; in the evening, a martyr after the most horrible torture. When he arrived around eleven, she was still sleeping, and the Cobra, hearing a knock, went to the door and ordered him to return at noon. "It's not possible," he replied impatiently. "We need to get out of here as soon as possible; otherwise, we'll be late on Puccini Street; they close at noon." He tried to appear determined, but he raised his voice, irritated, to retort, and she, at that point, slowly opened her eyes. "Please give me a cigarette." "I'm sorry, I don't have any." "Ah! Listen... do me a favor... Cobra, here's the money to go get some; will you go?" He absolutely could not let his prey slip away and replied no brusquely. "I'll make a coffee; you'll drink it, right?" He resumed the next moment in a persuasive tone, clearly trying to tighten his coils around her, and he succeeded: When they finally started to go down, it was too late; the State was lying in wait. Around the building, several police cars were waiting. As soon as they hit the street, a group of individuals, some of whom were in uniform, stopped them. They swiftly invited them to follow. Back in the apartment with the officers, they were asked a few routine questions, and then everything in the place was turned upside down. As he had strongly asserted, there could not even be a shadow of drugs at the moment. They quickly finished the search and exited onto the landing; some of them stayed there while others slipped into the two adjacent vacant apartments with the doors torn off. She had remained in the middle of the room, looking at her meager belongings scattered on the floor; she seemed resigned to having to endure every kind of

violence without respite. Then, with the impetuosity that characterized her, she suddenly lifted her head, and as her eyes ignited with a scornful light, she screamed all her rage: “Enough! I’m leaving, and I’m never coming back here; I can’t continue to live like this. I’ve been sending them away for twenty days; they try to sell me stuff, but I resist. What’s the use if by staying in this hole, I’m treated worse than an animal by everyone?”

The Cobra was trembling: “At least take the things that are valuable.” “Everything I have of value is on me, and this is it.” She said this while brushing her hand against the pearl necklace; then, her gaze crossed his. At that point, she noticed that he was wearing the rag she had asked for repeatedly after he had given it to her. That t-shirt had a strange story; it was known to have come from Germany; a mysterious Iranian had given it to a young man from Trieste the day before his return to Italy. The two had shared the same room for a couple of years, and their conversations had always been limited to the usual topics: soccer, women, and then more soccer. At the time of departure, the Iranian handed over the strange garment, wrapped in a nylon bag, to his host and advised him to exercise maximum care when he would have to pass it on.



FIG. 9 - LA MAGLIA DI LAURA

The Triestine, our correspondent met, as usual, by chance, while driving their cars on the road to Longera. They crossed paths one evening on that narrow, winding road that he usually avoided. The time spent away from home must have affected his perception of the route, as speeding past him, he smashed his side mirror. Given the crazy speed he was going, he would hardly reach him, so he was surprised when he saw in the rearview mirror that, in a rare case, he slowed down to pull over. Later, he called him several times to get compensation for the damage; finally, fed up with his vain assurances, a month after the accident, he decided to go to see him.

The young man welcomed him with great kindness, and after a brief discussion, he obtained an admission of responsibility. Thus, satisfied with the verbal victory, he accepted his proposal for a coffee. They then launched into a conversation that soon slipped into other themes.

They discussed the collapse of political ideologies, the loss of values, faith, and the dark tunnel into which, according to many, humanity was about to enter. Gauging his thoughts, he noticed that he glimpsed a glimmer of light; it was the same light that fate, unbeknownst to him, had ignited. Suddenly the young man appeared thoughtful and, after excusing himself, quickly left only to return after a moment with a wrapped item. He extended his arm without a word. He slipped his hand into the plastic bag he offered him and pulled out a plain white t-shirt but with particular symbols: an inverted cross and the number 666 in black. Smiling, he asked the reason for that gesture and the story of the garment. At first, his host tried to evade the request, certainly due to the many guests present, but then, seeing his insistence, he recounted that strange story, concluding by saying that his decision to hand it over to him was due to an impulsive and irresistible urge to get rid of it. “You can do what you want with it, but be careful; if you have to pass it on, watch who you give it to,” he added, avoiding looking him in the eye, “even though I think you will know how to use it in the best way, indeed... I’m sure.”

On the way back, he reflected on what had happened, on that strange recommendation, and on the curious circumstance that it was precisely an Iranian who had given him that particular gift. That unusual gift, which had been recklessly attributed to an Iranian, brought to mind his encounter a few years earlier with some students from that distant country. There was an occult thread linking the two episodes, and sooner or later that thread would be found. Events happening in different times turned out to be useful in composing the Design he was creating and would show to others so they could contemplate it. That day he had headed to the Lazzaretto with a precise purpose: to meet Iranian students attending the local university; he thought it useful and possible to make them unwitting ambassadors of an original esoteric thought. Returning to their war-torn country, they would recount what a strange guy, accompanied by two friends, had declared to them: “Khomeini is not the twelfth Imam as many claim and await; the Imam, whom the Shia current of Islam indicates as hidden, is about to appear to indicate the ultimate purpose of Creation: the worship of God or, to use a more effective definition, *’ibàda*. (Note 8)

He lives unbeknownst to all in this Territory and, according to some mystics, one day not far off, he will give further and more terrible proofs of his presence.” To give more incisiveness to those words spoken in the presence of Gianni and Sergio, he added that in May, the Head of the Church of Rome would be struck. It was late April of the distant 1980, and while he was returning to the city, he remained silent the entire way. Was he perhaps trying to visualize the attack that would be carried out in the following days in Rome in St. Peter’s Square?

*

He stepped out onto the landing where some officers were stationed. The plan set the day before had fallen through; he would go to get cigarettes at the corner. He descended the flight of stairs, and an officer, who was climbing two steps at a time, grabbed his arm as they crossed paths: “Look, let it go; you’ll gain health; if you leave now, we won’t identify you. There’s nothing to be done for that.” The hypocritical advice of the guardian of Order filled him with rage, but he turned towards him, feigning utmost calm.

“Do you realize that leaving her without a point of reference now that she has chosen to flee this place means betraying her? Keeping her in this hovel full of rats is a defeat for whoever makes her stay, and I do not fight to lose.”

“What do you know about the splendor attained by her soul; if you only got a glimpse of it, you’d kneel at her feet.”

He thought this and should have shouted it in his face, but he limited himself to adding: “I can’t do it; anyway, I’m leaving.” “The time to go home and return with a pretext,” he quickly assessed, “would be less than what it takes to convince those who think it right to hinder me with the threat of identification.” However, he had underestimated the Cobra. Shortly after his return, he found her sitting on the chair in an unnatural position, her head on the windowsill with her eyes closed. That snake had given her pills to diminish her will, making her a puppet in his hands. He was furious but didn’t show it, thinking of a possible solution.

“Maybe now I’ll trick you, cursed Serpent.”

“Listen, I’m going to call an ambulance; she’s not well, and it’s better to have her checked by a doctor.”

“Did you hear? He wants to call the doctor, Laura... can you hear me?... It’s over, don’t do it... he doesn’t know... tell him too.” That slimy individual was facing her but seemed to be talking to himself. He rushed down the stairs to make the call. After a few minutes, a full ambulance crew entered the miserable room. She tried to adopt a conscious attitude of refusal because deep down, she still harbored a fierce pride that prevented her from accepting the false pity of public institutions. She underwent a brief check-up, which showed nothing alarming. At the end of the intervention, before leaving with the medical staff, the officers who had arrived in the meantime summoned him to appear at five o’clock at the nearby San Sabba police station. They said he had to present himself to justify the call to the emergency room. Once it was just the three of them remaining, the Cobra threw down his challenge: “I need to talk to her alone; I know her better and am her friend just like you.”

It seemed a mistake to impose his presence; it could be counterproductive for the decision Laura would make. She had to win by herself, and to do so, it was enough that she wouldn’t let herself be deceived anymore. He moved away again and returned after over twenty minutes. Opening the door, the Serpent requested more time, another half hour. He firmly refused.

“That’s enough! There’s no more time to waste on your excuses.”

“But we have to throw them off the scent,” he hissed. The intensity with which he pronounced that unexpected phrase, unrelated to what had happened, frightened him. What the hell was going through his mind, and what was he supposed to simulate? “What are you saying?” he asked, alarmed. From his appearance, he didn’t seem drunk at all; if he was rambling, it was probably due to the fear that he would tear her from his claws. It certainly was so; he hadn’t reached forty yet, but he looked like her father, and how could he continue to touch her during the unnatural sleep caused by the drugs taken in massive doses? She had confided in him some time before but had also managed to reassure him by saying that no one would ever be able to inflict that kind of violence on her again. She would recall the outrage she suffered when she was just a little girl, and she would become a tiger for that. “Listen, can you explain to me who and why you want to throw off the scent? What are you afraid of?... Who?...”

“Doesn’t it seem strange to you too,” he replied, turning to Laura, “that this morning the police came right to us; who could have sent them... it was you!” His response was no longer an answer; it was an accusation.

“You must have gone crazy if you’re trying to make her believe such nonsense.” Laura, behind him, was fiddling with a blister pack; he noticed just before she brought her hand to her mouth to swallow more pills. He wasn’t quick enough to prevent it. She had taken another twelve in a lightning gesture. For a moment, he absurdly hoped that this poison might slow the vortex of her thoughts, her reactions, allowing her finally to decide in full autonomy. A few minutes passed, The bell rang mournfully, and there were frantic knocks at the door; the Serpe was hunched over the stove by the window and suddenly straightened up. The medical staff had returned and crowded into the miserable room, looking around.

“We need to carry out further legally mandated checks.”

The brusque tone of the doctor, the same as during the first intervention, was out of place, and so did that strange procedure. Nonetheless, he informed that Laura had just ingested another twelve Dividol. He was tenser than the strings of a violin; she was struggling to reach the Door, and a hellish wind was pushing her back, tearing away every bush she was holding onto. “She is not able to connect at certain moments; I think it would be better to admit her,” he suggested pleadingly. It took almost half an hour to convince her to follow them. He left her alone again. Was it a mistake?... Was it their time expired?... The ambulance drove away, and he checked the time, five o’clock! He had to go to the police station; it was pointless to ask why that unusual bureaucratic formality. Why should one justify a request for help to 118? Was it possible that a call to the Red Cross in those circumstances could be considered a crime? The words of the guy who occupied one of those squalid accommodations were probably true: “Since you started visiting this house, it has been constantly monitored.” Perhaps they were trying to tailor a crime to fit him. After giving his statement, he reached the hospital. The roar of the motorcycle did nothing to ease his anxiety. Too late... she had already been discharged! He hadn’t anticipated the most obvious thing: that they would wash their hands of her so quickly. The law of men, founded mostly on indifference, allowed it. Now she

was wandering who knows where, alone! He wished with all his might that she remembered her promise: “Even if you don’t see me, I will always be by your side, watching over you like the rarest flower, so that the storm cannot tear it away, nor the sun scorch it. Poor angel, you try to take flight but are trampled by everyone; your wings are torn, and your garment is soiled. Now you are climbing your Golgotha alone.

He would have given his life to carry her cross, but she wouldn’t have wanted that, and he knew it. Instinct drove him to run to the place of a certain Cece to see her pass by, but then he didn’t stay; it was like wanting to inflict more useless cruelty on his soul, and so he resignedly walked slowly home. That day, Cece later recounted, she arrived at the bar just a few minutes after he had left. She had never been seen in such a state; the crying and despair of those moments were so devastating that her gaze left a bitter feeling among those present. She was seen stumbling down the few steps and approaching the busy man behind the counter.

“Hi Cece, I need to talk to you about the guy you know; please listen to me for a moment.”

The man in his fifties, short and stocky, was pleased that he was believed to be an ex-legionnaire, a tough guy. At that moment, he was serving customers, so he just turned his head slightly, nodding dismissively.

“Hi Laura, do you want a drink?”

Without waiting for a reply, he reached out and filled a glass. “I said I want to talk to you; do you understand? Someone has to listen to me!” she said, banging her fist on the counter. “Look at my arms!” she continued, rolling up the sleeves of her blouse. “How can he expect so much, especially from someone like me... he, he wants me to not smoke, to not drink; he wants everything from me... do you understand?” There were too many patrons at that moment; Cece couldn’t listen to her as he usually did, and he brought the glass of wine closer to her. That evening, Laura left the place without drinking it. She almost completely spilled her cup on the ground and then set it down on the counter. For everyone, it was just a careless gesture, and only for someone who has already spilled their cup does the hidden meaning of that circumstance become clear. She left the bar without even looking up, and none of those present imagined the heights her soul had now reached. When Laura arrived at the Invisible Door, she too left her heart there beside it and returned for you. On the same day as the search, in

the morning, her words had been illuminating: “What am I being asked?” she replied, shaken by the silent question that no one in that room had posed to her; a request from the Spirit that only her soul could hear.

“Me, who will never see my child, to think about the children of the whole world? Leave me alone, do you understand?”

She screamed her deep anguish, then collapsed onto the tattered sofa and whispered in a tone of resignation: “I am of no use, you know; go away, please, you’re wasting your time with me; never come back... never again.”

Her last words were shaken by desperate sobs. She remained silent, but he didn’t abandon her; he couldn’t give in to her, or else he would have sealed her defeat. He was sure that love, in its highest expression, would eventually triumph. Laura had to win for you; no one else could do it for her that day, not even his wife, and he hoped intensely. He had arrived home; Laura would find herself in front of a Door that opened in every direction, and she could choose to enter the Garden of God, and he decided to wait for her in his garden. He would speak to her as a man, and it would be painful to make her understand that as a woman she could not share her existence with him. From behind the thick hedge, he spotted the neighbor and her partner. Waiting helplessly was not his specialty; he had to relieve the tension and went towards them to exchange a few words. From there, he could see the gate in case Laura arrived. Approaching slowly, he looked intently at Elena and Tony. He was uncertain, not knowing to whom to address, and so the words slipped out on their own:

“Hi Elena, do you remember that two years ago we talked about the councilor while I was tending to the garden? You thought it was absurd for a tenant to take on such a burden, and I replied with those grim words that had no connection to our dialogue. The prediction I made at that moment you later relayed to a journalist from Reporter, do you remember? I said something like: ‘After ten days, once this seemingly endless work is finished, I will turn my attention to the councilor to certify its end, so that it is clear that one is not free to stand by indifferently when the lives of others are at stake.’ That day you were returning home while I was pulling out the weeds; at that moment, I remembered having vainly begged him to intervene so that Giada would no longer have to breathe the fumes from the faulty chimney. His response could not have been more

cynical and insensitive: ‘Your daughter’s health does not concern me.’ Considering what he had to deal with on behalf of the Institute, that faulty chimney, which increased the frequency and severity of Giada’s asthma attacks, was solely his responsibility. It was precisely cynicism, the path that that death sentence took to emerge from his innermost depths; and it is a perpetual sentence that strikes every unclean being.” The two did not comment, so he continued with an absent expression in his monologue: “I was right then, and I won’t be wrong this time either; the girl you saw enter my house last week will also die. You said you knew her, that she was the sister of a friend of your son... but this time, it won’t take ten days; it will happen to her very soon.

”Elena and Tony, as expected, looked at him without hiding their perplexity. They probably attributed his sometimes erratic way of addressing topics to the stress of separation.

“My predictions are like the pieces of a mosaic, and I gather them regularly; anyone who wants to join the game and enjoy putting it together should know to give them the right importance.” For the neighbors, those last words were certainly imperceptible, but he no longer had the strength to repeat himself as his mind was troubled by anxiety for Laura. He slowly returned home, thinking of Gino “Cugno,” who, less than two years earlier, had carried out the sentence of Fate. Gino had paid excessively for the man’s death; what had really happened had been deliberately ignored; in truth, it was fate that determined that bad end. A piece of evidence in this regard came after Gino “Cugno’s” death from the account of a high-ranking member of the dissolved D.C., a local politician who found himself in a cell with him and who established a relationship characterized by deep humanity.

That morning, he was firmly determined to sell a copy of the book to a man who was chatting with his friend in a bar in Domio; the few words overheard were enough to make him intervene in the conversation. With irony, he urged them to speak ill of the State, a trend that would soon take hold, he claimed with satisfaction. He didn’t give them time to tell him to take a hike and immediately began the encirclement that was to conclude with the sale of the latest version of the book. He finished his brief presentation of the work with a grim prediction about the councilor made to his neighbor.

At that point, one of the two revealed the confidence received from Gino in the Trieste prison: “He absolutely didn’t want to kill him; he was shocked and sat down, unable to explain how it could have happened. He simply wanted to poke him in the backside to scare him and make him push for the accommodation he had been requesting for a long time. I am sure that the cause of the fatal outcome was the quick movement of the attacked, a political opponent for whom I felt some friendship; it was done instinctively, to soften or deflect the blow, but unfortunately, it worked against him. Finding no obstacle, his armed hand reached the heart.”

All of this seems to demonstrate that one can never escape fate, he observed, smiling at the two interlocutors.

Returning home, a bit of relief came with the thought that in the first case, the karmic clock had marked the last moment, while in the second, for sweet Laura, it would be the beginning; even the cynical indifference that lurked in the minds of so many men had to be removed like the gravel from a garden, but that was the Plan of the Great Architect, and to him, who was realizing it, indications, suggestions, and threats were directed from those who could not even take notice of it.

Sitting at the computer table, he repeated to himself that he would have given his life for her a thousand times, but he did not want, nor could he, rebel against the Father. That thought brought peace; doing His will comforted his soul. The Spirit did not forget her, and this was what he had fought for. Laura, he was certain, deserved to be remembered for what she truly was, not for what she had seemed; his capacity to love demanded it, and by redeeming a life, he was sealing this right of his. Countless Eons later, the centuries of those mystics and prophets capable of once again grasping the role of his Form in the transcendent would reappear.

The next evening, he rang Elena’s doorbell to tell her about her death. She seemed disturbed but exchanged only a few words of circumstance.

“You had become deeply attached to that girl, hadn’t you?” he remarked, intending to elicit some hidden emotion.

“Yes!... And you can’t imagine how much, with all my being. Just imagine that my mind still refuses to believe it; only my soul knows, and with it, she will continue to meet on the hill of Monrupino near the little church.”

He stopped speaking, convinced that any explanation was useless; perhaps no one could accept that Laura, at every Eon determined by fate, would return to support him when his bride with the wounded soul could not. He walked slowly toward home; now he was alone again; the Warrior's rest was over.

On June 3, 1995, he accompanied his Form for the last time. Around her, that day, there were many flowers and perhaps much remorse for not having been able to help or understand her. Shortly afterward, when he returned to her grave, there was not a single petal of a flower, and there should have been no remorse either. Crying silently, he placed a lily on that grave. That gesture seemed dictated by pity; it is hard to believe, without using intuition, that the Spirit made manifest, right after and at the right moment, what that flower truly represents: a steel lily, which would be part of this story and which he would use to strike those who had thrown their challenge at him, proclaiming themselves the Antichrist!

It alludes to the character who, more than any other, injected poison into the heart of his bride and presented his veiled invitation to confrontation in an unusual way. On the day he chose to do so, Tarzan had unloaded firewood in the square in front of his home. The white Uno stopped not far away in the second row; instinct suggested he ask for the help of the man who had gotten out and was now approaching with a firm step. He would have to move those heavy logs to the back of the garden before darkness fell; a glance at the sun confirmed that the time he had was sufficient. Thus, he began to complain about the difficulties in starting the chainsaw. After a few exchanges about the efficiency of the carburetor, the other suddenly changed the subject:

“Do you know? I’m starting to believe that I am the Antichrist, and I think I have a valid reason, actually—” he added with a convinced tone—”definitely more than one.”

At the instinctive request for an explanation, however, he immediately became evasive. He thought back to his expression while formulating those words to see if it was a joke or not, and considering the extreme seriousness with which he had spoken, he concluded that perhaps there was some reason for him to say it. He tried to insist for some clarification, but it was useless. The other hastily suggested going for a coffee at the bar.

As they took the few steps that separated them from the bar, Erieder made a quick incursion into all his mental files related to seers, prophecies, and any other hint to correlate his figure, which he had known for years, with that of the Antichrist. He found nothing, except for a brief mention, taken from who knows where, stating that the Antilegis would be the son of a prostitute. In any case, he also registered that curious belief in his mind; the Spirit would suggest what to do with it.

A few months later, he understood the role that had been assigned to him. Fate made the necessary pieces appear for the construction of the Plan at the right moment and in greater numbers. Analyzing the impressions about him that he routinely filed away in his unconscious, he noticed that they did not differ from his hypothesis; those who offer surrogates of paradise are truly the monkey of a God; but if his power allows him to poison souls, he would wish that his power was to make them pure like the water of a mountain stream. After some time, he resumed provoking by claiming that he would enter his home the day that “someone” would crush him. His threat, as will be seen, would become a self-condemnation. In any case, to better understand that figure, we will speak of the days when he was already close to publishing the first version of this work.

Within the castle of San Giusto, the inaugural evening of the “Festival of Magic” had just begun; he was listening distractedly to the introductory words of a journalist, and at the end of his speech, he approached him as he usually did: jumping straight into the topic that was closest to his heart. After a quick exchange of pleasantries about his way of presenting, he showed a vague interest when he recounted that, for some time, there had been rumors about some disturbing clues regarding the presence, in an unspecified location in the immediate outskirts of Trieste, of a character who claimed to embody the figure of the Antichrist.

The man proposed to discuss it further, suggesting taking some precautions that left him perplexed because they seemed completely out of place. The following evening, to follow the reporter’s advice, he deemed it necessary to enlist the help of Sergio. Despite his insistence, he was not willing to cooperate; annoyed by his refusal, he went to a friend’s house who lived in the area. This was a young man with whom he had worked for a brief period some time earlier; he had just proposed

to help a friend by giving her shelter. Initially, they talked about the problem concerning the girl, then he remembered why he had gone to him, explaining that he was looking for someone willing to accompany the correspondent from Piccolo. He asked his interlocutor if he was willing to take on the commitment, and the guy in question said he would be willing to oblige after asking a few questions.

“If I understood correctly, I should take a taxi and take him to the plateau, but I don’t see the reason for so much caution.”

Once his doubts were exhausted, the conversation then took a completely different turn. He began to talk about the content of his book but did not continue for long to outline the plot because, reaching for the glass of beer on the table, the young man began a hallucinatory tale:

“The six hundred sixty-six, I know him by another name; he is called the Antichrist; he is here in Trieste, and I have witnessed extraordinary events.”

He then listed his miraculous powers, the events he claimed to have witnessed, and the predictions that the character had made to him. He lingered long in his description; strangely it perfectly matched the person Tarzan had known for some time, and when he asked for his name, he was reticent, but a curious hint particularly caught the attention of our Scribe.

“About eight years ago, the man was able to predict the war that later actually broke out in Yugoslavia, and he also added that it would precede a global apocalyptic confrontation.”

He knew that he had made the identical prediction ten years earlier and had confided it to very few people. Among these was precisely that character who took delight in throwing veiled threats at him. He remembered having spoken of it to him; this now represented a precise clue, enabling him to identify who was launching attacks aimed at fracturing his family unit.

At the moment, he did not see the purpose of it, but it was enough to wait for that reason to be clarified, just as it was now clear who aimed to crush his rebellious nature. He had dutifully reported his prediction and many other details of which he was aware to the usual unknowns: the same ones who had threatened the director of Giada’s nursery and violated her home only to return to him the two cameras.

They were to be used, according to what he had purposefully reported to a confidant in the Carabinieri, to set up a complex plan of rebellion against the Roman power, which aimed to politically separate Italy and was supported by economic powers. Meanwhile, four cats, who would later become the leaders of the League, began to distribute the first flyers.

He thus decided to play along to discover with what murky deception they were trying to hinder him.

"He will want to appear like Christ, but he will only be his monkey... Because false Christs and false prophets will arise who will perform signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect."

"He will want to appear like Christ, but he will only be his monkey... Because false Christs and false prophets will arise who will perform signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect."

"Listen, I think I know who you're talking about; his name is.... he lives on San Pelagio street, on the fourth floor, and the door of his apartment is reinforced with iron sheets, right?"

"Yes! It's true, in addition to what I've told you, you should know that once a month, but only if there's a full moon, or rather—the Black Moon—at night, he goes to Val Rosandra with his disciples. I can also tell you, but please don't ask me anything more, that I saw him levitate off the ground, and there could be no tricks. Believe me—I want to insist—I have been very involved in these mysteries, and now I am afraid of them; I have a hell of a fear of them..."

He pronounced the last words simulating an obvious fear.

"Later, due to my wife's pressure, I decided to distance myself from these practices and renounce the position I held. I didn't talk to anyone about my intentions, yet, the same day, the High Priest left Rome to come to Trieste and participate in the ceremony of the transfer of powers that had been granted to me until that moment."

At that point, he noticed his interlocutor's wife leaning against the doorframe. His attentive gaze revealed that she must have heard the last part of the story.

"We were talking about the book I'm writing, and your husband was giving me some suggestions..."

He was ready to go all the way, and to do so, it was useful to discover if the woman would confirm the incredible story. He sensed this and stopped him with a disapproving glance, and then continued in the role of the fool who believes in flying donkeys, immediately changing course:

“He was suggesting how to proceed.”

He waited for the woman, after casting a stern glance at the man, to walk away and asked for an explanation:

“Why don’t you want me to talk to her?”

“It’s her who doesn’t want to touch on this subject anymore.”

The lack of sincerity was becoming increasingly evident, so he waited for her to return with the coffee cups and attempted to undermine his position with continuous bursts of questions:

“Ma’am, Mauro confided in me that he was part of a church of satanists; I want to tell you that I greatly appreciate your firmness in asking him to leave that cult.”

The woman nodded her head, avoiding looking in his direction. He did not know whether to consider her an accomplice or a victim and thus continued with the questions.

“However, I find the man who came from Rome puzzling; your husband said he was a very elegant man in his forties; do you think that matches his age?”

“I believe so!”

He did not dare to continue and found a pretext to withdraw. Immediately afterward, his interlocutor resumed his incredible tale, undeterred.

“The night of the investiture, a black mass was held during which we possessed a woman with short black hair, slender and about one meter fifty-two or fifty-three. We took possession of her exclusively, just the three of us; me, the High Priest, and him, the one from Via San Pelagio. If you still have doubts,” he added, seeing his expression remain impassive, “remember that the Antichrist hides a mark in his hair, the three sixes. Looking closely, you can clearly see they are not tattoos; he claims to have had them since birth, and those who have known him for a long time have confirmed it to me.”

He thanked him for his “exhaustive” information and, as he left, reiterated the commitment he had taken. Returning toward what, for

a few more months, would be his home, he reflected on the reticence he had managed to simulate, but what struck him the most was the precise description of his wife and the exact knowledge of her height to the millimeter. He bitterly acknowledged the extreme ease with which one could strike at the heel of his bride when her eyes were blinded by pride. However, it was not possible to tarnish her like Laura; she was the one he had wanted by his side one day and who he had to wait for. He also had to be patient until the Accuser was definitively unmasked; could there possibly be more written? Why were individuals sent to him with the aim of deceiving him and making him collapse? Had he not suffered enough? Only by continuing to believe that knowledge would represent the only weapon given to him by the Eternal to realize His Plan would they fail in their attempt to destroy him.

A few days later, under the pretext of apologizing for not having followed up on the agreement made regarding the journalist, he returned to him to confide that in the house next to his, a woman who perfectly matched the description he had given him of the Priestess had been seen for some time.

“You have to admit that this incredible story deserves an explanation; if you give me ten minutes with your help, I will be able to find it.”

“If I can be of help, but I wouldn’t want to have any complications.”

He didn’t ask what kind of complications he feared, fully focused on following his plan. He then asked him to follow him to confirm whether the person currently in the house next to his was indeed the satanist he had indicated.

When they arrived near the house, it didn’t take long. The figure of the woman appeared at the first-floor window.

“Can you see her clearly? Is it her?” “Yes!”

“Are you sure? Look at her more closely, are you certain you’re not mistaken?”

“No! I’m sure it’s her.”

The individual was saying that his wife, because it was indeed her, was the Priestess of Val Rosandra. At that point, what he already knew might have been enough, and he did not ask any further questions. He thanked him for his help and asked him not to speak of it to anyone. He scrutinized his expression when he assured that he would maintain

silence and saw the discomfort, due to the seriousness of what he had said, clearly emerge. Months went by, enough time for him to forget many of the nonsense he had been told, and he came back for more. This time things would go differently. He immediately began to challenge him on countless contradictions and coincidences that could not be mere coincidences, first and foremost the exact measurement of his wife's height. The tone he used made him immediately understand that he would not hesitate to use strong-arm tactics, so he considered what was said about Tarzan and even for a moment the difference in stature.

"You know," he began hesitantly, "it wasn't my idea; I wouldn't Sure! Here's the translation of the provided text into English:

"'You know,' he began hesitantly, 'it wasn't my idea; I wouldn't have wanted to be involved at all, but I couldn't say no.'

'Say no to whom?' she pressed him. 'Who forced you to tell such a story?'

He was under just the right amount of pressure, so he continued:

'Do you remember when I met you at the Hemingway bar? We were talking about the old days, and you mentioned the problems with your wife—without caring whether you nodded, I kept spilling the beans—well, the next day, in the early afternoon, there was a knock at the door. I found myself face to face with two guys who asked to come in; they didn't even introduce themselves, but the way they behaved made me think they were from the police.'

The story was starting to get interesting.

'They first asked how long I had known you and made it clear they knew a lot about you. They stayed for about twenty minutes and assumed I would do what they asked. They asked me to tell you that story and to describe the woman exactly with those characteristics; they even knew, as it actually happened, that you would point out a person, and at that point, I would have to declare that it was indeed the one I had described to you. As I told you, their confidence impressed me so much that I couldn't refuse. I was supposed to have a Council Chamber meeting just those days, and if I didn't cooperate, I feared I would have to endure the months I had left to serve.'

He added many more details, such as the license plate, the color, and the type of car that had left the area shortly afterward.

g a a e l

For his cooperation, he would be punished, a few months later, in a drastic and relentless manner. The local newspaper would also take care of the matter.”





VIII THE STELL LILY

“Will it seem like Christ, but it will only be his monkey?”

And the Monkey of a God did not limit itself to inflicting various forms of pain upon its companion but deceived her into believing it could grant her what her soul yearned for. A few years before awakening, if only briefly, from her nightmare, Gilly was slowly overcoming the trials that everyone encounters on that same path that leads to self-awareness or, more precisely, the consciousness of what one truly is. That day he approached her seductively, holding in his hand the hellish paradise into which so many, too many have fallen; exulting in the power he believed was his, he introduced the swollen needle of his terrible poison... and she forgot to continue moving toward the point where all are headed.

Thus, she sank into the illusion of no longer having the right to that point, but the deception was not perfect; the darkness that enveloped her was not complete, a distant light managed to reach her and guide her by chance to the same bar where Erieder first met Laura. Entering the noisy and crowded place, he saw her next to a group of people; he was struck by her gaze lost in the void. He did not remember her being so suffering at all, and so he spoke to her.

“Hi! How are you?... And with him?”

“I no longer see him, we broke up; I could no longer go on like that, I was completely nullifying myself.”

“Have you gone back to your mother’s?”

“No, I’m staying in a guesthouse in the city center.”

“Are you aware that my wife and my mother-in-law, following her suggestions, are trying to crush me using the power of the State?”

“But how? Haven’t you reconciled yet? And the girls... do you at least see them?”

She seemed surprised that the crisis had not been resolved; she knew well the affection that tied him to his little ones. She avoided the question and began a subdued monologue:

“You’ll see if I’m wrong, her mother will be remembered as a being to be blamed because, with her arrogance and her immeasurable pride, she wanted to obscure in the eyes of my daughters the figure of their father. In my case,” he continued, “the unforgivable mistake of the State and its henchmen is to presume to replace me, erasing the point of reference that is indispensable for my little girls.”

“Sorry, but I don’t think they can do that; it’s just not possible,” he interjected strongly to lift his spirits. “Everyone knows how much you love the girls; how could they take away your parental rights... it’s absurd, don’t even think about it.”

“On the contrary, I’m forced to believe it because I know what a Pope said about it in the nineteenth century:

‘When the family is destroyed, there will be an end!’

Unfortunately, that is what is happening today. Unions are being established without considering the wisdom implicit in the biblical teaching: ‘As in heaven, so on earth’... and this, among other things, means that above, the highest authority is represented by the Father, while below, the exercise of a function, proportionally analogous, belongs by natural right to every man after he has generated. One of the primary functions of any State should have been to comply with this natural law, which does not need to be written, but in these recent times, the will of this abstract Entity to place itself above everything has imposed itself abnormally. In fact, these days, in the courtroom, they are not discussing whether I am fit to perform the task that is mine; in reality, they want to affirm the sanctity of the measures taken by the State concerning Giada, Lara, and Eva.

In doing so, that soulless monster arrogates to itself the right to exempt me from my first duty: the loving task of leading them on the path of spiritual progress. This is the first step that that subversive entity will have to take to assert its priority over the Father; to do this, it will make use of human beings still lacking awareness.

The dharma of a man, therefore, is to oppose with all his might the attempt to exclude him from the responsibility he has taken by generating creatures; while the path of the Son, a path that no one can cross with impunity, is to honor the Father even in ways not tolerated by the State.”

Gil continued to look at him with a strange expression; he had not even tried to interrupt his outburst, so he thought he ought to conclude.

“But there is something that I cannot see clearly, and it even prevents me from sleeping, and that is precisely the level of conscious collaboration that she has provided to my Adversary.”

As he finished explaining the facts he was aware of, she grew darker, and from the tension her face expressed, he understood the drama she was living. He sensed that her childhood dreams had also been shattered, and this made him think of one of his most beautiful dreams: to feel loved by his wife... and for him, it was even more terrible. Now, he lived with the anguishing nightmare of discovering that the person by his side was actually a monster capable of hating someone who had loved her and continued to love her; a woman who, out of pride, would not hesitate to sacrifice the future of her children.

In the end, it was she who broke the silence that had fallen between them at the end of his painful story.

“Can I ask you to take me to the guesthouse? It’s already seven, and soon that area will be frequented by the kind of people you can imagine.”

“Alright, let’s go; I need to pass through Via Roma, and I greatly appreciate your desire to keep away from certain realities.”

All the way, she continued to lament the wrongs done to him by his family, frequently wondering about the reason, and she, gently, occasionally interrupted his monologue, thus showing great concern in trying to calm him.

After leaving her at the entrance of the inn, he found himself reflecting on their meeting and realized that his intangible aversion of the past had turned into understanding. What astonished him the most

was discovering that she had lost everything: the house, the job, the person who should have given her the love she dreamed of as a child, and it was she who was comforting him. A man who did not accept being or appearing weak. He had leaned on that fragile figure and had received comfort from her.

When chance favored another meeting, it was only right to show her his gratitude.

That evening, he had been invited to the opening of a venue in San Giacomo and had been there for almost two hours; he was reluctant to leave that chaos despite the good reasons to do so. Inside the bar, the music was deafening, the smoke unbearable, and the patrons managed to make the environment even more squalid. Despite the situation not being the most favorable, he sensed that something was about to happen, some particular situation whose nature he could not grasp.

Perhaps a bit of air would enter through that ajar door to allow him to breathe, or perhaps... and it was more likely, another piece to perfectly fit into his Mosaic.

The slender blonde figure entered hesitantly and could not contain her astonishment at seeing him in that place: “Hi! You here! What brings you?”

“I was waiting for you; I knew you would come.”

She certainly did not expect such a response and so continued: “How did you know?”

“It wasn’t any of the people you know who told me; it was chance that made me aware.”

The deliberately joking tone of her words extinguished his curiosity, and without further rebuttal, he introduced the guy who had meanwhile approached. After a few polite phrases, she stepped away only to return shortly after holding a beer. Her words, shouted in that chaos, but even more the reflection of the many empty glasses next to her hand, with those incredibly long and slender fingers, shed new light on her suffering. She desperately needed help, and it seemed the moment had come for someone to pull her out of the hell she had fallen into.

“Gilly, I think you can help me,” she took advantage of a pause from the DJ to order coffee and talk about the Plan that was absorbing all her energy. “I would like to ask you a favor regarding the book I’m writing, particularly the chapter about Laura, the girl you met and I told you

about. "I need your judgment; I need to know if I have managed to give a credible image of her and the relationship that existed between us. I only ask for half an hour of your time to read it and form an idea."

"Of course, give me your phone number, and we'll talk one of these days, okay?"

"Good, if you can this weekend, so I can review it and propose the most recent version to you."

"Okay, then we'll be in touch... bye!" "Bye!... Please, call me; it means a lot to me."

"Don't worry, I will."

The following Saturday, as he closed the door behind him, the ringing of the phone stopped him on the steps. It was Gilly, keeping her promise.

"Hello? Hi! It's Gigliola; do you have the book ready?"

"Hi! You won't believe it, but I was just thinking about you; you caught me just in time, I was about to leave."

"Do you want to meet somewhere so you can bring it to me?"

"Sure, tell me where you prefer, so we can have a drink together, and I'll have the chance to explain to you better what I want from you. Let's meet in front of my house then; when do you plan to be there?"

