

I VISITED ANOTHER PLANET IN A FLYING SAUCER

Antonio Rossi

An astonishing account of a journey to another planet, in a Flying Saucer. Evolution and progress of an advanced humanity that surpasses anything imaginable!

Note: Digitised using scans from the 1957 edition.

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CONSCIOUSNESS

Oh!

Divine Wonder.
Free and Unsubmissive,
Human Passions.
Blind Justice indeed!

Bind my Body,
Tears apart my flesh;

But my Consciousness
Has no Shape, Weight or Colour

Therefore, Never!
No One Can
Dominate it!

THANKSGIVING. . .

... to the noble hearts who so readily, understood the scope of these stories and selflessly contributed to their dissemination, I can only say:

The contents of your hearts are

ALL GENEROSITY!

I don't know where, when or under what circumstances I will repay them!

A. Rossi

PREFACE

We know the author perfectly well. A metalworker, a simple, hard-working, helpful man with a virtuous character, setting an example both at home and on the street, which is why Antônio Rossi's story is worthy of study, especially in the light of the Gospel, which tells us that "... in my Father's house there are many mansions".

It would be a foolish presumption to imagine billions of twinkling stars, without life, without intelligent life adorning the universal framework just for our eyes!

If the scientific part, as presented by the author, doesn't entirely satisfy our inner longings, then let's take advantage of the concepts of sound morality that the work contains, capable of elevating us to yet another evolutionary step.

So let's move on, dear reader, to the description of what, that, if it happened to us, it would be difficult for others to believe.

São Paulo, 12 April 1957.

GENERAL LEVINO CORNÉLIO WISCHRAL.

PREAMBLE

This trip was characterised by unprecedented circumstances, due to the picturesque and almost unbelievable way in which it was carried out!

At the outset, I want to make it clear: I have no intention of imposing anything or mystifying anyone.

If we accept, an illusory assumption, that the immensity of the Universe is there in all its glory, just to delight our eyes - we stubbornly persist in our error!

If we feel diminutive in the face of the cosmic grandeur, however, we refuse to accept its full reality and try to delude ourselves into believing that we are the only intelligent beings in the universe!

So we, the enlightened, the privileged, still prefer to persevere in incongruity, continuing to reject what has always been logical and universal!

I have learnt that the truth can and must be proclaimed to everyone, at any time and under any circumstances, hence the reason for this booklet.

I have therefore endeavoured, within my simple language and modest knowledge to narrate the events that happened to me, as well as to relate the magnificent things I witnessed on that marvellous and strange planet.

In this way, I am sure that, indirectly, I will be able to share through Dr Jânsle - that great and fraternal friend of mine - the teaching of this booklet, whose text falls far short of the true merit and magnanimity of those evolved beings from the high world they inhabit.

Let's try to follow them!

A. Rossi

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Transcription of an extract from Chapter I:

Little by little, my eyes began to receive a kind of clarity - a certain strange clarity - perceived by my brain now, registering in the form of words the thoughts that those strange visitors were addressing to me. Noting, however, that I could clearly feel the emission of their thoughts, which I conceived as if they were articulated sentences.

Without emitting any sound, they possessed what we might call "visual speech"!

They communicated, therefore, through the silent expressive gaze, transmitting "visual speech" or visual telepathy.

A convention that has now been established:

So, dear reader, in view of the lack of vocabulary and in order for ease of expression, it is agreed that, whenever you come across the use of verbs, such as: To say, To narrate, To speak, To utter, To express, Tell, Report, Reveal, Expose and other similar verbs indicating the action or effect of transmitting information on the part of the inhabitants of the Unknown World, it is to be understood that nothing has been articulated or pronounced verbally by them, but that the words were always transmitted to me through their eyes, in the silent propagation of what I have called

"visual telepathy".

A.R.

CHAPTER I - THE UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

To soften the harsh hours of life and breathe a little fresh air, once or twice a month, in the company of some friends, I go to Paraibuna, a town in the north of the state, in the hope of fishing in the river that lends it its name,

There is an abundant species of fish in that region, where there are beautiful and tasty specimens that reach around 12 kilos.

Surrounded by green and beautiful mountains and colossal quarries, the Paraibuna runs through the town, which is 150 kilometres from the capital of São Paulo.

From the top of the mountains, a dazzling panorama offers itself to our view. Down below, the stone-bedded river writhes, inviting us to throw our hooks into its waters and offering us physical rest and hours of undisturbed peace of mind in the friendly shade of its trees.

On one occasion, in fact, on a regular Saturday, when we arrived at the riverbank, while my companions were setting up the tent, I grabbed some sandwiches, a machete, bait and lines and set off in search of a more suitable place to fish.

I've yet to meet a fisherman who doesn't have technical preferences and a liking for a particular place. So I looked for such a spot away from my companions.

I soon came across such an inviting spot, put my machete and sandwiches down beside me and sat down and cast into the bubbling rapids.

Blessed hour when I settled into that spot!

Checking my watch, its dial showed 20 minutes to 5 p.m. on a beautiful spring afternoon. The sun was setting in the west and its heat, now getting cooler, was reduced by some clouds that had accidentally covered it.

Amused by the fishing, either picking up the line and checking the bait had been bitten by small fish, or trying to throw it into where the fish were, or trying to throw it in a deeper depth so that it would settle in a favourable direction, he remained quiet and attentive, waiting for the right moment to strike the hook.

He was enjoying a peaceful moment when, shaking my head, I saw two strange creatures, different from our physical complexion, approaching at a slow pace.

The distance between them and me was about thirty metres. For a moment, I didn't know what to do; I just felt great fear!

When they reached about 10 metres, I leapt to my feet, and wanted to get away from them, but I couldn't. My feet were like lead. My feet were stuck to the ground. Stunned and sweating I saw them coming towards me. They stopped two metres, one in front and one further back!

They stared at me and their eyes were locked on mine as I stared at them in amazement.

Static, unable to articulate any sound, in the condition of being incapacitated, I felt a dramatic and interminable minute elapse!

They didn't say anything straight away, but with a broad smile, they continued to stare at me.

They kept their eyes fixed on me, as if they were trying to read my thoughts.

I then began to think. Gradually, I regained my composure and, with some difficulty, risked a very inexpressive greeting, mumbling: Good afternoon!

However, to my astonishment, I didn't get any response, but I could tell by the expression on their smiles that their faces had become more paternal, showing satisfaction.

The first impression of dread was overcome, of course, I could see that they were people of different physical complexion, because they were absolutely naked. They had no sexual organs, they were very tall, and they must have weighed around 120 kilos;

They had only two fingers on each hand and each foot, and they were hairless!

They kept smiling, and through their eyes, emanated an air of strangeness and kindness. So I took courage, I gave them a "somewhat wan" smile and asked:

- *Would you like anything?*

In response, the one in front, after shaking his head in the negative, raised his arm, pointing to his own eyes.

Not understanding his gesture, I stared at him, trying to interpret his mysterious attitude.

After a while, my eyes began to receive a kind of clarity - a certain strange lucidity - perceived by my brain.

A clarity to where my brain was registering in the form of words the thoughts that those strange visitors were addressing to me!

They said nothing, yet I could clearly feel the emission of their thoughts, conceived by me as if they were articulated sentences!

Without uttering a sound, they possessed what we might call "visual speech"!

They communicated, therefore, through the silent gaze, transmitting "Visual Speech" or visual telepathy!

Trying to be attentive and focussing intently, I began to understand what they were transmitting to me.

- Here we are with the peace of God. We are inhabitants of another planet and don't be afraid because no harm will come to you. Our mission is beneficial in every way, both for you and for your fellow human beings.

Understanding exactly what they were telling me, I sat attentively and they continued their monologue.

- Have confidence in us that we have come to invite you to visit our World. We're not demanding it, we're just inviting you. If you accept, we'll be there in a few hours!

At this point, my brain, in our intimate connection, I was better able to follow the meaning of the words that comprised that mysterious form of language. Inexplicably, then, without me being able to put my finger on the reason, I found it easier to understand. And so, they continued to transmit their visual speech to me.

- We assure you that we will bring you back in the same health and disposition as you are now, you can tell your fellow human beings everything you have seen and learnt.

Think about it, this is a great opportunity for you!

Very suspicious, I glanced sideways at my machete — thinking what an excellent weapon of defence it was — when, with real astonishment, one of them, taking about three steps, with decorum and a certain elegance, bent down and picked it up from the ground!

Without realising the result of this attitude I saw him approach me, with a smile on his lips, and proffered the machete that I held in fear! I hung it back on my belt.

Faced with this gesture of trust, I began to I started to think more clearly, pondering: if they wanted to, they can take me by force, because they are much more powerful; of course, they are peaceful or they don't know the value of a machete!

That's what I said to myself, continuing to fix my eyes on them.

Their eyes radiated sympathy and serenity, when my interlocutor, pointing the way between the rocks told me:

- Let's go!

From then on, our first dialogue took place.

Because I was in an unusual state of mind and on the assumption they were not aggressive, but peaceful, I asked them, keeping my eyes fixed on theirs:

- How can we get to your world?

- Have you ever heard of flying saucers?

- Yes, I said.

- We're the crew of one of these discs.

Would you like to go? Our craft is waiting for us nearby!

- What is this craft? I asked curiously.

- Our craft is what you call a flying saucers or flying disc!

I thought about it and quickly realised: they must be much more intelligent than us and they're not forcing me to go with them, they're just inviting me.

- Come with us if you want to, one of them added.

That done, they started walking and I waited for them to get some distance away.

When they had travelled some distance, I decided to follow them to see where they were going.

I walked after them. However, fearful as I was, I travelled a short distance between the rocks, taking care to keep up with them. Then, after rounding a large boulder, I received the biggest surprise of my life!

I came across, in a low spot, an enormous and unknown device!

I was amazed and powerless to take any action - I stopped in my tracks!

Astonished, I looked at that colossus that instilled awe and made me feel small in the face of the unknowable. Then, I saw that it was something from another world. Of course, it must have come from a much more materially advanced people!

For a few minutes I waited, as an insignificant spectator, for some unforeseen event.

It was a strange device, unlike anything I had ever seen in my 35 years of existence! It was a completely polished object, it was pale grey in colour, had the shape of a rounded sentry box and measured about 30 metres in diameter!

Its height - up to the maximum of its dome - must have been about 9 metres.

It was hovering in the air, free from any contact with the ground, at a height of more or less half a metre!

Its impeccable lines, with aerodynamic contours were reminiscent of the most daring designs of our aviation technicians. I could never have imagined such an aesthetic machine - such and harmony, style and grandeur!

Right there, however, I found myself in front of a true, genuine and authentic Flying Saucer!!!

CHAPTER II - THE JOURNEY IN THE FLYING SAUCER

After a few moments of ecstatic contemplation of that gigantic device, I decided to take a few more steps and arrive at the so-called Flying Saucer!

Slowly, as I approached, a door opened and inside I noticed a being just like the ones I had been following.

Then those two beings, leaning against a recess of the door, successively climbed up the entryway after gazing at me, renewing the invitation to accompany them!

I stood for a few moments at the door of that great machine unknown to me, I had never even heard of them, except in newspaper comments published by the sensationalist press.

In fact, I confess that I was fearful, but filled with intense curiosity, eager to know what "it" was like on the inside.

In the meantime, they insisted that I get on the craft and encouraged me to imitate the movements made by them.

I wondered about the possibilities of survival, what my fate would be if I got in the flying saucer. However, I concluded: "I'm sure nothing will happen to me, because they would have behaved differently".

As I continued to receive such a kind invitation, by the serene gaze of those beings, I thought of God to whom I had entrusted my destiny and my life.

Then I had no more doubts. I decided to go!

I climbed up, trying to make the same movements as those who had preceded me, taking advantage of the doorway. However, as soon as I took two steps inside, I stopped to see if it was still open!

Then the third crew member who was waiting for us inside the flying saucer turned to me and said the following:

- No harm will come to you, but I want to know if you are really willing to go. Do you really want to go, or are you just overawed by what you're seeing?

Faced with such a cordial question, I replied: I'm going of my own free will.

After having made such a positive resolution, I had the feeling, at that moment, I realised that my firm decision was helping to calm my mind and give me a greater dose of confidence, because I felt I had regained control of myself!

Now, much calmer, with full lucidity, I recognised that I was facing beings who were more intelligent, albeit strange; who had slow but harmonious movements; with unusual but calm features that, in everything, denoted firmness of attitude, in control of their surroundings!

After my reply, I saw him heading towards a container on the wall. It protruding about 15 centimetres from the inner wall of the disc itself.

It was about 30 centimetres long.

It had the appearance and shape of an egg, cut in half and entirely transparent, containing a light brown liquid.

It must have been a deposit of some kind of substance for his own use, but I could never have guessed what it was for!

With a slow gesture, the being reached into the container and took from a small shelf beside it, an object that I saw to be a small drinking glass, and filled it with the liquid it contained. To do so, it pressed a button on the side of the tank - a button made like the starter button on our cars.

- causing the liquid, which was as thick as honey, to gush out of a hole at the bottom.

Then, showing it to me, he poured it into his mouth and swallowed as if he were savouring something. Then he took another glass and repeated the operation, filling it halfway.

With the glass in his hand, he approached me and said the following:

- To be able to travel, it is essential to drink this preparation!

As he said this, he handed me the glass, with a capacity of perhaps a quarter of ours; I held it. My brain was buzzing: "Is it poison? Is it some kind of narcotic so that I can endure the journey? "

"What good will this do?" And I answered myself:

"It can't be poison. They wouldn't try to poison me so obviously". After all, "I thought, "once I'm dead, I'll be of little use to them and if it's an anaesthetic, I'll inevitably come to my senses"

I was struggling with my thoughts when again, in a very calm manner, that person said: "It's extremely important to drink it".

Mindful of this recommendation, I brought the glass to my mouth and lightly touched the liquid on the tip of my tongue. At that moment, my thoughts flew to God; the instinct for self-preservation and love of life came over me like never before!

Truly, I was in a precarious condition of "between life and death", in front of those creatures watching me attentively.

At that anguished moment, I suddenly brought the glass to my mouth and drank its contents. It was indeed a viscous liquid with a strange flavour, a kind of liquid vitamin that we usually take during fasting to supply calcium.

I gave him the vessel back; he smiled gently and made me understand, asking me;

- Can we go now?

- Yes, was my reply.

As soon as I had finished mumbling this affirmative, I realised the door close automatically. They pointed out a stool for me to sit on. In turn, I walked indecisively, dazzled by everything I was seeing and witnessing, to the designated place.

Inside an environment I had never dreamed of, in a state of foolishness, acting like a child inside a haunted house, I looked at everything with spectacular admiration and respect.

Let's face it, my attitude couldn't have been any different and neither could the reflections of my feelings.

I scrutinised my surroundings.

With a slow movement of my head, I looked at everything.

I can't say how long I spent scrutinising that room.

There was no mistaking the fact that the room we were in was about eight metres in diameter, completely round, with smooth walls and a curved, dome-shaped ceiling and was very well lit.

It's essential to emphasise that everything there conformed to the configuration of the circle. There wasn't a single object that wasn't spherical or rounded! The principle was unique and general: everything had a curved shape.

In the centre of the room, there was a circular table with a radius of one metre, surrounded by a dozen stools fixed to the floor. These stools - very similar to our stools - were about 60 centimetres high, had a single foot and were spread out symmetrically around the room, except on the side of a mysterious panel.

Despite the light being bright, I couldn't distinguish the origin of it. The light was equally intense and diffuse at all angles. Not a single shadow was cast, giving the impression that the light was coming from the ceiling, the walls or the floor of the flying saucer itself.

With our current knowledge, we will never be able to obtain such a perfect, uniform and even diffusion of light. In fact, it emanated from everything with the same level of intensity or strength, making me realise more clearly the profundity of a wise and well-known maxim: Good light is the life of your eyes!

In this case, I'm trying to translate what I saw inside the flying saucer, without alluding to any possible prior influence.

Surrounding the entire structure of the room, except on the side of the aforementioned panel, there were a series of small windows interspersed with dividing lines.

They were uniform, oval-shaped, about 25 centimetres in size, they were arrayed at a height of 1.80 metres.

1.80 metres high, they resembled small stained glass windows in rows separated by polished steel frames, like in modern architectural buildings.

I tried in vain to find the door that had been opened for me to enter. It had closed with "sliding" motion and its recess had disappeared or at least any gap was imperceptible to me.

In that room, a veritable half sphere, what attracted my attention the most, leaving me perplexed by the unknown reasons for its configuration, was undoubtedly a kind of panel full of stencils, a kind of panel full of grooves, levers and buttons, with a viewing screen in the centre.

The "X" point of the spacecraft had to be there, it was there that the control of the motive forces and all the devices of the flying disc must take place, it probably reflected the progress of those entities in matters of navigation or propulsion!

It was interesting to see that this panel also kept in line with the rounded configuration of the disc's wall! Not even the cockpit escaped the systematic curvilinearity of the whole. Right in the centre, it stood out, concave, white and oval.

About seventy centimetres from edge to edge.

It had buttons, like tuners, some opaque, others more luminous, varying in their degree of intensity. The levers seemed to run in grooves or channels, and there were other unknown devices, with small symbols underneath; let's say, shorthand!

The elaborate controls were composed of the same material, arranged in a uniform way, which offered a certain harmony, instilling respect for its undoubted capacity to easily control the powerful ship. It measured approximately three metres long by 1.80 metres in height.

I was looking at it from every angle - I couldn't find any wires, connections, hands, indicators, dials, registers identical to those used in our commercial or tourist aeroplanes.

What's more, everything seemed to me to be made out of one piece, as if it were a single block of the same material.

It was made of a consistent, uniform material, possibly phosphorescent, so malleable that it could be adapted to the most varied purposes!

This point was of the utmost importance to me because, having worked for years as a section manager in a company dealing with metallurgy, I was familiar with the physical and chemical processes to which minerals are subjected in order to extract metals.

However, I hadn't learnt of anything similar known on Earth to allow me to assess or deduce their constitution.

I struggled in vain to conclude anything. In vain, I tried to solve the enigma in order to find the smallest detail that could provide clues to its composition!

Abandoning the indecipherable enigma of that unknown control complex, I turned my attention to the creatures that had induced me to join the craft and began to observe them.

I was staring at their physical incongruity before, including the disparity in size and strength, when a sinister idea occurred to me: "Would they want to use me as a guinea pig?"

Anguish came over me again. Now, was growing unbearably, because I wasn't in my own in my element, but in an entirely new environment!

Fortunately, they sensed the distressing condition I was in, a pseudo-victim in their ship and, coming to meet me, tried to reassure me. They tried to reassure me with the following words;

- We didn't come to your planet to look for you.

We are continuing a mission. In fact a mission of peace that gravitates around a nucleus called "Evolution" and which fulfils the dictates of Divine Wisdom. Have no fear, we are brothers and we want to be friends with your people. After this visit, we'll return you to your world and you'll certainly ask us to make other journeys!

That term "Divine Wisdom" echoed in my ears in such a beneficial way that it brought me back to peace. No expression has ever brought about such a transformation in me! I was calm again and I thought: Thank God, they're God-fearing too!

In the face of what had happened, I wondered: "Could it be that they have the power to know my thoughts? Are they that powerful..?"

Now, more serene and to disguise my disappointment, I asked them:

- Why don't we leave?

The answer was a discreet smile that, revealed the naivety of my question, and one of them added solicitously:

- We've been travelling for a long time!

Without even being able to control myself, I ran to one of the many little windows and looked out!

Everything was space, I could see nothing outside.

I leaned on my tiptoes to be able to see through the little windows, but all in vain! Everything was empty space! I went round in every direction, but my efforts were in vain. Always a vacuum and I could see nothing!

Anxious and visibly distressed, I turned to the person standing next to the screen in the centre of the panel. Realising my torment, he very kindly invited me to:

- Come and see your planet, which you won't be able to see with the naked eye. Come and look at this screen!

As I approached the panel, they pressed on a small lever like a light switch.

Immediately, the Earth globe appeared on the screen, entirely suspended in space, as if it had been televised!

A large greenish ball in the centre of the screen gradually began to grow larger, giving rise to contours, and in succession, mountains, seas, lakes and rivers!

By pressing other buttons, they miraculously transformed the projection, and now in panoramic view a great city appeared. As its details became clearer, I could recognise the city of São Paulo!

I saw Congonhas airport, the Ipiranga Museum, the State Bank building, the Martinelli building and the Bank of Brazil all the main landmarks of São Paulo's the capital city.

Enraptured by such perfection, I was trying to see all the other details, when they started to focus only on the perimeter of the central squares; Sée Clóvis Beviláqua.

At that moment, I could recognise the people passing by with incredible clarity. I could see passers-by, the cars, the buses, the endless queues of people under their respective roofs and could even make out the newspapers stacked up next to the newsagents!

It was as if it were possible to stand on a platform at a height of about five metres, from whose position he could see both squares, such was the clarity of the projection!

The details projected on the screen were so meticulous that you would have thought you were taking part in that intense movement, without hearing, however, the sound of engines or the chatter of passers-by!

CHAPTER III - TALKING BEYOND THE IONOSPHERE

For a long time I sat comfortably in the rear of the flying saucer, observing the bustling of people in their unrestrained busy lives.

An unprecedented spectacle of projection, with no deficiencies or interference of any kind. It was always fixed, clear and with a degree of sharpness never achieved by our most perfect television sets, even though we were travelling at an incredible speed!

Having had enough of this contemplation, I asked them to switch it off and went back to my initial seat in the hope of giving free rein to my curiosity by asking questions. So I began:

- Is your world different from mine?

- Not much, replied the man who had remained inside the spaceship. He continued:

- We also have houses, streets and trees, but our way of life is more objective. We don't waste time on futility and we don't worry about what is ephemeral and superfluous!

- So you lead a perfect life?

He replied.

- Not perfect. We humans can't achieve perfection,

The word "perfection" doesn't express the truth, because nothing is perfect when imagined or manipulated by man!

- And when should we classify an object as perfect? I asked, intrigued.

- Then we would say: this object fully meets the demands of the moment.

In an effort to satisfy my curiosity, I tried to change the subject and asked:

- Are there entertainments in your world?

- Yes, there are lots of entertainments, was the answer.

- And which do you enjoy the most?

- What pleases us the most and gives us and gives us great satisfaction is the act of doing good and helping our neighbour.

- So you have fun helping your neighbour?

- Exactly. That's what fills our hearts with joy, my interlocutor reaffirmed with emphasis.

- How can you explain the fact that we still, have not yet reached the Moon, while you travel from one planet to another with the greatest of ease?

- Your question includes "Knowledge" you earthlings are currently ignorant of. You don't know the planet itself, how can you claim to know other celestial bodies? Knowing other planets!... is to say: to maintain cultural exchange with each other, yet this exchange isn't even satisfactorily disseminated among the landowners themselves. He went on to say: "It is essential, first to civilise the nomadic and savage tribes.

Civilise the many, many "civilised" people scattered across the Earth, veritable human plagues polluting a civilisation.

Finally, it is necessary to know and follow the wise teachings of Nature itself in order to begin studies on excursions to other planets. Unfortunately, the people of Earth live within a "dead" realism!

- So, will we be able to have devices for interplanetary travel?

- Absolutely. Nature does not restrict anything, absolutely nothing, it just offers obstacles. These obstacles can be overcome and when they are overcome they push us towards new sciences and, as a result, we acquire new conceptions of life.

Obstacles are therefore beneficial and instructive!

- Are you happy in your world?

I asked, eager for further clarification.

- Yes, very happy, was the reply,

- But there is no happiness on Earth! I said at that point.

- To err is human. It's easy to make mistakes, but what's difficult is to recognise your mistake and learn from that mistake. Earthly man does not recognise his mistakes, and therefore receives and suffers the consequences of his own faults, most of which are deliberate.

- I see that you speak frankly!

- Undoubtedly, we use frankness, not only in our speech, but also in our actions.

It is the same as using the Truth, which is the eternal and portentous vehicle for enlightening humanity.

Truth is a fountain of crystalline waters in which the well-being of humanity will eternally float!

- That's what we're fighting for? I asked.

- To live is to fight, but for the irrational. For man and his fellow human beings, who already have a high level of reasoning power, life is no longer a struggle. If man is still fighting today, it's because he created this fight and doesn't want to remove it.

- But how could we live without fighting? I asked him.

- It's easy, my interlocutor replied.

And, in his desire to provide further explanations on the subject, he went on to say the following.

Let's take LIFE, for example. Life on your Planet is a WHOLE divided into thousands of pieces. Each and every one of them is impregnated with charity, justice, kindness, understanding, judgement, humility, etc. Nevertheless, there are pieces impregnated with malice, hatred, rebellion, envy, destruction, as well as those imbued with the feelings of domination, perversity, wealth, etc? At present, all these pieces are completely dispersed and mixed up in the maelstrom of Life, with the predominant ones catering more to the... that is, those steeped in destruction, domination, wealth, selfishness and others.

Continuing, he said: if the "leaders of Life" in their respective places, forming a single LIFE, i.e. uniting them, then you would see that the good ones would be based in the in the CENTRE OF LIFE and the pieces impregnated with evil would be located on the periphery, in other words, THE MARGIN OF LIFE.

Later, with great astonishment they would realise that the "pieces" that had been conveniently the so-called "living is fighting", which has already become "the fight", which has now become a popular saying!

The case itself poses a simple problem requiring the "Pieces of Life" in their proper places, so that the transmutation takes place slowly and terrestrial humanity begins to live in a true moral Eldorado!

- And how could we put these "Pieces of Life" to put them in their proper places?

- This goes far beyond man's current possibilities, as he is immersed in his immediate interests.

Which causes feelings of inferior expression to their moral evolution!

He went on to tell me more or less the following: Initially, the desired change would be based on the installation of countless schools free of charge and compulsory for everyone between the ages of 6 and 20. The inordinate effort spent on maintaining superb armies should be applied to spreading education among the peoples.

Its practice, with the characteristic of entertainment, combined with sporting exercises, preferably in the open air and with a healthy diet, should be spontaneous.

