

Les thanatonautes

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English

DICTIONARY

THANATONAUTE nm (Greek for thanatos, death and Communities, browser). Explorer of death.

MANUAL HISTORY

DATES TO REMEMBER

1492 First steps in the Americas 1969: First steps on the Moon in 2062: First steps on the continent died in 2068: First ads on the path of reincarnation

Handbook of elementary school classes 2 "year.

FIRST TIME

TIME yourselves

1-MANUAL HISTORY

Once all men were afraid of death. She was like a constant background noise that no one forgot for a second. Everyone knew that after all his actions was his own disappearance. And this anxiety ruining all the fun.

Woody Allen, an American philosopher of the late XXA century had a phrase to describe the mood that prevailed in those days: "As long as man is mortal, he will not be really relaxed."

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

2-DIARY OF MICHAEL FINCH

Do I have the right to tell everything?

Even now, looking back, I can hardly believe that what happened has actually occurred. I hardly believe that I participated at this great epic. And I can hardly believe that I survived to testify.

Obviously, nobody could imagine that everything would be so fast and so far. Person.

What pushed us into this madness? I do not know. Perhaps something stupid called curiosity. That same curiosity that makes us want to look us over ravines to see how we would drop our terrible if we made one more step.

Perhaps also the need for adventure in a world of increasingly aimless and dispassionate.

Some say, "It was written, it had to be that way." Me, I do not believe in pre-written destiny. I believe that men make choices and assume them. It is these choices that shape the destinies and it is these choices that draw men perhaps the universe.

I remember everything from every episode of every word, every expression of this great adventure.

Do I have the right to tell you everything?

Battery: I relate. Face: I keep the secret.

File.

If I were to seek the origins of all the events that are chained, should I go back far, far away in my own past.

3-SHEET POLICE

Application of basic descriptive information

Name: Pinson Name: Michael Hair: Brown Eyes: Brown Height: 1 m 75 Distinguishing features: None Comment: Pioneer movement thanatonaute Weakness: Lack of self-confidence

4 - CHEZ DUPONT'S ALL GOOD

As with all children, there was for me the day M, discovery of death. My first death was just a man accustomed to living among the dead. It was Mr. Dupont, our butcher. His motto was inscribed in large letters in his window

"Chez Dupont everything is good." One morning my mother told me that we could not buy from him filet mignon for tomorrow Sunday because Mr. Dupont was dead. He was crushed by a Charolais beef carcass that had unexpectedly taken down.

I must have been four years. A point blank, I asked my mother what it meant this word: "DEATH"

My mother appeared as embarrassed as the day I asked her if her birth control pills could cure my cough.

She looked down.

- Well, uh, it means to be dead "no longer there".

- As out of a room?

- Not just a room. This is also leaving the house, the city, the country.

- Traveling far, then? Like when we go on vacation?

- Uh ... no, not exactly. Because, when you're dead, you do not move.

- Do not move and goes away? That's great! How is this possible?

It may be this clumsy attempt to explain the death of the butcher Dupont was born in me the curiosity of soil in which, much later, Raoul Razorbak could germinate his delusions.

Finally, at least, that is what it seems.

Three months later, when I was told that my great-grandmother Aglaé was dead, too, I said, it seems: "Grandma is dead Aglaé So there, I doubt that she is capable of?" Furious, my great-grandfather rolled his eyes and uttered this terrible sentence I will never forget

- But you do not know then that death is the most terrible thing that can happen!

No. I did not know.

- Oh ... I thought ... I stammered.

- Do not mess with these things! he added to drive the nail. If there is something with which we do not joke, it's death!

My father took over. Everyone wanted me to understand that death was an absolute taboo. We do not talk, we did not mention, if you pronounce his name it was with fear and respect. In no case can not pronounce this word in vain, it is bad luck.

It shook me.

- Your great-grandmother died Aglaé. It's horrible. And if you were not heartless ... you cry!

It must be said that since the dawn, my brother Conrad, he poured like a bath that wrung mop.

Oh, when people die, you have to cry? It never tells me anything. Things that go without saying are better said them.

To help me to cry, my father, infuriated by my youthful arrogance, also gave me a pair of slaps. That way, he hoped, I remind: one, the phrase "death is the most terrible thing that can happen" and two, that "you do not mess with these things."

- Why did not you cry? my father insisted again on returning from the funeral of great-grandmother Aglaé.

- Leave him alone, Michael was only five years old, he does not even know what death is, feebly defended my mother.

- He knows very well but he thinks of himself, so the death of the other indifferent. You'll see, when we die, it does not weep!

There I began to understand that for good do not laugh with death. After that, once you told me a passage of life àtrépas I and compelled me to think very hard on something very sad ... the boiled spinach, for example. Tears came smoothly

and it was nice to everyone.

I then had a more direct contact with death. Indeed, seven years, it was I who died;. The event took place in February, on a beautiful clear day. I must say that we had a very soft before January and it is very common that a mild January followed by a sunny February.

5 - WHERE THE HERO DIES NOW

- Attention!
- Woe ...
- My God!
- Take heed! You do not see that going ...
- Noooooon !!!!!!!

Long screeching brakes. Dull, muffled shock. I ran my ball which had rolled on the floor and the bumper of the green sports car picked me just below the knees, where the skin is more tender. My feet took off from earth. I was catapulted into the sky.

The air whistled in my ears. I flew above the ground. A cool wind blew through my open mouth. Here below, far below, onlookers peered me, terrified.

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A woman screamed on seeing me raise me. Blood escaped from my pants, forming a puddle on the asphalt.

Everything happened in slow motion. I was flying at roof level, watching the silhouettes bobbing in attics. For the first time, then there arises in my mind the question that so often obsédrait me later: "But what am I doing here?" Yes, at this moment, suspended in the air a fraction of time, I realized that I did not understand.

Who am I?

Where did I come from?

Where am I going?

Eternal questions. Everyone is asking them one day. Me, I asked them to me at that moment that I was dying.

I climbed very high. I went down quickly. My shoulder slammed into the hood of a green sports car. I bounce my head and went to knock the curb. Crunch. Thud. Frightened faces bent over me.

I wanted to speak, but I could not do anything, or say, or move. Sunlight began to decrease slowly. In February, the sun is still timid. We feel that the showers of March will not be long. The sky gradually died out. Soon I was in the dark, silent. More aroma, more sensation, nothing. Rideau.

I was just seven years old and I had to die first.

6 - ADVERTISING

"Life is beautiful. Do not listen to gossip. Life is good. Life is a product tested and approved by more than seventy billion humans for three million years. This proves its quality irreplaceable. "

This is a message of ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life.

7-MANUAL HISTORY

Until the appearance of thanatonautique, death was considered one of the main taboos of humanity. To better fight against his own image, men were using mental processes

we would call superstition. Some considered, for example, a metal coin with the image of St. Christopher, attached to a dashboard, helped avoid fatal car accidents.

Before the third century, and commonly joked: "In case of car accident is the driver who has the biggest Christophe saint who is most likely to get out."

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

8-LESS WHERE THE HERO DIES
WE COULD BELIEVE

Hold. Nothing terrible happened.

Great-great-grandfather was wrong. Dying was not so awful as that. There is nothing going on and that was it.

The black and the silence lasted a long time.

Finally, I opened my eyes. A slender figure appeared in an opaque halo of light. An angel, surely.

The angel leaned on me. The angel looked strangely like a woman, but a beautiful woman like you never see on earth. She was blonde, with brown eyes.

Her perfume smelled apricot.

Around us, everything was white and serene.

I had to be in Heaven because the angel smiled.

- Ouahé udéen éatu you.

Angels had to speak a language to them. Jargon incomprehensible to non-angel angels.

- Fou nafhé ludéhen ... éatuheu.

She repeated this chant with patience and passed me his soft, cool hand on my forehead smooth injured child.

- You ... have ... more ... temperature.

I looked around, somewhat dazed.

- Are you okay? You understand me? You have no temperature.

- Where am I? In Paradise?

- No. In the intensive care unit at St. Louis hospital.

The angel reassured me.

- You're not dead. You have just a few bruises. You're lucky that the hood of the car has cushioned your fall. You have a big gash in his knees.

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- I fainted?

- Yes, for three hours.

I was unconscious for three hours and I had no memory! Not the slightest scrap of idea or feeling. During these three hours, nothing had happened.

The nurse placed me under the pillow kidneys so I could sit more comfortably. I may be dead for three hours but it did make me neither hot nor cold.

What caused me sharp headaches, however, was the arrival of my family. They were all very nice and sobbed as if I had actually given up the ghost. They claimed to have made a lot of concern for me. "We made an ink blood" disaientils exactly. I had the impression they regretted a bit that I be fired me. If I had died, they would have me so late. Suddenly, I had acquired all virtues.

9 POLICE -Sheet

Subject: Request for information concerning a certain psychologiques Michael Pinson

The subject to be studied globally looks normal. However we detect in him some psychological fragility caused by too stuffy family circle. The subject lives permanently in doubt. For him, the last speaker is always right. He does not know what he wants. It does not include its time. Slight paranoid tendencies. Note: Parents have never seen fit to reveal about that aforementioned was an adopted child.

10 - A VULTURE

This first excursion out life had taught me nothing truly interesting about death, were it not that it would remain for a long time source of trouble with

my family.

Later, to my eight, nine, I intéressai me more to death, but this time that of others. It should be noted that television exhibited nightly news to twenty hours in the dead want you in here. There was first the dead of wars. Those wearing green and red uniforms. Then there was the deceased

Roads holidays: colorful clothes. Finally came the famous deceased: sequin dress.

On television, everything was simpler than in life. We immediately understood that death was sad because the images were accompanied by funeral music. Television, even children and stupid could understand. The dead of wars were entitled to a Beethoven symphony, deceased vacation to a Vivaldi concertino and victims of overdose stars to Mozart slow cello.

I did not fail to notice that as soon as a star died, his record sales soared, his films came and went on TV and everyone spoke well of the deceased. As if death had erased all his sins. Even stronger: their demise did not prevent artists to work. The best albums of John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix or Jim Morrison had appeared on the market long after their death.

My next burial was that of Uncle Norbert. A great guy, it was asserted in the funeral procession. It was there also that I heard for the first time the famous phrase: "It's always the best who go first." I was only eight years but I could not help thinking: "So there around, there are only bad? "

At the funeral one, I showed myself impeccable. From the start of the convoy, I concentrated on boiled spinach branches. I sobbed over again by adding it anchovies. Even my brother Conrad was unable to climb to the height of my tears. Arriving at the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise, I added in addition to the menu of my tears broccoli and the raw lamb brains. Berk. I almost fainted with disgust. In the small crowd, someone whispered, "I did not know Michael was so linked to the Norbert uncle." My mother noticed that the fact was all the more surprising that I had, in a word, ever met. Still, I had discovered the recipe for successful funerals: spinach, anchovies, broccoli and lamb brains.

Memorable day if it was because, in addition, I met for the first time Raoul Razorbak.

We were gathered at the grave of my late uncle Norbert when I noticed a little further what first appeared to me like a vulture standing on a burial. It was not a bird of prey. It was Raoul.

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Taking advantage of a moment of inattention - after all I had provided my tears quota - I approached the dark figure. A sort of loner beanpole was sitting on a tombstone, staring at the sky.

- Hello, I say politely. What are you doing here?

Silence. Up close, the vulture seemed a kid. He was thin, gaunt face showed the jutting cheekbones under tortoiseshell glasses. His hands were slender and elegant resting on his pants as two quiet spiders awaiting orders of their master. The boy lowered his head and looked at me with a calm and depth that I had never encountered in someone about my age.

I repeated my question

- So, what are you doing here?

A hand-spider went up at full speed the north side of his coat to file in a long, straight nose.

- You can tu me, 'he said solemnly.

He finally explained

- I'm on my father's grave. I try to perceive if he has things to say.

I pouffai. He hesitated before bursting out laughing in his turn. There was nothing else to do than to make fun of a skinny kid who spent hours waiting on a grave while watching the clouds pass.

- What's your name?

- Raoul Razorbak. You can call me Raoul. And you?

- Michael Pinson. You can call me Michael.
He sized up me.
- Pinson? For a lark, you made me look like a weirdo.
I tried to keep his composure. There was a boilerplate sentence that had taught me for this kind of difficult situation.
- This is the one who says that is.
He burst out laughing again.

11- SHEET POLICE
Application of basic descriptive information

Name: Razorbak First name: Raoul Hair: Brown

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Eyes: Brown
Size: 1 m 90
Distinguishing features: Port glasses
Comments: movement of Pioneer thanatonautique
Weakness: Excess of confidence

12 -AMITIÉ

Thereafter, Raoul and I took the habit to get together at Père Lachaise every Wednesday afternoon. I liked walking alongside his long lean silhouette. In addition, he always had fantastic stories to tell me.

- We were born too late, Michael.

- Why?

- Because everything has already been invented, everything has already been explored. My dream was to be the first man to invent gunpowder or electricity, be it the first to make a bow and arrows. I would have settled for a nothing.

"But everything has already been discovered. The reality is going faster than science fiction. There are more inventors, as followers. People who perfected what others have discovered long ago. The last to have known this fantastic impression to deflower a new world, it had to be Einstein. You imagine dizzy in the head when he realized that we could calculate the speed of light!

No, I did not imagine me.

Raoul looked at me, sorry.

- You should read more books, Michael. The world is divided into two categories of people: those who read books and those who listen to those who have read the books. Better to belong to the first category, believe me.

I replied that he was talking just like a book and we laughed together. To each his role: Raoul declaimed truths, I was joking, then we in concert esclaffions. In fact, we laughed anything like hunchbacks.

Still, Raoul Razorbak had read quantities of books. It was he also who gave me the taste for reading by making myself known authors, in his words, "no razor" Rabelais, Edgar Allan Poe, Lewis Carroll, H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, Isaac Asimov, Frank Herbert, Philip K. Dick.

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- Writers "no razor", there is not so, Raoul explained. Most authors imagine that the more they are incomprehensible, they seem more intelligent. So they stretch their sentences twenty lines. Then they get literary awards, and then people buy their books to decorate their living and to convince the people who come to them they are able to read such sophisticated stuff. I even laminated books where nothing happened. Absolutely nothing. A fellow comes in, sees a good woman, the dredger. She says she does not know if she lies or not sleep with him. After eight hundred pages, she finally decides to announce that decidedly is not.

- But what interest he has to write books where it is strictly nothing happens? I inquired.

- Lack of ideas. Poverty of imagination. Hence biographies and autobiographies, biographies and autobiographies ... romanticized Writers unable to invent a world can only describe their world, so poor it may be. Even in literature, there are more inventors. So bottom fault, the authors lick their style, figment form. Describe ten long pages with a boil your misfortunes and get a good chance., Won the Goncourt.

Giggles shared.

- Believe me, if dHomère The Odyssey was published for the first time today, he does not even appear in the lists of best sellers. It would be classified with fantastic books and horror. There would be only the kids like us who would read for stories of Cyclops, magician, siren and other monsters.

Raoul was born with the rare ability to judge for himself. He did not repeat learnedly made ideas serinées on television or in newspapers. I think that's what attracted me so much at home, this free spirit, resistance to all influences. He went in with his father. He was professor of philosophy, he stressed, and had taught him a love of books. Raoul read nearly a day. Especially fantastic books or science fiction.

- The secret of freedom is the bookstore, he liked to say.

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13 WE DO NOT ENOUGH SLEEP TO HIS GUTS

One Wednesday afternoon when, sitting on a bench, we thought in silence fraying clouds above the cemetery, Raoul pulled out a thick notebook from his briefcase. Opening it, he showed me a page that he had to cut out a book on ancient mythology before pasting.

There was a picture of an Egyptian ship and different characters.

The comments

- In the center of the nave stands Ra, the sun god. A deceased is kneeling before him. From either side, stand two other deities Isis and Nephthys. With his left hand, Isis indicates a direction, and in her right she wields an ankh, the symbol of eternity that awaits the traveler in the hereafter.

- The Egyptians believed in an afterlife?

- Of course. There, on the far left of the picture, it is recognized Anubis with his jackal head. He is the guide who will accompany the deceased, who holds in his hand an urn containing his stomach and intestines.

I held back a start-heart.

Raoul adopted a professorial tone

- "Any death must ensure that no item steals her womb," says a proverb from ancient Egypt.

He turned the page, moving to other images.

- There the death climbs in turn in the boat. Either. he is greeted by Ra in person or by a pig. The pig eats the souls of the damned in hell he drives curses rife cruel executioners who will suffer a thousand torments them through their crooked fingers ending in long fingernails tip.

- How awful!

Raoul advised me to show myself less hasty in my judgments.

- If it is Ra himself who agrees to host the death, everything will be better. The deceased will be installed, standing alongside the gods, and the boat starts to slip, hauled along the shore by a long rope which is actually a live boa.

- Super!

Raoul looked up at the sky. With my enthusiasm and my

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alternating écoeuements, I began to exasperate. Yet he continued. After all, I was his only audience.

- This is a nice boa snake away the enemies of light. He did his best but there was another reptile, wicked celuilà, Apophis, the embodiment of Seth, the god of evil. He runs around the boat for capsizing. Sometimes it comes out of the water and spits fire. He spins the boat and jumped out of the waves hoping to swallow the terrified soul of the deceased. If this holds good, the nave of death continues its path and slides along the underground river that flows through the twelve lower worlds. There are many pitfalls to avoid. We must enter the gates of hell, around aquatic monsters, protect against flying demons. But if the dead succeeded all his trials, he ...

To my dismay, Raoul paused.

- We will continue next week. It is already seven, my mother will worry.

My frustration amused.

- All in good time. Do not be impatient.

The next night, for the first time I dreamed that I flew, piercing the clouds. I was like a bird. No, I was a bird. And I flew, I flew ... And then suddenly, at the turn of a cumulus, I saw a woman dressed in white. She was sitting on a cloud and it was beautiful. Her body was young and slender. I approached and saw she was holding a mask in hand. I went there again and I had a burst of terror. The mask was only skeleton death skull with empty eye sockets, a mouth without lips frozen rictus. I woke up in a sweat. With one bound I rushed to the bathroom, put my head under the cold water tap to wash away this nightmare.

The next morning at breakfast, I asked my mother

- Mom, do you think we can fly like birds?

My accident have disturbed me a little? She gave me a strange look.

- Stop talking nonsense and swallows your cereal.

14 - Mesopotamian Mythology

"Where are you, Gilgamesh?

The life that you seek

You will not find

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When the gods created man they destinèrent their death, and they kept them for eternal life. "

The Epic of Gilgamesh.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

15 -RAOUL IS MABOUL

Whenever we met in the cemetery of PèreLachaise, Raoul and I were talking about death. Finally, Raoul spoke of death, and I listened. Nothing morbid, dirty or macabre in these discussions. We discussed death as an interesting phenomenon, in the same way that we could talk about aliens or motorcycles.

- I have a dream, 'I said.

I wanted to tell him the story of the woman in white satin skeletal mask sitting in the sky but he did not give me time. He immediately interrupted me

- I too have a dream. I used to make a chariot of fire. I climbed and horses of fire led me toward the sun. I had to pass through the circles of light to get close to the star and I crossed circles, I felt better understand things.

I learned later that it was no coincidence that Raoul was interested in death.

One evening, after school, he had headed straight to the bathroom and there he found his father hanging from the toilet. Francis Razorbak was professor of philosophy at the Jean-Jaures high school in Paris.

Francis Razorbak he had discovered something so interesting about the afterlife that he wanted to leave this world?

Raoul was convinced. His father would not have killed sadness or anger. He was dead to better understand a mystery. My friend was all the more certain that, for several months, his father had set about writing a thesis entitled The

Death, the unknown.

He probably had discovered something essential because, just before hanging himself, he had set fire to his work. Leaves still fluttered burnt in the fireplace when Raoul had found

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the body. A hundred were still legible. There was talk of ancient mythologies and religions of the dead.

Since then, Raoul had not stopped thinking about it. What his father had found so important? What had gone to seek in death?

Raoul had not cried the day of the funeral. But he, no one had scolded. No one had sent him the slightest reproach. He had just heard: "This poor kid is so traumatized by the hanging of his father that he is unable to cry." If I had known earlier, I would have foisted him my recipe based on boiled spinach and lamb brains and it would have spared that kind of thinking.

The father barely buried, the behavior of the mother of Raoul changed completely all. She gave him her every whim. She bought him all the toys, all the books, all the newspapers he claimed. He was free of his time. My mother stated to me that he was a spoiled child because unique and orphan son of his father. Even give up part of my family, I also would have liked to be a spoiled child. At home, there is nothing happening to me.

- What have you got to still hang out with this little Razorbak? my father asked, lighting one of his cigars that stank à trente meters around.

I protested fervently.

- He is my best friend.

- So you do not know to choose your friends, claimed my father. This kid is not normal, it's obvious.

- Why?

- Do not play the innocent. His father was depressed to the point of suicide. With similar heredity, any kid would be enough cinouque. In addition, her mother does not work and merely his pension. All this is unhealthy. You should attend more normal people.

- Raoul is normal, I assured forcefully.

Always treacherous, my brother Conrad thought when the time came to add his two cents.

- Suicide is a hereditary disease. Children are tempted by suicide suicide as children of divorced do everything to make their dark wedding.

Everyone pretended not to hear the remarks of my brother to cretin. My mother did not take it less over.

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- You normally judges spend hours sitting in a cemetery, as Raoul as it seems?

- Look, Mom, he is free to do what he wants of his time. As long as he does not bother anyone ...

- Defend it! Birds of a feather flock together. The proof we saw you talking with him among the tombs!

- Even if it's true, so what?

- So, it's bad luck to disturb the dead. We must let them rest in peace, declared peremptorily Conrad, always ready à m'enfoncer when I already had your head under water.

- Conrad, moron! Conrad, moron! I cried, and I décochai him a punch.

We drove down. My father waited for Conrad has responded to separate us. Not long enough, however, to allow me time to get my revenge.

- Calm down, kids, or else it is I who will undertake to distribute slaps.

Conrad is right. Bad luck hanging out in cemeteries.

In a cavernous cough, he spat out the liquid form of smoke from his cigar before adding

- There are places to talk. Cafes, gardens, sports clubs. Cemeteries are for the dead, not the living.

- But, Dad ...

- Michael, you annoy me in the end. Ceases to be clever or I do not louverai you.

I was entitled to a new pair of slaps and I began immediately àpleurnicher to avoid another.

- You see that you know when you want to cry, my father remarked sardonically. Conrad was radiant. My mother ordered me to win my room.

This is how I began to learn how the world worked. We must mourn the dead. We must obey his parents. We must bear Conrad. It should not be clever. It should not be hanging out in cemeteries. We must choose its friends among the so-called normal people. Suicide is a hereditary disease and perhaps even contagious. In the darkness of my room, with, still in my mouth, the salty taste of my tears of pain, I suddenly felt very alone. That night, a slap still imprinted on my burning cheek, I regretted being born into such a compelling universe.

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16 - THE WEIGHT OF A FEATHER

- The deceased must pass the door;

Hell, prevent aquatic monsters, protect against flying demons. If he succeeds, he will find himself face to Osiris, the supreme judge and a court consisting of forty-two divine judges. He will have to then prove the purity of his soul by a negative confession in which he declared that he never committed any sins or serious offenses during the life he has just left. He will tell

I have not committed iniquity against men I have not mistreated people I have not concealed the truth I have not blasphemed God I have not depleted poor I did not do this which is abominable to the gods I have not served a slave to his master I have not fornicated in the holy places of my town I have not hungry I did not cry I do not I have killed did not order to kill

- It can therefore say what he wants, even lie? I asked Raoul.

- Yes. He has the right to lie. The gods ask him questions, to deceive the deceased. But his task is not easy because the gods know many things. Normal, they are gods.

- And then?

- If he emerges victorious from this test, he will face the second part of the judgment, this time in the presence of new gods.

Raoul paused to better maintain the suspense.

- Shall be there, Ma'at, the goddess of justice, and Thoth the god of wisdom and learning ibis-headed. He will record the deceased's testimony on a tablet. Then cometh Anubis, the jackal-headed god, pledged a large scale that will be used to weigh the soul.

- How do we weigh a soul?

Raoul ignored such an obvious question, frowned, turned a page and continued

- Anubis deposited on a tray the heart of the deceased and a feather

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on the other. If the heart is lighter than the feather, the dead man is declared innocent. If the heart is more heavier than the feather, it will be given as food to a lion's body and head god crocodile devouring the souls entrusted unworthy of Eternity.

- And what will be the fate of the winner ...?

- Freed from the weight of his life, he will join the light of the rising sun.

- Super!

- ... Then the wait Khepri, gold scarab-headed god. There will conclude his way. The justified soul will know the eternal bliss. To her then sing the anthem of the winners who have managed their path on earth and in the afterlife. Listen hymn.

Raoul stood on a tombstone, an acne-faced moon and a clear voice, began to

recite the ancient words

The link is settled I took down all the evil that is in me, O Osiris powerful I finally just been born Look at me, I just born.

Raoul had finished reading the great book of ancient mythology. He had accomplished his feat. Sweat beaded on his forehead. He smiled as if Anubis had just declare the winner of his own life.

- Beautiful story! I exclaimed. You think up there for the dead, it really happen like that?

- I do not know. It is an allegory. These Egyptians had obviously acquired a great knowledge on the subject but as they did not wish to reveal the misuse, they have resorted to metaphors and poetic terms. A writer would have been incapable of inventing it all in one day inspiration. These myths have their origin in a kind of universal good sense. The proof, all religions tell much the same story as this one, by using different terms. All religions claim there is a world beyond death. That there are tests and after, reincarnation and liberation. More than two-thirds of humanity believe in reincarnation.

- But do you really think that there is a boat with Gods

which ...

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Raoul motioned me to be silent.

- Shh! We come.

It was nine o'clock already, and the cemetery had closed its gates naturally. Who could therefore come and disturb her peace? And how others had fared at the closed gates? We, we had found a passage by climbing the big tree in the northwest corner, the branches leaning over the wall. We were convinced of being the only way to know this.

We slipped stealthily us toward a dull murmur.

We saw a group in black cloaks passing through a grid trompe l'oeil.

17-MANUAL HISTORY

Our ancestors believed that death is a passage from the state of any ROLLING anything. To better support this idea, they invented religions (set of rituals based on myths). Most ensured that there was another world beyond this one but nobody really believed. Religions especially sowed intends to rallying signs of specific ethnic groups.

History textbook, Basic Course 2nd year.

18-AGAINST FOOLS

The band stopped in front of a tomb, lit torches, undertook to file all kinds of miscellaneous objects on a tombstone. I distinguished photos, books and even statuettes.

Raoul and I dissimulâmes us behind a fire occupied by a burial actor-rocker-playboy victim of a fishbone swallowed wrong. For the record, the star coughed more than an hour, trying to break free of this strange invasion of his glottis. No one thought to help him despite a crowded restaurant. Everyone figured that the idol was in the process of engaging toa wild happening, inventing new dances and a new way of singing. They applauded wildly his final burst of agony.

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Anyway, from where we stood, we were Ameme to follow the entire scene. The encapés donned black hoods and now strange chanting incantations.

- They say prayers backwards, whispered Raoul.

I understood that "Segna sed erem, eiram Eulas suov ej" actually means "Hail

Mary, Mother of Angels".

- Surely a satanic sect, added my friend.

Following the litany proved him right.

O Great Beelzebub, give us a bit of your power

O Great Beelzebub, let us see your world

O Great Beelzebub, teach us to be invisible

O Great Beelzebub, teach us to be as fast as the wind

O Great Beelzebub, teach us to revive the dead

I shuddered but Raoul Razorbak remained impassive. His calm and courage were communicative. We rapprochâmes us in the group. Up close, the followers were even more impressive. Some were tattooed on their forehead evil symbols goats smiling, whirling devils, snake biting its tail.

After many prayers and incantations yet, they lit candles they disposèrent in five-pointed star. They did burn the bone powder that Calcina in a purple cloud of smoke. Finally, a bag, they went out a black cock who fought his best, not without leaving some feathers.

- This black cock, Grand Beelzebub, we will sacrifice him. A rooster against a soul to soul amok!

In choir, all resumed

- A rooster soul for a soul amok!

Poultry was slaughtered and its blood scattered to the five points of the star. They then exhibèrent a white hen.

- This white hen, Grand Beelzebub, we sacrifice thee. A hen soul against soul ghou.

In unison

- A hen soul for a soul ghou. A bird soul for a soul executioner.

- You are scared? Raoul whispered in my ear.

I tried to remain at its height but no longer able àcontrôler trembling that filled my members. It was necessary

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especially avoid chattering teeth. The noise would alert the black mass of fans.

- When one is afraid in life, it is because we do not know what decision to take, quietly told my young companion.

I shook my head in incomprehension.

Raoul pulled a two-franc piece.

- In life, he continued, there is always a choice. Act or flee. Forgive or revenge. Love or hate.

Was this the time to philosophize? He remained unperturbed.

- We are afraid when we do not know what to do because so many factors come into play that we end up not understanding what is actually happening around us. How to choose when the world is so complex? What? With a workpiece. Nothing can influence a coin. It is immune to illusions, she does not hear the fallacious arguments, she fears nothing. It can therefore give you the courage you lack. Having said that, he threw the piece to the highest heavens. She fell tails. Raoul flashed a victorious smile.

- Battery! Pile, this means: Yes. Let's go. Forward. Pile it means "green light". Come on. You and me against the fools, 'he told me.

Nearby, the grim ceremony continued.

On a larger bag, the Belzébuthiens pulled a little white goat bleated mournfully, blinded by candles.

- We will sacrifice this white goat so that you us a window works the land of the dead. A goat soul for soul ...

A guttural voice echoed through the cemetery.

- A goat for a soul band vapid.

The knife, already up

to decapitate the beast stopped short.

Raoul was drawn next to me screaming with the assurance given him by the simple fact of having fallen tails.

- Out of my sight, servants of Beelzebub! Beelzebub is long dead. Those who worship her be damned. I am Astaroth, the ninth Prince of Darkness and I curse you. Never come unclean animal blood defile the sacred tombs. You wake up the dead and the gods get upset!

The Belzébuthiens were fixed, dumbfounded. They were looking for the source of this message, but saw nothing. Raoul had the voice. He had the voice because the coin had assured him of the action

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undertake. Everything was. become clear. For him, for me and for them "too. Raoul was the strength. They were just annoying. Raoul was only a child but he was their master. Faced with this alarming outbreak, the masked men preferred to clear out. The little goat sped in reverse.

It was so easy to win a battle. Pile, I would be the strongest. Face, I would be a coward. Small coin decides for me for my behavior.

Raoul shook my shoulder and told me the two-franc piece.

- I'll offer. From now on, you will no longer afraid of anything and you will know take the right choice. You will be with a friend who will never falter. In the hollow of my hand, the room radiated.

19 POLICE -Sheet

Request for information about psychological Raoul Razorbak

It seems that the child said Raoul Razorbak be struck from psychotic delusions. Several times already, he got into violent rages and has endangered the lives of those around her. His mother however refused any confinement in a psychiatric clinic. Asked by a specialist, she said her son had been very affected by the death of his father. tt It simply needs to compensate, "she has said.

The young Raoul Razorbak do for the time being engaged in any crime and did not seem about to sink into delinquency, the service considers premature active procedure.

20 - HISTORY MANUAL

THE DEATH OF OUR MAJOR-FATHERS

Leading causes of death in France in 1965 (towards the end of the second millennium), ranked in descending order by the number of victims. Note that some of the time diseases are, nowadays, eradicated.

Heart Disease

Cancers

Cerebrovascular lesions

Car accidents

Liver cirrhosis

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98 392 93 834 62 746 32 723 16 325

Respiratory

Pneumonia

Flus

Diabetes

Suicides

Crimes and murders

Unknown causes

21 MR-I-SEC-DELIRIUM

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

In the years after we first met at Père Lachaise, our friendship became increasingly narrow. Raoul taught me so much.

- You're so naive, Michael! You imagine how the world is kind and therefore the best way to put you there is to toimême be nice. But you're wrong. Active your memory a little. The future does not belong to the Gentiles but innovators, bold, for those who are afraid of nothing.

- You are not afraid of anything, you?

- You're welcome.

- Not even physical suffering?

- Just wanting to not suffer.

To better show me, he took out his lighter and plunged his index finger in the flame until the air is impregnated with the smell of burnt horn. I was both fascinated and disgusted.

- Wow! How do you do it?

- I first performs the void in my mind, and then I tell myself that someone else suffered this pain for me and does nothing.

- Are not you afraid of fire?

- Nest e water, or earth or metal. He who fears nothing is almighty and nothing will be denied. This is my lesson number two. The first was a two-franc piece will be your best counselor. The second is that fear exists only if you allow it to exist.

- This is your father who taught you that?

- He said to never look back while climbing a mountain. If you look, you may feel dizzy, panic

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and falling. But if you climb right to the top, you will always be safe.

- But if you have no fear, what pushes you to move on?

- The mystery. The need to solve the mystery of the death of my father and that of death in general.

As he pronounced the words, his right hand still so like a spider came covering his forehead like to hold an indescribable torment. His eyes bugged out as if his skull was eaten from the inside.

I was worried

- You do not feel well?

It took a long time to respond. Then, like catching his breath and his wits

- Just a headache. It will pass, 'he said harshly.

It was the only time I saw him prey to a crisis. For me, Raoul was a superman. He was a master.

Raoul impressed me. As it was my older than a year, I gave a push to skip a class and find myself on the same benches as him. Then everything became easy. It allowed me to copy his homework and out of class, he continued to tell me wonderful stories.

Everyone in the class, did not share my enthusiasm. Professor of French students had nicknamed Razorbak "Mr. I-delirium-dry".

- Hold on tight. Today, "Mr. I-delirium-dry" sends a copy to your sides laughing. The subject I had given you was, I want to remind you: "Tell your ideal holiday." Ah! "Mr. I-delirium-dry" did not go walking in Le Touquet side of Saint-Tropez, La Baule or Barcelona or London. No, spun him squarely in the land of the dead. And ... he sends us postcards.

General sneer.

. - I quote: "As my boat was heading toward the light, I clung to the boa because a fiery serpent had appeared at the front of the ship Nephtis goddess advised me not to panic and to keep me course. The Isis princess, she handed me her ankh to repel the monster. "

The students laughed in nudging while the teacher concluded, PhD
- "Mr. I-delirium-dry", I can only advise you to use the care of a good
psychoanalyst or a psychiatrist

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be. In the meantime, know that you have escaped the zero points. I will have put
1 in 20, just for making me laugh as much reading you. Besides, I always look
for your copy first so I am sure to have a good time with you. Continue so well,
sir Razorbak, and I will laugh for a long time because you undoubtedly redouble
this class.

Raoul did not blink. He was impervious to such remarks, especially from a man
such as this French teacher for whom he felt no esteem. The problem came from
elsewhere. The class itself.

As in most schools, students of our school were cruel teenagers, and it was
enough that designates their finger to a so-called "marginal" for they give the
kill. In our class, the ringleader was a cocky kid named Martinez. With his
associates, they chased us out and we encircled.

- Princess Isis, Isis princess, they chanted. You want my ankh in the figure?
I was very scared. To free myself, I threw a big kick in the shin wholesale
Martinez and in return, it made me break the nose of a punch. My face was
bleeding. We were two against six but the problem was that Raoul, though much
larger and stronger than me, seemed to have given up defending themselves. He
was not fighting. He received blows without returning!

I yelled.

- Come on, Raoul! We will have them as Belzébuthiens. You and me against the
fools, Raoul!

He did not move. We soon fall to us in a deluge of punches and kicks. Faced with
this lack of resistance, the tape wholesale Martinez got tired and went with V
of victory. I stood up, massaging me bumps.

- You were scared? I questioned.

- No, dit-il.

- Why did you not beat you, then?

- What's the point? I have no energy to waste on trifles. Anyway, I do not know
how to fight against primitive minds, he added, picking up his broken glasses.

- But you were able to put to flight the Belzébuthiens!

- It was a game And then they were perhaps wicked but they were much more subtle
than those morons.. Faced with cavemen, I am powerless.

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We soutînmes each other.

- You and me against the fools, you said.

- Sorry to disappoint you. It is also necessary that fools have a minimum of
intelligence so that I could go to war against them.

I was terrified

- But then types the likes of Martinez break all the time we face.

- Possible, he said soberly. But they will get tired before me.

- What if they kill you?

He shrugged.

- Bah! Life is a passage.

I was overcome by a black premonition. The fools were able to win. Raoul was not
always the strongest. He even had to prove a height of weakness. I sighed.

- Whatever happens, you can even when still count on me to help you in hard
times.

That night I dreamed again that I flew in the clouds to meet a woman in white
satin skeleton mask.

22-PHILOSOPHY Pascal

"The immortality of the soul do we care so much, so deeply affects us that we
must have lost all feeling to be in indifference to know what it is.

Our first interest and our first duty is to clarify us on this subject on which depends all our conduct.

And this is why, among those who are not convinced, I make a vast difference to those who work with all their might à's'en instruct, those who live without in trouble and without thinking.

This neglect of a case where it is themselves, their identity, their all, irritates me more than it affected me. It astonishes and frightens me: it's a monster to me. I do not say this by the pious zeal of a spiritual devotion. I hear the contrary we must have this feeling by a principle of human interest. "

Blaise Pascal

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

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23-FOCUS

I was fourteen when Raoul came for me at home ordered me to hurry. My parents grumbled. Not only was dinner time but they continued to believe that Raoul Razorbak exercised on me a very bad influence. As I had recently obtained excellent grades in math, copying my friend, of course, they hesitated to deprive me of exit.

Yet they ordered me to be careful and stay on the alert. While building my scarf, my father whispered to me that this was our best friends were always our worst troubles.

My mother adds, treacherous

- Me, this is how I define a "friend": this is the one whose betrayal caused the liveliest surprise.

Raoul pulled me toward the Saint Louis Hospital, explaining to me that had just create a service bringing together the dying and comatose. "Escort service for the dying", had they euphemistically baptized. It was installed in the left wing of an annex building. I asked what he would do in such a place. He replied bluntly that this visit would be an excellent opportunity for us to learn more.

- More? And on what?

- On death, of course!

The idea of entering a hospital hardly enthused me. The place is filled with serious adult I would be surprised that they let us play.

Raoul Razorbak, however, was never short of arguments. He told me I read in newspapers that after people coma woke up and told great stories. These survivors claimed to have witnessed strange sights. They had not seen boats or fire-breathing serpents but attractive lights.

- You speak of the experiments at the frontiers of death, what Americans call the NDE for "Near Death Experience"?

- That's it. The NDE.

Everyone knew what the NDE. They were very fashionable, a moment. There had been several bestsellers on the subject. Weekly had carried the coverage. And like all fashions, that one too had eventually fade. After all, we had no proof of any tangible clue, just some nice stories collected odds and ends.

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Raoul he would believe in such fables?

He spread before me several newspaper clippings and we knelt to better examine them. These extracts were not learned from magazines for their seriousness or rigor of their investigations. Titles in bold characters and drooling announced color

"Journey beyond death", "Testimony post-coma", "Life after life", "I came back and I like it", "Death and then after" ...

For Raoul, those words seemed haloed of a particular poetry. After all, his father was there ...

By way of illustrations, there were only blurred photos with superimposed auras

or Hieronymus Bosch paintings reproductions.

In the texts, Raoul stressed in fluorescent yellow few passages he considered essential: "According to a survey by the American Institute Gallup, eight million Americans claim to have had an NDE." "A survey shows that in hospitals 37% of comatose claimed to have floated out of their bodies, 23 spotted a tunnel, 16% were caught in a beneficial light. "

I shrugged.

- I do not want thee yield thy your illusions, but ...

- But what?

- I had a car accident. I collapses faster in the air and I got knocked out by falling. Three hours unconscious. A real coma. And I did not see the shadow of a tunnel or the least beneficial light.

He seemed surprised.

- Did you see what, then?

- Nothing, exactly. Nothing at all.

My friend looked at me like I was hit with a rare disease caused by a virus not yet listed.

- You affirm to have been in a coma and I have retained no memory?

- Affirmative.

Raoul thoughtfully scratched his chin and then his face lit

- I know why!

He spared its effects before pronouncing a sentence I long méditerais

- You did not see anything because ... you were not "enough" death.

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24-THE LAND OF WHITE MONKS

An hour later, we were in front of the Saint-Louis Hospital. The entrance was lighted. A uniformed guard watched the comings and goings. Taking advantage of his height, Raoul was wearing a shabby overcoat hoping to grow old. He took me by the hand. He hoped that together we would go for a father and son visiting the bedside of a grandmother recovering.

Alas, the keeper was not fooled.

- Say, the youngsters, it has better playgrounds nearby.

- We come to visit our grandmother, said Raoul, the tearful voice.

- How is it called?

Raoul did not hesitate.

- Mrs Saliapino. She is in a coma. She was put in the new support service for the dying.

What a genius of improvisation! He would have launched Dupuis or Durant, it would immediately made suspect, but "Saliapino", it was just weird to seem true. The guard passed a roadside mine. "Accompanying the dying," the expression caused discomfort immediately. He was certainly aware of the creation of this service, which had had to talk in the corridors. He changed his mind, waved us through, almost apologetically to have slowed our race.

We entered a glittering maze. Corridors, hallways still ... We pushed several doors to discovering As a surprising universe.

It was the second time I entered a hospital but the effect was still confusing. It was like to be broken into a brightness temple waved wizards dressed in white and young priestesses naked under their immaculate coat.

Everything was set as per an ancient choreography. Ambulance of packaged offerings deposited in soiled sheets. Young priestesses unpacked them before transporting them to the tiled rooms where high priests, with square masks and their transparent gloves, weighing the tripotaient as if they could be read omens.

From this vision sprang the beginnings of my medical vocation. The smell of ether, nurses, white rags, the ability to

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rummage in my own way the bowels of my contemporaries, that was really

interesting. Here lay the real power! I, too, would be a white witch. Ravi as a gangster who has finally found the room coffresforts, Raoul whispered in my ear

- Psst ... This way!

We pushed a glass door.

And we nearly retreat before the show. Most patients offered shelter by the support service of the dying were really bad shape. On our right, a toothless old, frozen speechless, empuantissait air ten meters around. Nearby, an emaciated be undefined sex stared unblinkingly a brown spot on the ceiling. A transparent snot dripping down his nose without considering wipe. Left, a bald lady had only one tuft of blond dyed hair on his wrinkled forehead. She sought àréprimer the incessant trembling of his right hand by squeezing it with his left hand. Obviously, she did not succeed and insulted the rebel member made in a language incomprehensible off his dentures.

Death, no offense to Raoul, it was not gods, goddesses, monsters, rivers full of snakes. Death, that was it: people rotting slowly.

My parents were right: death was awful. I would have cleared out on the spot if Raoul had led me to the lady at the blond tuft.

- Excuse me for disturbing you, ma'am.

- Bb oon day, she stuttered, shivering as the mind than the body.

- We are both students of journalism school. We would like to interview you.

- For ... Why me? she said with effort.

- Because your case interests us.

- I ... do not ... am interesting. By tez ...!

Morveu of x, we obtîmes no reaction. We made our way to the smelly grandfather that we looked like two small pesky mosquitoes. He got mad like we bother him in pressing occupations

- What, what, what do you want?

Raoul continued his spiel

- Hello, we are students of a school of journalism and

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we do a story about people who survived a coma.

The old man sat up, very proud

- Of course I survived a coma. Five days in a coma and see, I'm still here!

A light flashed in the eye of Raoul.

- And how was it? he asked, as if speaking to a return from China tourist.

The man looked at him, puzzled

- What do you mean?

- Well, what you felt while you were in a coma?

Obviously, the other did not see where he was going.

- I was five days in a coma, I tell you. Coma, it is precisely when we no longer feel anything!

Raoul insisted

- You do not have a hallucination? You do not remember a light, a hallway, anything?

The dying man was angry

- No, but coma is not cinema. First, it is very wrong. Then you wake up and it suffers from everywhere. It is not a cakewalk. You write in what newspaper?