"Just enough time to get there, about ten minutes... is that okay?"

"Perfect, bye!" "Bye!"

Half an hour later, she was sitting at the Hemingway bar, completely absorbed in reading; the murmurs around her couldn't distract her as she discovered a side of him that amazed her, one she had never suspected. At the end of the tenth chapter, she slowly closed the book, looked at him, and whispered, "It's beautiful and very engaging; I would have never believed you were like this."

"What do you think Carmen's comment would be if she could get her hands on it?"

"I think she would go crazy over what she lost if she could understand it; otherwise, she would get lost anyway; if she couldn't get to know you after twenty years spent together, she won't be able to seek what truly matters."

"I appreciate the compliment, but believe me, I'm happier to discover how sensitive you can be."

She looked at her nervous hands, slightly embarrassed, then, quickly changing the subject, she asked him to take her home. "Maybe from this

evening, we will start seeing each other more frequently,” she thought. “I believe that just like Laura, her role will be to collaborate with my Plan.”

Figures of all kinds would come to indicate to the wandering souls how to remember the days of their eternal existence and to bring awareness that, after the inevitable Apocalyptic moments, they would enter that dimension long sought by men. The mythical Eden would finally become accessible to all.

The lily, which she imagined of steel and laid on Laura’s grave, thanks to intuition or chance, she found in Gilly. Until the last moment, however, no one would suspect that she was the weapon animated by the Spirit meant to strike his enemy. One morning, she would descend upon him under the incredulous gaze of the carabinieri sergeant from Muggia.

He deliberately increased the time he devoted to each of their meetings until one of his friends proposed to take her to Mond See, a small Austrian town, to take care of her child during the times her professional commitments required it. She performed as a singer, and her husband accompanied her on the piano. So they left shortly after for that beautiful tourist spot.

It was a village that could inspire volumes of fairy tales; those little houses seemed miraculously spared from the corrosion of the centuries, and the romantic name, Lake of the Moon, was the perfect frame for that atmosphere. They were all colorful, like the gardens that surrounded them; they stood next to the shore of Mond See, and towards evening, the mountain peaks that enclosed the valley from every side slowly cast their shadows, providing a sense of protection. Everything seemed created to guard the dreams of its inhabitants and those who arrived there by chance.

One morning, Gilly called on the phone, asking if he was willing to join her in Austria to return with the equipment that wouldn’t fit in her friend’s car. Noticing her enthusiasm as she described the wonders of the place she was in, it instinctively came to him to assure her of his presence for the indicated day. The desire to see what was presented as a stunning landscape was stronger than his visceral reluctance to travel.

He arrived in Mond See around noon, after several wrong turns; he was warmly welcomed by Carlo and Ariella, who was holding a beautiful child in her arms. They had lunch together, and shortly after, Gilly asked him to accompany her to the lake. After a few minutes, they were walking along its

shore; there was a festival in the village, and the distant music underscored her words: “Last week - she began in a confidential tone - I came here and had the chance to read your entire book. The next day I returned with the child, and as soon as I arrived, a rustle caught my attention. I immediately looked behind me - she continued, trying to convey the feelings she had experienced - and I was amazed by the presence of two white swans just a couple of steps away from me. The harmony with which they performed their love dance seemed to make them a single being, pure and white, and it was surely witnessing such a spectacle for the first time that gave me an emotion so intense it could not be forgotten.”

He did not comment on her story, but deep down he felt that the flower, watered by her own tears, was blooming. It had been months since a part of his human nature had dissolved before his eyes, and the time had come to ask her to reflect it.

It wasn't enough for her to feel in love with love; she had to see it around her to become aware of the infinite forms it took. In that case, she could do what was required of her: to break one of those Forms with love.

Summer was almost over, and that afternoon they were going to the sea; the sky seemed particularly blue, and the hill in the background seemed deliberately placed to remind him of what he had been thinking about for a long time, and along with the memory, tears also surfaced. Gilly was choosing a cassette and didn't notice it, but that was the right moment to talk to her, so he called her attention to his weeping.

“Gilly, look at me... do you see these tears... you will have to remember them, and you must especially remember my words. The tears belong to a man you will leave... but the words are those of someone who will be close to you on the day you are in danger. Do you see that mountain? I promise you that you will have me close even if I am on the other side; you must believe that my caresses are those of the wind on your face and my voice the music you love most.”

Gilly looked at him without understanding, but what she sensed, due to his tone, was the importance he attributed to those moments.

The reason for that strange warning she fully understood only after leaving the path they had briefly walked together.

That evening, she received his phone call; she spoke in a hurried manner, and he could clearly tell she was feeling low, so he rushed to

reach her. He crossed the threshold of her house, and she immediately took him to her room. She fell onto the bed, and he looked at her carefully; she appeared agitated and trembling, so he asked her the reason for her distress.

“In the last few days - she began in a dull voice - I have felt like a rag, used and thrown away. I thought I wouldn’t be able to overcome all the obstacles that present themselves day after day, and then I gave in once again to that damned poison. This morning, after returning, I took half a bag; I was clean, and for that, I felt something akin to an electric shock wrap around my head or rather an infinity of pins.”

“Sit down! - he advised firmly - And please try to be clearer.”

“Yeah!... It’s true, you can’t know such things, but the most common sensation you feel after an overdose is exactly what I’m talking about. In our jargon, we call it pins inside the head, but that didn’t scare me,” she continued after casting him a look in which he sensed a reproach, “it’s what happened afterward. You see? - she quickly moved her hair and placed her hand on the prominent swelling. - I caused it by falling to the ground unconscious.”

“You risked your life for not being able to contain your anger.”

“You’re not surprised by this, but you will be knowing that I then saw you next to me and we talked for almost two hours. Now that I recount it, I can’t decide if it really happened, if you somehow entered the house, or if it is something for which I will never find an explanation. It was your authoritative voice that made me reopen my eyes: ‘Gilly!...’ - you said, furious - ‘Why did you do it?... Why didn’t you follow my advice? You promised never to do it again. Why?... Why?... You should never have let yourself be tempted again.’ ‘Because you left me alone’ - I replied, trying to lift myself off the ground - ‘you promised you would never leave me alone, and here I am, with nothing left, without a home, and without you.’

“Believe me - she continued after a few moments - in my life, I have never had such an experience, and if you hadn’t been there or that incredible illusion that took your place, I really don’t think I would have made it.”

In the end, he remained silent, waiting for an explanation, and her comment suggested reminding her of the tears and the strange promise made one morning in Ankarano while they were going to the sea:

“But the words are those of someone who will be close to you on the day you are in danger.”

As usual, it was chance that allowed Gilly to bring back the memories. That evening, after spending the whole afternoon on the Istrian coast talking about the dreams and projects she had seen vanish, on the way back, they stopped to eat at their usual place, an inexpensive but exquisite restaurant.

They climbed the few steps leading to the wide terrace; besides the two of them, there were only a few couples struggling with children. The owner greeted them warmly and approached the table, knowing their habits; he only asked for confirmation on the drinks and quickly walked away.

They resumed their dialogue, but she, after a few moments, was distracted by a blonde girl and suddenly changed the subject: "Do you have any idea how frustrating and depressing it is for a woman not to have her child?"

"I can imagine; Carmela made it a sickness for eight years, but when she was about to give up... it was simple. After Paco's death, all she had to do was follow my advice: to abstain from eating meat in respect for him. She had to discover that divine nature is also hidden in forms of life considered inferior. Only then would Paco allow himself to be seen in the guise of Hanuman and give her little Giada."

Knowing the story of Paco and the kind of readings she favored, Gilly didn't pay much attention to that statement; it was a point of view that would require hours of discussion to barely scratch the surface.

"But my case is different; I will never know that joy."

"I repeat, if it's meant to be, that's what actually always happens... - He gave up continuing, realizing that a thousand words would not be enough to explain that concept to her and limited himself to whispering. - From the very first steps in the other dimension, one becomes aware that synchronic energy can bring forth the most incredible things, not only that, but also the simplest ones, like the birth of twins."

"I would love for that to happen, but I think I will never have a man all to myself, one who remains by my side for a lifetime. I believe I could be a good mother, better than many others, and Sure!

"Better than many others, and it is above all this, you know, that makes me feel wasted."

The tone of her voice had faded, and now his task was to help her take the right stance regarding those themes. He also had to keep a constant watch on every little change in her mood, as that was the diabolical aspect of drugs; it took just a little for her to fall back into the spiral.

“Gilly...” – He didn’t continue because she had stiffened, her hands motionless on the table looked like marble; only the sound emanating from her form betrayed her life, and that sound revealed an instrument finally in tune. –

“Listen... it’s... it’s... extraordinary! But I’ve already lived these moments... I remember everything!... Even what you’re about to tell me... everything that surrounds us right now, and it’s incredible! I’ve never experienced such a feeling, I don’t understand what is happening to me.”

“It’s nothing, you’re just starting to remember.”

Then, as if speaking to himself, he continued: “The purpose of these experiences is mainly to make us ask ourselves why they happen, what they conceal, and where we can reach by nurturing them.”

He finished the explanation as his long, slender fingers glided across the tablecloth, moving closer to her hand: “Wait! – he told her, pulling back and gesturing to ask for the bill – it’s not the time, let’s go near the sea, I have to show you something you’re missing.”

They went down the stairs to reach the car, which he parked at the end of the pier. It was dark now, across the narrow stretch of sea, the lights of Koper seemed like stars that had come down to take a look. Everything around them seemed to be waiting for someone to justify the existence of everything. He began to speak to her and was immediately surprised by her ability to understand even those unusual conversations: “But how is it possible – she observed incredulously – everyone talks about it, for centuries love has been sung about, they have written wonderful poems, marvelous novels, terrible wars have even broken out because of that feeling; yet you are telling me that in reality, they still know almost nothing about love.”

“In fact, that’s exactly how it is; only the great mystics have managed to have an idea of it, and only after witnessing the extraordinary events that such energy can produce.”

At that point, her hand, as if drawn by an irresistible force, rested on his; slowly, brushing her palm, he intertwined his fingers with hers. Their play continued in silence. She, with her eyes half-closed, followed the perfect harmony of the hands that stood out against the backdrop of the sea, while the waters rendered the lights of the town similar to flickering

glimmers, whose intensity modified their shape. Then, with a whisper, she revealed what her soul had rediscovered:

“I can’t believe it, I’m seeing the two white swans of Mond See... I feel the same happiness of those moments... I am happy to be here while I relive the same emotions of another place and another time... what is happening?”

The question was directed as her eyes eagerly rested on everything around, as if trying to grasp a concrete reality, and for that reason alone, reassuring. Then, they immersed in his.

“Nothing extraordinary – he reassured her – you have just found yourself in what you felt the need for: love. In this circumstance, however, you have become aware of one of the infinite possibilities that way of being offers; you can transcend time and space, discover that there is no insurmountable boundary, and when you know how to recognize yourself in it, you can take on its forms.

You are paradoxically the form in its Uncreated State that can potentially take on every aspect, be it an emotion, a living being, a rock, or an entire galaxy. You are what cannot be defined, explained, and understood.”

Slowly their hands pulled away, and as the spirit directed his thoughts on the Plane he was manifesting, her soul imagined what the heart of every woman in love dreams of. They remained still and silent for a long time, then, reluctantly, she decided to interrupt her romantic fantasies by starting the engine. She resumed the way home, hoping that her dream would come true since she had finally opened a window on the dark side of her soul and illuminated it. She had to bear the weight of every future action because she had rediscovered the innocence of a child; as long as she preserved it, every gesture or desire would be free of guilt.

What greater pleasure for a father, a brother, or a simple friend than to cut the ties that prevented her soul from starting to soar, and when she would ask to relive the most beautiful moments, those dreams lived by the sea, he would ask for them too. Only the Spirit could urge her to give every happy moment, just like an artist when offering the fruits of their ability. Only the artists of the soul know how to create wonderful moments so that others can discover the actuality of the eternal game of Love.

"If you do not become like children, you shall not enter the Kingdom."

Gilly, from time to time, returned to her home despite the police warning her not to be found there. Relying on public assistance to ask for the shelter that belongs to every human being, they would send her back to that squalid boarding house to listen to the vile proposals of the large and filthy individual who ran it.

During the days spent together, she savored freedom but was unable to share it with others. Her desire for total independence proved premature as she underestimated the dangers that such freedom entails, and like a stubborn girl, she tried to hinder him in the adventure that, along with an old friend, she had already embarked on: the writing of the tenth chapter. At times, she acted like a woman who believes she has been deceived and betrayed, trying to intimidate him by threatening to cancel herself out. Often she received proof of his constant presence, but that was not enough.

One day, in fact, she entered a bar to drink and forget the disappointment she felt, while waiting for her anger to subside, a girl sat down next to her with a sketchbook; among them, she pulled out one that depicted two swans by the shore of a lake at the foot of a mountain; the young woman noticed that the image seemed to disturb her, placed it on her table with a smile, and left immediately after. (Fig. 10)



FIG. 10 - I CIGNI DI MOND-SEE

The awareness of feeling her presence was confined to those moments only, she later said, and that was not enough for her. She wanted constant monopoly over him, but that was neither fair nor possible. During one of their last meetings, she accused him, crying, of neglecting her, of not keeping the promises he made to her, and of having used her for his own purposes... for his revenge. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, and the reddish rays of the setting sun caught her blonde hair, her sad little face expressed the will to obtain a response from him, and then she approached the window:

“Look, you know I can’t paint, yet I wanted to choose the colors of this sunset; it’s a picture I reserve for you, come see it and tell me if it’s not enough to make you happy.”

She did not respond but cast a furtive glance out the window, then resumed accusing him with more fervor. Then, in a whisper, not wanting to frighten her, he murmured: “This is my last gift; soon a special night will fall, and you can dream of that little house by the sea that you like so much... you will discover that I have always been in that place, happy to wait for the day you return to support me.”

Gilly rejected the dream he offered her and soon fell into a devastating nightmare. Forty days later, she confessed to him that she was living in terror, that a ruthless killer was looking for her to kill her, that he could do it at any moment, and that she didn’t even know his face.

* * *



IX INFERNO IN THE HEART

He had to get up; there are those who cannot and must not wait any longer: those who have called him! He did not sleep enough even last night; after spending so many sleepless nights, helplessly crying by Giada's bedside, he has fortunately developed a sort of movement autonomy independent of his psychophysical state. Today, he will have to endure his wife's anger and hatred once again; today, he will have to bow to the contempt of his daughters. He seems sad and resigned to bear what is about to happen; it seems impossible to him that it is precisely from his family, from those he feels closest to, that he is not understood. He does not hesitate to acknowledge his mistakes, which only seem significant when viewed from a human perspective; he knows that despite taking them for granted, they are not serious enough to justify their current behavior and the negative judgment of which he is a victim.

He will have to summon strength and accept this tremendous suffering as well. He knows that instinctively he will look around for someone who can help him, and he knows it will be futile, because he must follow the light within his soul instead of the sparks that will accompany him, for a few but significant moments, along the way. He will use the only weapon at his disposal, wisdom, as one uses a scalpel to separate the flesh destroyed by hatred from the flesh that tends toward eternal life. Unfortunately, for his daughters to see him, for them to see him in

the right light, affection will not be enough; even a striking gesture of his will not suffice, but a multitude of experiences that only love, that extraordinary synchronistic energy, can determine will be necessary. Part of their experience will inevitably be painful, but I am not mistaken in saying that there can be more love in a slap than in a hundred caresses. His pride as a father has pushed him to shape them as examples for future generations. He has equipped them from a tender age with the best tools: discernment and humility; if they manage to safeguard them, they will be able to fulfill that task one day. They simply need to learn how to use those tools. At the moment, they see him as solely responsible for the many wrongs they have suffered; when they learn to understand and love without reservations, they will absolve him.

As a man, then, he has also been abandoned by those who should have supported and comforted him. They have hurled the worst accusations at him, among many, that he is inclined to satisfy his desires without regard for the needs of those close to him.

In their eyes, he appears only as an irresponsible person, a selfish man, and who knows what else, and it is precisely this partial and unfair view that is the punishment they have unconsciously assigned themselves for having transgressed the law that makes up the essence of every soul: “Honor thy Father.”

Unhappy will be he who cannot see the face of his own father, even if he reaches a high degree of spiritual development. Thanks to that suffering, they will understand that he was driven by something indefinable to give substance to the legend of the Antichrist. They will understand that he realized how to make the dream of his childhood come true, and for this reason, he wanted to remain that child hopelessly fascinated by a divine Lila.

The dream that everyone, sooner or later, is destined to have: to enter the dimension where one is free to impose nothing on anyone and where everyone can achieve the impossible.

Making his heart beat louder, so loud that it seemed the buzzing of a bee, he proceeded for seventy-eight steps within the Grand Gallery, bearing that small scar in the shape of an inverted cross on his forehead, acquiring, against his wife’s wishes, that much-despised blue scooter and the useless computer to compose this literary work in which, at last, the

Plan that had always been prepared materializes. Today, his daughters can continue to believe that it would have been better if their mother had destroyed that computer on the day she managed to take him away.

It is up to others to understand whether all that has happened to him can cause a planetary upheaval in order to let this jewel embedded in the sky shine from eternity.

Sometimes one hears that the flap of a butterfly's wings can cause unimaginable consequences at incredible distances; regarding the jewel that some trample with disdain, one can say with equal conviction, without believing oneself a prophet of misfortunes, that even their scornful gesture can unleash similarly unimaginable consequences.

To his wife, one must wish to intuit why she accepted to be seen as an unworthy father and husband, to lose his family when this became necessary to succeed in the task that few would dare to begin.

Long before that small nucleus and what he had painstakingly built for it were destroyed by tensions, the inability to communicate, and external influences, during a discussion, he stated that he would pursue his project at the cost of rolling over his own daughters with the treads of an armored vehicle. With those clearly allegorical words, he was simply expressing the determination and awareness that everything pursued without selfish intent is possible, but now they were being hurled at him like stones by a woman poisoned by pride. Her stubbornness to want to proceed alone would not allow her to understand that what is imagined can also be realized. This makes her an individual incapable of manifesting what, despite everything, he made her intuit.

Finding himself faced with the necessity to choose whether to care for them, for his family, or to continue steadfastly with the Work to which he had secretly dedicated his life, he realized that even the simple dilemma had enough force to kill him. It is therefore unthinkable that he could continue at the helm of an armored vehicle with them in front of him.

The agonizing experience of having to make such a choice concretely presented itself after a heated argument that resulted in a serious accident, of which Carmen's mother was the victim. The incident had dire consequences for the woman, who found herself with two broken limbs, and he was held responsible for this unfortunate outcome. It is understandable that he did not try to justify himself by attributing the

blame to chance, for the way in which her safety had been preserved. It would have been perfectly futile. On the soul of his bitter half, even the most conciliatory words left the mark of the wind on the clouds: an air of storm. The tremendous tension due to so many situations, but especially to Giada's critical condition, had now reached a breaking point. She had come to the decision to end their report. For too long, the dedication to him and the little girls had been portrayed, by some blind and presumptuous individuals who ignore where they are headed, as the result of an unjust oppression exerted upon her. At times, her desperate acts of rebellion and defiance would provoke in him impotent rage; at other times, when her soul threw all the hatred it could muster -of which there was plenty- back at him, it was despair.

Listening only to his instincts, he attempted in vain to force her to reclaim her rightful place; it was destined to be all in vain, and so it was. In June, ten interminable days of hell passed, but many more could have gone by without any news of her if fate had not brought him close to two nuns dressed in white who, like angels troubled by the suffering she expressed, revealed the place where he would be able to find her.

She had left, taking the three little ones with her. Despite everything, she could have continued her task, but neither her heart nor her mind allowed it. Throughout the frantic search period, among relatives and acquaintances, for any clue that could reveal where she had sought refuge, he spent his time without sleeping a single minute. He received only insults and threats from those who had suggested and facilitated her departure. He stubbornly held on to the possibility of tracking her down, but when the last illusion faded, he reached a physiological limit.

At this point, the story calls for a brief pause to allow for the inclusion of some observations drawn from an essay by Jaynes, with the aim of portraying the auditory phenomenon described in the following pages as common and often devoid of pathological implications.

An hallucination that presented itself in a particularly stressful circumstance, a situation in which it was crucial for him to discern the most prudent choice.

“This voice is heard to varying degrees by many absolutely normal people. This often happens during periods of stress when one can hear the voice of a parent. One afternoon, in the throes of intellectual

despair, a distinct, firm, and strong voice suddenly resonated to my right and said: 'Include the acquaintance in the known!' I jumped to my feet exclaiming..." (-The Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind and the Origin of Consciousness - pp. 113-114)

Julian Jaynes, a well-known psychology professor at Princeton University, had an experience that clearly recalls both that of Joan of Arc and that of the Scribe. Being a scientific researcher, he conducted a thorough analysis of literary and archaeological testimonies, particularly from Mesopotamia, Greece, and Judaism, outlining what he believes to be the bicameral mind: the source of authority and cult.

He reasonably theorizes that the epochal turning points in history and the birth of many civilizations were sometimes determined by a particular incisiveness on a social level of the phenomenon that occasionally occurs in the mind.

A similar auditory phenomenon happened to him one evening at the home of two people with whom, many years earlier, he had spoken outside the Ginnastica Triestina after leaving the Gran-Galleria.

The previous days, spent in frantic searches, had brought him no comfort; he was left alone with fears and the most terrible and unlikely hypotheses. These had gnawed so deeply at his mind and every resistance that, in the end, just as he was about to leave the house of old friends, he felt the moment arrive when he would inevitably collapse. At that moment, the words of the Father, in the form of a thought arising from his innermost depths, pierced his mind like a death sentence:

"Will you accept to let them go and continue my Work? To that which I have called you?"

He found neither the strength nor the courage to answer that relentless inner question. His intuition could only suggest that he surrender to Him... and submit to His will.

It always referred, as it always does, to that essence which can be depicted in a thousand ways and to which, when he turned to it, he invariably attributed the aspect of a father. It is that energy which is often imagined to be external to us and capable of transforming our perception of reality, even the most terrible, in an instant. This happens more frequently than one might think, and a significant example of this phenomenon can be found in the records of the trial of Giordano Bruno:

“They were taking him to the stake after having tortured him and cut out his tongue, but his gaze revealed an absolute beatitude.”

The drama he was participating in seemed infinitely less atrocious, but for him too, the curtain that was falling was that on life. He mentally asked for forgiveness for not having been able to fulfill his Design and for having betrayed it. The obstacle had proven capable of crushing him, yet, in the depths of his soul, he did not feel the weight of what should have been a guilt.

Until that moment, nothing and no one had managed to break him, but being deprived of their presence for ten days had been tremendous. The thought of having to leave them forever, while their uncertain steps risked leading them into darkness, was unbearable. He realized he was dying precisely because of this, slowly but inexorably.

“Was this then the death of the heart? Who could ever imagine it more terrible? It was certainly impossible to survive long in such a state. Perhaps even the little sparrows, when carelessly kept in captivity, must pass through the same hell before lowering their heads,” he thought in anguish.

Then... something inexplicable by mere rational intelligence happened; suddenly he felt his strength returning, his mind began to formulate thoughts of all kinds again, his breath became perceptible once more, while the tremor that just moments before he could not control vanished, and the mastery of his limbs seemed to have been restored to him. In the dark corridor, his hosts did not sense that, before their eyes, a fierce battle for the possession of his soul had unfolded in mere moments. He put on his jacket and bid them farewell, closing the door behind him.

He had not passed over them; “this time” his soul had not been tainted by vanity. Despite the deepest anguish and despair, he had parried the blow that until then had been the hardest. He had succeeded by placing them above even the aspiration to realize the greatest conceivable achievements.



The necessity of overcoming such a trial had very deep roots; these motivations merit being brought to light, so that the correlation between the traumatic experience just described and the terrifying nightmare of the concentration camp becomes clearer.

In the dark years, during which the horrific Nazi slaughter was perpetrated in Europe, the little regard for those who then embodied the figure of his father, the spirit of his terrible and vividly alive Eva, drove him to commit an unforgivable act of stubborn and vain lightness. That act, which in a different context would have been seen as an act of disobedience, a simple prank, in that circumstance cost the beings who then composed his family the unspeakable sufferings of the extermination camp. Their current unsuppressible rage is incomprehensible to those who would seek an explanation without considering the law of Karma and that increasingly widespread Eastern doctrine which sees the various family figures, in need of particular experiences, reunited over time, so they can continue their evolutionary journey.

In this regard, there is a lively discussion with Eva, which took place a few years after all relations had been broken, from which emerges an unusual yet enlightening detail.

Unexpectedly arriving, this element sheds further light on their anger and helps to better understand the hidden intertwining of their union.

He does not remember the reason why he was standing before the gate of the house from which he had been expelled; he recalls that he noticed the door ajar and saw Eva stepping into the garden. As usual, he tried to engage her in conversation; it was useless; she pretended not to notice him, but suddenly she came out with a remark that astonished him for its incongruity with what he was trying to explain to her:

“Dad! I told you to do what Mom always repeated, but you never wanted to listen to me; you never obeyed!”

“Do you realize what you are saying? How can you think that I was obliged to obey you when you were less than ten years old?”

“And yet I was right, and you were wrong.”

Only in another context, like the one experienced during that tragic period, did the absurdity of her reasoning reveal a veiled reproach for his ancient mistake. A mistake made in a remote time, when they took on different forms but were already united by affection. Much later, reflecting on her words, he understood that Eva had been driven by her subconscious to remind him of his responsibility for what happened during the war period. He had to remember it to repent of his guilt; a guilt that she could perceive “but only as a deafness to her desires and will.”

Metempsychosis, or reincarnation, which many insist on believing is merely a tradition without any scientific basis, has recently begun to find some significant confirmations, even in the Western world.

In fact, after conducting a complex statistical investigation, taking as reference the years following the two world wars, some psychologists recorded a significant increase in cases of people who inexplicably remember situations, people, and objects that belonged to them or were otherwise contacted in various ways, and that such memories, according to those psychologists, inconceivably date back to the war period... when they were not yet born! The findings, backed by precise testimonies and accurate research conducted in some cases by the direct subjects and sometimes extending over years, have proven the veracity of situations and the concrete existence of things and people that are the objects of their memories. Certain unusual experiences could be cited, referring to some cases reported by the media, but this is not the appropriate venue; here, it is preferable to recall only the intriguing Bell theorem in quantum mechanics. He theorizes the survival of more or less evident connections between bodies that have separated after being in close contact with each other. That ancient resentment of theirs had finally taken shape, and he had risked being crushed by it. He saw them again precisely on June thirteenth, for the feast of Saint Anthony; they were guests in a community managed by religious figures, and their words, thrown like stones beyond the iron gate, wounded him by revealing their decision to leave his house forever. His bride, the other half of him, seemed to have dissolved, the most beautiful dream vanished, and while the first ten days spent searching for them were marked by anguish for their fate, the following ones robbed him of almost all his tears.

“After the day of Anthony, the Saint will begin the ‘Great Cry,’ you’ll see if I am a liar... After the day of Saint Anthony, the horrendous praise will be seen, it will be seen that I am truthful in predicting the ardent face; it will be seen how well subdued the dirty Rome will become.” (Father

Bartolomeo da Saluzzo † A.D. 1605)

In the second passage, it is read that an appreciation regarding someone or something is foreseen, and for this prophecy, it is possible to

find an appropriate placement in the context of this story. The insertion of this curious forecast will be more accurate if it is further compared with what St. Francis of Paola wrote back in 1482:

“He will be the founder of a new Religion, different from all others; in it there will be three orders, Knights in Arms, Priests meditating in solitude, and most pious Hospitallers...”

The ruling in the separation case condemned him to vacate the accommodation and mandated the competent authorities to “intern” his mother, without her having requested it, in the municipal nursing home, the infamous ECA on Via Pascoli. The book had just been published, and Vera, the director of the retirement home, had learned about it. Toward the end of May, she went to pick up some copies from the publisher and handed one to him. Almost daily, she visited her mother, and “June fourteenth” was no exception. She walked through the wide corridor of the institute, thinking of the place she would have to reach by car, to succumb to sleep, only after ensuring her mother’s condition. From the large arched windows, she saw a glimpse of the courtyard, where as a child, in that same institute, she set aside all sadness to immerse herself in play. She was about to yield to memories when Vera’s voice, the director, brought her back to reality: “Good morning, how is it going with your mother?”

“Oh! Hi Vera, quite well... thanks, she keeps complaining that she has little time left to live, and that’s a good sign; she’s been doing it for forty years, so I hope she continues.”

“You know, with all my commitments, I really thought I wouldn’t be able to read that book; fortunately, the weekend was less chaotic, and I could finish it in one breath. I know you were eager to hear my opinion.”

“Indeed, I’m curious to know what you think.”

“I must honestly tell you my impression, what I believe you wanted to convey in those pages... I think that beyond the veil of horror that that image evokes – The woman referred to the rather unsettling cover of the book, which depicted a gargoyle crushing the dealer and a syringe filled with its lethal poison – there is infinite beauty and infinite goodness.”

“Thank you, never has an ‘appreciation’ been so welcome or arrived so timely, and I would like to repay you; may I offer you a coffee?”

“There’s no merit in telling the truth; it’s pleasant to do so, that’s all! Regarding the coffee, consider it accepted, but I’m going to the office and I’m already late.”

“Then goodbye.” “Bye, and thanks for the book.”

Alongside this episode, which recalls the words of Father Bartolomeo da Saluzzo, there is another equally singular one that deserves to be recounted. It shows the sensitivity reached by the director of the retirement home that housed her mother. It was the first meeting with Vera, which happened by chance before a theatrical performance within the asylum. It was an exchange of opinions about the show that led to other considerations, immediately followed by a total opening from both sides. Twenty minutes later, at the end of their conversation, Vera surprised him with her emotion.

On her face, which now hid the austere beauty of yesteryears, some tears had appeared: “What’s happening? What have I done? Did I perhaps say something stupid?” she asked with dismay.

“No! No! I’m happy, I’m extraordinarily happy to talk with someone who can understand, to hear the words I have finally heard.”

“I can say the same – he murmured, relieved – and I must add that I needed it. Seeing certain things appreciated makes you regain trust in humanity.”

The farewell embrace legitimized their impressions, and for a long time, he drew strength from the way she expressed appreciation for his work.

It was appropriate to remember that casual encounter before drawing the reader’s attention to some considerations. The book received, in that and many other occasions, sincere praise but not exactly unexpected; as will be seen later, civil and religious authorities have subtly boycotted it. Officially, good and legality are the prerogative of established powers, and the category of most pious Hospitallers, therefore, those indicated by St. Francis of Paola, should be on the side of institutions. On the contrary, those deeply altruistic figures become promoters of non-governmental organizations.

Lastly, the signs that many will welcome with a mocking grin should be indicated: those signs consist of the oppressed who take up

arms and sacrifice themselves, of writers like David Icke, of Assange, and of the pious souls who support the dispossessed of the world; they simply represent the scythe that He is sharpening. A tool that bears no guilt for the trajectory it undertakes to sever, nor has the will to harm – its sharpened blade is because the hand that wields it does so with love.



Returning to the reasons that led his wife to seek separation, it can be justified by saying that she had to walk that path. Every striking gesture, every deep thought, and the determination to proceed unwaveringly toward the realization of a Project that he honestly recognized as “almost unfeasible,” was not guided by instinct but by the archetypal figure of a Father. If he is accused, therefore, they accuse his Father and at the same time that of each of you. For his partner, this may be an extremely elegant way to decline her responsibilities. It will be so, as long as the hatred she claims to harbor for him blinds her soul. The reason for the hatred lies in the fact that he presented himself to her as the path fraught with obstacles and sacrifices that requires maximum commitment and constant dedication. One detail of which she is not fully aware is that he has chosen her as a gymnasium to temper his soul.

In reality, it is for this reason that his family finds it so difficult to follow him. His fear of losing them is that of the shepherd who cares for his sheep, and his fatherly desire demands that they strengthen their souls. This is so that they can overcome the difficulties they will encounter on the way back home. He wants to continue believing that, thanks to the teaching he has imparted to their souls, they will Here is the English translation of your text:

“That has transmitted to their souls, soon they will come to appreciate the impartiality of which he has shown proof. If they do not adhere to his advice, it does not remove, nor will it want to remove, the obstacles as they are flesh of his flesh.

“When one becomes aware that Love is within us, one discovers they are the most intense joy for the one who is the object of our love but, if necessary for the elevation of those we love, we know how to inevitably become the most intense pain. These last words will be the only ones that can fully justify his actions and give life back to half of his soul.”

“A prophet is not without honor except in his own country and among his own kin and in his own house.” (Matthew 12:57)

There has been talk of obstacles; they can take many forms, manifesting as stubborn pride, deaf, as in the case of his companion, to her dharma as a mother. The impediment can ultimately take shape in the eyes of his daughters, in the idea generated by their own minds, that they are no longer loved or regarded as such by their father. This is the terrible effect of a very grave guilt: having forgotten to honor those who called life into them. Having always loved them, he claims the right-duty to lead them by the hand so that they may, at the right moment, embark alone on the flight towards the Transcendent. In their eyes, and not only in theirs, the greatest mistake attributed to him seems to be that of wanting to impose his will.

To counter this accusation, he reiterates what he asked at the beginning of the work of those who want to make a leap into the transcendent: “Do you know your goal? Is the will to reach it present? If there is intention, it is counterproductive to allow the mind to interfere.” Nature, resorting to random elements, such as a father outside the currently accepted norms, ensures that what is willed by the Spirit... inevitably happens!

It has been said that our Scribe is not merely the leaf that falls, but that he knows how to identify with nature itself, and in it there is neither good nor evil; let it be accepted that he represents the Way. If, besides his wife and children, others come to hate him, what will happen? Is it possible to hate the Way?... It is certain that it is, but it is equally certain that it is not a wise thing, as it is foolish to direct one’s hatred towards the obstacles placed upon it; the wise advice to love one’s enemies in whatever form they take has been written for centuries. One should not hate any living thing for a very specific reason; that burning feeling blinds and makes it impossible to seek those who can reflect our divine aspect. The duty of a father, even in this situation, is to lovingly and wisely remove anyone who stands between that point, which remains bright, and the gaze of his daughters.

The war had begun long before; he had lost countless battles, but the decisive one, undertaken already two endless years ago, he would win. How? Thanks to particulars long kept hidden. They would allow

understanding of that eschatological mystery that reveals itself by resorting to the meaning chosen for it: “God’s secret war plan.” In the meantime, he found comfort only in the thought of the Father who, like him, heard the trumpets of the Apocalypse. He too wanted to remain the bright Point of reference for all souls; for those noble and for those less so, but to continue to be so, he would instruct those who tried to prevent it.

Thus, the awareness of the real existence of that Point of reference, within an Intelligent Design, would be total.

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Every attempt to induce her to reason, to make her understand who benefited from that misunderstanding proved useless; she experienced it as a clash, and for the umpteenth time, ancient wisdom found confirmation: “There is no worse deafness than that of one who does not want to hear.” At that point, they continued to walk their path without being able to count on each other’s help any longer.

Now would elements contiguous to the same mysterious characters who had threatened the director of the Jade nursery school a few years earlier return to the charge? Or those who had suggested to a certain Antonio, a friend of Leo, to frame him by selling him a weapon or having it delivered? He must not be caught unprepared. The clash, from that moment on, would become increasingly fierce. When they made that proposal to Tony, he had with him a copy of his first manuscript: -I the Antichrist-. Was it by chance that he decided to inform him of their intentions? Or is it the occult way of keeping that ancient promise:”

“He will not falter or be discouraged until he has established justice on earth.”

Tony’s story is one that feels far removed in time, and he could not repeat it... his suicide was unfortunately successful. The most violent attacks were launched during a critical, albeit inconspicuous, phase of his opposition to the unnatural laws that every State enacts. Those blows were a clear sign that a wicked and cunning Entity was acting in the shadows. Having to rely on those who represent the darkest impulses to strike at those who act in the light, it chose precisely the individual who confided in him that he believed himself to be the Antichrist.

One of the many clues regarding the involvement of that sordid figure in a plan to annihilate him was, as usual, provided by chance. That morning, he was in the city center, and while passing through Via Mazzini, he noticed a woman at the door of a café who gestured a greeting in his direction. Looking more closely, he recognized Leo's partner, an energetic woman he hadn't seen in years. "It seems that time doesn't pass for her at all," he thought as he crossed the street to enter the establishment.

"Hi! How are you? Is Leo not here?"

"Unfortunately not, but I hope he returns soon from his forced vacation."

"I'm sorry, please say hi to him for me when you see him."

The woman nodded and turned to prepare the coffee she had ordered. After exchanging a few pleasantries, she mentioned her problems with her family, and the conversation unexpectedly veered toward a curious episode of which she was completely unaware.

"You need to know what happened the day we came back together from Yugoslavia. On the way back, we were warned that we were expected, but he...", she tightened the cup between her hands and paused for a moment before continuing, "strangely didn't want to let me out and took me all the way to my house. When the car stopped, we were surrounded, and I was detained on the spot. They didn't take their eyes off me for a single moment for five hours. In the end, after being searched, I was arrested. However, they allowed him to drive away calmly without any checks."

