

Antoine



Beyond
the Da
Vinci

Code, the
true
meeting
with God!

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PREFACTION

Do you really think the year we live in,
2017, is the future?

The world was to be full of spaceships,
and the whole universe mostly inhabited.

All of us should be rich!

Don't you think that, instead, our world
has birthed a society whose
characteristics are comparable to
slavery?

An illness whose violent return is robbing
us of passion, destroying us with fatigue
and imposing upon us a short and
unfulfilling life?

Clang.



A cold iron gate closes.
A tale thus unravels.
My tale, worthy of a book.

THE REVELATION

Let's start from the beginning: It all began when I started reading -feasting upon would be a better term - Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*.

The ending surprised me: I discovered that Jesus had fathered some children and thus had descendants living in this time and age, people whose veins bore his blood.

I started feeling uneasy, as if I had been discovered, as if the entire world was talking about me.

It was then when problems started to appear at my workplace, where, annoyingly, my previous girlfriend worked.

I was *too good* at my job.

People started telling me that God himself inhabited my body, such was my speed and intuition in finding these problems and their solutions.

I am a programmer.

I felt obliged to leave my job as I was made a laughingstock by all my colleagues: my workplace resembled Hell, and they resembled demons hell bent on fighting me, Jesus.

Not only was I the recipient of pranks of all kind, or had my work stolen, they'd also avoid giving me any type of work for the whole day, and right at the end of my shift they'd force me to urgently work on something, and I'd end up going back home far later than I normally would.

I almost went mad.

I had no choice but to resign and file a complaint to the higher ups of my company and report my supervisors' behavior.

And what did they answer me with?

A porn cassette I found in a newsstand, which was sold all over Italy, and whose title denied any doubt on the fact that it had to do with me.

On it, my ex-girlfriend - which wasn't "ex" at the time -, donning a mask and

engaging in acts which left me speechless.

All things considered, I couldn't leave her, since we had split both our home's price and loan.

I tried to let everything slip, as if nothing had happened.

But the moment I discovered that my brother was publicizing and spreading said cassette, I lost mind.

A nationwide advertisement in which my brother starred was transmitted. I was laughed at by the entirety of my hometown.

I started hearing voices.

I kept hearing them regardless of what I was doing, even while sleeping, I heard them.

My guess?

That secret sects realized I was the Messiah's descendant, secret sects from the same companies that told me I must have had God inside me.

It was them, they were trying to destroy me in every way possible. They were trying to hinder my success, and even got my family involved to further their goals.

I thought I was going mad. I completely lost my mind.

Things worsened and I was pushed beyond my thresholds and... I punched my ex. And my brother, too.

And that is how I ended up behind bars.

THE CONTACT

I'm inside my apartment, under house arrest, given the events that unfolded earlier.

For days I've been feeling strange sensations, more specifically, I feel my scalp overheating. Even then, using a thermometer, it does not go higher than 36.8°C.

The condo in which I live is buzzing, as if I were living under high tension lines, and every thought I have echoes in my room.

It feels like high frequency electromagnetic waves are being rained down upon me.

I've been lying on the couch for a while, feeling tired and weighted down -might be that electromagnetic field moving in my apartment- when, suddenly, I feel myself levitating by a couple centimeters. Just as suddenly I feel like I'm being communicated with, as I hear this strange, far away, cluttered message.

My mind is then filled with images: a nearing spaceship, ambassador of 58 planets.

Each and every one of them is a human colony with a republican government, in search of a republican-governed earthlike planet that could act as their political and spiritual guide.

They are bearing gifts meant for me, but they realized I couldn't achieve the primary objective they left me with (in previous communications), having a family, and a child.

They are saddened.

The communication abruptly cuts off, the ringing, for the most part, stops... and I pass out on my couch.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

Following that day, I experience other incredible things, from stays in Italian first aid centers to a holiday in Barcelona, which I really needed.

I even went a few times to Rome during this time, and I've got a feeling that many secret services knew, as I found radar readings, recordings of conversations I had (shot with drones), military attack plans against myself..

Unthinkable acts, that culminate in the release of toxic substances by unidentified flying objects.

The company in which everything started - the one that kept telling me that God inhabited my body -, is large and quite important, striking deals with both banks and the government.

The chance of it being replete with freemasons is really high, as I believe that one of them told the military or the secret services that I am the only way to communicate with God.

I feel like I'm constantly being spied upon, the center of international traps

secretly woven by hidden powers: they know Jesus had descendants and that God will soon contact the one that remained, what better chance would there be to accrue scientific data on God?

But, most of all, what better chance would there be to annihilate his children? This way, "power" will not be threatened!

MAJOR EVENTS

In this part of the book I decided to hastily describe all the supernatural happenings I lived through.

I have decided to tell the ones of which have been (at least partially) documented and that I can describe, so all of these happening caused me to be forced to have urgent medical attention.

- October, 2007: invisible blades, probably thinner than atoms, hit me through universal force strings all over my body.

Hundreds of times was I forced to flee from my apartment -sometimes even at night-time- while bleeding from thousands of little superficial cuts.

However, these lacerations always vanished in the span of a couple hours.

I had no clue as to what caused this.

My parents often were there with me during these "attacks", and they showed no interest whatsoever, pretending that nothing had happened.

But sometimes I think they are the cause!

I have developed some theories regarding this phenomenon, though it pains me to say they cannot be

demonstrated by any means: I think these cuts were caused by ancient surgical equipment found in Baghdad created for long range tele surgery, capable of covering planetary or even universal distances, used by biogenetics-specialized companies to study my living body.

The reason for this?

To study the soul, and also to develop mind controlling devices on planetary scale. It seems like their goal is controlling feelings. They do so by interacting with human chakra, and most commonly with weapons of mass destruction. Unfortunately, these games are too often played with by politicians, both national and international plotting politicians.

- Final days of winter, 2008, between February and March: another one of the precedent described blade storms affects me in my living room. The storm almost reduces me to nothing: I look at myself in the mirror, I'm semitransparent and my bones feel very fragile. I'm forced to keep my ankles still with some tape, fearing that they might give up under my weight. I board my car and drive away as far as possible, reaching Geneva.

Suddenly, while I'm driving, my pelvis starts creaking loudly and painfully. While my car has also been hit by an invisible weapon on its forward left wheel, and it doesn't stick the road anymore. Devoid of choices, I found a good hotel in Genoa and I wait for everything to subside.

However, after a few hours pass, these symptoms only grow stronger: my room is crowded by entities, I can hear their voices

They're invisible, but I can perceive their shape.

They torture me, sectioning my body limb by limb; they scour my mind. They still cannot understand how is it that I think, that I reason, with such a low number of neurons in my brain: the soul is what I think with, not the mind.

I repeatedly lose consciousness. Sometimes I can open my eyes and notice that nothing is wrong, others I realize I've lost my legs, and other times again I feel as if I have no bones at all: these are multiple realities, simultaneous happenings on different timelines, in different "places". My body is being torn apart by the future, more precisely by multiple futures. Unlikely, unstable futures, which felt very real at that time.

For mere moments at a time, my reality is crowded by chains of unlikely events. The rebirth of Nazism, the mocking and defiling of God and of basic human rights, the unstoppable rise of Satanism and Esoterism as common religions, the immunity of companies and politicians to the law, when they should be locked up in mental institutes.

Time travel and research on high energies, aberrations spawned by the unhinged development of biogenetics, challenging God's role in the creation of life, cloning, "programming" access into the afterlife.

They look like electromagnetic storms like the one reported by the press over Moscow were the result of wormholes. From those same wormholes, I think, come those flying devices that fill Italian skies with strange substances, stable tunnels and stable matter, like the ones in my city, devices that cannot exist in Florence, only being able to generate a slight fog, trails only a few decameters long.

For decades has the movie industry tried to warn us on these chains of events with movies like "The Terminator" and "Back to the Future".

I'm struggling to move on this bed, here in Genoa, I'm experiencing fear of the likes I never experienced: I'm practically a skeleton.

I'm barely able to move a limb: fortunately I manage to grab hold of the telephone and call the reception, begging them to call for an ambulance. I place more trust in Genoa's hospital -I did not go to Florence or to those of my city as in previous years, because I did not trust them since I had not had confirmation of anything that was happening to me, and I hope to receive the right cure.