A nurse comes out of nowhere and immediately began to yelp.

- Who are you? You did not bother to finish my patients? Who gave you permission to enter here? You can not read? You did not see the sign: "Entry forbidden to anyone outside the service"?

- You and me against the fools! Raoul launched.

And together, we started at a gallop. We lost ourselves in a maze of tiled corridors. We crossed a room reserved for burn victims, another for the disabled engines eventually leading precisely where he should not have. At the funeral home.

Naked corpses were lined up in twenty chrome trays, his face contorted in an ultimate pain. Some still had their eyes open.

Armed with a clip, a young student was busy removing their rings or alliances. One of them did not slip. The skin had swollen around the metal. So without hesitation, students jammed the

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finger between the blades of the pliers and squeezed. Clack. It fell to the ground making a noise of metal and meat.

I almost fainted. Raoul dragged me outside. We were both exhausted.

My friend was wrong. My parents were right. Death was something disgusting. He must not look at her, not approach it, not talk about it and not even think about it.

25-MYTHOLOGIE Lapp

For the Lapps, life is a soft dough that covers the skeletons. The soul is only in the bones of the skeleton.

So when they fish the fish, they take good care to remove the flesh without breaking the slightest edge. They then reject the bony rods in the place where they caught the fish alive. They believe that nature will take care to replenish them, and that when they come back a few days, weeks or months later, a new fresh food await them there.

For them, the flesh is pure ornament around the bones impregnated with true soul. We find this same respect of the skeleton in the Mongols and Yakuts who strive to restore intact, standing, bears they killed. And not to risk breaking delicate bones of the skull, they starve themselves brains, yet delicacy.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

26 - SEPARATION

Shortly after our trip to St. Louis Hospital, the mother of Raoul moved to province and many years passed before we met again.

My father died the same year from lung cancer. Cigars ten francs had not missed. Spinach, broccoli and anchovies, I déversai a torrent of tears at his funeral but no one seemed to care.

Immediately return the funeral, my mother turned into a shrew

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tyrannical. She began to want to be involved in everything, wanting to monitor and dictate everything in my life. Without embarrassment, she was rummaging through my things and thus discovered my diary that I nevertheless thought well hidden under my mattress. She immediately began to read aloud the best passages in front of my brother Conrad, delighted with this supreme humiliation.

I took time to recover from this injury. My newspaper had always been for me like a friend to whom I confided myself without fear of being judged. It was perhaps not his fault but that friend now, he had indeed betrayed me.

Conrad commented, always smart

- Look, I do not know you pinched for this minx in Beatrice. It is downright ugly with her quilts and all buttons on the face. You really vicious.

I tried to look good but my mother knew very well that she had deprived me of an ally. She did not want me to have friends. Not even friends objects. She considered it sufficient àsatisfaire all my communication needs with the outside.

- Tell me everything, 'she said. I know how to keep all your secrets, remain silent as a tomb. Your notebook, anyone could find it. Fortunately though it did not fall into foreign hands!

I preferred to avoid controversy. I do not retorted that besides his, zero foreign hands would flood àfouiner authorized under my bed

Unable to additional revenge Conrad sneers showing his diary to him. It did not stop. He did not need. He had nothing to say to anyone, nor to himself. He was

happy like that, to go through life without even trying to understand it. Having lost my confidant, the absence of Raoul became even heavier. No one else in high school, wore the slightest interest Ala ancient mythology. To my classmates, the word "death" did not have any magic, and when I told them about the bodies, they tended to tap the front of the hand. "You gnoognottes of the tuft, man, fuck you psychoanalyze the Greeks!"

- You're still young for you obsessing over death, admonished me Beatrice. Wait sixty. It is too early now.

I replied tit for tat

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- Okay, so let's talk about love! That is a subject which suits the young, right?

She recoiled in horror. I tried to coax

- But I ask nothing better than to marry you ...

She ran. She then shouted at all the clutter that I was a sex maniac and that I had even tried to rape her. Plus, I surely was a murderer-criminal-assassinmultirécidiviste, otherwise why I would be interested in both death and corpses?

More confidant newspaper, more friends, no girlfriend, no crooked atom with my family, life seemed very bland. Raoul did not write me. I was really alone on this planet.

Fortunately, I had the books. Raoul had not deceived me by saying that the books, themselves, were friends who never betrayed. The books knew the ancient mythologies. They were not afraid to talk about death or love.

But every time my eyes were reading the word "dead", I thought back to Raoul. I knew the death of his father caused him this obsession. He wanted to know what he could have told him before dying. The father of mine had told me everything in his lifetime: "Do not do anything stupid," "Stand up straight, here is your mother", "Beware of those who claim to want to do you good", "Take example Conrad, "" So you can not eat properly? Towels are not made for dogs, "" Keep it up and you're going to take you a "," Give me my cigar box "," Mets not your fingers in the nose, "" Do not cure your teeth with metro tickets, "" Cache well your money "," What you got to read a book? You better help your mother clear the table. " The perfect spiritual heritage. Thank you dad.

Raoul was still wrong to polarize over death. Death need not be rocket scientist to understand: it was simply the end of life. Point to the line. As a film that stops when you turn off the TV ...

At night I dreamed yet still often as I flew and LAHAUT, I always croisais the lady in white satin skeletal mask. This nightmare, I had not included in my notebook.

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27-HINDU MYTHOLOGY

"Those who know well and those who, in the forest, know that faith is the truth, those entering the flame, the flame in the day, the day in the bright fortnight, the fortnight in six months during which the sun rises to the north of those months in the world of the gods, the world of the Gods in the sun, the sun flashes in the region. Arrived in the lightning region, a spiritual being arises that carries in the worlds of Brahman: in these worlds they inhabit distant unfathomable for them back here below. "

(Brhadaranyaka-Upanishad)

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

28 - RAOUL IS BACK

From the age of eighteen years, I decided to become a doctor. I began the

suitable studies, was it really a coincidence? I chose specializes in anesthesia and resuscitation.

I found myself in the heart of the temple, head of lives anxious to survive. Maybe I had also hoped to spawn among the priestesses was said naked under their white coat. Anyway, I was quick to check that this was mythology. Nurses are often in a T-shirt.

I was thirty-two when Raoul came without warning in my life. He telephoned and obviously gave me an appointment at Père Lachaise.

It was even bigger, lanky, thinner than I remembered. It was back in Paris. After so many years of absence, I was very flattered that his first act was to reconnect with me.

He had the delicacy not to speak to me at once of death. Like me, he had matured. No more laughing at everything, indiscriminately àtravers. More games silly words, puns or contrepèteries.

He was now a researcher in biology at the CNRS, with title of professor. Yet he began by recalling his mistresses. The

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Women were only pass in life because they do not understand. They considered it too ... morbid. He cursed

- Why the prettiest girls-they are always the most stupid?

- Why do not you then dredges the ugly? I replied.

We should have but we guffaw childhood had passed. He just smiled.

- And you, Michael, you go out much?

- Not really.

He gave me a big pat on the back.

- Too shy, eh?

- Too imaginative, perhaps. I sometimes dream that somewhere a charming princess and she expects me and nobody else.

- You think the Sleeping Beauty? But if you go out with a girl before meeting her, it's like you're the wrong beforehand.

- Exactly. That is the impression that I feel every time.

The arachnéides hands of Raoul fluttered around me, surrounding me with their protective presence. How could I have lived so long away from him and his madness?

- Ah ..., he sighed. You're too mushy, Michael. This world is too hard for dreamers like you. You have to arm yourself to learn how to fight.

We évoquâmes nostalgically our skirmish with the Belzébuthiens. He then spoke of his research. He currently was working on hibernating marmots. Like many other animals, marmots were able to stay three months, heart slowed to 90 ° / o, without breathing, without eating, without moving, without sleep. Raoul had pushed away the phenomenon. After sleep, he would graze limbo of death. To cause an even deeper artificial hibernation in a marmot, it was enough to plunge in a cold bath at 0 ° C. The internal temperature dropped quickly, the heartbeat slowed to the point of completely stopping the beast but did not die, however. It was possible to revive a half-hour later, just by rubbing.

I suspected my friend to describe what we hibernation, doctors, called "coma". However, his experiments were successful and in international conventions, some already nicknamed "the Arousing frozen marmots."

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Point blank, I asked him if he had discovered other ancient texts on the afterlife. He brightened immediately. He had not dared to hope that I would approach so fast his favorite subject.

- The Greeks! if he exclaimed with relish. The Greeks believed in concentric circles and universe. Each universe contained a smaller universe than him, then another even smaller, like a target. At the center of it was the Greek world, the one where people lived.

Raoul was launched.

- So, in the center, the Greeks in the first world. Then around, circling the

barbarians of the second world, these being themselves surrounded by a third, the world of monsters, including, among other hideous creatures boreal lands. I recapitulated

- Men, barbarians, monsters, three layers, right?

- No, he corrected quickly, much more. After the world of monsters, just the sea. There is lile of the Blessed, where the immortal paradise resident. There also is leading the Dream, crossed by a river that flows only at night. It is covered with lotus flowers. In its center is located the city of four doors. Two let in nightmares, two others open to delicious dreams. Hypnos, the god of dreams, the four control issues.

- Ouaah!

- After the sea, continued Raoul, there was again a land. It is the shore of the continent from the dead. The trees there are as dried fruit. This is where all the ships fail and everything ends.

There was a silence, furnished tower decors heavenly or hellish ride. Raoul broke the spell by asking me about my anesthesiologist-intensivist business. He multiplied the technical issues. He wanted to know what products I used for my human, believing they might as well use it for its marmots.

29 -The notice DOCTOR PINSON

A. Comas

According to my friend Dr. Michael Pinson, there are three common forms of coma

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Coma 1: Coma vigil. Consciousness is abolished but the patient reacts to external stimuli. It can last thirty seconds àtrois days.

Coma 2: The patient no longer responds to external stimuli, whether we like it or clamp spades. It can last up to a week.

Coma 3: Deep Coma. Cessation of all forms of activity. Decerebration movements. The upper limbs are like paralyzed. The heartbeat becomes irregular (defibrillation). According to Michael, it is impossible to get out of this type of coma.

B. Field Effects

- 1) mydriasis (pupil dilation complete).
- 2) Paralysis.
- 3) Deviation of the mouth.

C. How to make a coma patient?

Methods used by Michael

- 1) cardiac massage.
- 2) upper airway intubations.
- 3) Electric shock from 200 to 300 joules.
- 4) intracardiac injections of adrenaline.

D. How to cause a coma?

Products used by Michael

- 1) Sodium.
- 2) Thiopental (provide agitation on awakening), propofol (rapid falling asleep, waking without problems).
- 3) Droperidol (less powerful effects, transient analgesia, feelings of disconnection of a duration of one hour after awakening, risk of cardiac arrest). We must adapt the dosage to the patient's weight.
- 4) Potassium chloride (causes heart disease and ventricular fibrillation).

E. Heart rates in humans

Normal: between 65 and 80 beats / minute.

At the lowest: 40 beats / minute.

Some yogis down to 38 but these are exceptional cases.

Minimum: below 40 heart beats / minute,

net reduction of cerebral flow, risk of syncope (brief loss of consciousness lasting less than two minutes). The subject is usually no memory of the incident.

Maximum: 220 beats / minute under the age of the subject.

Working Notes thanatonautiques research. Raoul Razorbak.

30 -Manuel HISTORY

The thanatonautique born of a fortuitous incident. Most historians date from the day of the attack against President Lucinder.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

-THE PRESIDENT LUCINDER

Standing in his black limousine, President Lucinder saluted the crowd, the rueful smile. In fact, he was in agony as he suffered from ingrown nail in his toe. It was no consolation to think that Jules Caesar had probably also been plagued by such vicissitudes in its large military parades. And Alexander the Great with his syphilis? In addition, at the time, no one knew the cure ... Jules César was always behind him a slave in charge of both brandishing his laurel crown and repeat it regularly has the ear: "Remember that you are a man." Lucinder did not need slave to remember him, his ingrown toenail enough there. He greeted the crowd that ovationnait while wondering how to get rid of. His doctor advised him an operation, but so far the leader of the Nation had yet never lying on a pool table. He did not like the idea of being asleep while unknown hidden under gauze masks and armed with sharp blades tripoteraient his throbbing flesh. Of course, he could also use his special pedicure. The d ° rnier promised to overcome the problem without going through the operating room but it would have to be cut to the sharp toe without anesthesia. Nothing to write home about.

What a source of problems that human castoff! Always something wrong somewhere. Rheumatism, caries, a

conjunctivitis ... Last week Lucinder had been tormented by a revival of his ulcer.

- So do not worry, jeans, had advised his wife. You're upset because of South America. You'll feel better tomorrow. According to a proverb from my home, "be healthy means to be sick all day in a different place."

Very funny! Still, she had served her some warm milk and the pain had subsided. The ingrown toenail proved tougher.

"Vive Lucinder!" They cried around. "Lucinder, president!" Chanted a group. Ah, this new mandate! He would have to worry about soon. The voting was close.

Without this cursed toe Lucinder had had a good time in the cheers. He loved walkabouts. He kissed a little girl with rosy cheeks a woman waving under his nose. The girl gave him a kind of bouquet to cause every time an allergy. The car started up again. He tried to wiggle her toes a little trapped in the stiff new shoes when a large type three-piece suit rushed toward him, revolver in hand. Gunshots echoed in his ears.

- Well, they kill me! calmly thought President.

It was the first and last time, surely. The warm blood running down his navel. Lucinder smiled. It was a good way to make history with a capital H. His predecessor, President Congomas, saw his mandate prematurely shortened by prostate cancer. Something to laugh posterity.

He was lucky with his technocrat black revolver. The murdered presidents had always entitled to the honors of textbooks. We boast their grandiose visions, daring their projects. Children recite his praises in schools. There were no other immortality.

Lucinder saw his assassin melted into the crowd. And his bodyguards who stood there without reacting! What a lesson! You should not rely on these professionals to nuts.

Who and hated to the point of organizing his death? Well, he did not care now. Nothing was more important, including its ingrown toenail cursed. Death was the best remedy against all the minor ailments of life.

- A doctor! Quick, a doctor! shouted someone near him.

These people are silent ... There was no practitioner can

SO

help. It was too late. A bullet had pierced his heart. It was not that he had to fetch a doctor, rather a new president to replace him while he would join Caesar, Abraham Lincoln and Kennedy in the firmament of great men of State murdered.

Arms do not hoisted least Lucinder on a stretcher. The locked him in an ambulance with sirens blaring unbearable. Invisible specialists placed a mirror to her mouth, massaged his lungs. There was even an inconsiderate enough to dare a word-of-mouth.

He did not die less. Memories marched full speed in his mind. Four years: his first and undeserved slap his first aggressiveness. Seven years: first roll of honor thanks to a neighbor who had left copy its composition. Seventeen years: his first daughter (he had seen since; it had been a mistake: it was awful). Twenty-one years: degree in history, this time without cheating. Twenty-three years

control of ancient philosophy. Twenty-five years of doctoral ancient history.

Twenty-seven years: admission to the Social Democratic Party through the relationships of his father and already a slogan for his future career

"Those familiar with the past are best able to build the future."

Twenty-eight years: marriage with the first "chick" (united actress he had forgotten the name). Twenty-nine years: first first down and betrayals blows to rise within the party apparatus. Thirty-two years: election for mayor of Toulouse, fortune built on the sale of municipal land, first master paintings, antique sculptures first, mistresses galore. Thirty-five years: election to the National Assembly, first castle in Lozère. Thirty-six years: divorce and remarriage to the second "chick" (German supermodel, chick peas for brains but legs to die for a saint). Thirty-seven years: outbreaks Mouflets in every corner. Thirty-eight years: short crossing of the desert caused by the case of kickbacks on the sale of Pakistani aircraft.

Thirty-nine years: rapid return to the political scene through new nuptials (the daughter of President Congomas, a good choice this time). Appointment to the Foreign Ministry and first truly repugnant action: organizing the assassination of the President of Peru, replaced by a puppet.

Forty-five years: death of President Congomas. Lucinder campaign for the presidency of the beautiful French Republic with a fully funded by the Peruvian countryside. New slogan

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"Lucinder studied history, now he writes." Failed. Fiftytwo years: new election. Victory Power. Finally the Elysee. Control of the Secret Service. Private museum of antiquities discreetly "recovered" abroad. Caviar with a ladle. Fifty-five years: threats of nuclear war. The enemy is frightened, backward, and Lucinder miss the first good opportunity to make history.

Fifty-six years: the mistresses of increasingly younger. Fifty-seven years: meeting with his first real friend, Vercingetorix, a black labrador, suspicion, he, of careerism.

Finally, fifty-eight and conclusion, the moment of this beautiful biography of

the great man murdered during a walkabout àVersailles.

More bubbles mirrors. A life, even as President, not more than that. Dust, you return to the dust. Ash, you return to the ashes. Maggot, you end up in the stomachs of maggots.

If only he was allowed to die in peace! Even maggots are entitled to the final tranquility. But no, raises his eyelids, it is placed on a pool ... It is fiddles, one undresses, it plugs into the complicated devices and around him, it chatters, it chatters. "Doing everything to save the President," they repeated. Fools!

What good is all that effort? He felt very tired invade. It was as if life was leaving gradually. Exactly that. It came out. He felt that it came out. Not possible! Jean Lucinder felt ... he left. He came out of his body. Yikes! He really went out of his body. He finally it or what else? There was something else ... how could we call it? His soul? Its intangible body? His ectoplasm? His thought materialized? He was transparent and lightweight. It is separated, it is désincrustait, it's scindait. What a feeling!

It took off, abandoned his skin, like an old worn garment. It rose, rose, rose again. He no longer suffered toes. It was so light!

... His new "self" lingered for a moment on the ceiling. From there, he contemplated the elongated body, and all these experts in the very aggressive treatment. No respect for his remains. They opened his chest, broke his ribs, electrodes planted directly into his heart muscle!

Needless to stay longer here, it was called elsewhere. A transparent string, sort of umbilical cord still connected him with his

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human carcass. She stretched, silver and elastic cord, as and àmesure he walked away from it.

He crossed the ceiling, passed through several stages filled with patients. Finally, it was the roof and then the sky. A benevolent light was called off. Fantastic! Other people, many more people were flying around him, like him stretching their silver cord. He had the impression of participating in a great celebration.

But suddenly his own silver cord stopped to stretch, it hardens, tensed, were fired from below! He had to make àl'évidence: Lucinder no longer dying. Other ectoplasm looked at him without understanding: why does he still further forward? Pulled the cord, the elastic retracted sharply. He recrossed the roof, ceilings, he returned to the operating room and saw the nurses who dumps him let loose several hundred volts directly into the heart. "It is forbidden to do that!" He had passed a law that, two years ago to limit aggressive therapy. He remembered it, it was Article 676

"When the heart activity ceases, it will not perform any manipulation, aggression or operation that may force the heart failed to restart." But as he was president we obviously felt that his life was above the law. Ah, the bastards! Ah, the little motherfuckers! Once again he found the inconvenience of being the most important man in the country. At that moment he had only one desire: to be a bum that nobody cared. Bum, beggar, worker, housewife, anything, but we left alone. That he be given the easing of death. This is the first right of a citizen: to die in peace.

has loudly. money

Floup, he rejoined his former corpse. What unpleasant sensation! Ouch, he already felt again his ingrown toenail! And ribs that had been broken to reach the heart. In addition we dropped it a new electric shock, this time it was very, very wrong.

He opened his eyes. Obviously the doctors and nurses shouted for joy and congratulating each other. The fools ...

- We did it, we did it!

- His heart beats again, it breathes, it is saved!

Saved? Sauvé, who saved from what? No of them, anyway. It

"Let me die! Let me die!" He yelled But his ectoplasm had no voice. The cord always resulted lower. He could not go back.

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suffered, he suffered. He stammered in a face something incomprehensible. "Stop landfills, close the chest!"

He wanted to shout, "Close the door, there are drafts." He was wrong, so wrong in all his nerves.

So you are again, my aching body.

He opened an eyelid, there were plenty of people around his bed

He hurt so badly. All his nerves were on edge. He closed his eyes to enjoy even a moment of respite and remember the wonderful bright country up there in the sky.

Fiche 32 POLICE

Application of basic descriptive information

Name: Lucinder

First name: jean

Hair: Black

Eyes:

Size: 1 m 78

Distinguishing features: None

Comment: Pioneer movement thanatonautique

Weakness: President of the Republic

33 - THE MINISTER MERCASSIER

Fully furnished in Louis XV style, the presidential office was very large. The room was dimly lit, but enough to discern the illustrious paintings and naughty Greek sculptures. Art was a good way to impress the philistines. Benedict Mercassier, Minister of Research, knew this. He also knew that even if he could not see his face, the president Lucinder was there, sitting in front of him. The desk lamp lighted only his hands but the thick outline was familiar to him, the black Labrador, at his feet, too.

It was the first meeting between the two men since the attack that almost cost his chief in the nation. Why the President had he contacted him precisely when there were so many

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domestic and foreign policy issues to address far greater urgency as problems of researchers always looking for subsidies?

As Mercassier was tired of silence dragged on, he dared to break it first. He hesitated and opted for some occasional banalities

- How are you, Mr. Speaker? It seems that you remettiez you well in your operation. These doctors have performed miracles.

Lucinder thought he would gladly have this kind of miracles. He stepped into the light. Particularly bright gray eyes rested on the speaker curled up on a chair in red brocade.

- Mercassier, I called you because I need the opinion of an expert. Only you can help me.

- I'd be delighted, Mr. President. What is it?

Leaning back, Lucinder plunged back into the darkness. It was strange, the least of his gestures exuded an unusual majesty. As for his face, he seemed to have become suddenly more ... (Mercassier was surprised the adjective that came to mind) more human.

- You have a trained biologist, is not it? Lucinder issued. Tell me, what do you think of post-comatiques experiences?

Mercassier stared at him, dumbfounded. The President is annoyed

- The NDE, the Near Death Experiences, people who at the last moment out of

their bodies and then come back because, finally, thanks to the progress of medicine?

Benedict Mercassier could not believe his ears.

Behold Lucinder, so realistic usual, was interested now to mystical phenomena. What it was like to have witnessed death! He hesitated.

- I think it is a fashion, a social phenomenon that will pass like many others before him. People need to believe in the marvelous, the supernatural, that there is something other than this materialistic world down here. While some writers, gurus, charlatans take the opportunity to make their goodwill by telling nonsense. This need is always rooted in man. Religions are proof. Just promise paradise in an imaginary future for people to more easily swallow the bitter pill of this. Gullibility, naivety and stupidity.

- That's really what you think?

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- Of course. What better than a dream beyond paradise? What more "fake" dream?

Lucinder coughed

- And yet, if there was any truth in these tales ...?

The Scientific sneered

- Since the time as existing evidence. This is the story of the man who saw the man who saw the man who saw the man who saw the bear. Nowadays, everything works in reverse. This is to skeptics to prove that their doubts are founded. Just as anyone who announces the end of the world for tomorrow requires specialists that they prove that it will not happen.

Lucinder tried to impartiality.

- No evidence, you say? Maybe there are none because no one has tried it? Is it only a formal study on this subject?

- Uh, not to my knowledge, made Mercassier, troubled. So far, we stuck to record doubtful accounts. What's happening? This topic you he interested?

- Oh! yes, Benoit! exclaimed Lucinder. Many even, because the man who saw the bear, as you say, and even directly, well that's me.

The Minister of Research contemplated his chair in disbelief. He wondered if, after all, the attack had not left at his vis-à-vis irreversible sequelae. His heart was reached, the brain had not been irrigated during several minutes. Some areas would they necrotic? Would he now suffered from psychotic delusions?

- Stop staring at me so, Benoit! exclaimed harshly Lucinder. I just tell you that I had a NDE, I will not establish a Communist state!

- I do not think you instinctively replied the scientist.

The President shrugged.

- I would not have believed it myself if this had not happened. But then, it happened to me. I glimpsed a wonderful continent and I would learn it.

- Glimpsed ... In your eyes see?

- Of course.

Always rational, offered an explanation Mercassier

- Before dying, the body often produces morphine

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natural abundance. What intoxicate the dying before the departure, like a little gluttony chemical as an ultimate fireworks ... There are surely enough there to cause some fantastic hallucinations, "wonderful continent" and others. This is probably what happened to you on the operating table.

In the glow of the desk lamp, Lucinder had not hallucinated the air. On the contrary. His brain be still damaged? Was it necessary to alert the other ministers, the press, the President put out of harm's way before it commits the country to some insane operation? Benoit Mercassier wrung his hands under his seat. But in the face, his interlocutor was already back, very quiet

- I know the effects of the drug, Benoit. I am already addicted and I know the difference between a start of overdose and the real. How many times have you not repeated to me that in any scientific field, simply invest in abundance to

achieve rapid results?

- Yes, but ...
- One percent of the budget of Veterans Affairs, awarded in soft, okay? Mercassier was in agony.
- I refuse. I am a true scientist and I can lend me Aune such masquerade.
- I insist.
- In this case. I would rather resign.
- Really?

34 -Manuel HISTORY

The death of our ancestors

Classified by occupational categories (period), here a comparative table of the number of persons exceeding the age of 50 years on a basis of a thousand men for each category. Statistics 1970 (end of the second millennium).

- Teachers
- Senior Managers and professionals
- Engineering
- Catholic Clergy

732

719

700

692

57

- Farmers
- Entrepreneurs and traders
- Office workers
- Middle management
- Workers
- Agricultural workers

35 AUSTRALIA-NEW

653 631 623 616 590 565

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

The empty mind wandered Benoit Mercassier length on the Champs Elysees. He was convinced of the absence of NDE and now he was commissioned to prove the irrefutable reality. Like asking an atheist to demonstrate the existence of God or a vegetarian publicist promote the merits of the meat.

He knew why Lucinder had elected for this task. The President loved forcing his men to practice paradox. He forced the right-wing ministers to implement leftist policies, environmentalists praise the all-nuclear, to advocate protectionist free trade ...

He still had to allocate two hundred thousand francs to his damn "Paradise Project." There he was no longer abstract. But from there àprouver we flew out of his body at the time of his death to win a "wonderful continent" ...

Lucinder was not the first head of state to engage in projects oddballs.

Mercassier remembered that there was already a long time, in the seventies, a whimsical American president named Jimmy Carter had made up his mind to get in contact with UFOs. UFO, he believed firmly. It had launched a program overlapping all the evidence on the famous "Unidentified Flying Objects".

Imagine the mine austere scholars forced to listen hallucinated and illuminated in the chain! He had squandered taxpayers' money by building a gigantic transceiver supposed to capture any messages extraterrestrial intelligences and communicate with them. And he was then surprised not to be re-elected!

Lucinder also ran his Berezina but, meanwhile, Mercassier had no choice. It was

either stroking the whims of

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President in the direction of hair or abandon its portfolio and, naturally, he was holding his little bit of power. Too bad for the Veterans Affairs! He would find how to use the famous two hundred thousand francs.

Yes but how? Because whenever he was in doubt, Mercassier immediately thought of calling at its best and closest adviser: his wife, fold.

To his astonishment, it seemed no surprise when, at dinner, he explained his problem NDE. While spreading their plates mashed broccoli, it reflects

- What you need to start is to invent an experimental protocol. Inventing a test answering the question: "Yes or no, there he has something after death?" What did you as a data starting point?

- Only one, he sighed, but size. The President is convinced he experienced an NDE!

As always, she comforted

- Be positive. To succeed, we must be convinced beforehand of victory.

- But if he lamented, can not require of me that I believe the NDE. That would be to ignore everything you taught me in the faculty of sciences!

She cut short his lamentations

- You're not a scientist, you are a politician. So thoughtful politician, otherwise we will never be released. What he says so, your president?

- He claims to have glimpsed a "wonderful continent" ...

- A "wonderful continent"?

Jill frowned.

- It's funny, it is the employees that have the exact words first European navigators discovering the continent where I was born: Australia!

- What report? he asked, pouring a glass of wine.

- We gave you a new continent to explore. You must therefore adopt the spirit of the pioneers of the sixteenth century. They were unaware that there was a land east of Indonesia. Those who would have said would have gone for amiable weirdos like you calling nonsense presidential statements.

- Still, there was a palpable continent, with meadows, trees, animals, aboriginal!

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- Easy to say XXI` century, but at that time imagine yourself a little? Talk about southern lands was equally strange that today evoke a continent beyond death.

If it were not so keen to keep clear mind, Mercassier would willingly emptied the whole bottle of Bourgueil. A good year, too. Jill continued his reasoning

- Put yourself in the shoes of a minister of that time. On the occasion of a maritime trip, your king was shipwrecked and is figured foresee a "wonderful continent." He was rescued by another ship of his squadron before they could move it but, on his return to his capital, he ordered his transport minister to take steps to learn about mysterious lile.

Seen in this light, of course ... Jill insisted Mercassier

- You only have to baptize your land of the dead "New Australian" and then adopt an explorer mentality. The challenge is worthy of our modernity. You imagine, the XXXI century, some people sneered: "And to think that these arrears were unaware of the continent from the dead!" In the year 3000, there will still be a president for àaller look further back in time can -being. And the Minister of the mission envy that old Mercassier who had received it, a lot easier to fulfill mandate: just visit the land of the dead ...

His wife was so convincing that Benoit could not help asking him

- But you think it, you, to this continent of the dead?

- Does it matter? What I know is that if I had been the wife of the Minister of Transport xvte century, I would have advised him to charter vessels and go see if there was Australia. Anyway, you'll be the man who discovered this unknown continent, or one who has proved his absence. In both cases, you leave a winner.

In turn, Jill grabbed the bottle.
Fixing mashed green, her husband grumbled
- Fine, but what ship to send in such a place?
Suddenly, she emptied her glass
- So we come back to the problem of experimental protocol. Do you want a salad?
No. He was not hungry. His worries were cutting his appetite. This was not the case for which fetched Jill in the kitchen a bowl of lettuce and tomatoes. All his business, she sat by summarizing
- Well, we have already decided to call the new continent tone

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"New Australia". And that we shipped to colonize Australia? Convicts, common law prisoners, thugs of the worst kind. Why them, precisely?
There Mercassier found himself in his element.
- Because we thought that Australia might be a dangerous country and that it was better not to send people whose loss would lack for society.
His face brightened as and as he spoke. As usual, Jill had not failed. It had provided a solution.
- Benoît, you found what sailors leave to assault your new continent. Now, we must pledge of a captain.
The Minister of Research smiled, reassured
- With that, I have an idea!

36 -MYTHOLOGIE AZTEC

Among the Aztecs, are not the merits acquired during life that determine the existence in the afterlife, but the circumstances surrounding the death.
The best way to die is to die in battle. It leads Quanteca (Eagle companions) to Tonatiuhichan, East haven where the deceased will sit alongside the god of war. The death by drowning or disease related to water (like leprosy) induces a trip to the Tlalocan, paradise of Tlaloc, god of rain.
Those who have not been recognized by any god go to Mictlan, place of hell where they undergo four years of trials before the final dissolution.
This is the domain of Mictlantecuhtli, the underworld. It enters through the caves. The soul must cross eight stays underground before reaching the ninth world.
First obstacle: the Chicnahuapan, a river that the dead must cross by clinging to the tail of a previously sacrificed red dog on his grave. Animals sacrificed at funerals serve psychopomps, that is to say, they guide the soul through the land of the dead.
Second obstacle: two mountains colliding at irregular intervals.

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Third obstacle climb a mountain with steep trails covered with sharp stones.
Fourth obstacle undergo an obsidian wind, icy storm tapered carting stones.
Fifth obstacle passing between giant flags flapping in the eye.
Sixth obstacle: under fire arrows seeking àtranspercer the deceased.
Seventh obstacle massive attack of ferocious animals eager to swallow his heart.
Eighth obstacle: a narrow defile where the dead may be lost.
He finally won access to dissolution.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

37-ABOUT

Raoul Razorbak reminded me a few weeks later. He was anxious to see me. His voice was strange and it seemed a prey to emotion. For once, it not appointments PèreLachaise but stared at me in his home, in his apartment.
It was hardly recognized him when I opened the door. He was still thin and wore the expression that I had learned to recognize in schizophrenics from the

hospital.

- Ah! Michael, finally!

He pointed to a chair by advising me of me back comfortably. His presentation would surprise me.

Would he obtained unexpected results in his research on hibernation marmots? But what do they concern me? I was a doctor, not a biologist.

- Have you heard of the attack suffered by the president Lucinder?

Of course I had heard of it. No one in the country could not escape. The press, television, radio had made their headlines. Our head of state had been shot at close range the occasion of a walkabout in Versailles. The best specialists of the fired last minute deal. What this incident was it linked àl'agitation my friend?

- The next day, President Lucinder instructed its Minister of Research and ...

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He stopped and grabbed me - Follow me.

38-MANUAL HISTORY

The first xenografts were established in the mid-twentieth century, specifically in the years 1960-1970. Therefore, the sick man became like a car that was enough to change defective parts. So, death took figure of simple mechanical accident. If there were deaths, it was lack of proper replacement parts. Researchers conceived pig hearts with genetic characters corresponding to human receptacles where they would be located. The techniques for supporting foreign bodies were constantly improved. Everything was replaceable, except the brain. And again!

It became logical to think that one day we manage to overcome all the failures, including the Supreme failure: death. It was only a matter of technology. Simultaneously, the lifespan lengthened. Having the appearance of old age was synonymous with neglect. Each of properly maintain its biological mechanics. We hid shriveled old or unsavory aspects to better show off those who practiced, radiant, tennis or reach on foot race. At the time, it was thought that the best way to fight against death was to camouflage the warning symptoms.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

39 -AMANDINE

My friend Raoul pushed me in his convertible Renault 20 ancient and started with a bang.

- Where you drive me?

- Where it all happens.

I could not get more out of him. The wind carried my questions as answers.

Whatever it was, we left Paris. I shudder when he finally slowed to a sign sinister: H Penitentiary Fleury-Merogis. "

From the outside, the place looked more like a small town or

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a hospital than a prison. Raoul parked in the adjacent parking lot and led me to the entrance. He introduced an authorization, me my identity card. We crossed an airlock, drove through a long corridor, knocked at a door.

A man opened already upset us. His face was still frowned at the sight of Razorbak for his cheerful part.

- Greetings, Mr. Director. I wanted to introduce Dr. Michael Pinson. You will need to provide it with a pass as soon as possible. Thank you in advance.

Before the director could answer, we were already in new corridors. I had the impression that the guards that we met considered us askance.

We found ourselves in a courtyard. We were at the center of the prison-town. It was huge. Five blocks of buildings stretched to the horizon. Each harbored in

its center a football field. Raoul explained that detainees practiced tremendously sports, but at that time they were still confined to their cells. Fortunately, as many seemed very upset me our presence. Clinging to the bars of the first stages, they roared

- Refuse, bastards, you will have your skin!

Obviously, the guards did not put any zeal to silence.

A voice was cut

- We know what you make in the D2. People like you do not deserve to live!

I was getting worried. What had been my friend Raoul, who went on his way recklessly, to put these men in such a state of rage? I knew as his passions could lead to the far, far beyond any same reason.

D2 building. I followed the reprobate, less desire to learn as not to remain alone, raging between prisoners and equally hostile guards. Still corridors, armored doors and unlocking. Stairs. Other stairs. The impression of a descent into hell. From below came from fat laughter mingled with many complaints. Is it locked crazy here?

Further down still lower. Darker, darker still. I thought of the method invented by Aesculapius to treat insanity. There was that more than three thousand years in a care facility Esclapion called and you can still see the ruins of which in Turkey, it

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pioneer of psychiatry had installed a maze of dark tunnels. After a long wait during which they had been conditioned to expect the supreme pleasure, there drove demented. Chants echoed from the entrance and we plunged into the dark labyrinth, they became more melodious. When charmed, the insane stopped à l'endroit the darkest, we poured over him a barrel full of slimy snakes under which struggled so unhappy, surprised at the height of bliss. Either he died on the spot from fright, or it appeared healed. In fact, Asclepius had invented the electric shock.

I, adrift in the basements of Fleury-Merogis, I wondered when I would receive my barrel of icy reptiles.

It was then that Raoul exhibited a rusty key which opened a large studded door. I discovered behind a large shed that looks like a mess as there was great disorder. There were three men in sweatpants and a young blond woman wearing a black blouse that gave me a sense of déjà vu.

The men rose and bowed respectfully my friend.

- I present Dr. Michael Pinson, whom I have already spoken.

- Thank you for coming, doctor, they exclaimed in unison.

- Miss Ballus, our nurse, Raoul continued.

I greeted the girl and saw that she was sizing me look.

The place would be a disused Lazaretto. On my right, a laboratory bench was littered with smoldering vials, probably liquid nitrogen. In the center of the room sat an old dentist's chair, for flat places, and identified twisted son of congested electric machines and flashing screens.

The set looked like the garage of a Sunday handyman. To see the status of devices, handles and rusty levers, I wondered even if Raoul had not made the garbage universities. The screens of oscilloscopes were cracked, the electrodes of cardiographs blackened by age.

However, I myself had enough laboratories used for that flawless and immaculate vision that always give movies is usually wrong. In reality, no mattresses or nickel coats just out of the laundry, instead of types mittees sweaters in makeshift premises.

A friend working on a yet as important as the trajectory of thought through the brain meanders had only shelter for a car park located in the basement of the Bichat hospital

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everything entrechoquait every noisy passage of the subway. Lack of funds, he was unable to gain support for its metal brain wave receiver and had resolved to

tinker a wooden thing, glued and reinforced with tape with thumbtacks. Yes, even in France, research is no longer what it was.

- My dear Michael, are performed the most daring experiments of our generation, pompously declared Raoul, pulling me from my thoughts. Long ago, do you remember we talked about death in our meetings at Pere Lachaise. I then evoked as an unexplored continent. Now here, we try to plant flags.

This was it. The barrel of snakes had fallen on my head. Raoul Raoul Razorbak, my best and oldest friend, had gone mad. Now he was engaged in experiments on the dead! As I stood dazed, he explained

- President Lucinder has experienced an NDE during his recent attack in Versailles. He therefore instructed Mercassier Benedict, his Minister of Research, launching a study program on beyond the coma. It turns out that he had read my articles on "put in artificial hibernation marmots surges" in international journals. He contacted me and asked if I could reproduce such experiments on humans. I jumped at the chance. My marmots were perhaps parts in another world, but they were unable to tell me what they had seen it. Men, themselves, would know. Yes, my dear, I have the green light from the government for research on NDEs, using volunteers also common prisoners. These gentlemen are our pilots beyond. This is, um ...

He thought a moment as if looking for inspiration.

- These are ...

Then his face lit

- ... Tha-na-to-nauts. Greek, thanatos, death, and Communities, browser.

Thanatonautes of. Nice word in truth. Thanatonaute. - He repeated again. -

Thanatonaute: a word of the same family, so that a cosmonaut or astronaut. This will become the reference generic name. We finally coined the term. We use Thanatonautes to make tha-na-to-Water.

He listened to himself, to his own delight.

- Consequently, our hangar is a thanatodrome, since by taking off our ...

Thanatonautes.

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A new vocabulary was born in the slums of Fleury-Merogis. Raoul beamed.

The blonde girl produced a bottle of sparkling wine and biscuits. Everyone profit baptism. Only I remained dark and pushed the flute Raoul handed me.

- Excuse me. I do not want to play spoilsport but if I understood, here, we play with life. These gentlemen mission to conquer the land of the dead, right?

- Yes, Michael. Fabulous, right?

Raoul raised his hand, pointing a dirty ceiling stains.

- And what a tremendous challenge for our generation and future generations: the exploration of the afterlife.

I disengaged myself.

- Raoul, Madame, gentlemen, I say very quietly, I see myself obliged to leave you. I have no need of suicidal fools or not they enjoy the support of their government. With that, I salute you.

I walked swiftly towards the exit when the nurse grabbed my arm. For the first time, I heard the sound of his voice.

- Wait, we need you.

She had not begged, she had spent almost coldly indifferent. The one she was used in the exercise of his profession to demand of cotton wool or scalpel chrome finish.

I met his eyes. She had the eyes of a rare color blue with a bit of beige in the center, similar to an iris on a lost island ocean. I immediately plunged as into a black abyss.

She continued to stare at me without me smile without really amenity. As if the mere fact of having spoken to me already the largest concessions. I recoiled. I could not wait to escape this deadly place.

Fiche 40 POLICE

Application of basic descriptive information

Name: Ballus
Name: Ama Ndine
Blond Hair
Eyes: Navy

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Size: 1 m 69
Distinguishing features: None
Comment: A pioneer in the movement thanatonaughtique
Weakness: Very focused on sex

41 - MYTHOLOGIE AMAZON

The creative Principle of the world once decided to make the immortal men. He commanded them: "... Go to the river banks will unfold three canoes Please do not stop the first two Expect the third and embrace the spirit that is in place."

Before the first canoe, responsible for rotting meat covered with vermin and exhaling foul odors, the Indians retreated, disgusted. But when appeared the second they saw a àforme human death and rushed to comfort him. It was too late when came the spirit of the creative Principle in the third vessel. He saw with horror that the men had embraced death. So they had made their choice.

Fa thesis extract this Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

42 - PROGRESSIVE SLIP TO CRIME

For about two weeks, I had no news of my former friend the professor and his Razorbak thanato-thing. I admit, I was very disappointed. Raoul, the idol of my youth had managed to realize his fantasies and I was disgusted. I even thought to report it to the police. If it was conducting "deadly" experiments on human guinea pigs, it was necessary to put it out of harm's way.

In the name of our old friendship, yet I refrained. I told myself that if he had received, as he claimed, the support of the Head of State was that he had been able to provide adequate safeguards.

"We need you," said the young nurse and this phrase haunted me. What would they need me to kill people? A little cyanide or death rat poison, and presto! I had taken the Hippocratic oath and one of the major rules of my job was to save lives, not to shorten them.

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When Raoul reminded me, I wanted to tell him that I never wanted to hear from him and his experiences but something held me back, perhaps our old friendship, perhaps the words of the nurse who still ringing in my ears.

He visited me in my studio. He seemed to have aged and even read his nervousness in his eyes. He had probably not slept for several days. He lit the chain of fine cigarettes àl'eucalyptus say "biddies" he aspired to a few puffs.

- Michael, do not judge me.

- I do not judge you. I try to understand you and I do not understand you.

- Whatever the individual Razorbak. Only the project account. It transcends beings. It is a challenge to live up to our generation. I shock you, but all precursors were deemed offensive by their contemporaries. Rabelais, the jovial writer Rabelais, was traveling at night in cemeteries to dig up the corpses and study anatomy to advance medicine. At the time, such actions constitute a crime. But it is thanks to him we understood later that the blood circulation and has saved lives through transfusions. Michael, if you had lived then and if Rabelais had asked you to help him in his nocturnal expeditions, what would you say? I weighed the matter.

- I would have said okay, I answered finally. Okay, for his patients ... were

already dead. But your guinea pigs, Raoul, for your famous Thanatonautes are just guinea pigs, they are alive, them! And all your manipulations that aim to make them pass from life to death, am I wrong? Yes or no?

Raoul fidgeted with his lighter his long restless hands. No flame gushes. Either he was shaking too much to operate the mechanism or the stone was worn.

- You're not wrong, he said, is controlling. Initially, we had five Thanatonautes and two have already died. They are stupidly dead, simply because I am not a doctor and I did not know the CPR. I know how to place hibernating marmots and bring them back to life, but in terms of human beings, I am not. I do not know how exactly dose anesthetics. So in order to put an end to this mess, I called in to help, you and your mind both imaginative and resourceful. I handed him the matches.

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- Anesthetize people, it is certainly my job. Put them in a coma, is another matter.

He got up and paced the room.

- Think. Innovent! I need you, Michael. You told me once that I could always count on you. Well, that day has come. I need you, Michael, and I ask for your help. Of course I wanted to help him. Just like old times. He and I against fools. But this time there were no fools in front. It was facing something cold and unknown called death. At the mere mention, people crossed themselves. And sent him ad patres the poor unfortunates who trusted him. Out of sheer curiosity. To solve his problems with his father. To satisfy his pride explorer of a new world. Raoul, "my friend Raoul," coldly murdered people who had harmed him in any way ... He killed them in the name of science. Everything in me screamed "In insane!".