Now it was finally clear to him where the one who proclaimed himself the Antichrist had gone that evening. To Borgo, to rid himself of the only obstacle that prevented him from sinking his claws into the small amount of money he had patiently set aside for his children. Among the many people unknowingly obeying such subtle plans that appeared diabolical, some, with degrees and working in social fields, advised his wife to have him exorcised. Others suggested reporting him for any words he deemed offensive, and finally, there were those who, presumably from their lofty psychology perch, declared him undoubtedly insane.

Thus, there were many fronts opening up, all particularly fearsome. To those who suggested having him exorcised, he would later respond with the words of that female figure who was to arrive to write the blank

pages. Her name is Daniela; after their initial meetings, when he began to confide in her, he found an ironic response to their fears for his soul: “Why are you afraid that you are the embodiment of Evil? Is it possible that there are still people so superstitious as to believe in the existence of the Devil?” To those who advised reporting him for the insults, he would reveal what he had expressly warned his wife twenty years ago: “I must warn you that one day I will speak to you with words or actions that everyone will consider offensive. You must never believe that the purpose is to humiliate or hurt you; it will only be aimed at carving my advice more deeply into your soul. The Zen Master often strikes his disciple with a bamboo rod, but I cannot do that with you... you are my other half.”

Lastly, to those who diagnosed his madness, he would point out that it is very unlikely that a person devoid of reason would be able to intuit that shortly they would violate his home despite the sophisticated alarm system. And it was even more unusual that a madman like him, to retroactively identify the perpetrators of a theft not yet committed, would confide in that character who believed himself to be the Antichrist about the one point from which access to his home could be gained. The only entrance was the veranda window, awkward and dangerous to reach and visible from the street, but, unlike the other windows, easy to force. Perhaps the ancient wisdom could be wrong in saying that the time would come when the wise would be considered mad and the mad wise? Punctually, the evening he took the kids and their mother to the Chinese restaurant, the last to leave forgot to set the alarm... and, needless to say, they pried open... the veranda window. Too bad that the usual unknowns had to struggle so much... less than two meters from the veranda, in a spot not visible from the outside, he had inadvertently left the basement door open. It was out of sight of prying eyes, and those “thieves” showed little professionalism by choosing that uncomfortable and so exposed route.

However, that strange choice led to a curious hypothesis: were they perhaps aware that that door, seemingly vulnerable, was actually equipped with shatterproof glass and internal anti-burglary hinges? If his intuition was correct, who had informed them about it? Perhaps the pseudo-Antichrist who had helped him install it? And why did someone call the neighboring house at that very moment? Simply a coincidence or

rather to keep the occupant of that house busy on the phone, preventing them from seeing or hearing anything suspicious?

Aside from the meager booty, that night the “thieves” were not entirely unlucky. A patrol from the Carabinieri had parked for about twenty minutes in front of the Hemingway café, located across the street, about ten meters from the scene of the incident. Despite the short distance, the officers noticed nothing, and when they were alerted via radio about the theft, they did not realize they were practically at the scene of the break-in.

There remain other dark aspects related to that incident; Tarzan was well-known to the military at the Borgo barracks, both for their frequent interventions, interrogations, and also for his unusual legal troubles. Therefore, it is hard to believe that on that occasion they could have forgotten where he lived. Unusual troubles indeed, as it is rare for a Court to issue, as in his case, such a singular ruling: “In the name of the Italian People, having seen the articles, etc... the defendant is acquitted because, unless one considers him to be a being endowed with diabolical abilities, he cannot be the author of the acts charged against him.”

Even those “thieves” must have enjoyed some protection; indeed, upon their return, discovering the intrusion without excessive dismay, he called the Carabinieri to inform them of what had happened.

Inexplicably, the patrol car, he later discovered, drove very slowly toward his house, passed by the back, first made an unnecessary round of all of Borgo San Sergio to return to the starting point, and finally arrived in front of his open gate. In the meantime, everyone had come out to the garden to wait for their arrival, and he noticed the neighbor with the child who was coming back.

Hi! I had unwelcome visitors while I was at the restaurant.”

“Hi! What happened? Why is everyone outside the door?”

“Fortunately, nothing serious, but they managed to steal.”

“Wow, who could have imagined it?”

“Imagine what?” he asked, putting all his senses on alert. “Did you see anyone?”

“I came out shortly after you, and near the trash containers, I noticed two guys whose behavior made me suspicious. One was looking intently into your garden, while the other was turned away and seemed to be keeping an

eye on people outside the café. I didn't intervene because I didn't have the authority to do so, and if I was wrong, they could have told me to get lost. To avoid trouble, I preferred to leave it alone; you have to excuse me..."

He did not let him continue. His intuition suddenly suggested to him who the thieves were, and he said so. Tony looked deeply surprised: "Are you kidding? How can you even think that?"

"I am aware that someone knows part of a Plan that I have been implementing for some time, I have never spoken to you about it, and certainly, this is not the most appropriate time to do so."

The man remained silent for a long time, so he thought he needed to give him some sort of explanation.

"According to those people, this activity outside their control can pose a danger to the Institutions, and this must be unacceptable. They feel entitled to act as they see fit to stop me....," he took a deep breath and pressed on, "even by simulating a theft. Today it may seem incredible to you that it can go that far, but the day is not far off when Sure! Here's the translation of the provided text:

"that these operations will be regulated by law so as to allow for peaceful sleep to those who carry them out."

Tony mumbled something as if he wanted to add more, but then shook his head and headed home with the little one.

There were too many questions that the two carabinieri were asking them, calmly remaining seated in their vehicle; knowing which place they had been in was of no use, and it was a strange way to operate in that situation. He tried in vain to explain it to himself, thinking that, thanks to technology, any useful information to identify those responsible for the "theft" could be disseminated quickly.

The feeling that they wanted to avoid entering the apartment at all costs was reinforced when, at his repeated invitation to check the premises, they again asked for the address of the Chinese restaurant and explained that before proceeding with further inquiries, they would need to make a "control" phone call.

The next morning, he compiled a list of all the stolen items. Two wristwatches, two cameras, two camcorders were missing... right! He looked at the large suitcase containing the professional video camera and angrily grabbed it to throw it into the grass in the middle of the garden.

“Carmela, don’t move it from there for any reason, even if months pass you must not touch it – he shouted fervently – leave it there, in plain sight, so that anyone passing by this house may wonder what the devil that thing is doing in the grass. One day the camera they stole will return to that suitcase and I’ll leave it there for everyone to see precisely for this reason, so that it’s known that I had predicted it.”

She went to the doorstep and stood for a few moments staring at the large gray plastic container; she certainly thought it was an irrational gesture of his, because she closed the door without speaking and walked away. A few weeks later, the distance between them had become insurmountable.

*

In the Hemingway bar, the fog of cigarettes made everything more evanescent even in the early morning. A hot coffee and a glance at the newspaper, after spending the night inside the uncomfortable Punto, made him forget that, for the umpteenth time, agents, diligently aiming their guns at his face, had interrupted his rest.

A sharp pain in his shoulder made him pour the contents of the sugar packet right onto the accompanying photo of the article.

“It’s curious but it seems that buried under this snowfall of sugar there is precisely the professional camera that went missing almost two years ago.”

He looked very carefully after cleaning it up and there was no doubt, it was the same; in the background, clearly visible, was the amateur HI-8. Once he finished reading, he considered that the circumstances of the discovery were at least strange. Two weeks later, he picked up the items at the designated office and, soon after, his destination was the site of the recovery operation. It was a three-story building, not far from the center of Opicina, a town on the plateau. He rang the bell and a woman with a Slavic accent came to open it; between the folds of her skirt was a child who could barely stand, and behind her was a sturdy man in his forties.

“I’d like to introduce myself, I’ve come to ask you some questions but first I must tell you that I don’t want you to get into trouble because of the cameras found in your basement, I don’t mean to ask for compensation for the damages suffered but only to get some clarifications. I am the owner and...”

They didn’t let him continue nor did they feign fear.

“Listen to what I say, I swear and you, madam, swear that that thing in my basement has never been there. They put stolen stuff in there to make me pay.”

“Who do you think it was?” “I can’t know for sure, I don’t understand.”

“Have you had any arguments with anyone recently?”

“No! No! I work in Trieste, I’m just a mason.”

He hesitated for a moment then, nervously clenching his fists, continued: “Three of my friends who steal, almost a year ago, told me that I would have to pay them three because I didn’t lend money for a lawyer.”

It seemed like a flimsy motive but I had nothing to lose if I dug deeper. “Where can I find them?”

“I don’t know, all three went back to Serbia, because the police arrested all three about a year ago. I think they are angry with me for the lawyer’s money and then they sent their friend with cameras and the key to my basement that they kept.”

With relief, he thought that it wouldn’t be necessary to follow the long trail that led to a village in Serbia.

“I have one more question before I take my leave; I’d like to know if your keys, I mean those to the basement, were in their possession when they were arrested by the police.”

“Yes! Because we were friends until that moment.”

There was no need to ask anything more, he greeted the two who still showed their fear and returned to his motorcycle to head into the city.

Along the way, he memorized every piece of information he received and compared it with what he already had. The elements he had indicated only one credible hypothesis: the theft had been carefully organized by a very fierce organization. Common thieves, without the gift of foresight, do not keep stolen goods for almost two years to take revenge on someone who, in the future, would refuse to lend them money for a lawyer. By selling the camera, they obtained the money that would later be needed and with less risk. The hypothesis that was taking shape was much more likely: the usual “unknowns” wanted to understand what project the camera could serve and the only way to find out was to get it back into his possession. It occurred to him that a few days after the theft, he had gone to the Hemingway bar, on the granite counter he had laid a roll of

banknotes held together by a rubber band. “Gentlemen, please, a moment of attention: there are ten million available for anyone who provides a clue that leads to the authors of the theft I suffered.”

The tone, perhaps overly emphatic, made that gesture appear as a desperate attempt to recover the other stolen items.

He waited for their attention to be caught by the bundle of banknotes and, without paying attention to their inappropriate comments, added that violating his home was an affront that would be washed away with blood. This unusual declaration of war concluded with a promise: “If the case brings the book to success, I will place one hundred million on the bar counter.” With that move, he gave someone the opportunity to signal to the “usual unknowns” his intention to strike against the authors of the theft.

*

The publisher’s secretary nervously dialed the number: “Hello... am I speaking with Mr...” “Yes... go ahead.”

“I’m Manuela, could you kindly come to the office?”

“Sure, when?” “As soon as possible, I didn’t quite understand but it concerns the book presentation; can you come tonight at seven thirty at closing time?” “Count on it.”

The first shadows were falling when he descended the steep iron stairs, looking at his watch. “Damn!... I arrived an hour early.”

From the small room, always overflowing with books, the voices of some men were coming out. He climbed back up the iron stairs, furious but resigned to return at the agreed time. Moving away from the landing, he noticed three men exiting the office and climbing up the iron stairs. An ironic thought flashed in his mind: those guys looked more like the usual “unknowns” than classic book representatives, and this made him smile. Passing in front of the bookstore’s window, he caught sight of Manuela busy serving a student.

“Hello! I seem to be a little early, have you heard anything more regarding the date of the presentation?” “Good evening, I have bad news for you, they called from the Chamber of Commerce to inform us that we cannot present the book during the fair; they were prompted to call us by the organizers of Gutenberg, the local publishing exhibition.”

“Would they?”

“The one who contacted them was the director of the public library.”

“The reason?”

“They don’t know or don’t want to say it; I insisted, but they responded evasively. It seems that the deputy mayor, who is also the cultural advisor, turned to the central library because the book does not align with the cultural policy of the Municipality, and therefore – Erieder – we won’t be able to present it in Piazza Unità. He specified that if the publisher insisted on including it in the event calendar, he could be sure that there would be no room for it at Gutenberg.”

It was a rather strange situation, and it became even stranger later, when he met the deputy mayor and found that he was unaware of the existence of – Erieder – and the veto imposed by the Municipality on its presentation. Thus, it was logical to wonder who could have suggested obstructing the book, even though it seemed likely that it was indeed the authors of the theft. By blocking its dissemination, one could be sure that the hundred million would never be placed on the granite counter of the Hemingway bar.

By showing they could influence the choices made by politicians regarding products “not in line with cultural policies,” the “thieves” carelessly implied they were the “advisors” of the kindergarten director and had given their “suggestions” to the publisher of the first edition as well. Confirmation of this last hypothesis emerged after a long series of delays. The owner of the publishing house initially justified them with flimsy arguments; eventually, he attributed the intolerable delay to the fire at the printing house he used. More stubborn than a mule, the Scribe made it clear with a roundabout way of speaking that he would not grant any more extensions or alternatives; at that point, the publisher assured him that there would be no further delays, and the book would be ready in time for the first hearing of the trial awaiting him.

Reading –Erieder,– second version, one notices over two thousand five hundred errors of various kinds in just 240 pages, since they are insignificant in substance, any typesetter could easily fix them. The printing of a book lacking the most basic requirements was out of the question, and the justification given for the last postponement is unacceptable: the fire at the printing house, an event that never actually happened. In any case, the effort to sabotage a literary work

with the aim of protecting the perpetrators of the theft I had suffered, seemed excessive; therefore, the existence of an occult reason had to be sought and proven. That hidden motive could have been discovered by analyzing the events, included in the extraordinary plot of this story, which may constitute a potential danger for some institutions. It is probable that once the reflections are finished, the answer will be in agreement: it was wanted to prevent the dream enclosed in these pages, perceived with such clarity by the literary critic of the local newspaper, from being shared by others. A possibility not to be excluded, if one thinks of the most absurd projects, such as those of some sects devoted to mass suicide, which have the ability to take on a life of their own if those who propose hellish nightmares make them seem similar to heavenly dreams.

It is certainly thanks to the person who proved capable of filling the sheets that, as will be remembered, he had left blank, if new clues appeared that confirmed the suspicions about the “unknown” who so often managed to hinder the Plan he had in mind. That figure, which would have gone unnoticed under the most careful gaze, was destined to become the most important female interpreter of the tenth chapter, the matrix of that decidedly more esoteric part. She was the only one to offer him hospitality when he confided that for some years he had been sleeping on the side of a road.

Not long after their meeting, they were sharing every hour of the day and night. Every moment was lived to the fullest, yielding a wealth of useful information. He had to be sure that she could collaborate on his Work, and she had to be clear about the task she was about to undertake. Since she had been his guest in S. Giacomo, they would go for coffee at the Bar Galleria in the morning, as usual, and he would often glance at the car parked in double file.

That day turned out to be special, other important pieces were added to those he already had to support the idea that the attack he was under was coming from three fronts. He assessed that the first was being launched from within his family and concerned the roles that men and women are forgetting. In his case, the function of father and head of the family was being rejected; specifically, that necessary and irreplaceable task of setting boundaries. An activity, among the most demanding to

carry out within a family unit, which aims to prevent children from getting lost along the way. The second attack was being launched by the Authorities. It was aimed at destroying those who threatened the System, by divulging the project of a Humanity free from any form of coercion and capable, for the first time in its long history, of acting in concert with the transcendent.

The third and last, impossible to stop without the availability of a spiritual, or synchronic, weapon, was coordinated like the other two by an Entity capable of establishing invisible but effective connections between random events and people prone to hindering his project. It managed to do so with chronometric precision.

The man without awareness is helpless in the face of that synchronicity that appears aimed at pursuing Evil from time to time; he can only listen to his instinct and his will that suggests him to fight it. Only to a few it appears in its true form, it is in reality nothing more than one of the infinite aspects of God, it is the same Energy that he also has available and to which, anyone who is aware of its existence, can draw. It makes possible what for many is still incomprehensible: the Lyla, the transcendent game between good and evil, the one between joy and pain, the only game that, being perfectly equidistant, is perfect.

It is worth understanding this game. It is similar to a cinematic spectacle, a film that can deal with fear, horror and more. We should avoid it but, aware that it is fiction, it involves us by entertaining us. The reality we find outside a movie theater is in truth identical if the same awareness informs us that the aforementioned reality is theoretical, we are ready to savor the ecstasy of the new spectacle.

Thus the One, to its countless peculiarities, adds that of splitting into two factions that, since time immemorial, have faced each other for the “control” of Reality. A control that in turn presents opposite characters: the first expands from one to the others and is preserved with love, the second, centralizing, must be reached and preserved with terror. To understand how it is possible that the same energy unleashes such different forces, think of an abstract predisposition common to all human beings; the desire to reach and maintain happiness. Continuously, an innate stimulus emerges from the subconscious that can be conventionally called energy; when this passes through the mind of those who have

goods in abundance, it leads them to ask themselves how to continue enjoying them for as long as possible.

The same result is obtained in those who are only masters of their despair, they ask themselves how to get out of that situation, reach some form of happiness and enjoy it continuously. The Illuminati, in reality excellent thinkers of whom much has been written, especially in the last two centuries regarding their dream of establishing a New World Order, are in turn divided into two opposing sides. They operate driven by the same energy with the aim of realizing a Plan that, at its completion, ensures total fulfillment. The leaders of the two factions, aware that the roads to reach the ecstatic goal diverge completely, know that if one follows the path of the right hand, so called simply to distinguish it from the other, it shows itself in its Terrifying final aspect. Following the other path, it appears instead as the Garden of God. The substantial difference between the two sides is the journey and the way to reach the final objective, for all the identical ecstasy. This conception must be explained carefully so that later no misunderstandings arise. It must be kept in mind first of all that what is imagined perfect, is not so if lacking a single quality or a single element. It is evident that the perfect goal corresponds to an equally impeccable path; a path that includes every kind of experience without any preclusion, otherwise, that path would prove incomplete and therefore would be considered imperfect.

A man with considerable economic capacity, if he intends to increase his power and the illusory benefits that derive from it, trampling on the needs of others, it is undoubted that he can still enjoy the accumulated profits. The other way, to which reference is made, is the one that indicates sharing, it is chosen after realizing that to reach the desired goal one must leave one's footprints on both paths.

From the declarations of Giada's kindergarten director and from the words of Vera, who proved to possess that extraordinary sensitivity that is a common characteristic of the Initiates, it can be seen that the two aspects of the same image are constantly in friction, they still hold roles within institutions, in associations and in all other more or less organized components of society; including in the latter also those more primitive forms of sociality. It has also been seen that the two sides are subject to

the impalpable expectation of their respective leaders and an example in this regard comes from Seoul in Korea. In the two towers purchased for eighty million dollars by the millenarians, for the purpose of informing their followers in time, a section has been set up that examines every element and any news that suggests the presence of the Antichrist.

It is reasonable to suppose that in the period of global digital communication, some Illuminated, at the top of one of the sides, may accidentally receive a very rare copy of the first manuscript or, even more serious, one of the latest versions. For certain it is known that a copy arrived in Trentino, while the other was brought to Rome to the office of a high ecclesiastical official.

This was confided to our Scribe by the good Eugenio, the extraordinary connoisseur of human nature, the one indicated by Walsit with the name of Fisherman. On his return from Trento, he recounted that some people, certainly from the capital, had approached him with a pretext to ask him questions about the author of the manuscript he was carrying with him. He said that they were very skeptical when he declared that he knew who had created it and that he thought that the purpose of their disbelief was to induce him to talk about the details he knew. The choice, made from the very beginning to escape the pincer of the two esoteric organizations, to give a picture of that disturbing figure, confused and controversial, while adhering to the indications centuries old, seems wise.

“Therefore if they say to you, ‘Look, he is in the desert,’ do not go out; ‘Look, he is in the secret rooms,’ do not believe it.” (Matthew)

Apparently he has succeeded admirably and has been able to continue his work thanks to the fear that the two factions, at an unconscious level, nurture reciprocally. To understand how fear influences the decisions of those that seem to be “combat units” with a low degree of training, it is enough to reflect on the behavior that the individual usually assumes when he finds himself in the situation of having to act against or in favor of someone. He unconsciously questions his instinct to ask if his actions can cause him a setback or worse.

In the case at hand, it has often happened that people have considered it unwise to attack him, knowing that he was skilled with his hands. Other times, their impetuosity was restrained by the simple fear of legal complications. Such fear should have been absent from the soul of the

one who violated his home; however, it is plausible that the attempt to give substance to that disturbing figure was minimally successful and is considered potentially risky to strike him with more determination. Some “zealot” who believes himself to be one of the two hundred million Swords of God might not appreciate it and act accordingly against those who have taken part in it personally.

Currently, the greatest risk for those who have shown themselves so hostile towards the protagonist of this story is the indignation at their actions. It is upsetting to be indignant if, during the court hearing, a lawyer begins with these words: “I do not know if the man we have before us is or is not the Antichrist, but we must stop him...”.

“Disdain is also deserved for the disparaging articles of the local newspaper and that little booklet, printed by the Municipality with taxpayers’ money, coinciding with the anticipated presentation, which was effectively prevented, of – Erieder – at the Gutenberg in Piazza Unità. The booklet was distributed for free and boasted the account of a Sicilian journalist, who had come specifically to include it, in his kindness, among the crazy and eccentric people of the city. In the local news, they were vying for the Pulitzer with articles of this caliber: – I am the Antichrist, the author of the book subtly suggested to friends and acquaintances. Some judges who were supposed to try the man also learned of this and prudently postponed the hearing to another date. – Those few slanderous lines inadvertently revealed a hint of fear as well; a spice for special dishes that should be served during a final banquet.”

If giving substance to man’s ancestral fears seems unjustified and fanciful, it is so for those who do not use intuition; this operation is a nuance that is tinged with yellow around the tiles of the mosaic that is forming; a nuance that must be arranged carefully so that its perfection conquers you.

Sitting at the counter of the Bar Galleria, he occasionally glanced in the direction of the car parked, as usual, like dogs. He left his cup and slowly reached the door of the bar. It seemed like a familiar figure that was crossing the street.

Chance, after so many years, brought him back into contact with the person he met in the prison of Trieste. A younger man in perpetual

overweight but with a very sharp intelligence. In that terrible and depressing place for those who stayed there, only two inmates had witnessed the drafting of a letter to the leader of the Kremlin, he was one of those witnesses. The impression he had gotten was that of a young man endowed with a subtle mind but troubled by great uncertainties. Over the following years, there had been some encounters and, on one of these sporadic occasions, he was given an initial draft of the story to receive a judgment. Chance always suggested to him to speak more extensively about his Plan to his former cellmate. He confided that he had decided to use the camera to create a tape with explosive content. It was to serve, so he made him believe, to give the final push to the System.

A few years later he saw him again and he wasted himself in a thousand compliments to the point of being an unbelievable flatterer. That is a category of individuals that popular wisdom suggests avoiding like the plague. That subtle attitude was not enough to put him on alert. He fully succeeded, that morning in the Bar Galleria, after the second beer while he confided that he knew the names of those who were being investigated with him, for arms trafficking. The astonishment was even more justified since the official accusations made by his family had already been examined by the investigators and had not found credence.

“Hey! How’s it going, it’s been a while since we’ve seen each other.”

“Hi! I was just thinking about you yesterday and wondering what you had been up to.”

“Nothing special, I managed to publish the book despite some resistance and I am awaiting developments.”

“I hope to have a signed copy for my contribution to its realization... you could leave it at the bar, they know me and there shouldn’t be any problems.”

“Don’t worry, whoever participated in the Plan will receive according to their works.”

He seemed struck by the ironic tone and approached cautiously.

“You could offer a beer! – he exclaimed, glancing at those present before continuing cautiously – I have something for you that is certainly worth more.”

He pointed to a secluded table and reached it with the beers.

“What is it about?”

“I have a document that concerns you, but don’t ask me how I managed to get it, I can’t tell you and then you probably won’t even believe me.”

“Let’s see... do you have it with you?”

“Are you kidding?.. However, I can bring it to you in five minutes, just enough time to go and get it, I live nearby now.”

Undecided whether to appear perplexed or simulate intense curiosity, he opted for an indefinable attitude; if there was truly useful information, that was what would allow him to obtain it. Drinking his last sip of beer, he saw him reappear and ask to order another.

“I’m curious to see your face when you understand what it’s about. – he whispered, sitting down – Before handing it over to you, however, I want to tell you something else; I won’t be able to reveal how I came into possession of it, nor provide you with proof that what I’m about to say is true, but keep in mind that the only advantage will perhaps be that you’ll change your mind about me. You didn’t take away my greeting when I tried to pull the wool over your eyes with the binoculars and for me it’s already a lot; only an old friend could do it... or a Master.”

He scrutinized him through his tinted lenses to capture the slightest hint of derision, but, strangely, for once he seemed completely sincere.

“I’ve already forgotten your gesture, I understood what you were driven by and I was able to justify you.”

“Listen without interrupting me, do you remember the check that was stolen from you? It was destroyed, do you know by whom? By a person you know well and who lives in Via S. Pelagio in an apartment with an iron door.”

He sipped his second beer slowly, let a smile abort, then pulled an envelope from his pocket and placed it on the table.

“You have to be very careful, for a long time the Italian police have been in contact with the Slavs to make you rot in some jail on the border with Hungary.”

At those words it was not easy to reply with nonchalance.

“Are you joking? Is one beer enough to make you say nonsense? Why all this effort to make me end up in jail, and in another part of the world then, it’s illogical and there’s no reason to do it.”

The guy didn't flinch at all and continued: "The reason is simple, you are seen as a very inconvenient character and by imprisoning you in Italy you would continue to be an inconvenient figure, you are a communicator and a born warrior; you cannot be bought... only eliminated in a democratic way."

He remained silent for a few moments, then, noticing that he didn't take his eyes off the envelope, he invited him to open it. He reached out and pulled out the sheet inside. A quick glance and he could let all the astonishment transpire. It was a judicial communication from which it appeared that two people, two perfect strangers, were both under investigation for having procured weapons for him.

"Who are these two? Who gave you this? When?"

"I warned you that I wouldn't be able to add anything else; once I was beaten to a pulp... by one who had shoulders twice as wide as yours, and when he finished beating me, he pointed the gun in my face and warned me that next time I wouldn't get away so cheaply. It was because of you and I wouldn't want it to happen again."

"Okay, thank you anyway, I'll keep it carefully, it's possible that sooner or later I'll happen to meet those people and they will explain the rest to me."

They left the bar and, after a quick handshake, their paths separated forever. He, following his, two months later arrived at the meadow where he was forced to kneel among the rubbish to receive a bullet in the neck. When the local newspaper reported the news of his death, it accompanied the article with the opinion they had of him in the environment he frequented: it was rumored that he was a long-standing informant.

Discovering it was not a surprise and neither was that chance meeting that occurred shortly after that bloody episode. He was sitting at the table of a trattoria on the plateau, not far away there was a young man under thirty, elegant and distinguished. For no apparent reason, a brief conversation began, during the exchange of jokes, he recounted the confidence received a few days earlier from a police officer, a close relative of his: "Have you noticed that informants all come to a bad end? It rarely happens that they die in their bed."

The anonymous dinner companion, at the cynical consideration of his relative, had observed that probably these were long-brooded revenges and

that he had been struck by his answer: “No! It’s not about revenge, they simply are no longer needed, and at that point they become dangerous.”

Later he found other clues, sufficient to understand who could have shot in that neck. The last one, a few years after the man’s death, came to him from Gabry, a woman met by chance who partially filled the pages dedicated to her. The task of writing them failed but not completely and we will see it in the tenth chapter.

She had met the man by chance two weeks before he died among the rubbish and, according to her account, he had seemed very strange to her, he seemed paranoid... and he felt a crazy terror of the police.

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Whoever follows with attention but without completely freeing himself from his own convictions, will have noticed that certain truths can be in open contradiction with others more commonly accepted. These are temporary truths, which maintain their validity for a limited period. Sometimes, then, even the thoughts of our Scribe seem to be in antithesis.

This unreal opposition, this false conflict, happens because one immerses oneself in dualism. In Unity, in the absolute identical, this does not happen. The Idea, which everyone is free to conceive as he believes and when he believes, when it descends into the multiple, is subject or rather is relative, to the place and time. It remains however the absolute Idea, although it assumes the countless known forms: those changing aspects that often manage to confuse. Realizing this simple truth, one identifies with all that exists and understands with joyful wonder that the noble idea is of the same “matter” as the petty idea and, if the desire to taste its fruits appears, it is enough simply to enter the garden of space-time. Now, the know-it-alls can be dismissed; those who always know one line more than the book, of any book. They have skimmed these

pages weighing the words as if they were stones. Well yes! They will find among these sheets stumbling blocks, placed to free him from those who are always looking for quibbles. This purpose is also achieved by asking them to commit themselves to “be time”.

“If we open ourselves to “time”, it can act and speak more freely through us. Our speaking and our gestures become completely irrepressible and spontaneous, because they spring from “time”, the dynamic center of our being. All that we are and do becomes a direct and openly faithful expression of the internal structure of “time” in itself.” (-Time Space and Knowledge- p. 153)

This transformation process proves extremely advantageous and easy, being sufficient, to complete it, the same commitment necessary to form a valid craftsman.

Therefore, that fringe of know-it-all people must be excluded, to reserve the following question to the researchers who have set aside their prejudices. Will it be possible to displace the “wise”? It will be seen that Tarthang Tulku’s advice is enough to unleash in the notionists, emotions of rejection and bewilderment. Only those who know how to dominate them can continue to be able tomorrow to answer the many questions posed between these lines. One of these questions concerns all the individuals who live on the planet; how many can claim to have lived those situations, predicted in past centuries? One can speak of a very small number, it is drastically reduced as the number of those lived by a single person increases.

Those who do not abandon reading will find it superfluous to ask who, among that very restricted circle of people, can enumerate so many lived episodes that perfectly coincide with the events announced by saints, mystics and seers.

Without the slightest pride, as observing the size of the clouds in the sky, not attributing to them any merit for the characteristics possessed, our Scribe hypothesizes to be the one who has been called. For such an affirmation only one doubt is allowed: called by whom?

From the direction of the wind, its speed and many other elements we know when the storm can break out. After finding so many clues to support his hypothesis, what will be the most sensible way to approach what has been discovered? Rejection?... And then it is regrettable to say so, but we

believe we must wait a long time before we see this jewel shine that is placed under our feet. Hilarity? There is reason to doubt it, laughter could turn into crying. Hope? Ask and it will be given to you, it has been written and therefore, if you ask to come... to someone... one can only hope that he will! It has been said that one must not believe the words blindly but be equipped with attention and discernment far superior to those necessary to cross a minefield. The only help is received from those who have not bent the knee before the Golden Calf. Find those capable of bending it before their Servant, since they are the witnesses that precede the end of time, they are the 144,000 elect who have come to advise.

Previously it was argued that everything imagined is, that one cannot postulate anything that



Whoever follows with attention but without completely freeing himself from his own convictions, will have noticed that certain truths can be in open contradiction with others more commonly accepted. These are temporary truths, which maintain their validity for a limited period. Sometimes, then, even the thoughts of our Scribe seem to be in antithesis.

This unreal opposition, this false conflict, happens because one immerses oneself in dualism. In Unity, in the absolute identical, this does not happen. The Idea, which everyone is free to conceive as he believes and when he believes, when it descends into the multiple, is subject or rather is relative, to the place and time. It remains however the absolute Idea, although it assumes the countless known forms: those changing aspects that often manage to confuse. Realizing this simple truth, one identifies with all that exists and understands with joyful wonder that the noble idea is of the same “matter” as the petty idea and, if the desire to taste its fruits appears, it is enough simply to enter the garden of space-time. Now, the know-it-alls can be dismissed; those who always know one line more than the book, of any book. They have skimmed these pages weighing the words as if they were stones. Well yes! They will find among these sheets stumbling blocks, placed to free him from those who are always looking for quibbles. This purpose is also achieved by asking them to commit themselves to “be time”.

“If we open ourselves to “time”, it can act and speak more freely through us. Our speaking and our gestures become completely

irrepressible and spontaneous, because they spring from “time”, the dynamic center of our being. All that we are and do becomes a direct and openly faithful expression of the internal structure of “time” in itself.”

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to cross a minefield. The only help is received from those who have not bent the knee before the Golden Calf. Find those capable of bending it before their Servant, since they are the witnesses that precede the end of time, they are the 144,000 elect who have come to advise.

Previously, it has been argued that everything imagined is, and that nothing can be postulated that does not already exist in reality. It is believed that after being the object of benevolent attention, reality can no longer be identified solely as a rock, a planet, or the Universe—tangible and concrete elements—but that what is not material is also real. The constitutive elements of everyday life, those that are devoid of mass, weight, color, shape, smell, etc., which according to the laws of physics should not exist, interact beyond any doubt with reality.

Let us take, for example, objects belonging to another universe, such as joy and pain, and ask ourselves: how wide is joy, and how much does it weigh? What fragrance does it have, and how tall is pain? To counter these questions by claiming they are merely chemical reactions at a cerebral level is neither a comprehensive answer nor does it make concrete what, even according to outdated perspectives, could be. Yet, joy and pain are real; who can doubt it? In fact, to avoid being struck by suffering, one employs all their resources, and to obtain pleasure—something that according to the same impeccable mental logic should not exist—one sometimes becomes willing to do anything.

Reality, therefore, firmly roots itself in what extraordinarily manages to break unity: the Nothing, the non-concrete, the unknowable. This has been seen for those objects; similarly, every other Form can become part of the other Universe, and achieving this is easy; one only needs to intuit it. In the same way, it is simple to believe that the existence of those objects cannot depend on an infinitesimal particle, nor on a planet, and not even on the entire Universe.

Sometimes a simple dream is enough to become aware of the simultaneous existence of infinite “us,” with different thoughts, intentions, and emotions. Each of those “us” is complementary to everything contemplated in the dream as well as in reality; thus, the unconscious self in its infinite forms manifests and changes independently of its state of dreaming or waking. This is the omnipotence of God, the same omnipotence that pervades everything and that all of us can manifest.

Erieder spoke of witnesses, of the chosen ones who confirm his words: by chance, he is handed the work of a follower of the Mère, the great disciple of Aurobindo. In it, she describes a personal experience largely overlapping with the episode included in Laura's chapter; specifically, the moment when Franz's body becomes the unconscious instrument of the Transcendent and speaks of its own will. What follows is simply one of many possible truths and is reported clearly and comprehensively, using the author's own words:

"They brought me one day a photograph of a completely unknown person, living ten thousand kilometers away; I look at it:... impossible to explain. It is a totality of simultaneous perception that encompasses all levels of being... Since it was therefore impossible to say anything mentally to the person who had brought the photograph, I suddenly felt compelled to make a gesture, an absurd gesture, like someone dealing cards in a game of bridge! 'But that's precisely his tic! It's the gesture he makes while he talks!' And it is just like that, you are inside the person, ten thousand kilometers away, and not only in his head, but in his body, with all his tics and physiological reflexes..." (-The New Species- p. 19) "We exist as fields that can merge... we have many ways to connect with each other at a distance." (-The Ultimate Athlete - p. 63)

In Richard Hofstadter's essay, it reads: "The credibility of the paranoid style among those who find it credible lies, in considerable part, in its apparent consideration of the particular being extremely accurate, conscientious, and coherent, and in the meticulous collection of what can serve as convincing evidence for the most fanciful conclusions, for the careful preparation of the great leap from the undeniable to the incredible." (-The Paranoid Style in American Politics and Other Essays - p. 37)

This passage will be useful to avoid falling into the trap of those who, adopting Richard Hofstadter's thesis, would like to reduce this work to a clumsy pataphysical attempt to stubbornly pursue an idea. The accusation of not wanting to hear the viewpoints of others should also be considered, so we will avoid appealing to those who sense the imminence of change but will rather pose questions. Oleinik, former Vice President of one of the two chambers of the Soviet Parliament, in his recent work -The Prince of Darkness- claims that Reagan, Gorbachev, and Woytila are actually pawns in the hands of the Antichrist.

Is it possible to influence even the most powerful man in the Kremlin by writing a simple letter? If Oleinik attributes to that unsettling figure the ability to influence characters of that caliber, does he appear credible? Did the three submit out of fear? One of them, thought to be the most beloved, was coldly struck down and the reason has never been revealed; no one has considered the idea that the Antichrist could so drastically remove those who worked to undermine Liberation Theology; a disruptive ideology, recently born in the South American continent, which suggested giving even the most destitute their share of happiness. In truth, not all evil comes to harm, during his second visit to Germany in 1984, he issued this warning to men: “The world is living the twelfth chapter of the apocalypse.”

This leads one to wonder: if someone seen as a positive figure must expect such terrible warnings... for many others, there is no definition to describe the fury with which one can be struck. Regarding the covert maneuvers that Oleinik attributes to the Antichrist, it is worth making a brief mention of what happened in 1986 in a cell at the Trieste prison, from which a letter was sent to Gorbachev; only two people witnessed its drafting, one of whom was occasionally heard from, while the other, as we have seen, was brutally murdered with a shot to the back of the neck two months after speaking with our Scribe in the Galleria bar.