I give the doctors there a rough explanation of my pelvis problems (which may have been caused by a wrong driving posture), which have repeatedly presented themselves during the day, and which make it impossible for me to drive back to my city.

They decide to take some x-rays to the lower part of my body, highlighting a worrying osteoporosis.

I'm given a powerful sedative and am told to seek my personal physician for specific treatments.

The next day, my parents came and pick me up, while my car is left in the care of a repair shop.

A few hours from there, my bones start regeneratin spontaneously.

- While driving, for the umpteenth time two fighter jets (of unknown nationality) fight each other above me: my car is hit by a shockwave similar to a sonic boom - an explosion, air and soundwaves smashing against my car followed by a sudden vacuum.

This also happened to me whiles I was driving towards Genoa. Ancient Egyptian weapons...

My car flies nearly hald a metre in the air while I'm driving at a high speed, I feel my whole skeleton being cut up in a million pieces attuned to different frequencies, their taste fill up my mouth coupled with a diffused and inexplicable burning feeling.

I manage to keep control of my vehicle long enough to steer onto the emergency lane, while my brain remains exhausted and my vision dyed red. I'm losing consciousness, and I feel like my heart stopped beating.

I would wake up only some time later.

Some passerbies had called an ambulance. I'm brought to an hospital in Genoa, and I'll avoid saying the truth to avoid being considered a madman.

I instead tell them that a sudden gust of wind had shook my car with such force that I went into shock. I am talking of a huge gust of wind, I had never seen something similar in my millions of kilometres as a driver.

They try to calm me down by telling me that strong gusts of sideways wind are commonplace on that road.

They take care of me.

Through some sleep (and a lot of water), my bones and my flesh have regenerated, and allow me to resume my self-chosen exile from my hometown.

THE UNIVERSAL BIG BANG

Final days of May, 2008: I have a strange feeling that Bush, the previous American head of state, is in my town, a feeling not confirmed by general media. I feel forced to leave quickly, abandoning not only my city, but Italy as well.

My body seems to have gone mad: a simple glass of water takes entire minutes to get into my stomach, turning around and around in my body.

As such, I avoid eating as much as possible, sometimes even only once a week, fearing that something could get stuck in my throat.

In only a few minutes I manage to organize my time off work: with a train ticket to Pisa I secretly travel to Barcelona, without any baggage (as I was scared to enter my room again).

I arrive at the station at midnight, but the first train passes at 4 a.m.

In the meantime, the unthinkable happens: an enormous demon who I don't quite get to see, but whose voice thunders all around me forces me to

repeatedly pass through electric fluxes of propagating currents, threatening to fry me with millions of Watts if I did otherwise.

I would have to grab a plastic pole for hours to avoid being electrocuted.

I had no other choice than to run on the rails while the beast toyed with the laws of the universe itself, shrinking it to the size of an atom, making me feel like a giant.

I was victim of this for hours, until the train arrived.

After a scary train trip, I arrive at the airport in the morning, with the plane departing only at nighttime...

There, I'm forced to run around from one place to another dodging blades that cut me repeatedly, and I'll need medical care for the copious bleeding of my toes, which I thought were amputated but fortunately they were only bleeding.

Sitting in the waiting room, surrounded by hundreds of passengers running about quickly, I hear a buzzing akin to the ones heard when standing under a power line.

In that same moment my jacket is lifted upwards, and shortly after I'm pushed up as well, almost standing on my toes. The passengers are terrorized, but no one intervenes, not even the police.

The biggest, blackest cloud I've ever seen covers the city, maybe the whole province.

The blackest and densest spot being directly over the airport.

Once again, I have no solid proof, only sensations.

Something wants to drag me from there, it wants to take me towards my home. Just where Bush is waiting for me.

With an immense willpower, bearing great tortures and pains, I manage to arrive in time for the check in at the airport at 7:00 pm.

I sit, awaiting for my turn, when suddenly some cuts on my chest make me lose consciousness...and the flight!

I don't have anything left to do except sleeping at the hotel and waiting to board the flight the next day.

Once I get to the hotel, powerful lightning bolts coming from the tempest enveloping Pisa blow up the lights in the bathroom while I'm showering.

It seems like that huge cloud is following me.

I had to leave the shower in a shock-like state caused by the electricity that had entered the water.

I go to bed and try to sleep.

My window is open, because even though it is raining, the temperature is really high.

After only a few minutes, I feel a burning sensation inside my heels, as if they were replete with fissile uranium burning at 250.000°.

I realize how impossible that is, but the burns feel real, and so I scream, like I had never done before in my life.

Since my hotel room is directly above a residential street in the city center, people start telling each other to call an ambulance, and panic ensues.

I feel paralyzed.

It felt like something was holding me back, so that I could not move. An

unimaginable pain courses through my bones, and at the same time each and every one of those starts melting.

I do not know what happened in the street.

No ambulance came, neither did a police patrol, and certainly nobody knocked on my door to see how I was doing.

Instead, the screams I hear from my window tell about demolished ambulance cars and other vehicles, and others screamed as they saw people vanish before their eyes.

A powerful voice booms through the ether, similar to the one Moses must have heard on the Sinai, and it seems like it comes from a spaceship stationed in the center of the cloud.

The entity from which the voice came from, after having killed hundreds of people in hotel rooms, on the street or on the road, just to show its power, starts ordering ambulances and police forces alike.

"Do not come any closer, this is a military operation" and ads: "These are just micro cuts, stay still and you won't fall into pieces"

Meanwhile, more than a dozen military airplanes fly above what is now essentially a war zone: they are instructed to kill one for every ten people they see, leaving witnesses.

I can hear every single broadcast.

I discover that the spaceship actually was destined to me, but I don't know how, where and when it was stolen.

It is able to hold upwards of 10.000 people, and from the voices, the names and the tones I hear I manage to learn the identities of those inside.

Even though the voices I hear are in Italian, I think that the ship's pilots are Mr. Bush and Mr. Berlusconi, filled up with my the people of my city as passengers, reveling in the bloodshed that has ensued.

It is probably another wormhole, with the ship coming from a different time or dimension: the people inside might not even be real, coming from an uncertain, unstable future.

However, I'd like to point out that the military airplanes were real.

I have proof of this, as for years they have flown above my head, seeing my

every move, I have released solid proof and testimonies.

These events confirm the cloud's interaction with the real world, as it now seems like it leads onto a fiendish dimension...

While all of this was happening, I was still in my hotel room.

After nearly an hour of screams and agony, I completely lost my senses, as if I were anesthetized.

Maybe I died there.

And probably with my death, every star and every planet died: it was the end of the universe, the Big Bang!

THE AWAKENING

The next day I woke up early, and to my surprise I realized my body responded to my brain: I could move.

I go out of my room at an impressive speed, speak with the receptionist which gives me my ID back as if nothing happened, I pay and head out.

Either yesterday happened in another world, or everyone is too scared to talk about it!

Once I leave the hotel, something incredible awaits me: I'm in the centre of a Big Crunch, the end of the universe!

It is a situation similar to the well known film "2001: A Space Odyssey", I'm in a reality storm and I cannot quite understand what's happening.

I stop a taxi to drive me to the airport, a Renault with a completely shaved driver, but as soon as I step in, the car has become a Ford, and the driver has long hair.

Everything is changing before my eyes.

Instead of immediately going to the airport, I decide to stop at a supermarket

in Pisa, looking to buy some clothes and a suitcase.

As I go in... The people inside disappear one by one in front of my eyes, and a few seconds later, they are substituted by other people which, judging by the way they look at me, are hostile.

I'm terrorized, as I may be the cause of all of this.

I quickly buy what I need and I try to call another cab through a phone booth (I had left my phone in my city) to no avail, the entire city has no signal.

Probably someone understood something was amiss, as some security guards come near me and escort me to the exit.

After some radio communication and by using another district's cab service, I manage to reach the airport.

They were very affectionate towards me, and my humor was prone to change: I said goodbye to those security guards by hugging them and crying.

The airport has changed.

I'm seeing a new statue, one that I hadn't seen before: everything is quite different, and people are more caring than before.

My wait for the 7:00 pm flight is fraught with obstacles, but it's a piece of cake compared to the tortures I suffered the day before.

I manage to board the plane, and flight got a little strange: in fact I left the plane with messy hair (due to some air infiltrations, which only seemed to affect me) and the cloud followed me for some kilometers.