He looked at me with the affection of a big brother to his younger brother.

- Do you know this Chinese proverb: "He who asks a question may five minutes to look foolish, he who does not ask questions remain beast all his life"?

I remained on his land.

- There is a known phrase, Hebrew one: "Thou shalt not kill your neighbor." This is one of the Ten Commandments. It is found recorded in the Bible.

He interrupted his wanderings to firmly grab my wrists. His hands were warm and spider sweaty. He plunged his eyes into mine to better convince me.

- He should have added an eleventh commandment: "You shall not die in ignorance." Five, ten, fifty people may have to spend, I admit. But what a challenge! If we succeed, we finally know what death and people cease to be afraid of dying. All these types in tracksuit you saw in our laboratory are prisoners, you know, and they are all volunteers. I have handpicked. They all have one thing in common: being sentenced to life imprisonment and had written to the President to demand the reinstatement of the death penalty rather than moldy Avie in their jail. I spoke with fifty of these exceeded. I remember those who seemed sincere in their willingness to give up life as their fate was repugnant to them. I told them about the project "Paradise." They immediately inflamed.

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- Because thou hast deceived, I said, shrugging. These are not scientific. They are unaware that they have 99.999% chance to let their skin in your little experiments. They also fear death, even if they provide otherwise. At the last moment, everyone is afraid!

He grabbed me firmly again. It hurt me but he ignored my efforts to free myself.

- I have not deceived them. Never. They know all the risks. They know that many will die before a day someone manages to come back after a deliberately caused NDE. Celuilà be a pioneer. It will have taken the first step in conquering the world of the dead. Basically, it's like a lottery, many losers to one winner ... He sat back, took the bottle of whiskey that I had filed with glasses on my coffee table and poured himself a liquor glassful. With my matches, he revived one of its fine biddies cigarettes.

- Michael, even you and me, we will die one day, and then, just before dying, we will ask ourselves what we have done with our lives. As much try something original! Frayons a channel. If we fail, others will continue. The thanatonaughtique is still in its infancy.

As stubbornness dismayed me.

- You've set a mission impossible, I sighed.

- Impossible, this is said to Christopher Columbus when he asserted able to hold a new law.

I had a bitter smile.

- In this case, it was easy. It was enough to tap the base of the egg.

- Yes, but he had discovered the first. Here, I'll submit to you a problem that you probably will seem as impossible as that of the egg of Columbus in his time. He went out of his jacket pocket a notebook and pencil.

- Would you know draw a circle and the center point of its axis without lifting your pen?

To better show my face to get, he drew himself a circle with a dot in the middle.

- Do the same, but without lifting your pen, he ordered.

- It's impossible and you know it!

- No more than a right to hold a widower. No more than to conquer the continent of the dead.

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Examining the round and the point I had a dubious pout.

- You really possess a solution?

- Yes, and I'll prove it to you right away.

This is the moment chosen by my dear brother Conrad to arise without warning in my apartment. The door was open and he had obviously not bothered to knock.

- Hi, the company! he gave cheerfully.

I did not want to continue this conversation at my idiot brother. I tried to put a definitive end to this intractable debate.

- Sorry, Raoul, but the case you proposed to me does not interest me. As for your problem, at least to cheat, there is no way to solve it.

- Man of little faith! if he exclaimed, very sure of himself.

Launching a business card on the table, he added

- Find me on this number if you change your mind.

On this final arrow, he vanished without a goodbye.

- I think I know this individual, my brother noticed.

Much change the subject

- So, Conrad, I said, cheerful and like I was glad to see him, then, Conrad, what do you become?

It would be endless and about bored me in advance. I knew perfectly well what was happening to Conrad. He was in the importexport of "all you can stuff in containers." It was enriched. He was married. He had two children. He had a superb Korean sports car. He was playing tennis. He frequented the salons where the cause and he had associated his mistress.

Conrad pleasure to spread the latest episodes of his happy existence. He had acquired master paintings at a ridiculous price, purchased a house on the coast of Brittany and I would be welcome in case I want to help the retapisser. His children excelled SCHOOL. I posted a good smile, but two or three more good news in this and I could not hold my growing desire to send him my fist in the face. Nothing is more annoying than the happiness of others. Especially when it is used gauge aYour own demise ...

Three, four times a week, my mother called me

- Hey, Michael, when are you as you get something good to tell me? It is high time that you're thinking of making a home. Conrad looks like he is happy, him.

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But mother was not content also not encourage me to marriage. It was. I had surprised one day writing a matrimonial ad for a newspaper: "Grand physician,

rich, intelligent, beautiful and spiritual, seeking women the same level." Finally, this was about the spirit of the text. I had bitten one of these tantrums!

While I obnubilais me the riddle of the circle and its axis, Conrad continued to expose every detail of his happiness. It detailed each piece of his Breton manor and explained how he had rolled Aboriginal to get a quarter of the price.

Ah, that superior smile! The more he talked, the more I discerned pity in her voice. "Poor Michael, he thought, so many years of study to reach this solitary life, sad and miserable."

It's true that at that time my life was not great.

I was living alone, single, in my little studio in the rue Reaumur. More than anything, loneliness weighed on me, and I was no longer any satisfaction in my work. I arrived in the morning at the hospital. I examined the records of future surgery. I prepared my products, was planting needles, was watching the screens. Luckily I had never experienced an accident as an anesthesiologist but my existence of high priest in a white coat was far from meeting all the promises of my old short pass HOSPITAL St. Louis. The nurses were not naked in their work clothes. Some were certainly easy but they gave themselves up in the hope of marrying a doctor in order to finally stop working.

My work had finally brought me disappointment.

I did not enjoy the esteem of my superiors, nor those of my subordinates and my equals ignored me. I was just a patch, a cog with a specific function. It brings you a patient, you fall asleep, I operates and the next. No good morning and good evening no.

Conrad chattered, chattered constantly, and I thought there had to be something other than my present life and so-called happiness. It surely was an alternative somewhere.

And how to draw a circle and its axis without lifting the pen? Could not necessarily impossible.

I was unhappy and Raoul had left, taking with him his folly, passion, adventure, leaving me to my loneliness and my dislikes.

On the coffee table, the business card shone like a mirage.

A circle and its axis ... Impossible!

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43 -Philosophy BUDDHIST

"What do you think, O disciples, who is the greatest

The waters of the vast ocean or the tears that you paid while in this long pilgrimage erriez you rushing you new births in new dead

States that you hated,

Separated from what you loved?

Thus, for many ages, you have suffered the pains, misfortune, pain, and stuffed the ground cemeteries,

Long enough to be tired of life,

Long enough to wish to escape from it all. "

Buddha Speech

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

44 - YOU WILL ARRIVE

It took several weeks of little exasperation, small humiliations and immeasurable boredom so I decided to switch the side of Raoul and his madness. Persistent phone calls from my mother and my brother unannounced visits played for many in this favor. Add to that a slight disappointment in love (a co-worker who had refused to go out with me to finally stomato a moron), not even a good book to comfort me and you will understand that I was ready for Fleury-Merogis. This was however not the shabby accumulation setbacks that determined my choice, but a shriveled old lady any awaiting a crucial operation.

I was there, numbing sting in hand when an assistant came to tell me that the surgeon was not ready. I knew what that meant. This idiot was going to indulge, just to relax, to part of legs in the air with his nurse in the locker room. As soon as they were finished with their antics, I could sleep my patient that he takes away his bladder tumor, with two chance she wakes up. It was so ... no! Five thousand years of civilization to arrive àpatienter until a surgeon wants to ejaculate much one tries in five minutes to save the life of a sick!

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- Why are you laughing? inquired the old lady.
- It's nothing. It's nervous.
- Your laughter reminds me of my husband before his death. I liked to hear him laugh. It was swept away by a ruptured aneurysm. He was lucky, him. He did not have time to see décrépir. He died ... healthy.
Her laugh, her, rang like a bell fatal.
- With this operation, I'll finally join.
- What are you talking about! Dr Leveau is an ace.
The grandmother shook her head.
- But it is that I intend to stay there. I have more than enough to live on her own. I want to find my husband. Up there. In Paradise.
- You believe that there is a heaven?
- Of course. It would be too awful if everything stopped with this life. There is necessarily an "after" somewhere. I find my André, there or in another life, I do not care. We loved so much and for so long!
- Do not talk like that. Leveau The doctor will treat you, your little boo-boo. I protested with even less conviction that I had several times witnessed the incompetence of this practitioner.

She stared at me with faithful dog eyes magnet.

- And then I would return to live alone with my memories in my apartment too ... How horrible!
- But life is still ...
- A damn passage, eh? Without love, life is really a valley of tears.
- But there is no love, there is also ...

- There what? The flowers, the birds? What nonsense! I, in my life, there was Andre and I have lived for him. So this story to my bladder, what luck!
- You do not have kids? I asked.
-. If they expect inheritance in stamping. After the operation, they will call you surely doctor to see if they can immediately order their new car or if they will be forced to wait a little.
Our eyes met. Of themselves, the words formed on my lips.
- Do you know how to draw a circle and its central point without lifting his pen?

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She giggled.

- What question! All that is learned in kindergarten.
On a used tissue, she showed me how to proceed. I extasiai me. It was so obvious that it was natural that I would not have thought of.
The old woman gave me an amused wink. She was the type to understand how I could attach importance to such trifles.
- It was enough to think about it, she said.
Having finally understood, I thought that Raoul was really a genius. A genius capable of a circle and its center without lifting the pen could perhaps defy death ...
Thereupon two strong West Indian orderlies came in pushing a trolley of instruments monitored by the perky surgeon.
Five hours later, she was gone from life to death. Leveau viciously threw her

transparent rubber gloves. He cursed. Blame the old equipment, the patient who had waited too long, the fault with no luck ...

- Let's go have a beer? me he proposed.

The phone rang. As expected, it was the children of the little old. I hung up in their faces. My hand already searched my pocket in search of Raoul's business card.

45 -Manuel HISTORY

It is unclear how thanatonaughtique started moving. According to some historians, originally there was a group of friends wanting to try a new experience.

According to other sources, the first Thanatonautes had only purely economic motivations. They wanted to get rich quick by launching a new fashion.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 "year.

46 - LET'S GO

I was aware that Raoul offered me to become an accomplice of future crimes. Crimes in the name of science or I too knew what dreams of conquest of the beyond.

The idea of sending people to death by pure curiosity me

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always so shocked but at the same time, while I longed to a little spice in my life.

To decide, I had still use three pieces of two francs. I improved the method Raoul now using not one, but three small coins. And I had a more nuanced view. Battery battery battery meant absolutely yes. Pile-tail-head: rather yes. Face-head-tail: rather not. Face face-off: absolutely not.

The pieces flew to go interview the sky. Then they landed one after the other. Pile-tail-head: rather yes.

I picked up my phone. The same evening, a delighted Raoul spoke to me at length of the project. In my studio, her hands fluttering above his head like two pigeons happy.

He was intoxicated words.

- We will be the first! We will conquer this "wonderful continent."

Wonderful continent against the Hippocratic Oath. I tried a last-ditch stand. Later, if the worst occurred, and I could always convince me that Raoul had forced my hand.

He used new arguments

- Galileo also was called a fool.

After Columbus, Galileo! Decidedly, this poor Galileo has served as an alibi for many delirious imaginations. Although convenient, the stroke of Galilee ...

- Okay, Galileo was treated crazy and he was perfectly sane. But for Galileo, unjustly accused, how real demented?

- The death ... he began.

- The death, I see daily in the hospital. The types are dying and they do not take all the air Thanatonautes. After a few hours, they start to stink, members take a rigor mortis. Death, it stinks. It's a bunch of meat which necrosis.

- The body rots, the soul takes off, my friend spoke philosophically.

- You know I've seen a coma and I did not take off.

He took an apologetic air.

- Poor Michael, you never had a chance.

I should remind Raoul I knew very well why he was interested in death. Always his father and his suicide. He had

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more need a good psychoanalysis as its "Paradise." But battery-stack-face, I had already decided.

- Well, let's get to the point. You've already told I missed the two first flights due to bad dosing anesthetic substances. But what did you used to induce a coma?

His face lit up with a big smile. He clasped me in his arms as before. He laughed. He knew he had won.

47-CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

"Do you want to learn how to live well? Learn first to die." Confucius.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francia Razorbak.

48-AMANDINE IS SO PRETTY

The eyelids of the pretty nurse drooped over his navy blue eyes but his silence seemed to me this time a dull congratulations.

I had the impression of knowing for a long time as she looked like Grace Kelly Hitchcock film, Rear Window. In much more beautiful, of course.

In the shed of Fleury-Merogis, everyone seemed happy to see me. The presence of a doctor, additional anesthetist should reassure both the crew and the candidates to suicide.

Raoul made the introductions. The nurse answered the name of Amandine, future Thanatonautes were Clement, Marcellin and Hughes.

- Initially, we had five Thanatonautes reminded me our captain. Two are dead, victims of a medication error. We do not improvise anesthetist. So welcome aboard!

The three prisoners in tracksuits greeted me by gauging me with suspicion. Raoul pulled me to the laboratory bench and vials.

- You will learn the same time as us. All together, we enter uncharted territory. We have no predecessors. We are like those first men who once laid their

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feet in America or Australia. For us to discover our "New Australia" and to plant our flag!

The Razorbak teacher had regained its seriousness. In his eyes, the passion for work well done replaced the madness.

- Let's show the doctor Pinson how we do a coma, he said.

Without hesitation, Marcellin, the smallest volunteers, sat on the dilapidated dental chair. The nurse hustled him to place electrodes on the chest and forehead, plus all kinds of heat detectors, humidity, pulse rate. All these were connected son Ades screens that displayed green lines.

I examined the scene.

- Remove me all this mess!

This was it. I was a party to their fantasies. I studied the contents of the bench, shelves above, deciphered labels, reflecting the best mixture may cause a coma.

Saline to dilate veins, thiopental to anesthetize and potassium chloride to slow the cardiac movements ...

Some US states formerly preferred this method of cyanide or the electric chair to eliminate their Amort convicted. For my part, I hoped that further diluting potassium chloride, heart beats without ceasing to decrease, allowing a slow flow to coma, possibly controlled by the brain.

And by me ...

With the help of Raoul and the other three candidates Thanatonautes, I built a pretty clever device: a small plastic bracket twenty centimeters high when I hung saline in its large bottle and thiopental in a smaller, Finally potassium chloride. I became an electrical timer system to pipe valves so that each substance is delivered at the time considered by me as the most propitious. Thiopental is powered twenty-five seconds after injection of the saline solution

and potassium chloride, three minutes later. All would be administered via a single pipe, previous terminal, resulting in a single hollow needle. I baptized boost the entire chemical device. The thanatonaute itself trigger it by pressing a switch

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Electric Pear in torme who would operate the timer. Without realizing it, I had to invent the first "death machine" to formally possess the land of the dead. I believe she is now in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

My address and assurance impressed the audience. Raoul was right. For each technical problem, its technical solution. I was especially happy with my switch. I should not button to operate. So no direct responsibility. I do not want to be an executioner.

The person would decide for itself the moment of his departure and, if unsuccessful, even one more suicide.

I prayed Amandine push the needle into the vein of Marcellin arm. From a steady hand, she pinched the inside of the elbow thanatonaute, broke the big needle and made no beading a tiny drop of blood. The man did not even winced.

Then I put the bulb of the power switch in the clammy hand of Marcellin then explained to him

- When you press this button, it will trigger the electric pump.

For a moment I almost said "this will trigger your death."

Marcellin flashed a knowing look, as if I was talking to him for a mechanical car engine.

- All is well? asked Raoul.

- In hair. I completely trust the doctor.

I tried not to let me win by the frenzy that made Raoul so nervous.

- And after? he asked.

He stared at me from the naive child who clings at all costs à l'existence of Santa Claus, the sandman and the ability to hit the trifecta in order.

I empêtrai me.

- Well, uh ...

- Do not worry, Doc. After, I improvise.

He gave me a wink of aeil accomplice.

Brave type. He even wanted to avoid me guilt. He knew he was going to meet insurmountable and he wanted to relieve me of all the glitches that might occur.

A moment I wanted to say "go away quickly, while there is still time." But Raoul, seeing my embarrassment, with a cut ...

- Congratulations! Bravo, Marcellin, well spoken!

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Everyone applauds, including me.

We applauded what? I do not know ... Maybe my device "boost to the beyond", perhaps the courage of Marcellin, perhaps the beauty of Amandine that had nothing to do here. That's right, a doll like that should be a model.

"Accomplice to murder" is really not a profession of the future.

- We will now proceed with the launch of a soul ..., Raoul declaimed.

And he put out his cigarette.

Marcellin was grinning like a mountaineer Sunday tackling Everest with new shoes. He made a little hello that had nothing to do with the salvation of a convict. All of us replied, smiling and encouraging.

- Come on, bon voyage!

Amandine covered our tourist a cooling blanket while I was making the final adjustments to the computers.

- Ready?

- Ready!

Amandine marched video camera that would film the scene. Marcellin signed.

Closing his eyes, he began the slow count

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... Liftoff!

Then he pressed hard the switch.

At the Mayas, death meant the start to Hell, hell named Mitnal. There the demons tortured soul by cold, hunger, thirst and poverty.

The Mayans had established nine lords of the night, probably corresponding to the nine underground stays Aztecs.

The soul of the dead had to cross five rivers of blood, dust and thorns. At a crossroads, she then faced the test of houses: the amber house, the house knives, home refrigeration, home of jaguars and the house of vampires.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.
50-MARCELLIN HUMAN GUINEA PIG,
AMANDINE DIVINE WOMAN

Our eyes stared intensely monitors. The heart of Marcellin might beat low but still beating. His pulse had dropped well below that of a person in a deep sleep. Her temperature had dropped by almost four degrees.

- He's gone how long? asked an inmate.

Amanda looked at his watch. I knew, myself, that there was more than half an hour that Marcellin had made the plunge. For twenty minutes he was in a deep coma.

His face was that of a man sleeping.

- Provided it succeeds, provided he succeeds! Hugues chanted and Clement, the other two Thanatonautes future.

I wanted to feel Marcellin better realize the state of his organism but Raoul kept me

- Do not touch him again. Do not wake up too soon.

- But how will we know if it has succeeded?

- If he opens his eyes, he will have succeeded, says soberly project leader "Paradise".

Every ten seconds, the ping of the electrocardiogram sounded like a sonar nuclear submarine en route to unfathomable depths. The body of Marcellin was still sprawled on the dentist's chair. But where could well be his soul?

51- AND A

For over an hour, I struggled to practice CPR. As soon as the ping of the electrocardiogram had stopped, it had been the general panic.

Amandine rubbed his arms and legs Marcellin, while Raoul was pulling him an oxygen mask. Together we counted "one, two, three," and I pressed rib cage, both hands on the core region. Then Raoul breathed air into the nostrils to revive the respiratory pump.

The application of electric shocks had no other result than to make him open suddenly eyes and mouth. Empty eyes and a silent mouth.

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A force us escrimer on the inert body of Marcellin, we were swimming.

I repressed in my head the question "what am I doing here?". But the more I looked at what I needed proper characterization of corpse interrogation became more obsessive. "What am I doing here?"

Yes, what was I doing here?

I wanted to be somewhere else, doing something else. They have never participated in this operation.

It was too late to bring Marcellin to life. It was too late and we all knew, but we refuse to admit it. Especially me. Regarding me, it was my first "murder" and I can swear to you that it stirs the guts to hear a guy living say "hello" and contemplate a little later as stiff as a tree dry!

Raoul pulled away.

- This has gone too far, he muttered angrily. He's gone too far and he has not

been able to return.

Amandine had exhausted rub Marcellin. Sweat beaded on his smooth forehead, ran along her cheeks dotted with freckles, finally slipped into her bodice too modest. The moment was dramatic and yet I knew perhaps the most erotic moment of my life. What a sight that this beautiful young woman struggling against death, his army of only soft hands! Eros Thanatos always near! Then I realized where I had got the impression of knowing for a long time. It not only looked like Grace Kelly but also the nurse present when I woke up after the car accident of my childhood. Even Angel great even skin texture, even apricot fragrance.

A guy had just died, and I ogled a nurse. I écoeurais me.

- What shall we do with the body? I cried.

Raoul did not answer right away. He first lingered à contempler Marcellin in an improbable hope.

Then, with detachment, he explained

- President covers us. Each prison is experiencing a suicide rate of 4%.

Marcellin be part of the lot, that's all.

- This is the criminal madness! I vociférai. How could I have let myself embark on this adventure claim? You have deceived me, Raoul, you cheated me, you betrayed our friendship to melt in your dementia. You all disgust me as much as you are. One type is

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dead because of your unconsciousness. You have deceived me and hast deceived. Raoul rose, dignified, and suddenly he grabbed me by the collar. His gaze was throwing flames, he sputtered my face.

- No I do not

have not deceived you. But the issue is so colossal that it is mandatory that we know failure before success. Rome was the point built in a day. We are no longer children, Michael. This is not a game. We have to pay full price. Everything has a price, otherwise it would be too easy. If it was easy, others would already be reached before us. That's because it's hard that we will merit to succeed.

I defended myself feebly.

- If we succeed one day. And it seems to me

more and more

unlikely.

Raoul released me. He considered Marcellin whose mouth was still wide open. This gaping mouth was unbearable to have, so he placed a clamp screw between Marcellin jaws, shook and screwed to force them to move closer to closure, and then being able to close this accusatory mouth, he turned to the others .

- Maybe you also think like Michael. If you want to give up, there is still time.

Raoul faced each awaiting a reaction. We watched the corpse of Marcellin and it impressed us because, due to the jaw clamp his mouth now resembled a beak, lost in his hollow cheeks.

- I give up! exclaimed Clement. I thought that with the doctor, everything would be safer but he too is not strong enough to fight against death. If you have to kill ten thousand poor guys before succeeding, I prefer not to be among them. Needless to remember our agreement. I promise never to speak à quiconque your project "Paradise". It makes me too scared.

- And you, Hugh? Raoul asked in an even voice.

- I remain proudly launched the volunteer.

- If you want to be our next thanatonaute?

- Yes. I'd rather die than go back to my cell.

Chin, he indicated the body of Marcellin.

- He at least it is no longer locked in a shabby cell!

- Very well, said Raoul. And you, Amandine?

- I remain, she announced without showing any emotion.

I could not believe my ears.

- But you're all crazy, my word! Clement is right. It could kill ten thousand people before getting any results. In any case, do not rely on me more. I took off my white coat and threw it on the bench, breaking several vials immediately left exhale odor of ether. Then I went on slamming the door loudly.

52-NOTE ADMINISTRATIVE

From: Benoît Mercassier
To: President Lucinder

In accordance with your instructions, experiments have begun. The research team consists of Professor Raoul Razorbak biologist specializing in hibernation rodents, and Dr. Michael Pinson, anesthetist, nurse assisted by Amandine Ballus. Five inmates volunteered guinea pigs. The "Paradise" project is launched.

53 - STATE OF SOUL

I returned to my apartment quite shaken. Alone at home, I screamed as coyotes howl full moon night, but failed so far to deliver me from the stress caused by the death of Marcellin. What to do? Continue was wrong, give the next thanatonaute was wrong too. Then I screamed. Neighbors slapped with brushes against my walls. They obtained the desired result. I was silent but not calmed down so far.

I was torn. I was unable to waive goodbye Amandine. I did not want to send people still in a coma. Raoul's ideas fascinated me. I refused to be other corpses on my conscience. I did not want to live in an eternal solitude. Return to the routine of my work at the hospital repelled me. Raoul was right at least on one point: his project might be terrible, but what a grand adventure! He was crazy and obsessed with his father's suicide. But Amanda, what could push such a lovely creature

embark into this mess? Perhaps she was also convicted of being a pioneer of a new world. Raoul was so pattered.

I swallowed small white glass of port on little white port wine to be drunk. I tried to fall asleep while reading a novel. Once again, I was alone in my bed, and into the bargain, with a death on his conscience. My sheets were also frozen a cooling blanket.

Taking my little cream the next morning in the bistro on the corner, I thought it was perhaps an excess of potassium chloride, which caused the death of Marcellin. The product was highly toxic, it was necessary to reduce the dose. Unless this is a problem of anesthetic.

Normally, we use three kinds of anesthetic. Narcotics, opioids and muscle relaxants. I preferred the narcotic habit. But for a "good death", it was better a curare.

Hum. No. I would continue with a narcotic.

Gradually, I was more obsessed by technical problems. My professional reflexes are triggered automatically. My chemistry class came back to me.

Hum. I might have had to use Propofol, I told myself. This is a new drug with a better alarm clock. Normally, the clock is carried out in five minutes and is very clear ... No, surely propofol poorly interact with the chloride. So much keep thiopental. But how much? Usually it takes five milligrams per kilo. Five milligrams minimum dose, maximum dose ten milligrams. I gave 850 milligrams to Marcellin who weighed 85 kilos. It would perhaps lower the dose ...

At 14 pm, I called Raoul. At 16 pm, we were all together again in our thanatodrome Fleury-Merogis. As usual, the detainees had copiously insulted us in passing. Between them, no need to make them believe that Marcellin had

voluntarily committed suicide. The institutional passed us without greeting us even avoiding looking at us.

However, Hughes greeted us kindly.

- Do not worry, doctor, we will get there!

It was not for me as I was concerned, it was rather to

I diminish, my doses. 600 milligrams for Hugues who weighed 80 kilos. That should be enough.

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Raoul wrote down any of my manipulations. I guess he wanted to be able to reproduce them in case I decide for good to abandon.

Amandine handed a glass of fresh water to Hugh.

- The glass of the condemned? he quipped.

- No, she replied seriously.

The thanatonaute sat down in the dentist's chair. They proceeded with the formalities: installation of the sensors, taking pulse, setting temperature, cooling blanket.

- Ready?

- Ready.

- Ready! adds Amandine by connecting the camera.

Hugh muttered a prayer. Then he made a sign of the cross and spoke at full speed as if to rid

- Six, four, five, three, two, one, take off!

He grimaced as if he swallowed a bitter pill and pressed the switch.

54 - Japanese MI'THOLOGIE

Japanese Yomi call the land of the dead. It is said that the god Izanagi left one day in the land of Yomi to search there Izanami, his sweat, who was also his wife. When he found her, he asked her to return to the world of the living. "Oh, my husband, why have you come so late? Replied the goddess. I tasted the dishes baked gods of Yomi and I now belong to them. Nevertheless, I will try to convince them to release me. Pray for this time and do not look at me. "

But Izanagi wanted to see his sweat-wife. Violating his order, he took his comb, used it as a tool to break a tooth and tooth turned this torch that kindled. Izanami was then discern. He discovered a corpse eaten by worms, whose eight thunder gods had taken possession. Frightened, he fled shouting fallen accidentally in a place of horror and rot. Furious that déguerpisse without waiting, Izanami declared humiliated. She sent the hideous harpies Yomi in pursuit of Izanagi, but he managed to escape.

Izanami launched itself in pursuit. Izanagi's trapped in a cave. By the time the two deities were the rule

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sentence of divorce, Izanami said: "Every day I strangle thousand people of your country make you pay for your crime - And I, every day I will be born in 1500 people." Izanagi replied without disconcerting.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

55 - AND TEN

Hugues never returned. He remained midway between the mainland of the dead and the living. He did not die but went out of the coma prostrate, staring, almost flat EEG and EKG very spaced. He became a vegetable. His heart and his brain worked, certainly, but he was not able to move or speak.

I did admit to the escort service for the dying of my hospital. A special chamber is aménagea him. Several years later, Hughes was transported with all precautions at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, the death section

Museum. Everyone could see what happened to those who remained stuck between two worlds.

When I think back to that second take-off attempt, I think it might well have succeeded. The experience was valuable in any case because it allowed me to dose thiopental and potassium chloride within a reasonable range.

Anyway, we had exhausted our five guinea pigs. Three dead, one resigned, a vegetable. Nice balance!

Raoul immediately began lobbying the Minister Mercassier so that it provides us new subjects. The Minister obtained a second ahead of President Lucinder. Then began a ruthless selection. We wanted lifers, asset ready to escape the prison. They could experience cravings for suicide, but not much. We needed sane men or drug addicts or alcoholics.

And above all, it was essential that they are in good health to support potassium chloride. One died although in good health, it was obvious.

By sheer coincidence, the bulk Martinez, the leader of the gang of thugs who assaulted us at once out of high school, introduced himself to us.

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He did not recognize us not. I thought of the words of Lao Tzu

"If someone has offended you, not trying to get revenge. Sit on the edge of the river and soon you will see pass his corpse."

Martinez had resulted in prison after a dark bank robbery story. As it became almost obese, he does not run away as fast as his accomplices. He was good at boxing but nobody in the race. The policeman who caught him as he panted, out of breath, had to be better than him in the gym. Alas, two people were killed during this lamentable news item. Jurors recognized no extenuating circumstances. Life for Martinez.

He brilliantly passed the Thanatonautes selection tests. He even showed very interested to participate in an experiment that could bring him fame. He believed in his lucky star that would allow it to survive to our manipulations, if they are dangerous.

- You know, gentlemen doctors, he bellowed, Martinez, there is nothing that frightens him.

I remembered that indeed, when he rushed at us with his acolytes five against two, he seemed not fear my little fists.

Raoul said experience no grudge against Martinez and he would make a good test subject. Personally, I preferred to cross it off the list of candidates. I remembered his scraped enough not to fear getting lost with him in my delicate assays. Martinez, I reserved it a dog my dog. Unable to keep the cold mind, I preferred to exclude it.

The gangster flunked bellowed that we accept as manically, which denied him any chance to become rich and famous. He insulted us.

Fortunately he had not yet recognized us! In his fury, he would have been able to complain about favoritism and arbitrary treatment.

Martinez thus not figured among our next five guinea pigs. Or rather, I should say, our next five died. The death had ceased to move me. My sensitivity was blunt. I felt like rocket ship into space. If these exploded on takeoff, for us to make the necessary adjustments for the next firing is successful.

Third series of guinea pigs. Among them, named Mark.

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Sensors, taking pulse, temperature measurement, cooling blanket. Raoul launched - Ready?

We replied in chaeur.

- Ready!

- Ready!

Provided that our man does not die of fear. He was sweating and shivering at once. He kept making signs of the cross.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... and a half and a quarter die ... a ... off? Well, ge ... took off! he stammered, not really

convinced.

And he took it twice to press the switch on which his finger had slipped sweaty.

56-Mesopotamian Mythology

In Mesopotamian mythology, the land of the dead is called the "land of no return". Singing

Those who enter not receive light. Dust and earth are their only food. They are dressed in the manner of birds. Dust covers everything, doors and locks.

One day, the beautiful Ishtar, goddess of love, descended into Hell. The queen Ereshkigal ordered the guardian of the process according to the ancient customs. Every time the goddess would cross one of the seven gates of Hell, she would successively stripped first of her dress and her crown, and her earrings, her jewels, her breastplate, his belts, bracelets, anklets her and finally her underwear. Ishtar came to pass naked before Ereshkigal who sentenced him to sixty torture on different parts of his body. Yet it was the humans who suffered the consequences of this captivity because without Ishtar, the land had lost its fertility. Singing

Since Ishtar descended to the land of no return,
The only more fertile bull cow, man engages more with the woman.

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Men dispatched a eunuch to Ereshkigal. When he asked her for permission to drink in addition that contains the water of life, she cursed. Singing

Your food will be the sewers of the city, You will remain in the shade of walls
you dwell on the doorsteps And drunkards and thirst strike your cheek.

It seems that the eunuch was sent to Hell to be exchanged against Ishtar. In this place, infertility could be exchanged against fertility. Indeed, some time later, Ereshkigal ordered Ishtar is sprayed with water of life, then escorted to the gates of Hell. Gradually, as she crossed the seven gates in the opposite direction, all his possessions were returned. Thus, on Earth, things resumed their normal course.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

57 - MANIP ERROR

Frictions. Warming. Electric shocks.

Mark opened his eyes and we écarquillâmes ours.

Do we'd finally managed?

Our hero took us from our stupor, rising suddenly, flapping, breaking all around and yelling.

- I saw them! They are there! They are everywhere. Impossible to escape them, they are everywhere!

- Who? But who then? Raoul asked his most firmly.

- Devils! There are devils everywhere and they want to push me into a large pot and put me to cook. I do not wanna die. I never want to see them again. They are too horrible.

He fixed me with his opaque eyes and screamed

- You too, you're a devil. The devils are everywhere.

He gave me a vial face. He continued Amandine with syringes and planted him in the buttocks. It balaфра my forehead with a stroke of the knife when I tried to interject. I still retains the scar.

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This behavior began somewhat our enthusiasm. After the vegetable, a madman! Even Raoul had been impressed by Marc's violence. At the same time, we wondered. And if we succeeded? If Mark really brought us a testimony to the afterlife? It was not his fault if it did not reflect the horror.

We do not utterly destroyed unless the video and Marc was shut up in a lunatic asylum. Yet it was our first guinea pig àexpérimenter an NDE. It perhaps was not brought back fond memories of bright corridors but it was nonetheless returned the body, if not the spirit, unscathed.

That night, I raccompagnai Amandine home in my car. The nurse kept crossing and uncrossing her pretty legs. The wound in the buttocks was benign. I had needed twenty-five stitches.

The black dress Amandine - she was always dressed in black -émettait very sensual screeching.

She had not wanted to take the RER after this eventful session and, moreover, neither she nor I wanted after that to spend the evening alone.

While driving, I whispered

- Maybe we should stop there?

Amandine and its perpetual silence. I always told myself

"She must think of the wonderful things she's so beautiful and so she said nothing." But today I was tired of her silence. She was not a decorative object. She had seen those people like me who were dying or going crazy for a more random experience.

I insisted

- So many unnecessary deaths! And what poor results ... What do you think? I've never heard her utter a single sentence of more than three words since we know. We work together. We need to talk. We need you to help me stop Raoul. This case has gone on long enough. Without you, I'll never convince him.

She finally agreed to look at me. She stared at me long, intensely. His mouth opened. She was finally talk.

- On the contrary.

- What, in contaire?

- On the contrary we have a duty to continue. Precisely for all these deaths were not in vain. Our Thanatonautes

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all knew what they were risking. They all knew that their death would give the next a little more likely to succeed.

- It's like a poker game where we would build ever more to recoup losses! I exclaimed. Thus one runs to his ruin. Fifteen victims! Not a research project, a shooting gallery, yes!

- We are pioneers, she replied icily.

- I know a good proverb on this: "It is easy to recognize the true pioneer He is the one that lies in the middle of the plains of the Wild West with an arrow in the back.."

She got mad even more

- You think all those dead do not undermine me, too? All our Thanatonautes were wonderful people, with so much courage ...

Her voice broke. But it was the first time she fielded two sentences as a result. As much benefit from the windfall. I provoquai

- It was not courage, it was a suicidal behavior.

- Suicidal behavior! And Columbus, he was not completely suicidal to go so far on a nut shell? And Yuri Gagarin, with its sheet metal box in his rocket, it was not suicidal? Without suicidal, the world would not advance ...

Ah! Galileo, Columbus, and now Gagarin, earlier were not lacking to justify their slaughter!

Amandine was now launched. She persisted in vouvoyer me.

- I think you do not understand, doctor Pinson. Can not find it strange that so easily find volunteers? The detainees are all aware of our troubles, so why do they come? I'll tell you, me, because, in our thanatodrome, this waste of society suddenly have the feeling of turning into heroes!

- In that case, why others do they spit on a chaque pass?
- Paradox. They blame us for the death of their friends, yet they too are ready to die. And one day, one of them will succeed, I am convinced.
While Amandine fascinated me. His coldness, his silence, his mystery and his fervor now ...
Black The blonde was like a burning presence in my car that my senses completely panicked. Maybe that by attending death, my life instincts were exacerbated! For

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When I was alone with Amanda, and a moving and emotional Amandine. I tried it all out. The opportunity was unique. My hand left the gear lever and used a bump and landed on his knee. Her skin was silky and exuded an incredible softness. She pushed my palm as an unhealthy object.
- Sorry, Michael, but really you're not my type of man.
And what was his kind of man?

58-STILL NOTHING

On Thursday 25 August, the Minister of Research we went incognito visit to our thanatodrome of Fleury-Merogis. Benedict Mercassier wanted to attend in person to a "take-off". He had the worried face of a man who wonders if he is not committing the folly of the century. In this case, it was still time to save the day before an inevitable questioning in the House?
He shook my hand and congratulated me without real conviction, and especially encouraged Thanatonautes five of the new team. He asked quietly Raoul on the number of failures and jumped when it slipped the digit to the ear.
He then came back to me and led me away in a corner of the room
- Maybe your boosters are too toxic?
- No. Me too, I thought it first. But the problem is not ...

- Where is he?
- Well, after so many experiences, I now have the impression that once in a coma, they are placed in front of, you know, before a ... choice. Leave or return. And they all prefer to leave.
Mercassier frowned.
- In this case, you can not recover strength, with more powerful electric shocks, for example? You know, they did not take gloves to bring back President Lucinder here below. They planted him squarely in the heart of the electrodes! I'm thinking. We discussed among scientists that are doing mutual esteem. I weighed my words
- It is not so simple. One would have to determine the exact moment they are "fairly parties" but not "too left". This is

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also a timing problem. These guys got lucky with Lucinder, they had just bring the split second when everything was still possible. Surely a coincidence. The Minister sought to show smart in a field where, basically, he did not know much.
- Try nevertheless to increase the voltage, decrease the amount of narcotic, to lower the dose of potassium chloride. To wake them earlier, perhaps.
We had already tried everything, but I nodded as if he had finally revealed to me the recipe. Yet I do not want to deceive him, as I added
- They should voluntarily choose to come back when they still have the opportunity. I've been thinking, you know. We know nothing of what drives them to continue on the path of death. What is offered them up there? If we knew the carrot, it can propose more attractive!
- Your Thanatonautes remind me of the thirteenth century these sailors who preferred to stay on the paradise islands of the Pacific, with beautiful women and fragrant fruit, rather than painfully regain the eur native Europe!
It was true that the situation had much in common with the Mutiny on the Bounty

for example. Our Thanatonautes were convicts like sailors of the time and just as eager as they to escape to new countries.

- How to remember the dead? Mercassier questioned. Qu'est-ce que ça cause chez les gens qui veulent mourir, les patients qui veulent guérir?

- The taste of happiness, I sighed.

- Yes, but what makes you happy? How to influence your people when they are faced with the dilemma "to leave or return"? The motivations are so different! I had already found, in the hospital, that the human will to a large extent intervened in cases of spontaneous healing. Some simply refused to die and they managed to stay alive. In a study of the Chinese community in Los Angeles, I had read that the mortality rate fell to virtually zero the day of their New Year party. Old men and dying were programmed to stay alive and still enjoy that day. The next day, the number of deaths was again normal. The capacities of the human mind are endless. Myself, I

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was amused me develop a bit the possibilities of my brain by programming it so that it opens my eyes to eight hours without using an alarm clock. It worked every time. I also knew I had a lot of information stored in the meanders of my brain and that I had only to open the drawers in my skull for disposal. There would certainly be exciting research à effectuer Autoprogramming on its own nervous system.

So why not come back from coma by his own will?

The thanatonaute of day, in any case, opted not to return. Frightened by his twitches at his death, his four companions abandoned in unison. We decided to no longer rely only on the effects of group emulation. Now our pioneers peeling off one by one and in our presence. But perhaps it was already too late. Even Fleury-Mérogis, we became more and more difficult to recruit volunteers.

59 -MYTHOLOGIE TIBÉTAN

According to the Tibetans, the Buddhist pantheon is populated by nine groups of demons

1. God-sbyin: Goalkeepers temples. Originally the great epidemics.
2. bDud: Demons of the higher realms. They can take the form of fish, birds, herbs or stones. Their leader is housed in a black top nine floors castle.
3. Les Srin: Ogres géants.
4. Klu: Gods of the Underworld in snake form.
5. btsan: Gods living in heaven, forests, mountains and glaciers.
6. Lhasa: celestial deities white. Caring and supposedly reside on the shoulders of everyone
7. DMU: Bad demons.
8. Dré: Messengers of death, often held responsible for deadly diseases. Everything that happens to bad men is caused by Dré.
9. Gan-Dre: evil deities Group.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

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60 -FÉLIX KERBOZ

Strictly speaking, Felix Kerboz was not someone we would like to have as a neighbor. But you could give him the benefit of some mitigating circumstances. First, it was not a wanted child. When the Consumer magazine We test for you demonstrated that the brand of condoms used by his father was only 96% reliable, Felix would have suspected it would be part of the 4% failures. His father either. The fact that he was gone for thirty-five years buy cigarettes proves how this betrayal had aback.

From the outset, Suzette, mother, tried to have an abortion but scarcely fetus, Felix was already clinging to life as a moth on the hairs of a dog. Repeated

efforts makers angels had only result in damage to the unborn baby's face. Twice thereafter, his mother tried to drown him. Under the pretext of rinse shampoo her, she pushed his head under water in the bathtub. She had miscalculated his move and had gone up too soon. Later, she pushed into the river the toddler who could barely on his feet. But Felix already had the gift to get worse situations. He dodged little propeller of the barge, which had caused him a big scar on the cheek, and he managed to regain the bank with the help of the umbrella that her mother held out awkwardly defeating it on its head.

His youth, Felix Kerboz wondered why everyone wanted him so much. Because it was ugly? Because we envied him his wonderful mother?

He gritted his teeth long but when Suzette died he broke. He found that he had lost the one person he loved on this planet. Now he had hatred.

It first manifested by the attack in order tires of a car he was innocent Larda stabbing. Not enough to appease! It acoquina with a band of thugs and began to extort money from the rich kids who live moms, lucky you! He killed three who were reluctant to pay and became the executor of dirty work of his band. But when, at eighteen, his friends began to show some interest in the opposite sex, Felix refused to participate in the rape. What excited him was to land at bourgeois and plant them in its Surin

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ribs. It was his way of avenging his beloved mother who had always worked so hard to raise.

When, at twenty-five, he appeared before an Assize Court, it fails to convince jurors of indescribable pleasure there àenfoncer has a good long knife and pointed in the soft underbelly of his neighbor. His passion for the pretty blows to the stabbing was not communicable. According to the indictment of the Advocate General, he was sentenced to two hundred eighty-four years in prison, reduced to two hundred and fifty to six years for good behavior. Felix's lawyer explained that this was tantamount to a life sentence, "unless the medical advances will extend the length of human life beyond the current average of ninety years."

Working from morning to night to make boar bristle brushes is not enough happiness of the detainee. He had vowed to legally get out of prison. Already, his good behavior earned him the carry two hundred and fifty-six. How to further accelerate the process?

The institutional head does not lack ideas. Nowadays, everything was for sale. That was the modern society. His releasable years Kerboz had only the "buy".

- But with what money? worried unhappy.

- Who speaks of money, here? Having a good healthy body, for a big guy like you, it's already a tremendous capital!

Then began a terrible accounting.

To earn

years, Felix was testing not yet approved pharmaceuticals, which was not known side effects.

Since, under the pressure of animal lovers, the animal experiments had been banned, manufacturers had no recourse other than the prisoners.

He thus obtained three years of remission to test a heart defibrillator that gave him sleepless arrhythmia and left. Excessive fluoride toothpaste deteriorated his liver (five years of remission). Soaps detergents too carried away her skin fragments in the joints (three years of remission). An overactive aspirin caused an ulcer (two years of remission). A particularly corrosive hair lotion left the balding (four years of remission).

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Felix Kerboz kept morale and sometimes surprised to find that some products were in fact perfectly harmless!

When mutinies, he did punch alongside guards (two years of remission). He

denounced drug traffickers that were rampant within the prison (three years of remission at the expense of resentment many inmates lacking).

- What you always have to fayoter like that, Felix?

- Do not bother. I'm neither fayot or barge, guys. I have ambitions me. I want out of here head high.