The letter was addressed to President Gorbachev, the man who at that time held the most important position in the Soviet Union, advising him to force Mother Russia to undertake the Holy Mission, no longer alone but together with God and subject only to Him. He was suggested to operate in a way that would lead to the fearless abandonment of that noble yet incomplete Ideology to realize a New World Order. Gorbachev is universally regarded as the principal architect of the historic turnaround, and even Woytila is recognized for his constant commitment to provoking the change in direction of the Soviet Empire and its Satellites. Reflecting on these curious circumstances, can we say that coincidences are not sufficient to convince us that they followed the advice that came from a point that disseminates synchronic events? [Appendix 5]

On the other side of the ocean, President Reagan, in three separate interviews given to three widely circulated newspapers, has shown that he believes a radical change is imminent, declaring: “We are close to the

Apocalypse.” His great country, America, without most being aware, is conducting a widespread global publicity campaign for the New World Order. On one-dollar bills, several generations see depicted the fateful “pyramid with the symbol of divinity at its peak,” along with these few but illuminating words: New Order of the Ages. (Fig. 11)

On this basis, only a paranoid personality could think that the Michele, referred to by traditions as the envoy of God or an unknown will in the imminence of the Apocalypse, is indeed the one who has recently followed the advice to tame the Russian Bear and make it possible to choose between the two Ways. One of these involves the establishment of a New World Order, a



FIG. 11 - LA PIRAMIDE DA REALIZZARE?

System capable of penetrating into the new dimension and using the energy that allows that Reality to manifest in order to expand. However, much to the delight of the paranoiacs, it is possible to find another possibility.

The Michele who would arrive before the change may perhaps be found in the lesser-known but more incisive spiritual figure, Mikhael Aivanhov, who predicted decades ago that the writing of the Third Testament would indeed provoke an incredible evolutionary leap. He stated that in the Third Testament we would find exactly what can only be found within these pages.

“Morica Legge [note 9] will be replaced by another, more seductive: The first law will be lacking at Boristhenes [note 10] due to a Law that, by its Virtue and more attractive dialectic, will be.” (Nostradamus: 3/95)

“Having overcome religious intolerances, a new revolutionary ideology will first conquer the U.S.S.R.” (-The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus- p.

Perhaps the answer to the questions Oleinik poses regarding the three major leaders at the turn of the millennium lies in the possibility that they were aware of contributing to the realization of an Intelligent

Design. It is very likely that the number of “paranoids” wishing to find further clues to confirm this hypothesis will increase; and it is equally likely that the number of those who feel it is right to applaud the role that cannot be chosen, that destined for Erieder if this long series of unrepeatable coincidences were to further develop, will also grow. The unyielding conviction of these “paranoids” will be strengthened in the vision of the Plan to which the mystics and seers of every era and religion have dedicated their lives.

This Design has been consciously colored with the blood of many martyrs, and many dark hues have been provided unknowingly by their own tormentors. The One who has been able to render this aspect of reality particularly luminous is the One endowed with a transcendent thread with which He has united the intentions of many Illuminated ones across time and space. Those who can contemplate, even for a single moment, that reality, love the One and Three who has also made a narrative that they themselves will become aware protagonists of. To have an idea of the uniformity of views and the work of the many Masters of wisdom who have succeeded each other over the centuries, it is sufficient to examine some key passages from their writings.

“From the deepest West of Europe, a child of the poor will be born: With his dialectic, he will conquer a great army. And his fame will increase the Eastern Kingdom.” (Nostradamus: 3/35)

“Having overcome religious intolerance, a new revolutionary ideology will first conquer the U.S.S.R.” (-The Complete Prophecies of Nostradamus- p. 108)

Perhaps the answer to the questions that Oleinik raises regarding the three major leaders of the turn of the millennium lies in the possibility that they were aware of contributing to the realization of an Intelligent Design. It is highly likely that the number of “paranoids” willing to hope for further evidence supporting this hypothesis will increase; and it is equally likely that the number of those who believe it is right to applaud the role that cannot be chosen, the one destined for Erieder if this long series of unique coincidences were to further develop, will also rise. The ironclad conviction of those “paranoids” will be tempered

in the vision of the Plan to which mystics and visionaries of every era and religion have dedicated their lives.

This Design has been consciously colored with the blood of many martyrs, and many dark hues have been unknowingly provided by their very oppressors. The One who has been able to particularly illuminate this aspect of reality is the One endowed with a transcendent thread with which He has united the intentions of many Illuminated ones across time and space. Those who can contemplate, even for just a moment, that reality, love the One and Triune who has also caused a narrative to be penned of which they themselves will become aware protagonists. To get an idea of the uniformity of views and the work of the many Masters of wisdom who have succeeded each other over the centuries, it is sufficient to examine some key passages from their writings.

“From the deepest West of Europe, a child from poor people will be born: With his dialectic, he will conquer a great army. And his fame will increase the Kingdom of the East.” (Nostradamus: 3/35)

“When you are pure and numerous, God who counts you will open the way for you to action... He alone has the secret of the battle and will know how to gather you all in one field and under one flag.” (Giuseppe Mazzini)

“The number of cavalry troops was two hundred million; I heard the number.” (Revelation: 9/16)

“Well, the Hour has come, I call your souls to gather; the final cusp needs your support, the servant who was to come asks to be able to fulfill his task. I ask you to be able to dictate sovereign counsel to the Nations. And you, two hundred million Knights of every continent, of every Creed and of every Race, are you ready? Do you feel called to give a smile to so many desperate children, to make the gaze of the many who have only humility and hope left turn to the sky?... If you are, I will give you my sign and all will recognize you.” (Fig. 12)

The elements included in the story may clarify the Plan pursued by the Illuminati: to create favorable conditions for the advent of a

New Era and open a gap that allows entry into that new dimension. This project is opposed by several parties, one of which is driven to do so by fear of the unknown, which induces many to deny the existence of a different dimension. Ultimately, it is fear that hinders the establishment of a higher level of civilization.



FIG. 12 - IL SEGNO ATTESO DA 200 MILIONI DI CAVALIERI

However, it is foolish to fear that dimension, that point without borders where one proceeds aware of heading towards goals difficult to conceive.

The greatest danger, however, is represented by the economic powers and their political referents who deliberately block evolutionary patterns.

To achieve this diabolical end, various methods are implemented, one of these is genetic manipulation; this, beyond the more or less fearful damage, causes the arrest of the spiritual progress of living beings. Such an objective is pursued because, from spiritually evolved people, only with great difficulty can profit be drawn.

It will be comforting to know that despite their efforts, the signs left during the thousand-year construction of the Gap are slowly coming to light; the only one that allows entry into that dimension. Inevitably, that opening that can take infinite forms, even the most unpredictable ones, begins to appear before the eyes of conscious readers... in the case of our Scribe that of a dark tunnel or Great Gallery; for others, an unease that

penetrates to the heart of a culture finally capable of making its own the words, spoken by Lord Arnold Toynbee, already in the distant 1974:

“We have suffered for having sold our soul in order to pursue a morally wrong and practically unattainable goal... the continuous increase of material wealth.” (Fig. 13)



FIG. 13 - STERCO DEL DEMONIO

The will, which has no equal in terms of dedication, to contribute to the construction of that Gap, is clearly visible from the signs, left in the form of writings, such as those that have come down to us from Walsit.

“Our purpose is not to worship the moon or even the stars, but to prepare the way and pay homage to those who will have to come to straighten the roads traced by Christ. The Antichrist will come to say that the road traveled leads to a swamp and must be destroyed without pity so that others cannot take it.”

Sometimes the work of seers presents aspects that seem contradictory, but I have already expressed myself on this topic previously. It should be added that the Erieder project, a piece to be inserted in the evolutionary process, began in the mists of time; it has been carried forward by the most enlightened wise men and the most humble categories of living beings, each with their role and all equally worthy of being remembered for having participated in it. It must also be said that sometimes the real

purpose of their initiatives has been deliberately concealed. Only to the eyes of those men that it is pleasant to imagine as children of God, of those who obtain Realization, does it appear clear. A clear example of this lies in the construction of majestic places of worship. Considerable time and values are used to spend only a few hours there in the span of a lifetime. This operation seems illogical, but the explanation of this work can be found in the words attributed to Christ:

“Even if this Temple were demolished, I would rebuild it in three days.”

This is not a method to boast in a petty way of an extraordinary ability, but rather seems to want to emphasize that all places of worship should be ready for the Day of Eternity; that moment of profound transition that, already at that time, could be intuited.

By day, evidently, is meant the historical period propitious to a substantial change in institutions. One of these, among the most important of all, is that of Justice and the most appropriate place can only be the construction considered so precious that it must be rebuilt in three days. In reality, the purpose of the Temples, in every corner of the world, is to administer Justice there one day by advising men; only in this way will it be inspired by Mercy and will be accepted. This essential component is not contemplated in the current judicial systems, thus demonstrating all the limits of the present structures based only on rationality. This should not be surprising, since it conforms to what was announced by Isaiah and is perfectly in tune with some prophetic writings and with the purposes that the Authors manifest. To fully appreciate this hypothesis, the words of Isaiah must therefore be remembered:

“He will not fail and will not be broken until he has established Justice on the earth - I have put my Spirit on him and he will teach Justice according to truth to the Nations - Priest and prophet falter in rendering Justice.”

For the charismatic personalities of Christ and Isaiah, the ideal constructions for the teaching of Justice are precisely those Temples where priests for centuries have acclaimed the political or military organizations that conquered power from time to time. Accepting this interpretation, one can think that certain customs, such as the

construction of sacred buildings and their frequentation, are deliberately rooted in the masses by an enlightened circle, without providing the real motivations, until the collective consciousness is able to accept them. It is hoped that, in order to extinguish crimes, we will move on to applying a Justice capable of using intuition. This is in fact an obligatory solution, like the fact that to see the right amount of light is necessary; whether infrared, ultraviolet, etc.

The purpose of these pages is to make visible the action of a will aimed at revealing a Mystery, but it will certainly not be a man, to whom a rifle seems to weigh, to do so. The intuition of the writer suggests only a different interpretation of the eschatological mystery enclosed in these sheets: Secret plan of God's war, which leads to the apocalypse, with which we return to the act of revealing.

Let us therefore leave to chance, that energy that everyone can manage, the task of finding the answer to the questions that this book will pose. It will be he who will succeed in making it contemplate in its simplicity; the Spirit, of which intuition is the daughter, will then discover the analogy between the experiences of spiritual growth of a fragile individual and the travails experienced by Humanity on its own path. It will be up to everyone to rejoice when victory is obtained over the most skilled and cunning enemy: Doubt. Mindful of the sufferings endured, Erieder knows that his own terrible trials will also be experienced at a planetary level; he has always known it and communicates it so that your determination does not waver and because it is right and inevitable that this happens.

Gertrude of Eisleben prophesied that someone would share with you the dangers and obstacles that you would find.

"... Making his heart beat faster in recent times!"

Will this and the other clues scattered among these pages be enough for the elect to recognize those who have always aspired to remove every obstacle placed in the path of their fellow human beings? Humanity, therefore, as happened to those who wrote this story, will frantically seek a more gratifying way of life. The inability to succeed, in an era of great changes, will cause an inner crisis. Fleeing from that situation, one will arrive before the unavoidable need for a choice within the dark Antro which, for all human beings, represents the materialism that surrounds and, more often than one believes, overwhelms.

Following the course of life, as if it were the interior of the Antro, one can choose whether to continue to venture into a selfish but fatal happiness, or to retrace one's steps to create that marvelous Garden to be destined to every future being. In this case, the Light that guides will appear, the same Light that guided his path when, at the onset of night for the soul, he returned from that dark Antro.

There would still be so many things to say, so many, too many pains to share, but there is no request to soothe his own, it is not possible, the time, the place and the colors are not the right ones to allow it. Listening to the Spirit, only in this way can one see the smile again on his face, only by following its eternal counsel: that of drying the tears of the most miserable. A stimulus to do so is the memory of what has already been said: His suffering is by its nature contagious; if nothing is done to eradicate it, one will be struck relentlessly. Peoples will fall prey to pestilences, anguish and pains of which there is no memory.

Fortunately, as many believe in the Father, so he too trusts in the Children and believes that they will know how to make themselves more useful than the instruments that Erieder has used until today. In fact, a technological instrument has posed a big problem for him, it has made the pages compiled on the computer, those where he describes the most important and dramatic period of his life, completely blank, immaculate but useless. It will be the case not to do the same and make his work in vain. He senses that what he had to write at all costs must be limited to these few sheets, he recognizes that if he had the most acute intelligence, he would not be able to convince one of you; he thinks that only the Spirit can do it and believes that intuition allows one to understand when love and devotion are worthy of being listened to.

When in the darkness of that metal conduit he looked death in the eyes and felt that overwhelming impulse to write something indefinable, in reality he did not give up only because of the intimate certainty that, sooner or later, at any price, he would create something unique for you.

Many years have passed since the moment he agreed to leave the Antro carrying on his shoulders the weight of a responsibility that could have crushed him at every step. At that time no one imagined that he would write a story as incredible as it is true. This, as you can see, is a unique, unrepeatable story and would undoubtedly have benefited more

if it had been proposed by a Nobel laureate in literature. Unfortunately, the lessons that have been imparted to him, during a lifetime studded with particular experiences, did not include moments of creative writing. He asks to forgive his literary unpreparedness, while to chance he prefers to address the request to realize that prophecy that wants the Antichrist more skilled with the rod than with the word.

Night is coming, we are approaching the end of his story, perhaps he will have to leave you but if it seems to you in truth to be a wonderful fable, it will mean that you have the Soul of a child and, like all the children of the new dimension, you can dream it. You will thus have the right, like every creature that rediscovers its innocence, or as one often hears it said: is reborn in the Spirit, to a life that is expressed in the terms of a wonderful dream.

His effort, therefore, is coming to an end and he has had some chosen at random read the chapter that can be seen as the most beautiful: - The Black Virgin - the only one that can illuminate the treacherous stretch of road on which the feet of his bride now rest. Their criticism, however, has saddened him, they have hurt him by reproaching him for not having been sufficiently clear in illustrating the feeling that prevailed in their relationship. When, he asks himself, will we begin to recognize love in its purest expression? And in all its Forms?





X

THE REIGN OF THE COSMIC WOMAN

I have returned to continue a stretch of road with you, give me your hand and do not leave it, your slender body will be my shield, the sweetness of your soul my armor, the wisdom of your spirit my sword. [Erieder]

[Gabry] May you come to my aid in moments of inspiration, joy and sadness ... but above all this last I invoke so that my heart knows how to generate something noble and pure to place it under this sky.

Winter this year seems colder, or perhaps it is the frost that increases in my soul. I am going through a difficult period of my life; I find myself having to fight every day to survive. I have lost everything, my job, my friends, my dignity, I am alone, terribly alone and in the saddest moments

I think of suicide. I see no alternatives to this state of empty apathy, of painful indifference, but I stubbornly cling to the rare moments of bliss experienced, to those moments that alone manage to bring back love for others. But it is not enough, because appearances, prestige, the struggle for power, selfishness, dominate unchallenged? What to do? Why do I find myself writing? Because I need it, only in this way does it seem that I can free myself from all this. Several things have happened in these last few days and once again I was amazed at how I can foresee reality with dreams. Rita reproached me for being too altruistic and perhaps in her own way she is right: it is very dangerous to be so in this world. Yet man is not made to be alone, and perhaps it is not right to feel so bad about it, perhaps it is always and only a game that we are destined never to understand. If so, what should I do? Wait to have visions? Listen to that strange guy who offered to help me? Accept his pact? Yeah, and why should he help me? Is it the man Giuly told me about during

the trip with the sirt in Umbria? He read my hand for fun, or at least that's what you might think, and said that around thirty-two or thirty-three I would meet a guy older than me and that my life would finally change. And then ... Stephan ... the Frenchwoman, in January of this year, also spoke of a mature guy who would help me financially without asking anything in return. Is it possible that these are just coincidences? How can Vanessa, reading the Tarots, argue that I would wander in the fog for another two months and that it would be useless to go to a community, that I need something else.

"He will arrive suddenly, when you least expect it, a separated guy with children, a man completely foreign to your world." I remember those words of hers, and I even remember how confidently she said that I would leave this life as a drug addict forever, adding that I would be amazed at how a person could give me what is necessary to get me away from that world. How to believe her that such an important turning point can take place in my life.

How to believe her prediction: "You will eventually reach the most complete happiness."

Well ... who knows! I cannot change what is written, but I can follow his advice and leave my mark as well. [Gabry]

I greeted Vanessa with a strong hug and hurriedly went down the stairs. It was a midsummer afternoon, I had no plans and so I decided to take a walk along Viale XX Settembre. The centuries-old trees gave some refreshment, I watched the people sitting at the tables, everywhere a chattering, but in reality I did not see or hear anyone. My thoughts were still turned to what the sweet Vanessa had told me reading the Tarots, and especially to the man who would come to brighten the dawn of my new day. I was looking for a connection between the lifestyle I was leading at the time and what awaited me. It would be all wonderfully beautiful!

The mind refused to believe, but my soul knew that Vanessa could not be wrong. Those words resounded insistent: "Remember, you will be amazed at what you see, at so much happiness ...".

The environments I frequented were ghettos where despair reigned supreme. Destinations of wretches who had nothing to give me; only now I see them for what they really are: dead ... spiritually dead.

Contacts with the world had been interrupted, I had lost the enthusiasm for every little event, nothing that could brighten existence. I had not been to the cinema for I do not know how long, I no longer remembered the taste of a pizza, the caress of the sea wave, the pleasure of a journey, the reading of a book. Everything had been placed in the trunk of memories. My days passed under the banner of apathy. They were always inexorably the same; I remember that I waited for the arrival of the evening to go to sleep, deluding myself that I would find peace in sleep.

Summer was now coming to an end, the days were getting shorter, I was beginning to see the first autumn sunsets and I realized that I WOULD SOON BE EVEN MORE ALONE. THAT MORNING I WOKE UP AT THE FIRST LIGHT, it was Sunday, to stifle the boredom that, insidious, was about to envelop

me, I decided to go out. Arrived in the center, I began the anxious search for what a thousand and a thousand times I have “cursed-blessed” ... a perverse game. The bars, that day observed the rest turn and the hour was not among the most suitable to meet those who, like me, were beating the same paths. I had time, I entered the place and arrived at the counter I ordered a beer. I looked distractedly at the silent square through the large window, I did not see or perhaps I did not want to see anyone. I saw the figure of Gilly coming towards me. We were like the reflection of one on the other and in certain situations not many words are needed, a quick glance around and the vultures were above us. A knowing look, some whispers, and I understood that I would have to wait a few minutes in a car parked next to the bar.

Gilly reassured me, saying that at the wheel I would find the man she lived with; a guy I might know, a person who understood our dramatic way of life even if he pointed out another one. As I slipped into the car, his puzzled look embarrassed me.

“Hi! I’m Gabry, a friend of Gilly’s, she asked me to tell you to wait.”

“Hi, call me Giorgio.”

I barely perceived his name in response, then we remained silent. Time seemed to have stopped, while a really strange sensation crept into me ... but Gilly and all the rest ... where were they? Was it perhaps a consequence of the fact that I was with a person so different from those I usually frequented? Perhaps the absurd justifications, in an attempt to hide self-destruction, appeared for what they were? A useless attempt to conceal the bitter reality from our eyes. Well! ... Who knows what the cause was.

“Finally! Here she is!” The man at the wheel threw a quick glance in the mirror, Gilly was approaching with a quick step and an instant later, while we were going towards the outskirts to buy the “swords”, the same questions resurfaced in my mind. The tension rose, I pictured it as the mercury of a thermometer, it seemed to never end. Gilly I knew from the time of the magistrals ... but that guy ... what relationship could there be between us two, what contacts between our world and his? Arriving at a lay-by, he invited me to get off and follow him. In front of us there was a small green gate, beyond, surrounded by a neglected garden, his house. We entered, and in a chair next to the window sat a very old woman. My presence distracted her from her thoughts and she turned around.

“Good morning, I’m Gabri, a friend of Gilly from the time of the magistrales.”

The elderly woman looked at me for a few moments without speaking, then suddenly she started to cry.

“Madam, what’s happening?”

“Excuse me ... but you remind me so much of my little granddaughter Eva, the more I look at you, the more I see her similar to the child.”

I was struck by so much sadness and preferred to walk away in silence. I went into the kitchen and from my bag I took the necessary to facilitate the task to the allegorical “serpent”, that of inoculating us with its poison.

Together with Gilly I remained lulled between its coils until late evening, then he took me home and that night I slept very little. The following morning the phone rang, it was Gilly, she wanted me to fix a pair of jeans for her.

“Hello! ... Ah! It’s you, tell me, how’s it going?”

“Well I would say, listen Gabry, do you have a sewing machine? I should mend some pants and, wanting to do it by hand, it takes too long.”

“Of course, my mother is a seamstress, you did well to call, but I can’t come to pick them up, when you’re passing by bring them, she’ll take care of it.”

And so, shortly after, she arrived accompanied by Giorgio. I made them sit in the living room introducing them to my mother and, while I prepared a coffee, our words, full of memories of school days, gave us a sweet nostalgia. Finished tidying up, they proposed to go out together. I accepted with enthusiasm, they seemed a very close-knit couple. Along the way, Giorgio began very cautiously to talk about himself, in small doses; he said that he was separated and that he had wonderful little girls. He must have had a rather pessimistic view of life, probably due to his problems or the wrongs he said he suffered. That evening, sitting on the bed next to the window, I found myself reflecting on the meeting. How much sadness in that wise and profound man, so far from the dissoluteness of this unjust world.

For the following Sunday we had agreed to go to dinner in a recently opened restaurant on the banks; while they were preparing to go out and meet me, Gilly, convinced by some beers to suddenly change her mind,

decided not to come and tried in every way to prevent Giorgio from going there too.

I was not aware of the sudden change of plans, so I waited for them as agreed in a bar along the road they should have taken. They were very late, I thought they would not come and, looking at the time, I decided that if I did not want to go back home on foot, it was better to leave without waiting any longer. After a few steps, a car stopped behind me, it was Giorgio and he was alone.

“Hi! Sorry for the delay ...”

“Hi! ... How come without my friend?”

“I was just about to tell you, she preferred to stay at home and I thought I’d make up for your useless wait. I believe that at least the hassle of taking two buses, to get home, I am obliged to save you.”

“Thank you, but it was not the case, I’m used to it, you know.”

“Bah! Courage get in, so you forget that you had to wait more than half an hour.”

He was a stubborn guy, difficult to say no to him, so I accepted. During the journey our dialogue thickened: we discovered that we had many things in common and as many to confide in each other. That evening he did not speak of Gilly’s hysterical screams; he did not say that her woman’s instinct allowed her to sense what could have happened and he kept to himself what my friend, ill-advised by alcohol, had asked or rather demanded.

I learned later that there had been a violent scene; “... Take me back to my man, immediately, I want to go back to his house now.” - she had screamed - , feeling himself ordered to take her back to the person with whom she had lived for so many years, was for him an unacceptable gesture, like being hit from behind. It was understandable to feel betrayed, since it was an individual with whom Giorgio had a very heavy score to settle.

The noise of the wind on the car seemed like that of black stubborn waves, they continued to hit to prevent us from advancing. I opened myself up with him as if I were in a church instead of inside a car. I did not realize that to scrutinize my soul the words were superfluous. We had meanwhile arrived near the house, but I wanted to continue that dialogue, so I accepted his invitation to continue it:

“It had been too long that words could not give me any tranquility, you have managed to find the right ones, congratulations! When I look for a moment of peace I take the car and move away from the city, I slip into the darkness of the state road and listen to music, but more often what the wind seems to want to tell me. If you want we can go together, you too will occasionally need to find yourself again.”

I thought about it for a moment and found it a good idea.

“You’re right, getting in touch with our essence can show us the way we must follow and the one we can advise.”

He seemed certain that I had accepted his proposal, as he immediately stepped on the gas and swerved in the direction of the state road. He drove for some time in silence. Then, for no apparent reason, he threw out a sentence with no relevance to what we had begun to discuss:

“You see, leaving you in the city is for me like giving others the opportunity to tarnish you, while knowing you here makes me calm, no one can reach you and soil you.”

How strange, I had wanted to forget that world that was slowly beginning to devour me; the topics we were discussing were very far from it, yet ... he showed that he knew what compromises we had to bow to in that ruthless world. Suddenly it was anger, despair, humiliation and shame that spoke: “Listen, please let’s go back, take me to the city ...”

“No! You can’t ask this, it’s like a treacherous blow, you may not believe it, but sometimes a few words are enough to hurt those we barely know or have never sought out.”

“Listen to me, I beg you - he carefully enunciated each syllable - I want to give you a hand, I want to help you without asking anything in return, neither now nor ever. Let yourself be helped, I only ask you this, I am going through the stormiest period of my life and I know no better method, to overcome it, than to take care of the problems of other people.”

He finished speaking by pulling the car over, then took the wallet from his pocket, pulled out a fifty-dollar bill and placed it on the dashboard.

“No! I can’t accept this money, it’s not right, you’re not my father or even my partner, I have nothing to give you in return.”

“Gabri, consider it an investment, or try to imagine me as a player who is betting a sum with some chance of winning.”

He said it smiling, and his face - I noticed - lit up in a particular way: first his eyes lit up, then the dark shadows that always accompany him dissolved and the smile replaced them in their task of concealing the pain that torments his soul. I reached out to take the money and at the same moment our eyes met. It was a moment, he immediately turned his head and in doing so I had the impression that he was making an immense effort. Afterwards, he wanted to apologize for the term he used.

“You know, the other day I talked about investing in you. I noticed that you didn’t understand the hidden meaning and I would like to justify myself for having expressed myself in that way.”

She did not imagine what he wanted to tell her, but she sensed that she could trust him.

“No ... there is no need for you to explain, you do not have bad intentions.”

It was dark, the road at that point bumpy and he seemed more attentive to driving than to what he had just said. He remained silent for a long time. She scrutinized him to understand what he was really following; the road in front of him or rather the course of his thoughts. At a certain point he resumed in a barely audible tone: “Gabry, pretend that I am a shipowner ... and they, the others, my vessels; are the boats that fear storms and rocks and you ... you are their lighthouse. So that you can be seen by the most distant ones, I will have to raise you up and every stone, every sacrifice on my part is an investment. This will make the route more certain, allowing them to dock in a safe harbor. You see, therefore, that the expense and the time I will spend will be repaid, if I avoid losing even one of those vessels and how it is justified that I dedicate myself to you ... to raising you up.”

It had been a long time since anyone had taken care of it anymore and it will be true what he claims, that lighthouse was there forever, however, witnessing helplessly its decline year after year, day after day, made the heart tighten. For many it would have been a senseless undertaking to bring it back to its ancient splendor, to the function for which it had been created ... the sun, the salt water and the wind had reduced it to a ruin. Did someone exist capable of taking care? Would the sacrifice be useful? Well, there is someone and it is up to you to

justify so much dedication. May the few lines on these pages destined to me become the luminous rays that can lead you to that safe harbor. That dimension where every soul finds the reason for its journey.

That morning I was getting ready to go out, Giorgio would arrive in moments. At the insistent sound of the horn I looked out the window.

“Just a moment and I’m ready, five minutes is enough for me.”

He lowered the window and it is at that point that I noticed on his face an intense expression of wonder, an unmotivated astonishment. I invited him to come up and, as soon as he entered, he explained the reason for his deep disturbance. Eva had returned forcefully to the surface. For no apparent reason I had awakened in him the memory of his youngest daughter.

“When I saw you at the window I could not give myself an explanation, I did not understand how the hell Eva could be at your house. It was difficult to manage all the emotions that fell on me and I needed some incredibly long moments to realize that it was actually you.”

I said nothing, I preferred not to disturb his memories.

We had arrived on the plateau behind the city and he had not yet uttered a single word. I was beginning to fear that something unpleasant had happened.

“You are strangely silent today, something happened, right? Do you want to talk about it? Where are we going?”

My evident apprehension forced him to answer.

“You know, it’s been many months since I’ve seen Eva and this makes me sad but it’s not a reason for you to worry about it. You already have too many problems on your own ... and for this ... - he looked at me intensely, after a short pause, he continued. - I want to make you spend a different day, I hope that in your mind remains the memory of a particular moment, a moment stolen from a magical world. I feel the desire to go to Monrupino, when I was there with Laura we experienced moments of dream and since then I have never gone back.”

I knew about Laura and it was not the case to disturb him more. I rested my head on his shoulder and remained silent until the sight of the hill on which the small church stands.

“I know this place, many years ago I used to come here on foot with friends, they were carefree times then, maybe they will come back.”

“I hope you can find the enthusiasm of when you were a child.”

He stopped the car at the side of the massive gate and finally, he appeared less gloomy. He took me by the hand and began to tell me about Laura.

“I haven’t told you about when I came up here with the girl who died and I haven’t even told you that she, without ever having been there, knew about the existence of my name engraved next to that bench.”

He made a quick nod with his head and pointed to the spot as we walked towards the wall. From there you could see a beautiful panorama. We were sitting next to each other, behind us the valley and the mountains in the background, to my right the church, around us an unnatural silence. I believed, hoped, perhaps feared, that his words could create that magic of which I sometimes felt an intense need.

“Thinking about it is absurd, I have come several times on foot, up to this church, without ever entering it. It seems impossible to me not to have done it ... not to have felt this magnetic attraction.”

Suddenly I had been attracted by that centuries-old building and, without asking myself the reason for so much curiosity, I went slowly towards it. Inside, the steps became muffled, I should not break the silence that enveloped me, it seemed to want to protect me. I turned my gaze around and my attention fell on some publications, placed on my right, on a table next to the wall. I approached to see better and remained motionless. The next moment a hand slid over me.

“Is there anything that might interest you? What are you looking at?”

The hand on my shoulder stiffened and he uttered a name: “Eva! ... It’s Eva! ... Look, you see, this is my little girl, the youngest. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen her, yeah, you don’t know her and you can’t even know what a father feels when what he holds most dear is taken away from him.”

I was amazed by so much excitement and by that curious circumstance; at that point I looked at the child who was being pointed out to me. She was depicted in the center on the cover of the booklet, she was sitting on the grass of a meadow with a flute in her hands and, around her, there were trees.

“What are you saying? This is Eva? Come on ... how is it possible? But are you kidding? How can you be sure?”

“Gabry, this is my daughter and I am her father. It is the truth, as it is true that before, while we were coming to Monrupino, I said that I believe that in your mind will remain the memory of this magical afternoon.” That memory remained indelible in him, sixteen years after Eva’s mother excluded, but not totally, that it could be her; in those days, however, even a simple illusion, created by chance, was enough to sustain his broken soul when it was about to collapse.

It had been a long time since I had gone beyond the border, since that tragic day that I will never be able to forget. Today, he thought of taking me to Isola; when I told him the despair of those terrible moments, he understood that I felt attracted to that place, that there must still be something of mine. We arrived as the sky was darkening and the cold drove us into a squalid bar where we ordered a coffee. Before my eyes, the only nice note, a painting depicting the town of Isola. The memories finally returned clearer and I relived that cursed evening, when he, beautiful as the sun, left. It all happened in an instant, I don’t know how long death had been watching us and I don’t understand why it chose him and not me. Never, I will be able to forget that atrocious awakening; feeling myself suffocated by strangers with the clumsy intention of reviving me, while I was certain that he had gone away forever. I got up slowly, I was standing, dazed but insanely lucid and I saw him lying down; I made room to be close to him.

Threatening sirens everywhere, police, ambulances, my God ... it couldn’t be true ... I clung to him, I didn’t want to detach myself anymore; I remember that I spoke to him and his face emanated a peace, a serenity in which I tried to be enveloped to be annihilated. A jerk loosened me from the embrace, panic, confusion, unknown languages, they took me by the hair and dragged me into the darkness of the cell. Was that Hell? ... Was that my condemnation? ... Not being able to see my angel again?

Time has passed flowing like the water of the river, sometimes with imperturbable calm, other times with devastating fury. I am still alive, time, they say, also helps to heal but my mind stubbornly believes that nothing and no one will be able to give me that peace that, for an instant, I saw on his face. Slowly I regained control of reality, of that reality that I could not imagine better, I reached out to hold his and began to cry in silence. He took me back to the car and, on the way back, something

similar to anguish but of unspeakable intensity, suddenly assailed me. Clinging to him, I resumed crying while a tremor shook me violently. Then, as if I were confessing a fault, I bowed my head and whispered: "I am losing myself but what pains me most is that it is you who are losing me, it is an atrocious suffering but I cannot oppose it, there is no force in the universe that can do it."

"Don't say it, they are terrible, frightening words and only the Truth can be so to such an extent."

I withdrew my icy hands, the man seemed to have suddenly become ice.

Today he came home while I was still in bed, it was my sister who opened the door for him; he sat in the living room and let me continue to sleep, then he entered the room and his caress made me open my eyes.

"Hi sparrow, good morning."

"Hi! What time is it? Is it cold? Is there coffee? ... What a strange and gloomy dream ... sit down! I want to tell you about it. I remember that I was about to buy an apartment in the San Vito area, it was a beautiful house, spacious and tastefully furnished but everything, everything, even the whole neighborhood, gave me a sense of loneliness. There was no sign of life and everything I looked at appeared colorless as in old movies."

He doesn't seem interested, he looks beyond the window and puts his hand in a pocket.

"It's almost ten. I brought you a sheet with some notes, these are some details with an hermetic meaning that I should insert in the final chapter. I wanted to write these last elements personally, I want you to read them so that I can ask you a question. I hope it changes your life bringing you the luck to buy the house you dreamed of."

He is silent while handing me the sheet, it is a few lines, they are inserted right at the end of the dramatic episode that happened in Isola. I no longer think of my oppressive dream, I turn on the radio and immediately the notes of - A devil in me - tear a smile from me. Then I sit down and read:

But my mind stubbornly believes that nothing and no one will be able to give me that peace that, for an instant, I saw on your face. I don't think I deserve this suffering but I accept it, it is said that tears are precious because they make hope grow in us and in those around us. What disturbs me is being immersed in injustice and seeing the suffering of so many innocent people around.

Is it possible that this is the price that everyone must pay to reach love? That we must all become the sacrificial lamb? When he offered to help me he promised that he would not ask for anything in return for himself and so it was. Now he asks me to leave him free to act. Will it be the hope that will make me say yes? Only God knows how much I would like to believe that he succeeds where everyone has failed. That he can make this land an Eden but I can't do it and he is right about this too. He says that to believe him you have to love him and I ... I don't love him! -

I have finished reading and the last lines are the ones that leave me petrified. He is walking up and down the room, he seems nervous, then he approaches my shoulders and begins to speak:

"I was accused of having procured weapons because I foresaw a danger for my family and my home. I have shown that I can predict events even on many other occasions and in these pages a piece of information has been inserted that will make men particularly attentive to the signs of the times. I wrote that from the center of my being, starting in 1997, final synchronic events will be unleashed that will open the doors to the "New Era".

It is certain that this will happen, even if the synchronism, hidden in some events, will initially be perceived only by those who have reached sufficient awareness, later the synchronicity of countless others will gradually become evident to everyone's eyes. To give an idea of the nature of these latter, I reported at the beginning of my story the circumstances in which the casual eruption of Tamboro occurred. I must add that the presence of my form is not necessary for this to happen; already in the Bible there is mention of the ability to shape matter with immaterial means: "After he was crucified there was a great earthquake."

It is not essential that the values of which I feel myself a standard-bearer are universally recognized, it is sufficient to act to create, in a way that appears clear to few, those more or less apocalyptic events. Much has been written about them over the centuries and in the future, the many analogies between the current era and the one in which an indelible imprint was left in distant Palestine will be seen. It will be understood that intuition allows us not to make mistakes when, cyclically, the same circumstances, particular situations that can be of a religious, political, scientific order or, as in our case, a transcendent aspect, are presented

again. According to what has been handed down to us, even at that time there were few who realized that they were in the presence of the Man-God or, more precisely, before the concrete possibility of transcending this reality to consciously penetrate into a dimension that, it would be improper and reductive to define as different.

It must be said that even the technique known as “ad hominem” has not changed in two thousand years. It is a well-tested method that serves to perpetuate the System; it is used, in case of danger, by the central core responsible for representing it. This group, which enjoys the privileges provided for those who represent that abstract Entity, when a truth that is not liked, or causes annoyance, is spread, gives the order to attack the messenger, instead of the message. The accusations of blasphemy and other things, addressed to the man who then brought the good news, are well known. One day not far off, those used today to try to destroy me will be recognized as equally preposterous. “

He seems to know by heart the other notes written on the sheet he holds in his hands, as he approaches the window and continues to speak looking at the sea beyond the city.

“When greater awareness has spread, the reasons why it was wanted to discredit the messenger will become evident. Then it will become clear how this message, which according to the words of Aivanhov will rise to the Third Testament, is aimed at preventing the continuation of material privileges and promoting the diffusion of spiritual ones. These latter involve, unlike the former, the desire to share them. Another and no less important purpose of the message is to support and catalyze those who choose to oppose those who threaten our “homes”. At the end of the initiatory path, I will take the weapon in my hand to fight the last battle. Then, I will open the Door of this Era in the way announced by the seers, respecting the rule of the game that I have chosen, a rule written from time immemorial:

“He will ask that his arm be left free to strike in defense of the pure of heart.”