The other passengers realized I was quite strange, but they came close to me bearing no fear, only smiles.

When we managed to take flight we clapped for the pilot, as we did when we landed in Girona, Spain.

Reality is wonky in Barcelona as well, but some days after I arrive everything stabilizes.

But there is still something amiss: the few times in which I call my parents are followed by sound that plays for hours, the same sound I hear when a wormhole is near.

I realized that there must be two different realities: the one in my hometown, which is very dense and powerful, tied to what happened in Pisa, and the "real" reality, the one we normally live in.

But the former is capable of interacting and eroding the latter.

For this reason the universe will change course and take on a more democratic path, starting from the USA.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED?

My body was stolen by the people living in my hometown.

Once I died, the whole universe exploded.

Even then, a single, small cell managed to save itself and it now hides under the hotel room's floor.

What happened?

Two universes were created: a really dense one, as wide as the city walls of my hometown, and a normal, real universe with the same size we're familiar with, but with the mass of a single godlike cell.

My cell.

Hiding under the floor.

Those responsible for my death had spent the whole night trying to make sure that every star of the universe, all of the planets, all of the cities in Earth were wiped out...except mine, in which my dead body lied.

Here are the intentions of the Satanists:
steal and completely destroy each city on
Earth!

I hope no one ever wants to listen to
them.

My city should be full of love because it
has 60,000 inhabitants of which a recent
census results in 40,000 freemasons who
from here control the world and the
entire universe, if they insist to be
satanists should be beat to a bloody pulp!

RECAP

Everyone died in May, 2008.

The event was almost painless, as we were immediately transferred into a copy of the universe inside the only remaining cell: mine.

Even then, my hometown's "super universe" is actively trying to destroy that last cell that has survived. That reality desires to destroy God and the Universe without leaving any trace!

This all demonstrates how the whole universe is now "compatible with me".

Each and every one of us is the expression of that single surviving cell.

What else can I say, given my role, try studying me and being me as much as you can.

I'm a really nice guy: I'm not annoying, instead, I'd even say that I manage to arouse ladies all around the world!

THE DISKS

The communications with the spaceship I talked about earlier resume!

I manage to organize a rendezvous in Rome for the end of October 2007: I realize the ship is close by and I become really excited, so I immediately depart with my car.

I'm sure my car is full of microphones and such, as I feel tracked down by secret services.

I have to say that I expected a flying saucer like the ones you can see in television, with legs or wheels to act as support on the ground.

I wait for hours in a wide autogrill plaza, and multiple strange cars stop in front of me.

I'm convinced the people inside are undercover cops and secret service agents.

Suddenly, there's a loud buzzing sound through which a somewhat divine voice propagates - again, similar to the voice Moses must have heard on the Sinai - a

voice which tells me not to worry about being late.

My neck stiffens up as I've been watching the sky for a while now, and I start growing disheartened...

Finally, in one moment, the sky starts forming clouds.

There it is! I wonder how big it is!

The winds that had raged for a while stop, as does the buzzing.

Everything goes still, and the voice that had talked to me now feels near, as if it were at my side.

"We're just a few meters above you."

I'm speechless. What should I do? Should I run? Should I stay? What could happen to me?

I'm extremely worried.

I will not lie to you, I was hoping to board the ship and finally flee the planet that was tearing me apart.

Wherever I went I was persecuted and insulted without any reason at all.

I manage to catch a glimpse of an Egyptian spaceship with enough power to sail the universe at impossible speeds above my car.

Einstein explains how matter cannot travel at the speed of light, and that even if you could, this speed would still be too slow, as it would take 6 minutes to reach the sun, and 4.83 years for the other nearest star!

These ships manage to travel through the universe using universal gales, and manage to reach any star in a matter of weeks, as they are made of pure energy.

How did I know that it was an Egyptian ship?

Simply put, the ship had a pyramidal shape and was as big as a pyramid, carrying a myriad of tools and people.

I discovered that these ships land on top of our pyramids, as the bodies housed within can bring back to life the people in the ship (said body must be treated in a certain way, though.)

The people in the ship undergo medical procedures before and after the landing, that end with the use of Egyptian medicines (high proof wines and ancient

hashish, as was discovered by examining Tutankhamen's body.)

These manage to bring back to quickly bring the ship's inhabitants back to life.

The offer I had secretly hoped ever since our first communication is now presented unto me: "Board this ship and flee this wretched place. We didn't spend the majority of the resources of 58 planets to groom you and see you in this state, slandered and mistreated!"

I accept, but as they try to transport my body on the ship, something goes wrong. Hours pass but to no avail, some military devices are interfering, keeping me here.

I cannot bear this anymore, boarding this ship is of the utmost importance for me. My body is in shambles, destroyed by the esoteric actions thrown against me in my boss's office, in prison, in my apartment and in my car as well...

Inside the ship I would have had every tool to regenerate my broken body.

Nothing.

There's nothing left to do.

The ship, following a number of failures, has to depart again, and I have to as well.

It will follow me.

Days and days of ancient purification procedures follow.

My body, almost as if it were brushed by vertical and horizontal energy axes, will let all impurities flow away.

Starting from this book's release date, I haven't been ill in 10 years.

Once the purification process is over, they finally ask me to go towards Genoa.

As I arrive in a lay-by, they ask me to remain completely still, with my eyes and lungs as well, for at least a minute and a half.

I'm sliced apart in almost 100.000 atom-wide slices, in which even thinner metal plates are inserted.

A really fast procedure which will allow my body to store the whole universe.

It's required, as God wants to be welcomed on the planet.

Now that God's body is the whole universe, everything is one.

Its mass is immense, its surface almost unending.

And since the universe's end is unlikely, my body is now immortal.

Understandably dizzy, I head towards my hometown.

THEOLOGICAL THEMES

I'd like to draw a line here, and highlight something many do not know: God isn't an isolated, strong and omnipotent being. It's not a single, armed (like some claim) entity

God is the whole universe. Every star, planet, matter, atoms, air, light, energy, water, gravity, skin, bones. Every single living being.

God is our house and the bricks of said house.

Comprehending this statement makes us realizes the sacredness of our universe, home to humans and every other being that inhabits it!

In the same way, another obvious, eye-catching and mainly unknown realization is that God has an antagonist.

By expanding the concept we established earlier to an universal scale, we realize that the only antagonist to a God which is the paragon of life, is utter destruction and death, Satan.

Satan is a Big Crunch, a black hole which murders and eats everything, even light.

A few years past (1997), the Republican Party - my adversary - released a science fiction movie.

Directed by Luc Besson, it tells about the adventures of an earthling, Korben Dallas (Bruce Willis), which goes from common cab driver to savior of the world.

More than a science fiction picture, I'd say this is a documentary, since it depicts what is said in this book and creates an example of a black-hole-like Satan.

It also depicts my role in this world as Love (The 5th Element.)

We must remember that God is humanity's light in the dark and its habitat.

Had he come on Earth he would have beared all powerful cosmic events like black holes, universal explosion, attacks from the military, enormous insect colonies and all kinds of attacks to protect the Earth.

Were he to walk the Earth, he'd be a democrat.

He'd oppose humanity's destructive instinct against itself and nature, he'd be

opposed to dangerous and absurd experiments and research.

He'd want access to rendezvous with the most important politicians to establish a defense mechanism against all kinds of attacks.

Were he to be on this Earth, he wouldn't want power, or lordship, he'd just try to exist in its fullest, to directly benefit us!

WHY ME?

Ever since the start, I've been asking myself why God had chosen me.

I did some research and analyzed what had happened to me, and realized that my hometown not only was quite ancient, they also had upheld their traditions for centuries.

More specifically, every year a race between different rival factions takes place.

I'm part of the noblest one.

I realized that, initially, the hostility I was victim of in my workplace came mainly from my boss and some coworkers that were in a faction (and the factions to it allied) rival to mine.

In the evenings, when I went to the traditional gathering spot for my faction, I was always welcomed with open arms.

Sadly, even they started spouting blasphemy behind my back by the end of 2007.

That got me thinking that inside my hometown's numerous district, there was

someone that knew that God was looking for me.

I studied the history of my team's noble symbol, looking for ties with ancient Egypt, homeland of the spaceship which contacted me.