- You speak! Continue with all those chemicals and crap you go out feet first. Every Saturday, he gave his blood (a remission by week quarter liter). On Thursday, he smoked ten cigarettes without filter packets for the purpose of a study by the Ministry of Health about the dangers of tobacco (one day of remission by inhaled package). On Monday and Tuesday, he underwent sensory deprivation tests. He spent all day in a white room soundproofed, without moving and without eating. In the evening, the men in white coats were checking how the test item had concussed.

Misery after misery, Felix was succeeded in reducing his sentence to a term of one hundred forty-eight. There was only one valid kidney. An anti-inflammatory to particularly perverse effects made him deaf in one ear. He blinked his eyes ever so because of soft contact lenses and if adhesive once deposited they had proved impossible to remove. Still, he was convinced that one day he would come out.

When the manager told him about the "Paradise" project and eighty years of remission it entailed, he did not think for a moment to call for more information. Never had offered him beautiful gifts.

Certainly a prison rumor that hundreds of detainees have left their skin in the room in the cellars where they attended the experience. Felix did not care. After all he had swallowed without breaking, he trusted his luck. The others had bad luck, that's all! After all, no free and eighty years of remission, one had to ask you a solid effort.

He settled voluntarily in the chair. He reached to his chest electrodes. He pressed against her ice blanket.

- Ready?

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- Well, I'm at your service, Kerboz replied.

- Ready.

- Ready!

No prayer. No sign of the cross. No fingers crossed. Felix merely well stall the quid he always kept in his right cheek. Anyway, he did not understand what scientific deployment, and he did not care completely, only focused on the ensuing huge severance bonus. Eighty years of remission!

As had commanded him, he counted slowly.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... off.

Then he pressed the switch innocently.

61-INDIAN MYTHOLOGY CHIPPEWA

The Chippewa Indians living in Wisconsin near Lake Superior, believe that after death life continues exactly as before, with no end and no progression in one direction or another. It's always the same film that repeats without any goal, no morality, no sense.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

Fiche 62 POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

Raoul Razorbak helped a team of scientists is currently engaged in experiments on death. Over a hundred people have already fallen victim. Should we react quickly?

Response services concerned

No. Not yet.

Raoul, Amandine and I had made the usual array of post-comatic awakening. We really no longer believed. Only Raoul carefully fixed the body became subject by repeating like a prayer "Awake, I beg you, wake up."

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He moved!

We began the manipulations réanimatoires vaguely scanning the electrocardiogram and electroencephalogram.

- Wake up, wake up! Raoul intoned.

Mechanically, I was doing all the usual gestures.

It was a great cry to get me out of my torpor.

- He moved a finger! Raoul yelled. Step back, step back, all of you!

I did not want to delude myself but I recoiled.

Suddenly electrocardiogram squeaked. A little shy table, first. Then ping, ping.

Finally ping pi ng pi ng resolved. The finger rebougea. Then all fingers.

On the chair, after the hand was the arm and shoulder which moved. Provided we

have not yet dealing with a lunatic. In anticipation of a new misadventure of

this kind, I wore constantly in my pocket a small rubber baton.

The cilia vibrated. Eyes opened. The mouth twisted into a grimace that turned

into a smile. Ping, ping, ping, brain and heart hadrecovered their normal pace.

Our guinea pig seemed neither vegetable nor denies.

And he was unharmed. The thanatonaute thanatodrome had regained the healthy and sound!

- Yaaaaaaaahouuuuuuuuhhhhhhh! It was re-u-ssi! Raoul roared.

The shed echoed with laughter. Amandine, Raoul and I hugged frenzy.

Naturally, the first Raoul is recovering

- So how was it? he asked, leaning toward Felix.

We eagerly watched for the first word that would arise from our extraordinary traveler. Whatever the word, it probably would enter the history books, that the first man who managed a return to the land of the dead.

Suddenly, the silence reigned in the room. We had so much waiting for this moment. Until then it had always failed, and it was looking like this madman pithécantrophe who held the answers the world always dreamed.

He opened his mouth. He was about to speak. No, he closed his lips. Then his mouth opened again for a second transmission attempt. He blinked. Hoarsely uttered painfully

- Ah ... damn.

We fixions surprise. He rubbed his forehead.

- Wow, fuck the trick!

Then he looked at us, as if he was surprised that he be given so much attention.

- So have 'em, my eighty years of remission?

We would have shaken our patient to congratulate him but we understood that it was necessary to give her time to compose herself. Raoul insisted anyway

- How was it?

The man rubbed his wrists, blinked.

- Ben, how you say? I'm out of my barbaque. At first, it gave me the chips. I was like a little zosieau. Fuck! I flew out of my body ... I climbed up there with all costs stiffes day. There are some who had these nerds! Stolen like that for a while, and then we hit a large ring of light. It looked like the hoops of fire in which there blew the Tigers as the Pinder circus on TV.

He caught his breath. We listened eagerly every word that came from his mouth.

Nice to so much attention, he continued

- It was unbelievable. In the middle, there was like a flashlight. A circle with a neon light in the middle, and this light, it was like she was talking to me. She told me to come, to approach. So I'm coming, I'm entering the circle of fire

like a circus tiger. I approached the light of the flashlight ...

Raoul could not help but cut

- So a circle of fire and light in the center?

- That's it. As a target. Dunno if j'vous have said it spoke directly to my brain. It said me going again. That all was well.

- And you advanced? inquired Amandine, passionate.

- Yes. I saw then as a kind of cone or funnel with things that were turning.

- What things?

- Well, stuff, what! Stars, vapors, weird stuff spurts swirling to form the damn large funnel as a hundred houses stacked.

Raoul tapped his right fist against his left palm.

- The continent of the dead! if he exclaimed. He saw the mainland of the dead!

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- Go on, please, I begged.

- Well, I still have advanced and more I advanced, the more light bothering me to the point I felt that I could never turn around more. It would have looked good, me and my remission! Serinait and the light in my head that this was more important than the very bottom was only futility and stupidity ... Ah! that, she spoke well. In addition, it was like a cave of Baba Ah, full of treasures, well not of gold and silver, but full of pleasant sensations. It was good and hot, sweet and gentle. As if I had found my mom. Z'avez not a glass of water? I have the very dry mouth.

Amandine fetched a cup. He drained it in one gulp before resuming

- J'pouvais no choice but to move on, damn! But then I saw as a kind of transparent wall. Not a brick wall rather a buttock skin wall. As gelatin. I even thought I am in a hole of translucent ass. I realized that it got dicey. If I crossed the wall, I could never come back and farewell, my eighty-year reduction. I put on the brakes.

This guy was so happened to solve my problem of "choice." He had found reasons to stay alive. I could not believe it.

He sighed

- It was not easy, know. The I had to really take on me to turn around with my soul. And then, after a while, there was a kind of long silvery white string that suddenly brought me here and I opened my peepers.

It was as if they were three of us, Raoul, Amandine and I, who had visited the seventh heaven. Thus, all these sacrifices were not in vain. Our efforts finally bore fruit. A man had crossed the barrier of death and he had returned to describe the beyond. And what was it even further than this bright world and immaterial?

After fresh water, Felix asked for a shot of rum. Amandine rushed again.

I excitai

- We need to organize a press conference. People need to know ...

Raoul nimbly calmed me.

- Too soon, he said. Currently, our project must remain what it is: top secret.

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64 - LUCINDER

President Lucinder patted the neck of Vercingetorix. He exulted.

- They have managed, Mercassier?

- Yes. I saw with my own eyes, the videotape showing the launch and réatterrissage this ... thanatonaute.

- Thanatonaute?

- That's the word they invented to designate their guinea pigs. It means "traveler of death" or something like that, Greek.

President narrowed his eyelids and smiled

- Very nice, very poetic. Finally, I like the name. A bit technical, yes, but some serious no adverse experience.

In fact, Lucinder jubilant. Any designation would enchanted macchabophiles, mortopilotes, visitors paradise ... He would esbaudi the same. Mercassier sought to bring attention to it. After all, he was the organizer of the project, and it was legitimate that he be exalted to its success. Always faithful to the line traced by his wife, he risked

- In short, they are like pioneers exploring a New Australia.

- Yes, Mercassier. You have finally understood my thought.

The Minister would seek to ensure the merit of this discovery but it was he, the President at the grand vision that would enter the history books. Lucinder thought he had won immortality. He would have his statue in squares, streets would bear his name ... He had taken risks. He had paid the price: dozens dead, hundreds, as it seemed ... But he had succeeded!

Mercassier interrupted his dreams of glory

- And now what do you do, Mr. Speaker?

65 - HISTORY MANUAL

From the first launches Thanatonautes, the results exceeded all expectations. First volunteer, Felix Kerboz immediately managed to take off and land. The pioneers were surprised to have reached as quickly to success.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

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66 -MYTHOLOGIE CELTE

According to Celtic mythology, the afterlife is a mysterious area that knows no death, nor work, nor winter. It is populated with gods, spirits and people to eternal youth. The Welsh Annwn call this country. Here are the cauldron of resurrection and the cauldron of plenty. The cauldron of resurrection gives life to the dead warriors and the abundance provides the substance that will forever those who consume it.

For the Welsh and the Irish, the Annwn, the afterlife, features the same reality as the material world. Some magical practices are therefore sufficient to switch from one to the other.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

-After 67 DAY

- I would be Felix.

Amandine, usually so reserved and no longer hide his glee. After every session, I raccompagnais. That night, we were a little tipsy. Thanatodrome to lack of funds we could not celebrate that sparkling our secret triumph. Plastic cups were stolen too high.

- What a fantastic time we lived! As I would be the first man, the first thanatonaute to have set foot on the continent and in Supreme returning! Oh, how I would be Felix!

I tried to give him grounded.

- Not so simple. You have to be motivated. You heard, luimême was attracted by the light. He hesitated to return. There succeeded only because it was programmed primarily to secure his pardon in this world.

I accelerated. Behind the glass, a landscape of dreary suburbs marched in the dark. I cast a sideways glance at Amandine who carefully repoudrait nose despite bumps.

I began to know her better. Raoul told me about it. This pretty woman was a very conscientious nurse. Too conscientious, even. She no longer bear to see her die in hospital patients who were entrusted. At school already, it

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not bear bad grades. At the hospital, each death was for her another zero points. When his patient dies on the operating table, she felt responsible for. His colleagues always repeated her it was not her fault, but she did not believe it. She remained convinced that each death was further proof of his incompetence.

Amandine imagined that people were dying for lack of love. For her, even someone dying of generalized cancer had chosen. And if he had made this choice was that his entourage had been unable to make him enjoy life. Consequently, she had tried to love harder each patient. And as they were dying anyway, she reproached herself for not having managed to pour on them enough affection.

Needless to say, in these conditions, Amandine Ballus would have done better to change jobs. But, like Raoul, failures of inciting always start over, to perfection or self-destruction. When she accidentally read an advert on a project related to support for the dying and requiring a motivated nurse, she hastened to answer. Hardly Raoul Razorbak he had spoken of the "Paradise" that she was already determined to devote body and soul to this business of bringing the dead back into the world of the living.

And as amazing as it sounds, that the victims of the project are first so many do not scruple. Amandine was with a strange logic: it was all ready to kill some people away hoping to save many others in an indeterminate future.

- I would be Felix, she repeated. He is so brave and very beautiful. I pouted. It was not exaggerate. Brave, perhaps, but beautiful, it pithécantrophe?

- He had to face terrible hardships, there.

It was she who was beautiful when she spoke to Felix.

- What do we do now? I asked to change the subject.

- We will increase the number of departures. Raoul has already announced the good news to the Minister Mercassier. The President held personally congratulate Anous. He has already contacted the institutional head for that selects a hundred new Thanatonautes candidates.

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She was as happy as if they were sympathetic to organize surprise parties.

- We won, she mumbled, holding his bliss.

Fiche 68 POLICE

Application of basic descriptive information

Name: Kerboz First name: Felix Hair: Blond and rare Size: 1 m 95

Distinguishing features: High stature, scarred face scars

Comments: First thanatonaute to have regained the world of the living Weakness: low Intelligence Quotient

69-READ IN THE PRESS

SCANDAL. PRESIDENT LUCINDER SACRIFICES OF PRISONERS

COMMON LAW FOR ALLEGED SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

It took us a long investigation to convince us that President Lucinder was none other than one of the greatest criminals of our time. Landru or more perverse than that Petiot, President Lucinder, our Head of State, elected by a majority of French, murdered in cold blood of the men he did not even know.

Its victims of common criminals who only wanted to serve their sentence with confidence. His pretext or rather mobile, as you will: the study of death! For, indeed, our President loves a particular hobby: not golfing, cooking in butter or numismatics, but death!

Assisted by a few accomplices related to its cause, the Minister of Research Mercassier, Professor Raoul Razorbak, crazy biologist, Dr. Michael Pinson, Medical anesthetiste crooked, Amandine Ballus, pushy nurse, President killed with a vengeance.

An estimated hundred twenty-three the number of prisoners already moved to death thanks to the care of this "commando programmed death" and that, just to satisfy

the morbid curiosity of a despot head of state.
It's like back to these barbaric times where emperors

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Romans had the right of life and death over a helpless slaves. Some were being killed one after the other fellows at random to see if the tunic of Jesus Christ came to resurrect.

However, nowadays there are more emperor (although Lucinder sometimes takes to a Caesar!), There are more slaves. Or so we thought until now. We were convinced to be led by a president democratically elected by his fellow citizens. A president who has the primary duty to ensure the health of its citizens and not to slay them!

Hardly the director of the prison in Fleury-Merogis, revolted by all these corpses accumulating every day in his basement, he had revealed the terrible truth exclusively to our editorial, the opposition was quick to demand the lifting of presidential immunity. Parliament immediately appointed a commission of inquiry to ascertain the facts.

Most respondents ministers refuse to surrender à l'évidence but some have already announced that if the commission would provide proof of these serial killings, they immediately offer their resignations.

For his part, Minister Mercassier did not wait the results of this additional information and fled to Australia with his wife and thus escape prosecution.

70 Surrender YOU WITH THE PACK

A euphoria, followed bitterness. We had soared with the success of Kerboz we fall back among the insults shovels and pursued by the general opprobrium. The director of Fleury had managed its effect. The case was taking every day more important. Newspapers renchérisaient in the offensive. Editorialists suggested being asked to undergo our own experiences. Surveys revealed that 78% of the population wanted to put us quickly out of harm's way behind solid bars. An investigating judge opened an investigation. He summoned us to turn. He promised preferential treatment if I loaded my accomplices. I guess he undertook the same to others. When in doubt, I preferred to stay silent. The judge ordered a search and police probed my

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apartment floor by removing my latte latte as if I had been able to conceal the bodies under there!

The meeting of owners graciously summoned me to clear out before the end of the quarter. The concierge told me that my presence in the building was lower the price per square meter.

I hardly dared leave the house. On the streets, children ran after me, shouting, "The Butcher of Fleury-Merogis, the butcher of Fleury-Merogis" To keep us warm each other, we took the habit with Amandine, to find ourselves regularly at Raoul. He seemed to take things casually. These mishaps passengers do not impede the course of the story, he felt.

However, he had the merit to remain as serene. He had been fired from his research position at CNRS. His Renault 20 convertible exploded in an attack claimed by a "Committee of surviving prisoners" unknown to this day. On the door of his building was bulging in big red letters: "Here remains the murderer of 123 innocent people."

As we went up another morale by reminding us of the rise of Kerboz, a man with hat pulled down over his eyes doorbell rang. The Lucinder president himself. It was the first time I saw him. After quick presentations, he transmitted us the latest information about our business. He was not very encouraging. Planting himself at the table as if holding the meeting, he declaimed

- My friends, we are preparing to face the storm. What we have suffered so far is nothing compared to what awaits us. Friends and political enemies have conspired to settle my account. They do not care much for some prisoners

consigned ad patres but many would become Caliph instead of the Caliph. I especially wary of my friends, they know how to reach me. I regret that you have dragged into the turmoil, but after all we knew the risk we were taking. If only this ungrateful idiot Mercassier and director of Fleury-Merogis had not betrayed us!

The President lowered his arm. I was on the verge of panic. Raoul, faithful to himself, did not blink even when a stone came smash a living room window. He served whiskey around.

- You are all mistaken. Never circumstances have we been as favorable, he said. Without these unforeseen leaks, we

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would still be tinkering in the basement of the prison. Now we will work to light. President, the whole world will bow to your boldness and your genius. Lucinder looked skeptical.

- Come, come, I am nothing. No longer bother to flatter me.

- But if my friend insisted. Michael was right when he said that it was necessary to disclose our results faster to the press. Felix is a hero. He deserves fame and recognition.

The President did not understand where Razorbak meant. I had caught immediately. In its place, I threw

- We must attack instead of limiting us in the defense. All together, all united against the fools!

Initially, we had the impression of a group of conspirators about to be trapped. And then, gradually, we looked. We were few, but we had guts. We were not especially gifted, yet together we tried to change the world. You should not give up. Amandine, Raoul, Felix Lucinder. Never had I felt so accomplice other humans.

71-GREEK MYTHOLOGY

Left for dead on a battlefield, the Er Pamphylian found himself in a wealthy part of four openings: two in the sky, both on Earth. The virtuous souls ascended to heaven. The shadows descended to Earth. Criminal souls down there by a slot, and the other went up the souls covered with dust.

Er saw the punishment of the wicked. He reached into the wonderful place where the column is the axis of the world rises. Accompanied by souls, he went to Céthé which flows the river whose waters Amélès provide oblivion.

There was a rumble and Er came alive on the funeral pyre to the chagrin of humans around him. He told how he had seen the land of the dead and was unharmed income. No one believed his story. It turned her back in disgust.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

72- FULL SPEED AHEAD

The scandal took insane proportions. Pictures of what they called our "school of programmed death" were spread to the pages of all the newspapers. A flood light flashes, the room seemed a sinister room of torture. Malicious journalists had even added the foreground bloody scalpels and still covered with glued hair clips.

Then came the discovery of the "presidential grave." In fact, the crematorium of the prison of Fleury-Merogis. As there was no trace of the bodies of our unlucky Thanatonautes, journalists had imagined montages with reddened mannequins.

They had photographed fuzzy way to give an even more drama and more realistic. As if these pictures were taken by a spy in our business. A reporter even had the boon to photograph a real suicide of Fleury-Merogis. The guy hung himself well after they had denied us access to thanatodrome. It changed nothing. His bloated portrait, tongue and eyes bulging out, quickly made the cover of every

magazine. "They dared!" Was he soberly registered under the picture of this unfortunate that we had never seen. Just below our Anous portraits were displayed: the killers. We carried defamation complaint but it was no use.

Like rats leaving the ship, the ministers resigned one after the other. An emergency government was formed. President Lucinder was removed from office as head of state until more information.

Since Australia Mercassier Lucinder accused of having forced to act without considering its refusal. He however made no reference to our successful experience.

Lucinder was careful to replicate piecemeal. He merely a television appearance in a popular show to state that all the pioneers had been criticized in their time. He spoke of unimaginable progress, conquest of the beyond, an unexplored continent.

The journalist who questioned remained unmoved. She recalled that even ordinary prisoners were men and not guinea pigs, even a president violated the law by allowing deadly experiments.

Jean Lucinder ignored his remarks. In conclusion he faced the camera and announced bluntly

- Dear viewers, fellow citizens, yes, I admit, we have killed in the name of knowledge, to overcome our human condition. And we succeeded! One of our volunteers went into the beyond and is free income. His name is Felix Kerboz. This is something of a pilot, a passenger's death. We call it a thanatonaute. We are ready to start over with him experience live. If it fails, I am prepared to submit to your judgment and I understand very well its hardness. Tomorrow, tomorrow, I suggest you start with my team attempted to take off beyond. All televisions of the Hexagon and the world will be present, the event will take place at the Convention Center in 16 hours.

73 -MYTHOLOGIE INDIAN AMAZON

Formerly men did not die.

One day, however, a young girl met the god of Old Age. He exchanged his hoary and wrinkled skin against his, which was soft and supple. Since, men grow old and die.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

74 - ALL FOR ALL

16 hours. The Palais des Congrès in Paris, full of people. Spectators exchanged newspapers and commented on new overwhelming evidence emanating from the indefatigable and relentless Mercassier director of Fleury-Merogis, becoming a star.

In the front row two deputies did not hide their feelings

- Poor Lucinder, it's over. He wanted to know the land of the dead, he will be served! His political death is irreversible in all cases.

- Still, said the other dubiously, all this staging ... It must remain a few biscuits. It is an old fox.

- Do you think! It is his swan song. It has more than 0.5% favorable opinion! Normal. There surely was 0.5% in the population crazy to believe in the supernatural and the NDE.

They shrugged their shoulders.

Brightly lit by two spotlights, a pretty redhead spoke reporter facing a camera

- Eight scientists are present in the room to monitor all the operations and avoid fixing. Some experts have expressed concern that President Lucinder uses twin brothers, killing one better resurrect another. It is an old tower known

prestidigitation. But with so many eyes and deflected goals on the scene, such muddles will be impossible. It is hard to imagine a head of state, already battered in opinion, willing to try!

Pending the "show", groups were formed. We discussed, we questioned

- You read the article in the Morning? A scientist explains very well why it is impossible to survive death. "Once a brain ceases to be irrigated, he necrosis. When a nerve cell dies, it loses its physiological faculties, so his powers of representation and memory."

- And this natural overdose Faribole endocrine liquid that would cause hallucinations travel, you believe it?

There were sniggers. .

- I do not see why a body in agony use his remaining energy to produce images! exclaimed someone.

The two deputies calèrent in armchairs in the front row.

- Lucinder wanted to go down in history with a capital H, 'said one. He no longer has to worry. He will return there. And through the front door, again! Hundred twenty-three murders on the arms, it is not every morning that a head of state carries such a hat.

- Beautiful trial in prospect!

The spotlight lit up. On the stage sat a single dentist's chair. There were also lots of electrical son connected to giant screens were flashing like so many blind eyelets.

The event would be broadcast duplex in sixty countries. A president is ridiculing live, the show was as good a rock'n roll concert or a football match! Machinists settled eight chairs around the chair

dentist. There sit the eight experts appointed by the committee. Four doctors, three biologists, and even a magician.

They emerged to applause. The room was unleashed. She praises of those old beards of the Academy as so many matadors in the arena down together to defeat a big devious bull. They had a little stage fright. Never had they enjoyed such popularity in their previous work. Some even held out their hands toward the crowd. If they could promise the ears and tail of the President, they would not be in private. As of banderillas, they drew their pens and began to write on small rigid notebooks all kinds of comments on this material.

A famous TV presenter hair slicked climbed in on the stage, accompanied by a cameraman and a sound recordist. After some trials testing voice and image, the red light of the camera flashed.

- Ladies and gentlemen, good evening, and thank you to look RTVL, the chain that show you more. Here, in this room the Congress Palace, the atmosphere is highly charged. The President is preparing Bio Add Lucinder his career on a fantastic gamble: to show the world that it is possible to visit the afterlife as if it was only a distant continent. In public, the emotion is Ason fills. Will we helplessly to a new assassination live? Or, on the contrary, the experience of the century? The suspense is intense ...

75-MYTHOLOGIE GREENLANDIC

For the population of Greenland, paradise is at the ocean bottom. Y reigns perpetual summer the midnight sun. Those who toiled here below can finally relax and enjoy the fruits of their efforts. There is a kingdom of abundance where no lack of dogs or reindeer, neither fish nor bears. The seals found there all cooked and ready to eat.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

76 - FAMILY

It was first my mother called me

- My son, do not go!

Conrad, he advised me to stop me quick in Argentina.

All these self-righteous people who wanted my well sickened me and strengthened

my will to the contrary bury myself in my marginality.
I assured them that there was no question for me to leave my friends in trouble.
I had my share of responsibility in these events. I would assume.
- Well, if you go, I'll go too, 'said my mother. I always defend my son, tooth and nail, whatever happens!
And that's what she did. Spotted by RTVL journalist who sought to fill the air in anticipation of the big moment, my progenitor live emptied his heart, before millions of voyeurs.
- You see, Michael has always been too nice and ready to help everyone. It certainly has its small flaws, but it is not a criminal. If the President of the Republic has been led by these enlightened, why not my son? It is because of loneliness if my boy finds himself embroiled in this story. Living every single time, it goes to your head! If only he had listened to me, if only he had married, we would not be here! My little Michael never had a lot of will. It was always thank you to those who speak loudly. As Razorbak. (Then lower :) Ah, tell, I have a question. Do you think I could send him parcels in his prison cell?
The slicked journalist recognized his ignorance on this and politely thanked my mother.

77-BIBLE MYTHOLOGY

report.

According to the Bible, Adam's life comes down to twelve steps
In the first hour, the dust gathered.
In the second hour, the dust turned into a mass

At the third time, members were fashioned. At the fourth hour, a soul was infused.

At the fifth hour, he stood.

At the sixth hour, he knew designate his surroundings.

At the seventh time, he received companion Eve.

At the eighth hour, two on a bed they went, they went down to four.

At the ninth hour, he received orders not to taste the fruit of knowledge.

At the tenth hour he made the mistake.

At the eleventh hour, he was tried.

At the twelfth hour, he was driven from the Garden of Eden.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

78 WELFARE OR NOT TO BE

First to enter the arena - understand: on stage - I do not was leading off. The committee of experts refused to shake hands with me and behind me, I guessed Amandine, mingled with fear.

The audience burst into boos.

A man in a jacket and hat pulled away

- Crapule! You killed my son!

My best, I clung to the microphone

- We have murdered anyone! I cried myself to break the throat. No one! All inmates who participated in the project "Paradise" had volunteered for the experience. They knew the risks and they themselves whenever pressed the button triggering the flight process.

- On the fly? Death, yes! Who can volunteer to die? There is a volunteer here? someone yelled.

- Death to killers in white coats! Dead killers in white coats! chanted raging spectators.

The whistles were redoubled when President Lucinder approached the microphone in turn. Tomatoes landed at his feet. The cordon of police faced the scene fleshed out emergency reinforcements.

In his hands, the President made some gestures of appeasement. His long habit of disturbed political meetings had taught him to hold sway over rough room.

- Ladies and gentlemen, my friends, he said, calm down! The experi-

Experience we will try to you has already succeeded, but in the absence of any official expert may testify. Now I submit myself to the judgment of the nation, the same planet. If the man we send to you in the afterlife does not return, I pledge to appear before any appropriate court of justice to answer for my failures.

Some insults were heard yet, but very soon, a heavy silence replaced the tumult. Felix Kerboz had just appeared. The spotlights were pointed at him immediately and impeccable tuxedo that was his new uniform thanatonaute. His bandit head contrasted with his dandy clothes. He arrived between two gendarmes. A tormented figure of Felix, I realized that something was wrong.

The television presenter rushed

- And here Kerboz Felix, one man, according to the president Lucinder to have accomplished the impossible return between the world of the living and the dead. This feat, he will try again before the cameras of the world and national exclusivity for RTVL, the chain that show you more!

Our team exchanged worried glances. We all know Felix enough to perceive his agitation. Was it the crowd intimidated?

The President gave him a big pat on the shoulder.

- Fit, Felix?

A grimace even more disfigured the face of Felix. Viewers who joined the show en route wondered if they had not zapped by mistake a horror film.

- Well, it might get better, our thanatonaute murmured.

- Stage fright?

- Oh, that's not it, yelled Felix. I have an ingrown toenail that bothers me and, damn, I have not closed my eyes all night.

Lucinder sursauta.

- An ingrown toenail? Why did not you say so!

Lucinder was yelling but it was not the time.

- An ingrown toenail? I know that. It is very painful but it can be treated easily.

- I have taken aspirin but it hurts me anyway. What crap!

I suggested to postpone the operation until later. If Felix suffered it let himself be sucked into light rather than return to his carcass sore.

The President begged

- You will come back to life, Felix, you promise me? I have already signed a decree of amnesty. If you succeed, you will be free, finally free. You see, Felix? You will now be a respectable citizen!

The man did not seem convinced.

Assistance hesitated between new insults or applause but held his breath.

The facilitator explained that President encouraged her foal Ala like a coach before a boxing match.

We, the dark mine, we were preparing our instruments.

Now Lucinder downright shook Felix

- You will be free! We will call you Mr. Kerboz and you will be rich and famous! We will put you in a car and discover the people applaud you and launch confetti as Neil Armstrong after his first steps on the Moon!

- Yeah, I 'm pleased if there was not this damn ingrown toenail.

- Damn, after all toxic potions that you ingested, your ulcer, your skin blisters and your hole, this is still not an unfortunate painful toe that will make you give up your hopes of a better life!

- But it's so much there, it feels so light, there is no longer any hassles ...

Lucinder inveighed

- Felix, life, this is still not the blank!

- J'm'e c'qui demand there is good in this life. The problem is that j'm'en remember.

- Money, women, perfumes, sunsets over the sea, cars, palaces, enumerated

Lucinder.

Then putting himself in the end politics in the skin of his guinea pig, he added
- And if you prefer alcohol, drugs, violence, speed ... Come, Felix! We need you. Have friends àprésent a Chairman, outstanding scholars, the most beautiful nurses! So many people do not have your chance! And we are all counting on you. Felix looked down and blushed like a guilty child
- Yeah, I dunno everything. But above they m'veulent good, them

too. I have not had so much luck in this world and this ingrown toenail in addition, these hostile people before ... In this world I did not get much satisfaction. I've never had to think carefully.

Lucinder the colossus looked in amazement

- No satisfaction, Felix? You mean ... Never ... You never ...

Our wardrobe was now scarlet.

- Well, yeah. Nobody ever loved me except my mother, and my mother, in fact, it's up there.

The crowd was growing impatient.

- Death to the monkey! launched a joker.

The facilitator furnished it somehow

- Felix Kerboz measure 1.95 m and weighs 100 kg rather harmonious measurements for a man his age. According to the press release, the weight and size may not affect the quality of the passage from life to death but it is preferable however, that the subject is in good physical condition.

Amandine had lost none of the conversations between Felix and President. She moved

- You are a virgin, Felix? Right?

He veered to burgundy.

The blonde nurse hesitated, thought a moment, then whispered something in the ear of his patient. Suddenly the face of Felix passed through several colors of the rainbow in the sky. He stretched his lips into a smile caricature. Side by side, they looked like Quasimodo and Esmeralda. A Quasimodo preparing to go to the scaffold ...

He never left Amandine eyes. It resumed.

- Well, let's go. My nail is being fucking leave me alone for a moment.

Lucinder suggested that I add to my analgesic boosters for Felix no longer feel his toe. But I refused. It was not the time to experiment with new blends. 800 milligrams of thiopental would my dose and there would be no other drug outside the usual potions.

President Lucinder unhooked the tuxedo bow tie Kerboz. He lifted his sleeve and placed the electrodes. We could have sworn he had done it all his life.

- Lucinder, go get dressed, you're a murderer!

I went to give him a hand. After all, now, we were all in the same boat.

Amandine was busy diligently.

She felt all the jokes like so many spears. But she preferred to play all out. She settled the electrocardiogram, electroencephalogram and dedicated me a knowing smile lean while the insults continued to rain.

- Assassins! Assassins!

The slogan was taken up by the whole room which chanted in rhythm.

Felix Kerboz breathed slowly, more and more slowly, as Raoul had taught him to do so. He inspired with the nose, blowing with the mouth. This method of artificial respiration was invented, it seems, to help women to give birth without pain.

- From my side everything is ready! declared the president Lucinder who finished for one more electrode on the hairy chest of thanatonaute.

- Ready too, said Raoul, tightening the pulse sensors.

- Ready! I said.

- Ready! Amandine adds.

The scientific committee came to better examine the entire device. They checked that the electrodes were in compliance with standards. They also took the pulse of Felix. The magician gave your heels into the floor of the stage, looking for a trap or any rocker device. He stuck a needle into the foam of the chair, which

delighted the audience who expected that perhaps discovers a secret passage in our dentist's chair. When he finished, he sent a sign to others. They noted with alacrity all kinds of information. Then they sat down again, satisfied for the moment, and we made a gesture that meant we could proceed. Silence. In the vastness of the convention center, you could have heard a soul fly.
- Let's go! Raoul growled, somewhat annoyed by this hostile crowd.
- Well, ciao, friends! Felix said waving his big sausage fingers.
Amandine stroked his thin hair and placed a small kiss on the corner of his lips, just as he was closing his eyes.
- Come back! she whispered.
Felix smiled counting

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this life.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one ... Liftoff!
And nimbly he pressed the switch and steered out of

79 - HISTORY MANUAL

Towards the end of the twentieth century, dictionaries and encyclopedias gave death the following definitions

DEATH: termination of life.

Current Definition: We say that someone died when his heart stopped beating and he stopped breathing.

American definition, adopted in 1981: A person is declared dead after irreversible cessation of all brain functions.

Medical Definition: Irreversible cessation of cardiac contractions. Artificial respiration maintained by a mechanical lung. Total abolition of reflexes.

Disappearance of all electroencephalographic signal. Total destruction of brain structures.

Formalities in case of death: Notify the death to the nearest town. The medical examiner will check the area of death and will prepare a statement that he will give to the family of the deceased or to a funeral attendant. Accompanied by family book of the deceased, this finding must be submitted to the Civil Registry of the municipality who will issue in exchange for a burial permit and a coffin closing permission. In cases of violent or suspicious death, the coroner notifies the prosecutor may require an autopsy. The family is not obliged to make public the cause of death. It is mandatory to wait twenty-four hours less before the funeral.

Concession Price: Varies, depending on length, awareness of the cemetery and the price of land. The square meter is obviously more expensive in cities than in the countryside.

3000 F for ordinary white wooden coffin. Counting supplements to ebony, mahogany, interior upholstery.

1800 F for the funeral, more depending on the number of undertakers available.

3000 F for renting the hearse.

4800 F for funeral items, flowers and various decorations. 700 F for mason.

1000 F per year for cleaning and restoration of the burial.

200 F for announcements. More postage.

1000 F VAT.

1300 F municipal tax.

200 F of religious service (supplements stipulate by confessions and requested services: Mass, choir, etc.).

A total of 17,000 F minimum, plus concession.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

80 -ATTENTE

For the past ten minutes, a continuous line marched on the electrocardiogram and still not a single ping!

As usual, Raoul Razorbak noted in his notebook all the parameters: time, temperature, heart operations, brain, electrical, personal impressions, etc. Raoul returned, worried.

- So? I ventured.

He shrugged.

The crowd was silent, scrutinizing the man lying s e projectors. Turning around the chair like flies around a corpse, experts also took their notes, their pen crunching loudly on the graph paper. They always had to consider a new dial. They did that mainly to stretch your legs but were taking tunes heard suggesting the worst.

The magician was the best actor: him, he had all kinds of dubious expressions. The presenter did not know how RTVL fill the vacant time. He spoke of the weather, suitable to this kind of experience, and history of the Congress Palace which saw unfold before his roof so many startling events.

Clasped hands and face Madonna, Amanda prayed in silence.

Me too.

81-SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY

Balder was a caring Norse god. Son of Odin, he was known for his compassion and beauty. One night he dreamed of his own death. The gods conceived great concern and his mother, the goddess Frigg, forced almost everything and everybody to never harm her son. She took oath of good will to the earth, iron, stones, trees, diseases, birds, fish, snakes, all animals.

Noting that Balder was invulnerable now, the gods amused themselves by throwing out all sorts of dangerous objects which, however, never hurt him.

However, it happened that, jealous of Balder power, the evil god Loki disguised himself as a woman and went to Frigg to snatch his secret. He learned that the goddess had neglected to swear in a plant called *Mystletainn* because it considered too frail and too fragile to be able to cause any harm to his son. Loki then convinced Hod, the blind god of seizing the plant and hit Balder. Guided by Loki, Balder Hédr mortally wounded because the plant was transformed into javelin. Loki then announced to everyone that we can not escape death, even when one is blessed by the gods.

Extract from the thesis that *Death Unknown*, by Francis Razorbak.

82-IN CONVENTION CENTRE

The plainclothes police who had slipped into the room on the soliciting the judge hearing the case approached gradually the scene. They did not want that we can escape after the failure of our representation.

It was now five minutes and we massaged Felix electrocution without result.

The silent crowd became less silent.

Scientific experts stretched smiles heard after each electric shock, approached to pet him learnedly Felix wrist and check his pulse. They were very happy because we do perceived nothing.

I took off my white coat, and vest, dripping sweat, I continued to practice cardiac massage. We were counting together "one, two, three," I pressed on the chest with my two hands flat in the core region, and Raoul breathed air in the nostrils with a manual pump to boost activity breathing.

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The police approached yet.

- One two Three! Come on, one believes, it believes, repeating my friend.

He was right. We had to believe it. Hand in the fire can stay there if believed invulnerable. He had shown me.

We bousculions unceremoniously for the least of our manœuvres. And pessimism we gained more we bousculions. They did not seem to be paying attention. It is normal that the bull attempts to injure the matadors before his killing.

In the room, the slight background noise, had succeeded gossip and rumors. We even perceived contents laughter.

Another moment, and it would be the kill.

Other officers took faction behind us so as to prevent a leak by us backstage.

Faith moves mountains, why would she not capable of reproducing a small miracle from nothing, only make life in this big bag of skin filled with blood and guts?

- If there is a living cell in the meat, it must respond to my call, said Raoul.

Ahoy! ahoy! we are there, we wait. One, two, three, one, two, three.

And he pressed the chest of Felix.

- Man, wake up, Felix. Do not fuck! I cried in my turn.

A policeman took the stage. We must have looked crazy dangerous letting off steam on a corpse to all viewers following our prowess.

- One two Three! Awake, Felix, dammit!

A policeman took out handcuffs.

- One two Three! Felix, God, do not let us down!

The eight experts confirming death came with tunes heard. Flies on a crushed fruit.

A policeman grabbed my wrist. I heard a sharp snap of handcuffs and a voice uttered: "On behalf of the law, I arrest you for murder by poisoning."

Already Raoul and Amanda were also handcuffed. They dared not touch Lucinder who crowned his status as President of the French Republic, remained untouchable.

- To death! Death to the Thanatonautes! screamed the room too happy to see his boss in trouble.

Nothing is more enjoyable for the people to see his masters dragged through the mud.

- The death penalty for Thanatonautes!

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Front row, brother proclaimed, "I will told you so." My mother tried to calm itself throughout the room. She began with its immediate neighbors. Then she went out into the aisles.

- My son has nothing to do, stop, you are mistaken, my son has nothing to do, he got carried away.

She had everything. Later, during the trial, it is clear my notebooks good points from kindergarten to prove that I was a good boy. She had also bought a dress advance of the hearing.

The police took us by the arm to take us àtravers the fevered room. Already people approached to insult us and spit on us. What a horrible sensation of having his hands cuffed while people booed you. Someone threw a nine rotten that came crashing down on my forehead. Amandine received a tomato. Raoul was also entitled him to his new, greener and more stinking than mine.

The President had Lucinder stale, collapsed. He did not think to help us or help Felix, only he thought he was wrong, he had delirium and regretted everything.

He who wanted to be famous, now it was over. He had failed to win at Alesia, like Caesar. At the last moment, death, supreme bastion, had proved impregnable.

The journalist RTV1 motioned to his cameraman to increase the close-ups on the impassive face of Felix. It clung to her torch a few centimeters from the face and filming his every pore motionless, his every hair grilling under strong light.

Bye, Felix.

The police pulled me by the handcuffs.

It happened then something unexpected.

They heard a loud "Ouch."

All breathing stopped. All we remained frozen. I recognized the voice that had said "Ouch". That voice, that voice ...

The man responsible for the light had tripped and dropped his flashlight on the eye of Felix.

Already presenter exultant.

- This is incredible, folks, just incredible, stupendous and colossal. Man, that can be called from now on, "the first man to officially set foot in the afterlife and to be back," is ... alive. Felix Kerboz is alive!

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By order of the experts, the police quickly put away dazed our handcuffs. The room had become silent. We only heard the inexhaustible host of television that retailed meter comments too happy to finally have the spectacular in his show. He knew he was playing his career and he did not intend to miss a rare opportunity. He too now had to have his name inscribed in the history books, the worst in the history books of journalism.

- I can tell you that emotion is general. Once the first table began to ring on the electroencephalogram, there was first an incredulous moment, then a clamor rose in the room. A cry of terror, ladies and gentlemen, because we are all aware that it was a death that came back among the living. RTVL, the chain that show you more, you will board a slowed - the first movement of eyelids Felix Kerboz. An eye movement occurred long after stopping his heart. And eyelid movement occurred, it must be said, thanks to us, thanks to ... RTVL the same TV that revives the dead. I'll try immediately to have an exclusive interview with Felix, and right after we pass a page of advertising. We recall, however, that this whole evening was sponsored by the Black Dragon waxing. Black Dragon polish, the only one that gets you out of Coltar.

Lucinder, Amandine, Raoul and I were between laughter and tears. We ran to get back on stage. The show must go on. Doctors and scientists retreated stunned and shook their heads as if they could not believe their own eyes, their own ears, their own tactile sense.

They continued to feel Felix, check the testing machines. There was even a scientist to look under the chair.

If you still would have substituted a twin brother to the corpse.

I took the pulse of Felix, listened to his heart, his retina examined his teeth. But everyone knew, saw, was forced to acknowledge irrefutable. We succeeded. Raoul, Felix, Amandine, and I Lucinder against fools.

Felix spluttered.

- Fuck the trip, damn, I've never had this, like this. A ... so I have or I have not, my amnesty?

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Amandine rushed and whispered something in his ear. Immediately his eyes made eureka.

He leaned toward the microphone and mouthed journalist RTVL perfectly

- That's one small step for my soul, but one giant leap for mankind.

Suddenly the tension fell. Standing there ovationna the hero. We can not say enough the importance of a good slogan. Applause rang out. Nobody held her cheers.

- RTVL Dear viewers, this is a historic moment and a historic phrase comes to deliver us our national thanatonaute. One small step for my soul, but one giant leap for mankind. The nod to history is superb. This man managed a Near Death Experience live before us. What has traveled? Faute de mieux, Felix named it its

"soul". The image is poetic. It remains to find a scientific explanation. It is with great ...

We hugged Felix Kerboz fervently.

- All right, here? Uh ... and my amnesty, it is still

OK?

- You. You got it, you're free now! announced the president Lucinder.

- Not too early. Damn, we must take pains these days to be bourgeois!

Amandine never left him.

- You are the! You are there: living.

- Well ... yeah, you know I came back. Chuis income buddies. This time, I have looked, I have looked at everything. If you want, I can draw a picture to show you how it is. Damn, it's not croyab 'I can tell you.

Raoul Razorbak approached nervously.

- A map! We will draw a map of the continent of the dead and every time we move forward, we will defer the new details in this map.

The room was unleashed.

The presenter RTV1 we continued by claiming

- Hep! Kerboz sir, that's RTV1. Our viewers have a right to know what it was like up there! Mr. Kerboz, you are the hero of the century, Mr. Kerboz!

Felix paused, then uttered for words

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- Well ... I can tell you that death, damn, it's incredible, it's not at all what is believed, there are plenty of colors, full sets, full of ... it moves A LOT! Oh, and I do not know how to talk, is too much.

The journalist RTVL we stuck to Basque. He had to fill out a time quota for its polish and it had not yet fully achieved. He begged any comment.

Raoul gave me a kick in the ribs.

- Come on, Michael, do them a speech!

Without even thinking I stepped on the podium. All flashes lit me.

- Ladies and gentlemen, we had the best reward. We managed to send and retrieve a thanatonaute.

There was a silence. A journalist asked me a question

- Dr. Finch, you're one of the greatest architects of the victory today. How do you do now .;

I went a little microphone.

- Today is a big day.

Everyone listened.

- We have defeated death. Starting today, nothing is the same. We must completely change our views. We just switch to a new universe. There will always be a before and after today. I myself have difficulty to believe. Yet we have to prove that ...

That's when the evil that again reappeared sentence.

(But, in fact, what am I doing here?)

- We have to prove that ...

Suddenly I became aware of being there, here and now, having accomplished something historic. After this bizarre thought in his head, nothing could hunt. The crowd continued to listen, television zoomait on my face. Millions of people live watching me, mouth open and saying nothing.