Properly dosed teaching, before reaching purely scientific levels, would be limited to life and its natural evolution, encompassing all the particles of the whole. Always emphasising the balance and harmony of the constructive and intimate relationships between the visible and invisible physical.

In this way, earthlings would compensate, in a way, for the harmful influences of the nucleus of their own planet - the Centre of Cosmic and Evolutionary Radiation - which, due to its eccentric position, causes a series of endless disturbances.

- How? I asked, amazed!

- Yes, ice, melting ice, physical and magnetic storms, hurricanes, earthquakes and tsunamis, volcanic eruptions are all phenomena resulting from the deviation of the nucleus. On Earth, this core, which planets is located in the centre, is displaced. Therefore, by taking its exact position, the planet will also lose its precession.

Attentive to the explanation, the subject of which was for me a true revelation, I simply nodded my head in the affirmative.

As he continued his dissertation, that creature who was instilling in me the first glimmers of true sympathy said:

- Farming suffers too much because we don't receive adequate and sufficient elements for its robustness, and vigour. These anaemic plants provide insects with a habitat, a veritable paradise, because they are easily eaten away by their greed. The very strings of plants and flowers are dull and lifeless because the Cosmic and Evolutionary Radiation Centre is out of position. As soon as the nucleus reaches its exact position, the radiations will be more dosed and equivalent! Then the plants, flowers and vegetables receive a protective substance from the Radiation Centre, a kind of defence or immunisation against insects, which will no longer be able to carry on feeding and breeding, and tend to be wiped off the face of the Earth! From then on, the plants will have a more exuberant life; the fruit, the vegetables will be tastier and dozens of times more nutritious. Their colours will be more vivid and colours will shine in hues that will appear more beautiful to the human eye, giving them beneficial effects!

I was completely engrossed in this explanation, when he added:

- The plant kingdom, free from storms, frosts, and pests, receiving the radiation in proportion to its needs, will have its life prolonged and consequently, the crops will live for another 30 years or so, and their productivity should be maximised by 98%. At that time, earthly man will eat only 7 per cent of the current amount of food he consumes. If today he eats a thousand grams a day, he will be satisfied with only 70 grams a day!

- Surprised, I asked: What are we going to do with so much food?

- Not only will this fabulous amount of food be needed, but the planting of all available areas, including the current frozen zones of the planet, which by then will be transformed into fertile land.

The very lakes and rivers will be transported to the current deserts in order to form useful seas of fresh drinkable water, will provide their share of utilisation. In short, everything will contribute to feeding 16 billion inhabitants which will be the maximum density of Planet Earth!

- But for me, all this is inconceivable and fantastic, I exclaimed in amazement!

- How can we transport water from lakes and rivers to the deserts?

- Gradually, nature itself will take care of this and the more evolved man of the time, with his "Collaboration" factor, will take care of it.

Intrigued by that astronomical figure of 16 Billion, I dared to ask him:

- When the Earth reaches 16 billion inhabitants, which you claim is the maximum capacity, won't anyone else be born?

- Births will continue in equal proportion to deaths, but children will no longer be conceived criminally willy-nilly at any time. Then, the conception of a child will be controlled by pure love and everything will be centred on noble sentiments framed in goals.

Referring back to the beginning of your explanation, in which you mentioned immunisation against insects, I tried to point out to my interlocutor that, here on Earth, we have always endeavoured to combat pests of the plant kingdom in order to obtain better harvests.

He pondered:

- Yes, of course. But I think it's a difficult obstacle combating the pests of the field, because man can't even get rid of others that affect him more directly!

- What are you talking about? I said in an exasperated tone.

- My brother. This is a long-winded subject and it's not my place address it. However, in order to satisfy you, I will say this: on a certain planet, the man who inhabits it, when he arrives at his home - a cave, a crevice or a grotto - encounters huge snakes, monstrous lizards and, on occasions, even gigantic lizards and, on certain occasions, even some gigantic dinotherium (a genus of large extinct elephant-like animals). Earthly man, in turn, arrives at his dwelling - which is not a cave - often comes across mosquitoes, fleas, cockroaches and even, on occasion with a mouse. I mean by this that man, not even for his own well-being and comfort, in obedience to common hygiene rules, has deigned to combat this highly harmful beast, expelling it from his neighbourhood for your health. So I ask you:

- Are you going to eliminate pests that do you no immediate harm?

- Interrupting him, I said: "But you can't compare a compare a rat with a dinotherium, which is much bigger than an elephant!

- That's where you're wrong," he replied.

And to make himself more understandable, he went on:

Both on my planet and on Earth there are animals that differ not only in size and appearance, but are different in ferocity and strength, each of which brings its own characteristics. We need to consider that the dinotherium needs to hunt man down in order to devour him, while the rat, at a distance of 20 metres, infects him with the poisonous bacteria it carries.

The anopheles, a tiny mosquito, injects him with the virus, rendering his life useless.

A flea, that athletic little bug, with a single bite turns man into a syphilitic wretch.

The cockroach, such a fearful insect and harmless-looking too, when it comes into contact with bloody meats such as salami, sausages or chorizo, contaminates them with the fluid bacilli of cancer.

These are diseases that decimate your humanity and bring atrocious suffering to people, claiming young and fruitful lives.

These bacilli are in a fluidic state, miasmatic, they are thousands of times smaller than the micro-organisms catalogued by man and impossible to localise with the most powerful microscopes.

The relative progress of optics, whose vast field of experimentation, is far from providing the necessary capacity for this discovery, since, it still can't distinguish between viruses of greater proportions.

It is, so to speak, the bacterium of the microbe itself that lodges in places with little or no ventilation or light.

To fight them effectively, you would have to choose one of the following alternatives:

a) - to abstain from consuming blood meat;

b) - banish rats, cockroaches, fleas, mosquitoes and the like;

c) - wait, for hundreds of years, until the cosmic rays of evolution no longer allow these micro-organisms to live on Earth.

In fact, the first two measures are the most feasible and positive, because they would greatly minimise the suffering of earthly humanity.

As for cosmic rays, these are imponderable forces emanating from nature itself - the Divine Life Force - which human beings will never be able to evaluate, since they are conceived in a field that is indefinable to their evolutionary state!

Enraptured by such a precious exposition, I dared to ask further:

- But if cancer is caused by microbes, why isn't it contagious?

- This is due to a circumstance peculiar to life. Microbes, as yet known act to in wide-spaced groups. They could come together, but they don't; they act in isolation. The opposite is true of fluidic microbes, which act differently, because they merge and establish a real microbial current!

- And if we could discover the cancer virus, would it be curable?

- Yes, of course. In this case, you would be eliminating not only the effect, but also the cause.

Unfortunately, the eternal evil of earthly man is to always be always patching things up, never carrying out comprehensive prophylaxis. Thinking back, I remember asking you:

What would become of the immense faults in the rivers and lakes that were transported to the deserts?

In the meantime, my interlocutor stood up and said: The mountains are about to adjust and nature will leave everything flat. Then, putting his hand on my shoulder, he asked me expressively:

- Do you really want to know my world? Do you really want to visit it?

The sudden change in the subject we were considering and his attitude astonished me!

I thought about it for a moment and, with a certain shyness, ventured to say:

- Nothing bad will happen to me, will it?

- As I promised you, I can tell you that you have nothing to fear. Smiling awkwardly, I thanked him, but he continued to stare at me and said: - We're about to arrive and we'll be landing in a few minutes!

I received this communication as a real shock. My fear stunned me in anticipation of in a few minutes - God knows how! - The possibly inhospitable environment of a whole world.

That's when my interlocutor, with a look of acquiescence, added:

You can see my world!

As I looked at them in amazement, I saw their smiling faces and I confidently stood up, full of curiosity.

CHAPTER IV - THE WONDERS OF A WORLD

Filled with trepidation, I headed for one of the series of viewing windows located on the inside of the craft.

Standing on my tiptoes, I tried to scan the exterior, but the incalculable speed of the device meant that I couldn't discern any details of the unexpected panorama.

Although my eyesight was normal, it not allowing me to scrutinise what I was seeing, or rather glimpsed. However, at a certain moment, I could see a city that loomed towards the spacecraft with the appearance of being propelled by incredible force.

As my vision roamed its entire periphery I realised, contrary to the shape of our cities, that it was oval.

It seemed to me to be a circle that was drawn out in an impressive way with its many details.

Suddenly, without feeling a thing, I noticed a huge drop in speed. The disparity in displacement was so noticeable that I thought the aircraft had stopped.

We began to fly in a horizontal direction at reduced speed - cruising speed - at a height of around 100 metres!

We were now gliding over the city, which appeared to me to be made entirely of glass and I could see its houses perfectly, its houses interspersed with gardens, all symmetrical and uniform in size, with their glass domes.

Its streets, symmetrically gardened, with an impeccable overall layout, stretched indefinitely into the depths of the city.

- What are those moving objects down there? I asked, distressed.

- They're our cars!

- But they don't have wheels? I added.

- Correct. In fact, by the year 1980 or even earlier, cars on Earth will have no wheels and will drive horizontally at a height of 2 metres above the ground, landing vertically like a feather, and noise will be reduced by 80%.

The science of your world needs little more than to take another step towards these improvements!

These "automobiles" or "auto-aircraft" will have a collision avoidance device.

Persevering at my post, I watched - now that the craft was slowly moving - seeing the inhabitants walking along the wide pavements, watching them leave their homes. Looking further ahead, I came across an enormous dark spot and, unable to contain my curiosity, I asked:

- What is that?

- That! That's some of my people waiting for us;

They have gathered at the Aerial Experimentation Field, especially to welcome you, my interlocutor replied calmly and slowly.

- What can I do to please them?

He looked at me suggestively and smiled a sympathetic smile:

- I'm sure they won't need you to give them necklaces, earrings or amulets, give them your presence and your sincerity!

I clearly understood the allusion and smiled. At that instant I realised that I had put myself in the same situation as aborigines brought from the jungles of Goiás to Rio de Janeiro. It was bound to be a sensation, a novelty for the people who, in crowds, longed to witness the arrival of the rare specimen – Man.

He would undoubtedly become the attraction of the moment, would satisfy the spontaneous curiosity of the people.

Naturally, they wanted to get a closer look what they already knew through their very powerful video screens!

Within the natural logic of human vanity my condition would have been less inferior if I had been well-dressed, but the state I was in was disheartening!

I was dressed in fishing trousers, which were very poor.

With a shirt torn from top to bottom, down the back, with my sleeves rolled up, I was wearing old rubber shoes and was carrying that indispensable belt knife: a machete.

In this ragged state, I was going to serve as a feast for the eyes of the huge crowd, that was all too apparent.

Soon afterwards, I could make out the groups of people of people waving to the aircraft, which was lowering slowly to touch down. As it did so, it landed gently on a platform half a metre high and the door opened immediately.

Two of the crew members and I climbed down, in that inescapable contingency, trembling with anxiety.

I thought I'll never be able to describe what happened to me!

Then that person, my tireless guide, held out his hand and asked me to leave. I headed for the door and stopped when I saw the crowd surrounding the apparatus.

Everyone - men, women and children of all ages - were there to welcome me and smile happily.

About five metres apart, they waved in a fraternal way, their countenances were warm and welcoming, and they were happy to welcome us.

At that moment, what struck me most, apart from the great mass of strange beings belonging to a strange world, was the complete absence of noise, everything seemed to be surrounded by subtle and mysterious music!

However, witnessing the movements of a mass of people who were giving vent to their feelings of feelings of joy, yet the silence there was absolute. Only music from above filled the atmosphere, the softness of which did not prevent silence!

Supported by my companion, I went downstairs to receive the greetings and hugs of those who approached me. No doubt they had been warned in advance about the way the earthlings greeted each other, they did so. They were imbued with the desire to please me, because they hugged me warmly, according to our earthly habits!

Ceremoniously, I returned their greetings as best I could. My reception ceremony went on for a long time.

After being greeted at length by those present, the crowd - *I believe at a signal from my guide* - moved away reverently and I was led by the arm among that human mass. They parted into two wings for us to pass between until we reached the street!

Then my companion, looking at me once again, said in his visual language:

- Look - Look and observe; ask as many questions as you like so that you can later answer questions and so that you can report back to your compatriots when you return.

Having made the recommendation that forced me to hold my attention in order to understand it, I eagerly turned round to contemplate the magnificent spectacle of that street.

It would be difficult to describe the dazzling sight before my eyes. I was pathetically enraptured by that scenery that surpassed anything I could have imagined!

We started walking at a slow pace and, at first, I realised that everything there was made of the same material.

A glassy, relatively transparent material, modelled in every shape and form!

It was impossible to understand how they managed to produce all that! What was the technique used to achieve such perfection, using the same material for so many different purposes?

This was undoubtedly a real unknown to me!

The street was, above all, an impressive work of architecture. Unlike ours, it was shaped like a tube of gigantic proportions, cut in half. It was approximately 180 metres wide, broadly concave, reaching 12 metres - according to my calculations - at its most central cavity!

Its pavements were entirely smooth and clean, free of holes, cracks or grooves of any kind.

The pavements were about 40 metres wide.

The pavement resembled a huge sheet of plastic, impeccably laid out and never used, and was artistically landscaped. Its rounded curb was identified by a long tube that discreetly accompanied it along its entire length as far as the eye could see.

I looked at the houses, invariably round, equidistantly arranged, interspersed with superb, carefully flowered gardens, they had no windows! I could only see their entrances that conformed to the shape of a semicircle!

Everything there impressed me with its perfection, what majestic grandeur of the constructions and proportions, offering as a whole almost aerodynamic lines of immeasurable beauty.

We continued along the street, in fact a real avenue. We crossed paths with other inhabitants who, after looking at my guide, addressed me an expressive greeting of unspeakable satisfaction.

At that point, I was able to establish a precise comparison of their physiques by observing them in detail as they walked ahead of us! I'll now give you an anatomical overview of their physique:

Evidently, they had a head, torso and limbs in identical proportions to ours, but differed significantly in certain details because they lacked certain organs!

In particular, the inhabitants of this unknown world are toothless, their mouths are the same shape as ours, but with thick but beautiful lips! Their noses are tiny, somewhat flattened and slightly protruding, located a little closer to their lips. Their ears are very small, like those of a newborn baby, contrasted with a head slightly larger than ours. In keeping with the lines of their rounded faces, their heads are also pronouncedly oval!

Interestingly, they have no hair or down of any kind, including eyebrows!

The most beautiful thing about them are their eyes, which are very lively, clear and deeply expressive. Despite their exaggerated size, they are unrivalled in their beauty, and endowed with a peculiar attractiveness that has yet to be seen on Earth!

The girl's eyes have a yellowish hue, in a tenuously light grey colour. In short, although they don't have the eyelashes that so adorn human eyes, their gaze has a private beauty, exalts them and gives them an air of sympathy and superiority, holding our attention!

Their bodies, well provided with flesh, show no signs of bones or ribs, nor any protrusion on the chest or back. I noticed the marked signs of muscle!

Their agile, strong legs are longer and rounder; their arms have the same characteristics.

Their waists are barely noticeable and their buttocks, which are much less pronounced, no longer show the usual groove that closes off the body!

Their hands are equipped with two fingers - each the width of two of ours - flattened, but long and rounded at the ends.

Feet of the same proportions and shape, also with only two toes, each of which is twice as long as our big toe, all in keeping with the structure of their bodies!

Later on, I observed that their toes had no phalanges, but were made up of a kind of very strong muscle with powerful tendons inside.

I also saw that the shape and constitution of their fingers, it is easier for them to hold any object, no matter how irregular, with just one hand, whereas we humans need two!

Their fingers conform and adjust almost anatomically to the shapes of objects (which we can't do under any circumstances), making it much easier for them to grasp anything.

In this way, they undoubtedly have more firm grip with greater security to hold onto anything!

They have no nipples or breasts, no sexual organs, no fingernails, their necks are normal in shape and size!

Although the female does not possess the same characteristics as our women, it can be immediately distinguished from the opposite sex by its grace, the opposite sex by the gracefulness of its movements, the greater delicacy of their limbs and more harmonious contours than those of their males.

While our Earth human races break down into a variety of types, some even form distinct groups because their features/physiology are widely disparate, to the point of producing true aberrations, all the beings of this unknown world are uniform, standardised types.

Even at a mature age, these beings do not develop flabby limbs or the obesity very typical of the human race. Therefore, what gives them superior in appearance is the remarkably regular conformation of their limbs!

They all move around with ease and elegance, executing concomitant movements without exhibiting any stiffness of the spine. Their physiques are generally around two metres tall, although somewhat rounded and straight, reveal harmony and give them a sober, even dignified attitude!

Even considering the fact that they walk around undressed, their posture, far from being "fearful and evil", as Camões alludes to when narrating the giant Adamastor, is correct, and let's face it - without intending to offend human modesty - more superior!

Later, when I visited a hospital one of the doctors told me that the body of those inhabitants is made up of three vital organs:

The heart, the stomach-intestinal pouch and the circulatory system!

CHAPTER V - THE CITY THAT DAZZLES

The streets are laid out in perfect lines, levelled with absolute precision, have heavy traffic, but no one moves around underground, the interior of which is reserved for the safekeeping and transit of vehicles. They are numerous, they are true avenues intersected by other avenues at a regular symmetrical distance of one kilometre, the streets vary in length from 300 to 350 kilometres.

The outskirts of the city are an ellipse, surrounded by a wide strip - similar to the 40 metre pavements mentioned above - logically, four large areas are formed, in a sense four cardinal points. This is because the houses follow the avenues up to a certain point and the avenues extend into the neighbourhood, according to the needs of each one!

These areas are not equal in size, they differ considerably. For example, those to the north and south are much larger than those to the east and west, because the avenues extend more in one direction, while their transverse streets are shorter.

As you can see, the constitution of the periphery contributes greatly to the formation of two border areas that are much larger than the opposite ones. This is why on opposite sides, larger zones are established, while at the other two ends there are smaller areas, since it is precisely in this direction the avenues reach a length of around 300 kilometres, thereby extending into the next neighbourhood!

All the activities of the inhabitants of this World takes place in these areas, which we'll call ZONES, where everything that the people own is located, with the exception of their homes!

So let's say: if Zone ONE is home to hospitals, sanatoriums and everything related to public

hygiene and public health; in Zone TWO, there are schools, universities and everything related to education, including sports facilities, such as stadiums and exercise fields, etc...

In contrast, Zone THREE is home to factories, experimental laboratories generating magnetic forces, the workshops of flying discs and their respective experimentation fields; while in Zone FOUR, agricultural work is carried out, fruit-growing, with its extraction plants and other establishments that process and manufacture food intended for consumption!

Along the pavements, in front of and to the side of each of the houses, a column about eight inches in diameter is fixed to the ground, from which passers-by take a tube in the shape of a half-moon.

This tube has a camera and microphone, like the ones in our radios, while at the other end there is a prominent, luminous disc shaped video screen by which they identify the person being called!

They take this tube from any of the columns and with which they can transmit any messages they want!

This is, of course, a video-phone device used by the people who have this convenience at any point along the avenues. Inside these columns, obviously, there must be suitable devices that provide them with means of communicating at a distance, in which case they always focus on the person being called and, at the same time, are focussed on by that person!

The heavy traffic is due solely to public transport.

The vehicles move at an unbelievable speed, up to 1,500 kilometres per hour!

These transport vehicles resemble a stack of record discs, they are topped by a dome and measure around 10 metres in diameter and 5 metres in height. They are semi-transparent throughout, whether on the ceiling, floor or circular walls!

Inside, there are numerous round stools for individual use which are located all around the inner periphery and, in the centre, there is a large communal table, also round enough to sit on.

In the centre is a large communal table, also round, large enough to seat about twenty people.

These vehicles are automatic and there is no driver in charge.

They are activated by the passengers themselves who move them, as only happens with the lifts in certain buildings, which do not need a lift attendant!

On the door, in the shape of a full arch, there is a button that the passenger presses as they enter, causing the vehicle to move at great speed.

In contrast, on the other side of the door, another button causes it to stop!

No one is concerned with the movement of the vehicle, except the passenger who wants to get on or off. Its door is wide and they either enter or leave, invariably taking into account the respective sides; which becomes compulsory due to the passenger's duty, when getting off, to activate an external device to allow the vehicle to continue its journey.

Although the vehicle moves very quickly, everything goes smoothly, without jolts, without passengers being thrown together, as happens in our big cities on public transport.

I believe they have solved and overcome the law of inertia. I couldn't work out how they could do that!

There is little to choose between each of the streets, as they have same width and the same traffic density!

Although they are not guided or driven and travel at speed, the vehicles, when they cross the streets, they are never in danger of a collision, because there is an infallible system of system that intervenes, causing one of the cars to slow down, allowing the other to pass!

Imagine the majestic panorama presented by the intersection of two avenues 180 metres wide, planned under exquisite symmetry, free of protrusions, smooth as fine porcelain and add to this the fact that the vehicles travelled swiftly, silently and with mathematical precision to get some idea of the scene I witnessed!!!

I leave it up to you, kind reader, to evaluate what I was magnificently able to witness; your own ideas and imagination surpass any description I've given.

The pavements connect at the corners to form a perfect curve and it was at one of these angles that I stood to observe both avenues: grandiose, perfectly stylised!

We headed off in a new direction and continued along this perpendicular avenue.

Then I noticed the same succession of houses that I had seen on the previous avenue, where I had started my walk in this dazzling and mysterious city.

Their houses were built at the same height and measured some 80 metres from wall to wall and were invariably a dozen metres apart. Flower beds stretched from the front to the back!

The interesting detail was that there were no steps. I later learnt that there wasn't a single one in the entire city structure.

The pavements built at the level of the doorways and the inside of the houses, of course, excluded this requirement!

Another impressive feature was the elimination of any sharp angles involved during the manufacture of any appliance or utensil I saw. There isn't even a 90-degree angle in the shape of these objects, and during my stay, I was able to verify the truth of this fact!

The avenues are dominated by an endless succession of flowerbeds, interspersed with wide passageways through which we passed, always listening to superlative music that didn't disturb the prevailing silence!

In order to give the reader a pale idea of what this special music was, let's suppose: if, while watching a silent film, we heard the chords of a well-played piano, but this 'background' music does not vary with the various scenes in the film. Similarly, this strange, incessant melody did not in any way interfere with normal activity, just as the piano music has nothing to do with the events in the film.

And so there is this perennial melody coming from space; sometimes low and unison, changing in continuous chords with successive echoes that were reproduced and finally extinguished, harmonious!

We were continuing our walk when my Guide stopped and said to me:

- It seems to me that you're finding a big difference between what you usually know on your planet, isn't that right?

- I'm really surprised! Between what I see here and what we actually have in our cities, there is a profound and basic difference. However, I don't know where I am and I don't even know your name!

- I know what your name is. As for me, my name is Jânsle. I'm a doctor and an ordinary citizen of this community.

At that moment, truncating his reply, he pointed to the edge of the avenue, drawing my attention.

- Look!" he said, pointing with his finger.

I turned in that direction and saw a small disc approaching us.

It landed squarely on the pavement; he bade me get into it, and we crossed the avenue.

He tried to explain something to me, which I'll try to describe:

In the centre of the avenues, there are platforms on which flying discs land.

There are two types, small ones exclusively to cross the avenues, and larger ones available to fulfil more urgent tasks.

Possibly to carry out special services or tasks relating to the normal life of the community, because they only travel within the atmosphere of the planet itself!

Spaced out on the pavements of the avenues are semi-circular, horseshoe-shaped indentations used as parking places for the smaller discs that cross the streets. They measure about four metres from edge to edge and in them the craft, when stationary, juxtaposes perfectly.

It's a kind of boat, in fact, anyone wishing to cross any street will have to use these little two-metre radius flying discs!

- These little discs are a kind of "Mediator", I said. They serve as mediators, because they are always in the middle and just right for use.

- We don't usually call our flying discs as terrestrials do with their different types of aeroplanes.

They all come from the same place and they only differ in their intended purpose!

The little flyers that we'll call the "Mediator" are entirely transparent.

It's as if they were huge glass cones, with nothing inside.

The Mediator is driven by an unknown force and flies from the platform on which it is 'parked' to the anchorage of the avenue, landing, always close to the call point. To call it, it is enough to depress the upper outer button of columns that also serve as a repository for the called "video phones".

Once inside, at the command of a special device, it crosses in a straight line, landing gently on the other side of the road. To dispense with it, simply press the button and it lands peacefully on the platform it came from, clearing the pavement!

The Mediator's main power and control emanate from underground laboratories or workshops located at the convergence of the avenues, as Dr Jânsle explained to me. This control system keeps the Mediator's entry level in exact correspondence with the height of the pavements which greatly facilitates progress and offers maximum comfort.

As there are no private vehicles, they are all public, so nobody pays for the transport, which is provided free of charge by the community!

The craft are powered by a magnetic force, coming from a central source and are propelled by it to the right height, because they respond to the electronic remote controls!

A curious fact was witnessing the Mediator interrupt its march for a few seconds, standing completely still in the air as one of the larger long-distance craft approached! After this one had passed, he continued on his way, settling down in his own reserved spot.

At the intersection of the avenues, the long-distance traffic lights are used synchronise vehicle speed in line with that of approaching vehicles, thus avoiding any collision!

You can clearly see the preponderance of an unknown and invisible force that directs, controls and propels them so perfectly, enabling traffic to pass without any danger.

Possibly a highly refined system of unknown forces emanating from powerful apparatuses, whose sensitivity far exceeds that of our electronic devices!

We had already walked a short distance, when Dr Jânsle sent me the following invitation:

- I'm going to show you one of our houses. I know you're looking forward to it!

- It would give me great satisfaction to see the inside of one of these houses, I said, solicitously.

After this dialogue, Dr Jânsle led me towards a nearby residence, taking me to see all the rooms!

CHAPTER VI - INSIDE A RESIDENCE

I was in for a real surprise when I entered that that residence, the surprise of simplicity!