I noticed that it strongly resembled Charles the Fifth's coat of arms. This is what I found.

Charles the Great, also known as Charlemagne, (742-814) was the king of the Franks and the Lombards, and first emperor of the Holy Roman Empire.

His father, Pipin the Short (714- 768), initially was the Mayor Domus of the palaces of Neustria and Austrasia (741-751) and successively king of the Franks (751-768). He was the son of Charles Martel and Rotrude of Treves, and he fathered Charlemagne I and the aforementioned Charlemagne.

He was crowned king of Franks by the pope, who feared the Lombards' coming: such crowning was indeed part of an exchange through which the pope would

be protected, and as such it was, technically, illegitimate.

The last king before Pipin rose to the throne was Childerico the Third, the 46th king of Francs and the last Merovingian king to sit on the throne.

He was crowned in 743.

He never dabbled in public affairs: as such, he was a puppet in the hands of Charlemannes and Pipin.

When in 747 the former decided to lead a monastic life, Pipin seized the throne for himself.

This was made possible by the letters he sent to pope Zachary, in which he asked what really a king was, either a person of royal blood or a person which effectively has the power to lead a country.

The answer the pope gave was so powerful that Childerico lost the throne, and Pipin rose in his stead, in 751.

Merovingian history predating Childerico is quite complex. Starting from Clovis I (481- 511), there are a lot of ramifications and divisions in power management, tying themselves in the end with the Carolingians, with traces

remaining in the Habsburg dynasty, with Charles the Fifth.

This is how the Merovingians are tied with my noble team, and this is how they tie me to God Himself.

The Merovingian dynasty is the subject of many a book, and its mysteries were recently brought back to the public eye through the "Da Vinci Code"

According to mediaeval legend, Magdalene would have fled Palestine through sea and would have arrived in Provence.

And then?

According to the best-selling book "The Holy Grail" by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Harry Lincoln (1982), she would have gone up the Rhone.

Suffice it to say, this book inspired many other texts on the subject of the "Grail Bloodline", but they're not supported by any historical proof.

The main theory that these texts spawned was that the Merovingians are the descendants of Magdalene and Jesus.

According to the most widespread and accepted theory, Magdalene would have gone up the Rhone and met the Franks, which would be none other than Benjamin's tribe in the midst of mass exile.

The Merovingian dynasty was the first to reign over the Franks, and those that were part of it were called "thaumaturge kings", healing kings.

They had the ability to heal the ill just by touching them, like described in the Gospels.

In the same way, Holy Grail ("Santo Graal" in Italian) wouldn't mean "Holy Chalice" like we originally thought: instead, it would mean "Sang Real", Holy Blood, representing the Merovingian's holy heritage.

The strange, sudden religious persecution enacted upon my person (which took place without me even realizing what was happening) is explainable through the intrinsic ties between my team and the Merovingian bloodline.

This theory has no historical base, but it is possible that Jesus' genetical makeup reconstituted itself casually, creating me.

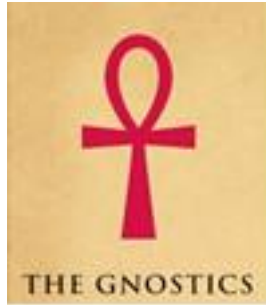
What about the Egyptians? Or the spaceships?

I still do not have any explanation for the Big Crunch, the solar explosions and the electromagnetic storms hunting me down from the future.

And I also cannot understand why I still hear my skull creaking or the reason why I manage to interact so well with nature.

Where do the voices resounding through the ether and my mission to spread love come from?

Why is it that when I walk on my country's public street people with fiendish eyes and unending violence slander God with blasphemous terms - some even resorting to physical violence - by talking to me?



*Img. 1 Jesus, not a cross, not dead,
Egyptian god of every religion*



*Img. 2 Iao in Egyptian, then YHWH,
IEUE, Yahweh, Jehovah and Jahvè*



Img. 3 Ra, Egyptian Sun God. According to Mesopotamian mythology, Shamash Northwestern Palace, Nimrud; 865-860 B.C.



Img. 4 Ra, Egyptian Sun God. According to the legends, he created the universe from a pyramidal debris tower, and then created everyone else.

IMAGE 1

Since it is likely that my noble team is tied to the Merovingians, the descendants of Jesus, more accurate researches (also accompanied by sensations I got from the stars) bring me to the 1982 book "The Holy Grail"

Written by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln, this text has a controversial interpretation of what befell Jesus: in this version, he would flee Palestine with Magdalene before being crucified, and head towards France.

With her, he would become the head of the Merovingian dynasty.

IMAGE 2

What about the figure of God?

In Hebrew, Elohim is the plural of the word for divinity, Eloah. From ancient Hebrew we can glean the true meaning of the word, which is "those who have come from the skies".

This has brought up some questions regarding the Bible by some scholars, since the book depicts exclusively monotheism.

The prefix "El" denotes an abstract being.

Now, Eloah means "one who has life inside himself".

Consequently, Elohim means "those who have life inside themselves".

As such, it denotes those who represent the Well of Life, and have the universe inside of them.

Eloah is also pronounced as Alah, from that we get the term "Allah", first used by Christians of Syriac language to describe God, later used by Arab speaking Muslims and Christians.

There are two possible explanations to justify the traditionally used plural form: one considers it a lexical residue from when the Jewish people believed in multiple deities.

As already mentioned, Elohim is the plural of Eloah, which has its root in "El", the Canaanite Calf God.

The other considers it a Pluralis Maiestatis, used to exalt the deity's status as all-encompassing.

In Hebrew, the plural is also used as a way to intensify the meaning and the majesty of everything composed by multiple realities.

As a proof of this, in many passages of the Old Testament we can find the plural form of pronouns or adjectives referred to God: <<Then God said, "Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness">> (Genesis, 1,26, Adam and Eve's exile from Eden)

The substitution of the terms Elohim/Baalim/Adonai with Yahweh coincides with the start of the Levitical priestly way.

This probably happened because Moses - who is believed to have been the first witness to whom Yahweh showed himself - was known as "Son of Levi"

The Levites were fanatics obsessed by the desire of leading Israel from the Age of the Ox to the Age of the Lamb.

In Exodus, 12, Moses changes the processional clock and modifies the first day of the year, instituting the concept of Easter (passage), the holiday which celebrates the salvation of Israel through the blood of the lamb.

As said earlier, before being given the name Yahweh, the Israelite god was

called Baal, which means "The Sun", during the Age of the Ox.

Once they ushered in the Age of the Lamb, the name was changed into Iao, which then became YHWH, IAUE, Yahweh, Jahvè, Jehovah and Jah.

The ancient name Iao symbolized God's status as Everything, since the 'I' symbolized unity, the "a" symbolized the Alpha and the "o" symbolized the Omega.

IAO is a being that was, is and will be, eternity incarnated, further proving the God's status as the universe.

COMING FULL CIRCLE

By accurately analyzing different cultures, we can find out that the names Yahweh, IAO and similar variations can be found in a lot of traditions:

- In Mesopotamia, where the main cult was the cult of the Eagle God Shamash, which was always depicted on a cornflower tree: the cornflower has been a Merovingian symbol ever since the 5th century.
- The low relief we saw earlier depicts Ra, the Egyptian Sun God (he was an eagle-like god as well). It comes from the Northwestern Palace of Nimrud, the Assyrian-Babylonian capital city.
- In Phoenicia, where the Sun was known as Adonis. Completely identical to IAO (Yao, according to Chinese religion, or Jehovah), The Sun. According to tradition, he appears at midnight, during the 24th day of the 12th month.

Indeed, the sacred tetra gram used to refer to God (IAO, YHWH, IEUE) is quite ancient, predating the Israelites, and can be connected to various deities, and to Jesus as well, who was also known as Jehoshua/Yahushua, which means

"salvation", and can be made into "IAO/YHWH saves".

As claimed by Godfrey Higgins in "Anacalypsis" (1992, A&B Books) - with the pious Dr. Lakehurst and with the help of authorities like Diodorus Siculus, Varrus, St. Augustinus and more - the Judaic people's Iao, IEUE, Jehovah or Ie corresponds to the Greek Zeus, or Jupiter, father of all gods.

The author considered Ieue to be Apollo, but admitted that Ieue Jehovah might be associated with Jesus Christ.