- Dr. Finch?

I was unable to utter a syllable. The journalist, very embarrassed, tried to chain themselves.

- Hmm ... And you, Mr. President ... you managed àprouver your good faith, is that it will change your policy before the next parliamentary?

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President Lucinder no porta attention. He muttered us

- Come, my friends, do not take care of the plebs. We are now out of the woods,

continue the effort. Will draw the first plans of the continent from the dead.
- Where?
- In thanatodrome of Fleury-Merogis. Only where we will have peace.
Our small group was becoming more cohesive.

83-MYTHOLOGIE PERSANE

"Fish said to duck in the pan" Do you believe that the water will rise one day over the river? "The duck answered:" When we are roasted, the world is matter sea or mirage? "

From the Earth to Saturn
I solved all the problems,
I avoided the traps and ambushes,
I undid each node, except that of death. "

Omar Khayyam (1050-1123), Rubai YAT.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

84 - A CARD

A clamor rose congratulations cells. Prisoners had followed live on RTVL the "journey" of Felix. Our thanatonaute waved around and blinked his eyes, this time as if to say: "I knew it, I told you so."
In the Lazaretto transformed into thanatodrome, Raoul seized a cardstock and colored pens. We made a circle around him while Felix tried to accurately describe his visions of the beyond.
It was touching to behold this brute, searching for words, searching his mind in search of the exact phrase, so eager to please us, his first friends.
He scratched his forehead, he scratched his back, he scratched his armpits. He frowned. The cartographer became impatient

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- So how was it?
- Well, first there is the funnel on the edges with a sort of crown of foam or cotton, something like that.
Raoul began a sketch
- No, said Felix. Wider, the funnel.
He closed his eyes to better see the magical image.
- Like a neon tire that would scatter in filoches lace. Something liquid ... How to say? Big waves of bluish stars powder, aquatic light spurts. We really like being suspended in the air in the open ocean, an ocean that would turn on itself to form a ring of light and sparks.
Pithecanthropus became poet. Amandine was touched.
Raoul faded, began a pattern that resembled a slightly thinned lettuce
- That's better, Felix nodded. Understand? It floats in a kind of light frost, it nevertheless feels a pleasant sensation of freshness Navy. It really recalled the first time I saw the sea.
- What color exactly, all that?
- Well, white-blue neon More ... increasingly and spinning like a carousel. It aspired lots of other macchabs around me. They all had white son clinging to their belly button that net broke when they were racing away inside the cone.
- Who were breaking net? Lucinder marveled.
- Well, yeah. So they were freed from below and they could further accelerate a good shot.
- Who were those people? asked Amanda.
- The macchabs of all countries, of all races, young, old, big, small ...
Raoul intima us to keep quiet. Our questions were likely to distract the Explorer. It would provide us the latest details we wanted.
- Continue with your white-blue funnel.

- Well, it narrows a bit to turn into a giant tube. There, the colors of the walls and darker turn turquoise. Turquoise, I did not go far but I saw where it took this color.
- The funnel is always running?
- Yeah, very slowly on the edges and faster and faster as

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and as we advance. Then it shrinks and becomes brighter. II there was the crowd in the turquoise hallway, and even I changed shape.

- You were what?

Felix straightened proudly.

- I still had my body thanatonaute but it had become transparent, so transparent that I could see through myself. That was neat. I had completely forgotten my body. I felt even my ingrown toenail. I was like ...

A feather? I suggested, thinking of the Egyptian Book of the Dead that Raoul had quoted me.

- Yeah. Or a slightly hardened airstream.

Raoul was busy on his paper. Its design took shape. The funnel, the corridor of people cutting their long transparent umbilical cords ... Death she finally revealed her appearance? It looked from afar a large disheveled head.

- It was great? I asked.

- Huge. The closest place I saw must have had a diameter of several tens of kilometers! Think that all macchabs the planet is engulfed in the fast time in there! And, oh yes! were not high and there was no bottom. We could have walked p't'être on the walls but it was not worth it, since we flew.

- There were also animals? inquired Amandine.

- Nah, no cattle. As humans. But there were in complete herds. There must be a war somewhere that provides a lot of barbaque. And all this quietly slipped into the corridor without hitting despite the speed. We were all attracted to the light like moths.

Raoul lifted his pencil.

- All these dead so transparent are bound to clash at some point, I remarked.

- Where did you stopped exactly? Lucinder questioned.

On paper, Felix pointed to a location on the flared edge of the white-blue funnel.

- Here.

So precisely stunned us.

- J'pouvais not go further, explained Felix. A centimeter more and my silver cord was cut and it was also "ciao the company."

- But you said that the cord was infinitely elastic, remarked the President.

- It is in the head as it happens. The more one is magnetized by light, the cord becomes more dry and brittle, the more it weakens. Hell, even one centimeter more and I hated to see this world. That point, it was my last limit.

He put his finger in one place. Black felt, Raoul Razorbak traced to a long dashed line: "comatic Wall", he wrote underneath.

- And what does that mean? I said.

- I think it's like the sound barrier in his time. This is a limit that can not yet safe to cross. Now that we have the beginning of the map, we have a goal beyond this line.

So Raoul enrolled behind the line marking the comatic wall in thick letters: Terra incognita.

Unknown land.

We considérâmes paper with respect. So we was beginning the exploration of a new continent. A first contact, first the beach, and then, progressively as the pioneers were advancing inland, mountains, meadows, lakes took their places on the map and Terra incognita always retreated further to the edges of the paper. Thus was he went to Africa, America, Australia. Gradually men had erased the two words, ignorance label.

Terra incognita ... Witnesses experience the convention center had believed attend the culmination of a project politicoscientifique. We four, Lucinder,

Amandine, Raoul and I, we knew that, on the contrary, it was not an end but a beginning.
We had to explore this purple tunnel that became turquoise. We had to complete the map and reverse the two words: Terra incognita.
Raoul clasped his hands.
- All right, straight into the unknown, he muttered, without repressing a glorious conquistador smile.
It was a new slogan to motivate us.
We looked all with the same look in his eye.
The adventure was only beginning.
Forward to the Unknown.

SECOND PERIOD
TIME PIONEER

85-PRESS

Journal de Paris: SENSATION IN CONVENTION CENTRE
FRENCH PUT A FOOT ON THE CONTINENT OF THE DEAD

The first man to officially set foot in the Hereafter is French and is named Felix Kerboz. We have long affirm in our editorials, our confidence in the ambitious projects of our president Lucinder. Through his efforts, it is a national team that has trumped all of our global competitors, advancing pioneer on the mainland of the dead. Our magazine decreed already Félix Kerboz man of the year, and launched a petition that he be awarded as soon as the Legion of Honour.

London paper: A EUROPEAN IN BEYOND

Death can be visited. A team of European researchers has successfully send a man into the afterlife and to bring back safe and sound. As too often, alas! success has been preceded by numerous unsuccessful attempts. It is estimated that a hundred human subjects have suffered in France plasters of this exceptional project. Felix Kerboz, he survived this slaughter gloriously despite the sarcasm of French opinion, unanimous in condemning what it called the "school of programmed death." A British team is about to embark in turn in this adventure. Stay tuned, therefore, in our columns.

Journal of Tokyo: IN SEARCH OF HIS ANCESTORS

A man wanted at all costs to go in search of his ancestors. A Westerner named Felix Kerboz tried to join his ancestors

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by committing suicide to potassium chloride, produces particularly toxic. He woke up twenty minutes later, absolutely unscathed. Japanese researchers are now trying to answer the most daring questions: can we visit the land of our ancestors (and possibly photograph) just like any other tourist region of the Earth?

Journal of New York: SACRED FRENCH

A small artisan French research team embarked on a bizarre experience: poison himself to visit the afterlife. In recent weeks, French, informed about the project, jeered their president, Jean Lucinder, in being accused of a serial killer, the project under his patronage that caused a hundred victims before of success. As for inventive researchers, they were threatened with legal action as it is common in France, scientists have wings cut through red tape. (This is the reason also why the French best scientists are accustomed to emigrate to the United States where they can ceuvrer in peace to their future Nobel Prize.) This

time, four brave citizens managed àprouver the value of their work to a nation and even hostile experts, and that before the cameras of international television, present to testify that Felix Kerboz left for the mainland of the dead and returned without damage. He is a former criminal, sentenced to life imprisonment and then pardoned in recognition of this achievement, which is now entering a self-made man's career. Several US companies have already offered considerable sums to his own character he plays in a big budget movie. He has not yet given his answer but we already think àCarol Turkson for the role of the nurse and Amandine Fred O'Bannon to that of French President Lucinder. Coming soon to your screens.

Journal of Rome: POPE FURIOUS

The French having made up his mind to conquer the continent of the dead, the Pope said he was outraged that science seeks àoutrepasser his rights. "Death belongs to God and God speaks through the voice of the Vatican", said the Pope, adding "We can not encourage these shipments people in the afterlife.

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We urge the French authorities to contact the Archbishop of Paris before any new shipment of this type. "A Papal Bull is expected from one moment to the next.

Journal de Madrid: THE CASE LUCINDER

The President of the French Republic, Mr. Jean Lucinder, spent several weeks in his country to a perfect madman. But it now turns out to be a particularly enlightened mind we should perhaps follow the example. Certainly Lucinder often lacked humor and never showed much compassion AGAINST nations in difficulty. Besides, we have already criticized in our columns its protectionist policy and shortsighted. We bear witness therefore that more admiration for the great purpose he kept in total secrecy: the conquest of the continent from the dead! Against all expectations, the French guinea pig Kerboz Felix managed to visit the Ultimate Continent and back. Our government thinks launch a program of study that will seek Amieux understand this phenomenon.

Berlin Diary: A DIVERSION OF OPERATION

The French are definitely resourceful. While their economy is in trouble, that strikes succeed the hostile demonstrations, they vainly seeking to stem the spread of drugs and the waves of illegal immigration, their president, Jean Lucinder, tries to divert minds of the crisis by engaging in experiments on death. It would have reached, say, to send a man into the afterlife. A team of German experts will soon verify this dubious experience.

Journal of Beijing: DEATH ULTIMATE COLONY

Green light for the conquest of the continent from the dead. As in the days of gunboat diplomacy, the major powers do not hide their colonial appetites. In recent days and despite the discretion and denials surrounding their manœuvres, American experts, English, German, Italian and Japanese undertook to build thanatodromes. From reliable sources, we learned that the French Félix Kerboz has already reached a kind of zero, invisible and impossible to overcome. This border-limit would be located coma over twenty minutes.

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86-AFTER VICTORY

More doubt. The scientific community, the public and the press hailed the project's success "Paradise". The committee of experts, came to the convention center to overwhelm us, gave a report to Parliament rather acknowledging our

merit and seriously.

No one dared to speak the "school of programmed death" or "presidential grave."

"What is death? What death? ... "

I could write this sentence twenty pages long. We need at least that to restore the degree of eagerness to know within me.

When we do not know, we do not ask too many questions, but when we begin to have an initial explanation, we want to know all asset prices, understand everything.

Death had become a mystery within reach of my brain and my brain wanted more information.

The fact of having approached, almost controlled, should have reassured me.

"Death, that's it. A country where you can make a return trip!" Hercules precursor, had already visited in Hell to face Cerberus. Why not us?

Raoul had pulled it off, I was now tormented by the desire to know what happened to the men after their death. What would happen to me, to me, when this was over? After all, if life was a soap opera, so know when the last episode would end.

For my part, I was still in shock. The questions were multiplying in my head.

The man he could, by dint of imagination and belief, conquer all dimensions?

What were its limitations? And above all, what was it that death, death, death? ...

President Lucinder unites us in conference at the Elysee. He welcomed us in his work room, place stuffed with computers and monitors, almost austere, very far in any case the splendid ceremonial office where he received his official visitors usually in luxury Louis XV.

The Head of State explained to us that we should now go into overdrive. We had finished with the skeptics. We were now facing new opponents: the

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copiers. Indeed, as the price of our glory throughout the world, were built of thanatodromes.

- No way to be overtaken by the Americans or the Japanese. It has already been in aviation, he railed. The Wright brothers claimed to have manufactured the first aircraft while we all know that the first to have put a point was Clément Ader! You managed take-off, beware, there certainly will claim you have overtaken in the afterlife.

After our victory at the convention center, found a large audience, I imagine some obscure evil foreign team to challenge us with the primacy of research.

In protest.

- We have the precise chemical formula of the booster, a "champion" to present to the face of the world, we even invented the vocabulary of travel between the two worlds. Our historical precedent is unquestionable and our lead so great that others will take time to catch up.

Lucinder raised his arms to heaven.

- Do you think! While our members quibble about our loans, American universities put considerable sums available to their researchers. And they will not work in the shallows of a prison, them! With a dentist's chair more worthy of a museum room than a place of experimentation! No, they will swim in luxury, with all the most modern equipment in the world! Besides, we will also move to the next level. I see only one way to support yourself: Razorbak professor, Dr. Finch,

and Mr. Felix miss Ballus Kerboz, you are now directly linked to the Presidency. I appoint you top government officials.

that.

Raoul.

It was Conrad who was going to do a head when I would declare him

- Perfect. We can improve our lab, congratulated

Lucinder interrupted

- Oh no, Razorbak over yourself! This is international competition it is. Our country has to hold his position in the world. In addition, we no longer have any reason to hide. On the contrary, we must operate in the open. We will build a new thanatodrome, more modern and more spacious. Must

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build a "historic" place. A new triumphal arch. The triumphal arch of the conquerors of death.

Like many politicians, Lucinder intoxicated with his own words. At the same time, he enjoyed galvanize a crowd that he considered his. We constituted his elite troops, staff explorers commando desperate to help àentrer in history. Yet we did not share the same ambitions. If he was looking for immortality, we, we were looking for adventure and wanted to solve a mystery as old as humanity itself.

An usher, gold necklace around his neck, opened the door noisily. The hearing was over. Other cases called President. It was time for us to move.

- Our specialized services to keep me aware of the progress of our opponents, he said (and in parting, he added :) And now, miss, gentlemen, and confidence to work!

87-JEWISH PHILOSOPHY

"Life accustomed us to death with sleep
Life warns us that there is another life through dreams. "

Eliphas Levi.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

88-FAMILY AFFAIR

After the excitement of the convention center, I spent a week alone in my apartment. I found that loneliness is easier àsupporter in euphoria in defeat but yet I suffered no less. All in all, I expected what? A hordes of fans watching my comings and goings at the bottom of the building? I had always been Michael Pinson, one man and photograph in the press or not, Michael Pinson, one man I was staying.

As an epitaph, I imagined great on my tombstone, "Here lies Michael Pinson, simple and alone as everyone else."

I consoled myself with white port and consecrated hours replaying old mythology books.

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Tired of these often tedious texts, I leafed through a few random magazines. All were filled with these items on the happiness of so beautiful and so smiling actors who marry and are mistaken as I snaps his fingers. Every page spread obscene image of a radiant couple happiness of marriage or childbirth. The hacks ensured they were awesome, unique, award-winning, still modest, casual and

constantly nice. They supported the fight against polio, they adopted from third world children, they spoke of love as the only irreplaceable value, they presented their new friends, great and smiling too. Les Thanatonautes were all happy now. Felix was a star, Raoul found his way to his father, President Lucinder was famous, Amanda thought he could save men, and me?

I was aimless. One to talk to, someone to share my pain and my joy mixed.

Again, I felt like howling at the moon like coyotes desert. Aouuuuuu! I stopped as soon as the neighbors were manifested. I forced myself to read each article talking rage of happiness actors, artists and politicians.

It was to be resumed. I was too impatient.

He was 30 and 10 h, at that moment, I could not help me to make a wish. That of being surrounded by humans talk with.

- The company Hi!

No luck, it was my mother and my brother. They threw themselves on

I.

- My boy, my little one, I am so proud of you. I always knew you would succeed! A mother feels that ...

- Congratulations, bro, for a good shot it was a good move!

They took possession of my couch as if they were at home and my brother laid hands on what I had white port.

Conrad then proceeded to tell me about my financial interests should be me now manage with the help of a knowledgeable advisor. My mother pointed out that with the reputation that was now mine, I could probably marry a beautiful actress or a high flying heiress. She had already cut articles in magazines on several charming young people who might suit me.

- All women will fall at your feet, she said, the greedy eye.

- But is that ... I already have a girlfriend, I say to all

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chance, all my desire to protect me from his cumbersome solicitude.

My mother was angry immediately

- What! What! she blurted. You have a girlfriend and the caches you to your mother!

- Because ...

- I guess who it is, jubilant Conrad. The friend of Michael, it is the nurse! The beautiful blonde with small chick eyes marine who was close to you on the set of convention center! Hat, bro, she looks like Grace Kelly but better. It's funny, though. From the way she threw herself into the arms of your guinea pig, I would have thought she was in love!

As usual, my brother had ruined the nail on my most egregious weakness and he enjoyed plunge the knife in the wound. My mother silenced

- A nurse? Why not? There are no stupid job. When did you marry? I would be really happy to see you married. You really need a woman to put order in your life. Looks like you're dowdy! You will catch cold if you do not cover yourself enough. Besides, surely you eat all the time in the restaurant. Restaurants, they save as much as possible about customers, they only serve as remains and last category of products. I hope you never eat ground meat?

- I know, Mom, I know, I admitted in an effort to contain the avalanche.

- So much the better. Your nurse will teach you to feed you and clothe ATE.

Listen to me, at least. Do not start to play the proud pretext that saw you on TV!

- No, Mom, I said.

- No what?

- No, I do not play them proud.

- Oh, I warn you, you will not begin to snub us because you became an international star! None of that with us, huh?

Rather than entering an empty capitulate debate! Conrad sneered, mocking, with what he took for submission.

Leafing through books laid on my coffee table, he exclaimed

- Well, you give in mystical literature now?
- I read what I like and I have accounts to anyone, 'I énervai.

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I was willing to bow to my mother but to bow before Conrad was too much ask. He mumbled

- The Popol Vuh or Book of Events is a grimoire sorcerer?

I snatched the valuable work of the hands.

- This is the bible of Maya Quiche Indians of Mexico, I spat in his face.
- Oh yes! And this: I Ching, the Book of Changes, and then it, the Bardo Thodol, the Book of the Dead. And this one, the Ramayana. Say, there is everything here. All that's missing you more than the Kama Sutra!
- Conrad, if you came to provoke me, get the hell out before I break your face! Returns show off with your money, your cars and your wives and leave me in peace!

- The peace of the graveyard! Conrad crooned.

I camest, fists forward, when my mother interjected.

- Do not talk to your brother like that. Him, he gave me that satisfaction. He, he married, he gave me grandchildren. He did nothing wrong! Him, he does not play the proud because it happened Ala television. What hair pulling with an oyster knife! I breathed slowly to regain my composure.

- If you are coming for exasperate me, I prefer not to keep you longer. You were afraid that I'm happy? You wanted to ruin my fun?

My mother had noticed that, as is my habit, I had left my shirt opened the first button to be more comfortable and, as usual, she hastened to close it, pinching my neck in passing . She took advantage of what I was suffocating monopoly to resume the conversation.

- How dare you speak to us in that tone? she was indignant. We have always encouraged you. Even if you spent your time in cemeteries with àtraîner Razorbak, I never made you reproach, and yet I know many mothers who have not allowed their children to attend small nuts.

- Raoul is not crazy!

- It is still a bit special, and you will admit ...

- Talking about me?

One of these days, I would have to think of laying down solid locks on my door. We came here as in a mill. Locks, a ceilleton, a bell, and good privacy!

Meanwhile, so what if Raoul had heard the disparaging my mother! He too did not arise unexpectedly.

- Hello, Raoul, I say coldly.

- Yes, Professor Razorbak, admitted my brother, respect full voice, we were just talking about you. We believe that, as you are now rich and famous, you need a financial advisor to ensure your interests. After all, both of you and the girl you train like a rock band. You need an impresario, someone who manages your image, which takes care of your contracts, which ...

I expected that Raoul dryly fly wag it. No, he listened carefully.

- Your brother? he asked.

- Yes, I admitted ruefully.

- And I'm his mother! trumpeted proudly said progenitor.

Raoul made land one of his hands on his chin.

- He has ideas, your brother, he admitted, it is true that we will have to manage our new thanatodrome at the end.

Conrad puffed up, saying its projects

- Exactly, I thought it would be interesting also to open a gift shop next to your new thanatodrome. T-shirts We could sell it as one.

"Dying is our business", could be read on the one he took from his pocket.

I was appalled. Not Raoul. He examined the cloth.

- Good idea! It shrinks in the wash?

- No. Guaranteed colorfast, I checked, my mother said.
Raoul, willing to trade away our sacred Temple of projects to merchants? J e did not believe it.
- More ...
He imposed silence on me.
- Your brother is right, Michael. A shop would increase awareness of our work to establish our brand image among the general public.
- And I will be your press agent! exclaimed my tender mother. And like that, I could see Michael more often. I'll take care of him better.
I rubbed my eyes. No, I was not dreaming. We had

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started trying to pierce the mysteries of death, and thus change lives, change the world, change humanity ... And here we find ourselves in organizing the opening of a store "memories thana" . We really lived a wonderful time! Perhaps that if Jesus Christ returned to earth, he too would have to popularize its message, "Love one another", on purple shirts. And "Happy the simple-minded, the kingdom of heaven belongs to them", upon white hoodies 70% cotton 30% acrylic wash with warm water. It would suit Conrad.
I imagined even Lao Tzu popularized in a gadget shop. "He who knows does not speak. He who speaks does not know." A string bikini thunder!
Finally, while Raoul, my friend Professor Raoul Razorbak, there was nothing wrong, who was I to oppose it?
My brother would open the store, second-hand clothes to command and shoddy wholesale Taiwan and my mother would take the shop.
I shrugged, telling myself that at least ridicule, he did not kill anyone.
- And your nurse, when do you present to me? my mother took me to complete.

89 AUSTRALIAN -MYTHOLOGIE

The mythology of Australian Aborigines evokes Numbakulla, the "Ever-Existent," from nothing. Numbakulla is coming from nowhere suddenly appeared on the bare ground. It heads north and mountains, rivers, incidentally plants and animals are born in its path.
While walking, he spreads the spirit-children who are all immortal souls from her body. In a cave, he carves sacred signs called tjurungas, with the power to emit energy. The First Ancestor was born from the union of a Tjurunga and child-mind.
Other ancestors were then generated in the same way and are responsible for educating the first men.
One day Numbakulla planted a pole in the middle of a field. He smeared blood before climbing and then motioned to the First Ancestor to join him. But the blood that rendered the too slippery pole, grandfather hush on the floor.

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Numbakulla was therefore only reach the sky and pulled the post behind him. More we never saw him again.
Men know since immortality eluded them à jamais. The sacred pole remains the axis around which revolves icibas order, as willed Numbakulla.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

90 - THE DES BUTTES-CHAUMONT THANATODROME

Thanks to special credits of the Presidency of the Republic, we bâtime a superb thanatodrome. It was not a triumphal arch but a small building of modern appearance, in a quiet area. We had carefully chosen the location. It was located Botzaris Street, at the top of Buttes-Chaumont.
Raoul had found it amusing to study death near the site where once sat the gibbet of Montfaucon, memory loss. There were hanged, on behalf of the king,

innocent and brigands of the Middle Ages.

In two months, everything was ready.

We had seven floors overlooking the ButtesChaumont center. The first four floors included twelve small apartments, three increments. We cassâmes walls at higher levels. We settled into a laboratory of 220 square meters on the fifth and a bathroom off of the same dimensions in the sixth. The seventh floor was converted into a penthouse, fully enclosed by a translucent glass roof in winter, outdoor terrace in summer.

Amandine converted it with a lot of green plants a reception room to his liking. At this colonial decor, they added a white Steinway piano and a black bar. The place was really the biggest chic!

At the bottom of the building, a very sober plate was "Thanatodrome of Paris" and, in smaller letters, "Access reserved for staff." Raoul had proposed that also adds: "Attention Thanatonautes of flight", as it says "Attention runways" near airports. The idea we had lots of fun.

The President inaugurated the classically Lucinder building

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smashing a bottle on his door. Real champagne, this time, not sparkling. We do not skimp.

A presentation evening was held in the penthouse, intends to press. The head of state delivered a short speech congratulating us for our efforts and encouraging us to maintain the lead in the race to conquer the "Ultimate Continent".

Standing on a dais surrounded by succulents, sadly enumerated the colonies lost by France: Canada, India, West Africa, only because she had failed to conserve the lead.

- This time, we will remain the first, he concluded forcefully.

Then, under the flashes of reporters, he decorated the four of us a distinction he had imagined specifically for us thanatonautique the Legion of Honor. The medal was a man with angel wings barreling toward a circle of fire.

Perhaps, at this very moment when we warmed us to the heat of success and fame, she was death contemplating us from on high, like piranhas fun to consider from the muddy river the children of a lake village in the process of making a fortune with diving boards patched.

I chased those thoughts and returned to the noisy atmosphere of our reception. The journalist RTVL was still there, he asked questions to Amandine but it seemed reluctant to answer. Amandine dumb. We had to look at it, that's all. But this reporter did not know to look. He asked questions and answers was not listening, he was filming without seeing. A force to use artificial sense of the microphone and the camera, it had atrophied his natural senses. But Amanda was so beautiful. She wore that night a black lamé sheath but I avoided his navy blue eyes that attracted me like two sinkholes.

My mother took advantage of a moment's respite from RTVL reporter for the watering of answers to questions that he had not thought to ask ALUI. "Yes, a thanatonautique store would open," "Yes, this store would offer T-shirts and gadgets reminiscent thanatonautiques experiences", "No, there would be no sales before summer."

The president continued his spiel on the platform, gargling is its own findings.

- This badge, uttered Lucinder, brandishing his medal, is to reward those who contribute to the progress of

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thanatonautique, including our colleagues who will come here to work with us. Good luck everyone!

Sacred Lucinder. He really was ready to do anything to have his name in the history books. Being the president who had encouraged experiments death was not enough. To be sure to make an impression in time and space, he had to invent his medal as the "medal Lucinder" and thanatodrome. A place which, no doubt, would one day name thanatodrome Lucinder like JF Kennedy or Charles de Gaulle

airports.

As for his idea to come here every Thanatonautes victorious, it would allow us to not be overwhelmed by outsiders. Good game.

Je he took a toast.

91-TIBETAN MYTHOLOGIE

"Know yet

Apart from your hallucinations

There is no Lord judge of the dead

Neither demons

Neither victors of death, Majusri.

Understand it and be freed. N

Bardo Thodol, the Tibetan Book of the Dead.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

92 - WORK

The day after the official opening, we settled with arms and baggage in our palace of death.

The President had planned private apartments for all of us. Over a multi-lab so we can work at night. In fact, as we all experienced problems in the vicinity of smear campaign that preceded the convention center sitting, we moved with joy in this new environment.

I opted for a house on the third floor.

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I then rejoined the laboratory a very Raoul tormented by the desire to rush the president Lucinder.

- The Americans, the Japanese, the English ... It has only these words Ala mouth. He understands nothing. This is a long term process. We can only advance step by step, and surrounding us with utmost care, to boot.

I was surprised to see my friend moderator endorse such suit, he who had always encouraged us to move forward in spite of all hazards.

- Do not confuse speed with haste.

First calm the ardor of Felix who wanted multiply flights.

Our thanatonaute had changed since his victory at the convention center. He gave interview interview. He was constantly invited to the TV for games or debates and, whatever the issue, he loved it.

After thirty years he was treated like a less-querien I understood this appetite for revenge. A plastic surgeon had remodeled his face scarred. A renowned ophthalmologist had managed to rid of these contact lenses that forced him àcligner eyes. For his bald head, he had been using implants. The greatest designers covered the clothes for advertising purposes. Beautiful and elegant, Felix Kerboz embodied the perfect hero from death.

You could see it everywhere. It was all raw, all the openings, all the major parties in nightclubs in fashion. Invite the only thanatonaute the world at his table was a privilege disputed the most exclusive housewives. Felix had also made it into the Guinness Book of Records as man known for having advanced the furthest in the post-vital world. Among the most powerful eater cherry pits and the largest beer drinker, there appeared dressed as Superman, alongside a beautiful supermodel wielding a scythe.

Felix had really become very mundane.

On the one hand we were delighted, as this would make him back down here rather than get caught up there by one knew what a temptation too. On the other, we agacions perpetual delays inevitably engendered his sleepless nights. He sometimes spent days recovering in bed rather than come to thanatodrome, his office somehow. In addition, it was

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so used to the admiration he lent only a distracted ear to our advice and our work.

Still, Felix Kerboz preserved remains of conscientiousness. The first week of our facility to ButtesChaumont he managed two more round trips.

He confirmed the existence of a wall "more coma and twenty minutes." A kind of filmy membrane that he compared to a transparent and choosy.

"After this wall, the silver cord that holds the world and break the will no longer want to turn around," he thought. All newspapers resumed the expression: "comatic Wall". Some also called "wall of death" or even "Moloch 1", or "Moch 1" in parallel with the wall of sound, Mach 1.

Moloch, it reminded me of Baal, the Phoenician god Carthaginian. During a trip to Sidi Bou Said, Tunisia, I saw its representation. A large statue metal hollow. They lit a fire in his belly. Sacrifice they threw children and virgins in her gaping mouth.

Just down, on the ground floor, my mother had opened his shop and sold as agreed t-shirts, key chains and caps. His shop was simply called "Aux conquerors of death".

It contained all kinds of miscellaneous items: mugs of beer that read: "Dying is our business." An inscription in bold letters was part of all the other gadgets "Ash, you return to the ashes" on ash trays; "The last kills" on watches;

"Nothing is lost, nothing is created, everything is transformed" on toilet paper; "I am dying and I like it" on candles; "Heaven does not wait" on kites. There were also Petit Felix outfits, video tapes off at the convention center, the perfect little boxes anesthetist thanatonaute with my picture.

It was a taste ..

Finally ... you choose your friends, you do not choose your family.

Fiche 93 POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

The thanatonaute movement is poised to take proportions impossible to curb through the normal channels of intervention. The thanatonaute-

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that has become a fact of life. Failing possibility of action on the movement itself, however we can bench the main actors (or identification cards) including Raoul Razorbak Michael Pinson and Amandine Ballus. Feel dangerous to let them work longer. They could raise serious disorders. Ask permission to act.

Response services concerned

Advise to wait and see. Too early to intervene.

94-THEOLOGICAL PROBLEM

- It's fine, your "comatic wall", but if you do not offer a logical explanation to the public, it will soon take you for charlatans, and me too by the bargain! In his office full of computer s and monitors, the president Lucinder was very excited. He was right: the speech translating experience is often more important than the experience itself. Pasteur was also not in his private time to interpret the results before they have really checked. We made a fantastic discovery. To us to explain the concept to the public.

The long hands of Raoul lit one of his cigarettes biddies. He blew the smoke thoughtfully before declaring

- I may be interpreted to offer your audience.

The President himself comfortable in his chair àroulettes. It triggered the automatic small back massage system.

- I'm listening, he said sympathetically.

Raoul inhaled and exhaled with pleasure à'eucalyptus a smoke ring.

- The first explanation yardstick that there would be: death is a biological regression. In a "classic death" after the neo-cortex is blown, the consciousness falls into the rhinencephalon and at this point we can observe an NDE. There are still chemical relationships between the neo-cortex and rhinencephalon, so that people can remember that tunnel. Then the consciousness falls into the reptilian brain. There is still the relationship between the neocortex

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and rhinencephalon, but between the neocortex and the reptilian brain. It is therefore more stores. Nobody told this phase. By cons, it has stimulated the reptilian brain, causing dreams, hallucinations, outdoor shows to oneself with Lilliputian characters. Consciousness is then the reptilian brain cells and cells to the DNA core. DNA is made from the beginning of the world, so at that time we perceive, in a kind of second state of consciousness, the original world.

Lucinder reached up and turned to me.

- I did not understand. And you, Michael, you have an interpretation?

- A recent theory speaks of "tachyon". These are all new particles that just discovered atomic accelerator in Saclay. Tachyons have an extraordinary property they are faster than light. This could be what is in the field of consciousness. When, in the morning, we are a little vasouillard, it seems that it is the tachyon of consciousness that are not yet back to our skin. Tachyon theorists think it is a particle that has no past and no future. It could be that compose tachyon "matter" of the soul.

Lucinder stroked his dog.

- It is attractive, your history of consciousness particles, but the word "tachyon" does not seem very media. And enough of this scientific gibberish. That will shave everyone. You, Raoul, I think you are interested in mystics. What is the mystique that gives the most "credible" version?

- Well, according to the Bardo Thodol, the Tibetan Book of the Dead, we would actually consists of three bodies.

- You are joking? You want me to tell that to my constituents? gasped the head of state.

- I repeat the assertions of the Bardo. So, we have three bodies. The first is called "physical body." It is made of matter, solid, physical and gas, all our body component. Connected to the five senses, it provides us all our visual perceptions, auditory, sensory, etc. Upon death, matter decays and crumbles into dust. The second body is the "vital body". It is a magnetic envelope that surrounds the physical body and that determines the lines of force and the lines of weakness. Here lie the energy meridians which speak Chinese and Indian yogis indicated by chakras. Here our travels

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natural energy, that we issue and that we receive from the outside. This energy, Indians call it Prana and the Chinese Ki.

Vercingetorix yawned, releasing a trickle of drool. I noticed only when he was at least curious that a president who thought he was Caesar Vercingetorix has named his dog. Dominate a labrador, poor victory!

Facing the mystical-scientific discourse of my friend, the pragmatic elected by the people seemed uncomfortable.

- Continue! intima there though.

- From our "vital body" depends our reach, our vibrations, our charism. Anything that makes that pleases or displeases you people for no apparent reason. In addition, the disease is not altogether an imbalance between our physical body and our vital body. Hence the Chinese acupuncture, which releases the energy at certain points and circulated in other ...

Physical body, vital body ... I guessed the thoughts of Lucinder. Should we get rid of it as soon mad scientist now we were done with the dirty work and replace it with any scientific luminary more "presentable"?

For a moment, his eyes wandered from the President on me as a possible successor. After all, I was on the pace from the start and my mind still seemed healthy.

All his explanations, Raoul perceived not the doubts of his interlocutor. Undaunted, he continued

- Descartes, however, did not mean anything by declaring

"The difference between the body and the soul is that the body is divisible, while the soul is indivisible." Like what all fits together ... Well, it can happen that vital body and physical body from separating .

- Under what circumstances?

- Um, under the influence of drugs, for example, or when vanishes, we experience an orgasm, or that undergoes a very strong psychological trauma.

- Or if you find yourself immersed in a coma?

- Exactly. My father, who has worked on many questions, estimated that some mediums and mystics are perfectly capable of deliberately split their vital body of their physical body. He was professor of philosophy but he had a very scientific approach to things ... He said it would be like getting rid of a transparent glove stuck to our skin.

The President patted his dog.

- I also found texts written by a Professor Rupert Sheldrake in the late twentieth century. This physicist asserted that objects possessed independent forms of their material. The future tree was already registered in the seed, the old man was buried in the fetus and forms circulated such mobile databases. Sheldrake had provided proof of the existence of these immaterial forms provided without giving a convincing explanation. An electromagnetic phenomenon, perhaps? After all, we all have our own electromagnetic footprint. This energy is only if we feel by bringing the palms of our hands. Yet it is there, little ball that we sometimes perceive as a little sun by taking our hands to face, or by touching the skin of a stranger and suddenly receiving as an electric shock. We stroked an invisible envelope. In fact, perhaps we have touched a soul!

Lucinder s'impatienta

- And the third body? he asked.

95 -INTERVIEW

Read in the women's magazine.

MF: The soul, you say?

KERBOZ: Yes. It's like an invisible glove that covers us and who removes.

MF: Be more specific.

KERBOZ: There, my body looks like a transparent cloud, filled with reflections of different colors. It follows the contour of my normal body but it has neither weight nor consistency and moves as fast as he wants. It can pass through objects as the objects can pass through.

MF: This is an ectoplasm?

KERBOZ: I do not know what ectoplasm. I speak of my body became transparent. Humans can not see, he can not communicate with them. However, it may refer the thoughts of the living. What a strange feeling!

MF: And to travel?

KERBOZ: We travel at the speed of thought. When I am transparent [mimicking a swimming movement], I can

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cross like that. However, I remain connected to my physical body by a silver cord, a kind of rope light and elastic security.

MF: And it's nice to fly with his "transparent body"?

KERBOZ: Yes. One has the impression of not having limits. No longer afraid of injury or fatigue. It's only a thought in suspension, able to move at the speed of ideas.

MF: You still have a lot of courage to then regain its pain body!

KERBOZ: Right. Especially when you have an ingrown toenail!

96-JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY

"Death is the way of the samurai. If you have to choose between death and life, again opts for death. Nothing is more simple. Gather your courage and do it. According to some, to die without accomplishing its mission would be vain. This is an infringement samurai ethics, which betrays the calculating mind arrogant Osaka merchants.

In such a situation, it becomes almost impossible to make the right choice. We all prefer to live.

Nothing is more natural than to seek a reason then to survive. But those who choose to continue to live as he failed ASA mission that one will incur the contempt deserve cowards and miserable. "

Hagakure, the samurai code of honor, the seventeenth century.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

97-MIND BODY

President Lucinder focused on the words of Professor Razorbak. Myself, I was once again impressed by my friend. Raoul knew so much! How many volumes had he stored in his skull?

When you listen to Raoul, we say that a good library is all the gurus and all Eastern sages of the world!

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- Three bodies, you said, went Lucinder. The physical body, the vital body, then?

- The mental body. It provides us with our thoughts, our ideas, our consciousness. The mental body somatizes and imbalance during the energies of the vital body. It was he who made me speak to you right now. It analyzes and synthesizes all the information from our senses and gives them an intellectual meaning. It is the mind body falling in love, laughing and crying.

The Head of State was now fascinated.

- Physical body, vital body, mental body. Certainly not simple, but that would explain why we won the afterlife while pretending sleep!

98 - CANDLELIGHT DINNER

We discovered thanatodrome in front of a small Thai restaurant which gradually became our canteen. It was held by Mr Lambert, a pure Thai Chiang Mai, specialist fried noodles with basil. As we discussed with Amandine and Felix our private interview with the President, and the new objectives of the thanatonautique, a boy stuck to our table.

- You are Mr. Felix Kerboz? he asked Felix.

Our hero nodded, smug, always happy to be recognized.

The child asked for an autograph, and we were immediately surrounded by a mass of admirers, all swearing that Felix was even more beautiful in reality than on television.

I paid the bill in haste and we smote retreat.

Felix, he would gladly have lingered. It shone in the sun compliments. He signed his name on the menus, paper towels, tickets, restaurants and eyes sparkling with happiness. He finally felt loved.

99 - KENYAN MYTHOLOGIE

For the Bantu, originally, man was immortal. To confirm it, God first dispatched a chameleon. Then, on reflection, God changed his mind and ordered a second messenger, a bird this time to inform him that, not at all, the man had to die.

The chameleon had happened long before the bird. Alas, he stuttered and had not yet completed to deliver his message to men. The bird had therefore no difficulty in knowing his: men die and never come back to earth in a form similar to that taken in a previous life.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

100 VA -FÉLIX TOO FAR

A month after the inauguration of the thanatodrome ButtesChaumont, Amandine solemnly announced his engagement to Felix. I, poor fool that I was, I had not seen or I had nothing wanted to see.

We had talked about yet Amandine, Raoul and me. We had agreed on the fact that, to please this girl, the only way was to die. There was only thanatonaute to interest. Still, what could she find this crude thick Felix? Okay, he was famous, and after? In any case, once again our mysterious Amandine escaped me completely.

When the couple moved, I admit I felt a twinge of sadness. I tried not to let jealousy dominate my friendship.

Side work, Felix had nice shout all over the news that soon would cross Moch 1, it did not succeed yet. Worse, he hesitated increasingly to take off. Now he Amandine and had become the darling of all Paris, he had no desire to plunge into risky artificial comas.

We could not let stand longer our hopes on this unique and whimsical thanatonaute. We had to rebuild as soon as a stable. Felix was the first conviction. Just in case, we passed an ad in the daily

"Thanatodrome of Paris is looking for volunteers.

We thought the candidates leap would be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Surprise: more than a thousand hotheads presented themselves. The selection was draconian. Raoul, Amanda, Felix and I, we spent literally grilling. From all of us, Felix was the fiercest examiner. Obviously, he knew well the risks and preferred to cool these enthusiastic rather than

advise them: "Go you sending in the air-blowing You'll like this!"

High-level athletes and movie stunt proved best equipped to cross our selection tests. These boys were familiar with their bodies and, moreover, they knew what it was like to take risks to near-death. Daredevil but not too much!

For second official thanatonaute, we chose jeans Bresson. This experienced stunt took off and landed with ease. He approached Moch 1 as far but from the description he made Felix himself admitted that he had succeeded.

Bresson reached "coma over eighteen minutes." Three other Thanatonautes then stopped at "coma over seventeen minutes." We still had not pushed the boundaries of Terra incognita placed "more coma twenty-one minutes," but we now know perfectly what was around: large and multicolored swirling gas corridor.

For these four relative success, we knew twenty-three failures. We multiplied the precautions and yet young and too eager boiling had passed between the meshes of our net. We affinâmes even more our battery selection tests. It was important to select only people mature enough and have a large enough strength of character to resist the lure of the deadly light.

Outside hast thou seen me, who sought only to impress their friends or girlfriends got to our noble brotherhood! Outside the desperate, who regarded thanatonaute like the latest in suicide! Out with the bad-in-leurpeau, who wanted to know if there was better than here! A good thanatonaute is a happy man, healthy in body and mind, and who would have everything to lose by dying. We finally select preferably fathers of large families!

By dint of experience, we have still now several certainties

1. The body remained on site. Only the soul traveling.

2. In escaping, the soul took the form of a whitish ectoplasm that pass through

all the materials and steal at least at the speed of light.

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3. At the time of death, the ectoplasm rose into the sky to join a blue funnel ending with a light.

4. ectoplasm was connected to the physical body by a silver cord.

5. If the cord was cut, everything back to life became impossible.

6. A "more coma and twenty minutes," there was a wall.

Science journalists divulged few details and we began to count thousands handymen who attempted takeoff boosters by using more or less craft. Some shootaient thiopental, other chloride. But they did not know the right doses. Every week brought its share of accident victims thanatonautique. Some are sent into the afterlife with barbiturates and even weed killer. Erotomaniacs were using the orgasm.

Everything was good as a fuel: red wine, hallucinogenic mushrooms, vodka, cocaine, bungee jumping, adulterated sea fruits, electric shock ... In short, everything that a human being could disconnect from the reality! Nothing was more fashionable than "thanatonauter". "You're not even décorporer damn you" became the most banal insults. It implied that the individual was a physical body. He was not even able to give expression to his vital body or his mental body.

To stop the carnage, President Lucinder promulgated a law punishing heavy prison sentences anyone trying to practice thanatonautique outside the official confines of Thanatodrome of Paris.

After a period of going green,

Felix decided to start his own record à l'assaut. Several times he summoned journalists and cameras, but despite repeated attempts he failed to cross Moch 1. A force, the press grew weary. At each of his return among the living, Felix saw shrink the crowd of his admirers. In order not to discourage it altogether, Amandine, Raoul and I went up to pay extras to fill the press box. Felix was not fooled: he had learned to know who was who in the world of media.

As it became increasingly sad and melancholy, we conseillâmes him to retire. After all, he had already done enough for the development of the thanatonautique. But he did not budge, he

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will retire after having exceeded 1. This turned Moch had the idea fixed home.

101-Vedic Mythology

Advance ahead by ancient paths where are gone my forefathers! The two kings, Yoma and god Varuna, who delight in the funerary ritual, you see them.

Rig-Veda X, 14

Extract of the thesis! .a Death Unknown this, by Francis Razorbak.

102 - A LITTLE REST

Suddenly everything went wrong. Felix became increasingly irritable. He put his marriage Amandine indefinitely. Suspicious bruises informed us that he beat her. Moreover, at night, splinters of their domestic scenes echoed into the neighboring apartments.