I had never known such simplicity, it was devoid of any clutter - Truly Spartan.

For me, it was a disappointment not to find a variety of different items and equipment inside, in short, something strange that would constitute an unexpected novelty. I thought I was going to have the chance to see something original, some useful object for domestic use but I was truly disappointed!

There was nothing remarkable, nothing worthy of special mention.

The imposing residence, except for the layout of the rooms which, contrary to our method of construction, form a wing around the building without communicating with its interior, was composed of a single room!

Contrary to our habits, the residences are devoid of furniture, ornaments or decorations of any style, as well as the complex machinery we use for our comfort.

The complete absence of windows, doors, chandeliers, cupboards and the endless division of rooms that is so peculiar to our homes greatly simplifies the lives of its inhabitants!

I based this on the fact that among them there is no vanity or pride so ingrained in the human species!

Residences are practically made up of only two distinct parts: one inside and the other outside.

The inside is made up of a single room large enough to accommodate about five hundred people, with a vast circular table in the centre with its respective stools. Its slightly concave floor, which is more pronounced around the walls, from where successive stools emanate, interspersed with little tables, also round!

At the top, around the entire circumference of the room, there is a shelf where they place food containers, recognised by the colour of the contents!

The other part is made up of a series of adjoining rooms, arranged on the outside of the building, with access to the gardens, without, however, communication with the interior of the house.

The rooms are large and furnished in the centre, by a large round bed covered in a material like foam rubber, more consistent than ours!

A circular pillow follows the same shape as the bed, protruding from one end of the large mattress all the way round, a curious arrangement!

Thus, they sleep in round beds according to the habit of the Paraguayan hinterland, but they don't use blankets or anything like that.

The layout inside the room allows them to get together on festive days to chat, and they do so comfortably, enjoying a wide view of the environment. With the food containers on the shelves within easy reach, they use the little tables and stools to accommodate themselves and entertain conversation in all directions, while at the same time ingesting vitamins is a way reminiscent of our villages.

There is no struggle to prepare food and, consequently, no waste is released, and there is no rubbish!

The environmental conditions, free from dust-free and wind-free environmental conditions, and other factors that contribute to keeping homes clean at all times.

This 'environmental prophylaxis' eliminates the possibility of micro-organic life, thus preventing deterioration. Ipso facto, they dispense with the precautions necessary for the preservation of food, which remains unaltered in their jars!

The houses don't need kitchens because the food is produced in its own place (Zone 4, referred to later), from where it is taken to the public depots, which I will talk about in due course. They also do without a toilet, because their inhabitants don't expel excrement!

They don't exude toxins, as we do, because of the scientific and controlled diet free of impurities, dust and other contaminants, they don't need baths or the complicated and costly installations that are so useful in our homes...

At the entrance to each home - the front door

- You'll find two devices identical to the video-phone machines I've seen on the side of the avenues. On each side of the door is a set consisting of this apparatus, plus a small table with its stool for the person to sit on. Many of them eat their meals on these sets, while chatting with friends and relatives, but always with their gaze fixed on the screen of the video-phone!

According to Dr Jânsle's explanations, after a day's work interspersed with worship and sports, the residents go back to their homes. Such a day corresponds to an average of 250 hours in our time.

In the evening, they take a leisurely stroll, in a pleasant, always festive atmosphere of permanent mutual respect. Never do the members of the community harbour sentimental thoughts or show spite, malice or even engender inferior thoughts.

Even in the smallest aspect of life, they try to activate their minds, to achieve an exquisite harmony that ensures their undefeatable wellbeing, in harmony with the beneficial vibrations they receive from on high.

As Dr Jânsle told me, equality prevails in society and justice therefore reigns! The reason why discontent, rebellion, revolution and ideological movements arise to bring about a change of direction in government is because what affects, above all, the internal economy of nations is inequality. Inequality generates injustice!

It's not about the equality proclaimed by certain political creeds, but the paradox of those who make a profit at the expense of their fellow human beings, demanding the high price of general sacrifice, with the annihilation of many precious lives!

This is what causes suffering and creates social upheaval.

But all are equal before the Creator!

Dr Jânsle concluded:

- It is the practice of love that you lack back on Earth.

Returning to his explanation of the common life of the inhabitants, he continued to discourse, more or less along these lines.

Nightfall lasts an average of 12 hours of your time and we take the opportunity to rest, walk around and exchange ideas in long, fruitful conversations. The weather here is always mild, being an eternal spring, as there is only one season in the entire planet. We are aware of the continuous atmospheric changes taking place on planet Earth.

The temperature is always stable during the day when it does change slightly, it is counterbalanced by the ubiquitous lighting that also maintains an even temperature.

That's why our people don't feel cold or hot, even though they're always naked.

They are long past the stage of complicated clothing and illusions fuelled by earthlings!

In their transparent houses, in love and devotion, they sublimely create new life through their children, or to put it in other words: they form their children through a natural and spontaneous process, by means of a deep and loving gaze that culminates in a caressing kiss, a true germinative kiss!

As they don't have genetic organs, the woman is given a gestation sac and a small incision to allow the birth of the child, which takes place without the usual sacrifices, afflictions and incidents common to our humanity!

At that moment, I realised that the subject was somewhat delicate for my Earthman prejudices, and asked:

- What do women do if there are no housework?

In response to my enquiry, Dr Jânsle told me

Dr Jânsle told me: women, because they have no direct obligations, i.e. they have no house to clean and tidy, no crockery and clothes to wash, or even to prepare food for those closest to them, they first occupy themselves with their studies!

They attend primary and elementary school until the age of 25 - when they are still considered girls - and after that they enter a theoretical apprenticeship course for all the work that is required to be done, on an equal footing with men.

Later, when they dedicate themselves to more advanced studies and subsequently they strengthen and purify their minds so that they can pass on the same teachings to their children!

However, a large part of their time is devoted to sports, where they are well orientated to become strong and able to give birth to robust children, in the essential sequence of perpetuating and perfecting the race!

Admiring the spontaneity with which these revelations were made to me by my interlocutor with extreme sympathy, and seeking to take the conversation in a new direction, I asked about the beauty of the flowers, whose colours impressed me so much.

Dr Jânsle explained: "First of all, I must emphasise that all the inhabitants of the community feel an unusual love, a deep respect - almost sacred respect - for flowers!

For us, added the doctor, flowers represent the synthesis of the most beautiful plants that God has given this corner of the universe!

So, in our leisure time, we spend a long time contemplating a flower, just as you do when you watch the performance of a play or contemplate the artistic performance of a great symphony.

The beginnings of our childhood include the solemn planting of a flower that becomes the child's entertainment for the day. The care and affection with which they cultivate it is as if it were a father's affection that was sparking their feelings of deep love!

Flowers last for 180 to 220 years and are, in fact, of unrivalled beauty and superb appearance, when they fade they are undoubtedly a source of sadness for those who planted them, as well as for those who followed their development.

Interrupting him at an opportune moment, I said: The night is illuminated, as you told me However, I don't see anything that can provide light for the inhabitants!

- Yes, there is lighting, and it's very intense, replied Dr Jânsle.

Trying to enlighten me, he told me that really, we don't have wires and poles or other similar means of transmitting electric power, nor do we have spotlights for isolated projections of light, because we have another means of projecting light.

Long ago we abandoned this flawed and complicated system still in use on your planet!

We have already overcome this problem of lighting by electricity, which is so popular with earthlings, because as well as being costly, it continually poses serious dangers and has claimed countless victims due to the complexity of its maintenance, which demonstrates its inadequacy.

This method, which is inoperable for us, is nonetheless extremely useful to the people of the Earth, because in the age of electricity, it provides them with invaluable services, providing them with a greater scientific field for progress and the realisation of better discoveries, directing them towards the utilisation of nuclear and magnetic energy!

There are, however, all around the city projectors called "Futuores". These devices, as I saw later, are light-coloured, with protruding friezes, placed vertically and have the exact shape of our sugar bowls.

They have the function of launching into the air strong jets of gases, which ignite producing a bright light which curves to establish a large dome, as if it was a huge circus tent.

The curving jets of gas merge at a height of approximately 100 metres with those which are projected from the opposite side, producing the light.

The light penetrates the homes through their transparent walls and domes, and then the city is abundantly illuminated, also moderating the temperature balance at night!

Such lighting is a general adornment, offering a magnificent spectacle - like a carpet of mats of cotton flakes - and its density diffuses uniform light that doesn't affect the sleep of the inhabitants.

As the light passes through the walls and domes, it undergoes refraction determined by its composition through the external material of the dwellings, offering its inhabitants a mild light that is very favourable to their rest, thus providing them with a peaceful and invigorating sleep!

This is how we manage to obtain real phosphorescent clouds that spread and diffuse widely, without fail, leaving everything illuminated until daybreak.

Discussing this new subject, Dr Jânsle pointed out that the inhabitants of the city live in the same place.

Jânsle said that in order to live, the inhabitants don't do without the fruits of the trees, which produce the vitamin juices indispensable for the fundamental basis of general diet. He then referred to the duty of everyone to work in the countryside, serving and labouring as any farmer, a condition arising from the need for repeated visits close to nature in order to capture new energy.

Therefore, at the time of the "transfer", the labourer works in the countryside, like the settler in industry. In fact, in general, the 'labourer' is a scientist, doctor or engineer.

They take it in turns to carry out their duties in order to better familiarise themselves with the fundamental basis of life on the planet!

In their own way, these sectors are summarised, in: Religion - Medicine - Science - Engineering.

Each of these has its own primary function.

Thus, Religion provides them with mental hygiene; Medicine, physical hygiene; Engineering, material and plant production, as well as the formation of human groupings; Science, greater for the realisation of ideals!

There are no nations there, no different skin colours!

The concept of nations and national boundaries naturally inculcate separatism and division. Logically, this causes stagnant; progress, culture, customs and cuisine!

If this were to happen on *this* particular planet, it would cause an irremediable exodus of the population to other cities or more advanced countries.

To summarise, in the strange world I visited, the prevailing norm is as follows: What one has, all have!

The inhabitants of that planet seek the good of the community, never seeking for themselves what cannot be given to others!

- If I do a thing to benefit myself alone; a second person does a good thing for himself alone; a third person does it in succession; we will soon have, in conclusion, a benefit dispersed in favour of each person individually!

On the other hand, if these beneficial things are applied to the community, each person receives three benefits at the same time. This procedure is part of our philosophy, and it's interesting, equitable and humane, leading us to the fulfilment of the Law: Love one another!

Dr Jânsle ended his explanation in this vein, when I enthusiastically replied:

- In my opinion, Dr Jânsle, this is advanced socialism that softens life in all its sectors, even facilitating the moral and physical recovery of those less favoured by fortune!

- This moral and physical recovery to which you allude, we also try to do it in our hospitals here on this planet!

- But you have hospitals, I said in astonishment?

- Oh yes. The inevitable consequences of previous lives still impact on us here.

I'm going to give you a tour of a hospital so that you can see some cases where recovery is difficult.

Although it's rare, certain individuals bring with them a troubled mind and remnants of such a nature that, in the future, they will be incompatible with normal life on the planet. Our ardent desire to remedy this leads us to apply all the resources at our disposal.

CHAPTER VII - VISITING A HOSPITAL

When the conversation was over, we got up and left that splendid room, of vast dimensions to reach the wide pavement of the majestic avenue.

On our way out, we made use of one of the video-phone sets at the door of the residence, Dr Janssen spoke to some distant person, and I thought that he had asked for a driver to take us to the hospital area.

However, my assumption was wrong, because then, approaching one of the columns, he activated a device and immediately one of the larger long-distance vehicles pulled up in front of us.

We got on this collective bus and I met two other inhabitants of that marvellous city and, apart from two successive stops to drop off these passengers, we made the journey in about 15 minutes.

At the end of this journey, during which I took the opportunity to observe everything I could, we got off and headed towards a huge group of houses, all oval in shape, where the hospitals and in-patient sections were located!

We reached the courtyard of the hospital, which was vast in its proportions, where I saw countless devices perched on platforms. Many of them were real halves of flying saucers with a round bed in the centre, close to the floor, big enough to accommodate about 10 people. On these devices you could also see a large tube crossing the floor to project outwards, in the same way as a very large cone!

Around this bed, located inside the half-discs, on a higher level, there was a kind of tripod with overlapping tubes of various sizes, which had gaps with slats in the gaps, imitating our blinds.

I soon began to wonder about the purpose of this installed in perfect halves of flying discs and I was told that they were 'health flying discs' intended to take patients to various altitudes, according to the recommended treatment!

Dr Jânsle explained further:

- There are many layers in the atmosphere whose therapeutic elements are utilised by us to cure patients. Thus, according to the diagnosis, the patient is taken to a pre-established height, where he stays for a certain number of hours, in order to benefit from the natural elements inherent in that atmospheric layer.

There are cases where patient needs two or more elements at the same time in order to recover.

In this way, the patient is taken to the layer where elements A and B are located, and we send him from here, by means of waves received by that external cone, element C. Stored in suitable containers, we have distinct and indispensable elements for the cure and, when necessary, we project them into the rectifying chambers of the apparatus which is responsible for acting in a dosed manner on the patient's depleted physique, in line with what he assimilates at the pre-set altitude!

Without realising that any suggestion of mine should naturally have been foreseen by such intelligent creatures, I boldly made the following statement:

- Wouldn't it be more interesting to apply these different elements that are already stored down here?

Not taking my impertinence into account, my interlocutor replied attentively:

- That would indeed be ideal, but the captured elements lose 40 per cent of their efficacy! So the treatment of a few days could go on for months, we are expecting an improvement in the process soon, which will undoubtedly greatly improve the current method!

Speaking about the therapeutic power of the atmosphere, Dr Jânsle said:...

we have observed, on planet Earth, individuals who contract the tuberculosis bacillus by practising harmful excesses in contaminated environments.

Let's take, for example, the aviator who stays on the ground contaminated by the bacillus, everything would indicate that he would be a serious tuberculosis patient within six months.

However, after a few days, he takes his aeroplane and climbs into the air, where at a certain height - without knowing it - he comes into contact with the beneficial elements of the atmosphere. As they pass through the air at that height, the bacilli feel constrained, oppressed and immediately try to leave the attacked body, only to be easily destroyed at that elevation!

- Does this mean that we would avoid many illnesses if we could only make use of the beneficial atmospheric therapies?

Of course, earthly man would avoid many ailments if they were to make good use of the elements contained in his atmosphere, which are vital to his life and organic constitution!

The interesting thing is that I'm feeling very well, but I notice that there is a significant difference between this atmosphere and ours, I said!

In response to my assertion, Dr Jânsle, replied:

- I'll try to give you an explanation.

He went on to talk about the subject, more or less as follows:... the earth's atmosphere, although gaseous, the earth's atmosphere is heavy and coarse! It's immovable and unstable, it moves under different pressures, requiring earthlings to breathe with an exaggerated volume, consequently, it forces them to constantly move their thorax and belly. In fact, this is an ingenious aspect of nature because in ancient times earthly animals were endowed with enormous lungs, true bellows that allowed them to live among the harmful or pestilential gases.

We must not forget that all organic formation is congenital to formation is congenital to the environment and that every living being is matter. Matter, in turn, is structured as a tangible and corporeal substance, according to the environment in which that being manifests itself and lives! Now, as our atmosphere is much more refined than that of planet Earth, we breathe without using our lungs, therefore, a condition specific to our environment!

In his eagerness to make me conceive of this mechanism or organic phenomenon, he alluded to the ability of our rubber, the iron plates of our compressors even glass, to retain air, even though they are porous materials.

However, this is because the pores in these elements are much smaller than the particles that make up the earth's atmosphere.

If we tried to fill that same rubber chamber or that same compressor with our atmosphere, we would never achieve that because it is much thinner than the pores of that material!

There is no wind here, much less what they call a hurricane or a cyclone.

Our atmosphere is so subtle that a fan or an aeroplane propeller spinning in full motion would not cause an air current, and a lady who plied her fan, would feel no coolness on her cheeks.

Dr Jânsle concluded by saying:

- This makes you realise that our atmosphere, being hundreds of times thinner than that of planet Earth, is so subtle that we can breathe it without the existence of lungs. Although we don't have the same lungs as yours, we have an internal organ that replaces it satisfactorily! Therefore, there is a porous layer in our body absorbing the atmosphere in order to bring about the well-known process of haematosis.

From what I was given to understand, I tried to ask the following question:

- So you mean that air is atmosphere in displacement and atmosphere is trapped air acting without producing expansion or pressure?

- The true conceptualisation, in this case, is beyond your knowledge, but you will find that you are breathing atmosphere without your lungs working. This is because it is extremely thin!

Seemingly wishing to put an end to this point, Dr Jânsle concluded:

- The Earth is far from being graced by God's gift!

Having naturally expressed a certain doubt, Dr Jânsle asked me to close my mouth and then compressed my nostrils, inhibiting me from breathing. A few seconds passed before I felt a deep lack of air, forcing me to open my mouth. I was soon back to normal and, frankly, I had the impression that they didn't need to breathe at all, as I was the only one forced to practise breathing among the inhabitants of that splendid city.

Patiently and full of complacency, the doctor returned to the subject, saying: You can inhale the most impure air, but your lungs accept the purest easily without feeling it. As for us, during our quick excursions on planet Earth, we breathe in what is pure in its atmosphere, filtering out or inhibiting our organic constitution from partly assimilating what is impure in it. It's like coarse and fine sand that, when sieved, lets only the finest sand escape.

In our bodies a similar work of filtration - a kind of self-defence - which enables us to withstand the earthly atmosphere for a while, without any adaptation!

For a better understanding, note that on Earth itself there are animals living satisfactorily on a tiny amount of oxygen and others enduring a noxiously saturated atmosphere for a long time. Fish, insects and a wide variety of amphibious animals that accommodate themselves in adverse environments, surviving for a long time without any terrible difficulties!

Finally, the scientists of your world should make more accurate studies of the atmospheric layers that surround the Earth, and they would immediately find therapeutic elements that will prove useful. Such experiments could be carried out themselves. What's more, you yourself found that you didn't feel air on your face, but your lungs needed this atmosphere to breathe!

- Is this treatment in the atmospheric layers the only therapy used here?

- Not far from it. Other methods are used other methods are used, based on the projection of rays and gases as indicated. Sometimes medicines are given by mouth, but injections are never used here!

At this point we had already travelled through two sections of the hospital, when I was invited to go to the dressing room to witness the treatment of a wounded man who would be arriving shortly.

We then went to the courtyard to wait for the arrival of an ambulance bringing the patient.

As soon as we reached the outside of the hospital, the ambulance carrying the injured man arrived. He was gently lowered onto a small platform outside the building. He was just like the others.

Despite being injured, he walked with a certain ease and presented a calm appearance, even though suffering could be sensed. He entered, carefully supported by two companions.

The flesh of his shoulder was torn, which must have been causing him excruciating pain.

Two doctors were waiting for him in the dressing room and he was soon placed on a kind of operating table and one of them began to examine him. At first, he began to look into the injured man's eyes, as if he was going to find a solution to the case there.

While this was happening, the other surgeon used a kind of sponge to wipe away the blood that was oozing from the wound.

Immediately, the surgeon picked up a lancet and began to search inside the wound, perhaps looking for severed veins. After this examination, which lasted a few seconds, he endeavoured to manipulate the patient's shoulder to detect a possible fracture.

I was watching the doctors work, when a nurse entered the room, on a tray three unknown pieces of equipment.

These were surgical devices to be used by used by the doctors, and they seemed so strange to me that I'll just describe them as I saw them, making a comparison with, of course, certain earthly objects.

The first one looked very much like a half-litre bottle superimposed on a bulging tank, with a pronouncedly curved opening. A small circular box jutted out horizontally this.

The other two devices differed in colour, looked like huge metal spinning tops, fitted with a handle where you could see a slightly protruding button!

While one of the doctors held the patient's arm, the other doctor took the first device by the handle and pointed it in the direction of the wound. I was amazed to see, in a matter of seconds, the separated parts of the wound, debris, blood and other impurities sucked into the bulging, transparent interior of the device!

At the end of this operation, I noticed that they had carried out a preparatory asepsis and the patient's flesh had not only become clean, was looking slightly yellowish tone.

Afterwards, the doctor took one of the other two devices by the handle, pointing it over the patient's shoulder and pressed a button.

I watched as a jet of colourless liquid poured out of the nozzle of the instrument, like an aerosol spray. The liquid, thus projected, covered the entire wound site and, after a few minutes, the surgeon used the first device again - the sucker!

He applied it again and more remnants of blood were also sucked into it, joining the first residues. The patient's flesh now seemed healthier to me and I believed the doctor had completed the disinfection.

The nurse then handed the operating doctor the third instrument, as-yet unused. This device emitted not a colourless liquid as before, but imperceptible jets of a sticky substance, which gradually accumulated in the cavities of the wound!

It was the application of a plasma, obtained by integrating carefully preserved tissues, which the aforementioned device distributed over the wound in the form of an automatic plastic shield!

Realising my admiration, the doctor clarified that the plasma used was in fact a preparation of dissolved tissue, the matter of which fuses with the patient's flesh. It facilitated rapid recovery, it enabled the patient to feel nothing and the scar was no longer visible, disappearing completely!

After this brief explanation, he moved on to a kind of mechanism that was near the table. There were two tubes emanating upwards from the floor, rising to a height of just over a metre, curving horizontally forwards, about 40 centimetres.

At a parallel distance of half a metre apart, these tubes, entirely transparent, flared out at the ends with a circumference of about 35 centimetres.

With a gesture, the doctor invited me to observe closely. I saw him insert his arms into the cylindrical mouths of those tubes, while at the same time pushing an internal lever. I could clearly see, his arms and hands were completely wet, as if they had been as if they were immersed in a basin of water!

This operation didn't last long and as he removed his arms, I realised, on contact with the atmosphere, that everything was completely dry, he seemed to have carried out a preventive prophylaxis - their method for the customary cleaning of hands!

That done, Dr Jânsle led me through the interior of the building to the other side and, when we arrived outside, he pointed to another neighbouring building, saying:

- This is where our probable criminals are housed!

I stared at it with indescribable astonishment, but I couldn't answer.

On the outside, it was a building like the others, but inside, it had numerous rooms and at each door two guards armed with some kind of weapon. It appeared to be something similar to our hand-held, battery-operated lanterns, where the focal glass was replaced by a luminous material, full of holes like metal shower heads!

We walked down a long corridor lined with round, side-opening doors to access a large room containing 16 children.

- Here they are, he told me, pointing at them! Stunned, without realising anything, I watched, He added:

- These children have already been potential criminals and are carrying remnants; they have damage to their brains and, in the future, as adults, they may go on a rampage.

Properly treated, they will be free from past influences and put in normal conditions to live with the other inhabitants, without being a danger!

This is what was explained to me.

As the visit continued, I was shown individual compartments, where their occupants, all adults, were possibly demented, and could never be recovered, despite the intense treatment they had undergone since childhood.

Doctors define natural lesions of the brain as diseases of the soul contracted as a result of a past offences. Physical illnesses are all curable within a longer or shorter period of time, because, as they say, they have the perfect resources to treat them!

Armed with this explanation, I concluded that those incurable patients were suffering the consequences of wrongdoings or crimes committed in past lives in other worlds!

- And what are those guards for?

I asked curiously.

- The initial cycle of harmful manifestations of those in this state is unpredictable. At certain moment, they may want to flee or even attack, so the guards make use of the instrument they are carrying. It is a "retainer" capable of immobilising the patient instantly, until their fit of insanity passes.

Nobody physically touches them, even to make a diagnosis. In this case, we can dispense with the well-known method of palpation or the use of any kind of auscultation instrument, when we simply stare at the patient's eyes to conclude on their physical state. The eyes reflect the physical condition of the patient and due to their sensitivity, reveals which diseases and organs are affected!

- Would this device applied to my person have the same effect?

- Yes, your body would not be able to resist the immobilising power of the ray. You would inevitably succumb!

I thought to myself: isn't it an exaggeration for Dr Jânsle to say that I wouldn't be able to resist the immobilising power of the device? After all, I don't perceive such a similarity between me and the physique of one of these patients that I wouldn't be able to resist. I decided to keep quiet and carry on.

We were finishing this conversation and, as we reached the the opposite side of that strange sanatorium, I came across a vast forest, whose trees caught my attention because of their different particularities.

CHAPTER VIII - APPLIED PSYCHOTHERAPY

We entered a large park where thousands of leafy trees, whose trunks and branches trunks and branches were light brown in colour and their leaves had a yellowish appearance as if they were almost dry, toasted by the sun!

The profusely flowering trees displayed huge blooms the size of a dinner plate, in the centre of which stood four white oval petals, arranged in the shape of a cross. From the centre of the petals rose beautiful, slender pistils!

These trees were therapeutic and were true tonics for health.

Their emanations actively contributed to the healing and restoring the sick, according to my inseparable guide!

I was delighted to see birds appearing which nonchalantly approached us without any sign of fear from all sides as if they had come to welcome us!

They didn't have wings, but membranes on the side of their backs, they could jump with a natural facility and without any effort they could leap distances of up to 20 metres! They didn't have feathers, but they varied in colour!

They were pleased with our presence, they emitted notes and trills that hissed in my ears.

Some twittered clearly and happily giving us a pleasant sensation and pleasure in listening to them; others, with their trilling very similar to our earthly birds amused themselves restlessly, jumping to the top of the houses and from them to the ground with astonishing ease!

They walked rapidly and their legs, very similar to those of our birds, ended in three toes: two forwards and a third, stronger one, extended backwards!

I learnt that they were house or domestic birds, living on the pavements and also inside homes.

Equally nourished by vitamin substances on an equal footing with other citizens.

In fact, the residents all keep suitable containers in their flowerbeds for them where they usually deposit food for them!

They are never smaller than our homing pigeons and, as it turns out, have the same habits as them because they never climb trees, bushes or flowerbeds. It seems to me that they have the instinct not to harm plants or flowers and so unlike our wild birds, they don't destroy or damage vegetation!