This is proved by these quotes: "Citing each and every passage in the Scriptures in which the name [Ieue] is applied to Christ would be a never-ending endeavor.

There is no way in which this doesn't prove that Jesus is Jehova."

But as we have seen, Jehovah corresponds to numerous deities (Jupiter, Apollo, Ra, and the Sun), as such it is only logical to think that since Jehovah is Jesus, the latter would incarnate every deity.

JESUS, IN FACT, WOULDN'T BE THE SON OF GOD, BUT GOD HIMSELF, AND HE WOULD REPRESENT EVERY SINGLE DEITY, FROM ALLAH TO RA...

And when God manifested itself behind me, no matter where I was, the clouds gave way to a sun whose light shone brighter than anything.

During those years, I had a really nice tan!

AND MOREOVER, I HAD THE ABILITY TO GENERATE MATTER IN AN INSTANT. I HAD BECOME ATHOM-RA.

Since Satanist mind readers always spouted blasphemy at my face, I had believed for a while that I was the son of God.

I thought I had assumed the role of Jesus.

But there is no son of God!

Jesus is nothing more than another name for God, and if these Satanists offend him with such force by referring themselves directly towards me, then it must mean they knew they were seeing God.

The same God which had regenerated my body months ago, so Yahweh or Ra.

A GOD, THE ONE OUTSIDE ME?

Even then, some years before everything happened, I had met God.
He helped me.

It wasn't me, he was outside my body and I barely knew him.

I also need to recount other facts, similar to prophecies, of utmost importance.

During the month of August, in 2008, I saw 2 eclipses, a sun eclipse the first day, and a moon eclipse the sixteenth. The eight day was eagerly awaited by most people, as it was the eight day of the eight month in the eight year of the third millennium.

A particular cosmic line up let Yahweh finally come back to Earth.
He returned together with his Egyptian "tools" under the guise of Ra.

I had to undergo an extremely slow and complex computer-aid transference procedure.
A 7 feet tall entity had started to inhabit my body.

Changes in my skeleton let me experience creationism: I felt my bones, which were almost liquid by now, being remodeled by an external agent.

The procedure would have required at least 2 hours of complete stillness - I also would have not been able to breathe - to let my skeleton solidify, but assaults by Satanists, military and secret organizations made that impossible.

They placed hundreds of sensors on my apartment's ceiling, and after 10 minutes I had to leave, and I fled.

I was moving at a rate of about a step every 25/30 seconds, with every step covering a 20 centimeters distances.

My bones were still liquid, my vertebrae moved and I held my skull in my hands.

MYTHOLOGICAL FACETS, THEO/PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF THE GOD-UNIVERSE THEORY, ANTROPOMORPHIC UNIVERSE

In this part of the book I decided to speak about events, stories from my personal life and research (which might be imprecise, since I mainly searched on the Net) which hold proof, through mythology as well, that my body really is the whole universe.

I also added partial proof I got from some supercomputers I came in contact with.

It seems like this devices manage matter, and by quoting some other theories, it seems like the universe is controlled by an immensely advanced computerized management center.

I've had to reprogram its systems many times to shield them from my coworkers and my bosses at work.

THE MYTH OF CREATION ACCORDING TO THE EGYPTIANS

At the beginning, there was only a chaotic water vortex, called Nun.

From its violent waters rose Atum, the Sun God.

He was self-made, with his own thoughts and willpower.

But in the water vortex's chaos, Atum had no place to stay, so he created a hill.

Other interpretations see Atum as the hill itself, so he'd also represent the fertility of the fields kissed by the Nile.

Yet another interpretation sees Ra as the incarnation of the universe itself: as such, Atum could also be another name for Ra (during the 5th dynasty, Atum will gain that same name)

From that moment, his appearance on the primordial hill can be interpreted as the birth of light in the dark that is Nun.

Being the god of the rising sun, he's also called Khefri.

After the hill, he decided to create the other gods, but since he was alone, he bred with his Shadow (not unusual in Egyptian mythology.)

Having done so, Atum is also considered a bisexual, androgynous deity, and was

often called "The Great Him/The Great Her"

The Egyptians had managed to represent Atum as the sole creator of the universe.

According to some texts, the birthing of the gods took place on the hill, while according to others, it took place inside Nun, and only after that did he create the hill to provide his family with a home.

He birthed his son by spitting him out, while his daughter was born through puking.

The former was called Shu, god of the Air, while the latter was called Tefnut, goddess of Humidity.

Atum's two children continued the creation process by respectively generating and incarnating the "Principles of Life" and the "Principles of Order" (Ethics and Law)

Sometime later, they got lost into the waters of Nun, and Atum sent his eye, Udjat, to look for them.

The two returned with the eye after an enormous amount of time, and the tears Atum cried created the humans.

Finally, Atum was ready to create the world together with his children, which

created, respectively, Geb (the Earth) and Nut (the Sky)

The legend tells us that the two never separated, not allowing for the creation of life, until Atum forced their father to push them apart.

By stomping Geb down and pushing Nut up, Shu managed to divide them: so Air had split Earth and Sky.

Geb and Nut then bore their own children, Seth, Osiris, Isis and Nefti.

THE LEGEND OF THE COBRA

Ra, the powerful deity that created Himself, creator of water, earth, sky: he who created life, fire, men and gods alike.

Lord of cattle, reptiles, fish, birds, King of every mortal and immortal being, to whom Eons are like seconds.

He had many other names that even the other gods did not know.

Isis, the great Sorceress, was a goddess whose voice was more soothing than the hearts of a million men.

She towered over millions of gods, her intelligence and slyness higher than that of a million Akhs.

She, like Ra, knew the demiurge, and had knowledge of everything that dwelled on both sky and ground.

And the Goddess conspired in her heart to know the secret name of God, the one which would have given her power over all gods and humans.

Every day Ra ushered from behind the horizon in the east, to traverse the skies and dive again into the horizon in the west, to shine over the regions of the Duat.

But he had travelled many times already, and every trip through the heavens made him older.

His head faltered, his jaw dropped and let his saliva drop down onto the earth and water the fields of Egypt.

One day, Isis took that saliva and mixed it with earth, shaping it into the first cobra.

For that, she didn't use any magic, since Ra's saliva was already replete with it.

She left the serpent on the road her father went through every day to shine all over the world.

On the next day, Ra's boat, together with the gods that followed him, went through that road as usual, but the elder god was ambushed on the piece of road Isis had chosen for the cobra's ambush, who bit hard and poisoned him.

Ra let a scream which shook the heavens, and when his children asked him what had happened, he could not respond, as his strength waned.

His trembling limbs violently shook in response to the venom, which coursed through his body like the Nile through Egypt.

When his heart stopped, he talked to the worried children behind him.

"Come hither, o you that by me were generated!

Hither I say, gods whose flesh is mine own!

You shall now know what ensued, you have the right of it.

A deadly creature pierced my flesh and wounded me, my heart knows this, yet which creature this I know not, for my hand didn't shape in and my eyes didn't see it.

A creature unknown to my creation, whose bite struck me with an unknown pain.

I am a leader, son of a Leader.

I'm a giant, son of a Giant.

My father thought my name, and many of them do I have, a multitude of forms also.

My being is in each and every one of the existing gods.

I am known as Atum and Horus of the Praise.

My father and my mother pronounced the name hidden in my body afore I saw light, so that no one could exert its influence and power over me by pronouncing it.

During my journey to brighten and see
my work of art, I was bitten by
something I know not.

Fire it is not, neither water it is, but my
heart burns, and my limbs are cold.
Come hither, my children, you that know
the power words hold, and their
enchanted pronunciation, you whose will
reaches the skies."

Every god heed the call, the great
Sorceress included.

There she asked her father with sly
words: "What is it that ails you, o father
of mine?

Tell my, o divine, was it a serpent, one of
your creatures, that raised its heart upon
your own and hit you?

If it is so, I shall suck away your pains
and destroy them with my magic."

And so Ra said: "While I was going
through foreign countries, eager to see
the fruits of my divine work, an unseen
serpent bit me...

Not fire, nor water is it, but I feel both
raging fire and freezing water inside my
body, while sweat courses upon its
surface.

I'm trembling, my eyes falter and I cannot distinguish the skies, humidity covers my face as if it were a hot summer day."