Paying him his own greed, Felix Amandine accused of not wanting in that money. It was true that he enjoyed excellent income, especially since President Lucinder had allocated him a scholarship in thanatology. His interviews are still negotiating a good price. He had hired a literary agent to sell his memories à l'éditeur the highest bidder, lucrative contract to boot. My brother consented him a percentage on all T-shirts bearing his image. Indeed, there was

enough to feed a big bank account!

Amandine wiped blows and insults but she clenched her teeth. His admiration for the thanatonaute was strongest. It was only when Felix began to appear with women of easy virtue that his stoicism cracked varnish. She came crying on my shoulder.

I consoled my best. Since the first moment I was crazy in love, but I avoided however to issue the slightest doubt about his fiancé. She would not forgive me derogatory remarks she poured yet galore in the Thai restaurant Lambert.

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Between two glasses of rice wine, mineral water gushed navy blue chasms.

- Pull yourself.

- It is so unfair. Seems to me he accuses of being unable to get past the first wall of death. I am willing to help, but it would still he agrees to tell me how.

- We must understand, 'I said.

She would not talk. Amandine, it was a whole world of things learned, hidden things. The day that this girl would open the closets of his brain, surely we would discover there quite a mess. For now, she preferred to accumulate and show nothing. Only this crisis and these tears bore witness to a moment of weakness. I offered to walk a little. An hour later, we met again in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

- This is where I met Raoul.

- You are real friends, it's beautiful, Amandine sighed.

- When we were little, we'd get beaten up by beefy class.

She approached me imperceptibly.

- I think I do not want to marry Felix, she said.

- You're kidding, he did never recover.

- Do not worry. He has a court females that revolve around it. He will not long remain alone. Felix was a virgin, I taught him what a woman. He visited love and death simultaneously. Now he can stand on its own. I have been an initiator.

- Do you regret?

- No. But I know that we are not made to live together.

- You're wrong. Although Felix runs left and right, it is only you that he really likes. You are so far above the others. You have a class that ...

She gave a little laugh miserable.

- Hey, it would not be you who'd be hitting on me?

My turn to close the lips on my secrets.

She pressed herself against me, confident, and we remained there in this cold garden burials, not far from the grave of Nerval, àcontempler stars. Her little heart was warm against my chest.

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A gentle breeze sang in my ears. I would gladly have spent my life as well, my nose buried in the golden fur of her hair.

On a brutal blow torch, a guard looking for vandals pulled me from my enchantment us it from its torpor. She shook herself

- You're right, Michael. It is not necessary that I let myself be impressed by some temporary quarrels or one-night. I am unfair to Felix and I will marry when he wishes.

In the taxi home, we had no desire to speak neither one nor the other.

103 - mayhem

The next day at thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont, the atmosphere was stormy. Felix had returned late drunk as usual, and in the company of a prostitute over the market. They slept on the carpet after he vomited on the launch of the throne. Arriving at dawn, Raoul had driven the girl before Amandine does surprise and cleaned which was cleaned, helped by Jean Bresson.

Despite several cups of hot coffee, Felix still had a hangover.

- Do not make me the moral hell! You know who I am? The first thanatonaute the world. Of The World. Cram you doing well in the skull. The others, they are only assistants, junk sub-drivers.

Pure chance, I came upon simultaneously Amandine. Felix immediately stared at us accusingly.

- And now our two lovebirds! If you think I have not understood your little game is that you take me for king of idiots!

Raoul sighed in exasperation.

- The farm, Felix! I have bad news for us all. Fax fell this morning, the British managed to reach Moch 1. They are to "coma more than nineteen minutes." So, Felix, you stop your nonsense and goes back to work with the rigor of the beginning. Sunrise, seven. Lunch: fruit and cereals. Complete check-up before each

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takeoff. Discipline and again discipline, only then will we avoid to move us beyond by these types.

- On behalf of roasts, I doubt, stammered Felix. Tomorrow, I will succeed a "coma over twenty-three" with onions.

- Oh yes! Meanwhile, first thanatonaute the world, returns sober up you home, Raoul ordered curtly.

When he thus took his commanding tone, even Felix kept playing celebrities and obeyed the undisputed leader of the team. Bending the spine, he made off with one last burp.

The same evening, Raoul summoned us, Amandine and me in the penthouse. In this tropical setting, among the succulents, our problems often seemed more innocuous. But there was serious Raoul

- Felix is wrong, he says immediately. Beware them both. I know perfectly well that there is nothing between you but he has put ideas in my head and it disturbs!

I did not get into a painful debate Amandine, I hastened to create a diversion.

- Is it true what you told us this morning? Englishmen really touched Moch 1?

- It is quite formal. A Bill Graham Felix heels with his "coma more than nineteen minutes." You understand that the situation is serious.

He lit his cigarette and resumed fine

- The stakes are too high. We are in a global race. There is no room for mistakes. So Amanda, you'll make me the pleasure of having a frank explanation with Felix. Show him that you support him, and that even if he's drunk, he did not disgust you.

The applicant began by defending themselves.

- More more ...

- Do this for thanatonaute if you do not do it for love passi.

The young nurse accepted, with resignation. The next morning at dawn, the couple explained. It was especially Felix, who apologized for his behavior the day before. They decided to hold the wedding and we resumed flight procedures.

While Felix was on the throne of launch, Raoul conjured be careful.

on

- Do not worry, old man. As you say, "All right straight on into the unknown."

He settled himself boosters in the veins. Then the countdown is égrena.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff.

Before closing his eyes, he still threw a short sentence in the direction of Amandine.

- Excuse me.

104-CHINESE MYTHOLOGY

"In the distant island of Kou-chee live transparencies men, white as snow, fresh like children. They do not consume any kind of food but suck the wind and drink

the dew. They walk in space, clouds serve as their chariots and horses of dragons. They do not care diseases or monsoons. They are indifferent to everything. A universal deluge will not overwhelm. A global avoid the fire. They amounted au above all. They go up into the air as if they were climbing the stairs and run into space on a bed as theft of their soul carriers everywhere. "

Chuang Tzu.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

105 -POINT FINAL

Felix never returned to this world. He never married and never told what he had seen behind Moch 1. The Grim Reaper had not allowed to ask new banderillas. Cerberus had devoured. Baal had snapped. The dead ... killed him. Up there, he had taken off the mask of the Gorgon. He had perhaps seen the face hidden behind the skeleton face of the woman in white satin. He had seen him and he had not come to tell us what he saw. This had not been possible for him, or he had perhaps not quite desired. The attractive light blue end of the corridor had been stronger than our friendship. She was stronger than the celebrity, stronger than

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Amandine love, stronger than alcohol, prostitutes, the thanatonaute adventure. Death kept his mystery. There was some scandal sheets to imply that I had manipulated boosters to get rid of a troublesome rival. I'm madly in love with our nurse, I would never have been able so far to kill someone intentionally, especially not Felix. But I wondered if Felix had not voluntarily missing. He knew he had succumbed to the trappings of fame and he destroyed gradually. More than anything, I think mostly he feared losing Amandine. Despite his sleeping around, he really loved her, his first and only wife. In the end, he felt unworthy of her. With prostitutes, he was ASON comfortable. He found himself in his poor home environment. The beautiful and cultivated Amandine impressed. Felix thought did not deserve as gentle and kind wife. "Forgive me." Those were his last words to Amandine terrible. The man of the year and even decade was given a state funeral. His physical body was buried at Père-Lachaise in a magnificent marble mausoleum. A stele was engraved: "Here lies the first thanatonaute the world."

106-AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY

The Trickster or Coyote god, is one of the most curious characters from Indian mythology in North America. At once cynical and murderous clown and bawdy god is often represented with a huge penis and intestines wrapped around the body. In Indian jokes, Coyote god is often the butt of the joke. The Great Spirit usually allows him to commit all the follies and evil acts then he wants to fix things. Most often Trickster thinks he is being hurt but in fact his actions arouse effects exactly opposite to those he had planned. So, Trickster, the little devil rival the Great Spirit, proves far less evil than had been believed.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

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107 - BILL GRAHAM

Jean Bresson was the second largest French thanatonaute. After the disappearance of Felix Kerboz, he was inspired by the security procedures he had developed for his film stunts before attempting a new leap.

He thus had the idea to provide the flight of chair of an electronic timer enabling instant feedback. It operated in the manner of a seat belt. Before takeoff, the thanatonaute was programming the timer for example to "coma more than twenty minutes." This then triggered on time a small electric shock that forced to retract the cord abruptly and therefore the àramener thanatonaute on earth.

Jean Bresson was a true professional. He indicated on the map precisely the area that it was then reported extremely accurate sketch of his observations.

I took advantage of this reliable driver to try to improve the formula boosters. I Testai a new process.

Instead of pouring of a sudden the narcotic, he was sent at lower dose and continuously. I was using Propofol (100 micrograms per kilogram per minute) associated with morphine and a gas (desflurane, between 5 and 10% at first, but I got better results with isoflurane between 5 and 15 %). Finally, to stabilize the organic activity, Valium derivative: the Hypnovel (0.01 mg / kg). These new tools made them a little safer takeoffs.

We were now convinced that anyone could get out of his body and engage in disembodiment. Matter of dosage. But Jean Bresson helluva fine all my concoctions.

He walked at their own pace. He explored "coma over eighteen minutes and twenty seconds," "coma over eighteen minutes and thirty-eight seconds", "coma over nineteen minutes and ten seconds." He treated his weight training, diet and studied his biological rhythms. It took into account all factors that may influence a disembodiment, including room temperature. (Best takeoffs are effectueèrent to heat 21 ° C, with humidity below the average.)

His takeoffs were spotless. He carefully checked its boosters and focused for long minutes on the goal àatteindre accordance with our maps.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!

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We were waiting for his return eyes on the dials electrocardiograms and electroencephalograms. Then the timer began to move and control gear warned about his imminent arrival.

- Six, five, four, three, two, one! Landing.

Jean Bresson was meticulous and methodical. Step by step, with rigor and discipline, he progressed to the mainland of the dead. He refused any press interview. He had renounced all sentimental life to devote himself entirely to his work. Every day he recorded his progress in a notebook, and a small calculator to decide a reasonable goal for the next day.

Beyond the Channel, Bill Graham appeared with an even temper. He had already reached "coma more than nineteen minutes and twenty-three seconds."

The two men were now embedded in a terrible and dangerous race. Any misstep might be fatal and they were aware. A London satirical magazine Bresson and Graham represented in the form of two small birds trying to pick his teeth of a crocodile. "Hey, Bill, you think it will keep the mouth open for a long time?" Asked the French. And the Englishman replied: "No. And in your place, I would drop.."

But centimeter by centimeter, every day the two chicks were sinking deeper into the throat of the dreaded reptile.

"Coma more than nineteen minutes and twenty-three seconds" for Graham.

"Coma over nineteen minutes and thirty-five-second" to Bresson.

"Coma plus twenty minutes and one second" to Graham.

The British had now reached the same level as Felix. He was facing the wall. Moch 1. And hard as it was, no doubt, Ason next flight, it would exceed the first door.

Raoul was furious

- We will be overtaken by the British on the finish line, we, pioneers! That's too bad.

His fears were well founded. Bill Graham was not anyone. For thanatonaute, he had known a good school: the circus. Former trapeze artist, he knew how to

program starting in the air without a net. An interview with the Sun had also told me that he attributed

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his talent to good control of drug taken. Himself a former addict, he felt that in itself, drugs were neither good nor bad but simply that it generated enough energy to control.

Graham explained in an article: "Why not put the proper use of marijuana, hashish or heroin program in universities called primitive societies, each drug with plants during ceremonies to give? . sacred character to the absorption of drugs in the West, addicts are destroyed by drugs because they use no matter how But there are rules to follow: . never use drugs to overcome depression, or by simply idleness to escape reality. Always require a ceremony! then study the effects of each product on its body and assaying according to his expectations. Ultimately, one could imagine a permit to take drugs reserved for insiders. " I deduced that the former British trapeze artist must surely tinker a decoction to his measure before each takeoff. The hypothesis exasperated Jean Bresson who regretted that the thanatonaute not be decreed Olympic sport. One would then exclude Graham for doping.

Amandine sank a tender arm around shoulders jeans.

- If there's doping, you're the most gifted. You're only twenty-six seconds of Bill and without banned substance!

- Twenty-six seconds, you know what it is twenty-six seconds retorted the stunt, dissatisfied.

Raoul always displayed the marked map of Terra incognita line with the large funnel.

- Twenty-six seconds on high, that must mean a territory the size of France. Their geography Ultimate Continent surely ahead of ours!

Amandine sank against Bresson. Suddenly, my eyes were opened. Amandine loved Thanatonautes all Thanatonautes and nothing but the Thanatonautes. The own personalities to Felix Kerboz AJONES Bresson or not interested. Only their pioneering quality of the passionate death. While I would not get myself thanatonaute, she never would lift the gaze on me. She had to pick with his death and she reserved her love his valiant fighters.

Stimulated by the soft touch of Amandine, the stuntman announced

- Tomorrow, I will go to "coma more than twenty minutes."

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- Only if you're pretty sure of yourself ... Raoul corrected.

The British magazine had gone there for a new cartoon. Both chicks are always busy between the teeth of the crocodile. "What will happen to me if I sink too deeply into his throat?" Demanded the jeans bird. "You will reincarnate you," Bill replied the bird. "No, it will swallow me and transform me into a big turd.

- Exactly, jeans ... This is a reincarnation."

The design gave me an idea. The outcome of the duel was not necessarily fatal.

- Why engage in any price to a deadly competition? If this is so fortiche Graham, whatever the means he uses, we only have to invite here. President Lucinder has he not wished that we welcome foreign Thanatonautes to share our knowledge?

Raoul's face brightened

- Great idea, Michael!

That night, accompanied her jean Amandine for me. Alone in my apartment, I Acharnai on my computer to develop a new chemical formula booster.

We all guessed that the English were about to cap us on the post. And indeed, the next day we learned that Bill Graham had exceeded 1 Moch.

According to the morning papers, he had accomplished this feat in the night, just as we planned to invite in our thanatodrome. The problem was that Bill Graham was not able to brake in time. 1 Moch had swallowed.

108-MYTHOLOGIE SOUTH AFRICA

At the time when all animals were still human beings, it was once a little hare who was mourning the death of his mother.

The moon came down to console him: "Do not worry, your mother will return. See, me, I appear, I disappear, one believes me dead but I still reappear it will be the same for your mother..."

The little hare did not believe her. He even fought with the moon so she let him cry in peace. He scratched so hard that she still bears the trace. Then the moon became angry and split his lip

"Since this is so and that the hare does not believe me, he will not be reborn like me the moon, but will remain dead."

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As for the hare, in fact, was a human being, she turned it into a frightened animal only fit to be driven. But we should not eat a specific area of the hare because this piece recalls that it was once a human person.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

109 - 1 PIGS

Bill Graham disappeared, we always stayed in the World thanatonautique head. But behind, a whole platoon regrouped to catch up and possibly overtake us. Jean Bresson toiled against the first wall. If it was behind Terra incognita remained, corolla the funnel, however, was getting better known. Les Thanatonautes worldwide in the grappillaient centimeter by centimeter walls as eager sperm.

The London magazine continued to represent the pioneers of death as small birds pecking the jaw of a crocodile yawner. "Come, little, I always hungry," said the caption of a third drawing showing the reptile, open mouth, few scales covered with blood and feather supposed to represent the poor Bill.

Jean Bresson did not lose his cool so far. As Raoul, he thought it was only gradually that we would come to nibble the comatic wall.

Advertising or desire to encourage science, the president Lucinder created a trophy together with a significant price: the cup "Moch 1" and F 500,000 for the champion who crosses the first and would tell his trip unscathed.

Vocations were born.

The time for "sports" had come. These were young men convinced of the impotence and uselessness of official thanatodromes too timid. And they intended to leave and return as they pleased. After all, rewarded with a cut, thanatonautique resembled present at pole vaulting or hurdling. We went into what I called the phase "gymnastics".

Clubs, private companies worked out their own runways, with boosters copied to ours. An ingenious mind

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had the idea of a newspaper, Le Petit illustrated Thanatonaute, providing practical advice and offering the latest plans of the continent from the dead. Fans exchanged by ads recipes for better off, selling vials of propofol or potassium chloride stolen in hospitals and even dental chairs.

Y were obviously included posters of the most famous Thanatonautes Felix Kerboz Bill Graham and Jean Bresson.

And every day the monster snapped up his dose of "sports" unwise. The thanatonautique was not a business like any other. One fell once. We rehearsed in every key in our interviews, but it was precisely the risk that excited the young.

For them, it was the height chills. A bit like the Japanese martial art, Yai, where two wrestlers are placed face to face in a suit, the winner being the first that comes to unsheathe his sword and fendre two skull of his opponent.

Accidents do not discourage the pioneers in grass. As for the bonus, it attracted many crooks.

We received numerous phone calls.

A man claimed to have spent Moch 1 and saw a blue hall which continued toward a white light. But when we convoquâmes and that he was interrogated under truth serum, he admitted inventing the story to get the reward. Many other jokers tried to simulate a successful flight. In the wildest stories we received, there was the case of one who lives behind Moch 1 stepmother, another who discovered Jesus Christ without a beard, the Apollo 13 rocket, a junction with the Bermuda Triangle, aliens, and even ... nothing. This made us laugh a lot. "Behind Death there is ..." Nothing! "He declared. And what is nothing?" Well, nothing is nothing, "he replied with effrontery ...

Many honest people are also lost their lives.

For his part, Jean Bresson, without making waves, progressing second by second and millimeter. It was now to "coma over twenty minutes and one second."

Their departures were more impeccable. His heart gradually slowed and I had developed a much softer booster formula which allowed a better action of the will (thanks to a new product: Vecuronium but not bore you with the chemical formulas, know that Vecuronium 0 01 mg per kilo, it's still not bad).

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- Today I will try to spend 1 Moch, badly Bresson announced jeans as he settled for the umpteenth time on the flight chair.

- No, no, do not do that! Amandine replied that no longer hid his affection for the young stuntman.

She took his hand. They embraced at length. He grabbed her by the shoulders.

- Do not be afraid. I am well prepared, I know my business, I know that now I can do it.

His voice was calm and decided. Nothing in his behavior betrayed the slightest hesitation.

That night he loudly made love to Amanda and the next morning he was in good spirits.

He stood himself needles in the veins and controlled the screens as a pilot engaged in a check-up of the cockpit before takeoff.

- Wait, I say, if you succeed, and I believe you will succeed, you need the press to be there.

Jean Bresson reflected. He did not care projectors and glory. He had seen that these mirages had led the poor Felix. Yet he was aware that without advertising, our credits would be lower and that, in any event, with regard the future of thanatonaute, it was important to have a maximum of witnesses.

So he removed the needle and waited.

At eight in the evening, all the international press huddled on the sixth floor off area. We had set up barriers between the launch of the throne and the zone "visitors", complete with cinema seats for the comfort of our guests. Some were coming to witness firsthand that the death of a thanatonaute.

In a second, here, someone was going to rob it of its carnal envelope may never find her. The excitement reigned in the aisles. Since the dawn of time, death has always fascinated men.

I recognized very agitated, host of RTVL who had officiated at the convention center and more serene, Villain, journalist representative of Small illustrated Thanatonaute.

Raoul, Jean and I had put on the tuxedo for special occasions. With Amanda, we cleaned thoroughly our thanatodrome which began to take neglected garage paces.

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On his throne Jean Bresson seemed very focused. Everything about him exuded strength, confidence and determination. We had prepared him a audessus Ultimate Continent map and he stared at length as if to memorize his goal Moch Moch 1. 1. Cross II gritted teeth.

"Moch 1, I will transpercerai" escaped his mouth.

It still blew several times.

He set his timer on "coma exceeding twenty-five minutes," then sat on the dentist's chair and, still calmly sank the needle into your elbow.

All cameras marched while reporters were whispering comments to not interfere jeans Bresson in his concentration.

"... Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Jean Bresson will attempt the impossible, to pass the first comatic the wall. If he succeeds, he will receive the most cutting premium 500 000 F. For several days the athlete prepares and its concentration is intense ... "

- OK, ready, jean announced dryly.

We verified one last time all monitors.

- Ready for me, I said.

- Ready, 'said Amandine.

- Ready, said Raoul.

He held his thumb as a pilot ready for takeoff.

- All right straight on into the unknown, murmured Raoul.

Jean Bresson égrené slowly.

- Six ... five (eyelid closure) ... four ... three (rollover head back) ... two (fist closure) ... a. Takeoff!

We passed the fingers. Good luck, jeans. "Plague! Disje me, this guy will finally discover what there is behind the death. He will experience the greatest of all secrets. The great mystery, one we will all face. He will find it and it will say: "The death is this," or rather: "Death was not that much. "Veinard. Amandine swallows the eye. Veinard. I might have to leave in its place. Yes. I should have," thought I, while the cameras were rolling at high speed to avoid losing a millisecond the scene.

110 -Sheet POLICE

Name: Bresson

First name: jean

Brown Hair

Size: 1 m 78

Distinguishing features: None

Comment: A pioneer of thanatonautique

Weakness: No weakness

111- HISTORY MANUAL

Once the path opened by Felix Kerboz, flights to the country of the dead continued unabated. The failure rate had fallen to insignificant levels because the path of the afterlife was now live and safe.

History textbook, Basic Course 2nd year.

112 -BY BEYOND MOCH 1

Hold.

I looked at my watch: jean took off twenty minutes and forty five seconds. Now he had to be there, to see what was happening beyond Moch 1. He had succeeded, he had cleared the obstacle, and he was running up a completely new knowledge. He saw, he knew he discovered. We all longed to see him back so he says. What could possibly exist after comatic wall? Who or what is death?

Coma over twenty-one minutes. He was always there, the cord had not been cut and he was still salvageable. Great.

Coma over twenty-one minutes and fifteen seconds. He was splendid gorge of information. Happy type.

Coma over twenty-one minutes and sixteen seconds.

The earthly body was agitated a blip. Nervous reflex, no doubt.

Coma more twenty-four minutes and thirty-six seconds. The turmoil multiplied. It was as if the whole body was

shaken by electric shocks. The face grimaced until they no longer pose a horrible rictus of pain.

- He wakes up? asked a reporter.

The electrocardiogram showed me that thanatonaute was still there. He had passed through the first wall of death. The activity of his brain had increased while that of his heart was always at a minimum.

This was to be the surprise at so much mystery unveiled. Because he had bound through the door. He had necessarily all inclusive. He was perhaps about to die of pleasure to know who was the Grim Reaper. Death, he knew all necessarily. Had he was surprised by the revelation of the mystery?

Coma more twenty-four minutes and forty two seconds. He grimaced and twitched like a nightmare. The hands were clenched to the arm chair. Ski, shirt sleeves tuxedo unveiled a crawl.

He had small dry gestures. As if mimicking a fight with a ferocious monster. He uttered groans, the foamy drool coming from his mouth, he gave punches, hip shots. Fortunately a seat belt kept the chair lift-off, if not with all this posturing, it would already fallen, winning at the same time pipes and electrical son who linked him to the Earth.

Reporters saw the scene, stunned. All suspected that the continent dévirginiser the dead was certainly risky, but there seemed thanatonaute face the terrifying phenomena. His face was no longer total but horror.

Coma more than twenty-four minutes and fifty-two seconds. He struggled less. We were all down to avoid his hands. This agitation seemed to me not very positive. Raoul was biting his lower lip. Amandine wrinkled mouth and eyes.

I raced to the machine control.

Coma more than twenty-four minutes and fifty-six seconds.

had turned into a seismograph in full in an instant, I understood that jeans Bresson would soon die if we do nothing. The lights were flashing. Machines whined. But already its electric timer was activated and made him a strong shock suddenly return to his body. He started yet. Then everything returned to normal. The electrocardiogram

The electrocardiograph volcanic eruption.

Brainwave softened. The lights went out. The machines subsided.

Bresson was saved. We had recovered among the living. He was like a man suspended over the void, we would be able to raise a blow to the solid cliff.

Reminder of his rope, made his ectoplasmic cord luckily had stood.

He had spent the wall of fate.

Slowly, we approached.

- He succeeded! bawling behind the man who had to RTV1 enjoy waiting to write his report. Exclusive first, the channel that you watch more in made you attend the takeoff and landing of the first to have exceeded thanatonaute Moch 1. Live, you witnessed a historical moment which, upon awakening, Jean Bresson us deliver the sensational story.

Pulse normal. Almost normal nerve activity. Normal temperature. Normal electrical activity.

Jean Bresson opened one eye, then the other.

Nothing on his face reflected normality whose screens showed. Where was the calm legendary stuntman? His nostrils quivered, his forehead was covered with sweat, his expression was only terror. With a sharp blow, he undid his seatbelt and looked us in turn as many foreigners.

The first, Raoul dominant

- Are you okay?

Bresson was trembling in every limb. This was not going at all.

- I spent Moch 1 ...

The hall was filled with applause that quickly slowed before the man who was spinning on itself, maddened.

- I spent 1 ... Moch, he continued. But what I saw next is ... terrible!
More ovations. Nothing but silence. Jean shoved us to rush to u n microphone.
Taking possession, he groaned
- He ... he ... he must not die. Up there, after the first wall is despicable.
Ignoble. You may not know how. Please, everyone, I beg you: do not die!

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113-ITALIAN POETRY

"Cerberus, cruel and monstrous beast,
Barking and barking out of his triple head
Against the unfortunate immersed in this Hell

The burning eye, and all bloody filthy mane Having barely carry his panting
throat, He is going to ripping his irons.

They howl in the rain, and all allegiance, they have a side and then the other
suffering. The unfortunate sinners often turn!

When Cerberus saw us enter the dark asylum
He showed us his menacing fangs, reptile!
Rage and fury all its members were shaking. "

Dante: The Divine Comedy, "Hell" Sixth Chant

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

114 - A STEP TOO

Needless to say this funny "success" cast a chill on all our thanatonautiques
activities.

John always hallucinated terror, explained to reporters that, behind the first
wall, was a country of pure terror. The total terror.

- Is it hell? asked a reporter.

- No, hell must be more friendly, he said with a desperate cynicism.

President Lucinder organized as planned a small party to return to its price
jean 500,000 F and its cut, but he did not come looking for them.

It spread in interviews boeing us. He baptized us "birds of misfortune." He said
he had to stop to explore the continent of the dead, we made a step too far. He
advised everyone to never die.

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He himself confessed scared of having to one day return there. - I know what
death and nothing makes me more afraid of dying. Ah! if I could avoid this.
He shut himself up in a small house he transformed into bunker. He no longer
wished to meet anyone.

He constantly wore a bulletproof vest. Twice a week, he went to the doctor just
in case. To prevent all sexually transmitted diseases, he gave to women. Because
the deaths were so many accidents on the roads, he abandoned his car in a vacant
lot. Fearing an air disaster, he renounced any conference abroad.

Amandine drummed his vain security door. When Raoul begged him by phone to
provide at least some guidance for his card, he launched: "It is black, very
black and we suffer terribly there," then hung up sharply.

The episode had unfortunate consequences. So far, the public was fascinated
enough for our conquest of the beyond because everyone hoped that we would find
the land of eternal happiness. It was .not for nothing Lucinder and Razorbak had
christened our project from the start task "Paradise". The human race was
convinced that after the blue hall of ecstasy, we would find the light of
wisdom. But if the corridor just wonderful uncorked on the pain ...

The desperate Bresson about their effect quickly. The anxiety became general.

Doctors vaccinating a vengeance. Arms sales climbed sharply. The thanatodromes were deserted.

Before, death was for some easy termination of life, lights, in short. For others, it was a promise of hope. All now know it was the ultimate punishment. The existence had become an ephemeral paradise of which we should all pay a heavy day invoice.

Life was a party. Beyond that, there was only darkness! Great success of the exploit Bresson! Our experiments confirmed the two had terrible truths serinées my father: "Death is the most terrible thing" and "you do not mess with these choseslà" ...

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115-Mesopotamian Mythology

"I have read all the countries I crossed steep mountains. I went through all the seas and I have found nothing happy I am condemned me to a life of misery And I filled my flesh pain. "

The Epic of Gilgamesh.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

116 - THANATOPHOBIE

After Bresson case, we passed a big and long phase of stagnation. Everyone feared death and unspeakable nightmares had mentioned John.

There was, however other Thanatonautes to cross the wall. But their testimonies were not reassuring. Some spoke of their encounter with the Grim Reaper, a skeleton armed with a scythe that was whistling his weapon to cut the umbilical cords unwary who had ventured too far.

An African-marabout thanatonaute reported having avoided a giant serpent breathing fire. An Icelandic shaman claimed to have encountered a grinning dragon teeth smeared with blood.

- What is strange is that the vision of death varies across cultures, merely muttering Raoul, and he pretended to engage in calculations with his compass. But I knew that his remark did not even reassured.

The testimonies of new Thanatonautes became increasingly frightening. They spoke of hundreds of giant spiders putrid venom spitting, flying rats with long sharp incisors. It felt full account of Lovecraft. Monsters descriptions accumulated ever more demented.

A Portuguese thanatonaute still bewildered by his landing recounted having crossed a bat whose head was adorned with a necklace of human skulls. The stories became more horrible day.

Myself I began to fear death. I earned it

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had to call the "thanatophobie" room. The Little Thanatonaute illustrated, with hyper-realistic representations by added more in the bloody and disgusting.

Death, really, it was to make you die a second time for fear upon your death!

Where was the hard earned eternal rest if he had to face, passed away soon, all these monsters carpet behind Moch 1? Because, according to the testimony of international Thanatonautes, they seemed all there, hidden expect after 1 Moch, we are called Devil's cloven feet, Chtulu gauzy, gooey Dragon, Griffon inflamed, Chimera sneering, Incubus, Succubus, Minotaur, Devourer of Souls.

Death is a trap. The light attracts us and demons arise from his first curtain.

Needless to say, the number of suicides fell overnight. All deemed dangerous sports - motor racing, boxing, skydiving, motorcycling, horse jumping, skiing or bungee - were gradually abandoned by thrill seekers fewer and fewer. The dealers were no longer able to peddle their cam. Tobacco merchants closed their doors. Pharmacies prospered.

For added security, power sockets was lowered.

Many balconies were screened. Multiple lightning rods bristling skyline. The designers put fashionable padded clothes that gave the appearance of a puppet holders thereof but proved protective in case of falls. The guardrails were built along the Breton cliffs.

In the laboratory, Raoul, who was trying to remain calm in this storm, drew on the map behind the first wall a black hallway decorated with a question mark.

- What can there possibly be behind that has frightened both Bresson and others? Our experiences were suspended for hours, without the least voluntary thanatonaute. We met regularly to Père-Lachaise, just to get some fresh air and think together.

- What is Lucinder? asked Amanda.

- It merely repeats "what if Bresson was right?" Replied Raoul. He was enchanted by the afterlife seen from afar. He now says that, up close, it could be much less interesting.

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- But all the people who were flying around him seemed eager to rush there, I insisted.

- Mirror larks! It is when we are close we understand that we should never have to go. Lucinder is not at all convinced that death is a cakewalk.

Amandine, Raoul and I were in disarray. We had so much trouble to unveil a horror that should remain forever the most ultimate surprises.

All our actions, good or bad, we drove to the final abomination. Maybe this was it inevitable Hell teeming zoo tortuous snakes and grinning vampire that all religions of the world had sought to conceal?

What a Pandora's box we had open? What evil forces had we paid with our morbid curiosity? We wanted to know the mystery of death ... it gave us quite a lesson.

- Lucinder want to abandon everything, said Raoul. He even thought à démissionner. He would prefer the history books avoid mentioning her little creepy incursions.

- And you

Raoul was as comfortable on a tombstone on a couch. He leaned against a pillar.

- It would be too easy to give up at the first glitch. On landing in Africa, Australia and Indonesia, the first explorers faced cannibals tribes hostile to forests full of deadly scorpions and other wild animals and unknown. They have not fallen so far. Each operation has its share of danger. It's not going to walk in a rose garden, with the side of children's swings. Adventure is synonymous with danger!

The fertile mind of Raoul had wrought reason to persevere. He did not take at all to abandon the thanatonaute. He waved the birds were his hands.

- All these visions of the post-Moch 1 do not agree with each other, and that all accounts are negative does not mean grandchose. Jean Bresson remains vague. He who had accustomed us seriously and method, there is that accumulating adjectives: horrible, awful, disgusting ... With sole precision that everything is black!

- Conclusion

He lit one of his cigarettes biddies, got up, stretched his long legs and exhaled the smoke eucalyptus

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- Conclusion: we can not allow a few cowards to stop our work.

- John is not a coward and he is unable to lie still loyal declared Amandine.

- His senses could deceive, Raoul noticed. Perhaps as a seduction phase succeeded in repelling another ...

- I too believe sincere, but what bothers me is all these different visions. It seems that after the first wall, the afterlife is personalized. Remember the Egyptian Book of the Dead, Michael? He told that the dead had to face monsters, but that if he could defeat them, then he quietly continued his journey. An initiation test, in short, that John was unable to overcome! Hence his rather

simple inferences that all was but horror after 1 Moch.

I considered Amandine. His vision was my paradise, his navy blue eyes my great trip. Why look any further? She hid the look that frozen by me under thick opaque glasses.

- So, Raoul?

- So we put our work on hold and we let pass the time. A new hunting another. People forget the thanatophobie. And we will continue for the sake of science! Meanwhile, Lucinder abolished its law prohibiting aggressive therapy. No one wanted to risk more to disconnect a patient for the ship to no one knew where. Before entering the operating room, patients left big checks guaranteeing the longest retention in on failure vegetable state.

Amandine never saw Jean Bresson. Nobody saw him, too. He finally cashed premium Lucinder he had used for the construction of a bomb shelter. There it was buried between shelves full of canned food and mineral water reserves and no more was heard of him.

-Higher 117 YOGI

Four inner behaviors define ignorance and human suffering

- The feeling of individuality. Due to the success: "I am intelligent" ... Given the failure: "I'll never."

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- Attachment to pleasure seeking perpetual contentment sole objective.
- Complacency in depression: the unhappy memories haunting prompting revenge and oppose his entourage.
- Fear of death: the craving to cling to its existence, proof of his individuality. Rather than accept to live until death in enjoying life here below to better develop his being.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

118 - STEFANIA

The thanatophobie lasted nearly six months. Six months of enforced idleness, discussions and questions rehashed the Thai restaurant of Mr. Lambert, of wandering in Pere Lachaise, accumulated dust in our thanatodrome. In the penthouse, plants invaded the piano. We hardly saw Lucinder. Even Vercingetorix, his dog, was morose. Amandine had taken to the kitchen and tried to comfort us as we prepare spicy dishes. We played cards. No bridge, because nobody wanted to do it ... dead.

The glimmer of hope that springs from Raoul watched where we least expected. No US where we knew that NASA was engaged in top secret research, or Great Britain where Bill Graham had yet left behind emulated eager to follow in his footsteps. Our salvation came from Italy.

We were aware of the existence, in Padua, a thanatodrome very efficient but we thought that, like ours, it was. currently dormant. But if the Italians had put their pilot program, they had not abandoned completely their takeoffs. On 27 April, they announced that they too had managed to send someone beyond the first wall comatic and their thanatonaute had regained its carnal envelope by reporting a much more reassuring witness than that of Jean Bresson.

Paradoxically, journalists who immediately lent credence to the horrors reported by Jean Bresson were skeptical facing the exuberance and optimism of the Italians.

The Italian thanatonaute was actually a thanatonautesse. Her name was Stefania Chichelli.

Raoul extensively examined his portrait at the front page of Corriere della Sera. The smiling young woman explained in the article was devoted Moch 1 after she had discovered a vast dark and black moor where she had struggled against bubbles particularly aggressive memories. Astonished his colleagues had made him

repeat it under truth serum and his story remained the same.

- So she does not lie, I say.

- Of course not! Raoul sprang. What she says is perfectly consistent.

I remained pensive.

- So Bresson simply confronted his past and found it so terrible that he could not bear it.

Amandine knew our stunt had never undergone psychoanalysis. At times she thought he needed as he showed discreet about his past. We decided to investigate and discovered that Jean had indeed experienced a particularly traumatic childhood. He had buried under a wall of silence but its covers had exploded Moch passage 1. So many awful memories came back to his mind that he could not take the shock.

Amanda wanted to comfort him. But, once for all, Bresson had renounced the world. He did not respond to repeated tambourinemens on the door of his fortress and it had definitely picked up his phone.

Curious, we invited the Italian to come to Paris to receive the medal of the Legion of Honor thanatonaughtique created by Lucinder. The ceremony took place without fanfare. We preferred to avoid time hype.

Stefania Chichelli was a small stout woman with beautiful baby face. Long wavy black hair fell to the lower back. His jeans and blouse always seemed about to burst, but she had plenty of charm with its fresh round cheeks and her childish smile.

From the airport she squeezed us in his arms, as if to say that we all belonged to the same family, that of "Thanatonautes who do not fear death." Then she burst out laughing, pest and surprising.

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We entraînaèmes the Thai restaurant. Expectantly, Lucinder had preferred to make excuses.

Having lived several years in Montpellier, Stefania spoke impeccable French in sunny barely a delicious transalpine accent. She began to sink platefuls noodles with black mushrooms. Full mouth, she émaillait his sentences his thunderous laugh. I had never seen Raoul attentive.

While listening, neglecting his own plate, he almost devoured eyes.

Stefania recapitulated. Behind the first wall, there was a dark and pestilential area where it was not wise to linger. Gift bubbles assailed as many devils as you and sought AYou away from the beautiful light. However, as she went up with the intention to come down, Stefania had not left nor captivate the wonderful glow nor by the demons of the past.

Always interested in the take-off techniques - after all it was my part - I asked her what she used to fly.

- Tibetan Meditation lighter boosters to potassium chloride. I did not want to wreck my liver!

- Tibetan Meditation! exclaimed Raoul.

He nearly choked, spat politely behind his hand three young shoots of yellow soybeans and asked

- You are ... mystic?

- Obviously, the thanatonaughtesse giggled. Go to death is a fundamentally religious act, spiritual at least. A toxic product allows to take off but how to go far without discipline of the soul? How to take off cleanly without faith in God?

We remained speechless. So far we had come not to mix our religion with scientific experiments. Raoul and I naturally were interested in all ancient mythologies and creeds of the world but, in practice, we did not want us to weigh superstitions, whatever their origins.

Moreover, basically, Raoul was an atheist. He boasted, considering that atheism was the only possible attitude for a modern man wanting to keep everything in a scientific attitude. For him, skepticism was an improvement compared to mysticism. God had not been proven, so it did not exist.

For my part, I was pretty agnostic. In fact, I confessed my ignorance. The same

atheism seemed like behavior

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religious. Assert the nonexistence of God is already profess an opinion on the matter. I've never had so much pride. If ever a God condescended to manifest to us miserable earth creatures, probably I would change in attitude. Meanwhile, I remained in limbo.

My agnosticism correspond to my worldview, which was a huge question mark. For if I had no opinion on God, I was not claiming not to have more about the world or men. I never understood the beings around me, what happened to me always seemed to occur by chance. However, I had sometimes felt that nature was endowed with own intelligence beyond me.

Raoul pressed Stefania issues

- You are what?

- Tibetan Buddhist!

- Buddhist?

- And then it bothers you?

- No, not really! if he apologized, anxious not to irritate our opulent sister.

On the contrary, Tibetan mythology fascinates me. Only I did not imagine Tibetan Buddhists like ... like you!

- I know nothing about the Tibetan Buddhists. You are the first I meet, Amanda said softly.

Stefania stuffed chicken three full ranges with coconut milk and coriander.

- We, the Tibetan Buddhists, we did not expect to attract us to death. It's been over five thousand years that we examine the subject. The Bardo Thodol, our Book of the Dead, is a perfect little manual to indulge in a Near Death Experience. I already décorporais to the beyond which no one had yet heard of your Kerboz Felix!

I suddenly perceived some irritation as the suave mask Amandine. For the first time in our small circle, she was not the center of attention. She was not the only woman among us and jealous, she saw Raoul fall in love, overwhelmed by unusual about this Italo-Tibetan.

The meal, however, continued in good spirits. Raoul Razorbak showed a joy that I did not know him. He had finally found a woman who, like himself, had only one real subject of interest: death.

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119 -Sheet POLICE

Name: Chichelli

Name: Stefania

Hair: Black

Black Eyes

Size: 1 m 63

Distinguishing features: None

Comments: First woman thanatonaute

Weakness: weight Overload

120-JAPANESE PHILOSOPHY

The Naoshige said

"The way of the samurai is made of a passion for death.

If a man is inhabited by such passion, ten men can deal with them.

It must be taken of fanaticism and passion for death to perform feats. If you let yourself be overwhelmed by the discernment, it is too late to use that strength. According to the way of the samurai, loyalty and filial piety are superfluous, it is only the suffering of death. Loyalty and filial piety will then inhabit the ellesmêmes. "

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

Stefania loved chatting. She willingly gave us her story. Small, it was still proportionally thicker than now. His parents were restaurateurs and do not skimp on food. In the evening he had to finish the leftovers that could not be kept overnight. Matter of simple economics. Still, the seventh of fourteen children, she was the largest and derision of his brothers and sweats. Nicknamed the "Pear caramel". His own mother did nothing to remove her complex. She bought it in advance of loose clothing. "In anticipation of the future", she said fatalistically.

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These clothes so ample, so vast, she floated there also never long. Quickly, his body conquering the volume.

At school, everyone was making fun of "Pear Caramel" and laughed with her, the more she was hungry. Yet she had the impression to eat normally, merely bread with pasta, bread with butter and Bolognese sauce with the butter. But when anxiety remain forever ugly and obese burst suddenly upon her, she did not even have time to warm plates. She swallowed his uncooked spaghetti, opened at full speed boxes of sauerkraut or cassoulet she swallowed immediately.

She represented her body like a huge garbage she never managed to fill to the brim. In its period of greater anxiety, she came to weigh more than a hundred and thirty kilos.

Of course, she had begun a hundred times a diet, but his need to eat was stronger than that to have some fun in losing weight.

At the time "eating raw food," succeeded a time of trouble compared to the food. She ate, she ate, and then she forced herself to vomit to empty his stomach. Simultaneously, she gorged laxatives. Comprising she put her health in danger, his parents tried to reason, but if the abnormal weight of their child overwhelmed them, they were in awe of his mind so agile. For the little Stefania had from kindergarten, demonstrated genuine intellectual gifts. She jumped a class two, got top marks in all subjects, from mathematics to philosophy through geography and history.

The Chichelli renounced reason visibly smart girl they: "If it thus leads is that it must have reasons that escape us," sighed his father after spitting surprise of couscous raw sugar syrup grenadine.

His obesity obviously prevented Stefania to move freely in space. Anxious, at puberty, to seduce the opposite sex despite her weight, she began to acquire a sensual approach. So far, she advanced to the legs spread like a duck to ensure a good grip on the ground without his extra kilos will make the drop. It therefore forced to keep its good calves parallel to be able to wear shoes with high heels without fear of losing his balance or twist ankles. It thus acquired a swagger.

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The men began to look with lust. While standing in the art of moving his body. After the walk, she learned to sit with grace, voluptuously lying half on a sofa, holding the neck upright instead of returning to his shoulders. No movement was insignificant.

To better control his movements, Stefania acquired a kitten which she imitated all the movements. She understood that a good technique allow him to better manage his disability.

The cat knew not only beautifully moving but naturally adopted resting positions of great elegance.

Stefania then devoted himself to yoga and sports claiming a significant physical force such as mountaineering. Certainly, his bones still bore hundred kilos of fat but themselves covered powerful muscles and now has considerable flexibility skeleton.

Compensate. She was poised to compensate.

Yoga was not enough. A Tibetan Buddhist arises opportunely and was able to make a friend. It was not very difficult. Man loved ones. In many third world countries, large are envied for their wealth allows them to feed in abundance and considered demigods. But as he also felt the spirit of Stefania and he saw that forms made her unhappy, Tibetan informed him that the body was not a hermetically sealed prison and it was easy to escape from. Through meditation, we could leave and return at will this "envelope" fleeting.