Intimately familiarised with humans, these birds are loved by everyone and complement the common life of the inhabitants of that enchanting metropolis, even though they are almost always singing in high tones.

I found it too strident for my ears as their singing doesn't harmonise or mix with the permanent natural music coming from space!

It must be added that the creatures of that strange planet possess a kind of auditory ambiguity that allows them to hear two tunes at the same time without any discomfort!

It would be as if we earthlings assimilate, without any confusion, the words of two speakers speaking simultaneously.

We continued walking through the trees and arrived at a certain point where there were dozens of little tables equipped with communication screens, these video-phones were surrounded by four individual stools.

We left this area to enter a huge courtyard, in the centre of which I noticed about thirty circles formed by a thin layer of whitish smoke, each containing a person!

These circles measured about three metres in diameter by about five metres high and were like transparent glass tubes, slightly fogged up and constituting real round curtains!

Very close to the aforementioned circles of smoke, there were another 60 pillars about eight metres high, at the top of which we could see a device very similar to the flood-lights used on our sports fields! The difference was that in place of the focal glass they had a plate full of orifices.

- What do those circles represent, are they prisons?

- No, said my interlocutor. They are mentally ill people locked inside these chambers formed by gaseous rays, in order to give them appropriate treatment. This way, without hurting them or even interfering with their movements, we make use of beneficial rays projected by the devices placed on top of the columns that flank the chambers thereby providing them with their treatment!

And, without interrupting the subject, he continued, explaining:

- By means of a curious system, salutary combinations of elements are projected, aimed at the patient's recovery.

By receiving such vigorous impacts, they suffer peculiar effects that produce unexpected reactions. This is why these unfortunates struggle, want to escape, threatening to break the Chamber with punches, kicking and headbutts!

- But wouldn't it be better to leave them locked up and immobile than to keep them that way? I enquired with great discretion.

- Since the reactions hit the patients' brain of these mentally sick ones, they must be unimpeded in their movements; their muscles and nerves free, so that the treatment they receive is not deficient. The compulsory

paralysing of the limbs would negatively affect their nervous and circulatory systems leading to a serious reduction of the effectiveness of the treatment!

I was curious and anxious to find out and anxious to know how those patients were enclosed within the gaseous walls, I received an invitation from Dr Jânsle to follow him.

He took me to a kind of bandstand-like podium where, in front of the floor, there was a control panel with numerous levers and, at the top, attached to the panel, a circle the size of an ordinary dish that very much resembled an enormous round screen. In the centre of the centre of this podium was one of the little tables with its stool and communications display.

When we arrived, Dr Jânsle introduced me to the control operator, at the same time telling him something I couldn't fathom. The fact is that the man in charge came up to me and asked me to pay attention to the screen.

As I did so, I saw, perfectly and clearly all those smoke chambers with their respective occupants! Then Dr Jânsle took the video-phone headset up from the table and began to stare into the screen, and before long the head of a creature appeared inside the screen and I noticed that he was transmitting something to him. After a quick conversation, the person in focus disappeared and the doctor calmly put the video-phone headset back in place on the table.

I was intrigued by the fact that, although I had fixed my eyes on the doctor, I hadn't understood anything of what they were transmitting to each other through the screen/headset.

Perhaps they were talking in the visual language between them, in other words, in the language of the Planet!

Embracing me fraternally, Dr Jânsle made me leave the podium in the direction of the sanatorium-chambers, at one point, he said to me:

- Stop here. Stand there and I'll lock you up in one of those chambers. Don't be afraid because nothing unusual will happen to you!

I looked around to see if there was anything abnormal and noticed, on the floor, a concave channel about two centimetres long, which bordered a circle full of small holes.

The doctor stepped back a little and looked at the control room operator inside the bandstand, who moved a lever on the panel. Immediately, out of a single jet, a transparent cloud formed around me.

On the ground beneath my feet, a cloud began to condense with enough force to lift me to a height of 20 or so centimetres.

In this way, I suddenly became a prisoner!

I started to step on that shapeless mass under my feet and it felt as if I were compressing a bulky mass of cotton wool. You could say it was something gaseous, but at the same time, with a certain degree of expansion.

Restless and not very satisfied, I went up against the wall that enclosed me and tried, at first, to break it down with my hands, but inexplicably, the walls returned to its original position!

Outside, my friend was looking at me through the cloud wall and from there he told me:

- Try to escape from that cloud tube, if you can!

I tried to face the flexible wall with my body which resembled a sheet of transparent sheet, but I couldn't do it. To no avail I applied all my strength on a certain point, using the resources at my disposal to free myself from that eccentric prison. Its walls yielded with greater or lesser intensity to the compression, but returned to their initial position.

I was already becoming distressed in the imprisoned condition I found myself in and no longer containing myself, I shouted: I can't get out of here. There's no force that can break this!

With a cheerful smile, Dr Jânsle turned to the control room operator and, of course, in his visual language, asked for my imprisonment to be undone.

Disconcertedly, I felt that soft layer under my feet dropped away, and I went down as if I were in a lift. When it disappeared completely and I felt my feet on solid ground, the wall around me disappeared as if it had been sucked through the holes in the channel or diluted in the atmosphere itself!

In fact, I certainly felt much more at ease as soon as I found myself outside the cloud-cubicle.

- You were already apprehensive, weren't you?

Wait for me for a moment, that's what Dr Jânsle said to me when he saw me free.

Whilst he was chatting to the person in charge of their control, I went round the other. Their occupants, some of them comfortably lounging on the softness of the cloud that took the anatomical shape of their bodies, remained quiet; others, surprised by my unexpected presence, took up exotic and even hilarious positions!

I lingered over the examination and there were times when I had the urge to laugh at certain attitudes they adopted, even though I felt embarrassed by their sad condition, which inspired deep pity in me.

At the end of the inspection, I approached Dr Jânsle and asked:

- Why are there so many cases of madness here? There aren't the serious problems of the struggle for subsistence and the political conditions of earthly institutions?

- In fact, the cases of madness arise, precisely because of the opposite way of life on our planet!

- How could that be? I inquired urgently.

- Logically, that's why. Look at our life, it's very calm and there are none of the problems that confront earthlings and involve them throughout their existence. Many of the creatures who are born here are not properly prepared to face a peaceful life, full of kindness, respect and fulfilling work. They have not yet integrated themselves into the sublime mission of loving others and are averse to higher studies, which inevitably cause mental problems!

Obstinately, they give themselves over to rebellion, disrupting the normal order of life by committing follies. Their acts of insanity within an orderly community, where all are lovers of work, enjoying peace and tranquillity, find no relief. The fact that they don't 'fit in', leading them to acute mental distress!

To make himself understandable, he went on to quote a comparison more or less along these lines:

Undoubtedly, any one of us would end up demented if we had to permanently see or work in a room where an apprentice sang and played the piano at the same time as another was trying to regulate the sound of a radio, and on the other side a group of happy children were playing catch - uproar!

The nostalgia for peace for some people turns into a persistent mental obsession that induces them to rebel against everything.

Precisely the opposite of what happens on Earth, where creatures, due to the intense hubbub of the big cities, have their nervous systems altered to the point of doing crazy things!

And, waving in the direction of a vehicle further ahead, he put his hand on my shoulder and we walked on. In the meantime, my kind companion looked at me.

- You must be hungry.

Shall we have lunch at my house?

I happily accepted and thanked him for the invitation because I was going to have the opportunity to meet other people and get to know how they ate. I felt really happy and we climbed inside the flying craft that was there.

At first we rose slowly and Dr Jânsle stabilised the device so that we could fly at a height of about 10 metres from the buildings, at a speed of about 40 kilometres per hour.

- The Doctor doesn't seem to be in a hurry?

- Our time is extensive, but space is, so to speak, infinite in relation to our endeavours.

Our steps are progressive, but we must be cautious and sure to reach the goal!

Serene and firm in its stability, it was going, slowly navigating through the emptiness of space, as if it were a magic carpet from the story of The Thousand and One Nights. We moved noiselessly and without the slightest oscillation. Under our feet, in an endless sequence, the houses paraded by and through their domes, we could see the people inside, going about their work.

Brightly coloured by the diversity and profusion of flowers, the flowerbeds resembled fairy-tale floral nativity scenes.

During this journey, I had the impression that we were standing still and that the city was moving under the craft. I saw countless birds on the pavements or perched on the buildings, when I asked him:

- Is there an armed force here?

- If you would like to meet our army, I'm sorry I can't fulfil your wish, because I don't have the means to do so!

- But what is the reason for such caution? I said firmly!

- Simply because we don't have any need armed forces, he replied, smiling. Our people do not need an armed force or police to fulfil their laws. When it comes to the full exercise of the right to protect property, even for the defence of women or children, we do without the much-praised armed forces of the earthlings!

Those who live here are very much imbued with a sense of responsibility and are disposed to conduct themselves well. So there is no need for coercion!

- So you mean there's no danger of war or attack?

- The word war doesn't even exist in our language, and its corresponding meaning represents for us an offence against the Creator's laws! Purity and spontaneity of feelings dominate everyone, thereby excluding dangers of this nature, the seeds of which are growing in the unhealthy brains of those whom my Friend visited just now!

- And you don't fear an invasion from other worlds?

- No! Answering calmly, he emphasised:

In order to calm your anxiety, which is very typical of human nature and reflects the animosity of the environment in which you live, I assure you: the backward or inferior worlds - as long as they remain that way - will not get here. We never receive an attack from the higher worlds, and we can only receive high teachings and useful lessons resulting from cultural exchange, if we are worthy of it!

CHAPTER IX - HAVING LUNCH WITH DR. JANSLE

About ten minutes after we started a slow tour of the city, and the subsequent of uniform vistas, my Guide and companion accelerated - The view dwindled until its details disappeared and, as we speeded up the craft, everything became a huge dark blur!

In such conditions, we probably travelled for about four minutes, and I remembered to ask:

- Tell me, Doctor, what is the name of this planet?

- I sincerely say that it's of little use you know the name of this planet you've been brought to, and for a very simple reason!

- What is it? I asked, very interested.

- Because the earthlings don't know it - haven't located it yet. It doesn't matter what we call it in our language. Essentially, for different circumstances, people on Earth - I mean astronomers – just have not yet found it, so it would be pointless to mention the name we have for it!

Thus expressing himself, Dr Jânsle manoeuvred the panel's levers on the panel, making the craft descend vertically to the very door of his residence. This manoeuvre he carried out with impeccable skill, which revealed the ability of a very capable pilot!

Smiling, he added: We're here!

We went down and met us with three children came to meet us, happy and smiling, embracing Dr Jânsle.

- These are my children," he exclaimed, pointing to them in turn:

His name is Jerle, this is the youngest;

This one is Petreu and this is Davará, he said smiling.

I tried to cuddle those children as best I could, but I was far from having the same feelings that their father had for them!

Three other people were waiting for us at the door. DaVanaá, Dr Jânsle's wife, and her parents, who called themselves Papa Leejo and Mama Anauá. After the usual introductions, I was taken inside and we sat down comfortably at the table.

The table was properly set, in other words, it was already decked with twelve large containers with liquids in them and only two jugs.

The host looked at me and pointed to eight of the smaller vessels and clarified:... these eight are food and the other four are drinks. Follow my instructions: put the food in your mouth and savour it, pressing your tongue to the roof of your mouth 10 to 15 times until it turns into juice!

- Don't make a ceremony of it, just help yourself to whichever colour you like best.

As he said this, he handed me one of the goblet-like vessels that take the place of our common cups, and which I should use during lunch. Following his recommendation, I first helped myself to a pink-coloured liquid that was easily within my reach.

I savoured it and found it to be very tasty, delicate and easy to digest!

Attentively, Dr Jânsle watched me with an affable expression, smiling inquisitively, as if to say: "How's our food?"

Taking advantage of his good humour, I even dared to ask why that whole table was of such enormous proportions - about 18 metres in diameter - when, in fact, only its periphery was used.

- I added: shouldn't this table be smaller? Why didn't they leave a vacant circular space in its centre, so that less material would be used?

- Your idea is praiseworthy, but it can't be applied in this case, since its shape and size fulfil other requirements. One of its functions is precisely to receive and reflect the gyratory rays, illuminating the environment. It replaces the complicated lighting system used in your world!

- gyratory rays? I repeated instinctively!

- It's our name for a certain kind of for a certain kind of projected force.

I know you didn't understand anything, but your words show great surprise that I had revealed a name you had never heard before! You would have the same attitude if I told you the name we give to this planet of ours.

However, when we visit the flying disc workshops later, I'll give you a little demonstration of what gyratory rays are. I'll have the opportunity to give you an idea of this magnificent force used here, still unknown in your world!

Thanking him for the clarification and promised demonstration, I asked to be allowed to ask a few questions, as long as I don't disrupt things as I'm very interested in the answers.

- Ask as many questions as you like and I will endeavour to answer them, clarifying and informing you as much as I can.

I warn you that I will be forced to stick to the environment in which you were brought up, limiting myself to using your own images and conceptions to allow you understand, otherwise, I would be travelling on barren ground, as otherwise, you would be far from assimilating the terms and concepts we use!

- "I agree," I said. Now, I'd like you to explain why flying saucers only come down in remote places and not in populated centres?

- It's because we foresee harmful consequences in the descent of a flying saucer in a large metropolis.

This comparison is enough: if we were to detonate a bomb in the centre of a tangle of thorn bushes where flocks of birds lived, could you estimate the extent of the panic? The results: deaths, injuries, running around and general terror. That's what would inevitably occur on Earth, if we were to descend in densely populated places!

- And why was I chosen to visit this planet and not a scientist?

- In this case, it's not really a matter of choice, but a fortunate opportunity on your part. You instinctively approached the place where we were on our excursion to Earth.

You happened to be alone and in perfect physical condition for the trip, so we decided to invite you.

That's what happened, thus beginning an exchange that will possibly be expanded.

However, I can tell you now that if you were a scientist, in the same physical condition, we would not have invited you on this trip!

- But wouldn't the arrival of a Earth scientist provide the opportunity to acquire knowledge that would enable you to improve the lives of people on earth? I added, very interested in the answer.

Revealing a certain expression of doubt, he told me more or less as follows:... your geological earthly ages are defined into different eras: the Palaeozoic, or primary era; the Mesozoic, or secondary era; and the Cenozoic, or Tertiary era. The evolution of human science, in terms of the time of its creation, has been characterised in phases called: the stone age, bronze age, iron age, steel and electronic age, and we are currently living in the dawn of the atomic age.

Similar phenomena have taken place on this planet where we are currently in an evolutionary phase far beyond the atomic age itself that your humanity is beginning to glimpse.

These quotations were made with the aim of demonstrating that there is little or no point in going into the complex problems of the atomic age, since the latter is so much more advanced!

It would be necessary to transmit to this scholar a long and comprehensive knowledge of procedural developments, as well as providing him with the background to enable him to gain anything from the exchange of information!

Now, if a scientist were to come in your place, to be fruitful enterprise would depend very much on the lessons we gave him. Because a visit of a few hours by one of your renowned men of earthly science - like you're suggesting - there would be such a disparity, there would be little point in the sense that you allude to.

I hope I can honestly admit that there is a very large gap between the current evolution of earthly science and our own.

I don't consider it a presumption to affirm the existence of significant differences, so profound that an earthly scientist here would be paralysed, unable to grasp the reason for things. It would be tantamount to showing a primary school pupil, who is struggling to handle basic maths, very complicated polynomial equations, which they would look at nonplussed, without understanding anything!

However, we must consider that if we were to give certain knowledge to a scientist from your world, he would certainly be able to introduce beneficial changes into the lives of the peoples of the Earth.

But one whose mind is dominated by ambition, then the beneficiaries are in danger of being lulled into a false sense of pride in the fulfilment of personal interests, in order to seek domination over other peoples!

He added:

- It is a natural law that scientific evolution correlate with the evolutionary improvement of the spirit! A dissonance with this law has brought eternal fratricidal wars to your humanity, creating the struggle for survival, in the institution of a hundred unsolvable problems that cause our homotype great affliction and suffering!

While such profound ideas were being disseminated, I looked at my goblet and realised that no residue had been retained.

When we drink any liquid, be it milk, coffee, wine or beer, traces always remains on the walls or at the bottom of the glass, goblet or equivalent vessel. There, that didn't happen. The vitaminous liquid served did not adhered to the glass, leaving no marks or stains;

It resembled a blob of molten tin, rolling off a hot iron, leaving no trace!

It was then that I realised why I had only been given one goblet to use for so much food!

The liquid flowed without contact, without leaving any residue or altering the flavour or smell.

They don't need to be washed with water, because if you keep the containers clean, they are ready to be used again. Even though water is very useful to us, it has no purpose for those people.

The constitution of their planet also differs from ours, which is made up entirely of land and not formed like ours, where the predominance of water is around 75 per cent!

At this point, the Doctor, who had become my host, asked Mrs Vanaá for another goblet and, placing it next to me, pointed to another container.

- This is liquefied wheat, in other words, bread in vitamins. I know you like this food very much.

We usually mix it with some of the other substances. Look at this cup, it contains the same proteins of meat mixed with bread!

Indeed, that mixture was a different colour to my previous goblet and I took some too. I started eating 'meat with bread' and found the mixture delicious, as if it were a dish prepared by a real master chef!

Dr Jânsle indicated other containers commenting: this is egg; this is cauliflower; that is rice. The one on my left is the staple food of our planet, extracted from a fruit that contains vitamins that doesn't exist on Earth.

So I tried those indicated and found them tasty.

I was already well fed and yet my stomach wasn't full and I felt like I could eat a lot more. Eating those insignificant grams of food didn't give me the impression of having a feast, but that's what was really happening!

Remembering previous talks, I asked the reasons why there is a rota of work, to which my host explained:

- We cannot consider a citizen complete who is not aware of the many accomplishments in all sectors of our lives.

What's more, our aim is to favour and selflessly help our fellow human beings. Only this practice, combined with kindness, will make peace and progress last, bringing us the strengthening of love through the action of self-interest!

- From the concepts you have revealed to me, I have come to the conclusion my people will never be able to get here by their own means?

- Never, that's an unacceptable statement. But many, many years from now, you will. For now, you haven't even discovered your own material, which is so resistant that it cannot be disintegrated by the atmosphere, as well as the laws concerning the release of gravitational energy!

- But does this material exist on my planet?

- Perfectly, but they're looking for it in exactly the wrong place! They persist in searching for hard, highly resistant material, when they should be looking for it among the flexible and extremely soft materials! It would require a study in the magnetic forces and the laws that govern magnetism.

Sufficient knowledge of these laws would open up a vast field for solving the obstacles offered by the atom, electricity and other physical phenomena that are not well defined.

Magnetic energy is a universal force, fundamental to all the elements of life, how can Earth science emerge from this mire and overcome the serious obstacles caused by this lack of understanding?

Your scientists don't even have an accurate definition of electricity, let alone magnetism, which are interdependent forces! It's obvious that humanity limits itself to conceiving in a vacuum and tries to build consistent foundations on it. Hence, the enormous difficulties, the countless obstacles and years of fruitless research that end in constant failure.

In short, this is a summary of what has happened to them!

- So is the material that your flying disc is made of, is flexible?

- When we arrived in your world, what was the shape of our craft, Dr Jânslé asked me?

- It was more or less the shape of a sentry box!

- That explains why, when it's landed, it has a certain shape and when it's travelling at high speed, it acquires the shape of a flat disc, as seen and confirmed by thousands of your fellow citizens!

- And what is this material, Doctor?

- It's a material that differs greatly from those used by terrestrials, with only one known element in its composition, called phosphorus!

- But phosphorus is flammable, I added.

- My friend, flying discs are powered by energy acquired from the cosmos in combination with elements of the material itself in its context, combined with principles your science is still ignorant of! Are you satisfied with my explanation?

- I'm delighted," I said. I apologise for my intense curiosity, as I know I don't deserve consideration to receive details about the composition of flying discs. I said it with undue emphasis!

- I'd love to explain everything to you in detail, but I'm not allowed to.

Allow me to remind you that you are receiving high praise for being brought here and that we, like the Earthlings, also possess directives that we are not allowed to transgress. In any case, I'm going to tell you something about it. And he began to talk about the subject, the reproduction of which I endeavour to reproduce to the best of my ability.

The flexible material used in our flying discs is highly porous. When the flywheel comes to a standstill, its pores close and it takes on a shape different to that held at flying speed. In this second state, the pores expand to receive auxiliary energy! The craft structure is made up of a porous, flexible layer that rotates around its own axis and becomes increasingly flatter the more it rotates!

The external auxiliary energy is regulated by the diameter of the pores, and the greater the acceleration of the flying discs, the more energy it receives. Of course, there are limits to this expansion so that it doesn't disintegrate!

The disc has no motor and everything in it runs quietly. Inside its shell - where we travel comfortably - we control it with simple machinery, not only the desired direction, but also its speed.

- So the axial shaft between the base and the top cover must be powerful?

- Wrong! There are no axial shafts involved and everything rotates in accordance with the magnetic principles of the planets which, having no axial shafts either, are always rotating in space. a replica of sidereal engineering, a sort of miniature of that supreme marvel that governs all solar systems!

- This time I'm satisfied. I'm very appreciative of your patience and kindness. Thank you very much!

I said these words under pressure of real emotion!

We were just finishing lunch when my friend the good Doctor showed me other containers, saying: this is barley; this is wine and the other two are drinks that don't exist on Earth.

I tried the drinks and, frankly, I didn't like the taste of them. They had a sharp, indefinable taste of watery sweetness that I can't explain. One of them seemed as strong as the Italian aromatic spirit fernet (39% alcohol by volume), but with a different flavour - perhaps that's because they didn't contain the slightest dose of alcohol.

Although I was engrossed in the talk, I noticed the other members of the family watching me with a singular curiosity, perhaps analysing me within their own intimate conceptions. My slightest gesture did not go unnoticed or my slightest expressions, because they were constantly shaking their their heads approvingly!

Asking permission, Dr Jânsle got up to search the shelf for four containers, bringing out two at a time, placing them on the table and addressing me, he said:

- You're going to try our desserts, made with fruit nectar. I'm sure you'll enjoy them.

I took one of the containers and kindly offered it to Dr Jânsle, who accepted it. Then I filled my goblet and tasted it. Amazingly, I tasted a delicious papaya; as well as orange, pineapple and avocado!

- I'm delighted, and for sure I won't need to eat any other food for three days!

I made this statement in the face of the insistence with which they offered it to me, inviting me to eat another dessert.

Dr Jânsle stood up again and, directly offered me another chalice containing a dark liquid, saying:

- I want you to take this!

- Doctor, I'm sorry, but I'm satisfied, please don't offer me anymore. I retorted, I prefer moderation.

He insisted again, urging me to take that liquid, and in response to his request, so as not to appear to be discourteous, I thanked him and accepted.

Imagine my surprise when I tasted in my mouth our delicious and irreplaceable coffee! I was so surprised that I couldn't help myself exclaim: - How kind of you, Doctor!

- I know you don't do without coffee after meals, and otherwise your lunch wouldn't be complete.

We don't usually drink coffee, but we use another fruit that replaces it with a real advantage in terms of vitamins. The coffee you're savouring is a chemical compound, specially prepared to give you this pleasant surprise!

As he said this, he held out his hand to me, I shook it in a gesture of sincere gratitude.

- I realised the sincerity of his gratitude. He added: we are more touched to keep the memory of an affectionate handshake than a bag full of riches!

To Dr Jânsle's family, I said I would like to express my most affectionate thanks for their kind and gracious hospitality, as I said my heartfelt goodbyes.

As we left, followed by those present, I was sure to praise the delicious lunch, right up until the moment when Dr Jânsle said goodbye to his family.

Jânsle said goodbye to his parents, wife and children.

We walked along the wide pavement of that house towards the parked craft and, despite having eaten like a gastronome, I didn't feel the slightest weight in my stomach!

Now, in the depths of my being, another question arose: "How can they know so many details about us?"

They act as if they've lived with us!..."

CHAPTER X - IN THE FIELD OF PEDAGOGY

I'm going to take you to visit our schools, where initial lessons are taught, my tireless companion told me.

We took a bus-like vehicle and, after a long journey in which I was unable to observe anything, as the bus was travelling at high speed, we arrived in another part of that immense metropolis - I believe on the opposite side to the hospital facilities - and got off.

During this time I remained pensive and I even bit my hand to make sure if I was really alive or a victim of a very clear dream.

I even thought to myself: "I wonder if I've died and not realised it!", such was the course of the events I was witnessing!

I was actually on the verge of doubting myself, and so several times I examined myself and bit my own finger to make sure it was true!

However, I felt alive, full of health and well fed by the sumptuous lunch that had just enjoyed at Dr Jânsle's house, in the company of his family.

- What impressed you so much that you became pensive? Dr Jânsle asked me, after a long silence!

Suddenly shaken by this question, I tried to readjust myself, realising that he had scrutinised my thoughts! So I decided to reveal my questions.

- Actually, I'm puzzled sir, because I can't understand why you know so many intimate details about life on planet Earth..?

Didn't you even offer me a delicious coffee?

- Firstly, don't call me sir;

Call me brother, said the doctor. Then, to clear my mind of the restlessness, he began to make some remarks, the content of which I have endeavoured to reproduce.

My brother," he said, "we have sensitive equipment that allows us to see, hear and observe the 'terrestrials' system of life. You also seem to ignore the possibility of our knowing and interpreting even the thought-forms emitted by us humanoids!

Believe me, we have been making excursions to your planet, where we have collected abundant material for studies in the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms.

We usually spend a long time on Earth and, because of this, when there, we carry out complementary studies that extend to Earth's structure and flora, fauna!

We carry out detailed surveys of the geographical features of the globe, including its oceanographic constitution, we analysed the composition of its atmosphere at various altitudes and the density of the various layers that surround your planet. In short, to the best of our ability, we have scrutinised the whole of the earth's cosmography in its most varied sectors!

What's more, we have installed on your planet physical monitoring stations, equipped with suitable instruments, which allows us to capture the images and project them in our study rooms, where specialised teams are in charge of following the work, *pari passu* (in parallel), all the scientific activities of your most advanced countries!