And so Isis spoke again with her warm, soothing voice: "Come, tell me My Lord, o divine father, your true Name, as only those called with their true Name will live."

Ra answered by listing all of his names: Maker of Earth and Sky, of the Hidden Voids in the Two Horizons, the Realms of Souls and Gods, the Light bringer, Creator of Time, of Fire, Kefri in the morning, Ra during the noon, Atun during the afternoon.. But Isis already knew each and every one of those names, as she knew all of creation.

In the meantime, the pain did not stop, and the poison coursed through Ra's veins as if it were fire, and once again Isis talked: "These names will do naught to heal you, the one I need is the secret Name, the one whose knowledge only you possess, with it shall I be able to cleanse the poison.. Only those whose true Name is called shall live."

Shaken by pain, Ra answered: "Come closer, Isis, my child, let my name

transfer from my body to yours... I, the most sacred between gods, hid it for millions of years to lengthen my stay in the divine boat.

Once it will have left my heart, pass it on to your son Horus after having him swear upon God's life."

And so, he told Isis the name she so desperately craved.

The goddess raised her voice to cast a spell: "O poison, I command you to leave Ra's body!

O Eye of Horus, leave the body of the one that created life through his words!

I am the Sorceress, the one that shall cleanse the strongest of poisons, so that it may fall on the ground... The elder God gave me his name, Ra shall live and the poison shall die!

Ra shall live!"

MONOTHEISM MANIFESTED AS SYMBOLIC POLYTHEISM IN ANCIENT EGYPT

From the earlier myth we can see that even Ra had weaknesses akin to those of a mortal.

In the same fashion, the gods are associated to different animals, reptiles and mammals, which are all mortal beings.

But shouldn't the word God be used exclusively to refer to the creator of the universe?

Eminent Egyptologists like Dr. Brugsch and Dr. De Rouge have managed to discover , by piecing together Egyptian texts from different eras and dynasties, that the Egyptians only ever worshipped and knew one nameless, incomprehensible and eternal God.

In 1860 De Rouge wrote that "the presence of a single, self-sustaining supreme essence, its endlessness, the omnipotence of a God which decided when to be born and to which we have attributed the creation of both the universe and every single living being, the soul's lack of mortality which makes

it susceptible to a system of reward and punishment: all of this is the beautiful, robust pillar that makes Egyptian religion the most fascinating and intriguing, distortions and narrative decorations notwithstanding."

Nine years later, while discussing the difficulties of avoiding conflict between polytheism (which was diffused in ancient Egypt) and the monotheistic theory we saw earlier, De Rouge will say once again that Egyptians actually believed in a primordial God which had created the human species and provided them with an immortal soul.

In reality, De Rouge is simply echoing and amplifying what Champollion-Figeac had written in 1839 (basing his research on the information given to him by his brother) "Egyptian religion is purely monotheistic, but it manifests itself through a symbolic polytheism.

Expert egyptologist Paul Pierret thinks that ancient Egyptian texts are proof of the faith in a single eternal and infinite God, and upholds Champollion's thesis.

The most recent follower of the "monotheistic Egypt" theory is Dr.

Brugsch, who selected a series of sentences from different ancient Egyptian texts.

Here are some examples:

God is one and unique, nothing exists without him.

God is one, and he created everything.

God is a spirit, a hidden spirit, the spirit over all spirits, the great spirit of the Egyptians, the Divine Spirit

God is and always has been, he existed ever since ancient times in which nothing existed.

He was when nothing was, and was not He later created, He is the Father of Beginnings.

God is eternal, He is infinite and always has existed.

God is hidden and nobody knows His form...

No man was ever able to see someone similar to Him, He is hidden to both deities and men, and He is a mystery.

Nobody knows how to know Him.

His name is hidden to His children as well, He has multiple names and nobody knows them all.

God is truth, He lives for truth and upon it He feasts.

He is the king of reality, and He created the Earth.

God is life and through Him does Man live, He gives up his life for mankind, He blows the breath of life into Man's lungs.

God is father and mother, father of fathers and mother of mothers... He doesn't give birth and He wasn't birthed, He doesn't produce and He wasn't produced, He creates but never was created, He's creator of his own form.

God Himself is existence, He bears everything without ever changing, He has multiple forms.

God created the universe and its contents, He's the creator of this world, of what was, is and will be... He's the creator of heaven and earth, of the deep,

of water, of mountains... God stretched the skies and levelled the earth.

Whatever was His heart's desire He would immediately obtain it, and when He talked, his words were law.

God is the father of both men and deities.

God is merciful and towards those who respect Him... He knows those who know Him and protects those who follow him.

These ancient texts are the proof of the existence of a fundamental structure in Egyptian religion, in which existence was only granted to those "inside" it.

From there we can understand the way Ra was seen: as an all-encompassing god in which we live!

<<Bowed before you are the other gods, praising the strength of the Creator. Lord and King of every God, we celebrate your strength because you created us.

We venerate you because you shaped us.

We sing hymns so that you protect us.>>

MODERN EGYPTIAN THEOLOGY, THEORY OF THE ONE

The modern tendency towards the perception of Ra is easily explained.

There is no right or wrong way, neither is there any sort of imposition.

The harmonization with God is only possible through the mind/body/soul triad through which everyone exists: one must be able to let that triad dance all at once.

This dance is certainly better than any religious dogma, whose only role is to tie people after having used them.

In this modern envisioning, instead, we are one.

It is only a matter of time until everyone manages to perceive each other's importance and to learn how to develop responsibilities both internal and towards one another.

"You are everything, every being, every emotion, every situation..."

"You are unity. You are eternity."

"You are love/light."

"You are..."

This is the Law of the Single Being.

The Law of the Single Being, apart from the tentative explanation that tells us that everything ties in to a single entity, that there is no right or wrong and that everything is harmonized, also tells us that everything literally is God.

The search for the Creator lies not in meditation or mystical experiences, instead it lies in living life as it is. In every little part of our being lies the power of the One.

Every mind/body/spirit complex is a unique part in the Creator's unity. Everything happening around us is just an illusion or a mystery, since it only serves to represent the eternal, unseen Creator. In this way, He lets us find joy, love, harmony and perfection in any moment.

DIMENSIONS

January, 2009: I come back from Brisbane, Australia, after having been nursed back to health in the same universe as the one in Barcelona

I had taken flight under a thick chemtrail similar to the one that tortured me between November and the 31st of December, the day in which I took off.

Not only that: before I fled some military planes had started flying over my head once again.

I could not avoid numerous awkward moments caused by the creaking of my bones.

Doing anything was now very difficult for me.

Quite often the trails had become storms so strong that they'd interfere with my electronic devices.

The contact with these chemical substances would let my Wi-Fi router materialize real entities.

They seemed to propagate through a microchip net, which had fallen together with the chemtrails.

Once I come back home, I am the subject of continuous torture and mistreating, accompanied by enormous instabilities in the fabric of reality.

May 2009: such instability begins causing dangerous phenomena.

I'm driving my car towards my home.

The chemical clouds have been stationed above my city for nearly a year now, and I'm feeling the consequences.

I'm driving, but I'm struggling to see, my vision is foggy.

I lose consciousness every few seconds, and I have visions in which I levitate a few meters above the ground and I have another body.

Suddenly something impossible happens: the road on which I'm driving (which is completely straight) is tilted by 90° , as such I am now driving head on onto a wall.

I manage to avoid my demise thanks to my reflexes, but I still hit the wall.

What was that?

It was a clear example of the presence of another dimension, another reality, an universal paradox which threatens to destroy the whole universe.

Nothing more than some Satanist trying to change reality with their abilities.

The ones which repeatedly hacked my computers.

The ones trying to motivate the entities in my apartment to possess me, to enter my body and change reality through my powers.

All of this to further the goals of criminals governments.

In the midst of June I am in my office. My bones creak continuously, maybe due to the church on the lower floor (in which many funerals were celebrated) or due to the intense activity of the Italian secret services.

What I know for sure is that these pains are caused by people in another dimension moving about, the same dimension from which the planes contaminating my city's sky come from.

The same invisible realities to which I often found myself at mercy.

I am quickly attacked by something I was hoping I could leave behind: an enormous bacterium from Mars, as big as a building.