He taught the girl some techniques of disembodiment she assimilated more easily it was already accustomed to master great physical discipline.

Finally, Stefania was released from fat! By allowing him to décorporer, the meditation had saved.

To avoid any manifestation of skepticism on our part, she said mocking whether we believe or not. We will soon rassurâmes: what really interested him was mostly to understand how she did it.

With a big laugh, she consented to enlighten us.

At a time when the inhabitants of the Peninsula usually indulge in a nap, Stefania sat in the lotus position and concentrated on flight. A large storm invaded then its

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room, tearing his ectoplasm and taking outside. She went out the window in general, rarely through the roof and never by the door.

- The doors are designed for entrances and exits of the physical body, we she explained. We should not mix everything.

At first she felt some fears. As soon reached the window, she came into effect in contact with all kinds of spirits, flying too. But there were good and there was bad. It was important to distinguish between them.

- Generally bad shave the ground, but if we can not maintain sufficient ASE high above the roofs, they can become threatening and attack you. As soon as we lost altitude, we must quickly regain his body to escape.

What exactly were these evil spirits? Stefania declared himself unable to define. We had to take her word. Nevertheless, through meditation, she asserted able to browse the entire planet at a prodigious rate.

Well, his mind became light but his body was still too heavy. She fled her problem, she did not faced. She was, however, constrained by a terrible February day. Boarder, she found herself in high school, stuck at the bottom of a bathtub by a bubble of air qu'emprisonnaient his rolls of fat. She fought like a turtle on its back.

Encouraged by bullying his gym teacher, his pension companions took advantage of his inability to pour it on all kinds of filth.

When they finally get bored and leave him to his fate, now shivering in the icy water, his progress in meditation only served him nothing. She might struggle, his body was trapped in a tin shell and soul too distraught to rise.

A maid delivered the several hours later. Assisted by several colleagues, she used brooms as levers to uncap Stefania his bathtub.

This marked the humiliation for life. Stefania decided she would take revenge and thanks to its secret weapon: his ectoplasm!

If he crossed the walls, it might as well cross the flesh! Every night she therefore began hunting, decided to hit all those that had mortified. She took advantage of their sleep to invade his victims, beginning with their toes and then going back to their

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skull. They awoke experiencing excruciating headaches after living abominable nightmares.

She kept the best for last. Finally, she took to her gym teacher, the only adult present during his ordeal, which had joined her torturers instead of chasing them. Stefania penetrated deep in his heart, even causing arrhythmias. At times, the heart muscle beating very fast, in others it was extinguished almost.

The woman awoke in a sweat. She vainly made some exercises she knew specifically

addressed these palpitations. Understanding that occurred in it a strange phenomenon, she strongly knelt and prayed fervently to be delivered from the ghost who had possessed.

Stefania went before a heart attack terrassât definitely unhappy. Yet she returned regularly persecute.

She reveled in the power that gave him control of his ectoplasm. She used it to his revenge and thus for evil, in many religions, it is called black magic. She boasted to his Tibetan friend who begged her to give it up. Black magic, he said, always ends up dominating you and snap you to the point that you can not control it.

Stefania had to definitively renounce revenge. Vengeance against his enemies. Vengeance also against his own body.

She persevered. All her classmates were on aspirin. The gym teacher had a miscarriage. And the look of Stefania was growing dark! Nobody dared to face. Obscurely, everyone felt that she was the cause of mysterious facts. previously, it had been accused of witchcraft. In full twenty-first century, such a claim would have covered its authors ridicule.

Some girls brought to him an apology. Stefania repulsed a shrug. And she continued to hit. If taking digestive systems, it was causing ulcers hated stomachs.

Ultimately, understanding that Stefania risked permanently switch on the side of the "great anger", his Tibetan Buddhist friend confided to him the secret of reincarnation. His religion ensured that everyone in his future lives, paid for the good and bad deeds done during his present existence. Every life should

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used to teach us something. Love. Passion. Art. That àquoi were to devote his energy to improve rather than destroy. To attack the other, it was really giving them too much importance!

Stefania his ears. Then an event occurred that upset her and forced him to listen. Her classmates attacked all together the maid who saved her. They knew she was the only friend "Pear caramel". Certainly, they had wanted a little upset, but the neck of the unfortunate hit the corner of a wall. Whiplash. Death was instantaneous.

- It's your fault she died, told his Tibetan Buddhist friend. It's your fault if her children are now orphans. You have damaged your karma. If you do not immediately decide to give you ATA revenge, you'll pay a thousand times in the price!

And this final warning, exasperated, he left. Dismayed, Stefania realized it was time to clear his soul of all the darkness that had invaded. After bulimia, anorexia occurred. She always hated his body, even now that he founded in the famine,

To find peace of soul, Stefania decided to advance further in the Tibetan Buddhist wisdom. A Lamasery greeted àPadoue. She hoped that once its found serenity, his friend would recur. But she never saw him again. And regrossit. She got married to please his family and fulfill his destiny in Italian woman. But she never would a woman like all the others. She was too far advanced on the path of meditation.

Several years passed before she heard about those French who invented the thanatonautique. She wanted, too, exploring the continent of the dead. Would it only to find the maid who saved her.

His friends knew lamas its history, knew how she had first addicted to Evil to return to the good. They gavèrent the lasagna and polenta to give it the energy of the trip.

And so it crosses Moch 1!

Considérâmes us with admiration. She looked at us in turn, and then announced - I see perfectly your karmas. For me, all of you are like open books. Raoul, thou art a warrior. You find yourself in the middle of your cycle of reincarnations. You're angry because you started in your previous life, something you have not had

time to finish. Where your impatience to succeed in this existence. - You're right, recognized Raoul. But it is in this life that I have something to settle. Stefania decreed that I was a young and pure soul, unable to do wrong because I saw no interest. I was only at the start of my cycle of reincarnations and therefore affecting ignorance.

- You're smart enough to have realized, she pointed out. It is already much. Also did you choose the path of knowledge and this is the right path.

- Possible, I retorted, annoyed that sums up my personality in three sentences to the punch.

Stefania people still thought a little too quickly. She turned to Amandine

- You, what you love most is to make love, is not it?

Amandine blushed.

- And then? she asked. What it does you interested?

- I know, Stefania calmed. It only looks at you. But, you see, you give too much to others. You imagine you will be able to achieve fully that through physical love. What a mistake! Sexual energy is the most powerful energy. If you did that used to orgasm, you épuiseras in vain. You must learn to manage this capital and to channel that energy.

122 -Manual HISTORY

Les Thanatonautes were strong people, cold blood, gaze. They knew where they were going. "All right, straight into the unknown," was their motto, engraved on a medal that all wore neck.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

123 - YOGI EDUCATION

How to learn to meditate

- By disciplining his body and by so doing to remain motionless;

- By disciplining his breath;

- By disciplining his mind.

Just isolate themselves in a room, to take a position

comfortable and set his mind on a point between the eyebrows.

All stray thoughts will fade then. Your mind will become vacant, listening to the world around. You can tell the difference between what is you and what belongs to the world. Your "self" will only have to escape from your body to explore the universe.

Rajaz of yoga meditation technique.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

124 - STEFANIA AGAIN

Stefania was like that.

Raoul remained silent while his contemplation, only sensitive to its presence. For the first time, I saw my friend love. And the magic seemed to operate in both directions. Their eyes sought and fled like a pair of turtledoves arrival of spring. But Raoul's hands did not show well in the pockets of his pants.

Obviously, Amanda did not share our enthusiasm for the Italian. She had not appreciated his references to his sexuality. An unknown had not the right to throw you that kind of remark to the figure and in the presence of others, yet. In his eyes narrowed, marine blue ocean had swallowed the black chasms.

Moreover, Amandine was always the only female representative in our group. She was accustomed to this exclusivity. Stefania now represented a more dangerous competitor that she had taken the first wall of death. And that's in addition Raoul, cold Raoul let himself be seduced!

We left satiated, the Thai restaurant Mr. Lambert to get us in our penthouse we were more Al'Aise to talk. I asked Stefania show us how she went about meditating.

She sat cross-legged, the spine straight. His eyes closed and ten minutes in, she stood there, motionless, without the slightest movement. Finally she opened her eyes.

- There! if she laughed. I interrupted the tumultuous flow of my thoughts and I let myself be sucked into a vacuum column. I no longer had to let me wear off through the window.

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- How did you feel?

- It is not defined, it feels. It is as if you asked me what is the taste of salt. I would be embarrassed to describe it to someone who does not know the sweet. What words to use to define it? It should taste salt to find out what it is. We must meditate to learn what meditation.

The answer was vague to say the least.

- But practically? I insisted.

- You have seen me do. Adopt a position and hold me. To concentrate on one image and nothing else. You can start by thinking only lead you to a candle flame. She waltz behind your closed eyelids until you souffliez to turn it off and leave.

- And go where?

- To heaven. The continent of the dead. The problem, of course, is to accept the idea of dying. You hesitate to abandon your wife, your children, your friends. You think you need, what a mistake and what pride! Such a state of mind makes it unsuitable for meditation because meditation is not to make a death. Now it must naturally accept death as it may be that there is more interesting in life.

Raoul's eyes sparkled.

- I do not understand a word of what you say, Amanda muttered sullenly.

Again, the infectious laughter of the Italian.

- Actually, it would be best to show you how we, Tibetan Buddhists, have learned to die. For us, and for millennia, death is a science and not a fatality. I'll take you tomorrow in Tibetan temple of Paris for a practical session.

Fortunately we have our local branch almost everywhere!

125-CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY

"Just as the mind, fell under the bondage of the flesh deserves to be called carnal, so the body rightly deserves to be told when spiritual perfectly obeys the spirit."

Jerome, Commentary on Isaiah.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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-Always 126 STEFANIA

A wake was held at the Tibetan temple in Paris. Among creamy swirls of incense, large obese statues mischievous look we watched, Stefania, Raoul, Amandine and me. I understand how that faith had seduced our Italian: the Buddhist religion worshiped in Bulk laughing.

I learned later that I was indulged in too simplistic reasoning. These Buddhas were Chinese and not Tibetan Buddhas Buddhas. Tibetan Buddhas are much leaner and more serious. This must be a mistake of the Ministry of Religious Affairs, but as the Tibetans were not home, they had not dared to challenge and had gradually accustomed to living among Chinese Buddhas. The Buddhas of their terrifying invaders. Their persecutors. Of those who had destroyed their people. Bald men in rough skull like rubbed with sandpaper, saluted us without knowing us. They were draped in saffron robes and were spinning cylinders woodcuts. They

chanted texts which I did not perceive the meaning.
Then they gathered around a recumbent. Stefania suggested we join them.
A lama began to recite a poem that Italian polyglot we translated
simultaneously.

"O son, our son, what we call death is now upon us!
You leave this world but you are not alone in this case, death comes to all.
Does not remain attached to this life by weakness.
And even if by weakness thou there remained attached, you're not willing power
to remain on earth. You would get nothing more than wandering in Samsara. So do
not be attached, does not show you weak. Remember the precious Trinity.
O noble son! Some fear or terror that can assault you in the Chonyid Bardo [?
The area after 1 Moch where you assaulted memories bubble], where you will meet
reality, remember these words retain their meaning and in thy heart: go forth.
In them lies the vital secret of Knowledge.
Alas, when the experience of reality will weigh on me every thought of fear,
terror, fear of appearances rejected, may I assume that any appearance is a
reflection of my own con-

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ciency, may I recognize them as appearances of Bardo.
When so essential to accomplish a great end, may I not to fear the troops of
peaceful and irritated deities are my own thoughts.
O noble son! If you do not recognize your own thoughts, despite meditations and
devotions which thou art delivered you here, if you have not heard this
teaching, the lights will captivate you, the sounds will fill you with fear, the
rays will terrify you.
If you ignore this absolute key to all the teachings, unable to recognize
sounds, lights and rays, you will wander in Samsara! "

Lyrics of Lama provided a perfect explanation for what had happened to Jean
Bresson and Stefania, spent the first comatic wall. He had fallen into the
Chonyid Bardo. She had learned dy escape.
A monk approached the dying man, and gave himself up to curious touching.
- He squeezes her carotid until they stop beating and sleep occurs, we clarified
Stefania. When the breath is removed from the central channel of traffic and it
can no longer borrow the side channels, he is forced to rise and exit through
the Brahma aperture.
- Clearly, this is now being murdered before our eyes! I exclaimed, terrified.
Amandine had a grimace of disgust.
Stefania looked at me gently. I suddenly thought that I, too, I had acted as
Lama. On behalf of the thanatonautique I had killed people for shipment in the
mainland of the dead. One hundred twenty-three human guinea pigs died by me
brought me to silence.
- What is the Brahma aperture? Raoul asked.
- The opening of Brahma is the door through which the soul leaves the body. In
fact, it is a point at the top of the skull, eight fingers of the hairline,
continued our guide.
Raoul noted the location of the "hole of Brahma" in his little notebook. All in
all, it was a port of departure for the Ultimate Continent.
Facing the dying, the lama conjured the first Bardo, the first

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world of death should happen soon. He described it as "the world of the truth
itself."
- It is now, in the interval between the judgment of the external breathing and
cessation of internal power, the breath rushes into the central channel, we
whispered Stefania. There is more awareness in this body. The more the subject
is healthy, the phase is long over. Fainting can last up to three and a half
days in a healthy man. It is for this reason that we bury any corpse nor dissect

until four days have elapsed since his death. However, if the death is overwhelmed with sins and that these subtle channels are impure, the moment will not last a second.

- What are those four days? I asked.

- A gradually recognize the light.

Tibetan Buddhism was decidedly answer to everything. For my part, I remembered with horror the stories of people who woke up, locked up in their coffin buried deep underground. They were buried too soon! Some clapped length on the walls, desperate before actually succumbing to lack of air. Others had the opportunity a passer or guardian and hear their appeals were considered miraculous. Some even demanded to be buried with a bell to signal their possible revival. And if we would wake in the middle of the furnace of a crematorium? It really was better to wait four days ...

Formerly, little differentiated the death of coma. That is why there were many buried alive. And today? I was well placed to know that sometimes doubts still existed. Heart failure, stop the brain, stopping the sense, what was the true sign of the complete changeover in death?

At the exit of the Tibetan temple, we walked to the Père-Lachaise cemetery to relax. Raoul and Stefania went before jokingly. Amandine and I were dragging behind.

- This way of Raoul tease, it's obscene! railed my pretty blonde. A married woman, and more! I do not know what her husband Labasa to Italy but he better watch his wife.

I had never seen so displeased Amandine. It was as if, for her, the conquest of the beyond had suddenly lost all its importance, as if that were not his only envy!

She was out with Felix. She was out with jeans. Now

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Raoul and she wanted me confided bluntly, to me who dreamed only of her and she did not see!

My love, however, was so strong that I tried to reassure her. - Do not worry, 'I said. Raoul has a head on his shoulders.

She put her arm through mine.

- You think he feels something for me or he sees me as a mere assistant?

Why must women always choose me as a confidant? And the women I desire, and more!

Obviously, I uttered the worst sentence

- I think that deep down, Raoul ... love you.

You have to be stupid like me to say such nonsense.

Immediately she was exhilarated.

- You really think so? she said in a perky air.

I plunged further. At the point where I was, it was hard to do worse. Yet I succeeded.

- I even persuaded. But ... do not you dare admit.

127 - ADVERTISING

"Sometimes life is a vale of tears. But I love it. Just yesterday, I found that the invoices in my mailbox. There was no interesting program on TV. My wife was looking for me time argument. Contractual PV had covered my car and a vandal had scratched bodywork with his keys. I almost throw a nervous breakdown, and then it happened to me. Because life, it n ' Not that this accumulation of villainy. Life is pleased to breathe a little air, landscapes to discover the infinite variety, meet all kinds of sympathetic and intelligent human. So I do the part of things. Life is still a quality product. I rebuke in every morning and I want more every night. Do as I do! Love life, life will reward you! "

This is a message of ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life.

I morfondais in my apartment thanatodrome the Buttes-Chaumont, so alone in my tiny old studio.

Stefania had momentarily returned to the Peninsula. Amandine, Raoul and I took advantage of his absence to check our equipment and allow it to her the best possible return booms.

Public meals had become a heavy test. Amandine glided regularly against everything Raoul and stared with more greed than his plate. Certainly, Raoul was still under the spell of the Italian thanatonautesse but day by day, catteries Amandine proved pay.

To my dismay, both were adamant to inform me constantly changing feelings. I was suffocating, seething with bitterness in my role as a man of trust.

- Did you see, 'said Raoul, I find Amandine dresses better.

- She's still dark ...

He was not listening.

- It becomes more and more beautiful, is not it

- I have always found sublime, I replied sadly.

That evening I learned that they both dined alone together.

They did not return to sleep thanatodrome. I was left alone. All alone in the sacred building.

I sat on the flight throne, and there, at the crossroads of all the energies of thanatodrome, I tried to put into practice the advice of Stefania. I wanted to achieve a transcendental meditation to leave my poor unfortunate skin type.

I closed my eyes, I tried to create a vacuum in me but only my closed eyelids, suave face Amandine seemed to me on a panoramic screen. She was an angelic beauty, she regarded me indulgently and his blond hair veiled her full lips.

Of what use was it to me to be famous and esteemed if I was not even able to possess the woman of my desires?

I was furious. Think Amandine easily slept with me except that like was too stupid. I opened my eyes. I imagined making love in a hotel ... "to avoid antagonizing poor Michael" ... I had a giggle. "Damn the thanatonautique" looked like Felix. What a shame that is Stefania

party alone could have prevented the couple from forming, while I ... actually I'd only help them commit the worst. Was it necessary that I be unconscious to help my best friend to go out with the woman of all my desires!

No, I knew it would happen, anyway, so I told myself that it would be done sooner, the sooner I would be set.

From where I was, in the chair, I could see where the gallows were hung vials boosters products. What good live? And if I, too, was trying to cross the second comatic wall? After all, I did not have much to fear from my past. At worst I would find Felix. I started to roll the sleeve of my shirt. For a moment I think I was trying to commit suicide for love, like a common pimply teenager ...

It was so stupid.

I pushed the needle into the large vein in my wrist throbbing like to try to avoid this event.

"Here, take this, large vein, it will teach you to not sending enough blood in my brain to find the words that could seduce Amanda."

I branchai all equipment. I take the little pear electrical switch.

Amandine admired Thanatonautes, she slept with Thanatonautes, she wanted to know what death by approaching Thanatonautes, it was necessary that I be thanatonaute for more interest to him.

To say that throughout this adventure, I had so little involved. I was probably like the Spanish sailors who saw them from boats and go back to America and were never parties themselves. Yet we can not know something by hearsay. You had to go there.

The pear electrical switch was sticky in the palm of my hand as she was drenched in sweat of anguish.

What was I doing?

The words of the Tibetan priest returned my ears like a childhood nursery rhyme. "O son, O Noble son, what we call death is now

here!

You leave this world, but you're not the only one in this case, death comes to all.

Does not remain attached to this life by weakness. "

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Do not stay attached to this life by weakness ... My karma was pretty bad during this existence. In my next life, I try to be a licensed flirty cracking all the girls. A lifetime to learn to control love, another to enjoy. Yeah, I'm dying shy, I shall be born playboy.

I looked once pear electrical switch. I swallowed, and without insurance, entamai the ritual countdown

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Deco ...

The room lit up.

- There he is, Mom! cried Conrad. What are you doing in that chair? You've looked everywhere.

- Leave your brother alone, said my mother. It certainly check his stuff. Do not mind us, Michael, continues. We just wanted to do with you an overview of the economic activity of the store. But that can wait.

Conrad was fiddling with all the buttons potentiometers. Usually, I could not stand it touches everything and I énervais quickly. That night, I do not know why, Conrad, the detestable Conrad, suddenly appeared to me as the perfect example of the good guy.

Imperceptibly, my finger off the left switch.

- We would also have drawings of what there is after the second wall to prepare the new season of T-shirts! clarified my brother.

My mother went and put on my forehead a big wet kiss.

- And if you have not yet taken the time to eat - you always forget to feed you - there is the house of the pot-au-feu with àmoelle bones as you like. A dinner at the restaurant of strength, thou esquintes health. They only serve as remains and product last choice. It's not worth the kitchen of a mom!

Never had I felt so much affection for these two. Never had I been so glad to see them. Suddenly, I snatched the needle in my wrist. Blood beaded they did not notice.

I was no longer inhabited by only one anxiety: would there really enough hot marrow to spread it on a slice of fresh bread with lots of coarse salt? And a little pepper. Not too much, otherwise it would spoil the taste.

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129-CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY

"Then the angel showed me the river of life, clear as crystal, flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the middle of the square, on both sides of the river, there are trees Life that bear fruit twelve times, once a month, and their leaves healing of the nations. "

130 - STEFANIA IS

Apocalypse of Saint Jean, 22.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

Forget my personal problems. The days that followed, I tried to ignore my

individuality. No desire, no suffering. I knew that my desire for Amandine could very well turn into obsession. Obsession all the more dangerous that now she was out of reach.

Stefania came to Florence and I think that now that Raoul was interested in another, we should perhaps pooling our solitudes. Moreover, the Italian seemed to find me for his taste. It gave me great slaps on the back, giggling and called me his "stupido Michaeliese". A local compliment, no doubt.

The problem is that I wondered how. I have always been a draw flirty. I certainly had a dozen women to date but it was always they who had unscrambled to train in their beds and not the reverse. Plus, I was aware that Stefania was married, even though she never addressed this issue.

Curiously, Raoul and Amandine left nothing reflected their idyll. They will never be held by hand, do not exchange kisses stolen. Only a certain serenity in their behavior indicated they had momentarily found peace of the senses, one from the other.

Stefania noticed nothing. She continued to show even provocative with Raoul. Normal, a happily married man always exudes a kind of aura that makes it even more attractive to other women. Me, with my constant anxiety and my perpetual solitude, I could only repel.

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I left the job. I threw myself headlong. For our thanatonautesse, I dreamed of all exploits.

More I missed my relationship with love, the more I wanted to succeed him with death. Besides my recurring dream in white satin woman skeleton mask was made at that time even more present. I was perhaps not come to undress Amandine, but I intend to deflower the Grim Reaper.

Death, I'll know what there is behind your mask!

Death, prepare to be your last secret.

My spearhead would also be a woman: Stefania. Stefania, my ram défoncerait door black castle.

I still améliorai boosters, the flight throne, I added new touch sensors. Simultaneously, I was learning maps yogis chakras and acupuncture meridians. I tried to trace the shape of the vital body which spoke Tibetan books around the human figure. By dint of studying this envelope, I found myself in the same flush around me.

I studied a little physiological phenomena related to meditation. I always had this concern legitimize mysticism by science. According to some books, brain emitted different wavelengths depending on its activity. They could be captured by an ordinary electroencephalogram.

When you think "commonly" eg transmitting thirty àsoixante vibrations per second, this being called beta wave timing phase. More one is awake, the more focused, more vibrations are numerous.

When we close our eyes, we get immediately an issue of slower waves but sometimes higher amplitude. It hovers around twelve vibrations per second. Then is alpha.

In dreamless sleep phase you are in delta waves show. Between half and three vibrations per second.

I vérifiai on Stefania, my guinea pig. I dropped him sensors on temples, occipital, parietal and during the flight I spotted an alpha wave emission activity. This meant that the brain over its entire surface was in a peaceful sleep state.

But this discovery could not be exploited. Seeing Stefania alpha waves just informed us that it perfectly controlled his meditation.

During this period, our strengthened team worked wonders.

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Stefania divorced her distant husband and moved to Paris to work better with us. They found him in a third floor apartment next to mine.

Every morning, she took off the penthouse only making use of simple meditation

to recognize by far the places where this would lead to the same evening meditation, assisted this time a little chemistry. She was beautiful, luscious and concentrated among the green plants, near the piano. I watched from there and then I was talking to her at length before the Ultimate Continent maps. I added erasures coloriais areas, playing with words Terra incognita, as if he itched to get them back. Stefania effected in two weeks three incursions beyond the first wall and we were thus able to complete our map of the afterlife with some precision, although it was clear that the past bullessouvenirs Stefania were not universal and that 'in any case they could serve as a marker to another thanatonaute. Pending reliable results, we now renounced Atoute advertising. Anyway, since the terrifying revelations of Jean Bresson, most thanatodromes the world had closed and we did not have to fear their competition.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff.

Little off the evening. The young Italian was lying on the red chair lined with black metal. Her long wavy hair streaming down her blouse. She looked like a Renaissance painting by Titian.

I drank strong coffee. Stefania flights were becoming longer. For nearly four and thirty minutes, she was immersed in her coma-meditation.

- What are we doing? I asked Raoul, who had just entered the lab, closing his shirt.

He looked at the timer of the electric clock and saw that it had programmed to coma more thirty-eight minutes! He jumped.

- This is pure madness! She would never be able to wake up.

I did not notice me.

He turned the timer switch to recover from a blow to zero. Immediately, the electricity went off in small jerks increasingly supported as a pledged braking anti-lock systems.

- Home, Stefania, you went too far!

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We were worried. Yet all went well. The return is accomplished gradually. Stefania suddenly opened his eyes, blinked as if plucked from a dream. She looked at us, smiled and firmly announced

- I saw it.

- You saw what?

- I was at the bottom. And I saw. There is a second wall! Moch 2.

Our thanatonautesse caught his breath while Raoul seized the Ultimate Continent map.

- Tell, he said.

She spoke.

- At first, as usual, I ended up in a dark corridor where bubbles of light attacked me. In each bubble was a painful memory, things that I had incorrectly adjusted. If you want to know, I saw a little girl that I had stolen his briefcase, I saw my mother crying because I had bad grades, I saw a young man I had rejected and who committed suicide spite. I obviously seen when I was a turtle on its back and the day I learned of the death of the school's housekeeper.

"I stood up to all those bad memories and everyone I explained my actions. I had stolen the briefcase of the girl because my parents were not rich enough to buy me one, I ' had bad grades in school because my mother left me no time to work on my homework, she always asked me to do the dishes or sweep, the man I had pushed me while I was dragging 'was already taken by another young man I liked. I was not responsible for the death of the school's housekeeper.

"Around me I saw the other dead to fight against their memories without getting to be justified. While the memories gradually overwhelmed them, like white blood cells attacking a microbe. Those killed were beaten on the part of their victims, those who were negligent received slaps. Sloths were thrown into the mud. Angry were washed away by the waves. This show also reminded me strangely The Divine Comedy by Dante.

"Those who had sinned by avarice saw their eyes sewn. Those who sin by lust saw their burning flesh. The death is still terrible.

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"When I had overcome my demons and witnessed the battles of my neighbors, I continued in the dark corridor which now became purple all around me, evoked two masts.. Fear and darkness The walls had a powdery consistency and smell Earth has just been plowed.

According to her, the huge hall was reduced constantly but its diameter was still several hundreds (maybe thousands?) Of kilometers.

It was shaped like a bowl or funnel. People fought with their memories on steep ledges. It was like a "cylindrical cliff." The light continued to throb at the bottom of the bowl. But there was no up or down.

She took the card and Raoul bowed so that the tip of the funnel is directed towards the floor.

- The cone is not horizontal, but vertical, she certified that. The walls are reduced gradually as we descend the sandy ledges.

She scribbled

1. Takeoff.

2. Extinction of any sign of normal life.

3. Eat.

4. Output of the world.

5. Eighteen minutes flight in space.

6. Appearance of a large circle of light whirling on himself, first image of Ultimate Continent. Approximate diameter of thousands of kilometers in the clear zone. Limbo. Blue beach.

7. Approach along the light range. Arrival in the country 1.

I TERRITORY

- Location: coma over 18 minutes.

- Colour: blue. Turquoise blue gradually turning blue

purple.

- Sensations: irresistible attraction blue water. Fresh and pleasant area. Attractive light.

- To end: on Moch 1 (slightly smaller diameter).

TERRITORY 2

- Location: coma over 21 minutes.

- Color: black.

- Sensations: darkness, fear, earth. Cold zone and terrifying when,

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on ledges increasingly steep, the deceased confronts his fears and most painful memories. The light is always present but fear diverts attention.

- If concludes: Moch 2.

- Débouche perhaps on ... Land 3 (?).

Stefania gomma a line traced in another, pushed the words Terra incognita. Our new border named Moch 2. Now we could call the press. The announcement had an international impact.

The thanatonautesse Bresson explained that John had certainly been defeated by his past. Reporters who sought to join for questioning, he refused any access. In his confinement, the poor man would never know what really happened LAHAUT. He still had to overcome thanatophobie he had aroused. Search was his family of old friends. They told that Jean had indeed experienced a dreadful childhood in a boarding school run by a shady individual who abused students. To prove he had dominated his fears, jeans became first stunt then thanatonaute. He had done everything to forget his early years but the first comatic wall had sprung up to remind him and back into his hell.

The director of the boarding school was unmasked, arrested, and closed institution.

But the fear of death had not completely disappeared. We now knew that death was not a pure paradise or a total hell. It was "something else". The mystery persisted.

Forward. Straight, straight into the unknown!

Next goal: Moch 2.

131-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

When Adam appeared on earth, it was the first day, very surprised to see that the light was changing. When the sun declined and darkness invaded the sky, Adam thought everything was over. His life and the world were coming to an end. "Woe to me! Cried he. No doubt I sin that the world goes dark well. We now return to the original chaos. This is the death that Heaven condemns me." He stopped s powering and cried all night.

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When dawn came, he exclaimed: "So goes the world It turns off and on again!". So overjoyed to know that not everything was finished, he got up, prayed and made offerings to God.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

132 - DIY

As we progressed slowly, centimeter by centimeter, the Ultimate Continent, around the world the thanatodromes began to wake up. He even grew like mushrooms.

The issue again became fashionable. Once we knew that Stefania had the idea to combine the mystique of science, we build the temples and thanatodromes ACOTA after the prisoners after the stunt, emerges a new generation of Thanatonautes mainly composed of clerics and monks of all faiths.

Meanwhile, after the skeptics and enthusiasts, we had to face the laity who felt this mixture of superstition and research as detonating. They nicknamed us the "conquistadores of faith" as we were leaving conquer a territory in the name of pre-established spiritual principles.

In fact, every priest who spent the first wall claimed to have seen the symbols of his religion. It was normal because in the dark territory, the thanatonaute was assailed by his own memories.

The Benedictine monks claimed to have discovered the origin of the halo of saints. According to them, it was a representation of ectoplasm initiating its exit from the top of the skull. The painters of the time and would have wanted to post the faculty of the Elect to décorporer.

The antireligious is carried away, claiming that it was all that advertising for the crown.

There was so much interest, both sacred and so taboo in. Amandine, Stefania, Raoul and I knew we were handling a bomb that could explode in our faces.

Already the "accident" of jeans should have been a warning to us.

But curiosity was always the strongest. We wanted both

know what was after 2 Moch.

Stefania we spoke to each flight. She had touched it

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famous second wall, but it did not feel able at this time to take the plunge. It still lacked something she could not define.

She was not the only one. If other Tibetan Buddhist and Taoist monks and whirling dervishes, Zoroastrians, Jehovah's witnesses, Trappist abbey of Mont-Louis, the Jesuits of Saint-Bertrand abbey passed without too much difficulty

the first wall comatic, none came to pass the second. We visited their various places of worship and learned many of their ceremonies. All religions had in fact retained in their memory takeoff techniques. What did it matter if their servants called the "eternal prayer" or "contact with the divine world."

133 -ASTROLOGIE

To change the fate of a man has to go through the twelve signs of the zodiac. According to some oriental traditions, it needs to incarnate at least twelve times in each of these signs or hundred forty-four times in all. This is a minimum. Thus he will tour all the ascendants of each sign and know all the personalities accessible during a human life. To deserve to become a pure spirit, it is essential to experience all forms of nature, all forms of existence.

But hundred forty-four reincarnations are not enough to most beings. The Buddha would have known five hundred before to understand the world and the vast majority of us are somewhere between one and two thousandths our human reincarnation.

Astrology ensures that the twelve zodiac signs are comparable to noon registered in face of a clock. The minute hand points to our sign, indicates the minute our ascendancy. Together, they determine the contract to perform at our present reincarnation.

What time are we of our lives "total"?

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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134 - Internationalization

Lucinder visited us and advised us not to gloat too fast. Many religious were booming. The Pope, as some fundamentalist communities, considered an evil eye the interference thanatonautique in monastic life.

When Raoul protested that we were there for nothing, the President replied that, after all, more than one hundred religious of all horizons had already passed from life to death in trying to continue our experiences. My friend said they should be more concerned scientists disembodiment conditions rather than only rely on their faith. Lucinder accepted the argument but we felt concerned about it.

Could it be that twenty-first century full he fears the power of the clergy? In our thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont us to work on our part to make them even safer takeoffs. Stefania had found that the flight was going better when she held her spine straight, back propped, plated chin on chest and shoulders exposed. We conçûmes accordingly a throne copy of Swedish seats imposing this ergonomic position.

We settled around the chair a glass bubble insulation noises of the outside world. Indeed, the number of accidents had occurred because someone had inadvertently disturbed thanatonaute in full flight. The silver cord surprised driver had broken before he could retract it. An untimely phone call, a door slammed shut with a simple draft, and it was sometimes the insured death! You do not mess with these things.

To promote even more the development, we set up a high quality polyphonic sound system so that the soul flies away pleasantly in his liturgical or sacred music. A great designer and a scientist collaborated electronics ELABORATION a really comfortable costume.

Now, the uniform of thanatonaute no longer a tracksuit or a tuxedo. It would look like a holding hommégrenouille. In Paris, we chose a white fabric.

The idea was very successful. Fashion dress made his entry into the various thanatodromes warming. The Nipponese

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opted for black, purple Americans, the British red. Press photographers were thrilled: finally, they had a strong visual.

It was logical that suit succeeds crest. Ours represented a phoenix through circles of flame tapering.

Each thanatodrome, religious and cultural specificities. The Africans were leaving in ceremonial costume among beats of drums. They had to patch elephants, leopards and parrots. Jamaicans prefer reggae and marijuana. The Russians liked the Orthodox chants and vodka. Peruvians chewed coca leaves and flew under the spell of panpipes. They had to shield the death mask of the Great Inca.

The world champions were the headlines. Each had his favorite. The paris were given free rein in the London bookmakers. Who would be the first to cross the second comatic wall? The Spaniard (bull head crest) was given against a àdouze against American (escutcheon with an eagle head). The testimonials on memories bubbles accumulated, all different, all exciting. Sales of Small Thanatonaute shown climbed steeply.

In their shop, my mother and my brother commercialisèrent of flight thrones made in Buttes-Chaumont and boosters (I had developed a placebo formula very well tolerated by the liver and kidneys) as well as combinations a-, ec electrical sensors. The money returned freely.

The thanatonaute did not just spread around the world, it also became more comfortable, more convenient, more accurate. With the chair protective glass bubble and the costume seemed beyond the reach of everyone.

135-CELTIC MYTHOLOGY

According to Celtic mythology, Thuata De Danann, tribes doomed Ala goddess Dana, ran World of northern islands to invade Ireland. They also fought the battle Formori the dieuxdémons blind and with only one member. They took refuge in the depths of lakes, sinkholes, wells. They lived in the

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nether world, a parallel universe they called If (peace) or Tir na nog (young Earth). Hereafter, they helped à'épanouir humans. A druid came to consult them, they gave the four magical talismans: the cauldron that fills dagda indefinitely those who taste them, the spear of Lug which kills even if it is just brush the enemy, the sword of Nuada making its holder invincible, and finally Fal stone which by its "art" confirms the royalty of whoever set foot.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

-Second 136 WALL comatic

Despite attempts which multiplied, Moch 2 remained inviolable. Sukumi Yuka, Zen monk, however, managed to touch and distinguished claimed to have something behind red lights he described "similar to geisha". Strange expression for a man devoted to spirituality! He declined to provide further details, merely repeating that he was anxious to leave to find them.

He did not have a chance to say more. His second flight was the last. He lay in a pool of semen, body tense like a loving embrace when his companions resolved to unplug.

The information was kept strictly secret. If people were to find in death the eternal sexual pleasure, thanatonaute even cause new carnage!

We watched the pioneer who, by a first return, we would yield a more accurate testimony. It was an Indian yogi, Rajiv Bintou. He described what had happened to him in a book that was soon to become an international bestseller, Closer to the end (of the New Continent editions).

As Felix formerly Rajiv Bintou fell into the trap of success. He could no longer concentrate on his spiritual faculties. To take off, he had to use hallucinogenic herbs and, in return, he no longer remembered anything.

Unfortunately, thanatodrome of Paris never had the opportunity to host Rajiv Bintou. In a final experiment, the team waited in vain more than forty-five minutes prior to resolve to accept the loss of his soul. They entrusted his mortal coil at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington where it is carefully preserved in formalin. We had to content ourselves with poetry that permeated his work to mark the area beyond Moch 2 erotic red color.
Extract Closer to the end

"O confusing world, stagnating after the second somatic Wall
The Pearl your enjoyment are like water lilies.
They announce the erection of the thanatonautique!
Each flight will be like a lover orgasm.
The conquest of the Dead will write the sequel of the Kama-sutra.
This book is only the first chapter of a universe of pleasure whose death promises a hundred volumes.
O confusing world of the beyond.
Thus, our souls end up in ecstasy.
It is only logical since we are born in pain. "

Three months later, the list of the dead grew longer. All religions were recruiting Thanatonautes monks and sacrificed them on the altar of the knowledge of the beyond. All made it a matter of pride. It was important to prove that his interpretation of the world was only truthful. All means were good to surround these takeoffs everything necessary to a religious ceremonial act.
What could he act be considered more religious, since it was precisely off approach the beyond?
They entered the "monumental mystical" phase with departures from the Sacre-Coeur in Paris or the Pyramid of Cheops in Egypt. And we, all we knew of the country after 2 Moch was that she was "red and full of pleasures."
Stefania could no longer wait to get there.
Many meditation, breath control exercises and heartbeat and finally, on 27 August at seventeen hours, through hard work and determination, she succeeded. With uncontrollable giggles while scarlet and throbbing, she awoke bathed in sweat in his chair.
- Wow! if she exclaimed, still exhilarated.
As Raoul bent down to better hear her story, she

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grabbed him by the neck and kissed him on the mouth. My friend let him do without much debate while a storm darkened the navy look Amandine.
- Come on, tell us, 'said Raoul, recovering himself with difficulty.
- Waw, waw, waw, she said, it was fabulous. After the second wall is sex, pleasure, enjoyment, is the big foot, the big foot, the great Roman orgy, fuck, that's great!
It was hard to understand. She spoke only by impressions. The word "absolute pleasure" was the one that came up most often. "Pleasure, enjoyment, ecstasy" and above all an almost obsessive desire to return to get laid.
We tried to ask him more.
She said it was like a thousand power orgasm. A feeling of fullness. Even with the drugs, even with its best lovers she had never, it seems, never felt such strength and diversity in a swoon.
I blush.
That night again, I dreamed of the woman in white satin with its skeleton mask. Death. She was putting the garter belt and promised myself not possible tricks. The pleasure beyond imagination.

137-STEFANIA If SENDS IN THE AIR

We were at the Thai restaurant and had great difficulty in preventing Stefania

always coaxing and talking too loud to contain his excitement. She exuded such an aura in addition to male sexuality all eyes were fixed on her. Those women, for that matter. Even Amandine could no longer remain indifferent to the discordant tones, the ecstatic Stefania words.

She spoke only of fun!

Pleasure! After all, what is our main motivation *icibas*? What are we looking for in this life? Why *travaillonsnous*, do we care to others, what makes us run? Pleasure!

It took several plates of basmati rice to calm the Italian and, back in our penthouse, she finds a scientific attitude and agrees to look into our map.

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So after 2 Moch? Well, about "coma more twenty-four minutes," ectoplasm was flooded with pleasant sensations. After the blue area and the black area, the red zone. The Pleasure. Doped, the thanatonaute accelerates its flight towards the light. The walls of the tunnel are red soft as velvet. The soul has the impression of having returned to the mother's womb and be prepared to be reborn. Wonderful!

And suddenly, the most secret fantasies came true. The men had dreamed Stefania without being able to seduce were there, holding out his arms and multiplying immodest proposals. She had engaged with them in erotic games she had never even dared to imagine. But there was no other than sex. She had tasted with delight foods that had always attempted but had never allowed to touch.

She had discovered that she desires did not know. Women, even if it were occupied with the sweetest hugs. He had to cling to its strong Tibetan prayers to give up these delights and return to thanatodrome. She had to use all his will. She had thought that we were waiting to find out. But it was not the most important thing.

She had spotted a comatic new wall, Moch 3.

She took the card, *raya* "Débouche perhaps on Land 3 (?)" Then, stretching his tongue as an applied schoolgirl wrote instead

TERRITORY 3

- Location: coma over 24 minutes.
- Red color.
- Sensations: fun, light. Hot and humid area where it confronts his wildest fantasies. Zone as perverse as it reveals the most of our unexpressed desires. We must face them and invade leave, otherwise we remain stuck to the sticky wall. The light is always there, as to intimate us to continue our path.
- If concludes: Moch 3.

After this interlude, life in thanatodrome changed a bit. Revenue purple countries heightened senses, Stefania squarely fell on the head of Raoul. She also was not too upset him. From the first meeting, my friend did not hide his fascination with the voluptuous curves of the Italian.

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Unlike what happened with Amanda, he flashed his affair to light. I did not dare enter the washroom off for fear of disturbing the couple in his antics. Amandine was in disarray and of course, as always, she came to me seeking consolation and comfort. Abandoning the Thai restaurant where Mr. Lambert too we might fall on the two lovers embracing, she invited me one evening without warning. There were some eggs in my refrigerator. I improvised an omelet with scorched shallots. I am not a great cook and the omelette proved a bit overcooked but Amanda did not care.

- You, Michael, you're the only man who really understands me.

I hated this kind of sentence. Lowering his head, quietly took off a few pieces of egg shell I had left inadvertently fall into the dish.

I prepared two of my best plates on the kitchen table. Mechanically she sat

down.

I shared carefully omelette in half. Amanda stood there, staring without seeing his portion.

- You do not eat? I asked. It is however not so missed.

- I am convinced that it is delicious, it's not that. I'm not hungry, 'she sighed.

She took my hand and stared at me with a wet dog abandoned air.

- Poor Michael ... Since I have bored you with my heart stories ...

I looked at her, she was even more beautiful when she was sad. That evening, I had to listen through the menu while the story of his love affair with Raoul. As he was soft, like it was full of initiatives and attentive. She assured me that he was the man of her life and that she had never been in love. I replied that she should not worry, Stefania was only an adventure, he would eventually return to it.

I do not understand how a man could not be in love with this sweet doe with navy blue eyes. Even the plump and too bold Transalpine.

- You are so nice to me, Michael.

But there was nothing in his will that sounded resonate with mine. She considered me a friend, colleague or as a sexless. Maybe it was my desire that so exacerbated him

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repugnant. Perhaps she sensed my passion niagaresque and she feared the effects.

- You are so nice, Michael! Let me sleep with you tonight, I beg you. I am so afraid of finding myself alone in my cold sheets!

I turned green, I blush, I coughed.

- Okay, I stammered.

I put a cotton pajamas that I buttoned up to the neck. It retained its combination of silk. I felt to me a satiny skin, a slender body releasing foam scents and amber. I was in agony. No woman had ever aroused in me such an upheaval.

Trembling with suppressed emotion, I approached my hand from his shoulder and brushed his thin epidermis.

Amandine, blandly huddled in my sheets, was an emanation of promised delights.

My brain was in turmoil. A tenth additional motion and I would know what had been Stefania there. A strong explosion. This was to be my pituitary gland that sent me this impression of pain. My fingers still went through a few steps on this dangerous road.

She grabbed my hand and pushed with a sorry smile.

- Do not spoil a beautiful friendship, 'she whispered. You are my one and only friend, I do not want to lose you.

EDUCATION 138-YOGI

The human body consists of seven chakras that are all Energy.