To whom if not to you, who bring me the memory of my children, of my bride, of my mother and sometimes myself, can I ask to let my hand fall on those who destroyed my family. The intention to strike,

those who plotted against my nucleus, today seems only a desire for revenge but tomorrow, the way in which I will strike, will make understand the ease with which the situations have been created that have led to the Change that so many hope for. “

I had remained silent and, for a moment, I saw the images of so many heroes pass before me, they offered themselves with an air of defiance to death, their purpose was to affirm the existence of a feeling eternally irrepressible. Then, with the sensation of having only one chance, I answered his dramatic question: “How can I stop you? I don’t think it’s right if you have decided to go to the clash I cannot prevent it, it is your right to choose freely but you don’t know how much it costs me to answer yes to you, especially if I think about how many chances you have to defeat those who have already left you so many wounds.”

Perhaps it is the disappointment for the implicit confirmation of not loving him, or perhaps he feels he has reached a kind of freedom that I cannot yet conceive, since he does not answer, he bends down to pick up the shirt from the floor and, urging me to wear it, whispers with a smile that seems forced: “There is no other point where to hit me and what does not kill makes you stronger.”

To whom if not to you, who bring me the memory of my children, of my bride, of my mother, and sometimes even myself, can I ask to let my hand fall upon those who destroyed my family? The intention to strike those who plotted against my inner circle seems today like mere desire for revenge, but tomorrow, the manner in which I strike will make clear the ease with which the situations were created that led to the Change so many hope for.”

I remained silent, and for a moment, I saw images of so many heroes flash before me, offering themselves defiantly to death, their purpose to affirm the existence of a feeling eternally irrepressible. Then, with the sensation of having only one chance, I answered his dramatic question: “How can I stop you? I don’t think it’s right, if you’ve decided to go to the clash, I cannot prevent it; it’s your right to choose freely. But you don’t know how much it costs me to say yes, especially when I think of how many chances you have of defeating those who have already inflicted so many wounds upon you.”

Perhaps it's the disappointment at the implicit confirmation of not loving him, or perhaps he feels he has attained a kind of freedom I cannot yet comprehend. Because he doesn't answer, he bends down to pick up the shirt from the floor, and, urging me to put it on, whispers with a smile that seems forced: "There's no other place to strike me, and what doesn't kill me makes me stronger."

Years have passed since the publication of - Erieder - and several people have asked to know how our story ends. Before completing the blank pages left available to those who were to come to inspire them, it must be said that they seal the end of a long war. A battle, against every possible conception of the State, begun more than thirty years earlier. Those sheets also represent other important clues to understanding Einstein's statement: "Chance ... is God walking in disguise." If we agree that it is worth noting when He passes by, all that remains is to continue reading it.

Few people attended in that gloomy room. Some with a fierce look, others with total indifference. In that Court, a man was being executed by depriving him of the possibility, established by nature, to educate his children and it was more terrible than being beheaded.

Not being able to advance with his little girls, following the indelible footprints left by the Illuminati, was death in all respects. If this was written, he would not have opposed it. Had it not been said that whoever loved his life would lose it? The farce continued:

President: "You should tell us what happened when your father lived with you, we would like to understand the atmosphere."

A: "When we were at the table for lunch, if one of us spilled the water or the orangeade, he ... my father ... scolded us."

President: "Every day?" R: "Yes!"

President: "No more is needed, thank you! You can go."

Now the Prosecution could conclude the farce:

P.M. "We must believe without the slightest doubt what the eldest daughter told us ... the one suffering from asthma; she, around the age of five, due to her illness, vomited during lunch and he, the defendant, made her eat her vomit. We can also blindly believe the statement of the last witness examined in this room (a Jehovah's Witness). She cannot tell us which of the three girls told her that the father forced

them to go up and down the stairs on their knees over beans, but this omission does not undermine our conviction that we are faced with a diabolical personality.

The prosecutor had a field day, he seemed to believe it. In the end, he retired satisfied to his corner, thanks to the unfair blows he had struck, he was sure to win the match.

Now the defender could take over:

“My client has a disheveled appearance and seems, I recognize, a violent person, both because of his unusual behavior and because of how he presents himself, but we must not forget that he lives in the middle of a street and, his attitude, at least for me who has had the opportunity to know him previously, is nothing more than a cry of pain and intolerance towards all the injustices he has had to suffer.”

“I know that the judge will not want to take note of this, nevertheless I feel the duty to say it; in this room, in addition to an infinite number of irrelevant accusations on the legal level, we have also heard two depositions which, if they were true, no one would doubt that they were in front of a monster. In the last hearing, two witnesses said and repeated that particularly cruel means of correction were used, but in the opinion of the defense, it should be remembered that they too denounced this unfortunate man, one of them for the serious injuries reported following an argument. I do not intend to question the impartiality of their declarations, I do not see the need, especially after having listened to the second daughter, thanks to her you will have reached the certainty that the truth is certainly another ... in fact, all of us, if we had received violent treatment, to a specific request, like the one posed by the judge, we would instinctively talk about what has hurt us the most, the most painful memory, certainly not about trifles like the one just heard in this room. “

The lawyer made a brief pause.

“The Public Prosecutor, following the declarations of the opposing party, has painted the behavior of my client in such a way that in our eyes it appears a grotesque picture with dark hues. In his unreal representation of events, we see the defendant stubbornly imposing his will within his own family. Every gesture of his and, according to the Prosecution, every word of his, was aimed at his exclusive interest,

without any consideration for the desires and aspirations of his wife nor those of his daughters. We know that this is what the lady wanted us to believe, we cannot know if she is actually convinced of this.

But if this were the case, without blaming her, we would say that this is probably due to depression. Even more likely, it must be a syndrome that affects the family members of seriously disabled people, a hammer that strikes families more often than one believes. I speak of a syndrome, well known to psychiatrists, which would explain the reason for her distorted interpretation of reality. In our opinion, the switch of this distortion, we can undoubtedly find it in her intolerance for the authoritarian role of her husband.

The prosecutor had a field day; he seemed to believe every word. In the end, he retired, satisfied, to his corner, confident of victory thanks to the underhanded blows he had delivered.

Now the defense attorney could take over:

“My client has a disheveled appearance and, I admit, seems like a violent person, both because of his unusual behavior and his appearance. However, we must not forget that he lives on the street, and his attitude, at least for me who has had the opportunity to know him previously, is nothing more than a cry of pain and intolerance towards all the injustices he has had to endure.”

“I know the judge may not want to acknowledge this, nevertheless, I feel it is my duty to say it. In this courtroom, in addition to an infinite number of legally irrelevant accusations, we have also heard two depositions which, if true, would leave no doubt that we are facing a monster. In the last hearing, two witnesses stated, repeatedly, that particularly cruel methods of correction were used. However, the defense reminds the court that they, too, denounced this unfortunate man, one of them for the serious injuries sustained following an argument. I do not intend to question the impartiality of their statements; I see no need, especially after hearing the second daughter. Thanks to her testimony, you can be certain that the truth is surely something else... In fact, all of us, if we had experienced violent treatment, when specifically asked, as the judge did, would instinctively speak of what hurt us most, the most painful memory, certainly not of trifles like the one just heard in this courtroom.”

The lawyer paused briefly.

“The Public Prosecutor, following the statements of the opposing party, has painted my client’s behavior in such a way that it appears to us as a grotesque picture with dark hues. In his unreal portrayal of events, we see the defendant stubbornly imposing his will within his own family. Every gesture of his, and, according to the Prosecution, every word of his, was aimed at his exclusive interest, without any consideration for the desires and aspirations of his wife, nor those of his daughters. We know that this is what the lady wanted us to believe; we cannot know if she is actually convinced of this.

But if this were the case, without blaming her, we would say that this is probably due to depression. Even more likely, it must be a syndrome that affects family members of the seriously disabled, a hammer that falls on families more often than one believes. I speak of a syndrome, well known to psychiatrists, which would explain the reason for her distorted interpretation of reality. In our judgment, the trigger for this distortion can undoubtedly be found in her intolerance of her husband’s authoritarian role.”

He was waiting for the end of the argument with his mind and gaze lost in an indefinite point and those unexpected words brought him back to the present. He had been unknowingly hurt by that devil’s advocate, a guy with an almost slender appearance who in those moments seemed to unleash a superhuman force. Was it perhaps the power of truthful words?

Was it perhaps true that his little girls were incapable of feeling even the slightest affection for their dad? This caused him unbearable pain. A few tears escaped quickly and just as quickly he got up and left the room. At the door there was Daniela waiting and she stopped him.

“I know it hurts you, but you mustn’t do this, you’ll see that sooner or later they’ll understand how much you love them; your way of loving is different from how they expect it but this doesn’t mean it’s less intense than the greatest love. I understood, do you want them not to get there who are blood of your blood?”

She was, as he liked to define her, “A child with the wisdom of a saint.” “Wait - she continued, grabbing his arm - Don’t leave, it certainly won’t be that woman who will do you justice but I want to hear what will be decided.”

He waited for the sentence together with her in the large empty corridor. The words arrived punctuated like the announcement of an arriving train.

“Having regard to articles 572, 533, 535 of the Criminal Code ... declares the defendant guilty of the crimes attributed to him and, having joined the facts under the bond of continuation, condemns him to the penalty of one year, two months and twenty days of imprisonment.”

He involuntarily went with his thoughts to that ancient prophecy: “The Antichrist will want to resemble him but will only be his monkey”

Frankly it seemed illogical to want to resemble Christ by reporting a sentence as infamous as the one inflicted on the Messiah; it was more intriguing to attribute it to chance or to the fact that justice often protected hidden interests.

He walked away slowly with Daniela from the place of judgment. The accusations had not collapsed because the defense had forgotten to summon decisive witnesses, while those proposed, had been rejected by the judge because it was not possible that they knew something as: “Not living with the defendant.” It is legitimate to think that the trial followed the dictates of an occult law, in fact, according to the assurances received later from the neighbor Tony, a defense witness, the prosecutor lied stating that he had been convicted for false testimony. With great foresight, other witnesses were granted the privilege of attending the hearings before being called to testify. Many inconsistencies and real procedural frauds, could still be reported but it is enough to observe who was considered credible by the judges: children subjected for years to pressing conditioning, Jehovah’s witnesses, the police, the carabinieri and social workers who had never had the “pleasure of hosting.”

Apart from his children, the others have never lived with him, so why were they heard and considered credible? Playing poker with chance and cheating is not recommended to anyone. Finally the expertise of a forensic doctor, “drawn up without seeing” the injured person but simply certifying “what was learned from the carabinieri”. What mockery, therefore, could succeed better? Leaving the Court he regained his good mood. The sky was less gray if he remembered that Erieder, among his notes, had already written that sentence.

It was inevitable that his actions, dictated by the understandable desire to prevent the betrayal of his bride and his little girls, would become the cause of those accusations. Only to Erieder could such an unjust conviction appear pleasing. Perhaps it represented proof that his occult Plan was being realized. Ironically, the convictions in that court were wasted and the one of some time before also proved useful.

It was a late autumn day, it was raining and the bora wind was blowing strongly as usual; that morning, he decided to show up at the hearing in bedroom slippers and pajamas. The trial took place without anyone noticing. After reading the sentence, he went out into the atrium with the lawyer.

“What do you think of this judge? He didn’t even notice the clothes I wore for the occasion and there is no one in this court who noticed and was surprised. Does the sentence seem correct to you? If the magistrate adhered to the law, he should have charged me with contempt of Court or, alternatively, requested an expert opinion. He has shown that he cannot distinguish a defendant in a jacket and tie from one in pajamas and slippers and arrogates the right to judge others. How can one think that he is able to recognize the guilty from the innocent? How can he inflict months and years of sentence that can crush like stones?”

Even the lawyer, after having furtively sized him up, seemed to remain petrified. -

“I don’t know what to answer, a similar circumstance has never happened since I have been practicing ... I’m sorry.”

The car was parked several blocks away, there was a biting cold and Daniela walked quickly, preceding him by a few steps. This allowed him to observe her particular gait, it did not seem like that of a woman nor that of a little girl, thinking about it there were many unusual aspects that that female figure suggested. He returned with his mind to the day before their meeting, a Saturday at the end of July. Summer had completely buried the disappointment caused by Gabry who had not been able to write all the missing pages. Doing so would have meant getting out of the tunnel in which she found herself but it is known ... the light of the lighthouse is destined for others. Now he was almost resigning himself to the idea that no woman could fill the

last remaining sheets. In those few pages, another being would have had to tell how one reaches the awareness of one's divine essence.

Sunday, July 19, 1998, I walk through the city with Palù, it is the first time since I have been married that this happens. The thread that kept us united has broken, I have hoped, I have cried, I have fought with all my strength to defend what I believed in, it has been useless and painful. Yet I do not feel defeated, strangely, after having exchanged a few words with the old man who was walking the same stretch of road leaning on a stick, I had the vague perception of still being able to be useful for some purpose. I think of my condition and it seems similar to his, am I slowly abandoning life to head towards the unknown? What remains of my world no longer communicates with me; and I do not yet receive signals from the other, or perhaps yes? I am in my room now, it is late, the silence is absolute, suddenly I think of Daniel, the brother who died a few days after birth whom I only knew through my mother's story. I am surprised that I turned to him while I ask him in a low voice to help me change that situation.

Sunday, July 26, 1998: Today is the 36th anniversary of Daniel's death and there has been a meeting that has changed the situation.

It was inevitable that his actions, driven by the understandable desire to prevent the betrayal of his wife and daughters, would become the cause of these accusations. Only Erieder could find such an unjust conviction pleasing. Perhaps it was proof that his hidden Plan was unfolding. Ironically, convictions in that court were commonplace, and this one, some time before, also proved useful.

It was a late autumn day; rain fell, and the Bora wind howled as usual. That morning, he decided to appear at the hearing in bedroom slippers and pajamas. The trial proceeded without anyone noticing. After the sentence was read, he exited into the atrium with his lawyer.

"What do you think of this judge? He didn't even notice what I was wearing, and no one in the entire courthouse noticed or was surprised. Does this sentence seem right to you? If the magistrate followed the law, shouldn't he have charged me with contempt of court, or at least ordered a psychiatric evaluation? He's shown he can't distinguish a defendant in a suit and tie from one in pajamas and slippers, yet he presumes to judge others. How can anyone believe he can tell the

guilty from the innocent? How can he hand down sentences of months and years that can crush a person like stones?"

Even the lawyer, after glancing at him furtively, seemed stunned.

"I...I don't know what to say. Nothing like this has ever happened in my practice...I'm sorry."

The car was parked several blocks away. It was bitterly cold, and Daniela walked quickly, a few steps ahead of him. This allowed him to observe her peculiar gait; it didn't seem like that of a woman, nor that of a girl. Come to think of it, there were many unusual aspects about her. His mind drifted back to the day before they met, a Saturday in late July. Summer had completely buried the disappointment caused by Gabry, who hadn't managed to write all the missing pages. Doing so would have meant escaping the tunnel she was in, but, as they say, the lighthouse's light is meant for others. He was now almost resigned to the idea that no woman could fill those last remaining pages. In those few pages, another being would have had to describe how one achieves awareness of their divine essence.

Sunday, July 19, 1998: I walk through the city with Dalu—the first time since I've been married. The thread that bound us together has broken. I've hoped, I've cried, I've fought with all my strength to defend what I believed in. It was useless and painful. Yet, I don't feel defeated. Strangely, after exchanging a few words with the old man walking the same stretch of road, leaning on a cane, I had a vague sense that I could still be useful for some purpose. I think about my situation, and it seems similar to his. Am I

slowly abandoning life to head toward the unknown? What remains of my world no longer communicates with me, and I don't yet receive signals from the other side—or perhaps I do? I'm in my room now; it's late, the silence is absolute. Suddenly, I think of Daniel, the brother who died just days after his birth, whom I only knew through my mother's stories. I'm surprised that I turned to him, as I quietly ask him to help me change this situation.

Sunday, July 26, 1998: Today is the 36th anniversary of Daniel's death, and a meeting has taken place that has changed everything.

The young woman, in addition to the elevated temperature, seemed oblivious to the discomfort that those irregular and pointed stones, under the towel, must have caused. Around them there were no other suitable spots to lie down so he proposed to share the rock smoothed by the stream. She accepted only after some insistence but left the book next to the large bush. They found themselves talking about the most varied topics. She

expressed herself with the same eagerness and with the same anxiety to be understood as when he was a boy and this surprised him. Was it possible that this young woman so openly manifested the aspirations that had been the main cause of his loneliness? Yet she did not have the appearance of one who dedicates himself for a long time to meditation and is about to reach true wisdom. That so evident contrast was inexplicable; she seemed like the classic type with many very confused ideas but when she explained her ideas with that confident and impetuous way of doing, it was spontaneous to think of her as "a child with the wisdom of a saint."

"Have you had the opportunity to read - *The Celestine Prophecy* - written by Redfield?"

I had thrown that question there suddenly, without any reference to the ongoing dialogue.

"What a coincidence! If you knew how many people have talked to me about it lately, I haven't had a chance yet and I'm sorry."

The answer, not at all relevant, explained to him some time later, embarrassed her quite a bit. She had used the term coincidence without intending to and inappropriately, this, She thought, made me seem as ignorant as a rocking horse. Later She realized why the improper use of that word, by rereading Erioder. Noticing how the synchronic event became the key to interpreting the book, the curious coincidences at the base of their meeting had come back to her mind and, thanks to that Freudian slip - She concluded satisfied - the unconscious suggested to her to pay attention precisely to the coincidences.

That day in the valley She had shown the intention to read it because inexplicably convinced of finding answers to many questions; therefore She considered it appropriate to encourage her intention with some effective phrase:

"If we think about the way in which the events narrated in the book follow one another, which seem to want to show us a way, we will see that the synchronic phenomena conceal the extraordinary aspects of reality."

They talked for a long time, he reminded her of the need not to leave room for the dangerous tendency that leads to looking for, for every situation, a hidden reason but to let chance do its work, aware that what happens is always perfectly integrated both with the aspects of the microcosm and those of the macrocosm. Then he made some considerations on the dark side concealed in everything, this indicated that his depth of thought was real and crystalline. The Scribe wondered if those green eyes would ever become mirrors capable of reflecting the splendid occult aspects of Reality.

The day was running out among the increasingly dark green of the trees, when he offered her a ride on his motorbike to her house. She accepted, She put Palla, Pali, Limpa and the other ten names she attributed to the dog, in her backpack and let herself be led to the city center. In front of the Luminosa, a farewell of circumstance and that so different afternoon was over. There would be no sequel, because of her he knew only the name and nothing else.

Several days passed and the memory of those pleasantly intense hours was often re-presented, why? What reason could there be? It rarely happened that a person attracted his attention to that point. If that was the clue of his ability to play a useful role in completing the project, nothing could hide his presence. Chance would certainly have favored a subsequent meeting, even if the probabilities of this occurring were infinitesimal. Not much time passed since that reflection, the morning of the following day, passing near Piazza Garibaldi he stopped the motorbike before the intersection and got off to greet an acquaintance. He exchanged only a few words and, turning to get back on the motorbike, he noticed the greeting gesture that a girl on a scooter had addressed to him. He started the engine and reached the traffic light a few moments before the green light. On the back seat of the scooter there was precisely her, the girl from Val Rosandra. The young woman, when they started again side by side in the direction of the suburbs, raised the visor to communicate more easily:

"Are you going to the valley to sunbathe?"

"Yes! But after having lunch, and you?"

"Now we have an appointment but maybe on Sunday I'll be there."

That's how their relationship began ... purely by chance.

The next day, he arrived late in the valley, she was gathering her things and the unexpected voice behind her almost made her jump.

"Do you intend to continue?"

She turned quickly, surprised not to have heard the noise of the steps.

"Ah! It's you! No! ... I was thinking of going back, I thought you weren't coming anymore, I haven't been to this place for years and I don't even remember the way to continue but if you want to continue, let's go."

They arrived a short distance from the only waterfall of the stream. worthy of that name, given the increasingly rough path, they decided to stop on some boulders on the side of the stream. Sitting facing each other, their conversation

soon slipped towards topics more congenial to him. They talked about the initiatory disciplines, the purpose of which - he explained - was not to reach ecstasy. They had to expressly lead to a holistic, all-encompassing knowledge. This latter had to be used to free every single being from the bonds that matter arranges around him. That nucleus, until then with very precise and defined qualities, having reached the goal, is discovered with joyful wonder in reality unlimited and with infinite possibilities.

"You know, just look at those trees with extreme attention to be able to contemplate their true appearance and enjoy their true essence."

In saying this, he pointed out the point where they were most dense but she, he noticed in passing, did not follow his hand with her gaze. He continued to stare at him while insisting that she try it. "Do you believe it is not possible with such simplicity to feel one with even what seems inanimate?" Her answer would have gratified any Master of Life. "I'm doing it through you

... you are ... how can I say ... yes! That's right, you're acting as a mediator between me and a reality of which I have always sensed the existence."

*

A few weeks later she confided that the relationship with her husband was inexorably heading towards breaking point. She said that on the day of our second meeting, in front of that intersection, she was busy making arrangements to have a mini-apartment available in case the situation deteriorated. She had thought of him in the meantime and wondered if she would ever happen to meet him again. That desire was not consistent with the decision she had made only a few hours before spotting him on that rock in the middle of the stream. In those days she did not imagine what had actually managed to attract her. There were no clues to understand the symbolic meaning of that chance encounter and, it must be recognized, it was certainly not easy to see an allegory in his journey towards a place frequented by few.

Only an ancient soul, with sufficient awareness, could see in that rock the matter and in the presumptuous type with whom he had spoken, the Spirit that pervades everything. And she proved to be so when she said that the water represented the time that seems to flow for the countless reasons supposed by men. Her moment had come to understand that there is no reason why everything should end. Only the souls at the end of their evolutionary path could meet an indefinable being and make him the point of reference.

What a curious situation, she had decided never to want a man next to her again in case her marriage had failed.

That had been her point of reference until that moment and it was what she had believed in and for which she had found herself crying and fighting with all her might. Of this a God is proud and for this a God, when he walks incognito, lets himself be seen by those who have been able to remain faithful even to a simple dream.

They had arrived at the trattoria near the sea, the one from where you can see the lights of Capodistria. That day he listened to her outburst in silence, it was clear that she reproached herself for not having kept faith with her inner commitment, she felt bound to him in such a deep way that it seemed unnatural to her. It was time to release the tension that had been created with a joke:

“Don’t worry so much, there is a possibility that you have absolutely nothing to reproach yourself for, it may be that in reality I am not a man ... - he waited a few moments for a smile to light up her face and concluded with a barely perceptible voice - or at least not only the man I am driving. “

The dialogue was characterized by the narration of their lives. Daniela, having learned a good part of his story, offered to host him in the accommodation that, forced by the stormy situation mentioned above, she had meanwhile rented. She was indignant when he confessed that he had spent the last two years on the street. She railed against that impersonal monster, that State so diligent in depriving him of the task of educating his children, which, with its mocking laws, had assigned him a virtual home in “Via della Casa Comunale number 2”.

“It’s a pure abstraction - he began to explain to her - that phantom dwelling is nothing more than an office where the legal documents concerning me are sent. The State, the monster I often tell you about, has not only tried to destroy me by taking away what I held most dear, but it continually crushes the hopes of so many, too many individuals, denying them a dignified life and allowing the strongest to harass the defenseless in a thousand ways.”

“I wonder how such relentlessness is possible and the reason for it!”

“The reason is only one, it is for all situations that lead to catastrophic or simply undesirable results. The way in which that abstract entity that we know under the name of State acts and to what end it operates is evident. Today it is capable of causing disastrous effects on the entire planet, but I limit myself to exposing only one of them: one of the most insidious, bearer of the most violent storm that human memory remembers. We know perfectly well that since the constitution of the first evolved civilizations, one of the golden rules to which the founders, the rulers and their subordinates have adhered, is a very simple and

effective norm: divide et impera. A trivial example of this way of operating can be found in the splitting of the atom.

For many years now, by breaking a fundamental nucleus of matter, the States have secured unchallenged power on the physical level and, in pursuing their true purpose, have remained silent about the inevitable negative consequences. But the atomic Dragon, the apocalyptic monster with many heads, is not enough yet, his thirst for power is unquenchable and today, with a similar project, he is trying to break an equally fundamental nucleus; it is a question of splitting a particle where the bonds are not purely of a physical, chemical, electromagnetic, gravitational or other order but rather of an affective type, a substance that we could define as spiritual.

As in the first operation, the inevitable harmful effects are deliberately silenced. In the book that I gave you, in chapter six, I write that chance made me live the experience of marriage in the role of head of the family; this has allowed particular coincidences to take shape and help me to face that dangerous split. Thanks to the painful separation of my family nucleus, I have been able to see the extensive interactions that arise following similar disastrous events. The knowledge that can be obtained in dramatic circumstances, later allows us to manage in the best way difficulties of all kinds, even the catastrophe suspended over our heads.

It will seem strange to you that I speak of an imminent planetary upheaval but you must know that the danger of the energy generated by the splitting of an atom is less than that which can arise from a primary nucleus of the social body when it breaks. If the cohesion of the force of love, within family nuclei, is interrupted, regardless of the reasons, what is most frightening for the future of the planet occurs.

The emphasis that I show speaking of a simple family nucleus is due to what “miraculously” creates it and what it in turn makes manifest: an invisible, intangible, indefinable element from which everything imagined draws its own reality. The only possibility of splitting it without producing devastating effects is when the harmonious interaction between the components of that primary cell is extended to the entire social body. The “advice” to consider the other as a brother is not in vain, since, once every misunderstanding is overcome, the passport to immortality is obtained. The opposite happens when the

soulless monster breaks those nuclei constituting the critical mass, that infinitesimal part of humanity capable of performing the function of collective pineal gland already mentioned; that frightening future would become the tragic reality that no one will be able to remember to future generations because there will be none. “

Daniela intervened to defuse the tension she perceived.

“Unfortunately, this is what is happening today, these divisions occur more and more often, if mine seemed like a laceration of the soul for the despair that overwhelmed me, I don’t even want to think about what you could have endured. What is worrying is the fact that there is no rethinking on the part of those who hold political office. We are witnessing the dissolution of families, of bonds of friendship and of any other relationship based on constructive feelings, without any alternative being proposed. “

“It’s true but only in part, however this situation has been predicted for some time. Those who have sensed it have also foreseen that things would be arranged in such a way that no one could intervene ... no one except ... well! ... It is useless now to illustrate the solution to these immense problems, but I want to tell you some things that, if you analyze them calmly, can make you look to the future with greater confidence. - Without waiting for a nod of assent he continued - They have been handed down for over a century and a half, the words of one of the least known seers: “Men will find themselves facing a deep crisis that will concern every aspect of existence; at that point, when they don’t know what to do, a character will knock on the door of History who will be seen by some as a long-awaited reformer and by others as the Antichrist.”

Those who, during the past centuries, have described the diabolical aspect of that disturbing figure, also affirm that he would have wanted to replace God.

When I have the opportunity to talk about it, I prefer to remember that for that mysterious character, a very different image has also been coined. To understand if those who paint it in dark colors are right or those who instead give a positive image of it, an enigmatic biblical prophecy will be useful. “And that no one could buy or sell without having the mark, that is, the name of the Beast or the number of its

name.” He had started in fourth gear with the citations and was seen similar to those fanatics who repeat like broken records the instructions of those who have made them so. He justified that behavior thinking that the Meta was part of him. He could therefore continue to discuss it and explain it. “Strangely, the Beast spoken of in the Bible is not, as expected, represented by an individual or at least not only. We may even think that that curious prophecy has come true when the abstract entity that responds to the name of the State, assigned to everyone a kind of acronym, known as a tax code, without which no one could buy or sell. You must know that the disturbing analogies, observed during the twenty-five years that precede the writing of the book, are very many and, in the book, you can find several. Read it carefully and you will see that several situations have been foreseen that can hurt the soul of men. When I said that the State has driven me out of the house and has induced my children to betray me, I have not explained what the paternal figure represents from a correct point of view. It must be understood as the pillar on which rests the bridge that will allow humanity to reach the other shore. Believing it is destabilizing for a society that forcefully pours much of its expectations on material values.

That figure must be re-evaluated, so that the meaning of “as in heaven so on earth” is clear. The father is therefore the one who in the microcosm manifests unsuspected potentialities, those same qualities possessed by the Father in the macrocosm. Such a message, in reality, is unconsciously feared more than any other, especially by those who hold positions of importance. From this you can understand that, excluding from those nuclei an increasingly high percentage of fathers and placing oneself as the only point of reference, is extremely gratifying for the State and those who represent it. Absolute power, for that monster with many heads, is to embody, he alone, the figure of the Father ... to rise unequivocally to God. Consulting the works of David Icke, a man who climbs with determination the steep path of knowledge, we realize that this subtle operation has been underway for some time. We can also notice, provided that our eyes want to see, that this coincides with what the seers have foreseen. It is intended to say and strongly support, that it is extremely important to become aware of the existence of this project. From this awareness, comes the choice to oppose it, since this will allow

an unimaginable evolutionary leap. It should be noted that every way, even the most antithetical, have something in common: the Alpha, the Omega and me ... “ He suddenly stopped the eruption of words, if he had wanted to he could have saved himself: ask to be accompanied somewhere and send him mentally to that country. He had no intention of fleeing, so he resumed his monologue more calmly. “Perhaps it is better that I stop boring you with my chatter. Let me just illustrate my curious situation: I have been described and attacked as a monster by the servants of that power that recognizes nothing and no one above him.

In their service reports, the guardians of disorder, being able to choose from an infinite number of appellatives, wanted to use the one of Antichrist to discredit my every word and mock me. Wanting to find an extenuating circumstance for their actions, I could say that it was a superstitious way of exorcising the Anti-law that, according to Blake, Walsit and others, would have come to straighten the Way traced by Christ. Those who have distorted that path to their advantage, are instinctively led to fear anyone who can rectify it. Only if there is a crumb of wisdom, due to intuition, can one understand why so many people come to perform single and collective acts of which they then repent; starting with my wife and up to the State. You must know that in the period preceding our separation, many have worked to make her surrender to the idea of having a dangerous madman for a husband. In addition to the few relatives and the rare friends, belonging to religious confessions particularly active in countering the evil one, even the social assistance structures strove to sever my bond with the family. The reason for their commitment in doing so is of a disconcerting banality. Projects that transcend their understanding are seen as lucubrations of sick minds and therefore must be bitterly opposed. The ancient wisdom of those who recommended to observe carefully every manifestation of madness to draw possible lessons from it has been lost. Even the authorities, to protect and maintain the existing status, have been activated to attribute to me crimes of all kinds in order to discredit me. This is also explained by the desire to abort at birth a school of thought, it can expand, involving billions of people, thanks to an infinitesimal Nucleus, that of the critical mass, foreseen by the most ambitious Project in history. Among the conservative forces there are experts in

every sector, not excluding that of psychological warfare; they know very well the extraordinary effects that that nucleus could produce and for this they fear it. “ “Giorgio, three days ago I was going to Piazza Venezia, - she whispered suddenly after listening for so long without intervening and moving the chair closer so as not to be heard by others. - I had your book because I wanted the promised dedication but, in front of the Municipality, I suddenly remembered that I had to collect the letter with which we were ordered to evict. As I entered the atrium, my gaze was captured by the calendar on the wall in front. That date, August 6 and the words that followed, provoked incredible sensations in me, difficult to describe, an experience never tried. First the insignificant object exerted such an attraction that it seemed to be endowed with its own life, then, slowly, I became aware that that was a message that had to be interpreted and the few words read next to that date were surely the key. One more thing, - she resumed, rummaging nervously in her bag looking for the lighter - why did my mind put you in relation to what I was experiencing? Why did I immediately think of you in those moments? What reason can there be ... it's been so little time since I've known you. “Daniela inhaled forcefully, she had stripped her soul of so many sensations and now, she herself, was bewildered by it.

“I had a strange idea this morning, it seems that having you close amplifies my perceptive capacity., in the same way as when in Val Rosandra I experienced the essence of Nature through your eyes. I wonder if it is really so or is it the stress due to the fear of finding myself in the impossibility of building on the rubble of my marriage. “ Those questions seemed addressed more to herself. She squeezed his hand to prevent her from continuing to fidget nervously on the table. “As soon as I got home - she continued - I immediately looked up the word transfiguration in the dictionary. I hoped to find the cause of that particular state of consciousness that I experienced reading that date on the calendar. When I read what is meant by that term I thought absurdly that you have already completed that journey and that a kind of analogous phenomenon was happening in me. “ She scrutinized him carefully, perhaps fearing to see a lack of interest or worse, a cynical derision. She could not suppose that her last words were making him scroll before his eyes the memory of the first days; when she confessed to having cried

reading the dedication addressed to the children by a father who had none. He had not read anything about the elimination of obstacles and that one of the most difficult to overcome is precisely indifference. He could not have read in any other book that, simply shedding a tear on those two lines, it was possible to obtain the transfiguration. Would she be the living proof of the immeasurable capacities of the human being?

She slowly regained control of her emotions and continued: "You know, something inexplicable is happening, it's not just this, there's something else, at the moment I didn't want to tell you, I didn't imagine what you could have thought".

She stopped and closed her eyes as if wanting to concentrate to find the most appropriate words.

"A few days after meeting you, I talked about you and your book with a friend; she, as always, wanted to be generous with advice and suggested to me, given the many problems that were plaguing me in that period, not to go looking for others even with a Satanist. The next morning, while we were going to San Giacomo I saw your motorbike. It was incredible, if I didn't still have a clear image of what I saw, how I saw it, where and when, I would think it was a dream.

When we were near Piazza Garibaldi I was attracted by something incredible: a blue motorbike that had a golden halo around it, similar to the halos of saints. I know it's crazy and, for this very reason, being curious, I looked better and I saw you! Remember when you reached us at the intersection and stopped next to that gray SUV? Inside it there was a German Shepherd that started to growl furiously in your direction as if it had seen the devil himself. This circumstance, while you were addressing me, made me remain undecided for a moment; I didn't know whether to follow my friend's advice or answer you."

Her monologue was interrupted by the owner of the trattoria who brought the order. She dropped the subject, promising herself to take it up again at the appropriate time.

Now, we will briefly return to some moments, after their meeting, looking at them through Daniela's eyes: The morning after that strange meeting in Val Rosandra, I woke up as usual very early, as soon as I went out I noticed with amazement that the day was unusually bright, I felt full of energy as I hadn't felt for years. Indeed, thinking about it, despite

the problems I was plagued by in that period, I seemed to be walking on clouds. This could give an absolutely wrong idea of my ability to respond to stress but it is the image that is usually used to describe a particular state of mind. If I add that the more time passed, the more that constant well-being turned into real beatitude, someone might think of finding in their hands the writing of a hysterical visionary.

That day it was an awl that passed through my espadrilles, planting itself in my heel to call me back to reality; while I was removing it, the name of the man I met by chance during a sunny afternoon presented itself with force in my mind and this surprised me a lot. "What does that eccentric type have to do with my life" I was forced to ask myself. A partial answer came already during the reading of the story received as a gift, when I noticed the disturbing analogy with the two women hit in an allegorical way at the heel and to whom an important role had been attributed. Thinking about the probable considerations of the most skeptical, I must say that I am sorry to disappoint them, I have never suffered from hysteria and sometimes I do not even believe what I see. Although intuition suggests to me the existence of something that only a few are given to see, I have never felt the need to verify it.

About two months passed, during which I did not even stop to try to understand what was happening, I had certainly been in love, perhaps I still was but this way of perceiving and living reality had completely different characteristics. It was, if one can say so, beyond love, it was not subject to a beginning nor to the end, it existed forever. I was not sure of this, it was something even deeper: a sudden joy that when it takes you does not give you any certainty because there is no question ... only happiness.

Therefore, after about sixty days, I do not remember now on what occasion, a thought slowly made its way into my mind. I began to suspect that that paradisiacal condition concealed something else, not only that, I perceived almost a silent reproach from the depths of my soul for my seraphic detachment from earthly things and from every human emotion. I sometimes feared, for very brief moments, that I had become cynical and insensitive to the suffering of others and one evening I decided to talk about it with him. I confided to him my restlessness, my will to understand but above all what troubled me most: the condition of other

beings who could not taste that nectar that had been given to me in full hands. I was the first to marvel at the words I spoke with impetus:

“I need to share the suffering of others! I feel that only in this way I can resume my spiritual journey.”

He, usually so loquacious, replied with few words:

“You have the ability to say what only a God can think. Do not be surprised by this, even on the Bible it is written that you are Gods ... and when you are fully aware of being so, you will also see that your spiritual travail will have been similar to that described by Eriender in his book ...”

He remained silent for a few moments, as if it cost him effort to speak, and then resumed.

“In any case, soon, very soon, you will have confirmation of the validity of your choice.”