Have no doubt, my friend, that our possibilities of knowing what's going on in your world are vast!

So we have extended our observations to the habits, way of life, concepts and prejudices of humanity that inhabits it.

We have even summarised the races and peoples in their demarcated habits and customs!

Within the hip subject of "modernism", I can assure you that we have been continually obtaining publications, magazines, newspapers and books of all kinds from the most varied regions of your globe.

Obtaining these sometimes happens under fortuitous circumstances, others because we try to take advantage of the momentary condition of incidents or accidental facts that allow us to seize the opportunity!

It goes without saying that we avoid causing harm to anyone, our only goal being the future common good!

We can pick up your radio broadcasts, including the TV programmes televised all over the world, and we often enjoy watching their sports matches, political rallies, exhibitions of various kinds, commemorative festivals, their aquatic competitions, and many other competitions held on Earth!

From certain casual accidents in the Earth human's life, we try to draw positive lessons for our people, highlighting their mistakes and their natural consequences. So as a result of events, we analyse what is useful and usable, excluding the negative!

These magnificent conclusions have the primary and salutary purpose of strengthening our faith, making us more grateful to the CREATOR for seeing us placed in a peaceful world, full of stillness and love, when there are other creatures placed in a marvellous world, full of enchantments, and, despite being enlightened, demean it - *modus faciendi* - with their own, spreading evil and forgetting that they are there temporarily!

Without the proper gratitude towards GOD, men violate his SUPREME GOODNESS, who assists them in his eternal benevolence at every moment of their lives, in order to become vain, and opulent when they are constituted in a society, state or nation!

- But this is truly astonishing, was my exclamation.

And in the same vein, my interlocutor continued to expound his considerations, which can be summarised as follows:

The Earth is not in the condition of the underdeveloped worlds, but at the stage of an enlightened world, where its components already clearly distinguish between good and evil, it is akin to a dangerous criminal who knowingly breaks the law and, as such, needs to be constantly watched so as not to constitute a possible danger.

in short, the activities of its inhabitants feed a boiling cauldron, where passions ferment in the desire for wealth, dominance and other inferior tendencies, to the point of not even sparing their own fellow human beings to fulfil their appetites!

They use scientific discoveries to engineer destruction and we know that they will not hesitate to cause greater harm in their plans to empower themselves, thus affecting the economy of other neighbouring planets.

He paused for a long time and then finished.

- That's why we know a little about your Earthly life! Then he added: Let's forget about it, don't worry.

Dear brother, let's get on with our visit, as you're running out of time!

That done, he stood in front of me and placing his hands on my shoulders, he ordered me to move my eyes from side to side and vice versa. For a few minutes he examined me and took my pulse.

He listened for a long time and then said:

- You're resisting satisfactorily!

I was enchanted by Dr Jânsle's magnificent lectures and astonished.

I was immediately interested in learning more about this strange world, attaching little importance to my state of health. I felt great wellbeing and was in excellent physical condition, as well as being in an excellent mood!

After this perfunctory examination, Dr Jânsle went on to explain:

- We're in the eastern part of the city, at the end of the avenues through which the community vehicles travel, and in this area are the places of worship, schools and sports centres.

As we walked along, he began to refer to the fields of worship where religion is practised, which is based on three fundamental points:

- 1) - Deep respect for God and his Creation!
- 2) - Effective and continuous practice of his teachings!
- 3) - Study in order to broaden knowledge of the Universe!

And, extending his remarks, he finalised with the following concept:

- The greater our knowledge of the Universe, the more we realise and feel God's infinite Goodness, Greatness and Power!

In the religious camps, there are about 40 large standard shelters, i.e. rounded, without side walls, whose convex roofs - facing upwards - are supported by symmetrically arranged columns.

The shelters hold hundreds of stools, on a higher level, there are eight larger stools arranged in a straight line, where the masters or priests sit. Whilst on the round table we could see one of the well-known video-phone screens. I realised that the layout of the facilities allowed the teachings to be administered simultaneously, as the masters sit back to back - 8 on one side and 8 on the other - with groups of their students in front of them.

On the perimeter of the same area, but outside of these shelters, we could see other successive groupings of eight stools and tables of the same configuration.

Walking through these beautiful facilities, I witnessed the diversity and compared to what we had back on Earth, we had no reason to be proud.

Then we entered the field of pedagogy, in other words, where the schools are located.

Against my expectations, it seemed to me to be a succession of continuity, or a reproduction of what I had seen in the fields of worship, but it was still interesting! Almost the same accommodation, a multitude of little tables, each with eight stools and, on a higher level, the teachers sit in equal numbers.

- But are these classrooms? I asked, so disappointed in my Guide!

- Exactly. Teaching here is carried out using a method that could be called "in series", because the subject to be covered is divided into eight defined parts, each of which must be focussed on by a teacher.

Discussing teaching "in a series", he moved on to the details. Take, for example a simple drinking glass. The first teacher would have to explain its shape, its convenient dimensions, as well as analysing the details of its various shapes, comparing them with other similar containers; the second teacher would have to talk about its colours, their shades, possible variations and transformations, as well as highlighting the influences exerted by them; the third teacher would have to discuss its origin and history, referring to the date of its

invention, the name of the inventor and related data; the fourth, expound on the composition of the material, the advantages of using this or that material according to the purposes for which the vessel was intended; the fifth teacher, to discuss its usefulness, its use through the ages, expanding on certain basic principles; the sixth, to explain the biography of its inventor, and integrate it with the teachings of other masters; the penultimate, to define and

analyse matter in its molecular composition and, finally try to make the chemical dosage of its elements understandable!

In this way, if they wanted to know something about the chemical composition of the glass, they would turn to the third teacher; if they were in doubt about the influence of the colours, they would turn to the second teacher, and so on and so forth!

A similar system is followed in the administration other disciplines, because they don't use notebooks, pencils, books and other belongings so common in your schools.

The teachings are processed and propagated directly - from brain to brain - because the pupils are endowed with a prodigious memory, combined with a high level of comprehension. Their memorisation is so strong that, without exception, they have the ability to remember most of the details of their childhood!

I was assimilating his lecture, but stopped when an earlier puzzle came to mind, so, at that moment, my mind was oblivious to the visit I was making and, as soon as the opportunity arose, I asked him:

- Why isn't the material used in certain flying craft and in certain constructions not completely transparent, as is the case in elsewhere?

- For us, the material used is always transparent, even if it isn't to you!

Material that you think is semi-transparent or cloudy, so that you can't see inside, as in other cases, is crystal-clear to our eyes like glass.

Its interior, is as diaphanous to our eyes as the ordinary glass of your windows. This is due to the penetrating power of our sight, which is eight times stronger and, under certain conditions, its range is even greater. Therefore, what is obscured or blurred in your vision is permeable to our sight, which easily penetrates it!

- So, from what I can see, we're inferior?

- Absolutely! The earthlings are not as inferior as you might think, but are going through a state of life that is entirely adjusted to the evolutionary stage they have reached. In general, it reflects the refinement

of the sensitivities of certain physical organs!

For your own understanding, draw a parallel between children born 50 years ago and new-borns, of today. You'll notice a significant difference characterised in an unmistakable way, which cannot be disputed! They are born with hair, with open eyes and, at an early age, they speak and move.

So everything is perfectly right, within the evolutionary plan of Earth humanity.

But what needs to be done to improve life on our planet?

- Improve life... Dr Jânle repeated, with a certain astonishment.

No, my friend! Life is the most beautiful and delightful expression of all Nature that God has implanted in the Universe. The essential thing is not to improve life, but to reform man. We need to reform the human being. Your humanity enjoys life on a planet that is considered a paradise compared to others, but people distort its delights and transform it into a veritable hell!

Expressing himself in this way, he continued:... it becomes imperative to consider that the Supreme Creator, in bestowing His blessings on planet Earth, gave it splendours and wonders, which man on earth does not take advantage of or even appreciate. We feel saddened to see, after all, the earthly inhabitant, already at a certain level of evolution and understanding, is not able to consider these divine offerings properly and get out of the confusing tangle created by themselves!

There is no doubt that there are many, many Earth people of good will and enlightened guidance, but unfortunately they are a minority. We need to start walking the narrow path of goodness in order to reach the broad road of love. However, everything suggests that it will only be after the end of the cycle's evolution, with profound telluric

alterations, causing them severe suffering, will they be able to emerge from the chaos and instil in their hearts the supreme Law of: Love one another!

I believe that this is the line of behaviour and guidance that will set them free, and then this loving attitude will, with the advent of the third millennium, will become to be held by the majority.

- But did the Doctor mention other planets that aren't "paradises"?

- Indeed. In the Universe there are rudimentary worlds, where their inhabitants, while having the physiognomy of "man", eagerly swallow raw vegetables, roots and bark as their food.

Even some of your animals don't eat this way! Drinking water comes from filthy puddles and, due to the reigning heat, they turn into pestilential flakes that mercilessly decimate them. Their clothing consists of a thick layer of long, coarse hair. Giant, horrifying beasts swarm and invade human settlements that have no idea how to use a simple stone spear for self-defence. They live high up on cliffs to be safe from animal attacks, in a state of true incomprehension. With incredible primitivism, they eagerly fight over the prime locations!

The appearance of a mere kite in the sky would cause them terrible panic! With a firmer gaze, he added: "In your world, that doesn't happen, does it?"

- Undoubtedly not. The Doctor is right... Earth is a true paradise!

I had already travelled through the entire field of installations, when, anxious for more details, I asked indiscreetly:

- Wouldn't it be possible to go to that troubled planet that you mentioned, to teach them a lot of useful things and make their lives easier?

- I see the expression of your feelings of generosity and I recognise that it would be a highly humanitarian action. However, if we tried, we wouldn't be understood. For sure, they would try to tear us apart tooth and nail, forcing us to react in a way that is incompatible with our evolutionary level!

With his proverbial attention, always ready to clarify his answers, Dr Jânslé went on to make the following comments:

Consider what happened on planet Earth, where JESUS - the gentle and loving Son of God,

throughout his stay among men, watered them with good, fructified them with his holy love, profligated the conceptualisations of the time by inviting them to unite under the aegis of the LOVING FATHER, attesting to his words with superb miracles and marvellous miracles - he was persecuted, reviled and crucified. However, it must be taken into account that, for millennia, the Earth had been going through an evolutionary process and, at that time, there were already "doctors" authorised to interpret the DIVINE SCIENCE!

I ask you now: can we obtain or expect success from a people who haven't even felt the glimmerings of writing, who are stuck in beginnings of understanding and yoked to the fierce struggle for survival?

If we sought this adventure, we would be slaughtered, without the right to appeal to the power of defence, because our discernment foresaw with certainty the possibility of this happening. Relate this to the treatment Jesus received!!!

Therefore, we lack the authority to act according to the dictates of our generous heart. So it is up to them to follow natural evolution through their own their own resources, whether physical, moral or spiritual, because it is written: To each according to his works!...

After a few more steps, we approached one of the one of the video-phone devices. Dr Jânslé pressed a button and it wasn't long before a monitor, answering the call, landed silently on a nearby platform.

CHAPTER XI - THE STADIUM

After the long, fruitful and instructive lecture, we headed for the parked craft, when Dr Jânslé asked me the following question:

- Would you prefer to visit the agricultural area or watch a sporting competition that is currently underway in your honour?

- In my honour... Who am I to receive such a show of consideration? I exclaimed in surprise and then added:

We should go to the competition and leave the visit to the agricultural area for later.

As I made this decision, I remembered our prominent men - especially heads of state - who, when honoured, fail to attend the scheduled meetings, disappointing the promoters of the reception. This attitude they have causes disappointment to the participants, who often sacrifice their interests in order to support these festivities with their presence, contributing to their greater brilliance.

This behaviour is commonplace among us. This constitutes a breach of commitment, with visible damage to public and private assets. Looking at myself in this mirror, I immediately decided to go and watch the sports competition.

That done, we went up to the craft, and in it, immediately moved to the other side of the area we were in.

A few minutes later, I spotted a building that stood out for its grandiose size and, seen from above, it was gigantic and bulky, with a circular outline!

It held an enormous crowd of people crowded inside to watch the competition, which had already begun. It reminded me of the Maracanã, a sports arena in Rio de Janeiro, famous football matches and other sporting competitions are held there.

We went partway round the stadium and slowly descended to a vast courtyard where a great many craft were already parked, I could see hundreds of different types of craft.

After a smooth landing, we headed towards the entrance doors.

We entered under the immense stadium, majestically erected at a considerable height, free of columns, beams or struts, something inexplicably supported the wide stands!

Its walls emanated from a solid rounded base, surrounding the entire stadium, beginning at the ground next to the demarcations of the pitch. They were transparent, so that from the outside, from the outside, the empty seats in the stands could be seen in the stands. Their elevation reached about 60 metres to the maximum height.

I didn't see any ticket booths or ticket gates; admission was free!

The stadium looked like an immense Chinese hat with its brim turned upwards, with a magnificent sports field in the centre.

Its colossal base was about 6 metres high and its slightly ascending floor allowed access through numerous huge doors, having a shape reminiscent of "oven mouth" or "furnace" style doors. These doors were of considerable thickness and the walls of the stadium were like huge sheets of glass, about 80 centimetres thick!

Having travelled through that monumental entrance hall, my companion and I entered the stadium itself.

We soon stopped at the wide demarcation strip that encircled the pitch, taking in the view of the superb facilities, in rapt appreciation of the splendour of its layout. I didn't see any steps to reach the stands and the floor was pronouncedly concave all the way to the highest point. A series of corridors ran throughout the structure, both vertically and horizontally, allowing the spectators to reach the desired places.

The whole of the seats of the geometrically arranged building was carved into the transparent material of the floor, distinctively carved with care. They were anatomical moulds of the human body that highlighted the hips, the shape of the thighs, the calves and even the heels, offering excellent comfort!

These anatomical shapes were moulded just right to the protrusions of the body, they were intelligently arranged across the vast span of the stadium. Interspersed with the aforementioned aisles, their configuration was such that

allowed their occupants to stretch out their legs, sometimes covering the corresponding anatomical cavities, or allowing them to be curled up in a lateral position!

For several minutes, I watched the people, comfortably installed in the anatomical armchairs, pleasantly watching the tournament unfold in rapid moves. Their silent laughter showed their real interest in the most sensational moves of the match!

You could see the ease with which these people walked along the smooth corridors, It gave me the exact impression that their feet adhered to the material of the sloping floor, fitting perfectly!

When I was invited to go upstairs, despite my shoes, I slipped several times, prompting my inseparable guide to support me with his sturdy hands.

So, after a careful ascent, I settled down in one of those comfortable armchairs and began to see the countryside and my surroundings.

The size of the pitch must have corresponded to of our largest official football pitches, possibly measuring around 100 x 50 metres, with circular dividing lines at the bottom.

On the outside of the pitch, there was an arch with a wide opening that protruded exactly at the centre dividing line and came from columns about five metres high, set against the side lines.

In the middle of this arch - which is the centre of the pitch - there were tiny Japanese style lanterns, three devices the size of a large lamp, of remarkable whiteness, which spread lights in a spiral shape. Likewise, the back lines and behind the semi-circle marked out, there was a post about four metres high supporting another device very similar to those in the centre of the pitch, but fitted with a spiral tube, as if it were artistically coiled.

Scattered throughout the field, we could see in lines that were equidistantly arranged at a distance of about 90 centimetres, many circles with diameter a little larger than our record player discs.

These circles occupied the entire length of the field, but they were much larger at the ends and under the posts mentioned earlier.

The whole thing seemed to me to be a superlative architectural work of superior intelligences, elaborated under a set of irreproachable lines, in an arrangement that harmonised with its dimensions. Not a single piece or a single detail deviated from the orderly construction of the whole that made up that magnificent and grandiose stadium!

Dr Jânsle began a detailed explanation of the sporting competition and, among other things, he told me what follows.

The game is played between two teams made up of 23 members each, divided into 12 attackers (or forwards) and 11 defenders. Each player wears an armband about four fingers wide on his right leg, a kind of anklet that served to distinguish them. Thus, those belonging to one team wear blue, while their opponents wear yellow.

The game consists of the players moving quickly and it is up to the defenders to prevent the attackers, who are jumping from circle to circle, from reaching their goal. It is obvious that it is only legal to use the circles, and it is considered a foul to step on one already occupied.

The start of the game takes place with the distribution on one wing - that is, half of the pitch - of 12 forwards from board A, against 11 defenders from board B. In the other half of the pitch, 12 forwards from team B are positioned against 11 defenders from team A.

The initial arrangement is delimited by a sector of the pitch, within which the players of the team that is going to start the match place themselves, taking into account, of course, prior arrangements. It is therefore up to the opposing team to arrange their defenders in such a way as to offer the greatest chance of defence. Even if this layout is one-on-one, one circle will always remain vacant for both team A and team

B, since the defenders are fewer in number.

The defensive technique of either team depends on that of the attack it is experiencing.

In order to win a goal, the player must jump from circle to circle, dodging opponents until he reaches the goal located in the final semi-circle. As for the opponents' defending technique, it consists of occupying the possible vacant circles that prevent the opposing player from accessing their goal!

For the attacking player to progress and overcome the opponent's defence, he must step exactly inside the circles.

It is not allowed to reach them by touching the edge, as this will cause a foul to be signalled.

The method of recognising fouls is perfect;

There can be no cheating! The human judges are replaced by highly sensitive devices that detect the offender without any danger of deception!

Once the offence has been committed, there is a sudden flash of light, identical to the colour of the fouled player's anklet and the spectator, even if distracted, was aware of the foul by the board whose colour flashed. At the same time, an indicative ray of light projected from the circle where the offence was committed to the offender's anklet, highlighting him to the public and, in the centre of the field, one of the white lights becomes illuminated - in the middle of the pitch.

In this way, the switching on of the lights - yellow or blue - was a general warning given by the flashing of the light, and confirmed in the centre of the field by one of the corresponding lights. At the same time, the offender is indicated to the public by the beams projected directly from the circle to his anklet!

In my humble opinion, that sports centre square was equipped with state-of-the-art electronic devices, in an advantageous and infallible replacement of the referee, with perfect marking of fouls and speed in authorising new plays!

We wish we had such precision in refereeing our football matches! We'd certainly avoid brawls, arguments, and even the usual police intervention against certain fans.

Once the offence had been detected by the sensors and 'announced' via the floodlights, everyone remained stationary in the position in which they found themselves until a new light was projected, signifying that everything was normalised. Then, when the third spotlight went out, the play was automatically authorised to continue.

When the player on a board was in position, i.e. standing with his foot in one of the circles, and his opponent stepped into that same circle, the light indicating the foul would come on. The astonishing accuracy with which the beam of light pinpointed the offender without any danger of error really baffled me!

A try or point was scored when a player hit the larger circle in the centre of the semi-circle, at the edge of the pitch. Then, at that moment, profuse illumination was spread by the device at the top of the post behind the goal. This light invaded the whole area and was coloured according to the anklet of the player who had hit the opposing goal.

At this point, the game was brought to a standstill and the players returned to their places, jumping round in a circle ready to take up their attack and defence positions and waiting for the third midfield light beam to go out.

Once this was done, they began their incursions, making moves in a rapid succession of clever dodges that resulted in unexpected surprises, sometimes allowing the less targeted players to make progress and achieve success.

The pitch is entirely smooth, with dark brown circles standing out. The posts and arch were made of identical material, but were as transparent as very pure glass and in no way hindered the spectator's perfect vision!

It's important that the number of fouls committed during the game is low.

It's not always the team with the most points that wins the match, Dr Jânslé told me in his report: It's no use team A scoring 30 points and having 80 fouls, when team B only scored 20 points and only had 30 fouls.

When calculating the percentage, logically B is the winner, because the lowest number of fouls is considered a high technical score!

If one of the players uses physical brutality against his opponent, the contest is over, the contest stops and his team is considered the loser.

The player who committed the violence is taken to a hospital to undergo rigorous treatment of his mental faculties. Isn't that something else?

- Are these absences common?

- No, in fact they are the exception. The last time a player threw a team-mate to the ground was, precisely 42 years ago, and we haven't seen a similar case since!

- How well does this sport develop its participants' physique? I enquired about the benefits of practising it.

- Incredibly, the practice of this sport benefits their physique as if they were swimming, playing football and chess at the same time!

- Playing chess? How can that be?

- The strategy of tactical positions on the field is a real chess problem, because the aim is to obtain this or that position, which makes it impossible to prevent a goal being scored.

Here, as in the game of chess, it is possible to obtain unbeatable positions that result in victory.

Tactics combined with speed and agility were the characteristics of the game and I doubt that our best athletes could our best Earth athletes compete with any success against these beings.

The physical fitness of the players was visible, as was their training together. They looked like automatons, moving with incredible ease, dodging opponents and always creating opportunities for their team-mates. From the stands you could see the tactical movement and, unexpectedly realised positions of visible threat to one of the players.

As I began to understand the moves, I started to root for the blue board, as it was the brightest colour and my favourite!

In the most sensational moves, the fans anticipating, of course, the immediate consequences, would wave their arms or follow the play with gestures and silent laughter.

I suppose that the speed at which they played, I don't think any of us can last more than 10 minutes. It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that it's impossible for us to imitate them!

The high level of understanding and sportsmanship possessed by its participants is impressive.

Just switch on the light and everyone stops, remain motionless without taking the dissonant attitudes of our football stars.

It was undoubtedly a beautiful spectacle that made us enthusiastically support the victory of our favourite team.

The match usually lasts two hours, and those 46 players had been chosen from among the best to take part in the meeting in my honour.

At one point, Dr Jânsle looked at me fixedly, saying:

- I'm afraid there will be complications in your metabolism, given the absence here of certain elements of your atmosphere. Although your physique is resisting gallantly, far beyond our expectations, we have taken the necessary precautions to avoid any discomfort. That's why I invite you to take advantage of your limited time on future visits to get a better feel for our system of living!

- As far as I'm concerned, I'm ready to leave was my brief reply.

After a few minutes, and in one of the interruptions to the match, we stood up and, with real amazement, I saw the players turn to our section in the stands, as well as the whole crowd stood up and greeted us fraternally with their arms upraised or waving!

- This honour is all yours! Said Dr Jânsle at the same time.

Jânsle said, while placing his hand on my shoulder.

Waving my arm back, I tried to thank him for this spontaneous and sincere gesture that moved me to tears.

Again, supported by Dr Jânsle, I went down towards the floor that skirted the field and we left through one of the nearest doors.

On the way, I reflected thoughtfully on the generosity of those people far superior to me, who had deigned to honour me with such distinction in the collective demonstration I had just been given!

Honestly, I felt ashamed of my insignificance, of the lamentable state of my clothes, in short of my insignificance in the face of eminently superior beings, who had just given me a lesson in cordiality to the petty prejudices of an Earthman!

CHAPTER XII - FLYING A FLYING SAUCER

- So, did you enjoy the game organised in your honour?

The festivity was commemorating your visit to this planet, and I'm pleased to have contributed to it! Dr Jânsle told me with remarkable frankness.

- I was touched by this honour and I recognise very well that I don't deserve such great consideration. However, I have an excellent impression of everyone and of the players' noble chivalry, their discipline, agility and commitment to the game. Their quick thinking in advancing to possible favourable positions to score a goal. As spectacle that I witnessed - I thought it was magnificent. I enjoyed it immensely! I owe it all to you!

In this vein, I commented to Dr Jânsle on certain details of the competition we had just witnessed, and, during the conversation, another curiosity arose.

- Are the usual entertainments limited to sports and games?

- Our festivities aren't just about only sports games, but we have as many different kinds of activities as you have in your neighbourhood!

He enlarged:

We organise, as terrestrials do, great festivals commemorating births, graduations, promotions, weddings, etc. Even the death of one of our citizens is still a source of joy for us. The joy of duty fulfilled and the journey over!

On festive days, we gather en masse at the venue, to which there are no invitations, because we consider ourselves to be one big family. If the party takes place in any home or any other place, the participants assume their places and soon everything is literally taken over.

As any one of our homes can hold around 600 people, at the start of the honours the celebrants begin to feed themselves with the liquids made available, the nutritional value of which known by the colour of the bottle. An edifying conversation takes place, encompassing the whole room, which touch on a broad range of topics and the most varied subjects.

It is usual for someone to stand up and give a lecture, which is silently followed by the gaze of the others, who pay the utmost attention.

They drink fluids in moderation and, out of a sense of education, they do not overdo it, and there is no danger of intoxication because the food is so pure and the drinks do not contain the slightest dose of alcohol.

These were, in a way, his words, whose meaning I tried to convey to readers. However, I can add to what was said in his explanation the following:

Celebrations of joy on the occasion of a birth are only held after a careful clinical examination and after a declaration that the unborn child is free of dangerous defects.

On the occasion of a death, convinced that this person has already overflowed the cup of suffering by taking another step towards God, they rejoice and take pleasure in certain celebrations - commemorating the person's life - held with great sincerity, for they are unaware of revenge or hatred and are devoid of pride and vanity!

We were already some distance from the stadium, when my kind companion asked me the following question:

- Are you capable of controlling and driving one of our vehicles, a flying disc?

- If I am taught how to use it and how to drive it, I think I'll manage just fine, I replied, surprised!

He happily took me to one of the parked craft and invited me to get in.

He bade me approach the control panel and began a lesson in piloting the aircraft, pointing out the levers and buttons, specifying the ones that I had to move to make the thing work. In this way, he tried to show me the way to steer left or right, as well as how to make it descend without the danger of crashing.

I only had to operate about five controls, with them, I would be able to move slowly and safely over the city. As for the others I was not to touch them under any circumstances.

After the briefing, he had me repeat the lesson in great detail, including the special circumstances for the use of certain controls, so that my experiment would be a success.

Indeed, I found the instructions very clear and I learnt everything quickly without any difficulties. I was now able to make a journey on my own. However, before he left the craft, Dr Janssen referred to the levers with grooves, which I shouldn't touch in order to prevent the craft from flying away into space.