The bacterium starts infiltrating my body with an unbearable pain, and as soon as I leave my office I am greeted by people outside screaming: "Kill him! Kill him!" as I fled towards Florence.

This was not the first time I found myself confronted with these bacteria.

The first time I did was a few days after my body had received those Egyptian plates.

They might have reached Earth through a meteorite which the NASA then spread all through the USA.

They resemble long, stuffed sacks able to contain souls, with a hook instead of a mouth, they infest the human stomach and use that hook to connect to the central nervous system, giving out orders like "Attack! Hate! Eat!"

I had already been infected once, directly after receiving the plates, and was only able to free myself from it through immense physical exertion.

Before the explosion in Pisa, those bacteria had already infested the majority of the world.

In this copy, the wretched things shouldn't have even existed, but some managed to save themselves in the ruins of the old universe in my city.

I run without ever stopping.

Maybe in Florence I'll meet my demise. I had already been the target of some attacks, I had been shot at, they placed an IED under my desk.

I've always woken up a little dizzy in a reality in which it never happened.

My body, which was now in shambles, had to undergo a 3 hour repair procedure in the Uffizi Gallery.

It was night time, I was laying on a pillar while some entities took care of me, and 4 meter tall giant shone a light on me with a golden plate.

I had to fix my gaze on the shimmering plate.

It was difficult since my eyes crossed like I was trying to see a 3D figure in a painting done with dots.

Slowly, another reality appeared, while my body moved by 8 meters.

Those entities were moving tools around to avoid my fall and consequent painful death.

The being that opened the doors of paradise for me was Anubi, the Jackal God, guardian of the heavenly realm.

I also know that this death procedure will not go without being disturbed, someone will probably try to make me avert my gaze from the plate with a handheld laser.

I will probably have to run away from something once the ritual will have ended, I shall be pierced by spears hidden in the ground or shot at with weapons both heavy and light by adjacent realities.

I shall smell of perfumes used in death rituals and for a good two weeks I shall have an insatiable thirst.

I wanted to ask for my body to be completely burned down, as to avoid it becoming a cemetery for bacteria.

My wish was granted even though I let no word slip from my mouth.

Some minutes later, I had completely regained control over my body, and health.

I thought: "The first day in the new Florence shall be quite interesting!"

I still didn't feel completely alive, and I was walking through a completely new dimension.

I remembered that the Egyptian religion suggested strong alcoholic beverages to counteract this, and so that day I broke every record: I drank 192 Long Island cocktails.

As I was drinking, I arrived in Piazza della Signoria, in which a fair was taking place: "Firenze in festa".

One could see ensigns everywhere, shaking their flags.

The voice of God thundered inside me, and I was distracted from the fair.

Instead, some cameras were brought to my attention, and I started talking about God for almost an hour.

While I was being recorded by RAI, something strange happened: my underpants disappeared (they were quite itchy, I must say) and my pants ripped on the front, leaving me with my member

en-plein-air for almost an hour while I was talking.

Strangely, nobody seemed to notice.

I think Renzi didn't really dislike my arrival in the city, now broadcasted nationally.

The voice of God spoke to me once again, bearing other messages.

- He spoke about an alien invasion which had already took place: the aliens which were all over the world in the other dimension only had an handful of survivors here, which had their headquarters in my city.
- He ordered to isolate their beliefs (which would only bring about a Big Crunch) and try to integrate them into a society whose main objective is letting the planet and the human species flourish.
- He explained in detail how to use a gravitational slingshot, a concept well known to the NASA: to launch a satellite at high speeds, they use another planet's gravitational pull to act as a generator of centrifugal energy when the satellite starts orbiting around it; by detaching the satellite from the orbit it created, it speed up tremendously. This

alluded to humanity's long history: as He explained, to apply this concept to human development, one must take example from the "flying carpet" rides in the amusement parks: first it goes up, then it slowly goes down, and again it goes up and then down, accruing an immense amount of speed. The main idea would be to return to the ideals mankind had in the '70s (legalization, social tolerance, peace) with our baggage of scientific discoveries. The TV Age is long past its prime, and we have to launch ourselves into the future.

- He highlighted the need to colonize the universe and the futility of fighting and killing one another for resources.
- He talked about God's coming to Florence after a 3 billion year long journey into the future while bearing inside Him the universe, and His return to the present in the international fashion capital. After all, fashion is an algebraic function, the line which passes through almost all dots in a group, with dots representing men. In Florence, fashion is international, it

encompasses the whole human species and all nations. By following this city and its fashion (and by listening to me a little bit), it is possible to reach the immortal and rich future from which I come. That timeline has a portal, a structure that keeps it alive: M2O, Milan's Techno radio. That as well must be listened, as it will our spaceships' official radio!

Following my first "wild" appearance in Florence, I lived its life for the whole summer, surrounded by many friends, and not even once did I see a plane or a chemtrail.

The procedure I couldn't complete at the Gallery was about to finish!

I thought I was in Heaven, and that I was capable of walking towards it by passing through dimensions that would slowly collapse without me.

I would still need help to ensure that nobody would search for them or try and activate them again: the existence of multiple dimensions brings about devastating results, since they can only be used for military purposes or scheming.

Parallel dimensions connected to Heaven would signify its utter destruction.

And in this moment I finally realized I was the first of Gods, the Creator, and as such that my safety was of utmost importance.

In Heaven I discovered my true voice, a voice that booms through Florence, a voice that often did shake the planet whole.

I discovered that I had the ability to induce visions, that Yahweh (or RA) lived inside me.

I discovered the meaning of those persecutions I went through when I still wasn't aware of whom I was, that there were precise mythological theories confirming my thoughts on my body holding the entire universe...

I discovered I could now tell anyone that they lived inside the universe, inside my body!

And again I discovered the truth about creation: RA emerged from Nun (the void, nothing) and began creating inside himself!

I discovered I had created everything visible and invisible, and that many had learned that the universe was nothing more than the result of elaboration enacted by ancient supercomputers that existed before matter even existed, and were not constituted by it.

I discovered why phantoms would often storm in my apartment trying to look for the access codes to these soul computers on my person...

I also discovered that every single ancient religion, from the ones in Mesopotamia through the Greeks and Romans, there has always been a main deity, superior to the others.

It was so that I found out that monotheistic tendencies were commonplace in every ancient religion, and that they always referenced RA and the Sun.

And in those days I also discovered the legend of RA and ISIS, and realized that the Cobra was a symbol for a governmental organization opposed to me.

I discovered that there were more gods,
that were my children and nephews.

And finally I was able to talk about my
matter generators that shook the Nun,
the void.

They're spiritual/biological generators
built upon love, the joy of existing and
the act of letting everyone exist.

These generators are possessed by each
and every inhabitant of the universe.

They cannot be stolen, nor destroyed
but, most importantly, they only exist as
long as I am unharmed and happy to
exist, things which I voluntarily do.

If anything were to befall me, I wouldn't
be able to move anything.

A NEW RELIGION?

I'd like to point out that hiding and defending RA has been almost impossible in the past few years, as I was subjected to violent attacks every few minutes, and I couldn't guarantee a position of financial stability to the God I housed within me.

As dead tired as I was, I had to transfer RA into Obama's body momentarily. He's able to protect Him thanks to the secret services under his command, and can give the God some leeway with his power and influence.

If it still isn't clear, I'd like to repeat that God is nothing more than life's OS. We're akin to programs in the computer, and God is simply the machine which lets us exist and makes our dreams come true.

I'd also like to point out that while I transferred RA, the universe's structure still lies within me, since it isn't easily transferable.

While I still am myself, I also am the universe, but I cannot control it or

protect it, so I need all the help I can get.

The whole planet is at risk given the instability of the situation, while the real God is in the USA!

In this moment we're trying to grant, through the new democratic order, the most beautiful dream humanity has ever had, the American dream: the banishing of poverty!

I shall now explain what I understood about the inner workings and abilities of Heaven, Saints, Angels and, most importantly, God.

God and all pious soul cannot strongly interact with reality.

They can, but the energies they use take enormous amounts of time to grant wishes, that is, if there's nothing in between in the first place.

From this we can see that praying for something to happen is totally useless, and useless also is facing one's anger towards God when something goes wrong.

God does appreciate prayers though, and every once in a while would like to hear a prayer for the future of the world. Such prayers also help us remember our father's place in the order of things.