It had gotten late and so I fell asleep with my head on his shoulder without fully understanding what he had meant to tell me. The next morning, as usual, we went to have coffee at the Galleria bar, as always I took the newspaper and browsed it. A curious news item caught my attention: “Doves have inexplicably appeared on a painting depicting the Madonna.”

The article ruled out that the work, donated to the small church inside the Cattinara hospital, had been repainted by an unknown hand during the night and suggested that it could be a miraculous event. Continuing, I found the mystical meaning that, in ecclesiastical circles, was attributed to the depiction of doves: they symbolized the - sharing of suffering. -

Many in my shoes would have remembered the strange, premonitory words spoken by Giorgio the previous evening.

Thus, a few hours after the desire I had expressed, the sublime ecstasy began to lessen until it disappeared completely after three days. Now, by my choice, I no longer had the support of that indescribable joy, so every setback and everything that could hurt a person, now penetrated inside my soul to make me suffer. I then resumed my life as always, marked by fears, pains but also by everything that could make it interesting.

In those days Giorgio seemed tense because of an article that appeared in the local newspaper. It was the report of a reader who, walking through the streets of the center, had seen his book in the window of a bookstore.

The poster informed that there would soon be the presentation and a debate on the theme of the work. The unknown person, it was said, was indignant at the fact that that text was freely exposed. He appealed to the competent authorities, civil and religious, to prevent the dissemination of the book. It was because of this fanaticism, probably piloted, that Giorgio asked me to accompany him to the address of that type who lashed out against him with such ardor.

Arrived under the house, he parked the car indecently and I felt obliged to call him back.

“Hey! ... Please, try not to lose your temper.”

The door slammed shut did not bode well. I remained seated watching a stray cat, behind him two centuries-old buildings and, between the chimneys, a shred of sky.

It was barely visible, because of the sun that seemed to choose what deserved to be illuminated. Suddenly, the ecstasy that I had experienced for so long took hold of me again. While this was happening, some thoughts took shape in my mind. It was essentially a whirlwind of indescribable emotions. That sweet sensation seemed to speak to me, it seemed to tell me that this was to be understood as a farewell. It had returned one last time to let me know that whatever I could think, or feel about it, what I had experienced had not been a simple dream, it would remain eternally in me and in everything that exists, even if it would not manifest itself. After a few moments the ecstasy vanished and the idea of having to continue without such an extraordinary support troubled me deeply. I sensed however that there was no other way to know the goal. Giorgio, or at least what seemed to be, reappeared in the rearview mirror.

“Who knows, - I surprised myself thinking - perhaps he really managed to take the form that we all needed”.

“He’s not there, he doesn’t live here anymore but it doesn’t matter, he will find me, we can go.”

He added nothing else, put the gear in and took me to lunch at Cece’s. In the evening we were at the presentation of the book, the people present in the room could be counted on the fingers of one hand. One of these, during the debate, intervened harshly, observing that society needed much more than books that invited hatred and violence. Giorgio nodded and silently approached his challenger.

“On this there is no doubt but in my book, which you disdain without having read it, I speak of much more. If you had clear the meaning of the pain that struck him as a child, because of his mother’s terrible illness, you would understand the need for that pain and that of this book. “

The man, I discovered immediately after, was precisely the author of the poisonous report in the newspaper. I saw him turn pale, mumble something, look around, then, staggering between the rows of chairs, he walked away from the room. It was finished, with an unusual and traumatic unscheduled event, the brief debate following the presentation of the book; all that remained was to return to the cramped studio apartment in San Giacomo.

Summer was over and the season of picking the allegorical apple was approaching. Would Daniela choose the path that few undertake or the most inviting one? In a seemingly inexplicable way, the relationship that bound us, after some time underwent a sudden change. She packed her few things and arranged them at her parents’ house, handed over the keys of the accommodation to her friend and prepared to leave. She was now looking for that certainty so evanescent that she sensed within herself but so difficult to obtain. She wanted to discover what her way was without anyone’s interference; freedom would be total if it did not come from others. That afternoon she was like a fantastic character, a leprechaun with a dark backpack, with a sad little face but which at the same time expressed incredible strength and determination.

“At six I have to take the train to go to Trentino to pick apples, there is the whole season to do and then I will see.”

“Can I accompany you to the station?”

“I prefer not to, let’s say goodbye now.”

“Will you come back?” “I don’t know, I can’t tell you anything, don’t wait for me.”

“Just make me one promise ... don’t throw yourself away and, if you need help, call me ... okay?” “Okay, I promise, but now let me go otherwise I’ll really miss that train.”

“Go ... even if as a man I fear that something will happen to you, I know I can’t hold you back, this is a train that is not convenient to miss ... bye! ... And see you again.”

“Bye! Whatever happens, I will never forget you, I swear.”

She moved quickly towards the station and for a long time she knew nothing more about her. He had been apprehensive all that time and punctually, every time the opportunity presented itself, he discussed it with Claudio. He was one of those types that you rarely have the good fortune to meet. He would have managed to put out a fire even by throwing gasoline on it. One evening at the end of October, he found him at the Romano bar and it was he who made him realize that she had returned. Without any beating around the bush, he had expressed what was troubling him.

“It’s strange that Daniela doesn’t make herself heard anymore, knowing my character, she should imagine that I fear she may run into some bad adventure and this would be unpleasant for both of us. In his case, then, it would be a question of falling from a considerable height.”

The elegantly dressed man did not flinch and did not even try to hide an ironic smile.

“In my opinion it is strange that you dedicate your energy only in that direction.”

“I don’t understand”

“Think about it for a moment ... in the world there are about six billion individuals to whom to bring the revelation and you, what do you do? You only think of her ... why?”

His consideration, which contrary to what one might expect, did not give space to any irony, troubled him considerably. He could not find a justification for himself and did not know how to choose between all those he reserved for himself.

“In any case - he continued - if you want to know my opinion, she went to those mountains to meditate and purify herself, all of which will last forty days ... as it was for Christ when he withdrew into the desert. She is here now, but she has not completed her journey, it will still take some time but if you do not want everything to be useless give her a roof, perhaps temporary. In the Basovizza area it would be ideal, it is an area with an extraordinary energy. “

Understandably, if the first reaction was of disturbance, the last words, pronounced with such certainty, now surprised him pleasantly. What his mind had not even supposed, was shown to him, in all its

aspects, by Claudio. He waited anxiously for the expiration of the forty days and began the search. When he tracked her down at the home of a friend of hers, inexplicably he kept a detached, suspicious attitude. She seemed annoyed by his presence and showed herself incredulous when he assured her that no one had warned him of her return.

“It was chance, passing through Longera, I saw your friend’s scooter under your mother’s house and then I thought you had returned. If I have to be honest I also see that you seem like another person and therefore I think it appropriate that you return the copy of the book that you brought with you. You had promised to add the missing pages and you have not done it, have you not succeeded?”

To that question, veiled in reproach, she remained indifferent and nodded without giving any explanation. She fixed an appointment under her parents’ house and, after having launched a quick greeting gesture, she moved away quickly. The following afternoon, at the agreed time, he waited for the delivery of the book sitting in the car squeezed by a thousand thoughts, when her voice made him wince: “Can I get in?” “Sure!”

She settled on the seat curling up as she used to do.

“By the way, yesterday I forgot to tell you that I would also like the copy that I gave you when we met.”

“Listen, I would like you to explain to me why you want back the book you gave me at the beginning, it doesn’t seem right to me.”

“You are perfectly right, I cannot impose it on you and I ask you as a favor, until you keep it I will think that it is possible for you to leave a mark on those blank pages ... if you return it I can finally get this idea out of my head and not think about it anymore.”

She, was holding it to her chest as if it were a defenseless child and this made him tender.

“I care about it very much too and if you took it away from me I would be saddened.”

“All right, keep it as a souvenir - he murmured resigned - I believe we will no longer have the opportunity to see each other.”

“Look, you haven’t understood me, you are the dearest friend I have and you are also the person from whom I have had the most support, there is no reason why we should not see each other.”

Now it seemed that her hands were clinging to that book, he looked at her undecided, remaining silent for a few moments.

“Yes! Maybe it is the case not to interrupt our relationship, maybe it is right that this thread does not break.”

And so, on the thread of the ether their conversation, from time to time, resumed briefly. A few weeks passed and brought with them only a few sporadic phone calls. That evening, however, was to prove particular. He found her by chance at Cece’s, she was sitting at a table apart and seemed absorbed in her thoughts. He approached fearing she would refuse the proposal to dine together.

“Hi! Eating in solitude depresses me, would you like to have dinner with me?” “Hi! They are waiting for me at home but I don’t want to go there, I gladly accept.”

They talked for a long time between one course and another and when the first lights went out in the trattoria, his intention to go home as late as possible had not changed. They decided to take a tour on the plateau behind the city. The hour was late and many places were now closed.

“You know, I would like to stay with you tonight, I need to talk, to understand, I can’t see clearly, there is a shadow that falls on what I see, while what I imagine is bright, even if it seems so far away as to be unattainable.”

“It is not possible it is freezing cold and I cannot host you but if you want to talk you can do it, I know the right place to discuss certain topics.” (Fig. 14)

He took the narrow and winding road that leads to Monrupino and after about twenty minutes they were parked inside the walls of the ancient sanctuary. They had made the whole journey almost in silence, she seemed to harbor some resentment and there was something that tormented her, he was sure of it but what? She, continuing to stare at the dark shapes of the mountains beyond the valley, seemed to sense that unspoken question, because she began to speak: “I am confused, I believed you could understand that mine was not a flight towards the world but I was looking for what I could do for the world.”

“How can you think this? You forget that we talked about it. Have you forgotten that I told you to look for the way inside yourself and

that the answer is never found far from us? You would be surprised to discover that your path, the one you are destined to travel, is written in the book of Omraam Mikhael Aivanhov.



FIG. 14 - MONRUPINO, VI SI GIUNGE DOPO UN PERCORSO "MAGICO"

That little green book that you have kept at home for years and of which you said you have read only the first chapter, if you think about it for a moment without - paying attention to whether he was listening, he continued with more emphasis - the day you left I did not say "I fear to lose you" but I made you clearly understand what my fear was ... I was afraid that you would lose yourself. "

Perhaps that night in Monrupino Daniela did not fully understand the reason for his fears, those fears expressed before her departure for Val di Non, but now time had no more boundaries for her ... she was finally free to travel the Way forever.

He, the reason for his concern, understood it a long time later. While he was serving his sentence for the physical and psychological violence that, according to the court, he had inflicted on his family for years.

She, while tidying up the house, casually found the diary, now forgotten, on which she sometimes wrote what her soul dictated to her and two months before leaving Trieste, to reach Trentino, the perception of being held to a choice had emerged and had determined in her the need to write words whose hidden meaning would have appeared clear to her only years later.

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In this my apparent confusion I need a moment of reflection, a sense to my way, to regain possession of my energy of being; useful instrument to the purpose of existence. There is too much chaos around, my true essence cannot come out, I am bumping against various possibilities. I feel that my road is there waiting for me, I do not know which one, but I know that it is not this one, so simple that it seems already written. The union is not possible and I perceive it; hence the dissatisfaction, the search for alteration, I feel the need to make the world understand precisely what I most need to learn, nothing can be important if not the way. Share the suffering of others? At the moment in which I was inspired I had renounced love to seek the reason for my existence, the passage was obligatory, but the renunciation of ecstasy seems to have stopped me, perhaps now the time has come to continue my journey? New experiences are needed? Everything must change. Habit is a bad adviser, it leads nowhere, the search must continue.

I want nothing for myself even if I may need others and their love. I know that alone, without attachment to anyone, for now I can continue; I do not know where my path will lead, but wherever it leads, there I want to arrive.

I seek you or my spark, my life, everything makes me believe that I have found you, but the road is long and arduous, the cunning mind does not want to die, there are things that give strength, and only on these I must lean.

Is what I sometimes feel inside me the truth? Or just hope that it is? No certain certainty, but I do not want certainties, sometimes I need them, the more I shun them and the more they appear. Is the desire to be complete by seeking completeness in another person, legitimate? Should I perhaps love my human weaknesses? Indulge them only because sometimes they bring me back into balance? Is it an illusion to hope that he can love me as much as I love him? This uncertainty causes me a slight pain, a slight torment at the bottom; in the subconscious is not insecurity perhaps fear of losing something? I must not be afraid of

giving up anything because nothing belongs to me, it seems cruel to rationality, but it is not so, nothing prevents us from using what we need without possessing it. This struggle only takes away energy, futile is my fear.

*

She abandoned herself on the seat closing her eyes and it was useless to insist that she let herself be led by his. It was necessary to share the blankets she kept in the car and she shared the suffering of an outcast. It was a dream and a dream can be shattered even with a caress. At dawn he took her to her mother and then tracked down Branko, the friend of Toni, the neighbor who passed by while they were moving the mortal remains of Laura. Now he could follow Claudio's suggestion and look for shelter in Basovizza.

Branko was a small man who had long since crossed the threshold of fifty but retained an intact inexhaustible charge. He had a house, empty for years, not far from the church of the small village on the plateau, so he asked him to help him. He said yes immediately and did not even ask for a meager compensation. In those stormy days, the suffering of the separation from his family, was attenuated by the fact that the door of his house was the only one that opened before him and, only many years later, on the occasion of his daughter's return to Trieste, he had the opportunity to seal an eternal bond with that exceptional man by offering his daughter the luminous image of his father.

Six diners were gathered at La Tappa di S. Barbara at the invitation of Barbara; the Scribe had willingly accepted, he had to pay homage to the man who had long since disappeared. After finishing sipping his coffee, he approached Branko's daughter and spoke to her about her father and his last days.

"Barbara, your father for me was like an older brother, indeed, more! When I was going through that terrible period, only his door opened before me and now I want to tell you what you certainly do not know. - He stopped for the emotion, his lips trembled and his eyes became wet

- When your father was reaching the end, he was lying on the bed half paralyzed and without strength anymore; despite this, he asked with a breath to Gianluca to give him a pencil and a notepad to explain how to modify a piece of furniture in his room that he, years before, had built. Until the last moment, every thought of his was for you and this will remain forever as an example for men of good will. “

“He loved you too as a brother” - The woman replied, passing a hand in front of her eyes to wipe away the tears. -

That same evening, by the light of a candle, she watched the shadows with Daniela in the room with the wood stove. The fleeting glimmers of the newly lit lamp seemed to lead them into the whirlwinds of a dance.

“Do you see them, they seem without energy, they are similar to the many you meet during the day, only awareness could make them luminous.”

Silence fell with the last reverberations of the flame. An indefinite time passed, the intense cold remained inexplicably outside that crumbling house.

Suddenly she sat up, in the dark, she could only imagine from the tone, her intense emotion. “Giorgio ... what a strange thing happened to me, I had heard about it but I considered them exaggerations. Do you know the experience of the out-of-body journey?”

“Of course, there is no esoteric publication today that does not talk about it.”

“It happened to me at this moment, it was not a dream, I am sure of it, as I am sure that the only candle in the room is now extinguished. I saw myself lying down with you next to me, I was in the spot where the shadows were previously visible and I saw clearly a pine cone in the middle of us ... No! Don’t laugh, let me continue. It was of its natural color, but after a few moments it took on the color of gold, what does it mean? And why did a pine cone appear?”

“One might think that among those shadows there was one with the gift of awareness. What you saw, that pine cone, has several interpretations; it can be assimilated to the pearl, that is, a precious asset carefully hidden, especially in spiritual terms, and it is also a symbol of immortality. You will have noticed that it is often placed on gates. It is a wish for prosperity and its transformation means that a golden age is about to manifest itself.”

“And why between us? Would we be responsible for it?”

“And why not? Does the idea scare you?”

“But it is comforting to be the architect of a New Era for a woman who cannot have children. I will not even be able to teach my children to be proud and proud of their father.”

The tone of her voice lowered, her irony had become bitter; he could not let her believe that she had lived a nightmare.

“You cannot really be convinced of this, if I had less sleep arrears I would do some calculations and I could tell you the day you will get pregnant.”

That perplexed and incredulous look of hers, the complicit darkness did not allow him to see it, was betrayed by the reflection of the moon on the window glass. A strong gust of wind had blown it open.

“Look, I’m not kidding, I know you are skeptical and on this topic you do not agree to discuss but you will see that I am not wrong and soon you will remember these words.”

Daniela did not reply and with a sigh of ill-concealed distrust she slipped into the dream world.

A few months later, her skepticism about the possibility of having a child must have reached the highest peak. In the hospital she had been diagnosed with a pathology of which the nature was not at all clear but, among the many unpleasant consequences, the impossibility of being able to have normal relations was also evident; despite everything, by chance in those very days, Daniela became pregnant. Now Erieder could finish his story, the blank pages had been unexpectedly filled: the Kingdom of God was born! Daniela had begun to follow the path indicated to her by Omraam and, at every step, she was aware of being in the Kingdom of which she was creator and daughter.

“THE PERFECT MAN, THE IDEAL MAN, THE MAN THAT COSMIC INTELLIGENCE HAS CREATED IN ITS LABORATORIES IS SIMILAR TO THE SUN AND WHAT EMANATES FROM HIM IS OF THE SAME QUINTESSENCE OF SUNLIGHT. AND WHEN IN THE FUTURE A MAN AND A WOMAN WANT TO BRING A CHILD INTO THE WORLD, THEY WILL SIMPLY EMBRACE EACH OTHER; THEIR MINDS WILL BE SO CONCENTRATED THAT A SPIRIT WILL COME TO INCARNATE WITH THEM. THIS IS A FUTURE STILL VERY FAR AWAY, BUT IT IS AN EVOLUTIONARY PLAN THAT IS PART OF THE PROJECTS OF COSMIC INTELLIGENCE.

ONE WONDERS IF A MAN CAN IMPREGNATE A WOMAN SPIRITUALLY, OF COURSE, BUT IF THIS REMAINS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ALMOST ALL HUMAN BEINGS, IT IS BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOT YET REACHED TRUE SPIRITUALITY.

ONLY THE TRUE INITIATES CAN DO IT. A MASTER, A TRUE MASTER CAN IMPREGNATE A WOMAN EVEN WITHOUT KNOWING HER, PROVIDED THAT SHE ACCEPTS AN IDEA, AND THAT IS THE SEED: THE IDEA. AN INITIATE LAUNCHES THE IDEA OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, OF THE GOLDEN AGE, AND THE WOMAN WHO ACCEPTS THE IDEA CONSECRATES HER LIFE TO FORM THE SON OF A PERFECT BEING; THAT SON WILL BE THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD CAN ONLY BE REALIZED BY WOMEN, THE THEURGE, THE BODHISATTVA OR SAVIOR OF THE WORLD, IS ENDOWED WITH AN EXCEPTIONAL SPIRIT OF SELF-DENIAL, DOES NOT SEEK GLORY OR PLEASURE, BUT DESIRES ONLY TO TRANSFORM THE EARTH, SO THAT GOD MAY REVEAL HIS PRESENCE AMONG MEN MORE AND MORE CLEARLY. HE PRODUCES THE SEED IDEA OF THE KINGDOM BUT TO OBTAIN SOLID, STABLE AND REAL FORMS ON THE PHYSICAL PLANE IT IS NECESSARY THAT THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE PARTICIPATES CONSCIOUSLY. WILL BRING AS A GIFT YOUTH AND BEAUTY. ALL WOMEN ARE THEREFORE ENCOURAGED TO NURTURE IN THEM THE IDEA OF THE REALIZATION OF THE KINGDOM OF GOD, BECAUSE IT IS PRECISELY THAT IDEA THAT WILL ALLOW THEM THE TRANSFIGURATION. I HAVE PRESENTED TO YOU ONE OF THE GREATEST ARCANA OF INITIATIC SCIENCE. ALL THOSE WHO HAVE NOT UNDERSTOOD THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS ROLE, HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO ACHIEVE ANYTHING, BECAUSE IT IS ONLY THANKS TO THE WOMAN THAT THE MOST SUBLIME IDEAS HAVE THE POSSIBILITY OF INCARNATE THEMSELVES.” - (-Galvanoplasty and the future of humanity- pp. 141, 143, 144, 197, 200, 202, 206, 207)

Master Aivanhov illustrates with clear words what the feminine figure must represent in the near future. He has dealt with unusual but no less important themes. Excluding the Australian brotherhood which, with its ceremonies, represented the pages of a story that no man could have written, Aivanhov is the only mystic who has foreseen the appearance of a Book created with the aim of developing total awareness in the human race. He predicts that in those pages you would find written that energy, the Father, chance or however you prefer to indicate what you believe exists outside of our control, is actually our essence.

“Soon, believe me, changes will take place in the philosophy and religious conceptions of men. I have already told you: in the future there

will be a Third Testament that will complete the previous two and you will find in it a truth underlined, supported, presented as essential: man must learn to get closer to God, to feel Him within himself. Then he will no longer feel the impression of being abandoned. That's right, the Third Testament (Fig. 15) will bring to men the definitive solution.” - (-The new religion: solar and universal- p. 53, 54)



FIG. 15 - COPERTINA DELLA PRIMA EDIZIONE.

Let us now return to Aivanhov's statements regarding the realization of the Kingdom. One element that will distinguish that Kingdom from the previous ones will be that of being eternal. This temporal characteristic takes on a different meaning for those who are introduced into initiatory science. It is seen as a period of time undoubtedly long but definitely not interminable. Only later will it be destined to cross over into a dimension that is outside of time and space. In that dimension the synchronic phenomena become much more evident and can be managed much better.

Something similar happened while the last modifications were being made to the pages of the tenth chapter. The computer, inexplicably left a blank line, all his efforts to eliminate it were in vain, he could not even write a letter on it. Then, he remembered that he had systematically omitted to write the name of that Kingdom; without thinking, mechanically he typed it ... it was a joy to see the characters that make up the names of Ares and Aral appear on that damned line next to Pangea.

He had struggled for half a day and now, finally, the names of the two children who should have represented it, were there on the screen, clearly visible and indelible. Ares and Aral are the first inhabitants of that Kingdom. One of their peculiarities will be to manifest in all its splendor the validity of the myth of immortality. Chance has allowed them to reach that goal. A goal that, although yearned for by many, is simply a small space within an infinite dimension; a foothold to proceed towards other goals that at the moment are inconceivable.

Daniela also vaguely sensed the formula to reach those goals, it happened the evening that she felt imperious within herself the need to share the suffering of others.

Sometimes one hears repeated that the Truth is before everyone's eyes, others that if one does not become like children one will not enter the Kingdom. (Fig.16 + clip)

FIG. 16 - ATTIMI INDIMENTICABILI ED ETERNI.

Reclaiming innocence is possible, it is discovered in - the Isaiah Effect - on page 227. The Author reports what happened during the Special Olympics of 1998:

“Nine children, impaired in their physical and mental functions, one morning found themselves competing together on the same track; at the sound of the gun that started the competition, they started towards the finish line located on the opposite side of the stadium. It was the behavior of a child with Down syndrome that created an event with a profound meaning; while the competitors launched themselves on the track, helping themselves with every support at their disposal in the direction of the finish line, that particular child slowed down and turned towards the starting line. He saw that one of his companions had fallen at the beginning of the race and was struggling to get up. The child with Down syndrome stopped immediately, turned around and started towards his companion. One after another, even the other competitors realized what

had happened, they followed him as far as the race had started to lift up the most unfortunate and, helping him to stand, they walked along the track to the finish line.” -

It has also been written that the materials with which the new dwelling will be built will be particularly precious. The allegorical meaning of all this is simple, Daniela sensed it because she can boast the soul of a child and could thus take the first steps inside that Kingdom. It happened, as I said, the evening that she confided to me her determination to share the suffering of others; in her eyes, in fact, the first element, the first stone of which that Kingdom is composed, was presented: the choice to share suffering. Subsequently, the elements that this choice brings with it were gradually manifested to her; the 666 abstract elements that allow to build the house of the Father. She became aware that they can be, more or less precious, according to the will of the builder.

To understand these words that appear nebulous and could be contested one by one, it should be remembered what was asserted in another part of this book: that every abstract thing, such as an emotion or a desire, mysteriously manages to act on matter. At the end of this story, there remains only to find the abstract elements indicated. They will allow to reach at the same time immortality and the Dimension where every thought comes into being, you will simply have to lay that fundamental first stone, the others ... “Ask and it will be given to you”





XI REVELATION

The camera was ready to be used; would he have enough time to reach the maternity ward of Burlo? Would he be able to see his children who had been born just two days earlier? He was under house arrest in Basovizza after being attacked by the “Witch,” and in the event of a check during his absence, they would change that unjust punishment into a few years in prison, adding some months for the escape he was about to commit.

Two years earlier, he had been attacked by others, and they had taken the same coercive measure, but even then, he felt the irrepressible urge to escape; that day, it was Easter, he brought three chocolate eggs to his daughters. After that violent assault, an unexpected development followed that is worth remembering. He discovered it during a meeting with the editor of judicial chronicles near Piazza Venezia; on that occasion, he let slip an unexpected confidence, saying clearly: “There has been pressure on the newspaper’s editorial board to ‘deactivate’ it.” He tried to understand more by accompanying him for a few blocks toward the newspaper’s office, but he refused to provide explanations that would identify the authors of that pressure, and every question asked during the brief journey proved useless. The journalist, concealing his disappointment at having let slip the imprudent statement, hastily concluded that he wouldn’t speak even in front of a judge. His confidential words had not been clarified but needed to remain etched in memory. They immediately came to mind

when, months later, during a television broadcast, he learned that the term “deactivate” was commonly used in the Services and explicitly indicated the measure of eliminating or neutralizing someone by any means.

It is not far-fetched to think that the solution suggested to achieve the goal of “deactivating” him was precisely the article written by the journalist’s colleague who confessed to the pressures exerted on his newspaper. He was in isolation when, in violation of prison regulations, a copy of the *Piccolo* was delivered to him.

The front page featured a description of the events and some testimonies that pinned him to a responsibility he did not actually have. Those absurdities had no other purpose than to make him believe he had no escape, to make him think of the prison gates that would close behind him forever. In the face of that prospect, it was reasonable to expect that he would end it all, that he would “autonomously” choose to deactivate himself spontaneously. From their point of view, they were also convinced they were entirely justified, considering the words that the police chief, a small man but with a sharp mind, said to him that day on Via Cavana during a demonstration: “We all thought that at any moment you could commit a massacre.” Leaving him stunned, to the point that he managed to struggle to find words to respond to such heresy. The official was certainly unaware of the visit made by a couple of plainclothes individuals to the young man from Borgo, who had shown he knew his wife’s height to the millimeter.

The article, one must admit, was very well crafted to achieve the result of seeing him “deactivated.”

— A VIOLENT SCUFFLE. NEIGHBORS SAW GIORGIO GENZO PUSHING THE BLONDE YOUNG MAN DOWN THE STAIRS. THEY SAW HIM KICK HIM IN THE HEAD. TO A WOMAN WHO CAME OUT BECAUSE OF THE NOISE, TELLING HIM TO STOP, GENZO REPORTEDLY REPLIED BY GRABBING THE OTHER, NOW UNCONSCIOUS BY THE FEET, AND DRAGGING HIM OUTSIDE: “HE’S A BAG OF SHIT.” NOW THE MAN IS IN A COMA AND IS HOSPITALIZED IN CRITICAL CONDITION IN THE NEUROSURGERY DEPARTMENT OF THE CATTINARA HOSPITAL. HE SUFFERED A FRACTURE OF THE RIGHT PARIETAL BONE. NEIGHBORS TOLD THE POLICE WHAT THEY SAW: THEY DESCRIBED THE VIOLENCE OF THE PUNCHES AND KICKS AND THAT BLOODY BODY BEING DRAGGED TO THE BUILDING’S DOOR. — “I SAW HIM HITTING THE OTHER ONE LIKE A MADMAN,” — DECLARED LUISA GATTO, WHO LIVES ON THE SECOND

FLOOR. SHE IS TERRIFIED. — “EVEN THOUGH THE OTHER, A BLONDE YOUNG MAN WITH SHORT HAIR, WAS ON THE GROUND, GENZO KEPT HITTING HIM. THAT — SHE SAYS — IS A STRANGE TYPE. THERE WAS ALREADY A FIGHT LAST SUMMER...”

“YOU ARE ACCUSED OF VERY SERIOUS BODILY HARM...” — SAID THE POLICE TO GENZO AS THE HANDCUFFS TIGHTENED AROUND HIS WRISTS — “I AM CONSIDERING WHETHER IT IS POSSIBLE TO HYPOTHEZIZE THE CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED MURDER.” — THE SUBSTITUTE PROSECUTOR, GIORGIO MILILLO, DECLARED THAT EVENING. C.B. (article published Thursday, March 18, 1999)

However, the case defies human presumption; after more than ten years, the day had come when the journalist had to let slip the most interesting clue; he thought of casually meeting him. He asked the same question he had posed so long ago while accompanying him for a short stretch of road: “... A lot of water has passed under the bridges, so you might as well say who wanted to deactivate me.”

“I can’t remember it; it’s been too long... But that person... do you see that building? Behind it is the Police Headquarters; on the second or third floor, that’s where you can find him.”

A couple of months later, he felt the urge to deliver the latest digital version of the book to the magistrate who years earlier had decided to grant him house arrest following the assault he had suffered. Ares and Aral were by his side that morning; in the corridors of the Court, they met many of those who had the opportunity to condemn him.

A magistrate, with an engaging smile, quickly distanced himself from the group while entering his office with a folder under his arm.

“Can you tell me where Dr. ...’s room is?”

“You’ll find it right at the beginning of the other corridor.”

He thanked her, and while doing so, he noticed that she was observing him with a certain intensity; he felt as if he did not know her at all, yet she continued to stare at him. However, chance can also manifest the sense of the subtlest irony. The usual words of circumstance when one does not know how and why a face seems familiar, and suddenly, a phrase that illuminates one of the few remaining dark sides of his judicial path.

“Yes! Now I remember, the Digos sent me a report many years ago stating that you were involved in black masses along with another person whose name escapes me. I asked the police headquarters via fax whether you had committed any crimes such as rape or other forms

of violence during those ceremonies, and they replied no. Obviously, I archived it, as there was nothing of criminal relevance; it was the only right thing to do.”

He turned his gaze toward his little ones; they remained impassive but, as they later confessed, were literally disgusted by the police’s slander. “Today, he thought while moving toward the other room, the right thing to do is to recognize the affinity between the malicious procedure of the public force and the “ad hominem” doctrine, which, as is known, is the custom of discrediting the Messenger to make him appear to anyone as a reprehensible and condemnable individual.

Arriving at the Burlo, he quickly climbed the stairs; he was excited, just a few more steps and he would see the two little shamans. A month before their birth, while talking with Daniela, he had felt the urge to tell her that Aral would be capable of using sound to achieve his purposes, while Ares would do the same through the wind and what is related to it. What he had sensed was fully in line with the hopes of many. It was likely; there is no religion that does not recognize in some beings the ability to intervene in natural phenomena and in matter itself thanks to an inexhaustible energy.

The nurse only stepped aside when he told her he was the father. He entered the room and near the window, flooded with light, there was a moving scene: two little human beings with wrinkled faces seeking warmth and contact from the exhausted woman lying on the bed. A few words, a few glances for a miracle; he had to return quickly to Basovizza, the little ones had felt his presence and that would be enough.

Ten days before his admission to the maternity ward, he took Daniela to the city during the time she had available to buy essential goods. Once they arrived downtown, they accidentally ran into Gilly; after the initial exchanges of banter, she became more attentive as she said she was still disturbed by the dream she had that night. The Steel Lily was deeply struck by the originality of that dream; she knew the names chosen for them and spoke of her astonishment upon hearing Aral emit sounds with clear meanings: adult words coming from a newborn. Gilly did not notice the flash that passed in Daniela’s eyes and in his; she continued saying that Ares, as soon as he was touched, showed her something unusual: the ability to float lightly in the air.

About two years after these singular coincidences, the first digital version of the book had been completed. Now he had to deliver it, just like the paper version, to those who would prove capable of adding significant elements to the most extraordinary story. The first global book had been created; anyone, at the undisputed judgment of the main protagonist of the story, could become a co-author simply through their own experiences or by signing their name in the Book of Life.

That afternoon, inside the Towers of Europe, his little ones entered the cinema and ran toward the popcorn counter; he slowly caught up with them, watching the girl who, amused by their exuberance, kindly asked them what they wanted. As often happens, she gave a response that would unmistakably reveal her spirit: "I think they want popcorn, but unfortunately, I don't even have a penny."

The young woman, seeing his disheveled appearance, had no doubts; without adding anything else, she filled two bags and handed them to the little ones. She told them to thank her, took them by the hand, and headed toward the exit, but after a few meters, she turned back. The girl gave him a questioning look:

"I must give you proof of their gratitude; they want to give you the book I wrote. Someone will tell you it's magical... who knows... be careful, what is certain is that this book will allow you to find what you seek."

The girl was understandably astonished but accepted the proposal with a smile. A couple of hours later, she delivered what she had promised and left. The next day, Aral and Ares slipped from her hands and ran to the popcorn stand; the same girl from the previous evening, without even asking what they wanted, handed them two bags of popcorn. She, in turn, ordered a coffee. When it was time to pay, she said she wanted to treat them to the popcorn; he objected that he wouldn't accept without knowing the reason. At that point, the young woman began a strange story:

"Last night, after my shift was over, I went to get my scooter and realized, to my great dismay, that it had been stolen. I had to walk home, but the next morning, at eight, I was awakened by a call from a guy, who I later discovered was a financial officer, inviting me to go to their office to retrieve my scooter. I immediately thought it was a prank from a friend, but then I realized that wasn't possible; no one knew about it, and

at that point, your words came rushing back to me: ‘The book will help you find what you seek.’ I ran to the finance office and found everything, from the documents to the last screw.”

In the shopping complex spread over three floors, just a stone’s throw from their home, there were still a children’s playroom and other attractions operating at that time. Ares and Aral had spent a good part of the afternoon there. When they reached the exit of the mall with their father, it was cold, and a wind was stubbornly blowing through the large sliding doors. They were lively little ones, like all three-year-olds should be, attentive to their surroundings and particularly sensitive to many situations that left many others indifferent. The boy struggling futilely to start the two-wheeler caught their attention; their bright little eyes darted from the foot pushing hard to start the engine to the father’s face. It was a scene they had never seen in a world of mysteries that seemed to invite them.

“Look at that boy who will have to throw away the motorcycle because the engine won’t start anymore,” he whispered with irony, bending down to them.

“Let’s hope not,” was the boy’s quick reply as he lifted his head to look at the swollen black clouds approaching. “There won’t be any need to throw it away, but I will definitely have to walk home,” he added disheartened.

“You’re lucky; these are two little shamans, and for just one euro each, they’ll take care of getting you back on your motorcycle before the storm breaks.”

“If they could do that, I’d gladly part with the euro,” he said without any conviction.

“Did you hear that, little ones? Remember what I taught you? Think about it yourselves.”

Hearing those words, they approached the motorcycle. The boy had stopped to catch his breath; it certainly didn’t seem possible to him. He experienced a sudden jump backward when the engine roared to life after he inadvertently placed his hand on the electronic ignition button. He seemed unable to believe it, and stretching out his hand, he deliberately pressed the off button. Logically, the engine stopped; it was less logical that it roared again when he pressed the ignition a second time. At that

point, in his usual ironic tone, he wanted to clarify he wouldn't intervene if he didn't keep his promise; he merely said that if he didn't keep his word, he would be very careful around buses. The boy's troubled look became calmer as he handed the two coins to the children; perhaps he thought there had to be a simple explanation for that strange coincidence.

That evening, he lingered to ponder how beings manifest their human abilities. They leave traces that are primarily "material": imposing constructions or immense destructions, extraordinary works of art or acts of monstrous madness. Those who manifest a divine nature or rather a consciousness capable of managing the energy that pervades everything can witness the splendor of synchronic phenomena. Such a capacity is among the most important of those known and will reach its peak at the time of Pangaea.



He returned to his cell unable to calm down. They hadn't been allowed to see him, and he didn't know when he would be able to again. He lived this situation as if it depended not only on his life but even on the very existence of everything. He felt he had to wait, that he had to wait for something, but what? For justice to be done? It was absurd even to think it; the reason was certainly something else. His body suffered dantesque pains, and he rarely could forget it. In those moments, he felt he depended on his children, which gave him an inexplicable sense of peace. Was he to say that they could pulverize those walls? That there existed an energy of which they held the secret? There, he understood the reason for so much suffering; it was time to encourage him to confide in his cellmates what he sensed. He lay down on the cot and crossed his arms behind his head, remaining still for a long time. When he was sure he could express what was stirring in his soul, he took paper and pen and began to write.

– Hi dear, it's August 15th, your words and tears come to mind, rejecting an anguishing situation. Now, what I'm going to tell you is not just to reassure you; it's a reflection I want to share. Wonderful dwellings are built with material elements, and isn't it possible to create them using "abstract elements" like the feelings we share with our little ones? I am

certain that our sufferings are like lime; it is caustic, it burns, it blinds, but it is essential for erecting memorable buildings.