- You understood the explanations well; do you have any doubts or further questions?

- I think I'm well prepared," I said.

As he walked away, Dr Jânsle tried to reassure me:

- Take your time and remain calm, because nothing will happen to you. Don't be impatient if you encounter any difficulty, because there's no danger!

- If I'm risking so much, it's because I trust you more than I do in myself.

- I'm doing this with the conviction that I'll come out of this experience unscathed!

That's what I told him.

- Then I wish you a good journey.

Alone, inside the aircraft, I confess to having felt a shiver down my spine, and it was more in order to live up to Dr Jânsle's trust that I set out on the trip, because I thought to myself: "Am I going to get into some kind of trouble?".

However, following the instructions I had received, I pressed the start button and the craft was already travelling at high speed, which it did almost imperceptibly, without any oscillation! In an instant, I was over the city and I tried to steer it in the agreed direction.

I moved the lever because, as I'd learnt I was supposed to land in the southern part of the city, in other words, on the right-hand side of my departure point.

As soon as I flicked the appropriate lever to steer in that direction, the whole craft began to rotate around instead of heading towards the desired point.

I was surprised by this unforeseen circular line of flight.

I was like an apprentice pilot who, wanting to give the aeroplane a certain angle, over-corrects, forcing it to turn back on itself. I saw that the manoeuvre wasn't right and I tried to stabilise the aircraft so that it could continue in a straight line.

Despite my attempts, I couldn't get a satisfactory result and, in despair, I didn't even look out of the window I was so preoccupied with finding a solution to the impasse.

Trying to remember the instructions I had received, I decided to make combinations and as a result the steering wheel went in different directions, zigzagging aimlessly, going up and down without orientation, which made me distinctly uneasy.

In successive disorientated evolutions, followed by sudden stops, I spent several minutes flying aimlessly, without an exact solution that would put me on the right path!

I thought I was lost and had no way out. My nervous system contributed a lot to my confusion and I even prayed to God to take pity on me and protect me by making me happy to come down safe and sound!

I was already desperate and confused! I had lost track of everything.

Inexplicably, the flyer took off in the right direction, picked up speed and landed normally on a platform, as if nothing had happened!

Having recovered from my shock, I quickly left the craft and spotted Dr Jânsle, who was laughing heartily.

- I was delighted to see your expertise," he told me in a friendly tone.

- What a fright I had, Doctor. I over-corrected and it was difficult to adjust the controls to get here. Imagine if I couldn't get back, what would become of me?

That's what I said, in the naive conviction that I was the author of such a feat!

- In any case, you would have reached this place, Dr Jânsle objected and, to reassure me, he enlarged:

- The device was being guided by two powerful controls, here on the ground!

- So why did you give me such a detailed lesson as if you were worried about me?

- It would be an indignity on our part - a real offence - to return you to your planet without your precious life! Don't you think so?

- In that case, wasn't it me who made the landing?

Patiently, he smiled kindly and patted me on the shoulder.

- Have no doubt, you contributed a lot to this short flight!

I was all smug, but inwardly I thought:

"I didn't control anything, I played the part of a puppet and travelled at the risk of the automatic controls. That was the reality!"

In the midst of my misunderstood pride, aware of my expertise as a pilot, I tried to detail to Dr Jânsle my control problems and the details of the way I had tried to correct the craft. He listened attentively,

However, I could tell from his demeanour that my story was not convincing him, as he was clearly not interested.

On reflection, I realised that I had done nothing. It was all just an experiment, a joke to see how I was doing. So, I tried to give the lecture a new direction and remembered that I wanted to ask about music!

- Why do we listen without interruption to the natural music from the heavens and the singing of the when we don't hear any other noises, not even our own voice?

- I'll summarise: the physical state of the atmosphere makes it difficult for certain sounds to propagate, and this propagation doesn't impress the auditory sense.

And, as always, in his desire to make himself understandable, he gave me this explanation: sounds, like any other substance, have a body. These bodies are distinct and are selected. So, let's say, the categories of bodies are A-B-C-

D-F, etc. Our ears pick up vibratory categories, allowing 3 bodies to enter: A- B and F, while the ears of the earthly creature pick up another three elements: A- C and D.

It so happens that the melody of birds and the sound of natural music are catalogued in class A, therefore, we pick it up and so do you. It is therefore a common tuning. In conclusion, if the sounds of hammering, the possible collision of metal tools and the like are categorised as type F, our ears can't pick them up, because they are outside our auditory wave layer!

So you can hear noises that we can't hear, while we in turn hear sounds that your Earth-man ears can't perceive!

- But why in our world are we forced to listen to the unnerving noise of machinery, engines, radio chatter, bombs going off that frighten us, when here complete silence reigns?

- That, my friend, although I doubt it, is a penance. In other words, a Divine grace!

- But how can this happen if Divine grace as a good and not as a scourge, and it is in this condition that we classify pride on earth?

- Yes, undoubtedly. The noises and diseases are two beneficial scourges, in other words, scourges that God has bequeathed to planet Earth! They are moral and spiritual penances that are part of the evolutionary path of earthlings. Through the vehicle of penance is how you manage to reach the heights of progress, even if you understand it as negative atonement or settlement!

This thought reflected the advanced condition of that humanity, inhabiting a superior, highly evolved world, where everything was silent! Not a silence of boredom or fear, but full of a comforting stillness that gave me an indescribable well-being!

Here, nothing could be heard, despite the intense movement of the flying craft crossing each other at high speed in a constant coming and going, in addition to those in the category of interplanetary space that went up and down, whose trajectories I couldn't follow!

I forgot to mention the existence, in certain intersections of avenues, of power generating plants.

These plants that I did not visit are located in the centre of the intersections of some avenues, they have their domes at the same level as the sidewalks and inside are the mechanisms for the diffusion of magnetic force and control of flying craft in circulation.

I believe this power and also control system comes from them: stops, direction and recall/return of flying craft throughout a given area.

These plants probably communicate with each other under the pavement of the avenues and branch out throughout the city in an underground channelling system, involving many labourers in intensive technical supervision.

This is my conclusion!

In the right areas there are workers at work hammering out parts, without making any discernible noise.

As I said, what impressed me most about this colossal metropolis, either because its harmony thrilled me and touched me deeply, or because it was always there in my ears, was the marvellous music coming from the heavens!

Would this music be the symphony of one's own nature, classified as a symphony of the worlds?

I accepted it as a miracle that left me perplexed and made me realise that it was impossible for a human being to produce such a marvel!

It was the expression of something sweet, harmonious and comforting, impregnated with something divine that saturated my innermost being; in short, a heavenly symphony performed for our soul!

I don't know how to give a satisfactory definition because I'm not a musician. However, I can tell you that when one sound was made, four or five others would appear at the same time, with the first one continuing to be heard as if it were the foundation for the other musical notes.

Finally, everything intertwined in an inexplicable way, it harmonised, dying out in a single tone!

I've read elsewhere that the Grand Canyon in the United States of America, an interesting phenomenon occurs.

In the deep valleys of those steep mountain massifs, the wind passes through and, in its continuous movement it produces a kind of natural music. The modulations produced are sometimes so that a strange music is established as if it were a melody from nature itself!

In that sepulchral silence of the Grand Canyon many people had the opportunity to appreciate such phenomena and those with the most acute senses recognised it as music coming from outer space through the deformations of the wind!

I can say that the music I heard was ecstatically captivating and, for me, it meant not a symphony, but a supernatural breath that enraptured my senses, predisposing me to the exercise of magnanimous actions!

When it resounded, I felt profound calm, unequalled serenity and an indefinable well-being that translated into a calm disposition and confidence.

And... that mellow music persisted like a silky sheet under our heads.

Harmonious sounds enveloped us and structured themselves to form a veritable musical mountain.

As I understand it, these people spend hours and hours revelling in this peculiar melody which, for them, represents a pleasure as well as substantial spiritual rest and consequent physical comfort!

Compulsively, the flying craft had led me to the agricultural area of that mysterious city and my meeting with Dr Jânsle had been the result of a carefully prepared plan!

CHAPTER XIII - THE AGRICULTURAL AREA

We travelled along a wide pavement, a veritable sheet of crystal glass, towards the food depots, when we stopped to start a new conversation.

- I felt so euphoric that I didn't know what to do!

I don't know what to attribute it to, whether it was the sublime lunch or the transcendent space music.

I find it hard imagine, if our roles were reversed and I tried to provide the hospitality you have shown me; seeing you in one of our cities, travelling with countless difficulties in the air, enduring the dust and other filth, with a coarse diet of strong spices, how would you fare?

- This is an almost unrealisable hypothesis.

I wouldn't be able to eat the food that you, usually consume.

In expressing himself in this way, he endeavoured to make comments that I'm trying to reproduce.

By eating vitamins and food, in theory I could live on your planet, but I wouldn't be able to stand the heavy meals of the earthlings. Also, to survive on Earth's produce, we would need an average of about 60 kilos of plant food to extract enough vitamins for just one of our meals!

Faced with this estimate, I joked back.

- So there wouldn't be enough food for you?

- We've already calculated that. If we were forced to emigrate to Earth and had live there, everything would be used up in just a few years. We would need to make other arrangements to make it possible for us to stay there.

- So you mean you won't visit us even by the year 2000? In fact, it's thought that our planet will end that year!

- There will be significant changes by the year 2030 of your calendar and a real moral and physical metamorphosis will take place, along with a radical change in all sectors of human life.

- How does the Doctor know all this? By scientific or religious knowledge? I asked quickly.

- By science, which is closely linked to religious knowledge.

If, today, we travel around your Planet and observe it carefully, we become aware of this wonderful metamorphosis, which in fact, has already begun!

As I walked past the leafy trees and beautiful flowers adorning the environment, I noticed that the trees were of the same species as those surrounding the hospital buildings.

When we reached a dividing line, a kind of separating border, I saw a series of interesting buildings some 80 metres away, unlike anything I'd seen so far.

They were very large tanks holding vitamins in liquid form, in other words, the public containers used to store the people's food!

As I got closer, I saw that they resembled gigantic injection ampoules, with the same shape, with the indefectible (unfailing) tubular extension, the same as the part we usually use to extract the contained liquid.

Entirely transparent, these tanks had no joints or seams on their smooth walls, and were supported at a low height by one metre pillars, semi-circular in shape, with clamp fittings. They were parallel to each other, arranged at symmetrical intervals and measured about 50 metres long and about four metres in diameter!

Underneath, there was a kind of faucet that acted as a tap, through which people collected the vitaminous liquid, drawing off the qualities and quantities they wanted.

On the other side, there was a circular opening through which is where tanks of substances are brought directly from the mills. There were 35 of them, representing as many different types of vitamins that varied in colour. The tanks were lined up in long rows and were exposed to the open air, with no special cover to protect them.

Among the most familiar colours, I singled out yellow, blue, brown, white and other vivid and garish ones whose colours whose hues are familiar to us. The inhabitants distinguish vitamins by their colour, use them and transport them to their homes in the free-standing craft.

For the comfort of the people, in the recesses of the pillars themselves, there are cups for those who wish to take their meals on the spot, and it is customary for them to gather under the trees nearby, also taking the opportunity to inhale their salutary emanations!

Behind each of the storage vials is an elevated platform where the delivery discs land, in order to proceed with unloading. Everything is very clean and perfectly executed, the restocking work is carried out under conditions of impeccable cleanliness.

When I visited the plantations, I was amazed at the quality of the soil. It is granulated as if it were coarse sawdust, visibly heavier than ours, giving the impression of being, to a certain extent, hydrophobic. Its vivid purple colour is pleasing to the eye. I even think that if it wasn't dusty, it wouldn't easily turn into clay!

In general, the plantations take on the shape of our vineyards and expand to a height of one metre, parallel to the ground. The fruit trees have trunks as thick as our coconut palms, reaching a height of about 10 metres with thick and robust branches.

The fruit grows on the branches, hanging from a stalk about 10 centimetres long.

The leaves resemble those of our orange trees, but not as green, have a beautiful dark navy blue colour and hang from the stalk mentioned.

The colour of the fruit is a reddish-purple, slightly darker than our common beetroot, and the trunk of the tree is a light grey!

The special arrangement of the branches is interesting:

- Half on one side and half on the other, they look like large birds with their wings spread. These branches, which are 5 to 6 metres long, acquire this regular conformation because, when they are young and tender, they undergo a special treatment that leads them to acquire such a unique arrangement and, according to their criteria, aims to save space and make harvesting easier! There are a variety of fruits with different shapes and colours, despite the trees and foliage being similar, taking on a uniform appearance, there being little differentiating the actual trees.

Tátria is the name of a fruit whose type is that of the courgette and, according to Dr Jânsle, it contains valuable calcium.

According to the information we received they are very resistant and the plants are long-lived, far exceeding the most durable plants on planet Earth!

- Why, having such strong and robust trees why don't you try to use them for other purposes? I asked.

- The trees, my friend, are far too generous, feeding us with their fruit. We can say that they contribute greatly to our development and we consider it inhumane to sacrifice them for other purposes. They also have life.

They come from the soil and must return to it. If we make utensils out of wood, they will be short-lived. Since everything we produce is intended to last a long time, we give full preference to minerals!

All kinds of fruit and other similar things are grown in that huge area.

The plantations of the same species are separated by wide paths and, in their own groupings, these paths are less wide to make harvesting easier.

From area to area, at a distance of about 100 metres, there are round platforms half a metre high for the landing of the craft that transport fruit and workers to carry out their activities. Next to these platforms, low down close to the ground, there is another platform of a small size where some video-phones are placed, like those that we found on the avenues. This equipment on the smaller platforms can then be used to call or dismiss the delivery shuttle craft.

In the same growing area, there are 35 processing plants specialising in the preparation of liquid vitamins.

They are set up in front of the fruit plantations where the vitamins are extracted. They carry out complex work in a practical method, free from confusion or hubbub, where everyone understands each other 100 per cent, avoiding any unnecessary effort.

Because it is condensed into healthy fruit extracts, the people's food comes in many varieties, enough for any palette there being a large range of different tastes/flavours.

The fruit is picked on the plantations, selected and taken to the extraction plants. They are treated for a long time, undergoing unknown processes to separate the pulp and provide the fruit nectar, i.e. its essence.

These essences are sent to the laboratories, chemically treated to make them become fit for normal consumption!

Once the degree of purity has been verified, the liquid is sent to the public warehouses for consumption.

The fruit pomace and the remaining skin/pulp mass is returned to the soil of the fields to be used as fertiliser, just as is done for our crops.

As people without teeth, we savour food, trying to keep it in our mouths for a few minutes until it is assimilated, naturally, everyone has a predilection for this or that quality of vitamin-food, in other words, appreciate one type of liquid vitamin more than another, even though they are aware of the need to absorb those that are most useful to the body and also to the overall nutrient balance.

Once the food has been ingested, the juice is formed in the mouth, it goes straight to the distributor pouch which, is situated at the level of the stomach, which is in charge of distributing the essentials to the various organs of the body.

This way, they get iodine for their blood, calcium for their bones and phosphorus for their brains, with no waste left to expel!

I know one thing for sure, and that is that when I ate that food, I felt as if I had been at a feast, and I was satisfied that I had maintained perfect organic balance while digesting. I was in such an excellent mood that I could do any exercise without exposing myself to the dangers of exertion after our usual meals!

Afterwards, we sat under friendly trees around a table on which, like the others, there was a video-phono set, where we began another talk.

- Tell me, Doctor, doesn't it rain here?

- The rains are periodic and more pronounced at certain times, because it is a climatic phenomenon, although it's different from what happens on Earth!

Here, as there, rain nourishes the soil, it is an indispensable fertiliser.

Discussing the "rain phenomenon", he went on to say:... clouds are formed in the atmosphere, but they are located in very high layers that don't even directly correlate with the atmosphere.

By this I mean that the formation and consequences of rain are not the same as atmospheric changes. These bring about violent atmospheric changes and, in a process of their own, bring cold, winds, cyclones, real catastrophes for earthlings.

The clouds that form here in layers, take on the shape of soap bubbles.

After their essential saturation, they slowly disintegrate and fall gracefully to the ground, as if piles of white tissue paper confetti were being thrown from the top of a building.

They differ greatly from the rains you are used to seeing, because their drops are rounded and almost the size of one of your fingernails, with the appearance of fish scales. Thin and transparent, these drops don't have the same liquefied content as your water, but they do have the property of assimilating into the soil with astonishing speed.

In other conditions, when they come into contact with roofs and the like, the drips will roll and slide until they are extinguished without a trace.

So when they fall on us we can pick them up and hold them in our hands temporarily, watching them slowly disappear.

Gradually, they get smaller as they get closer to the ground and, on the way down, they evaporate, making it difficult to drop more than 30 drops per square metre of surface on average.

Rain therefore does more to benefit the atmosphere than it does to the earth itself!

Unlike what happens on your planet, the rain is a beautiful spectacle, falling silently, to the subtle sound of the sun, falling silently to the sound of subtle music is something inconceivable to the human senses!

- Doctor, I intend to ask you something about the residences.

- Tell me if you're worried, my dear friend Jânsle replied attentively.

- It's a simple curiosity! If the residences are all the same, I wanted to know if any of the inhabitants wanted to build a different house to live in, would they be allowed to do so?

- Absolutely. We would even provide you with the material to build as many houses as you want!

We would endeavour to satisfy him.

Can he speak his mind?

Of course, because: "The freedom of manifestation of thought is a fruitful display; Divine guidance of humanity towards progress and civilisation".

- I ask this because on Earth we can't always express ourselves and most people are preoccupied with owning a large number of houses, palaces, villas and even cars, accumulating wealth in banks.

- The answer to your question is simple. This is because you are working towards ephemeral material greatness, whereas we are only aiming for Eternal Spiritual Greatness. If one of our fellow citizens were willing to take this attitude, they would be the exception.

They would then conclude that they had regressed morally in the eyes of the community, because everything happens according to its environment.

Hence the big difference!

- And what a difference, I exclaimed. It would be like we worked at night in the dark and you worked during the day in the light!

That was my concept when I tried to make a comparison, to which my interlocutor replied.

- Your comparison is interesting, was his reply, and he stood up and said:

What's important at the moment is to know how your physique is behaving in the face of the unusual conditions to which it is currently being subjected!

Once again, that tolerant and patient doctor and lifelong friend offered to examine me, asking me to come over to him.

As per his gesture, I stood up. I was happy to comply with everything he said in order to facilitate the scrutiny he wanted to carry out on me.

Standing in front of me, he stared into my eyes.

Serenely, I waited for his professional acumen to guide him, for I felt myself to be in excellent health, in full possession and control of my senses.

- I understand your condition, but some organic phenomena can be orientated with unforeseen haste, since your physique is not to the environment.

This is what Dr Jânsle said with his cordial affability, adding:

- I see you're resisting well!

After a few minutes, when he had finished his examination, he gave me his diagnosis.

- you don't have long to stay with us, so let's not lose what's most precious.

Let's take the opportunity to visit the Drawing Office, before taking you to the workshops. Your stay is limited to the physical conditions of the environment and that includes the time spent travelling back!

As he said this, he wrapped his arms around me, leading me along one of those tree-lined avenues and we stopped together at the first platform we came across.

First of all, he took care to request a craft for us by pressing the appropriate button in a small column.

I was still observing the foliage closely when the device appeared to our right-hand side and quickly landed on the platform.

He prompted me to get into the disc and we set off in the opposite direction, that is, towards the north of the city, where the workshops and laboratories were located.

- Dr Jânsle, you mentioned civilisation earlier, didn't you?

- Yes, that's right!

Can you tell me what real civilisation is?

- I can, but I want to warn you that man's reasoning on planet Earth doesn't yet conceive of it.

- It doesn't matter, go ahead!

Real civilisation is one in which the rational being can kill, steal, slander and there is not the slightest consequence for these offences.

- But that's absurd, Doctor!

- It can't be like that!

- I warned you about your lack of understanding.

CHAPTER XIV - IN THE WORKSHOPS OF THE FLYING DISCS

Gaining phenomenal speed, the craft devoured space at an average speed of about three thousand kilometres per hour, according to calculations made after the fact.

Flying at low altitude, everything seemed like a shapeless blur to me when I looked through its transparent walls, or even when I looked through its entrance door.

Shortly after we found ourselves inside, I tried to strike up a new conversation.

- You who seem to know everything about us, can you tell me which of the religions practised on Earth is the right one?

- On the question of which is the right one, we must emphasise that they include man's free will, which no one can hinder, since God does not oppose this faculty that characterises the being created by Him!

All religions are necessary, but it is up to man to discern what is right from what is wrong - without which he won't be able to evolve!

And what religion is practised here on this planet where I find myself?

- On this planet, the religion understood is limited to the concept that everything that exists in the Universe is given by God, so He is the only universal giver.

We living people don't have the power to give any trivial thing at all, and if we do, we do the opposite. That's why we don't have the give and take, so common to earthlings! There really is a reverse, i.e. a return: so if I give an apple, I am, on the contrary, receiving one, and receiving...

Always, according to the maxim I've already mentioned: To each according to his works.

He then went on to expound on the subject I had initiated:

Consider that there is no real difference between the crime committed by an evolved being and a savage, in a state of almost complete ignorance. The offence itself is the same. It just differs its return in relation to the degree of understanding of each person, because it is processed and rebounds in accordance with the greater or lesser discernment of the person who practised it.

My fellow citizens have reached such a level of moral progress that they no longer delude themselves with acquiring material things.

They live oblivious to the process of accumulation of material goods, because they are convinced that they are merely passing through this abode of the FATHER.

Their only aim is to realise the well-known proverb: Mens sana in corpore sano (a healthy mind in a healthy body).

There are individuals on planet Earth who think that if there were no gold - no money, people would lose interest in living, accepting the false premise that there would be no more progress and, consequently, everything would remain stationary!

This reasoning is wrong.

Money does not prevail on our planet which however, is a progressive, sober world, full of stillness.

Contrary to what people think, money contributes to the establishment of pride and discord, generating dispute between men.

It feeds jealousy, creates greed, unleashing wars, when nations are directly affected in their economy.

The successive wars that have broken out between your people have mainly been fuelled by the economic interest created by money! Therefore, it is evil and the elimination of any evil has always had beneficial consequences.

There is no doubt that the use of money and material acquisitions is imperative on your planet, but there must be greater discernment in this practice, respecting the motto created by you: "Not everything is black and white"!

Some of your people's attachment to material values is childish, because they think they can make "post-mortem" acquisitions.

This can still be seen in certain groups on your planet.

This is the sad summary of the history of your humanity, yet in it we find the sublime example of JESUS. During his time on your Earthly planet, he never focussed on material goods or the material goods or the fleeting pleasures of earthly life. If He acted in this way, it was because he was convinced of the existence of immeasurable greatness, beyond the ephemeral ones of our world!

Sublimity and greatness will always be found in any sector of human activity, it all depends on whether you want to find them, whether or not the "vile metal" (gold) is banished!

In the meantime, the craft had just landed, skilfully manoeuvred by its pilot. We had covered some 350 kilometres from end to end of that magnificent city.

We came down in the area where Dr Jânsle said the scientists' buildings are located, where they carry out studies related to medicine, engineering and science;

Where there are laboratories, workshops as well as aerial training and experimentation grounds.

- So, this is where I initially landed?

- Yes, but on the other side, where we maintain permanent landing fields for ease of access for visitors.

I came across buildings of various sizes, with the majority measuring between 70 and 80 metres in diameter, of which I counted at least 30.

There were many research laboratories in operation there, the only ones with local light, from six "light fittings" installed in their walls and arranged symmetrically. These light fittings, much smaller than those intended for the general lighting of the city, were also shaped like a glass sugar bowl.

When I later enquired about the quality of the light, I was told that it was the result of combining a negative ray with a positive ray which, when they come into contact, produce that light. What's more, they use the same ray to obtain a gas called "Ilómito", the function of which is to transmute the colour of any matter!

Matter subjected to the action of Ilómito gas undergoes a substantial change in colour, from dark to white, it can become entirely transparent in its entirety, or only in the part affected by the gas!

Some 50 metres away from these buildings, was a platform of about two metres in circumference by one metre high, there was a kind of telescope fitted there.

It was a cone-shaped device, on the inside wall of the telescope were twelve tubular grooves or channels, arranged vertically.

At the bottom of the apparatus was a completely white, semi-circular ball, milky in colour and similar to the light globes in appearance.

When the telescope was focussed on any distant point, strange yellowish balls were projected from the channels of the telescope towards the target, which were launched into space at two-second intervals.

When these glowing balls were projected, they created a luminous circle in space, the centre of which gave me the idea of an extensive, uniform tunnel, a veritable ethereal orifice appeared to open up to the target point. As they emerged from the cone, they could easily be seen in a continuous series, only to establish a single which, further away, disappeared completely, leaving only the luminosity formed by the circle.

Once they had made contact with the surface of the object, they emitted a dazzling flash. Then, at the bottom of the apparatus, the milky globe was lit up that began to emit a beam of light through the ethereal tunnel.

These waves rose continuously through the tunnel formed and when they reached a certain point, they were captured by a telephoto-vision system (television and photography) of the surface hit by the flashes resulting from the incandescence of the aforementioned balls!

The waves came back down with a bluish tinge, a faint, almost imperceptible blue, these waves were attracted by another device installed in the dome of one of the buildings where scientists were working on a particular task. The waves thus captured, penetrated through other complicated instruments until a screen could be seen rotating on itself, which then displayed the image with incredible sharpness.

Undoubtedly, it was an impressive spectacle to see the workings of a real automatic telescope!

I tried to ask the scientist and doctor if those balls could travel thousands or millions of kilometres without deviating from their objective.

The distance isn't as considerable as you might think, and a straight line is not always the shortest route between two points.

It's important to consider that the space between two worlds is made up of layers inherent to each of them, as well as a sizeable hydrogen layer that completely surrounds these worlds with their respective atmospheric layers.

This layer of hydrogen is gradually thinning out on its periphery to such an extent that what you call a vacuum is established between them.