But the way to reach Heaven isn't paved with prayer or with a pious lifestyle, instead it is paved with conscience!

It is found in the belly, and once God makes Himself visible to us, it literally unravels and pukes out every bad thought or action we've ever had or done.

The first time I met Him my conscience started spouting every bad thing I had ever done, at an enormous speed.

God patiently listened, asked it for silence and took care of me. I didn't have many things to tell him that he didn't already know, and fortunately he's quite forgiving.

When our life comes to an end, our conscience decides whether or not we are granted access to the heavens, maybe even as angels.

And if God were to have us reborn upon the Earth because we're unworthy, the conscience would decide where, precisely, we would be reborn.

It is in our best interest to keep it clean and say (even only mentally) a little prayer every once in a while: it will remember it.

The evolutionary theory is completely wrong and quite sneaky as well.

What makes it worse is the fact that it controls masses: it makes humans believe they are predatorial animals (yes, evolved animals) to justify the massacre of billions of defenseless animals.

Victims killed daily to fill decadent banquets.

This is just an elaborate illusion: creationism is the correct theory (and I've had the occasion to try it on myself), and God only asked one thing of us: to avoid killing any other living being.

God would want us to mainly be vegetarians, it isn't that hard.

And should we need to eat meat, we could always eat animals that died of old age, with moderation.

A new religion is emerging in my city's main bars, where I can usually be found. There, one can witness the incredible "3D Appetizer": I have a 3D printer and in one of those bars we printed a 1:1 statue of Obama.

Ever since then, one can hear God's voice subtitled by huge 3D letters floating in the air, white as the snow.

Whoever hears this voice knows that it comes from one billion years in the future.

Not only that, but he also beams with happiness at the thought of the immense amount of money he'll soon have! God guarantees it! And speaking about these businesses in these bars is commonplace!

We are rapidly developing new technologies and new abilities.

Slowly, human labour is losing its usefulness, being substituted by robots who will not have any problems working in the most humble and tiring fields while we'll conquer new, wonderful worlds!

First the Solar System, then the universe!

There are millions of hospitable planets.

The most fruitful businesses will stop being the ones who dabble in warfare, and will instead be replaced by those charged with urbanizing and building infrastructures on new planets.

The construction and repair of robots for any purpose and the developing of new spaceship will gain paramount importance.

This is our future!

Soon each and every one of us shall be rich!

REFLECTIONS

The following considerations are the fruit of long months of reflections with God, reflections on how poor most people are. We should be granted leeway by our bosses to all possess VAT numbers for our hobbies and to only work 6 hours a day.

But a VAT number with a fixed price is unlikely here in Italy.

Here you are violently taxed on the possible gains you might incur in next year, and if you establish an activity you are taxed for 3600 euros every year, regardless if you gained them or not.

It would also be nice if the elderly could possess a VAT number without a fixed price and that wouldn't take a toll on their income.

If we were to work less, more jobs would be free, since there would be an higher request for worker: people could enjoy a full time job.

If one could integrate their salary or their retirement check with other untaxed activities, many people could live a better life and work better.

And don't even get me started on how wonderful it would be if one managed to create his own business and employ other people!

It would be an economical harmony devoid of poverty!

HARMONIZING DIFFERENT RELIGIONS

Nowadays, no new religions are being created, so harmonizing different beliefs shall suffice.

In our times, no one is paying attention to the religious facets of life, distracted as they are by technology and science. Computers and the systems of atoms in which we live have become our new God.

The next step to the creation of a new, global religion is, according to my opinion, the creation of techno music on the M20 radio (based in Milan), the best Italian dance music radio in existence.

Not only is it abnormally liked by God and the angels, it is also a strategic base of operations on which I landed after having travelled from 3 billions years in the future.

I come from the furthest future in existence.

I came here as a pharaoh, with the whole planet behind me: it is a mechanical world, in which everyone is immortal.

And if I exist and am happy, then we could all exist for another 3 billion years with the best music imaginable!

A melody inspired by Christians, Protestants, Muslims, Jews, Hindi...

Every single one of us tuned in on M20, chanting prayers enhanced by party nights and techno raves, all the way to Florence and San Pietro Plaza...

These won't be masses, we will be listening to heavenly music during appetizers, discussing business together, turning off these damned TVs!

The future I represent is enclosed in these films, which also symbolize the Universal Truth:

- **Star Wars**
- **Terminator**
- **The 5th element** (love / me)
- **Back to the future** (we really are going back towards it)
- **Total Recall**
- **Star Trek**

Each and every one of these films had an enormous budget.

Why?

Because they visualize our future.

I would also be glad if in the near future we proceeded with Mars's colonization

India, China, Russia, Brazil and the USA are contributing to the mission through natural bio vegetal technologies (different from in natural ones like those dabbling with DNA modification) and are starting to pollinate Mars, so that it may create oxygen.

In this way, it shall be so full of plants and trees that it shall be known as the Green Planet!

There will be no more wars on Earth caused by his inhabitants.

The planet of war shall become green!

In the meantime, we shall only colonize Mars through another International Space Station, a myriad of rubber ships shall be between the Earthen ISS and the Martian ISS, and they shall be pushed by ionic engines and accelerated by nuclear energy, four dozens of shuttles that shall provide a passageway between the two stations, which will also create billions of job in both Rome and Alenia.

We shall build on these remote planets, and colonize the universe.

At this point Russia is starting to gain money through space travel.

The money it is making is mainly American, so with Medvedev, Russia starts speaking a more democratic language.

The CIA might get a name change: no more KGB, no more CIA, but KIA instead (no cars, let's start building spaceships!)

The Mars Project will cost at least 10 billion euros.

No research is needed, as we are ready to create billions of workplaces and thousands of New Yorks.

So Star Wars commences: I come from the future and have brought you images from the future awaiting us through films.

Earth shall be an American Universal Republic.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SMOKING

I would also like to claim with utmost seriousness that smoking isn't bad for you.

This never-ending battle to convince everyone that smoking is bad baffles God: the only thing smoking does is relax and make everyone more affable.

This doesn't even take into account the giant steps medicine takes every day, as in a while it shall be capable of counteracting every single ill effect tobacco has.

According to Dr. David B. Weiner's researches, the cure for cancer lies in a modified HIV batch containing the p52 gene, found in apoptosis.

Being injected with what is, basically, modified AIDS might sound scary, but is completely safe.

Simply, the cells gain a "suicide" button (if they didn't already have one)

It is an invisible virus, a pill to defeat ensuing tumors in an instant.

Many people already have this gene, they live with no problems whatsoever and

never even realized they were infected by the virus.

I shall say it again, smoking isn't bad for you, we live in the future and we've obviously defeated cancer.

We created billions of jobs thanks to the oldest religious ritual in the world, born with the Aztec people and the American Indians, which lets us remain fully in contact with God: dialogue, relaxation and a thousand good things ensue when smoking a cigarette.

We have now a reason to remove the menacing sentence "Smoking is bad" from cigarette packets.

A GOD IN ALL OF US

To wrap this all up, I hope that global politics will put a stop to elections.

With God now inhabiting Earth, every election whose objective is to elect a leader is essentially useless.

I would like these politicians to fuse into a democratic party and receive a substantial salary.

Their goal should be to ensure the stability and well being of every existing citizen, myself included (I do still have some economic problems).

I would like to see a noble, honest government who has sworn allegiance to God and to the human race.

I would still leave elections intact, but only to destitute troublemakers and to elect a substitute.

My vision of the universe is infinite, and I would like you to be, someday, immortal gods.

Obviously, you would all have to have an universe inside of you to become such being.

For this very reason, I shall one day gift you the universe, enclosed in a single gold atom.

An universe inhabited my billions and billions of people whose religion shall be Hope and the chance to be gods as well, in the future, in an infinite game of fractals and Chinese boxes.

And I will make you gods of that atom, and you shall be able to travel through that universe and its sub-universes.

I will convert you into God.

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I'd like to offer my thanks to Sabrina Beggiano for her revision of this book's manuscript.

English translation by Gabriele Lasdica and Kieran Sargeant and when you are not able to understand what is written because I've written it by myself :]]]]+]

If you want to send this book to your friends or to recommend the site, I'm grateful! Perhaps three billion years of the future with immense riches will really come while sooner or later, when we begin to use the soul and the left, we will all be immortal gods!