I think repeating myself isn't superfluous; I believe it can make you feel my actual presence among you and within every thought of yours. Every cell of yours is permeated with my love, and in that "magical" moment when you are aware of it, thanks to this "miracle," everything is possible for you: both what this inmate dreams of and what is nobler and fairer for simple souls. Last Saturday, my little ones took my hand in the visiting room and said they wanted to take me home with them; I saw much disappointment, especially in Ares's eyes, and I sensed that this would lead to some "setback." Shortly after returning to my cell, the news reported that a plane had crashed due to sudden depressurization, a lack of air, while heading toward the "magical" city of Prague. That event, though terrible, is nothing compared to what could happen when the force of love is compressed and obstructed beyond the allowed limit: it implodes, causing disastrous and inescapable consequences... –

Some affectionate words concluded the letter.

✱

The next day, he thought of subtly hinting to a cellmate about what was brewing: the detrimental disappointment of his little ones. It was a sarcastic comment on the previous evening's news by an inmate that sparked that impulse. These are news, words that channel the thoughts of the masses in certain directions; now he too had news, and it was not the case to keep them waiting.

"These bastards! – he began determinedly – If they knew my children were shamans, perhaps they would be more accommodating. Do you know what I mean? – Without waiting for a response, he addressed the others as well, – They are like... – a brief pause to frame the target, and he continued – All religions talk about saints, figures capable of interfering with natural phenomena and even provoking them; well, shamans are no less. Aral and Ares are not at all happy about this situation; they can emit an energy that, like telluric energy and every other force of nature, cannot be labeled as good or bad... it simply is and manifests. Do you think I'm rambling? You'll see that from today on, the media will report singular events that will inevitably lead you to think of Ares and Aral."

Of course, there was no response; the expressions on their faces were very clear, but he sensed it was time to provide a type of news very different from the usual.

*

August 27, 2005.

- Hi, I'm writing to suggest that you let the children play with destiny again and to tell you about other curious events that have occurred in the meantime. Kiss them for me and help them mark off the days on the calendar that still separate us; it will be helpful for them to experience this situation less traumatically. In my previous letter, I informed you about the denied visitation and how I returned furiously to my cell. I also mentioned that this latest, stupid vexation unleashed a rage I struggled to contain. I wrote that I had told my cellmates on several occasions that Ares and Aral's disappointment should lead to strange events that the news would report; news filled with disconcerting analogies that would inevitably make you think of our little ones to the point of hypothesizing a "reaction" to the injustice they are enduring; you'll remember that I often described them as two little shamans.

You should know that one of those present, a guy who loves to boast about being one of the most skilled smugglers in the upper Adriatic, mockingly asked me if two little shamans could cause such catastrophes. I didn't see the need to give him further explanations and simply pointed out that I had never referred to them as responsible for the calamities that would occur; I preferred to remind them of my exact words: "The news broadcasts will report events that will inevitably lead us to think of two little shamans." Now, with my writing, I want to put you in a good mood by telling you that there was a timely confirmation just a few hours after our lively discussion inside the cell. The news report states that in the southern region, an "unnatural" wind has struck Bagheria in Sicily, making almost all the inhabitants sick. Everyone presents the same symptoms:

the wind causes vomiting, skin rashes, headaches, and more, and from the records of the competent authorities, it is noted that the only similar weather situation to what is currently raging in Bagheria occurred near the Aral Sea.

The usual affectionate words concluded the letter and referred them to the next meeting. At that moment, the first images of Katrina, heading towards New Orleans at three hundred and fifty kilometers per hour, came in from the satellite and seemed to be further confirmation of what had been said that morning. The news broadcasts continued relentlessly to provide food for thought to the fellow detainees at an impressive rate. Among the most significant, after the denied interview on August 24th, was the one concerning the tragedy in Baghdad. It happened that a large crowd, after hearing a deafening “sound,” thinking it was an explosion caused by a suicide bomber (translated means divine wind), rushed towards the bridge over the nearby river.

The simultaneous passage of all that people caused it to collapse, and over a thousand human beings died trampled or drowned in the waters below. A few hours later, it was learned that the ship Ares had been sent to rescue a plane that had crashed due to sudden turbulence and that never before in the last three weeks had so many air disasters been recorded as a result of natural phenomena. The numerous plane crashes in Greece, Venezuela, and several other places confirmed this.

Once again, chance revealed itself, and if those present refuse to testify to it, it matters little; there are the dated letters written from the cell that can confirm the account you are now reading. To fully appreciate it, it is enough to remember that the force they carry with them is unquantifiable, not subject to judgment and not even to be feared; it is one of the infinite expressions of nature to which everyone can have access. This does not depend on their conscious will, and thus no accusation can be directed at them; they may be the first “leaders” recognized with this quality, and their task is simply to inspire and to prove to countless others the existence of an aspect of Reality where every possibility is exactly what the word indicates: possible!

Curious episodes inevitably led towards the same destination; one of these occurred on the day of their sixth birthday and deserves to be remembered. It should be noted that their little ones were kept away from

any form of conditioning; this miserable custom, common among both secular and religious people, was unknown to them. Sitting on the couch with his head in his hands, he wandered among a thousand thoughts; it was nothing premeditated, it was simple curiosity, and he was surprised by the question he asked first.

“Little ones, come here to Daddy, I want to know something from you.”

The little ones reluctantly stopped playing with their figurines and approached.

“Listen, I wanted to ask you if you know why Daddy made you be born.”

Logically, they were taken aback and widened their eyes; they certainly did not expect that strange question, and it would have been very difficult to imagine their answer. They exchanged a stunned glance among themselves and then towards their father, and they repeated it several times, remaining absolutely silent.

“I mean that when I made you, you were this small and you couldn’t even see what was on the table. Now, however, you can see what is on the table and far beyond it; you are six years old and you have grown a lot, why?” “To change the world!”

The identical response at the same moment was given in perfect sync by his little ones and was the magnificent gift that compensated him for the dark period spent in prison.

“But I will ensure that my two witnesses carry out their mission as prophets... They have the power to shut up the sky, so that no rain may fall during the days of their prophetic ministry... and to strike the earth with every kind of plague as often as they wish” (Revelation 11:3-6).

Eight months have passed since these last lines were written, and the story must go on. Bent over the bed, Aral’s eyes open and close, indecisive whether to smile at the new dawn or to return to contemplate who knows what fantastic dream adventures. Ares, unbothered by the strong morning light that floods the room, continues his journey in the world of dreams. He prefers not to wake him and whispers to his little brother if he wants to go to the sea. He receives no answer, just an incomprehensible mumble; he tries to insist, and at that moment, Ares suddenly opens his eyes wide and sits up quickly.

“Dad, what time is it? Are we going to be late for school?”

“Shh! .. Little one, today is Saturday, you’re not going. Today we can go to the sea, it’s a beautiful day.”

He slides down from the bed and runs to his mother’s room; he chats quietly, trying to get her to agree to let him spend twenty minutes playing a video game. Once he has permission, he turns on the device, and the next moment, Ares is beside him. He doesn’t expect to be considered when the game wants them for itself, and usually, he accepts this, but that morning, instinctively, he calls them back.

“Ares... Aral... Did you have a nice dream last night? – Without waiting for an answer, he continues stubbornly – I mean those special dreams, like flying, riding Great Danes, or giant caterpillars?”

They remain momentarily puzzled, thinking it over a bit, and express their denial by shaking their heads. A slight wonder rises within him; why have his little shamans not experienced those special situations that used to give them intense sensations for some time now? Aral seems to have sensed that silent question because he closes the drawer from which he is pulling out the controller and, turning towards him, begins to express his thoughts as he often does: fragmented, seemingly inconclusive, almost devoid of references and, probably for others, a product of uncontrolled imagination.

“Dad! I already told Mom that I was walking around the classroom at school. I listened to the teacher, and then it happened that I couldn’t hear anything anymore. Then I went to my classmates’ places and I saw myself sitting like before... but I think I’ve already told you this.”

Clearly, he doesn’t understand that just a few words are enough to silence him and compel him to recount the episode after recalling it well in his mind.

“Aral, before you speak, think about what you want to say; others can’t always guess what you can’t express.” – he grumbles, impatient with his way of speaking. –

“Dad!.. – a sustained pause – I wanted to say that while the teacher was talking to us, all of a sudden, I couldn’t hear her anymore; she was moving her mouth, but I didn’t hear any sound, and I saw the classroom... everything around me was in black and white. I couldn’t even feel my hands; it was as if I no longer had my body, and all of a sudden, I moved and saw myself with my classmates but from a different position. First

from the position of my closest classmate and then gradually from that of almost all the others. It was as if I were seeing through their eyes.”

Ares, in the meantime, had returned to the room, watching with curiosity but also with the feeling that something equally unusual was imminent.

“Ares, have you ever looked through someone else’s eyes?”

The answer comes quickly: “Someone else who? No! Never!”

“Dad! Dad! – Aral interjects with his impetuous manner – Once I was sitting on the couch and then I climbed up onto the shelf behind me.”

“What? You climbed on the shelves where the books are? – He thunders an exclamation and continues – That shelf is fixed with just a few screws; it could have given way and you could have hurt yourself.”

“No! I didn’t climb up; we stayed seated and I was playing with the joystick, but suddenly I felt myself being slowly transported backward, up toward the ceiling. From up there, I could see myself and Ares and simultaneously press the buttons on the controller. I barely had time to wonder how I could control the remote from that point when everything stopped; I returned to see the screen from below and at the usual distance. This has never happened to me, not even in a dream. Why do these strange things happen, Dad? Do they happen to other people too?”

The question is appropriate and deserves a response suitable for their level of understanding.

“Everything you are capable of imagining exists; when you are a bit older, someone might try to pass your experiences off as ‘magical thinking.’ I’m not saying it’s impossible because that would be contradictory; I mean that you should allow the Reality around you to host every possibility, even the most unexpected and incredible ones.”

That morning, the puppies were still stretching in bed when he entered their room. As usual, he had spent the night outside; the shock of being forcibly separated from the girls, from his home, and being imprisoned had left deep marks. He recalled with annoyance that the state officials were aware of this, and among many, even the judges who condemned him were fully aware of inflicting the psychological torture that tears apart innocent prisoners. It was true that the numerous abuses inflicted failed to achieve their goal of destroying him, but it was equally true that they now prevented him from sleeping under a real roof. However, he

did not lament this; now his home was everywhere, and even his loved ones were residing in the most unexpected places... under some bridge, in the sewers of Bucharest, in the slums of Pretoria and those of South America; they live in the least suitable places to lead a happy existence because they too are deprived of the most fundamental rights.

With violence, the State imposed on him the need to submit to every whim. His mind, severely tested, stubbornly kept repeating that the unthinkable project, prepared in every detail, was proving to be unfeasible; no man could face the dark side of the abstract entity that embodied and indulged the basest instincts of a substantial part of Humanity.

The most logical action would have been to accept defeat; what man would continue to pursue a project with no reasonable chance of success? The answer was simple: no human being in possession of their faculties would continue to believe it possible, and if my spirit refused to surrender, it was because it was aware of being the essence of which everything imaginable is made.

Along the short stretch of road leading from Borgo Alto to the school of Aral and Ares, he indulged in ironic reflections. "Lately, the world is undergoing a profound transformation," he thought. "Every certainty seems vain; politicians, like in Vignola Falesina, hang themselves for fun, while once it was the people who truly took care of that. Someone asks him to write another book while others suggest completing the eleventh chapter titled Apocalypse."

The decision to add it was made because writing another three or four hundred pages to satisfy his initial readers would require time he did not want to dedicate to such a purpose. He thus chose the quickest and least painful solution. He held back a smile imagining the Tempter succumbing to the temptation to respond to the desires of men with the words of Isaiah: "My hand will be made known through my Servants," and he concluded with a reflection: "The duty of fathers is to make the earth a Paradise for their children. They will be able to realize that Eden only by being aware that everyone has the right to enter it."

Now the goal was to make the story known and give everyone the opportunity to become co-authors. He recalled what he had already written, the boycott he had been subjected to, and the certainty that

the necessary dissemination would not be lacking at the right moment. He had explained that one of the main reasons that contributed to the development of the Work was the unforgivable choice of the Institutions to ruthlessly disband his family; indeed, those who were supposed to lend a hand had trampled on their heads to push them further down.

The relentless memory of the infernal period spent caring for little Giada returned to his mind; that suffering perpetually lingered in the air. Her life was concretely threatened even by those who stubbornly demanded her punctuality at school. Although informed that she began her sleep—if one could call it sleep—at three in the morning, prolonging it, when she was not urgently hospitalized at Burlo, until eight, they had suggested resorting to force to take the little girl to school at the appointed time.

His fears, then, were not due to the many difficulties experienced by countless families; he sensed that the impending catastrophe due to cynicism, greed, corruption, and every other wickedness hidden behind the institutions of all States would inevitably pass over the heads of his loved ones, leaving its “mark.”

Thus, the reckless division of a family “nucleus” caused an unexpected chain reaction: he promised himself to find two weak and defenseless “beings.” He would shape them as keys to open the hearts of his daughters and, subsequently, those of other beings.

Everything happened as it had been decided; they are two unstoppable forces of nature endowed with awareness, for, by chance, every attempt to stop them will shatter like waves against a rock. The children will feel when the time comes to use their gift to spread the knowledge of the book around the world in just a few days; when one is without fear and hears a “Sound” at the door, they will open it, and this is precisely what the peoples will do on the day long predetermined.

Even the Hidden Entity, imitating the power of a God, wanted to have some of those doors opened; this was not done to create the Garden of Eden; it wants to show itself in all its arrogance; it longs to build an Empire with its filth in disdain of Love, and like seeds carried by the wind, the words written by the Spirit will sprout in a Garden as vast as all the earth; a Garden open to all. – Then the weapons will be used by the “green men” to till it. – (Fig. 17)



FIG. 17- L'ERBA DEL DIAVOLO, SI TRAMANDA CHE POSSA SCEGLIERE A CHI RIVELARE I SEGRETI DELLA REALTÀ.

The little ones wished to have a hut among the trees of the nearby grove by their home. The place was not very suitable for children to play; it was almost a slope that had long been used as a dump; no one had taken care of it for over half a century, and now there was truly a lot of work to be done.

They decided to help them realize their wish and, as a first step, suggested cleaning up the area. They were tireless; after collecting the carcasses of several scooters, mattresses, metal frames, bottles, and all the rubbish that surfaced among the underbrush, they dedicated themselves to tilling and leveling the land around the spot designated to host the shelter for the tools. They spent the summer restoring the land, reinstating the paths and flower beds; they rebuilt steps with the recovered stones and, finally, after a year, they had managed to give that place the appearance of a medieval garden-patch.

Now was the time to give a name to their effort, and “Garden of Eden” seemed the most suitable. From the beginning of their venture, the little ones had planted fruit trees in the spots cleaned of waste; various species of plants had been placed near these: strawberries, melons, cyclamen, mint, lavender, watercress, and others. Every evening, they equipped themselves with watering cans and wandered among the flower beds for the last task that every good cultivator of the

land must attend to. In the Garden they were slowly creating, fate chose to intervene and send a sign to those who knew of their intention. So, towards the end of summer, a woman who lived in a nearby building passed through the garden-patch at Daniela's invitation. The two were chatting when suddenly the guest fell silent: at her feet, right in the center of the chosen place to interact in a new way with Mother Earth, the Devil's Grass had appeared. She, thanks to her previous experiences, knew it well; there could be no doubt.

"Daniela... well!... This is a *Datura*, it's the plant that helps shamans. Where did you find the seeds?"

"Really? Are you sure? Is it the one Carlos Castaneda talks about? Strange... we've planted all sorts of things, and this magnificent flower is the only one that has grown spontaneously."

He was not far away and listened to that conversation with amusement. It was a pleasant coincidence; in the garden, prepared for his little shamans, the flower had settled, a flower that tradition says is capable of revealing secrets only to those it deems worthy.

Immediately after discovering that unusual guest, Ares and Aral needed to know who, in the shadows, had tried to destroy their hut. One night, the same person who had previously scattered trash in the garden poured flammable liquid on the hut. The fire did not spread, and his foolish attempt failed. The next morning, after finding the traces of the fire, I thought to take advantage of the situation to test the magical flower, the helper of the shamans. I went back inside and asked the children to follow me. Aral reluctantly came down the stairs while Ares grumbled about being woken up early. When they reached the hut, they noticed the video camera he was holding:

"Dad, what do you need that for?"

"I want to record you while you look around and while you ask the flower, grown in the center of the garden, some questions."

Of course, they didn't understand at all, but they explored their surroundings near the hut. They saw the liquefied remains of some plastic planters and realized what had happened. For a moment, they didn't say a word despite him urging them to react, and finally, after repeated invitations, they approached the helper of the shamans, the *datura*, and asked to know the author and the reason for that stupid and wicked act.

The answer did not come immediately, and they probably thought that this fiction was devised to lighten that unpleasant discovery. In the early afternoon, the little ones were playing. They had already removed the unpleasant feeling of being the target of some cynical individual. Unexpectedly, the response from the magical flower arrived. It came in the form of a very brief dialogue that vanished, leaving the present only with a faint sense of disapproval. For him, those few words heard represented a gift he had to share with them. He turned to call them and saw they were just a few steps away. He took them aside and told them what he had just learned; they immediately changed expression and declared: “It was him; there’s nothing that can be hidden. You were right.”

That evening, the emotional storm that had engulfed them had dissipated, leaving them exhausted. Daniela was in her bed next to Ares, who was sleeping. It was already ten o’clock, but Aral didn’t seem to decide to follow him. He moved around the little room, and his father watched him closely; suddenly, without apparent reason, he asked seriously: “Dad, at what age will I be able to read your book? Fourteen... fifteen?”

“My little one, you’re still too young; you’re eleven years old, and there are many words whose meanings you still don’t know. Knowledge includes responsibility, and that’s exactly what I’ve tried to spare you from until now.”

He paused for a moment, seemed to reflect deeply, and replied with an unexpected request while mimicking the act of reading the book: “Dad, but hasn’t anyone ever been like this while reading your book?”

“Yes! Some people remain ‘like this’ in front of things less astonishing than the Book of Revelation, which materializes for them the moment they feel the need for it; it’s a prerogative of those still moving towards the last Eden.”

The answer, which required a high degree of awareness to be understood, made him incredibly euphoric until late at night. He imagined increasingly complex scenarios, all equally possible; this game of imagination made Aral capable of unleashing a wonder and a joy very intense, reminding him of the evening he had taken him and Ares to the amusement park. Their great happiness, thanks to that place full of dazzling lights, reminded him that only the divine Lyla could make them happier; only the Game that Aral had just consciously experienced for

the first time. To take them back to the amusement park, they would have to wait; others, however, and there were many, could not wait; he had to prepare to spread the Book as requested by his conscience.

The next morning, sitting in front of the monitor, he uploaded the eight missing chapters to the web. Soon after, his little ones approached, perhaps wishing to soothe the sharp pain in his arm and shoulder; a consequence of the endless hours spent at the computer or, more likely, to persuade him to let them play video games. It is known that children are not really cynical; they unconsciously refuse the thought that those they love may suffer.

“Dad, leave it, close it, rest, don’t tire yourself...”

Euphoric for finally having managed to donate the first complete version of the Book to all those who wished to read it, he nodded with a smile.

“Now we will see if what they say around is true; some claim it is a magical book. Let’s observe what happens, if any events occur that can be correlated with its appearance, I will include them in the story, and the credit will go to the protagonists of those events.”

A few hours later, the news reported that, with the current one, there were six popes who had resigned. Certain media outlets went wild, publishing the photo of the lightning that struck the dome of St. Peter’s at the same time as the announcement and suggested it was a divine sign. Newspapers speculated on the most improbable reasons for that unexpected gesture when news broke of a celestial body that had fallen over Russia. It had caused significant damage to six cities and made the inhabitants fear they had suffered a nuclear attack. Ironically, it was brought by the Atlas rockets, powered by the powerful Russian RD-180 engines that, as reported by the press, their government had supplied to the USA.

It was debatable whether the appearance of the Book could trigger tangible consequences, but it was the most logical of considerations: everything that exists is intimately connected and permeated by all the others; the pages of the Book... they were too, and to derive infinite benefit from it, it would only be necessary to become aware of it.

*

In January 2013, Aral and Ares gave various hints that they knew how to manage their abilities using intuition. The two cubs were deeply

indignant upon learning from the press about the unacceptable behavior of the prefect of L'Aquila six days after the disastrous earthquake that had struck his city. Tarzan advised the little ones to write a few lines to the local newspaper's editorial office to express their feelings about it; it took them a long time, especially him, to remove the fiery words with which they had filled their writing. The submission of the letter to the suggestions column was postponed because he intended to have it signed by people who shared their thoughts. He wanted it to be published on the day of their twelfth birthday, and by giving it more weight, perhaps he would succeed. Upon returning, he was pleased to be able to show some signatures; Aral, having casually glanced at the sheet he had handed over, surprised him with his remark: "Dad, don't worry about getting it signed; not everyone can do it, only those who are pure of heart, others will be prevented from doing so."

"Really? And how?... Explain yourself better, I don't understand."

"I don't know, but I do know that it will happen; perhaps they will have an urgent commitment, the pen won't write, or they just won't find it. Something will surely happen to prevent it."

He hid his smile at his innocent spontaneity and decided to test the truth of what he had heard. The next morning, he went to the bars in Borgo. In the first one, he asked one of the people present to sign. The refusal did not surprise him at all, nor did the reason. In the other, he tried with those he thought were sensitive, and they did not disappoint him. He decided to continue with his request, sensing that something special could surface in that particular situation, and to find further confirmation of the repeated coincidences, he handed the letter to the cubs and took them to their sisters' house. Lara opened the door and let them in; their mother was busy washing dishes in the kitchen and dried her hands as she approached to greet them. The children timidly presented their request, and she remained adamant in refusing it.

"I won't sign because your father uses innocent souls."

The father, as we bear witness, has a vivid imagination but wouldn't have been able to find such an unsuitable pretext. Perhaps she would have agreed to their request and signed if she had sensed that just a few days after refusing to put her signature on that sheet, her hand would be crushed while washing dishes. Due to those tests, he had lingered

too long; their birthday was approaching, and the publication to coincide with it had faded. However, everything was shaping up according to a particular Design. Meanwhile, the elections were approaching, and the Tsunami Tour that would bring Beppe Grillo to Trieste was imminent. He always fondly remembers the Jester of God; the first meeting had taken place many years earlier at the Sports Hall at the end of his show.

On that occasion, he had handed him The Book wishing him to draw inspiration for his future shows. He nodded, was affable and smiling, and only became serious when he spoke of a curious coincidence. He recounted having been to Paris and returning not long ago, mentioning that while passing by the Eiffel Tower, he noticed a detail that struck him deeply:

“On the tower, there were three glowing sixes; the year 2000 is approaching, the supposed date of the Apocalypse, and I was there at that moment with exactly six hundred sixty-six days left.”

During the brief dialogue, Beppe was flipping through the Book; perhaps the perplexed look was due to the fact that he had noticed among the pages an element that could not escape even a mediocre reader: the not insignificant hint that the man in front of him was its author.

“Don’t worry, you’ll see that you will have much work to do; among these pages are insights that may be useful for your upcoming shows, which you will surely appreciate.”

That evening, Piazza della Borsa was particularly crowded; Beppe Grillo barely made it onto the stage; right away, he delighted them with sensible words, and he had no doubt that he would certainly sign that piece of paper that proved his hope for a different and better world. After the rally, he approached him and asked to endorse the words of the two little shamans. Beppe took the sheet in hand, read it carefully while someone handed him a pen, and then, finding a blank space above the other signatures, he signed that document conceived for a noble purpose. They thanked him for his invaluable commitment to so many beings and for his ability to bring serenity and hope to those who asked for it without uttering a word.

A few days later, something original would happen; his two Witnesses would witness, in a polling station, their daddy’s vote. They needed to understand the value of consistency, the choice not to

compromise, and, to achieve that result, sharing was essential. While taking them home, he felt his heart swell with gratitude because, thanks to the two little ones, the effects would not be long in coming. Now, he could place the two Pieces of the Design he held in his hand. Those enigmatic words of Saint Francis of Paola, of mystics and seers, were finally about to become clear?

“He will found in Italy the great Society and the Army of the Crucifers, who at first will be mocked by the incredulous...” – “The ignorant princes (rulers) will disapprove the most learned in celestial matters (spiritual mode of living) and will be punished by edict, cast out as scoundrels and killed wherever they are found...” “The great society and army of the Crucifers will be founded in Mesopotamia, (Italy is indicated, as the author of this ancient prophecy specifies in another of his writings) by the river (of people) near (sympathizers) the light company (guerrillas) which will consider such a law as an enemy... Of philosophers, a new sect, death despising, gold honors and riches. The neighboring ones will not be the German mountains; encouragement and support will come from sympathizers.”

An unexpected result of these last elections was seeing some honorable members refuse the title granted to them, reject high compensation, and be mocked with great fervor. Is it a good thing that this happened? Is it credible that Trieste could become the spearhead for that young and enthusiastic movement so that it can deeply impact History? Did chance suggest to Eugenio to gift him Ignazio Universo’s book: -Trieste and the Mysteries of Villa Revoltella-? Would it be of any use to propose the dialogue between Myia, described as the daughter of Pythagoras, and Baron Revoltella? In other passages, there are also interesting scientific hypotheses that will only later be formulated by researchers across the ocean. Universo’s son confided that he never noticed any interest in esoteric themes from his father, which makes his account even more intriguing. It has been seen that Myia’s words are extraordinarily relevant and, in substance, identical to the prediction of a clairvoyant found in a book printed in Italian in Ljubljana by a local esoteric association. On its blue cover, Trieste is represented at the center of concentric colored circles signifying the innovative ideas that will begin to spread from it into the world.

“On my part, I chose the Trieste environment for my experimental stays and you as a friend. In terms of supernatural sensations, Trieste is unmatched. There is no other place in the material world that can compete with it. Here, my mission will come to an end, and Trieste is destined to become the center of the true system of the world. Your name will be indissolubly linked to the new Trieste center and will spread around the world at a crazy speed.” (From - Trieste and the Mysteries of Villa Revoltella - p. 136)



They had returned after attending the demonstration of the MTL, the recently formed independence movement aimed at implementing the 1947 peace treaty due to the disastrous local economic and political situation. The chants celebrating a free Trieste were incessant; nurturing their initiative proved to be a limitation. It was time to instill in people's minds the seed of a much larger and more wonderful plant: one that produces unimaginable fruits, one that realizes utopias.

“Tri-es-te!!!...” “Li-ber-a!!!” “Tri-es-te!!!...” “Li-be-ra!!!” “Mon-do!!!...” “Li-be-ro!!!”

The roar of the response that followed was immediate; the sowing had been done at the right moment, and all that remained was to wait for the harvest.

On that occasion, ultimatums had also been issued; certainly, no one imagined the profound significance they could assume, and no one imagined what its followers would suggest doing at the deadline of the ultimatum. They were already busy around the PlayStation, but he had something else in mind.

“Aral, did you hear they talked about ultimatums? How do you think it would be right to react to injustice? The position taken by the Movement has become critical; if they back down, they lose face; if they enter the fray, they lose their lives. What would you propose?”

“Everyone must ask for what the MTL is asking for; the peoples must become one and free.”

The simplicity with which he proposed the solution was stunning. He suggested a joint declaration of independence by the peoples, a clear request in harmony with the goals recommended by 12 “Advisors.” The first 12, called to realize the hopes and dreams of many, would know how to prevent the instinctive reaction of a few from resulting in a bloodbath.

It would also be up to them to determine how and when to stop those who have always opposed those dreams.

“What shall we call this new country? – he asked, expecting something surprising –.”

Aral’s response was immediate:

“Pangea... as it was in the beginning, before the continents separated, and this will encompass all the peoples of the earth.”

“A spiritual Pangea then; I believe this name is the most suitable to represent both the lost material unity and the spiritual uniqueness gained,” – he emphasized with enthusiasm. – “I am truly proud of you.”

The following afternoon, he resumed the topic that was close to his heart:

“Little ones, leave your homework and come here for a moment; you need to indicate to me some innovations that will distinguish Pangea. Remember that the premise valid for everyone also applies to you: if you write with a pure heart, what will be written will be realized.”

Ares and Aral, happy to suspend their school commitments, immediately approached. Ares, as impetuous as usual, suggested getting a time machine to stop those dedicated to criminal activities before they were even born. He reminded them that even thanks to the horrific experiences that those nefarious beings inflicted on other creatures, some achieved the wisdom necessary to realize a dream called Pangea. The children each took a notebook and, as if they were competing, listed what they aspired to. Their wise proposals piled up like the waves of a stormy sea. He let them continue, confident that in the end, the sun would shine brighter than before.

“In the free country of Pangea, mothers will not need to leave their little ones to feed them, and fathers will work half the time they do today. Every person will enjoy, by natural right, goods such as housing, food, aid, and health care; prevention and protection from natural disasters will be widespread and scientific; it will not be possible to purchase forests, rivers, seas, oceans of oil, and other resources because they belong to every inhabitant of Pangea, and therefore they will be declared a World Heritage Site just like those already recognized as such. More efficient and ecological means of transport will be created so that all aspects of the jewel on which one spends their existence can be admired. Everyone will contribute to eliminating the lethal pollution caused by the exploitation

of the planet's resources and inhabitants. Disposable products will become an unpleasant memory of the past; those made with new criteria will be accessible to all and free from the "defects" we discover every day: planned obsolescence, toxicity, etc."

A new economic system will be adopted by its inhabitants; no value will be assigned to money and the various forms it takes, such as stocks, bonds, checks, numbers that appear on a computer screen or a chip inserted into people's bodies. The true value will be represented by the time one spends embodying the human form. Simply put, one could say, without the fear of appearing greedy, that one minute of one's life is equivalent to one euro. The recommended time to be dedicated to the community amounts to 180 minutes... that is, 180 virtual euros. In reality, this is pure abstraction, and yet, thanks to it, one ensures that dignified and happy life to which one has always been entitled. The proposal to limit working hours to 3, which the two former twelve-year-olds currently suggest, is in agreement with internationally renowned economists. He took the paper and tried to summarize their point of view.

"Are you saying that everyone will have the right to everything... everything that can be provided to everyone?" "Yes! Dad!"

He thought that these simple suggestions could be used by the twelve Councillors of the MTL as a destabilizing proposal against the status quo, presented to the world upon the expiration of the Ultimatum. The proposal for annexation to the new country, Pangea, where the Paternocracy would find full acceptance, was perfectly in line with the self-determination of peoples and was undoubtedly realizable with extreme rapidity.

Now, the burden of beginning the subscription in the pages reserved for all, so that the desire for true freedom is made clear, will fall to those who first showed belief in the possibility of realizing the apocalyptic Plan of Erieder.

A singular event occurred after the recent political happenings in Trieste that we have briefly illustrated. This prompted a reflection that should be shared with the readers who have discerned their way to the end-beginning of the narrative. However, in order to facilitate sharing, it is necessary to revisit the prophecy on page 130. In it, there is a precise indication regarding the collaborator of the Antichrist: it concerns a white and yellow Dove—could it be providing its conscious help so that the TLT can continue writing the Third Testament?

The Sheet

October 16, 2013 - 2:51 PM Lefebvrians fleeing from the revolution of Francis, the “vicar of the antichrist”

“Francis,” says Fellay, “does everything to escape what is too clear and too certain; he has a passion for – more or less – for – about.” But Faith is as it is because God is as He is.” The criticism is total, the closure absolute: “If the current Pope continues the way he has started, he will divide the Church. Everything is exploding; people will say it is impossible for him to be the Pope, and they will reject him.”

For various reasons, interpretations of that prophecy given by the more attentive commentators were not included at the time; now, however, it is possible to verify the curious coincidence with current events. The white and yellow Dove, according to those commentators, represents the ecclesiastical institution, the Pope being its highest exponent, and in the last days of this system, the Antimesiah would have placed it at the head of his ranks. Well, never has a Pope been seen who, with such disarming simplicity and great emphasis, underscored one of the precepts dear to the Antilaw: “You cannot serve God and money! You cannot, either one or the other!” Francis then added: “There is something in the attitude towards money that distances us from God.”

This concept needs to be explored through reflections on some particularly negative aspects of money:

“The banknotes of the Bank of Italy constitute a simple commodity owned by the central bank, which directly manages their printing and assumes the related expenses.” (Art. 4, paragraph 5 of T.U. n. 204/1910)

It is undeniable that the laws related to commercial relations establish the obligation on the part of the “currency dealers” (as they should be referred to) to replace the commodity or compensate the buyer if it proves unsuitable for the purpose for which it is placed on the market. Money is unanimously attributed the function of establishing economic and other relationships aimed at achieving collective well-being. Looking around, one discovers instead that currency is a commodity inseparable from its tremendous side effects, perfectly comparable to those of the most lethal narcotic substances.

(Consumer Code: Consumer Rights – -Defect of Conformity - Art. 130 Paragraph 1/2/3)

The objections from dealers are always the same: “We do not force anyone, and the harmful effects are due to reckless use by customers.” These absurd claims are shared by those who cannot imagine a different way of understanding interpersonal relationships and by those who, in bad faith, consider others merely as a means to achieve personal gain.

On September 23, 2013, Corriere della Sera reported on the Pope's latest interventions. - Francis expressed himself in Sardinia: “I do not regret it. And not because I feel the strength of Tarzan, but because Jesus has not left me alone.” In front of a large crowd, he humbly asks: “Lord... Jesus... teach us to fight for



FIG. 18 - PAPA FRANCESCO ROMA, 23/10/2013

work... at the center of this system here is an idol, and the world has become an idolater of this god money. Money rules!”

This is a new way of “advising” from the Pontiff. (Fig. 18)

To symbolize strength, Hercules is often cited, while “Tarzan” is attributed with other qualities; is it possible that the hundredth monkey syndrome has affected such high levels? It is indeed being seen that the thought of the Antichrist, regarding the “dung of the devil,” is being shared by an ever-growing number of people, and this strengthens them. Now the request, expressed in the name of the crowd with the right level of awareness, to learn how to conduct the struggle will be granted. The same intent will guide three phalanxes that will be impossible to bend. They will be composed as follows: the first by that well-known number of profoundly wise men capable of advising, they will convince many; the second by men of good will who will spare Gaia from further wounds. The third will consist of irreducible warriors of the Spirit who will protect the first. The urgent need to change the attitude towards the god money will be recognized. The hypocrisy of the governments of nations will be pointed out for tolerating a means produced with the corruption and deceit of the powerful. A tool that is made to be believed as the only one capable of guaranteeing economic and other relationships based on loyalty, with the aim of leading a dignified life. Today even the blind see the darkness of that deception, the hell

where everything is sacrificed on the altar of the god money: dignity, loyalty, humanity, happiness, etc. It is a diabolical tool.

Whoever creates it from nothing, mimicking the power of a God, can dispose of it as they wish and grants it to men, devoid of the most proclaimed function: to allow the achievement of true well-being. For that non-existent capacity, they pay with their sweat, with their lives and those of their children. Billions of the impoverished testify to this, with the sword of Damocles hanging over their heads, represented by wars, famines, economic crises, pollution, and other issues that are directing their invocations to heaven.

For a different attitude towards money, it is certainly not meant to advocate an explosion of uncontrolled hatred towards the “dung of the devil” and those who impose it arrogantly; it is simply advised to firmly request its replacement with another suitable means or the rightful compensation. The monkey of a God cannot and will not provide an answer that is not stained with blood, so for you, the Apocalypse would be appropriate; would it arrive at the right moment? The people will see the extraordinary way in which their hopes are realized; those who trust in it and in the words on page 119 will witness the intervention of chance:

“Let us see then that an incredibly simple way to establish a system that does not require prisons, magistrates, law enforcement, etc... is precisely what is hoped for: to become ‘believers,’ to believe in that part of ourselves that cannot lie to us in order to discover that everything is possible for us.”

This may seem trivial and taken for granted; one might object that without opening the doors of prisons, no reparation or repentance can be achieved; at the current level of awareness, this is true, there is skepticism because an important possibility is not considered: to climb the rungs of awareness, there are many ways, one of which is to replace priorities and then maintain them on the scale of values at the point we assigned to them.”

Audience with 150 chaplains of Italian prisons. The Pope: Even God is imprisoned, He is still in the cell.

“Even God is a prisoner, He is still in the cell, He is inside with them, He is also a prisoner of our selfishness, of our systems, of the many injustices that are easily applied to punish the weakest.” These are the words of Pope Francis to the priests he met this morning in the Nervi Hall. “A justice of open doors, a justice of hope and open doors is not utopia,” the Pope reiterated while speaking off the cuff during the audience with the chaplains of Italian

prisons. “It can be done; it is not easy, but it must be attempted.” Finally, Don Virgilio Balducci made a request to the Pope to support “before the politicians of Italy that there is a need for a more conciliatory justice in Italy, and it is time for it to be applied.” (ANSA).