Thus, thousands of kilometres are represented by this "vacuum" where time and space practically do not exist. As these factors do not exist, any object directed and propelled within this spatial area almost automatically reaches its other side.

Therefore, the distance to overcome is not precisely expressed in kilometres, this allows interplanetary journeys to be made in a short time. Moreover, it is essential to consider that if the inhabitants of the different planetary systems journey to other planetary systems, it would be impossible for us to focus on these worlds hundreds of millions of kilometres apart.

However, if the Supreme Will does not allow it, we could be separated by a strip of space and all efforts to cross would be futile, - it would be impossible to cross - because we could not conceive it. In conclusion, he added: Earth people use and abuse indiscriminately use the word "impossible" which, in this case, is being used correctly.

- But are the worlds still shrouded in mysteries?

- Mysteries? Dr Jânse emphasised expressively, "They don't exist! What exists are logical and natural things that surpass our own understanding, phenomena that are beyond our intelligence. I'll tell you something else: if every inhabitant of your world were to discover one phenomenon or mystery, their number would not be exhausted, there would still be an immensity of things to discover!

Interrupting the question I was about to ask him, he took me by the arm and led me towards one of the large buildings nearby.

- Let's change our programme. Let's start by visiting a parts drilling section.

We entered the building - which was completely round - with several access doors, always configured in the "oven mouth" or "furnace" style.

To my right, as I entered, I saw what looked like a huge locksmith's stall, which had no feet, about 5 metres wide, as if it had been a long shelf and stretched from one doorway to the next.

On top of the other benches, which were about 20 metres long - more or less - a powerful arm emerged from the wall, at a height of one metre, and hung over the padded workbench, at the end of which was tool that looked like a corn-on-the-cob.

In the centre of the room, I saw a robust round pillar about a metre in diameter and about three metres high.

From its top, horizontally, eight tapering arms were protruding from the centre of the pillar, at the ends of which hung an interesting instrument of the kind I will try to describe.

It resembled a tube about 220mm long, curving downwards, on which was fitted a mandrel full of dials, duly scribed with lines. These dials were visible all the way round the mandrel and the lines they bore represented the regulating scale, designed to control the exact diameter of the holes.

At the front of the mandrel was a tube that curved upwards which was about 110 centimetres long, ending in a kind of video sensor. It was a viewfinder which had a fine crosshair, the centre of which was a tiny transparent dot.

At the beginning of the curve of this last tube, in a horizontal position, there was a round container attached, intended to collect waste from the drilling in progress.

From the base of the mighty pillar, almost flush with the ground, stood eight long, curved arms, one metre apart at the periphery, on which two round, circular tubes rested.

Thus, these two metal rings surrounding the pillar served as rails, like a table, on which the pieces were placed in order to be conveniently machined.

When I witnessed the work carried out by those at the benches, at the top of which was a device that looked like a corn-on-the-cob, I saw them take some plates of a certain material, already drilled through, and superimpose them exactly.

Once they were juxtaposed, they inserted pins into the matching holes.

These were one-piece, headless rivets, which fitted into the holes like a engine piston in one of our cars!

After this operation, they placed the piece under the "corn-on-the-cob" apparatus. When this was activated, I saw a narrow beam of light projected from its nozzle onto the pin and I realised that it was receiving very strong impacts, beginning to deform, forming a head until it was until it was completely level with the plate!

Once the work was done, I realised to my amazement that the rivet had become indistinguishable from the sheet metal, leaving no trace, and the whole piece had become a single block.

They repeated the operation on the other side, under the same conditions and with the same results!

- Did you appreciate how our hammers work?

Now let's see how the drills work, added the Doctor.

Approaching me, he took me to the centre of the hall, next to the pillar.

At that moment, a worker approached, carrying a large piece of a metallic material that seemed to me to be very heavy, because it was about one metre long and 220 centimetres wide.

Dr Jânsle's helped to place it on the rails, under the chuck.

Once that sheet of unknown material - a kind of iron - was on the circular support, Dr Jânsle was asked to look into the viewfinder, while he turned the dials of the mandrel with his fingers, trying to adjust them according to his intentions. In the viewfinder I saw a perfect triangle being formed by luminous lines.

When he had finished his preparations, he asked me to step away from the machine and, suspending the arm, moved a button along a channel. The button, similar to our switches, produced a luminous dot that showed telltale scratches.

As soon as the button was moved from its position, a triangle-shaped spot of light was projected through the inner channel and out of the chuck onto the piece they had placed there. Incredible as it may seem, that light went on to carve a hole in the workpiece exactly the same shape as the triangle formed in the viewfinder.

However, what perplexed me the most was to see the chips and swarf climbing up the inside of the triangular beam of light, to be deposited in the aforementioned round waste container!

Visibly impressed by the strong power of that piercing light, I saw everything clearly, because the material of the machine was transparent.

Dr Jânsle then turned the knob a little further to the right a little more, and I saw due to an increase in the swarf being produced, that the machine had been accelerated or put to a higher level of power!

The beam of light was working on the material as if it had been a very sharp drill bit from our drilling machines and it wasn't two minutes before the huge piece was perforated!

Dr Jânsle then moved the button back to its original position and it automatically turned itself off, interrupting the light wave and switching off the machinery!

Eager to see the result, I was invited to examine the piece, but I remembered that it had to be very hot.

- You can examine it and touch it without danger, it's cold!

Not being able to resist my curiosity, I put my fingers into that triangle. The walls of the piece were as smooth as glass, and the inside had a perfect finish, as if an expert had worked on them. Not a single burr or protrusion!

It was explained to me that through those dials, the mandrel could project a pattern of light according to the known ways of making any kind of hole.

- Could even a concave or bulging hole could be obtained?

- Perfectly. To do this, dials adjusting the centre and adjacent radii must be set, so that the projection of the configured object corresponds to the original, my friend the Doctor replied solicitously.

- Could a conical hole also be made?

I was curious to find out more about the possibilities of the device.

- It's also possible. I'll make one to show you!

He began to readjust the dials and, then showed me the display. I looked at it and saw the shape of an impeccable cone that had been outlined on it.

Once the piece had been adjusted on the circular support, the button was once again moved to the top of its channel and now a fillet of light was travelling along it, stopping at a predetermined point.

Immediately the beam of light began to be projected in a conical shape, starting to pierce the piece, just as it had done before. The tip of the light beam was about 15 millimetres long and as it consumed the piece, it gradually widened.

Under the same conditions, the debris climbed up inside the light beam to be located in the circular waste container and, before long, the light pattern had configured a cone in that solid block!

The button was returned to its original place, again, it switched itself off, and the light went out.

Once the piece had been removed, I carried out a careful examination and found that everything was perfect, without any defects and that the cone made from the piece was actually about 90 millimetres wide.

According to my calculations, there must have been around a kilo of swarf and debris resulting from the perforations, and yet the cleanliness was perfect and the room was kept as if nothing had been carried out!

As this is my line of work, allow me to say that only a craftsman could truly appreciate the great obstacles overcome by them in the manufacture of those holes.

The material is much harder and more resistant than our steel, only a professional could assess, as I said, the insurmountable - for us - difficulties of precision, safety and speed, apparent in their work!

Of the eight drilling machines available, four, four differed in that they were equipped with gigantic spindles, much bigger than a back plate, even though they only had one dial and their displays were the same.

When I tried to find out why, it was explained to me that these machines were designed to drill holes from 25mm to 381mm (1 to 15 inches) and, to complete his explanation, he added:

- This piercing light is the "gyratory" rays I told you about. These are very powerful cutting rays of light. Here, they are used at low frequencies, but at high frequencies they have unimaginable destructive power!

- It's interesting how workers can make such complicated parts without the guidance of a drawing or a mould.

- Come with me and I'll show you something that will explain the subject better than actually talking to you.

I accompanied him and we left the workshops to go to the nearby building.

As we walked, I asked:

- Why is it that, in true civilisation, one can kill, steal and slander and there are no consequences?

- Because in true civilisation there are no judges, no police and no prisons, due to the high degree of understanding and civility of its inhabitants. Possessing this high degree of evolution, they can kill, steal and slander but they don't because their moral and spiritual nature does not allow it.

- Suppose all the inhabitants of your planet were like Jesus Christ?

- Would one Jesus eliminate another? Of course not!

- Although he could murder and not suffer the consequences, this would never happen.

- Is that clear?

- Very clear and thank you very much, Doctor.

CHAPTER XV - THE DRAWING OFFICE

We walked about 80 metres and entered a much smaller building, of reduced proportions, with just a single round room no more than 9 metres in diameter.

In the centre of the room was a large round table with twelve strange glowing objects of different colours arranged around it. They resembled helmets used in the last war by the German people, and they were, in this case, helmets that they used, like severed heads!

In the centre of the room was a large round table with twelve strange shiny objects of differing colours arranged around it. They resembled helmets used in the last war by the German people, and they really were helmets that could be worn, how odd!

Next to each of the helmets stood a strange device that resembled a spinning top.

Inserted into the surface of the table, at the end of which sat a pointer. The pointer was stopped in the centre of a circle marked by a dark dot.

At a proportional distance, one centimetre apart, a similar circle could be seen next to it.

They were joined by a broad oval line full of tiny lines.

Around the table I also noticed stools that corresponded to the number of helmets, giving me the impression that each seat was intended for the use of the 'spinning top' mechanism installed with it; 12 in all.

On a shelf that protruded from the wall, there were stacks of some kind of canvas or thick cardboard. Higher up, towards these stacks, there were spotlights similar to our car headlights.

Dr Jânsle looked at me without hesitation and said.

- This is one of our drawing offices.

I found that strange because I didn't see drawing boards, rulers, paper or any other objects that even resembled the well-known equipment of a drawing department.

Nothing there resembled or had any analogy with drawings, projects or even looked like an environment of that nature! Intrigued, I asked:

- What are those helmet-like objects for?

- Wait and I'll show you. For now, I want to see you draw!

- Oh, I feel shy about showing you my rather poor drawing skills. Surely, if you needed that skill - if you shouldn't have invited me!

- It doesn't matter how good or bad you think you are. The important thing is to try it and you will create a suggestive design.

To do so, sit down here.

As he spoke, he indicated one of the stools, on which I sat, he then placed one of the helmets on my head, then went over to the shelf and brought out one of the round canvases, placing it in front of me.

Asking me to sit still, he moved the spinning the pointer over the tiny traces of the strip in front of me on the table.

At the same time, the lightboard situated opposite me on the wall, projected a light that lit up my face and my entire helmet.

- Think of any object you want to draw, and fix your thoughts firmly on its outline. Try to make a mental drawing as best you can. Do this with great care, Dr Jânsle prompted.

With my eyes closed, I instinctively thought of Christ the Redeemer on the hill of Corcovado, in Rio de Janeiro.

Corcovado hill in Rio de Janeiro. I tried to remember its configuration, with its arms outstretched, its head and feet resting on its colossal base.

I hadn't finished my intimate concentration on the details of that stupendous monument, and I already felt Dr Jânsle's hand lightly touching me. Opening my eyes, I saw, with immense surprise, on the canvas placed on the table, the outline of Corcovado, with Christ the Redeemer on top, with his arms open, exactly as I had imagined it!

- How can such a miracle happen? That's not exactly a drawing, I exclaimed.

- Yes, this isn't exactly a drawing, but a photograph of your thoughts!

For several long minutes I thought about it, at the same time I was looking at that photograph, wondering how they had managed to obtain it. Ruminating on these thoughts, I turned to Dr Jânsle.

- I'm not satisfied with that - I had my eyes closed - can I do a new experiment?

- If you want to dispel doubts, let's do another experiment, imagine what you like, but keep your eyes open!

Having said that, my interlocutor went to get another screen.

As the helmet was already on my head, he simply turned the same device on the table, whose pointer moved to the left in the direction of the lines.

Once again, the beam of light was projected onto my face and I kept my eyes on the screen, without the light impairing my vision.

Trying to get away from everything local to my home in the earthly environment, I remembered the Statue of Liberty at the entrance to the port of New York, the sight of which I had seen a few days before in one of the Capital's cinemas.

As I mentally focussed on that gigantic work, the same motifs appeared on the screen, i.e. the head with the crown, the raised arm holding a torch, his clothes, the pedestal and the intimately visualised panorama!

Having completed the picture, Dr Jânsle returned the device to its place and the light went out.

Then he took my helmet off and put it back on the table, saying:

- Are you satisfied now?

- I don't know what to say!

- As you can see, our drawing department doesn't need pens, scales, compasses, pencils, ink, pantographs, enlargement chambers, models, maps, etc.

- In fact, I've noticed that they don't even use photographs, as we usually do, hanging on the walls of our homes. I was very surprised.

- To keep photographs of certain people, would be to memorialise an ephemeral being, i.e. the material body.

In order to remember that person is not necessary to have their photograph before our eyes.

We keep indelibly in our hearts their kindness and their most beneficial actions in favour of the community. So it's the immaterial part that never fades from our memory! As for the pictures of nature, we consider them to be filled with a fictitious vision, because they don't capture the purity, essence or magnificence that radiates from plants, flowers and vegetation.

There's nothing like feeling nature as it is, which is why we spend part of our existence in contact with it in order to invigorate our senses.

Earthly man has a strict obligation to have contact with nature for at least six hours a week!

After this conversation, I withdrew into my thoughts and went back to analysing the details of the splendid drawing.

As absorbed as I was, I didn't see Dr Jânsle sit down next to me, and it was only when his hands touched me that I realised his attitude. Turning round immediately to him, I met his compassionate gaze.

- "This is magnificent," I said.

If I tell my people about this planet, they won't believe me and will naturally respond with sarcastic and mocking words. They'll call me crazy!

- "Yes," he replied. There are the unbelievers, the indecisive and the dubious, but the more enlightened and aware will admit the possibility that Earth humans are not the only intelligent life in the universe!

Eventually, to learn that you are one of the many intelligently populated worlds - However, Dr Jânsle warned me, if your earnest words are mocked, just give a fraternal smile; have compassion on those beings, realise how little faith they have.

- More than ever, you will realise how callous those eager to amass fortunes from the insane exploitation of human victims, profiting from the sacrifice of their fellow human beings.

- I hope this makes sense what I'm about to tell you:

If...

Man uses;

Fertile land,

to plant;

Clean water

to drink;

Pure food,

to eat;

Why not imitate earthly fertility,

by sowing good deeds?

Clean water, in clean thoughts!

And pure food, in the purity of your heart!

Why?

In this tone, he delved into philosophical considerations, continuing on for the whole of the short time I had left in that room, and, more or less, spoke on this theme:

Make your heart a great hotel! Select your guests.

If all your premises are filled with love, tolerance and fraternity, then, hate, rancour and dishonesty, will no longer find accommodation.

Kicking a banana peel off the pavement; May be as good as giving someone a basket full of fruit.

While animals attack and injure in order to obtain survival, man has it in abundance. He knows how to get it! So why kill, exhaust, exploit, if using judgement and compassion would solve everything satisfactorily for all beings?

Man differs from animals in his reasoning, but he is more ferocious! His past, his history, of consecutive wars and their few periods of peace are filled with orgies and degenerating bacchanals which, once again, place them in a lower condition than the irrational!

It's true that life is movement and progress, But earthly man has created, and is fuelling, an irrational and one-sided progress.

These are the considerable reasons for their suffering!

Going back to the dawn of humanity, you will see man seeking to invent new armaments in the endless desire for world domination. There have always been those who have wanted to dominate it through the power of weapons, but this has never been achieved, nor will it ever be achieved!

There's the atomic bomb! By the end of this century earthly man will encounter the ray we call the "PULVEDESINTEGRATOR", which, launched at a city tens of thousands of kilometres away, will pulverise it in minutes, leaving its inhabitants reduced to a pile of white dust!

The aeroplanes, in full flight, when bathed in those rays will disintegrate in a cloud of dust.

The same happens to ships! The sea will be covered to a great extent with a fine layer of this dust; it won't even allow us to remember the mighty warship that used to ply it!

Yet I assure you: no one will rule the world!

Men will bow respectfully before those who make education compulsory. To bakers, mechanics, farmers, bricklayers, machinists, cleaners, when they represent, at the same time, so many other engineers, doctors, technicians and scientists!

A country where a simple riveter is an engineer, a vegetable grower is a doctor, a radio repairman is a teacher, will successively bring peace to the world.

Not by deadly means, but by the power of knowledge that will radiate to other peoples! It will be up to its members to initiate the fusion of races.

At the moment, when they have reached the culminating stage of understanding, in the almost general realisation of the need to refine noble sentiments, they illogically preach the need for pain in order to evolve. But if evolution were based on pain, then they would be forced to evolve, that is, without any merit.

People would evolve through pain if they could to get rid of it at any time. However, since they are forced to suffer, they do nothing more than repeat lessons learned in the past. Once this minimal 'progress' was even with universal justice, they would then stop on the evolutionary scale of being, no longer ascending!

In truth, evolution is achieved through the practice of good deeds, tolerance and kindness; in short, by our love for our fellow human beings, a quality that we have no choice but to use through our free will!!!

That's why pain is not an evolutionary vehicle.

If pain afflicts us, it's because we deserve it! It is the just reward, the honest payment for our own actions, as we have been taught: Sowing is free, but the harvest is obligatory!

The problem of misunderstandings between people is a major contributor to racial issues. With their different languages, racial groups translate into harmful factionalism, generating intolerance, discord and fostering the germ of bellicosity.

Concord and peace will come as a by-product, when there is only one race and one language on your planet. It is therefore urgent to begin this transformation by recognizing each race has its own contribution to make, thus:

Intelligence, by the White race;

Physical endurance, by the Black race;

Perspicacity and Dexterity, by the Yellow race;

Perseverance and Fortitude, by the Red race!

It is the duty of earthly man to go back and start crossing races, in order to arrive at the desired goal; a single race!

A definitive race to inherit the qualities and aptitudes of those that are currently disjointed!

At this point, Dr Jânsle placed his hands paternally on my shoulders and looking at me deeply, he said:

- I'm going to give you a message - Listen to what I tell you!

Your visit is nearly over and my people are immensely grateful for your presence. Up until now, you have been the only earthly inhabitant to visit us on this distant Planet, and you have shown yourself to be very worthy of it.

My fellow citizens now ask me to convey our message directly to you, addressed to all men of good will on your planet.

A parenthesis: the content of this message is reserved for the end of this book.

- I would very much appreciate your staying with us, but my dear friend needs to return. If you have any questions, please do so during the return journey.

We left the Drawing Office and a craft was waiting for us about 40 metres away. We climbed onto it and in no time we were on the other side of that area, in the field of experimentation!

From above, I could see a crowd of people waiting to see me off and to wish me a happy journey home, according to Dr Jânsle.

We left that craft and, further on, the interplanetary craft stood still, as if to say: Here I am to serve you.

Calmly we went to meet it and we were greeted by the same two crew members who had come to pick me up on the banks of the Paraibuna River.

I asked them how I was going to say goodbye to those people, as it would be impossible for me to greet them one by one, they told me: Just a waving of your hands will be sufficient for them to be satisfied with your attitude.

Once I had risen to the disc, I stood at the door. I raised my arms and waved in a cordial manner.

In a second, under the same impulse, thousands of hands waved goodbye to me, returning my emotional goodbye.

CHAPTER XVI - RETURN TO EARTH

The craft began to ascend slowly and I could see the compassion for me in the people's eyes.

They recognised that I had to return to a more rudimentary abode!

Sadly, I searched the interior of the ship, reluctant to join my fellow travellers.

I could see men, women and children waving up at me through the craft's natural viewfinders, but I was unable to respond to their greetings. I steeled myself aware that I was leaving a world of peace and love to face one of struggle and unrest.

A tangle of thoughts enveloped me. I didn't even notice when the door closed. From that state of absorption, I was brought out of it by the pressure of Dr Jânsle's fingers, presenting me with a glass containing the same liquid I had drunk when we left Earth.

With nothing left to do but savour the memory of that unknown planet and its people, I drank the precious liquid and went to sit next to Mr Jânsle to unravel, if possible, a tangle of questions.

Sensing my intention, the scientist smiled and said, you can ask! Firstly,

I'd like to ask you four questions:

1. Why are houses, objects, gardens, in short, almost everything is round or circular?
2. Why are some planets so much bigger than others?
3. Why do the planets never come to an end point if they are always in motion?
4. Why did you say that even if our scientists manage to reach another planet, they will never return?

- To your first question, I'd say:

We endeavour to make everything round like nature itself does in one of its most beautiful expressions. You see, from the fruits, to the immeasurable celestial masses revolving in space show us the tendency of form.

To disagree with the wisdom of nature would be to go against the natural order, to violate its teachings, which is not sensible. So, we move away from anomalies to embrace the logical.

To your 2nd and 3rd questions, I have to say: Throughout the Universe, the planets, with their visible and invisible particles, and light, heat, sound, substances, matter and elements everything is spherical, the worlds travel and develop to a maximum, in size and splendour, in trillions of years, to then go decreasing, disintegrating and expelling their particles, substances, matter, elements to other developing planets, until it is reduced to an invisible and imponderable minimum that is the Nucleus, the centre of cosmic and evolutionary radiation (LIFE).

Wandering through endless space again this nucleus begins to take on a "visible body" and develops, gravitating within its solar system, receiving substances and elements from other planets with the maximum already developed

and decreasing, but this is always in motion and in a circular direction, because in the immensity of the Universe there is no such thing as a straight line.

In conclusion, since there is no beginning or end to a line or action, it is understood to be infinite.

To your 4th question I have to say: The calculations in terms of time, for interplanetary journeys, within your world is case, outside it is significantly different. Likewise distances and speeds on one planet and another vary.

And I'll explain this further:

The human brain is tuned to the rotations of the planet on which you live.

These rotations give us exact proportions in our blood circulation, they give us our cerebral balance, and reasoning.

If a human being on earth wants to travel to another planet, they can do so as long as it has the same earth rotation speed, otherwise, when he lands on another planet, he will fall to the ground and his brain will not reason, and the blood will circulate differently, depending on the greater or lesser number of rotational speed of the planet visited.

So they won't be able to survive!

Dr Jânslé, earlier, reference was made to a natural light developing on a planets?

Yes, when this innate light is at its peak, the planet will remain truly illuminated, because this light emanates from the Centre of Cosmic and Evolutionary Irradiation.

In fact, this light has already appeared on your planet, but it is still imperceptible to the naked eye. Over the centuries, as the Earth's atmosphere becomes thinner and thinner, the solar become thinner, then the sun's rays will no longer contact so much oxygen, and will no longer produce the unbearable heat of today, it will become a comfortable and invigorating heat for plants, humans and animals.

But as a result, the sun's rays will no longer produce the same light, which means that the planet would become cloudy if it were not possessed its own light. By this time the planet will have lost its axial tilt, so there will only be two seasons: three months of autumn and nine months of spring.

Now, I'm asking you about yourself, did you like the world where everything is rounded?

- Words can't express what's in my heart, nor my feelings of gratitude towards everyone, especially you.

Frankly, I thought everything was marvellous and I was enchanted by everything. And, pausing for a moment, I added:

I'm sorry I won't be staying longer or even continue to live here, in this atmosphere of calm and tranquillity, where I have spent hours of unrivalled satisfaction in the pleasure of being received with sincere fraternity. I understand better now, why Jesus said: "In my Father's house there are many mansions..."

- My brother, don't be sad or sorry for not being able to stay with us at the moment, but one day you will have the grace to live on this planet!

- But how long will that take? I asked curiously.

- According to my calculations, you'll have to intern on, more or less 28 different planets, learning through hard work, study and also developing love for others!

- So we can have more than one life on each planet?

- I can tell you that life is one and eternal.

However, we do our apprenticeships by going through the stages of life on different planets. We almost always repeat the lesson three, four, eight and even ten times, living on the same planet!

- How can these phases of life be explained, Doctor?

- Life and its phases can be defined like this... he went on to make some remarks that I'm trying to summarize:

Let's take a circular cone and place the pointed end, i.e. the smallest part, downwards.

Around its periphery at the height of which it measures, precisely one metre in circumference, we place a rubber band that is exactly one metre in circumference with its thousand millimetres marked off, until their tips touch.

Just above (further up the cone, not overlapping) this first band, place another rubber band that is also exactly one metre in circumference around the cone, but we have to stretch it as the cone is wider. It's clear, therefore, that if we want to cover a larger surface, we'll have to stretch this metre of rubber, causing expansion between its millimetres. As a consequence, the millimetres of the second metre become larger.

If we put a third metre band above the second metre, it's clear that this metre band needs to be pulled more, so its millimetres become larger.

After the third metre band, if we place the fourth rubber meter, it will ipso-facto become tighter and its millimetres will be even larger, because the surface to be covered is greater.

Proceeding in this way successively, wrapping the cone with metres of rubber until we reach the largest circumference, it is obvious that the last metre will be the most taut because it has covered a larger distance. Consequently, its millimetres will be much further apart and stretched to a greater extent!

At this point, he touched me with one of his hands, saying.

- Pay attention to what I'm about to tell you. This cone is life and those millimetres are the phases of life, or our various stages. We start at the first metre and from millimetre to millimetre we continue until we've completed the cone's full circle, we will have travelled a thousand millimetres, each one representing the thousand stages of life!

At the second metre, we also start the other thousand stages of life, but in this case the metre is a little longer and its millimetres are bigger, the phases of the new life are longer and their length is greater.

Therefore, after many, many years of practising GOOD, overcoming discomforts and setbacks, we will reach the third metre.

- Naturally, in this third metre the millimetres are longer and we will have to walk them with greater exercise of our free will, gaining in merit to take us to the fourth metre!

In this way, from phase to phase, from metre to metre, evolution by evolution, we will pass through the cone that represents Life. The life that God in his great magnanimity has deigned to bestow upon us. And at the end of his explanation, he said: behold, the evolutionary process that will give you the longed-for opportunity to live on this planet! - I found his explanation marvellous and the simile to show me what Life is. It seemed clear and comprehensive to me.