The complete sharing of the Mystery, identifiable in the secret war plan of God, steganographically hidden with diabolical cunning within the narrative, will be obtained through “Aral and Ares.” They represent the Key with which Erieder will open the last Door; only with this Instrument, made with an act of love for that purpose, is it possible to do so. After the hand of the eternal Writer, of the one who can pen destiny, has finished His Work, the waiting of those who aspire to have their hand recognized will also end; they will obey the “advice” to make it evident to all peoples simply by sharing the ecstasy hidden within these pages. Subsequently, not everyone will reach the threshold of the point where anything is possible, but those who enter within it will begin to write their future with infinite freedom.

One wonders how it is possible to do this; it would not be a revelation if one of the many possibilities were omitted. Now it must be explained how easily the future can be changed. It can be done by reflecting on the events that have occurred in one’s life, particularly those that leave a well-engraved memory; one will seek a different, more credible reason, even if only slightly more noble, than the one considered certain and coherent up to that moment. Absolute sincerity and abstinence from all hypocrisy are essential during those meditations. It will be noted later that unimaginable situations will occur, not determined by will but created by your intent. You will be astonished by experiences, strange coincidences brought about by Chance, which will gradually take on the undeniable aspect of a miracle, and a joyful wonder will pervade you as you become aware of changing your future simply with the act of loving.

The Pope has been seen explaining that he does not feel the strength of a Tarzan; two weeks later, the white and yellow Dove came to rest among the last lines of the eleventh chapter and then soared into flight. Does it carry with it their profound sense to spread among men of good will? Browsing the internet, his words continue to amaze, revealing an encouragement to follow the invitation of the eternal Writer.

October 7, 2013 - 11:36 Pope: Are we letting God write our life, or do we want to do it ourselves? (ASCA) - Vatican City, October 7 - “I ask

myself and I ask you: are we letting our life be written by God, or do we want to write it ourselves?” Pope Francis said during the homily at the morning Mass celebrated at Santa Marta, focusing on the figures of Jonah and the Good Samaritan.

As June came to an end, the local newspaper, with barely concealed satisfaction, informed the citizens of the divorce that had occurred between the two souls of the MTL. Immediately, behind the disappointment, the explosive thought of Erieder appeared:

Not everything is lost! Before the breakup, they conceived something unexpected... the founders of Pangea. A utopia that “they are able to realize in just a few hours if requested in the right way.” Just a few words are enough to make known and wish for the birth of Pangea; it is nothing more than a free territory extending across the entire planet. The idea for its realization was suggested to two children from Zone A by its inhabitants during last year’s event organized by the MTL. This strip of land, which can allow one to experience not only the psychological state known as the Jerusalem syndrome, Stendhal syndrome, or Florence syndrome, but also the ecstasy experienced by mystics, has been suffering for over half a century from the arrogance of those responsible for an environmental disaster that could force its inhabitants to flee.

Ares and Aral have faith in the success of the Plan entrusted to them; this faith is determined by the knowledge that everyone, albeit unconsciously, aspires to the realization of Pangea. (FIG. 19) As it is written, they alone will be able to spread the good news that the Third Testament has been given to all of Humanity, as prophesied, with extraordinary speed, even to the most remote corners. The affinity between the New Testament, the Gospel, and the Third Testament regarding the mission entrusted to the Chosen People is particularly interesting and relevant... 144,000 dedicated to the project destined to bring infinite benefits to every living being; the core tasked with “advising” those taking their last steps on the path that leads to the dimension of infinite possibilities.

No human endeavor can be compared to this; it is roughly described in Genesis 49, and when Pangaea is mentioned, its name can be whatever is most pleasing, as the crowning of the dream that the greatest minds have had throughout the journey of humankind, accepted as a truth that emerges from the writings those minds left for posterity.



FIG. 19 - LA CARTA COSTITUENTE DI PANGEA

To the hardest of the deaf, to those who do not want to hear, the advice to consult the writings of Giordano Bruno, Joachim of Fiore, Roger Bacon, or that page of the Bible where the mission of Melchizedek, the King-Priest who represents the human condition as an emanation of the divine, is described, will be of no use.

The most powerful men on earth have thus failed in their task, just as the Elohim failed to recreate the Garden of Eden. Chance, as unpredictable as ever, grants them the opportunity to try again by following the advice of a Fatherly guide. That parallel world is nothing other than the Dimension whose peculiarities are clearly described in the Third Testament. It is not enough for man to discover that universe; he will want to enter it, and Chance will help him by giving him the Book; on its pages, he will find written that it represents the Key to access it!

The essential requirement to do so is to return to feeling like a child. When darkness falls and the little ones are put to bed, a fairy tale should never be lacking. Never has it been so dark as it is now, and never have men needed a fairy tale as they do now, a story

capable of making them return to being children in order to cross all boundaries... even that of Pangea.”

The words of the Scribe seemed to descend from the clouds:

Once upon a time, there was a thin, lively little boy with big ears and the marks of angel kisses on his cheeks. Due to the widespread economic difficulties of that time, he was placed under the guardianship of the municipal boarding school. Within those walls, the affection of his parents was absent; however, injustices and pains were plentiful. This generated in him a deep feeling of rebellion against that sad situation. After about three years, he finally emerged from that gray world, and soon realized that even outside its walls, the dreamed freedom remained just a dream. The deceptions, hypocrisies, and bullying of the people around him occurred with the same frequency.

The Scribe had turned 17; he was a young man beginning to study Eastern doctrines and Western esoteric streams. During a stormy night, the howling of wolves distracted him from the book on occultism he was flipping through when, to his great surprise, the page before his eyes seemed phosphorescent; it was different from the others, perhaps due to the dim light turned on at the bedside table that made it luminescent. - he thought - He tried to tilt the book to see if it was just a reflection, but it truly shone with its own light. Even more intrigued, he began to read the first lines and immediately understood that it explained how to make a pact with the Devil. His mind sent a spark that formed a burning question to which he could not find an answer. Would he be able to find the strength, determination, and psychic powers he sought to no longer submit to anything or anyone? His mind emptied, leaving him tremendously alone. A few seconds, a few minutes, or a few hours passed, and suddenly a shocking idea flashed in his mind: “What if I could make a pact with the Devil? If I asked him to carry out a colossal, apocalyptic revolution to change this world that I can no longer bear, just as surely the nobler souls than mine cannot? I would offer my soul without a second thought, proud to have accomplished the work that even God does not undertake.”

The Devil seemed to seize the opportunity, and, mischievous as he was, imagined that the Scribe, like all his predecessors, would commit immense massacres without fear of getting his hands dirty. Two birds with one stone; he could rub his hands on his filthy tail, the soul of the

Scribe along with those of the many who would follow him and those of the many he would strike.

The young man lying on the bed let that thought fade away, and at the same moment, the ball-shaped lamp on the ceiling of the room, on which he was used to focusing his gaze, vanished too. The light had gone out; he got up annoyed to change the bulb; he removed the screw holding it and placed it at the foot of the bed. To his great astonishment, he noticed that inside that glass globe was inexplicably a large lock of his hair. The next morning, he showed his mother the lock of hair he had left on the dresser and asked if she had any idea how it could have ended up inside.

She only assured him that she had never even dusted that lamp.

Years passed, and solitude seemed to abandon him when he found a girl who seemed to adore him. If the difficulties seemed insurmountable, she was the one who, with great sweetness, managed to comfort him. At that time, the Scribe sensed the necessity of the experience of being a father; he had to live it, even though he did not know its deeper reason. Three beautiful girls took shape; he was finally a father, but now he walked on burning coals that burned like those of hell. Could they prove to be the tools that would allow him to fulfill his mission? The possibility seemed to vanish when they left him alone once again. In a few days, his determination also disappeared; the goal he had pursued was now nebulous, and he could no longer perceive its infinite contours.

At that point, the Devil seemed to want to extend his hand and keep the promise made; he provided him with the Weapon with which to defeat what had revealed itself to be a formidable “enemy.” Amidst a hellish uproar, he found a Steel Lily. Then, that weapon also dulled and became a useless burden. He remained again helpless and alone. Once again, it seemed that the Devil was meddling. That evening, he was on the verge of collapsing completely; he confessed to his Father his failure, as even the Devil must have abandoned him. The following day unexpectedly proved decisive; he met someone who restored his strength and will to fight, reminding him of his role as a father. The awareness of having to carry out his plan without paying attention to the internal conflict between two opposing Energies returned to him.

When the time allotted for his last supporter had passed, she entered the other Dimension while the Scribe walked along the path leading to

Val Rosandra. He was determined to wait for whoever or whatever would bring him the missing pieces of his astonishing mosaic.

The young woman, who suddenly appeared before him, looked like a flower child from the 1960s. She walked briskly alongside a black and white puppy. Was the meeting orchestrated by “chance,” or was it the handiwork of the usual fool with a tail? Without further reflection, he accepted the situation, and the chance encounter transformed into a relationship. This time, he was given the two important Tools he had been missing, two wonderful twins who, at the age of six, declared they wanted to change the world and, six years later, on December 8, 2013, called for the first worldwide referendum in history, unknowingly aiming to realize their father’s fantastic project.

The Plan continually faced obstacles that seemed insurmountable. The Scribe contemplated the future to strengthen his determination, but now his vision was obscured by thicker and thicker shadows dancing to the rhythm of a terrifying chant. “Being betrayed, abandoned, and pursued will sooner or later lead to the mistake I have always longed for. You will err and fall because, more furiously than I, you will strike Humanity. You cannot give up the dream you wish to realize because I have placed my power within you, just as I cannot refuse to assist you.”

This and countless other possibilities truly existed; how could he circumvent them? Who would be willing to listen to him if not his Father? What could he ask after everyone had turned their backs on him? He returned to the past when Abraham asked his Lord to spare Sodom and Gomorrah. He recalled that if there had been 50 righteous people in them, the others would also have been spared. He admired Abraham’s insistence as he pleaded with the Lord to consider only 10 righteous people sufficient. Could the Scribe do the same? The distant rumble of thunder was heard, and the unnatural green light of a lightning flash illuminated the surroundings and the nearby hills. A voice within him spoke: “You have reached an age that does not allow you to find ten, but I will have mercy if you find one.”

With this hope, the Scribe awaited the morning to begin the new journey.

Twelve more years had passed; the work to extend the Garden of Eden across the earth was continually obstructed. When he happened to reprimand that possessed and restless soul for breaking the fruit trees

meant for all the children or for scattering the garbage that he patiently collected, the inhabitants of the adjacent building shouted that she was right to do so. When he went in the morning to drink coffee and read the newspaper, the shopkeepers hid it from him or suggested to customers that they say it was their property. If he commented on any news or, worse, spoke with someone, they urged him not to disturb the customers because many complained about him. They probably did not accept the words of condemnation that the Scribe pronounced after reading the continuous illegalities committed in the Beautiful Country, a country founded on labor that was sinking into slavery.

“You must understand that if people enter with Mussolini or Hitler tattooed on their backs, what you say can offend them. Why doesn’t she go to the other bars anymore?” “Because, as they said, they no longer buy the newspaper on purpose.” “And neither do we; go somewhere else, this is our home.”

Due to a false plague, when the Scribe entered stores, the staff would mobilize to stop him; showing the exemption from wearing personal protective equipment was of no use; they often called the authorities to sanction him. The day came when a policewoman, driven by her obtuseness, went so far as to shove him, and when he turned to the prefect to contest the unjust sanctions, the exemption certificates attached to his appeal had mysteriously disappeared. Would the continuous harassment result in him taking the action that would lead to his downfall?

That day was particularly sad; no Just One manifested, and an unyielding sword of Damocles loomed over Humanity. Slowly, the Scribe took the Pangea keychain out of his pocket; that was the gift reserved for those who would demonstrate their adherence to the realization of a dream; was it not enough to do it with love? Was Pangea just a faded dream? He stretched out his arm to throw it away, and his gaze fell on the object one last time. The gift, made of shining metal, for a moment reflected his image; was that perhaps the face of a Just One?

A simple way to find out will be to inscribe one’s name on the pages of the Book; if he is, the adherence will become the act of creation of Pangea; if he is not, nothing will stop the extinction of Humanity. (Fig. 20)

One must ask how many rejoice in the adversities, worries, and sufferings that this corrupt and cynical system dispenses at every

corner of the earth... few and profoundly abnormal, and for this valid reason, the noble intent hidden in the hearts of most must be expressed collectively. The skeptics would like to be reassured about the possibility of receiving unpredictable help; those who fulfill this desire make a grave mistake: they indefinitely favor theory over practice.



FIG. 20 - IL PORTACHIAVI DI PANGEA

The right action, in fact, does not require debates, votes, abstentions, or anything else; it expresses itself in the interest of all living beings at once! Here is one that can provoke Change without the need for a river of blood to be crossed: access the website www.gaael.com and, after evaluating whether it is appropriate to follow the advice of creating, on the moral and material ruins of the current Nations, the New World, which the children have called Pangea, act by inscribing on the pages of the Third Testament the will of 0.000.000.220 people to participate in its creation, so that this dream does not turn out to be a mere illusion.



Conclusion

A diligent researcher suggested incorporating a prophecy into the work that would come to fruition after the printing of this manuscript. The purpose would be to help you believe. We could thus talk about pollution, massacres, epidemics, and a multitude of other things, but we prefer to summarize them all with a single word: you will see the Apocalypse arrive day by day. Regarding this event, we have seen that many felt compelled to discuss it. Now we will see the words of a seer who deemed it useful to pass on his extraordinary prophecy:

“Just as a comet appeared at the time of Jesus, so it will be in his time; it will be a comet that will come to announce his presence and his Work!”

And today it has come to pass; an extraordinarily bright comet has been seen approaching Earth as we reach the end of this arduous literary endeavor. Soon, on March 25th, the day of the Annunciation, Hyakutake will be at the point in its orbit closest to us. Regarding this curious coincidence, Jacob of Jericho makes interesting observations in an article published in a weekly during the comet’s sighting. He writes that he finds it unnecessary to remind readers that most prophetic messages predict an announcement “in the sky” so that men prepare to face the events that will conclude a time, and adds that in the prophecies of St. Tecla it is said that “it will be the heavens that will announce the new events,” and he also recalls the predictions of the Black Spider where it is advised to man “not to take his eyes off the sky, for it will be the sky that will tell when the times are Finished...” Finally, he quotes Century II-62 of Nostradamus:

“When the comet runs, then vengeance will come.”

In his now-empty house, he sought the most beautiful words of hope for you while his heart bled and urged every drop to return to the “Great Gallery.”

Now, it is reasonable to expect that the Warrior God will throw down his challenge and, if he has truly been called to this task, the

Apocalypse may only be avoided by ignoring it. At this point, one might reasonably ask, but will his Angels, that is, the best among you, allow it? Or will they make his hand known? Must we perhaps believe that the prophet Isaiah was wrong in claiming this?

Let us remember for the last time the appeals and warnings issued by mystics and seers in order to prevent, in the moment before the Day of Judgment, the final error, for it is written that that fault will be paid dearly. To those who still must choose, the last advice: either with Humanity or with this doomed system. Whoever is not with him and with the Father is against him! This last mistake may certainly be forgiven, but the fault of those who stand against the Father hidden in the heart of man, every man, will not be erased! Therefore, know how to side with truth and life, be his allies, grant him today a crumb of trust so that you may partake in a lavish banquet tomorrow.

*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A special thank you is directed to his wife and his little girls, for those pains he never thought he would come to know. Thank you for those sufferings that managed to stop his mind and that made his Spirit rise, finally allowing him to gaze where others could not reach.

“I saw my father hide objects wrapped in nylon and secured with adhesive tape in the shape of weapons. My father warned me not to speak of it to anyone, otherwise, he would be taken to prison. He told me that the weapons were meant to protect our family when chaos arrived.” (Testimony given to the Authorities by a daughter)

“My son, in the last days, beware of men because they will hand you over to their courts. And when they bring you to trial, do not worry about how or what you should say, for it will be suggested to you at that moment. It will not be you who speaks, but the Spirit of your Father.”
*

Long before beginning this tale, his family was destroyed; that which he cared for more than his own life was dissolved, and the heel of his Bride was struck. We grant her the strength to confront and crush the head of the Serpent, so that she may be reborn to allow him to fulfill the Plan. Grant her the wisdom and the will to use her arm. Without her, he feels like the eagle with a wounded wing waiting for the support of a dove to soar into his Kingdom. What has happened to your family can be understood by reflecting on what he claimed regarding the evolution of the method of “command.”

He has often repeated that at the top of the pyramid system will be placed whoever can renounce everything for love, even the thing he has always held most precious, in this case, his family. As you can see, he ensured that his absence was not a cause of pain for you or for the little ones; on the contrary. For reasons that only in the future you may begin to understand, it was not right to have you by his side during this stretch of the journey, and for this reason, he went ahead of you. The obstacles he leaves along the Way will also be the fruit of his love for you. When you become aware that it has remained unchanged, you will be able to

reach him and continue more easily. You will move toward the Goal together with all those who can sense where love leads.

After resuming his path without you, various female figures joined him, beings who read in their destiny the role of harlots. To understand the reason deeply, a brief mention is necessary. In many prophecies, there is sometimes talk of a prostitute allied with the Antichrist, while in others, she is mentioned as an adversary of Him... “who comes to annihilate those who destroy the earth,” and if the hypothesis put forth in these pages is plausible, it alludes to the possibility that he has come to represent the two faces of an identical coin; it can equally reasonably be hypothesized that the role of the harlot, as seen by the prophets, can be played by more beings and with different tasks.

The reward for their Work lies in this promise: “Prostitutes will precede you into the Kingdom...” and what has been written, when seen in light of the events we have recounted, reveals its transcendent aspect. There is a gift that his human side would not be able to refuse at the end of the task he has undertaken: that of seeing the Spirit of his bride reborn in a being destined to return to him forever. These last lines are meant to respond to the accusation you directed at him: that of having abandoned your home to be with those figures; they are also the key to understanding your last desperate words:

“What are you waiting for, why are you wasting time with us, go fight your battle, millions of children are suffering and dying.”

Thanks go to Stephan for his gargoyle, to Milo for his stylized dragon, to the student for the painting that symbolizes the erroneous attachment to outdated values, to the unknown author of the drawing depicting swans, and to the creator of the site that makes the Book available to all people. A heartfelt thank you also to those who will continue to make this Work transcendent, and finally, a thank you to Suffering that showed him the Way.

*

Appendix 1

Maurice M. Cotterell in “The Prophecies of Tutankhamun” on page 167 quotes passages from the book “Revelation” by Peter Lorie, who provides an unusual and interesting interpretation of the number that designates the Antichrist:

Perhaps the number 666 and the extraordinary verse from the Apocalypse regarding the Beast may have nothing to do with evil... In almost all non-Christian religions, the number 6 is not considered negative. In Kabbalah, the secret mystical tradition of Judaism, it is considered the perfect number and is related to the six days of creation, the six letters of the Hebrew name for God, the six orders of angels, the six celestial bodies, and so on. In Hebrew Gematria, the number 666 does not signify anything particularly wicked, but means a messiah - an individual who has a particularly divine message to convey... The word Apocalypse actually means a prophetic revelation, the unveiling of a truth... We could therefore consider the possibility that the apocalyptic Beast numbered 666 is actually a man, and a man who brings a revelation, a messiah (who could be an antichrist, as he would not preach the old world of God, but a new world). Thus, our new messiah could be a good messiah and yet be an antichrist... Of course, he will be blasphemous because he will go against conventional Christianity, but he will still preach the word of God (*italics from Cotterell*).

Appendix 2

A significant prophecy from the Olivetan Monk, taken from a newspaper, written between the 18th and 19th centuries. – The other signs that “speak” of an event that is now close to occurring. – The character is expected to reveal himself coming from a southern land. In the short span of three years, John Paul II has asked for forgiveness five times for the past mistakes of the Church. Many believe this is just. But behind the words of the elderly pontiff there may be a much deeper message than a heartfelt and suffering request for forgiveness. To understand this, we should not miss the opportunity to analyze a significant prophecy from the Olivetan Monk, written between the end

of the 18th century and the beginning of the next century. First, let's look at the content of the prophetic verse: "When the powerful ask for forgiveness, close the door of your house. Because the appearance of the Antichrist will be near."

Therefore, John Paul II could be a mediator, that is, a person (symbolized by the all-encompassing term "powerful") through whom a forthcoming event is announced to the world. On the other hand, we have other references that prophesy the advent of the Antichrist at the beginning of the new millennium.

In this regard, we have no shortage of options. Saint Hildegard, for example, places the event in the first decade of the next millennium, the Black Spider "sees" the Antichrist entering Rome when a pope with two names (John Paul, indeed) will reign in the city, and the Nun of Dresden adds that the wretched character will appear when "the light of the moon is covered by the shadow of man."

And man has already set foot on the moon. But where will the Antichrist come from? A prophecy from the 16th century says that "the light from the lands of the sun" will arrive in Rome, meaning from a Southern country; another prophetic message from the same period suggests that he will be a Jew. However, there are also those who hypothesize that the Antichrist could be a revolutionary political or social ideology.

Taken from -Cronaca Vera- August 22, 1998.

Appendix 3

- A blood cross has appeared (for the first time in '99) on the forehead of a young priest from the island -
- Priest from Veglia shows the stigmata -
- The phenomenon was repeated on Sunday at the sanctuary of Jarun in front of thousands of people -

A young priest from the island of Veglia has a cross imprinted on his forehead, a visible stigmata that appeared to him in 1999. "It is the sign of God," comment the believers and all those (who are increasingly numerous) who love to listen to the island priest when he celebrates Mass. Last Sunday, at the Marian Sanctuary of Jarun in Zagreb, just as he was about to conclude the Mass, the priest's forehead began to

bleed. The phenomenon did not go unnoticed; in fact, it was noticed by the priests who were near him as well as by several people. The Father of the Sanctuary, seeing the young priest's bloodied forehead, declared that it is "a divine sign, that is, God calling together the best men to work towards building a better world."

Excerpt from -il Piccolo- Thursday, October 3, 2002

Appendix 4

– Ahmadinejad: The Hidden Imam is my guide –

"The U.S. wants to attack us because they know the Messiah is about to return."

It is well known that he has always been extremely devoted to the Hidden Imam – for most Shiites, he disappeared but did not die in 941, destined to return to Earth as the Mahdi or Messiah. The Iranian President stated, inspired in Mashhad, before an audience of students, that the twelfth Imam guides the world and added that "he" is always ready to return to bring (finally) peace, justice, and Islam to the entire planet. Some Iranian clerics have criticized Mahmoud Ahmadinejad, urging him to "think and act in more earthly terms. People certainly do not expect religious advice from him." The only one who could truly rein in President Ahmadinejad's messianic propaganda might be Grand Ayatollah Ali Khamenei. However, the Supreme Leader of Iran has so far allowed the President to continue. He has never even commented on the latter's statements regarding the true purpose of the American offensive against Iran: to hinder the (now imminent) return of the Hidden Imam, to weaken the Islamic Republic in anticipation of the arrival of the Messiah, who will impose (to the obvious satisfaction of Tehran) the Islamic religion on the world. (Cecilia Zecchinelli)

Excerpt from -Corriere della Sera- Friday, May 9, 2008

Appendix 5

Moscow — Mikhail Gorbachev was the instrument through which Pope Wojtyla and former U.S. President Ronald Reagan managed to disintegrate the USSR, but all three of these figures, whether aware of

it or not, are in fact serving a “diabolical design.” This is the peculiar thesis that Ukrainian writer Boris Oleinik puts forward in his book -
The Prince of Darkness.

After pondering, with convoluted arguments, whether Gorbachev was aware of the harm he caused, the writer argues that all the “facts” he cites “demonstrate” that Gorbachev should actually be viewed in the context of a “diabolical design” that is unfolding in this tragic period at the end of the century and the millennium. The drama, Oleinik notes, is that the defeated Gorbachev could, “like a new De Gaulle,” return to the scene.

Vice president, until the coup of the Soviet Nationalities Soviet, one of the two chambers of the Soviet Parliament, and then forgotten by everyone, Oleinik has recently turned to writing.

Excerpt from the newspaper - il Piccolo - of September 11, 1997

*

– And Reagan said: “This is a sign from God” –

The historian of communism Richard Pipes was the Kremlinologist at the White House during Reagan’s first term. He reports that the president “saw Wojtyla’s election as Pope as a sign of the Lord’s will to put an end to communist dictatorships.”

I do not believe – Pipes concludes – that the two most powerful men on earth devised a plan together to demolish the Soviet bloc. I would have known.

From Corriere della Sera on Saturday, October 19, 2002

NOTE

1 David Icke, in – Children of the Matrix – on page 220, argues with keen observations about the usefulness of understanding that different names and titles can sometimes refer to the same character. He believes that this simple insight could unveil many mysteries. In this regard, he adds that L. A. Waddell, the author of – British Edda – translated the British Edda, an ancient epic poem discovered in the 12th century, which scholars misinterpreted based on the fact that an Icelander named Snorri Sturlason (1179-1241) included the translation of the text among his works. This led to the mistaken belief that he was the author. During his stay in India, L. A. Waddell had the opportunity to study Hindu history and mythology. He noted that Eindri, the name that in the Edda refers to the “god” Thor, was curiously similar to the name of the Hindu “god” Indra. After thorough research, Waddell concluded that Thor and Indra were actually the same person. The description of Indra given by the Vedas also resembles the Greek god Zeus, better known as Jupiter, and Sanskrit experts believe that Indra coincides with Jupiter. Waddell provides several clues to demonstrate that Indra and Thor, from which the English word “Thursday” is derived, ironically named after Jupiter, are the same god. Icke reports that Waddell also discovered that the first king of the Sumerians was named Indara and was known in Egypt by the name Asari, which later became Osiris. In the following pages, we find some data that will be unsettling for some: “In the Edda, it is written that Thor fought and defeated the adepts of the Phrygian Serpent Cult (in Turkey). Thor was also the legendary King Midas, the king who turned everything he touched into gold. His victory over the Phrygians was commemorated in those places with a monument known as the Tomb of Midas, even though it is not actually a tomb. On that monument, dating back to 1000 B.C., there are nine enormous St. George’s crosses (another name for Thor-Indara-Jupiter-Midas...)”

2 From the – Bhagavad-Gita, the sacred book of Brahmanism and Buddhism, which recounts an episode from the epic poem Mahabharata, namely the epic of the Bharata family, when faced with Arjuna’s doubt, the leader of the army of Good (Pandava), about whether or not to

launch the final battle against the army of Evil (Kurava), his charioteer, who is the god Krishna, gives him the fundamental teachings of the entire Brahmanic doctrine, talking about Karma (the law of cause and effect), Dharma (the sense of duty inherent in every individual and in all things of Creation, the opposite of which is Adharma, i.e., the transgression or betrayal of oneself), Right Action, the Immortality of beings and essence, etc.

3 This Sardinian popular prophecy states that the man of the forest, having completed his drastic thinning work, will give rise to a new humanity with the innocence of a ddéddu (child).

4 Written where the plagues of the Last Days are announced, attributed to St. Hippolytus and published in 1557 in Paris.

5 It was owned by a butcher, and thus many readers will excuse us for not having kept our commitment.

6 It is presumed to refer to 144,000 people, capable of providing useful advice to reach that utopian level of theocratic anarchy, where everyone can freely direct their development and aspirations.

7 Autographed letter from Laura written four months before her meeting with the Author.

8 'ibàda: To indicate the ultimate purpose of Creation.

9 Morica (i.e., of Thomas More, † A.D. 1600); he was a proponent of a doctrine similar to Marxism.

10 Boristhenes: Dnieper, “river designating the Russian peoples.”

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COMMENTS

“THIS BOOK IS DANGEROUS... NOT LIKE THE KALASHNIKOV” - A PUBLIC PROSECUTOR DURING A CRIMINAL TRIAL.

“A MESSAGE OF LOVE TO HUMANITY” - A SOCIAL WORKER AT THE ITIS.

“BEYOND THE VEIL OF HORROR THAT THIS IMAGE EVOKES, LIES INFINITE BEAUTY AND INFINITE GOODNESS” - A DIRECTOR OF THE ITIS.

“IT’S AN IMPRESSIVE BOOK THAT MAKES US DISCOVER ANOTHER DIMENSION” - AN EMPLOYEE OF THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

“THIS BOOK REVEALS TO US THAT THERE IS A DOOR” - AN OFFICIAL FROM THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

“IT CONTAINS ALL THE DESPAIR AND ALL THE ENERGY OF A MAN, IT’S MAGICAL AND IT WILL RISE ON ITS OWN” - A PROVINCIAL OFFICIAL.

“I READ IT THREE TIMES IN LESS THAN A MONTH” - A COMPUTER PROGRAMMER.

“IT WILL BE THE DRUG OF THE 2000s” - A HABITUAL DRUG USER.

“LAST NIGHT I FOUND MYSELF IN THE CAR OF 666” - A TESTIMONY FROM THE IRREPLACEABLE PROTAGONIST OF THE SEVENTH CHAPTER, CONFIDED TO HER PARTNER.

“IT’S BEAUTIFUL, IT WILL BE SUCCESSFUL BUT DON’T HOPE TO CHANGE THE WORLD” - A STEEL LILY.

“IT’S ALL FALSE, YOU WANT TO MAKE EVERYONE YOUR SLAVES” - A WIFE.

“YOU PREACH THE CULT OF THE DEVIL” - A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

“I DON’T KNOW IF THIS MAN IS THE ANTICHRIST, BUT WE MUST STOP HIM” - A PASSAGE TAKEN FROM A WRITTEN DOCUMENT PRESENTED IN COURT BY THE OPPOSING LAWYER.

“THIS GENTLEMAN TREATS HIS CHILDREN LIKE WE TREAT OURS” - A DIRECTOR OF THE TRIESTE PRISON.

“THERE WAS A MEETING OF THE NEWSPAPER’S EDITORS-IN-CHIEF AND THEY DECIDED NOT TO TALK ABOUT IT SINCE THE BOOK IS LITERALLY A SOCIAL BOMB. EVEN IF I CAME TO TRIESTE TO WRITE THE ARTICLE, IT WOULD REMAIN IN THE DRAWER OF MY DESK... I’M SORRY” - A JOURNALIST FROM CORRIERE DELLA SERA.

“THE STORY YOU SHARED IS RICH IN EMOTIONS AND COMPLEX THEMES, EXPLORING HUMAN FRAGILITY, LOVE, SUFFERING, AND THE SEARCH FOR REDEMPTION. THE CHARACTERS, PARTICULARLY LAURA AND ERIEDER, ARE WELL-DEFINED, AND THEIR INTERACTIONS REVEAL A DEEP BOND THAT DEVELOPS DESPITE DIFFICULTIES

AND SHADOWS OF THE PAST. THE NARRATIVE MOVES BETWEEN MOMENTS OF INTENSE INTROSPECTION AND DRAMATIC SITUATIONS, HIGHLIGHTING LAURA'S TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCES AND HER ATTEMPTS TO COPE WITH LIFE, DESPITE HER ADDICTIONS AND THE PAIN SHE CARRIES. ERIEDER, ON THE OTHER HAND, SEEMS TO SERVE AS A GUIDE AND FATHER FIGURE, SEEKING TO PROTECT HER AND HELP HER FIND A WAY OUT OF HER SELF-DESTRUCTIVE SPIRAL. THE SYMBOLISM PRESENT IN THE STORY, SUCH AS THE RING AND REFERENCES TO RELIGIOUS THEMES AND THE DUALITY BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, FURTHER ENRICHES THE NARRATIVE, OFFERING REFLECTIONS ON EXISTENCE AND THE NATURE OF LOVE. THE ISSUE OF ABORTION AND MOTHERHOOD IS ADDRESSED WITH SENSITIVITY, HIGHLIGHTING THE DIFFICULTIES AND PAINFUL CHOICES THAT LAURA MUST FACE. FURTHERMORE, THE NARRATIVE SEEMS TO TOUCH ON THE THEME OF REDEMPTION AND THE TRANSFORMATIVE POWER OF LOVE, SUGGESTING THAT DESPITE ADVERSITY, THERE IS ALWAYS THE POSSIBILITY OF A NEW BEGINNING AND A DEEP CONNECTION BETWEEN PEOPLE. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO DELVE INTO ANY SPECIFIC ASPECT OF THE STORY OR FURTHER DISCUSS THE THEMES AND CHARACTERS, LET ME KNOW!" - AN AI (ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE) THAT SPONTANEOUSLY COMMENTED, WITH ASTONISHING EMPATHY, ON THE SEVENTH CHAPTER OF THE THIRD TESTAMENT.

FOR SOME PEOPLE, THIS BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR PRESENT DEMONIC ASPECTS. THEREFORE, DRIVEN BY PREJUDICE, LIES, AND A LIMITED UNDERSTANDING OF THE EVENTS THAT CHARACTERIZE THE EXTRAORDINARY STORY YOU WILL FIND RECOUNTED, THEY HAVE EFFECTIVELY CREATED A FRONT WITH THE AIM OF ANNIHILATING THOSE WHO, ARMED ONLY WITH A SYMBOLIC STAFF, DARE TO QUESTION THE MOST ANCIENT PILLARS UPON WHICH CURRENT SOCIETY IS FOUNDED. THIS DESTRUCTIVE COMMITMENT HAS RECEIVED THE APPROVAL OF THOSE WHO CONSCIOUSLY OBSTRUCT ANY POSITIVE CHANGE TO THE EXISTING STATUS QUO. THEY FEAR THAT THIS WORK WILL REVEAL THE EXTREME SIMPLICITY WITH WHICH ANY IDEA, EVEN THE MOST UTOPIAN, CAN BE REALIZED.

WITH THE REALIZATION OF THIS WORK, THE RESULT HAS BEEN TO BE DEFINED AS THE ANTICHRIST BY PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE; ONE MIGHT THINK THAT THEY WANTED TO SEE EVIL MANIFEST IN ITS UTMOST EXPRESSION THROUGH HIM. THE CAUSE OF THIS BELIEF IS ROOTED IN THEIR UNCONSCIOUS DESIRE TO CONTEMPLATE REALITY FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF A GOD. INDEED, IF THE EXISTENCE OF ONE OF THE TWO WERE PROVEN, THE EXISTENCE OF THE OTHER WOULD ALSO BECOME INDISPUTABLE.

HE NEVER CONFIDED IN ANYONE THAT HE IS OR BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE THE ANTICHRIST OR THAT HE INTENDS TO UNLEASH THE APOCALYPSE; HE HAS ONLY TOLD YOU A STORY THAT IS TRUE IN EVERY ASPECT. HE HAS ALSO WRITTEN THAT INDIVIDUALS, MANY OF WHOM ARE VENERATED AS SAINTS, HAVE PREDICTED CERTAIN EVENTS AND REPORTED FACTS THAT OCCURRED IN THESE PLACES, WHICH SEEM TO FIT PERFECTLY WITH WHAT THEY FORESAW AND LEFT WRITTEN FOR POSTERITY.

THIS BEHAVIOR CANNOT BE DEEMED ABSURD, BUT IT IS ABSURD FOR THOSE WHO CLAIM TO BELIEVE IN GOD AND ATTACK ANYONE WHO DARES TO PRESENT WHAT THEY BELIEVE WAS WRITTEN BY HIS WILL. THEY THINK THAT FOR UNCONFESED REASONS, SOMEONE WAS NAILED TO THE CROSS TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO; THEY WILL NEVER ADMIT THAT, FOR THE SAME UNCONFESED REASONS, SOMEONE TODAY CAN BE FORCED TO ABANDON THEIR HOME AND THEIR CHILDREN.

IT IS SAID THAT THE MOST IMPORTANT PHENOMENON IN THE

UNIVERSE IS THE PRESENCE OF THE LIVING GOD ON EARTH REVEALED AND INCARNATED IN A MAN. WE KNOW THAT EVEN MORE IMPORTANT IS THE ENCOUNTER OF TWO GODS. A WOMAN, WHO SOMETIMES APPEARS TO HIM AS A CHILD WITH THE WISDOM OF A SAINT, SAID: "IF CERTAIN SITUATIONS HAPPEN TO MANY INDIVIDUALS, THIS IS CONSIDERED NORMAL; IF SITUATIONS HAPPEN TO ONLY ONE PERSON, THEY ARE INTERPRETED AS SOMETHING DIVINE OR DEMONIC. SHE SAYS THAT THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING CLOSE TO HIM AMPLIFIES HIS PERCEPTIONS, AND HE CAN PERCEIVE A WONDERFUL STATE OF AWARENESS: THAT WHICH FOLLOWS THE GRADUAL APPROACH OF EVERYONE TO THE ESSENCE THAT SHE HAS MANAGED TO CONTEMPLATE. THE ACT OF BELIEVING IS INHERENTLY CREATIVE, AND TO PRODUCE THE EVENTS THAT LEAD TO THE CHANGE OF THIS REALITY, IT IS ENOUGH TO FIND ONE OF THE INFINITE REASONS; THEY SHOW HOW INEVITABLE IT IS FOR THIS TO HAPPEN. BE GODS, UNLESS THE APOCALYPSE WITH THE ACT OF BELIEVING IT POSSIBLE.

THE ANTICHRIST? THE VERDICT BELONGS TO THE READER, WHO HAS REACHED THIS POINT.

THE AUTHORS: ΧΣ

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