However, I would like to know the height and diameter of this cone?

- My brother, the height of that cone is the height of the Universe that we can call unlimited, and its diameter is equally unlimited!

- And what is the true base of this cone? What are we, what do we do, and where are we going? I thought, doubtfully.

- In a few words I'll try to make myself understandable, said Dr Jânsle. The basis of this cone can be summarised in three vital points: Birth, Feeling and Evolution! Each with its own significance:

BIRTH: the most sacred of all things!

FEELING: the evolutionary formation of being!

EVOLUTION: the reason for all created things!

Thus, with birth we receive the synthesis of which is a divine particle and a spark of love;

With feeling and understanding, we gain the greatness and the splendour of perfect creatures;

With successive evolutionary cycles, we are led closer to God, our real goal!

To summarise:

"We are the result of a Divine act" - Birth!

"We cultivate the good and develop ourselves" - Feeling!

"Perennial travellers of the eternal journey" - Evolution!

My attention was entirely focused on his philosophy, endeavouring to assimilate the meaning of his words, when Dr Jânsle, trying to console me, added

- Don't worry too much, go back to your world, which is generous and bright when you know how to lead your life.

Don't embitter it with thoughts, making it dependent on what you can't get now. On the contrary, in the future you will have a new field of action because you will be able to see more clearly the *raison d'être* of things and you will profitably dedicate yourself to spread the word about what you have seen and witnessed, if you can, write a booklet with the accounts of this trip. We promise to come back and we'll give you another trip in the future.

- "So, you mean I'll be given the adventure of revisiting your world? As soon as possible, I hope," I said with unbridled enthusiasm.

- Then we'll show you three more planets on the next trip, so that you can get a glimpse of the diversity of the constitution of the worlds, within the framework of the conception he alluded to: "In my Father's house there are many mansions" and went on to outline the conditions on the 3 planets:

The first planet, this one is in the antediluvian phase, in a kind of quaternary period of the Earth, where its inhabitants pull the roots out of the ground with their bare hands and devour them with their impurities.

The second planet we want to show you, you'll have the dissatisfaction of seeing its surface covered in 96 per cent water!

Its inhabitants know agriculture, but they struggle with a tremendous shortage of food.

They sow in its inhospitable and inconsistent soil and the plants sprout, but when treated well produces a single fruit but this take an interval corresponding to eight months of your calendar!

Thus, a bean plant produces a single bean; a pumpkin plant, a single pumpkin and an orange tree, a single orange. Evaluate, then, the struggle waged by these beings, who rely more on the aquatic element than on the substance of the soil itself!

Although they are fast swimmers and expert divers, making the most expert swimmer on your planet envious, they are constantly forced to face the product of their environment, represented by monstrous and horrifying aquatic animals. Gigantic lizards and other large animals similar to the extinct brontosaurus, dimetrodons (sail-backed) and similar of the antediluvian era attack them. These animals, endowed with unrivalled ferocity, have the ability to draw their unfortunate victims into their jaws through suction. Unfortunate victims!

These creatures are not far removed from the fish's organic constitution. In the liquid element they are strong and dexterous, but out of the water they are astonishingly fragile, supporting at most - an adult being - a load of 25 kilos.

The third Planet is very advanced and we can call it the LIGHT sphere; maybe you'll get the chance to see it later through a special viewer.

There, its inhabitants don't have such a dense body, they are, so to speak, semi-material. They live about 3,600 years of your time;

They do not eat solid or liquid food, but absorb substances from the atmosphere. When they are breathing, they are already eating! Their lives take place under exceptional conditions and their work is limited exclusively to what concerns the spirit, developing such a powerful combination of mental strength that their will alone is enough to render us unconscious and immobile!

Time and space mean little to them, because with the power of thought, they overpower the action of time, and all they need is the hint of an evil thought to materialise evil!

From time to time, we are allowed to tune our video screens to this planet, which brings us unusual benefits, encourages progress, upliftment of feelings and, in general the comforting knowledge that one day we will get there!

- But is it possible to have so much power with mere thought?

- Remember, my brother, what you have been clearly taught on your planet: Faith removes mountains, faith is its purest expression!

— But I'm sure that when I tried to tell Earth people about those worlds, they will retort: you are talking nonsense. That was the gist of what I said to Dr. Jânsle..

- I've already warned you that when this happens, just smile fraternally.

Then, once again, I pestered Dr Jânsle, asking him about the fact that our humanity lives in a constant tangle of polemics and misunderstandings, asking him for clarification.

Among other things, I remember that Dr. Jânsle said to me: if your humanity used the great intelligence with which its members are endowed, without vanity and selfishness in mutual collaboration, I.E. effective co-operation in the spirit of goodwill with the common aim of alleviating the sufferings of their fellow human beings;

If they would endeavour to spread the scientific knowledge indispensable for collective progress to less fortunate peoples, they would have as a result, real benefits which, within 30 years, would translate as if by magic into:

a) - the spectre of war would disappear from the human collective consciousness;

b) - Most current illnesses would be exterminated, elevating many people currently suffering into a true paradise;

c) - Prevent young people from working until they reach adulthood, as the substitution of work for study should never be allowed - whether in industry or commerce, since this environment contributes to their moral formation.

As a result of these premises, there would naturally be protection of fauna and flora, avoiding the merciless devastation that is practised in clear danger of their own survival;

the reduction and improvement of their diet, with the consequent abolition of meat eating;

cultural equivalence between workers and labourers;

the elimination of 90% of hospitals, health centres, penitentiaries, jails and insane asylums;

a huge reduction in the number of hours of work;

laws and decrees would become mere legal precepts;

the armed forces would cease to exist and, finally, everyone would live another 40 years or so.

and, above all, their clothing would be reduced.

After 30 years, your humanity will be on the doorstep of the third millennium.

Humanity will be at the gates of the third millennium and in the process of planetary ascension, only two seasons in the annual cycle - autumn and spring.

At that time, food will consist exclusively of fruit, vegetables, eggs, milk and its derivatives, bolstered by the precious aquatic food sources found in the oceans, which are undoubtedly an inexhaustible source of vitamin varieties, their true nutritional values will be realised.

After these very valuable concepts were transmitted that I attempt to transcribe, there was a long pause in the talk the Doctor had been giving.

Taking advantage of this break in the conversation,

I took the opportunity to ask Dr Jânsle a question to satisfy my curiosity - so I asked:

- How fast were the flying craft who were called upon to serve us through the columns?
- When requested, their speed is in the order of 2,600 kilometres per (Earth) hour, but they can reach thirty-three times that!

I mentally calculated $33 \times 2,600$ kilometres, taking his arm, I exclaimed.

- Eighty-five thousand kilometres per hour! Are you kidding me?
- Why should I be joking when I've been so honest every time you've questioned me?
- Forgive the force of expression, Doctor, but I think that at that speed the craft would be affected by friction and wouldn't be able to withstand the heat generated!
- I'm sorry to contradict your judgement, but you're not right! I'll explain.

This is how Dr Jânsle began his dissertation on the speed of flying craft, by saying: the materials used to make the craft are subjected to high speed and, consequently, also to atmospheric pressure. They can heat up and disintegrate. But in order to overcome this obstacle, we now use a heat elimination system, i.e. we have adopted a cooling process, and when they exceeded this speed, we put into operation a device placed in the largest section to produce, this time, heating!

The reason for this change is the fact - unheard of to you - is that above 6,200 kilometres per hour the device that disintegrates the air or atmosphere, causes the rotor to cool down until it freezes completely!

This concerns the flying in an atmosphere, the principles of which are only partly applied to interstellar travel. In the case of interplanetary journeys, such as the one we are on at the moment the creation of suitable fields is the dominant system, but it also depends on other factors.

He then went on to talk about a complex system of magnetic fields, the subject matter of which was far superior to my understanding and from which I was unable to conclude anything, as I didn't have the understanding to match.

However, I remember that he ended his explanation with the following words:

- ... at this point, we no longer use high rotation!

It flies without spinning - which will seem absurd to you - but by keeping its pores open, receiving and generating energy due to its high speed, it begins to take on an elongated shape. When it reaches this speed, the pores are automatically controlled for safety!

The disc you earlier piloted could have gradually increased its speed up to 300 MIL kilometres per hour, which represents the maximum for craft for moving through an atmosphere.

As for interplanetary or interstellar use, as I said, different factors come into play because we have to cross barriers of diametrically opposed natures. Given the enormous distances to be travelled, the usual speed is of the order of more than ONE MILLION, which we call "LIGHT RANGE".

Finally, these are a few small details that I'm passing on to you because I recognise that you're so interested in the subject, Dr Jânsle concluded.

Dear reader! By opening a parenthesis in our reports, I want to make you feel that I now recognise the childishness of certain questions put to Dr Jânsle, in my eagerness to learn something to pass on to you, and among them, this one:

- Would it be possible for a scientist on Earth to build a craft like this with the details that my dear friend has provided?
- It depends, my brother. A lot depends on your purposes and what the craft is intended for! If it is not used for GOOD, to fulfil humanitarian purposes, I can assure you that it will be almost impossible for a scientist to achieve it!

- But what does one have to do with the other? What influence does it have?

- It's clear and indisputable. Holy Wisdom points discoverers or inventors in the right direction.

Hasn't medicine observed, especially in the field of surgery, earthly humanity is advanced, but in the field of weapons of war, it lags behind. It is always the general law that regulates events within evolutionary moulds. There can be no dissonance between material progress and the evolution of the spirit!

Your medicine performs miracles that scientists themselves do not understand or explain. Because its action is based on the objective of alleviating pain and suffering, so your progress and development is made thanks to the breath of Divine Inspiration. It is EXCELLENT MAGNANIMITY that allows for a higher level of evolution, in fulfilment of the sacred objectives!

As soon as the earthly doctor realises his mission as a true priest, then your medicine will reach inconceivable heights. There lies the rub!

- But aren't our warplanes, guided missiles, radar, atomic cannons and even the hydrogen bomb modern inventions?

After a broad smile of complacency, like someone who is master of the situation and sure of all his knowledge, he calmly pondered.

- Reaffirming the philosophy we live by, we find your point null and void: Under no circumstances do we attack or entertain fear of being attacked, which is why we believe this warlike power that you've just mentioned is unnecessary. Think about this axiom: if you had a good knife to cut with and a big, solid cheese to slice into, you'd do it easily, wouldn't you? However, without any tinge of boastfulness, just to establish a parallel of destructive potential, I assure you that if we used our gyratory rays at a height of 20 kilometres, at high frequency, we would shred your globe in just twenty minutes!

- We'd turn it into myriads of tiny wandering bodies and possible meteors spilling out into the solar system. In keeping with the laws that govern them, they would await their complete disappearance until disintegration by Disintegration by incandescence or fusion with other developing to which they would inevitably be drawn!

- But how fantastic and inconceivable is that? I exclaimed. Those gyratory rays I saw in the workshops drilling out parts? I repeated quasi-squintingly, still dazzled by the revelation!

- Exactly, the same rays, i.e. based on the same force. My friend will remember that, at the time, I said that the ray was being used for useful and peaceful purposes, but when subjected to the high frequency, it had unimaginable destructive power! The Pulvedesintegrator ray, eagerly sought after by your humanity, is nothing more than the combination of the Gamma ray with other elements and it is nothing more than an auxiliary to our gyratory rays!

This gives you a basis for assessing its destructive power!

The earth's globe does not have a metal in its entire component metals as resistant as that easily pierced in our workshops. What's more, consider that you have seen 'reduced' gyratory rays, in proportions of force and power. Free from any harmful effects. Therefore your stupefaction!

- For me, I said, your exposition is transcendent and my intelligence is not aware of the possibilities of certain facts, which in my humble understanding are unfeasible. However, I sincerely accept your explanations and I feel honoured by your deference to me. Your conversation is so intriguing and elevated that it makes me feel like a tiny fish thrown into a large river.

- You're not as small as you think, my friend!

You are endowed with the divine spark, just like me. However, I believe I have entertained you with my lecture,

I don't think you realised we were about to arrive. We're about to land near the place where we picked you up!

Immediately, I ran to the viewfinders and saw the sea and a series of mountains.

We were gliding at an inclined angle, when one of the crew members moved one of the levers on the panel and the spacecraft began to descend vertically, always with the same prodigious speed.

We were now at a low altitude and I saw a town on the side, which would have been Paraibuna, when the disc arced in a quick curve.

I had the feeling that we were about to crash into the Earth when the flyer stopped and, from a height of about 20 metres, began a slow landing, coming to a gentle halt half a metre above the ground!

CHAPTER XVII - AMONG MY PEOPLE

During Dr Jânsle's long narration, I noticed a slight increase in in the air temperature and the brightness inside the spacecraft. No doubt it was a result of the sunlight; however, I hadn't even had time to enquire about it!

The door opened and we got out.

I was sorry and felt something strange. Something strange was going on in me; I found my surroundings disconcerting and out of place in my own world!

I had easily got used to the marvellous planet I had visited, its indescribable beauties, and I found myself like when I left a beautiful parlour to suddenly enter a rustic cottage.

I found the place where we landed strange. That field covered in stunted vegetation, weakened shrubs and rare trees growing in a hostile environment.

- The river is close by and in this position, said Dr Jânsle, pointing me in the right direction.

At the same time, he took my pulse, looked into my eyes, carried out a quick examination as he had done before, and then said:

- Everything is fine. You find yourself less than kilometre from where we picked you up, which is upriver. Now I know how pleased you are to have visited us. As I promised, I brought you back, happy and healthy, and nothing bad has happened to you!

- I give thanks to God. I'm happy to have been the first intermediary between my people and your noble people, endowed with a very advanced civilisation.

If I thought I was small before, I'm much smaller now!

- We knew about your gifts of heart, which included peace and humility, and we are pleased to have been able to give you this trip!

The other two crew members said goodbye to me.

I also held out my hand to Dr Jânsle and as a parting gift, I said:

- You told me that a sincere handshake was worth more than a bag full of riches, isn't that right? So here's my sincere handshake.

- There's no doubt about it!

They climbed into the flying saucer and, standing at the door, gave each other a cordial smile. They waved their hands and disappeared inside the craft, which flew up to a height of about 20 metres. I still saw them through the windows looking down.

Then the disc rose to a certain height, gained impressive speed, forming under that scorching sky a ball of bluish light and disappeared from my sight in a matter of seconds.

Great was the joy that flooded my soul: I began to feel tears in my eyes, because I discovered that there are human beings, true angels, from whose hearts radiates the perennial and pure greatness of God: GOODNESS.

I stood still for a few minutes and, convinced of the pointlessness of trying to explore space, I tried to find out the time. I checked my watch and it read, precisely 5.06pm the day before. It had stopped! Indicating the time that I had boarded the Flying Saucer the afternoon before.

From the height of the sun, it must have been about 10 o'clock in the in the morning!

I tried to walk in the direction indicated and it was easy to find the river for my orientation. I walked its banks and soon found my depth line, which remained tied to a small bush.

All that remained of my sandwiches was the paper wrapper that had blown a little way along the bank. I collected the line and continued along the path until I spotted the hut set up by my four companions.

I was climbing down a more protruding slope when one of them shouted when he saw me:

- Look at Rossi! Pointing in my direction.

The other three companions came out of the hut to make sure I was there.

My brother-in-law ran to meet me, anxious to question me:

- What happened to you, boy? Where did you spend the night? We've been looking for you everywhere.

What the hell have you got yourself into?

Because of my promise to Dr Jânsle to keep my unexpected secret for eight days about my unexpected trip, I confined myself to answering:

- Nothing happened to me. It's just that I went a way down and fished all night!

- Where are the fish, didn't you catch anything?

- Even though it looked like a fishing spot, I caught nothing!

- You don't look like you've been out all night. You look different, he said.

I did that stretch in the company of my brother-in-law, answering his questions as best I could, and at the entrance to the hut my three companions were waiting for me.

- You played a trick on us, one of them said.

- We thought you were dead, said the other.

We went looking for you all along the riverbank and we were apprehensive!

Condemnation was widespread, the allegations followed one after another with bitter censure for my behaviour and they never stopped reproaching me for what had happened.

- Beautiful! You disappeared on me yesterday and reappear at half past ten (10.30 am) looking like you ate something and didn't like it. Imagine the fright you gave us. We were just about to report you missing at the police station, thinking you must have drowned.

- Rossi! Here's a leftover sandwich and a little bit of alcohol. Eat up, because we intend to leave at noon.

As he said this, he showed me some fish he had managed to catch. And with emphasis he added:

-This is what it's like to be a fisherman. You walk for miles and you don't catch anything. Next time I'll give you some lessons on how to hook a dorado!

- You only talk about fishing, one of the others said: The buoy is in that bag.

- I don't want anything, I'm not hungry," I replied.

- You're not hungry! You've been up all night awake and you give me that. You eat like a monster and you don't want anything now! One of them concluded.

- Look, said another. To me you've been in some country bumpkin's house by the river and you've certainly found a cabocla (a person of mixed Indigenous Brazilian and European ancestry). His appearance doesn't deny it. Go tell it to someone else!

- I'm a bit under the weather," I said to end the conversation.

- Being unwell doesn't make anyone look as thoughtful as you are. It may sound like a lie, but you look worried; surely you've been up to some art tonight!

During the time I was helping them pack up their luggage to put it in the car on the way back to São Paulo, I was sick of hearing my companions. This continued throughout the journey and although new things came up along the way, whenever the opportunity arose, they would repeat what had happened, emphasising the fact that I was in a bad mood.

That night I couldn't sleep. The next morning, instead of going to work, as I usually did, I wandered around the city, always with my thoughts focussed on that planet where I had been taken.

I went through the streets of the city meditating on what had happened, everything seemed so unreal and incredible,

I felt like I'd been freed from a magical enchantment!

After a meal in a restaurant, I went to the cinema to unwind. At the end of the movie, I left absorbed, still monologuing with myself about everything I had witnessed.

Despite trying to distract myself or deceive myself, my fixed ideas betrayed me!

The week passed and the comments were visible. They were made in my presence with the preconceived intention of getting something out of me. There was something unusual going on, but I decided to keep quiet!

At the factory, at coffee time, these kinds of remarks were common.

- Have you noticed how Rossi has changed since that night he disappeared by the river?

I think he saw a haunting! Some say.

- That's right, since that day the boy has lost his zest for life. The poor chap is sad, there's been no news, it seems like he is still up in the air! Others said.

In the evening, I remembered certain passages and points that Dr Jânsle had mentioned in conversation:... and the Earth becomes more fertile when it is walked on by women. Woman's mission is much higher than man's! I can affirm that her mission is highly moral, as she possesses the innate feeling of nobility. They should not work in industry or commerce. It would be essential to their health to give them favourable working conditions. Their faces would become tanned and their health would bloom with exuberance if their activities were combined with the countryside, and the slenderness of her physique would be emphasised. Through the field and through the countryside, women will one day be emancipated.

The plants are showier, the flowers produce perfume and the fruit is sweeter when tended by the hands of women. And so I recalled to mind hours of Mr Jânsle's magnificent lectures.

However, I didn't shy away from the commitment I had made to keep silent, I made herculean efforts to fulfil my word. I decided to wait until next Monday, when the deadline would expire.

During the 15-minute break at time on that Monday, I gathered together the factory's ten section foremen, plus my fishing pals and, as if subjected to a round table discussion, I decided to summarise what had happened!

Needless to say, time was short and soon the signal to return was heard.

Questions and queries poured in.

Some said:

- Look, for me, I prefer one of our very own women and I don't want a beautiful "sprout" from there!

- I don't like the idea of only eating liquid.

Not for me. There's nothing like a good roast chicken with farofa (type of meal made from toasted cassava) or a nice pork loin. Now that's life, exclaimed another!

- I think you dreamt it. You slept by the river and now you're telling me about this other world of people with two fingers and women with nothing. I don't believe that, said another friend.

- Listen, when you go fishing with me, you won't leave my side, understand? If those extra-terrestrial men turn up, I want to go to that planet. With me, there's no doubt about it, either they tell me where they're from, or I'll catch them out. Said one of my fishing pals.

My story immediately spread throughout the factory and on the way out I had to face a handful of curious colleagues, eager for details. I had to answer their questions, it was a real enquiry.

At home, some of them came to see me wanting to know the details of the strange journey and I had to give them a detailed account of everything that had happened to me, from my departure at 5.06 p.m. on Saturday until 10.20 a.m. on Sunday morning, the time of my probable arrival.

So, in general, while some gave me credit, others were sceptical and others disbelieving.

However, I was convinced of what had happened to me!

CONCLUSION

When I wrote this account in response to Mr Jânsle's request, I confined myself to recounting the events within my means, trying to give them the greatest stamp of reality, without reaching the point of exaggeration so common to those who report exceptional events. Finally, here is the content of the message given to me by Dr Jânsle at the Drawing Office:

TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

1) - Indeed, we all feel saddened to know that earthlings are still living a misguided existence.

2) - We hope that your humanity will be sympathetic to mutual tolerance and respect between peoples, so that peace may reign in everyone's heart and no one will be allowed to light the fuse of hatred.

3) - We appeal to men of upright conscience, to endeavour to soften the sufferings and alleviate the afflictions of the inhabitants of the Earth, who suffer from a general lack of understanding of God's laws!

4) - We rejoice before the Creator for all that you do in favour of your fellow human beings on Earth.

And we warn you with the wise maxim: Help each other in order to be helped!

This, in a nutshell, is the summary of the magnificent message addressed to the people of Earth, of which I was made the spokesman, in order to bring it to the attention of all my compatriots on planet Earth!

For me, this was undoubtedly one of the main reasons why I dared to publish the account of this unprecedented journey.

Unfortunately, I lack the literary resources peculiar to carry out a convincing prosopopoeia (Literally, making or inventing a person) and, in order to fulfil this mission, I relied on the salutary assistance of friends who have helped me a great deal in bringing this work to fruition.

If my scant literary capacity hasn't satisfied however, Reader Friend, please know that I have been sincere in my statements and, without reproach, I accept your censure.

As I recall JESUS' phrase: "In my Father's house there are many mansions". (John 14:2), I leave you my thanks.

THE GREATEST EXAMPLE

- One of the great evils of earthly man is to speak words dictated by his brain.
- And you don't speak words dictated by the brain? I don't understand, Dr Jânslé!
- Yes, our words are also formed in the brain, but before they are uttered, they are purified by the heart. I'll give you a better example.

When he was on Earth, Jesus was a human being, just like us with feelings, our needs and felt our pain.

In his luggage, for his immense mission all over the planet, Jesus brought nothing more than a small case of the purest, most immaculate red.

This case was overflowing with thousands of tiny, tiny precious stones...

All those who immediately saw the case and the precious stones no longer abandoned Jesus, following him everywhere, always hoping to receive some of those stones.

In fact, as Jesus travelled around the world, every now and then he would stop and cast his gentle, serene gaze on those who were following him, and would simply open that marvellous box and hand out a few stones...

The small crowd exuberated with joy and offered profound thanks to God!

From far away, from distant places, other small crowds flocked to where Jesus was, also hoping to receive some of those tiny precious stones that would enrich them for the rest of their lives.

And Jesus welcomed them with open arms, took some stones from the red case, and distributed them again to everyone, pure gems not yet found on the face of the earth.

In their eagerness to become richer, the crowds forgot the difficulties of their journeys and always accompanying Jesus, were waiting for more than they had received so far.

Asked why he wasn't handing out bigger stones, Jesus replied:

- It would be too much wealth for you!

And so, from hour to hour, from day to day, from month to month, wherever he went, Jesus' passage was indelibly marked by new distributions of thousands of such stones.

For many years, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting on a donkey, but never, but never leaving for a single second his sacred case, small in appearance and infinitely large in content, Jesus went around the planet offering new treasures to everyone. And everyone became richer, waiting more and more for Jesus to fulfil them by distributing other portions of new and immaculate gems.

However, despite his fabulous wealth, Jesus didn't use his beautiful horses, to transport him, nor, when tired from his long journeys, did he rely on cushions, but sat on a rough tree trunk or on a stone or on a point of rock, dispensing with gold thrones carried by human beings, because he considered them as worthy as he was, having once made it clear:

- You too are Gods!

His clothing was nothing more than a simple cloak, He never deified himself with rich, glittering garments, adorned with friezes of gold and studded with patterns. With his own feet he demanded distant and arid paths. Inhospitable places that stood in the way of his march he crossed with rudimentary sandals, without ever making use of custom made shoes made to order by professional experts. He never wore hats made of pure velvet, much less gold crowns encrusted with brilliants, emeralds and rubies.

His head was bare.

When they crowned him, and he accepted, it was a crown of thorns, which was made shiny by the pure rubies from his drops of blood. It was a True Coronation, which consecrated him even more for the eternity of eternities.

Instead of lavish banquets, where there is an abundance of pheasant, lobster and whipped cream, where generous wines were poured, Jesus had baked bread on rough stones serving as a table.

And the Divine Master, on his earthly journey, met new travellers and offered new precious stones.

Jesus was happy to see on the faces of those who followed him those who followed him, peace and love. They rejoiced at becoming millionaires, at that fabulous wealth that came from those tiny precious stones.

Jesus Christ, our Supreme Civiliser and Supreme Spiritual Orientator, still kept in his marvellous case, which was a veritable spring, thousands of gem stones which, like the Divine Farmer, he would sow from town to town, from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet and tribe to tribe.

Shamefully, however, the interested parties didn't want him and, with determined profanity, crucified him.

They forced him to carry a heavy cross far beyond his physical strength, which Jesus, without asking for help - in yet another immortal example - carried it alone to the top of Calvary.

Jesus crucified, in tremendous pain, already in the death throes of life, once again offered one of his precious stones - the largest - pleading:

- Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

And now we have Christ's thousands of precious stones that were his teachings, taken from that purest of cases - small in appearance, but infinitely great in content - which was HIS HEART!

You see, my brother, in order not to claim that Nature has left you in the dark, Almighty God sent you Jesus Christ, that Unsurpassable Light to dispel your darkness and enlighten you to the True Meaning of Life.

END.