First chakra: Located above the sexual organs, the coccyx and anus. In good condition, it provides vital energy.

Second Chakra: Located just below the navel. In good condition, it gives the power to act.

Third Chakra: Located at the bottom of the solar plexus. In good condition, it allows terrestrial and cosmic energies to irradiate the body.

Fourth Chakra: Located in the center of the solar plexus. In good condition, it can feel good about yourself.

Fifth Chakra: Located at the bottom allows excellent communication.

Sixth Chakra: Located between the eyebrows. In good condition, it can feel his inner energy and gives clairvoyance.

throat. In good condition,

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Seventh Chakra: Located

in the middle of the skull. In good condition, it can instantly perceive the essential things.

Hatha yoga precept of education.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

139 - STEFANIA OUTDOOR FUN

So many journalists demanded an interview with Stefania my mother organized a press conference in the room provided for this purpose at thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont. My progenitor took pleasure in flushing out all the representatives of erotic or pornographic magazines and drive them on the spot. "Miss more than our little Stefania make coverage pigs newspapers!" She muttered, furious.

In great diva, the thanatonautesse sat on the stage and surprised the congregation who was waiting for a good fifteen minutes by announcing that she would tell the pleasures met after the second wall only to those suitable for the heard. But she saw in front of her that journalists child mentality, unable to get rid of their taboos.

- First psychoanalysis good for all. Then we'll talk! she launched with its big devastating laugh, referring assistance and the entire planet in their hypocritical modesty.

There was a murmur of astonished protests. My mother was very upset to have disturbed so many people for nothing. Next time, no one would respond to his invitations and it was not good for business!

The discovery of an area dedicated to ecstasy however, was too important event to remain secret for long. Rumours soon began to run, particularly hot we lacked precise information.

Reactionary parties and conservative or fundamentalist movements we covered anathemas.

"Witches Lair" bomba is it on the door of our thanatodrome, before which constantly flocked embittered demonstrators holding banners like "Stop debauchery", "Close that brothel," or "Death is not a brothel".

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Stefania tried to shout at the protesters.

- I never said that death was a brothel! she launched a hostile cohort wielding fist. I merely stated that one of the areas of the Ultimate Continent was a fun place. But I do not know what is after the third wall. We still have so much to discover.

- Silence, accursed girl! yelled an old man very worthy decorations in his buttonhole.

He wanted to slap the Explorer. Raoul and I interposâmes us. The brawl degenerated into street battles. "We two against the fools," I whispered to encourage me, but I was bruised when the police decided to intervene.

The President gave us a new Lucinder visit.

- I warned you kids! Discretion, discretion and still yet to discretion. To live happily, live hidden. Apparently we disturb many people. The Pope sends bubbles against us and dignitaries of all faiths overflow me curses.

- All of piss and vinegar! exclaimed Stefania. They are afraid of the truth, they are afraid to learn what death really, what there is behind these walls. Imagine the head of the Pope if after it fell on a god who would proclaim in favor of abortion and the marriage of priests?

- Perhaps, Stefania, perhaps. But for now, remember that we have not yet met God and that the Vatican is an institution founded in 1377 while the thanatonautique possesses barely a few months experience.

The Italian rose, beautiful and generous, ready to face friends and opponents.

- Come, President, you're not going to even make me believe that you are willing to kowtow to a bunch of bigots!

- In politics, you have to make concessions and find compromises ...
- No concession, no compromise, cut Stefania. We are here to fight against ignorance and will continue our explorations. The man knows no limits. This is his first quality!
The president's eyes widened. It was the first time he faced Stefania Chichelli. He better understood the

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quality of our results. He had an indomitable will to regularly rub death and this little plump woman possessed. No, no public, moral or religious authority, never force it to retreat. He greeted her with respect.
The presidential speech was the sole result of making Stefania more voluble with journalists. Without further hesitation, she spoke bluntly delight she had known in this third area where all desires, all perversions materialize.
The demonstrations began again. The Holy See permitted the thanatonaute at all the servants of the Catholic Church, Apostolic and Roman under pain of excommunication. In a bull entitled "And mortis sacrum mysterium", the Pope officially decreed the death taboo. Any path of a living to the land of the dead prior to his death would henceforth considered a cardinal sin.
"Death to the heretics!" Chanted are we under balconies Vatican. "Croquons the apple of knowledge!" Answered our fans.
All this commotion was us equal, but President Lucinder, he does not take it lightly. The church still had a great influence in the country and he needed every possible vote for his future re-election.
"All the better if the death leads to orgasm, gave Stefania in Small illustrated Thanatonaute, and too bad if so many of piss and vinegar now consider a place of debauchery" Our friend did not beat around the bush. We were still not so sure of ourselves.
People are always afraid of what is new. A decline was irreversible phenomenon. We already had the chance to have got this far without hindrance.

140 HISTORY -Manuel

HOW TO DISPOSE OF OLD

In some cultures of ancient times, there were practices to get rid of too old, thus unfit to economic or social life. Among the Eskimos, they got rid of the old grandmother by bringing down the ice where it was

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eaten by bears. In general, she went herself when she felt too much in his company. In some Norman families, it was driving up the old scale and the last bars were sawn. They said the ritual phrase: "Come, granny, go up to the attic." In the attic ...

History textbook, Basic Course 2nd year.

141- LUCINDER AN IDEA

The next time Lucinder chooses to meet us on his land. Considering that, with him, we would be more malleable, he called us to the Elysee. In his desk, he was not alone. It also was a strict woman crossed legged.
The head of state explained that he would not go to war against religions.
- You are wrong to underestimate the old powers. Modernism can not be imposed in a cavalier. We have to deal with.
Stefania did not hear it that way.
- You do not know what I've seen, I do not see what we could call on.
Lucinder smirked.
- Certainly, we have not had the chance to land in the red country, but say, um, we are able to design what you felt it.

- Pretentious! Who can claim to understand the desires of a woman! Stefania cried.

Amandine could not contain a small pouffement.

Anyway, Lucinder did not get caught on the slope of provocation. He said it was useless to confront face religions. They were neither good nor bad, they were just trying to survive.

Raoul remembered that Darwin had made an international reputation precisely by attacking religions and that without this provocation, Darwinism could have emerged so quickly. Lamarck, who had not understood, disappeared into the dustbin of history.

Lucinder accepted the argument, but he did not budge much for its ambition to bring everyone together, reactionary and modern.

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- There is a way to reconcile the left wing and the right wing. We must bring in thanatonaughtique rationality. Respond to religion by science. It's now or never need to silence the skeptics, hence my idea of using Madame.

He introduced us the woman crossed jacket.

- Professor Rose Solal is an astrophysicist and astronomer explained Lucinder. For a long time she is working on a particular project, "Eden". Project "Eden", "Paradise" project, you see that your research show some similarities, especially as the goal of "Eden" is to find the exact location in space of ... Paradise.

Locate Paradise in space, the goal we hardly seemed conceivable. We of course had always spoken of a "continent of the Dead", but n-'était for us a view of the mind. We considered the hereafter as another dimension, a different reality which hosted the soul out of our body. A parallel universe of sorts. That was our assumption.

That this country can really exist in the starry sky above us was we never came to the idea. Certainly, many of the ancient peoples had been persuaded but so many rockets, shuttles, Sputnik and Apollo missions to the space we had proven that the sky was populated by galaxies and stars!

President Lucinder was decidedly unusual man, open to the boldest experiments. The next day, Rose Solal thanatodrome joined our team in the Buttes-Chaumont. We were now five to work there.

142 - CELESTE GEOGRAPHY

Genesis is the first text to provide a precise location in Paradise: the confluence of the sources of the Mesopotamian rivers Tigris and Euphrates. In 379, St. Basil made astronomical figure of precursor material by placing it beyond the stars of the firmament, in an older world than the visible universe. Dante, to be a poet, did not consider it unless the Paradise must be in a concrete place, namely in the "envelope" around which he stars. The German Jesuit Jeremiah Drexel (1581-1638) engages in complicated calculations

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say that the elected are going to exactly 161884 943 miles from Earth. Thomas Henri Martin (1813-1933) has a broad vision: Paradise, he says, is in all heavenly bodies.

Jermain Porter (1853-1933), director of the Observatory of Cincinnati (Ohio) and former theology student, looks into his astronomical telescopes location of Paradise. He is convinced that by dint of exploring the vault of heaven, scientists can not fail to discover the "heavenly Jerusalem".

The Reverend Thomas Hamilton (1842-1925), using the work of astronomers and Maedler Proctor, says that Paradise lies on the star Alcyone, the group of "Pleiades", five hundred light years from us. The French physicist Louis Figuier (1819-1863) had already placed what he called the "Palace of the Dead" in the sun.

Logic for his time, he assured: "It can not be located further, if not the elected would take too long to achieve."

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

143 - AMBUSH

I slept quietly in my third floor apartment of thanatodrome when suddenly something woke me. A rustle, a faint noise ... I sat in my bed, my senses suddenly alert.

Groping, I tried my glasses on my bedside table. They were not there. What a bore! I had to leave them on my desk! But if there was a burglar in the room, I had to get up to go get them and the perpetrator will surely leave me no time. It would have knocked me forward.

What to do? I pondered speed. The best defense is attack. The man was not to know that I was unable to distinguish.

- Go away! There is nothing here that could interest you! I cried in the dark. No answer. And if I saw nothing, I distinctly perceived a presence. A stranger was in my room.

- Get out! I repeated, searching for light.

I leapt out of my sheets. Fortunately, I wear pajamas, I said to myself, as if that mattered at such a time. I

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knew by heart instead of the switch. I lit strongly. There was nobody. Even blurry, I would have discerned a silhouette. But there, no doubt: the room was empty. Yet there was someone and someone hostile and more, I was sure.

It happened then something terrible. I received a blow in the chest. An uppercut snapped by anything, or else by the invisible man!

I finally find my glasses. Grabbed me, I put them quickly on my nose. Always nothing. This coup, had I dreamed At the end of a nightmare that I could not remember but who would wake me up?

Me shaking, I turned off and went back to bed still retaining my glasses. I lay down, brought him back the sheets on my shoulders and waited ...

It was at that moment that the thing really showed. A presence penetrated me, by introducing my toes and invading my body. Awful feeling! Any burglar would have been preferable to this ectoplasm that attacked me. And speaking!

- Stop touching forces beyond you!

I struggled but how to defend against a soul in ambush?

- Who are you? Who are you? I cried.

But I knew the nature of my enemy surely a religious anxious to force us to stop all thanatonautique experience.

I was struggling but he kept advancing. The ectoplasm was on my knees in my stomach, my intestines was feeling from within.

Thus, the forces mystics had decided to declare war on us. On our way. In their own way. Through meditation, through disembodiment, the ectoplasmic attack. We underestimated our opponents. How to defend against enemies who cross all the walls and even our flesh barriers? My body did not belong to me. He was haunted by a crazed fanatic enraged by our research on Paradise. If it was a priest, he would run away if I knelt and prayed to the Virgin Mary?

But kneel is unworthy of a fighter. Strange thing that came to my mind at this moment of horror, it was the memory of a shooting during the zen arc. To succeed his shot, we must visualize the target in his mind. Then one becomes the arc, the center of the target, the same arrow. And arrow has an appointment with the center of the target.

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I got up, adoptai the battle position and closed my eyes. Immediately, my opponent appeared to me. I was dealing with the ectoplasm of a small and puny

monk. If I raised his eyelids, he disappeared. If I was lowering, he was there before me, ready for a duel I did not know the rules. Regardless paradox of having to close their eyes to see better! It is the children who act to chase danger, not adults!

Eyes tightly closed, I fully visualisai my opponent and did shrink in my mind. Then I placed a transparent bow in my hands and adoptai the position of the shooter bandaging his weapon.

The ectoplasm stopped laughing.

We were two spirits in one body. Hers and mine. He also pulled out a crossbow and put me in plays. I drew. He pulled simultaneously. My arrow struck ectoplasm in the forehead. I flopped.

144-PERSIAN PHILOSOPHY

"I do not know if the one who created me
For me to heaven or to hell.
A cut, a teenager, a lute at the edge of a field,
I do so please leave you cash and your credit paradise.

Ignoring this material body is nothing,
The cycle of the heavens, the face of the earth are nothing.
Be careful in this fight between death and life,
We are committed to a blast and that breath is nothing.

Do not pursue happiness, life is the time for a sigh. H

Omar Khayyam (1050-1123), Rubai YAT.

Extralt thesis Death Unknown this, by Francis Razorbak.

145 -Sheet POLICE

Note to the services concerned

Stir among players thanatonautique movement. We would root out these experiences to their roots. The thanatonautique is a

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danger to us all. Have already indicated several times need to intervene. Asking permission to act.

Response to the relevant departments

Imperative to wait. Situation under control. Premature concern.

146 - LA COURSE CONTINUE

Black and silence.

I finally opened my eyes. Opaque light. A charming and graceful figure appeared in the halo. An angel, no doubt.

He leaned over me. The angel looked strangely like a woman but beautiful, like we never see on earth. She was blonde, with dark blue eyes.

Her perfume smelled apricot.

Around us, everything was now white and serene.

- Hey ... on ... and ... Je ... oh ... me.

Angels had to speak a language to them an angelic jargon to non-angels.

- Ué ... my ... tai ... ero ... I had.

She patiently repeated the chant and ran a soft and cool hand on my forehead smooth.

- You are my hero. I love you.

I looked around, somewhat dazed.

- Where am I? In Paradise?

- No. In the intensive care unit at St. Louis hospital.
The angel smiled, reassuring ... I recognized that face. I would have recognized among a thousand. Amandine. I jumped. Everything came back to me. I struggled against a fundamentalist ectoplasm.

- I was passed out?

- Yes, for three hours.

Amandine cala a cushion against my back so I could sit more comfortably. I never had seen so considerate to me.

Near her, Raoul, Stefania and astrophysicist watched my reactions. Raoul explained that Stefania was awakened by my cries. She had rushed into my apartment and she had witnessed the last moments of the duel.

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- It was like in Gunfight at the OK Corral, sighed the Italian. I have not even had time to intervene as you had already eliminated.

- He ... he ... died?

The famous Stefania laugh echoed through the room.

- The ectoplasm do not die like this. Your guy had to return post-haste his mortal coil. We bet that this curious already mentioned to his friends that the house is well defended.

Amandine kissed me.

- My love! To think that we were so often so close to each other and I never doubted me you were the best. You managed a disembodiment. Should I be blind not to appreciate what is within my reach. It took this terrible story that I realized that you are a warrior. A real!

She pressed herself against me and I felt the soft sweetness of her breasts against my arm. An avid tongue pushed his way between my lips.

The kiss left me obviously not indifferent. I had waited so long for this second ...

147-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

GILGOULIM: The Zohar, the "Book of Splendor", a reference work of Kabbalists, attributed to several causes reincarnations. (Gilgoulim literally means "transformations".) Among them: not having children, not getting married. Moreover, if someone gets married but died without having begotten, husband and wife go through a reincarnation before uniting again in two other lives. Because, for the Kabbalists, the union between a man and a woman embraces three dimensions, physical, emotional, spiritual, and is a crucial way to infinity. Jewish tradition considers that, in general, it is common for spouses are already known in other lives.

WOMEN WITHOUT CHILDREN: A man proved unable to generate says a text of Kabbalah. A wise man told him that in fact his wife was not really his wife. He had received property as he was not the owner. And as the soul of his wife

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was deeply masculine nature, it was normal she could give her offspring.

MARRIAGE: According to the Zohar, marriage is an important field of experience, essential to spiritual development. The spouses together to resolve conflicts harmful to their inner growth. At each, each one deserves.

RAISING A CHILD: Similarly, the experience of raising a child is considered an essential element of the Earth's existence. If one has not been able to properly raise a child for at least one of its lives, we continue to reincarnate until the complete success of this exercise.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

148 - FINALLY TOGETHER

The day after my fight, barely recovered from my bruises, Amandine invited me to dinner at her house, in her second-floor apartment. She had developed a romantic table, floral decoration and fragrant candles.

- Do you think, Michael, that some people are destined à vivre together? me she asked point blank.

I swallowed a mouthful of crooked toast Norwegian salmon and swallowed a glass of champagne.

- Yes, definitely.

She leaned toward me and our foreheads touched.

- Do not you think that in spite of many obstacles, those destined to meet always end up finding, because their fate is written somewhere in a great book?

I agreed again while my girlfriend was pursuing

- I am convinced that there, when Stefania crosses the last door, she discovers that grimoire containing the complete list of all past and future couples.

I pondered the proposal

- Is this really will be a good thing?

- Of course, we will lose more time in useless wanderings. Those destined to love is love immediately. More wedding complacency

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growth, more estimation errors, more deception, more divorces. Each key meet his single lock. I'm sure.

- Maybe.

An adorable pout enrolled on his face gilded by the candles.

- No, there's no maybe. Michael, our meeting is not a coincidence. Traditionally we would arrive at this moment. It was written.

I did not answer. I tried to create a diversion.

She sat on my lap and hugged me to her delicate arms. The time at which I had dreamed had finally arrived.

- You are shy, Michael, but I know cure you of your shyness, she whispered into my neck.

149 -JUSTES WEDDING

A week later, I married.

Everything went very fast. I had made my decision, as Raoul. In the beautiful gardens of the Elysee obligingly lent by President Lucinder we celebrated double wedding, attended by the who's who of politics and show business invited to the ceremony.

In his black tuxedo floating around her shoulders, Raoul was more than ever like a hawk about to pounce on its prey, Stefania in this case, little hen cackling on his arm, in a minidress which highlighted its even more advantageous forms.

I was very relaxed in my midnight blue tuxedo rental. The woman of my life wore a long dress with train.

Rose was radiant with happiness. Behind Amanda was trying to look good.

Everything had happened so fast!

- Congratulations, congratulations.

Rose and I, Raoul and Stefania, we shook countless hands. I had obviously chosen to witnesses Raoul and Amandine, my companions of the first hour. In addition, I had that right to Amandine.

It had taken her passionate statement that I realize the error of my love focusing, the blindness of my desire. The woman I needed was named Rose.

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150-JEWISH PHILOSOPHY

"The self is neither a particular point or an intersection of space. It is not

the same for all men. It is not identical in the same man at different stages of its development. In the early stages of life, the existence of the ego is reduced almost to the life of the body, while the highest levels of intelligence and spirit are manifested little, if unconsciously. Growing up, every human being, within its means, is becoming more and more aware of the transcendent essence of his soul.

This increase is to climb degree after degree wide life of the soul. We move from the animal soul to get to the living area that we all carry within us. "

Rose to the thirteen petals. Kabbalah of Judaism, Adin Steinsaltz.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francia Razorbak.

151- AS A SIZZLE

The finished party, wedding nights consumed, we resumed the flights. In great shape, Stefania succeeds immediately three takeoffs. I turned his instructions on a computer program that reshaping the Ultimate Continent. Thanks to him, we could examine all angles each plot of land of the dead. Everything looked a bit like a flared trumpet. Moch 1, 2 Moch, Moch 3, Terra incognita, the references showed the road already traveled.

In thanatodromes worldwide, teams were busy but ectoplasm who managed to overcome their memories mired in the red territory fun and often stayed there. On land, in their chairs, the deceased Thanatonautes affichaients of blissful smiles, so we began to consider that 3 Moch was in fact the sheer brink of death and that no one could ever cross and back. The Ultimate Continent retain its mystery, guarded by a halo of delight. We had so often called orgasm "little death" after all.

As always really critical turning point, Raoul us together at Père Lachaise.

- My friends, stop here probably our experiences. Even our most talented foreign competitors remain nailed to 3 Moch.

He looked up at the starlight as if waiting for a new idea to him from heaven falls.

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- But I do my best, protested Stefania. But when I come to the third wall, my umbilical cord is stretched so much that I feel that if I seek slam more.

- We need a new idea, repeated my friend.

Rose sank against me and whispered in my ear

- That may be a mistake, but I found one day a strange phenomenon.

What, dear?

I came to attend the launch of Stefania and I listened to the

radio.

- Yes, so what?

- As her heartbeat slowed, there was suddenly like a crackle in the speaker. There. By chance, that day, Rose had discovered the first detection system of the aura.

152 - POLICE SHEET

Name: Solal

Name: Rose

Hair: Black

Blue Eyes

Size: 1 m 70

Distinguishing features: None

Comments: A pioneer of thanatonautique movement. Astronomer and astrophysicist.

Wife and colleague Michael Pinson

Weakness: Scientist

153-Mesopotamian Mythology

K There is a plant like the spine
It grows deep water
His thorn prick your hands
As is the rose
If your hands tear this plant
You will find new life. "

The Epic of Gilgamesh.

Excerpt from The My thesis this unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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154 - EUREKA!

With the discovery of Rose, all our work was restarted. We started on a new path. We already knew that the brain waves emitted, for example alpha or beta, during the phases of sleep and near-sleep. It was therefore logical that a change in the brain's radio work intervenes at the time of disembodiment. The following takeoff Stefania was carried out near a transistor. We actually heard a faint slash, leaving the body was indeed accompanied by the emission of waves.

Raoul devised a system sensitive to high, low and medium frequencies, to identify on what wavelength precisely ectoplasm emitted. Stefania gave himself up to a short meditation, and again, sounds like a slash feulement. We examined this "trace" on the oscilloscope. This was a very low wavelength, the widely spaced peaks.

Raoul fiddled with multiple controllers. Surmounted line numbers appeared on the screen of the oscilloscope. He turned the numbers on a frequency table ... He left small gamma rays whose peaks are separated only one angstrom, went above the X-ray and ultraviolet rays beyond. He passed the spectrum of colors visible to the naked eye and with a crest of a millimeter waves a meter television, radio waves and came to the beach "brain waves". He still made some adjustments. - We're dealing with extra long wave spaced over a kilometer, he announced. This is a very low radio frequency of about 86 kilohertz.

We pushed cries of jubilation. We finally dispositions of scientific evidence, material, extracorporeal activity Thanatonautes. Nobody would now deny the reality of our experiences.

Informed Lucinder decided on the spot to grant us an extra budget that he took the black box of the Presidency.

Through instruments more and more sophisticated, we identified precisely the ectoplasmic footprint Stefania: 86.4 kilohertz. Raoul conceived a flight detector for the exact second the vital body will Stefania désolidariserait of his physical body.

Therefore, a question was necessary: where geographically situate

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Ultimate Continent? While traveling ectoplasm remaining detectable through a radio system, we must be able to follow its movements. So where was paradise? Where was this intangible continent which we drew the cards for so long ignoring its location?

At the top of thanatodrome, I installed a large satellite dish, rather a radio telescope, five meters in diameter. A beautiful daisy on our penthouse.

A new phase of our conquest of the continent of the dead was open to us. We entered the "astronomical phase".

Champagne!

155-TIBETAN MYTHOLOGIE

Vibration: Any issues, everything vibrates. The vibration varies according to gender.

Mineral: 5000 vibrations per second.

Plant: 10 000 vibrations per second.

Animal: 20 000 vibrations per second.

Human: 35,000 vibrations per second.

Soul: 49,000 vibrations per second.

At the time of death, the astral body separates from the physical body because it can withstand the lowering of vibrations of his carnal envelope.

: Ducation Bardo Thodol.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

156 - PARADISE IS WHERE ALREADY?

Stefania sat in the lotus position on the flight throne. She knew that today would be the radio telescope connected and, for the first time, we would try to follow the flight of his soul.

I still wonder how we could discern something moving at the speed of thought. Amandine regulated the physiological measurement devices. Raoul plugged his radio receiver system. As for Rose and I

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aviators deployed on a large table in terms of constellations surrounding the Earth.

To think that one of them was perhaps the Paradise ...

Was it a heretical act? Disclose the physical location of the afterlife, that that would infuriate religions. Ellles already balked Anous see touch their main customer base!

Stefania lowered eyelids, it was his way of closing the hatches before diving. His nostrils quivered more slowly.

When she felt that its concentration was sufficient to infuse the calm necessary for takeoff, she seized the pear switch boosters and mouth uttered softly - Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!

The trendy radio receiver to the frequency of 86.4 kHz emitted a sort of complaint. The sound of a "soul taking off!"

In the room, the nervousness was such that Rose squeezed my arm strongly. Death could be followed to the last trace. Raoul had not wanted to invite the press, but he verified the proper operation of the camera. We would have at least a film of the first take-off monitoring.

We waited. Stefania was traveling at the speed of thought but the radio waves do not travel that fast. The more she pulled away, the more we perceive delayed. After eight minutes, we obtained an accurate emission allowing a good location in space.

It was now up to me. I approached the radio telescope control screen. Well we could win them the signal of the soul of Stefania. I settled several knobs to locate its distance, its direction, its speed of progression. Beside me, Rose was engaged in its own observations.

- That's it. I also have the signal.

She grabbed two plastic rules and crossed into the area where she had spotted the issue, placing it in relation to the polar axis.

- Stefania sinks towards the Great Bear. She just passed Saturn. It goes so fast it must cross meteorites.

She really traveling at the speed of thought. Hundred times faster than the speed of light!

- Where is she now?

Eyes glued to the screen, saw Raoul

- Looks like she left the solar system.

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Rose was even more precise

- It doubled Uranus. It ...

- What's happening?

- It goes so fast!

- Where is she?

- She just got out of our solar system. Its signal reaches us very late time now.

- She left our galaxy?

- No. Rather, it seems even darker toward the center of the Milky Way.

- The center of the Milky Way? But what does it mean?

Rose explained to us by tracing a spiral design.

- Our galaxy is made of a mass of two spiral arms with a diameter of one hundred thousand light-years. There is everything in there: planets, gas, satellites, meteors. Our galaxy has one hundred billion stars. His soul might want to visit a particular ...

- What can she find it?

- Paradise, Hell ... After all, the solar system is located at the outer periphery of a spiral arm of our galaxy.

We were all listening to the instruments. The slightest trace of crackling was a fabulous journey of our friend.

- Where is she now? Raoul worried.

- She always took it towards the center of our galaxy.

- That is to say?

Rose resumed its rules, crossed several lines.

- She heads the constellation Sagittarius. Specifically, to the west of this set.

Paradise would be in the constellation Sagittarius?

I helped Rose in its calculations.

- That way. She dubbed this star. She keeps going.

- It is far?

- Somewhat, yes. In at least fifty billion kilometers. Next to the soul of Stefania, our rockets and space shuttles our really hang like snails.

- Where is she now?

- She goes to ... To where?

Rose looked at the screen where all sorts of figures marching for several minutes.

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- She disappeared. The signal disappeared.

- What do you mean? Raoul panicked.

- There is no longer issued.

In anguish, Rose dropped its rules that fell on the floor with a thud, confusing in that silence. Amandine, the nurse who kept calm in the most crucial moments, very professionally checked the physiological state of Stefania.

- She's still alive, 'she whispered.

- How is it possible that the signal is cleared? I thought that if long waves were moving very quickly and without limits in the universe, I say.

- It's incomprehensible, recognized Rose.

157 - DISTURBING

The body of Stefania did not move and we did not know where his soul was now.

- What are we doing? We try to wake her?

Rose checked all devices.

- Wait ... There is perhaps an explanation for the disappearance of the signal.

Rose actionna its rules and took his computer as its operations become complicated. She smiled.

- It seems to me that ...

Flourishing more, she rushed on the screen.

- Yes, everything matches. That's perfect.

- What did you find? I asked.

I had never seen Rose so excited.

- Stefania has not stopped broadcasting.

- It is a star?

- Not really.

- A planet?

- No more.

- A supernova, a star cluster?

- Nothing like that.

She pointed to the Ultimate Continent map. We watched all this multicolored funnel narrowed. Together we seized them what she indicated

- A black hole!

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Rose nodded.

That explained everything. It was easy now to understand why radio signals had disappeared. Black holes are gigantic vacuum cleaners that swallow everything that comes within their reach: matter, light, waves ... And even the souls, we know now!

- A black hole ...

Raoul also seemed plagued him thousands of questions. He expressed a.

- There are dozens of black holes already listed. Why, at the time of death, the souls are they heading towards it rather than to some other

- This black hole is not any black hole. It is located à l'exact location of the center of our galaxy, explained Rose.

158 -Manual HISTORY

In 1932, that is to say in the early twentieth century astrophysicist Jan Oort studied mass of the universe. To do this, he observed the speed of removal of the stars in the Milky Way disk formed by our galaxy. He thus inferred gravity propelling then the overall mass. What was his surprise to see that the Milky Way was not even constituted to visible matter in half!

It was therefore in the sky something very "heavy", with as heavy as all the visible stars and we could neither detect nor see. This strangeness, he called it "ghost matter".

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

159-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

"The center from which the Origin produces the most secret light. It is a purity, diaphaneity, a delicacy that can not understand. When it spreads, it becomes a bright spot palace that wraps the center. He too is translucent. This palace, unseen source point, is less transparent than the point

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original. But this palace spreads the original light of the universe. And from there, layer upon layer, each form the garment of the previous one, as the membrane of the brain. "

Zohar, The Book of Splendors.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

160 - PATIENCE

Was God lurking in the depths of a black hole? The beyond-he was not a black

hole? I examined one day a photograph of a black hole in a scientific magazine. It was a bright orange ring with, at its center, a small spot of a less bright orange. The image reminded me of Raoul riddle: how to draw a circle and its center without lifting his pencil. I knew now that this was not a simple mind game.

A circle and its center! Could this be the representation of God, the same figure of death?

Stefania learned, stunned, on his return, she went through a third of the diameter of our galaxy to rush into a black hole, placed exactly in the center. Raoul drew a map to locate it. This was not difficult for him. It was enough to draw with a compass the circle formed by the two arms of our Milky Way and then place a point in the middle. Rose however helped. Its astronomer know complemented our own knowledge of medicine, biology and mystical of all backgrounds.

She told us that black holes are considered the final stage of a dead star and with extraordinary densities.

The pressure is such that the Earth if it were drawn, would be compressed to be transformed into a ball of a cubic centimeter the same weight as our entire planet!

- The power of black holes is staggering, said Rose. Nothing can escape, neither matter nor radiation. In addition, they are very difficult to spot. We fail to see that when the star is swallow. At that time, it emits radiation X that allows to deduce the location of the black hole, stars whose cemetery that is the cry of agony.

Or a source of X-rays had been noticed in the center of our galaxy. Astrophysicists had named Sagittarius A

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where is. They had calculated that the black hole was a monster with a mass five million times that of the Sun and its diameter estimated at seven hundred million kilometers (2.5 light-hours or four times a diameter smaller than that of our solar system).

Sagittarius A West! This was perhaps the scientific name of the continent from the dead!

This corner of the universe was little known, although it was the central hub. We divulgâmes information, without realizing the emotion that would cause worldwide. Our previous experiments should have served as a warning but Raoul felt that we had vis-à-vis science homework and too bad for the risks we encourions.

A Akademgorodok in Siberia, a team of Russian cosmonauts turned a space shuttle to try to visit our noirParadis hole. How foolish, because if the soul of a thanatonaute could spin faster than light, it was far from the case of a spacecraft even more advanced! The sky pirates would need a minimum of five hundred years, if only to get out of the solar system and at least a thousand years to reach the nearest black hole! And even if, by unknown means of survival until they have managed to become millennia, they immediately disappear, swallowed, never sprayed into the vortex of the black hole.

At the moment, the Russians still roam, occasionally sending location signals that captures the small receiver, installed on the roof of Death Museum of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

And if they were the only ones and send in the air without further reflection! In the one month after our discovery of Ultimate Continent, more than one hundred fifty amateur Thanatonautes, eager to reach Paradise, disappeared without return.

More seriously, despite all prohibitions and all anathemas, clerics of all faiths over again departed to assault Moch 3. They had the advantage of having in Flight Technical already included in their religious practice and operated rigorously, fully utilizing all revenues from their mythology. Everything was good to finally break their third comatic wall.

Consolation again, the family shop at the bottom of our thanatodrome, not always full. Rose became our

Chief Astronomer. They were his autographs that were most sought this.

161- HISTORY MANUAL

Long men have ignored what was in the very center of their galaxy. They knew that the universe revolved around them at the speed of 250 million years per turn, but they did not know about what.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

162 - 4 PIGS

To general astonishment, under the direction of Freddy Meyer rabbi, the team of liberal yeshiva in Strasbourg passes, the first, the third comatic wall. Thanatonautes Jews had had a brilliant idea: to work either alone, but in groups. The Rabbi Meyer had indeed found that most explorers deaths were caused by the stretching of their umbilical cord, thin, well before slamming approach Moch 3. Question what is stronger than a single thread? Answer: three braided son. Accordingly, it had only to go up in tying together several ectoplasmic cords. Method: In a first round of three greenhouse rabbis and protects the umbilical cord of two others who, themselves, protect that of their leader, Meyer, who can thus advance on the mainland of the dead without breaking. Meyer's reasoning was pragmatic: six welded elastic are firmer one. So it would be the case with the umbilical cord. Obviously there was a risk: a single failure and the entire cake would collapse! The Strasbourg had however succeeded. Live on US TV, the Rabbi Meyer announced that beyond Moch 3 stretched a vast plain. At infinity, the deceased moved slowly in single file in it knew what expectation.

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- If my father were still there doing the tail? cried Raoul. Therefore, he lost all composure. He wanted to meet as soon thanatonaute the rabbi and his followers. The Strasbourg willingly consented to visit us in our thanatodrome of ButtesChaumont. Meyer rabbi, bald little man, sporting a pair of thick black glasses that gave him strange looks. Surprise behind glasses, his eyes were closed. As he was slumped in an armchair in the penthouse, at first I thought he was sleeping but when he began to speak, always closed eyelids, I understood that this pioneer of infinity was blind. Blind! - It does not hinder your thanatonaute? - A ectoplasm need not eyes. He smiled, his face turned towards me. All he had to hear my voice to know exactly where I was. He grabbed my hand and I realized that by this contact, he learned everything about me. He saw my personality through my palm heat, wetness of my sweat, the lines on my skin, the shape of my fingers. - You do not have a white cane, I noticed. - Not. I may be blind but I am not lame. His disciples giggled. Obviously, they loved their master and his jokes. Me, the humor made me ill at ease. People struck blind are supposed to be sad and overwhelmed and not laughing and pranksters. In addition, this was a religious scholar and a scholar, so a serious man par excellence. Suspicious, Raoul made his long hands hovering a few centimeters from his glasses. Meyer protested impassively - Stop waving your fingers. You cause an air current and it may catch cold. - You will not really see anything?

- No, but I'm not complaining. I might be deaf. That's got to be a pain.
His students were ecstatic. He continued, more seriously
- You know, we find more interesting information in the sounds into images.
Before being blind rabbi, I was choreographer and has always, I enjoyed playing
the piano. It's a Bach fugue that gave me the idea to weave the umbilical cords.

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The rabbi walked unaided to the piano, pulled the stool and sat down. Almost
mathematical music resounded under the canopy, enchanting green plants in our
tropical setting.

- Listen to this passage. You receive both voice?

I closed my eyes to hear better. Indeed, so focused, I discerned two voices
overlapped. Meyer commented

- Bach was a genius of the braid. By mixing two voices, it gives the illusion of
creating a third that does not exist and yet is richer than the sum of the
previous two. This technique applies to all, for music, for writing, for
painting and whatnot? Keep your eyes closed.

I thought of the discovery that allowed me to put the defeat moineectoplasme.
The eyes sometimes prevent seeing. By forcing myself to the darkness, I
understood better what the rabbi. He fingered notes. Two voices coexisted but
the air we heard was like no. For me, music had hitherto constituted a
background, sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant, of existence. To seize
suddenly as a pure science was an upheaval. I had never done that hearing, I
learned àécouter.

Freddy Meyer laughed without stop playing.

- Excuse me, when I'm happy I can not help but laugh.

Amandine placed a Bloody Mary on the piano. The rabbi paused to drink. We all
considerions with the same look ecstatic that his followers. Then he told us his
journey.

Moch past 3 stretched a vast and crowded area. In an immense cylindrical plain,
crammed with cut ectoplasm cords. There were billions of dead waiting patiently
in an orange plain where they appeared in transit. They were there like a long
river, moving slowly. They were flying over, they trudged. It was easy to fly
over. In the center of the river, the deceased huddled in clusters wiry. They
moved a little faster at the periphery, coming together to discuss their
previous life. Scholars disputed the primacy of their inventions. Actresses
bickered about the quality of their interpretations. Writers critics unkindly
their respective works. But most of the dead were content to move slowly. Some
appeared there for an eternity. Of course, as in all

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crowds, there were people to look to double everyone jostling!

Well, after the third comatic wall, there was this gigantic tail. Perhaps the
dead were they subjected to a test of time? Maybe did they teach them patience?
Their movements were slow. They stood there doing nothing, just waiting.

- The test of time ... It is perhaps this hell, I say.

- Yes, but in any case, not for us. Not for Thanatonautes. We, we are able to
fly over the myriads of dead that clutter the orange cylinder. Besides, the
country is quite nice, a bit similar to what I was told photos taken of Mars.
There there, around the central river of the dead, the banks, hillsides and off
a light as a wonderful sun. A so attractive sun and towards which flows the
stream of the dead ... Yet I did not venture too far in the fourth territory. I
was afraid of me stuck in time while my friends rabbis, the poor, waiting for me
in the hallway ... Red pleasures.

Raoul Razorbak wrote down as and measures about Freddy Meyer

- Tell us more precisely this area, I beg you, rabbi.

- The more we advance, the more the atmosphere warms. Over the cylinder walls
turn quickly. I felt like being locked in a mill idling, knowing that deep down
I would be crushed. This sensation of speed contrasts sharply with patience and
slowness demanded souls that are there. That these walls would spin so quickly

rather the urge to run and to move as quickly and yet it is impossible!
- This is due to the centrifugal force of the black hole, Rose pointed.
Amandine wondered

- Your ectoplasm actually collects the heat and speed?
- Yes, miss. We do not suffer but we feel them.

The rabbi lifted and rested the black cap on his head, displaying its perpetual baby air. He touched all the objects around him as a much rattles. He had felt, probably stronger than me, seductive note in the voice of Amanda but he did not take offense. This small Jewish smile, hilarious, such a big Buddha.

- You have not been impressed by the spectacle of all these deaths? asked the pretty blonde, very appreciative.

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- Oh, after the first few billion, it's like anything, you get used, he said soberly.

Raoul took the card. With satisfaction, he vanished for the push, the entry Terra incognita and noted the indications of Rabbi Meyer.

The red territory ends with 3 leading Moch

TERRITORY 4

- Location: coma plus 27 minutes.

- Orange color.

- Sensations: fight against time, waiting room, "sky" turning point, immense plain. Drafty area, windswept. Dead billion, advancing in single file into a vast river of gray (normal, it is formed from ectoplasm). It faces over time. We learn patience. You would meet with the famous dead.

- Rabbi, do you have "seen" the end of the corridor? inquired Amandine.

- Call me Freddy, please. And feel free àprononcer the verb "to see". As qu'ectoplasme I see perfectly. Out of his body, we do not suffer any disability. Finally, to answer your question, yes, I saw at the bottom, right before On several hundred meters, another wall. Moch 4?

- Was it narrower than 3 Moch asked Raoul.

- Barely. Moch 4 should be three quarters the diameter of 3 Moch.

Raoul noted.

- The curve of the funnel is therefore tangent. The more we advance, the more the trumpet becomes hose. One more question, Rabbi ...

- Call me, Freddy.

- Okay. Tell me, Freddy, would not you not seen in the queue a man of about forty, with a wick like this, glasses, a quickdraw like mine and his hands still in his pockets?

For once, Freddy did not laugh.

- Talk about a relative of yours?

- From my father, Raoul murmured, so low that we had barely àl'entendre. He died there nearly thirty years.

- Thirty years ... Freddy sighed. I think you do not have good

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understood my words. There were billions of dead in that queue. How could I consider them one by one? How could I distinguish your father among this immense flock?

- That's right, Raoul blushed. My question was stupid. But my father died so early and I was still so young ... He left, taking his mystery.

- And if that mystery was precisely your legacy? said the rabbi. By abandoning you in doubt, he left you the engine which resulted eventually all your endeavors.

- You really believe?

The Strasbourg giggled again.

- How to know? At times I tend to confuse a little psychoanalysis and Cabal! The

two are often linked. You are surely more than I stalled it.

Raoul sighed

- I have so much to ask him ... It was he who first took the idea of thanatonautique.

The disciples broke the malaise that was introduced with claiming visit our thanatodrome. They examined our compliance with propulsion gear. They were content to meditation and a decoction of bitter roots. We showed them how to detect the precise moment of takeoff through our wave gamma receptor, how we programmions returns through an electric timer also making Security Office. They were passionate.

- With these devices, we will further improve our performance! exclaimed the old sage.

Another synergy. Our mutual talents would be added to exceed the sum. Two different ways of thinking. Two melodies that would unite to create new music.

163 - POLICE SHEET

Name: Meyer

First name: Freddy

White Hair

Blue Eyes

Size: 1 m 60

Distinguishing features: Rabbi, permanently wears a skullcap

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Comment: A pioneer of thanatonautique. Inventor of the technique of braided cords that allowed the crossing of Moch 3

Weakness: Blind

164 -CÉCITÉ AND CLAIROYANCE

We lodged six rabbis from the yeshiva in Strasbourg in the first floor apartments. On the ground floor, they exercised Ade new choreography to build more solidly cords to their next flights.

One after another, they took off from the chair of our thanatodrome. When they were familiar with our methods, we installed new starting thrones, and they resumed their collective flights.

Stefania often went with them, sometimes making the tip of the ectoplasmic pyramid. To see them take off and come back together, they all seemed to have fun up there. Freddy was still laughing when he awoke, as if he had to pay a good slice!

His gaiety disturbed me. Freddy was not only rabbi, but blind and old. Three reasons to exercise more outfit! And then I did not understand that one can thanatonauter jokingly. Death, it was still something scary.

I had always taken the death and love seriously. Both require gravity. Women swoon have always presented pain masks.

Once, after landing, I heard the rabbi tell a joke rather ribald. "They are two old people who remember a hotel where, after dinner, we are treated to a rather unusual spectacle. An artist released his sex and, using it as a mallet, break of a sudden three nuts. They come back a little later, the show goes on. The artist has aged but it is still there. This time he breaks not three but three normal nuts coconut. In the end, the two old will see the man in his dressing room and ask him why he made that exchange and meet the artist. "Ah! You know what it is, with age, the eyesight. "N

The others laughed. I was a little shocked.

The rabbi, despite its function, take death lightly, faced me. I said, made the remark.

- Someone, somewhere, has interpreted in May the divine word,

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said he. A somewhat deaf prophet realized "God is love" instead of "God is humor!" Everything is funny, including death. How could I accept my blindness without humor? We must laugh at everything and without restraint.

- This guy is a little weird, I say to Stefania.

She was not with me. The Tibetan meditation allowed him to better understand the Alsatian wise. Freddy had finished with its cycle of reincarnations. This would be his last life. It would then no longer a pure mind, free from all suffering. He therefore had nothing to prove. He was appeased now. In previous migrations of his soul, he had known love, art, science, compassion. Now it almost touched the absolute knowledge. It was his deep serenity emanated this contagious bonhomie. As for his jokes, though they shocked me was because I myself had banned the stuffed head.

It was true that around the rabbi floated like an aura of beneficial waves. If Stefania was right, I envied. I wish, too, have done with my life cycle.

Understand everything beyond appearances. Having a soul at peace. Alas, I was still young on this earth. I probably was only my hundredth or two hundredth incarnation. My karma was still thirsty for knowledge and conquest.

Fortunately Freddy did not begrudge her deliver us know! In the evening we were gathered around him in the penthouse and he told us seriously this time, stories of the Cabal and we taught the secret meaning of words and numbers.

- According to Kabbalah, we are all immortal, death is a stage of inner development which will determine the next phase of our existence. Death is only a threshold. It opens a door to another life. For us to be the most lucid and serene as possible! Fear, confusion, denial of death are the worst states we can know. More being is at peace, the more it is able to smoothly accomplish a successful transition to another world. It is written in the Zohar: "Blessed is he who dies clear consciousness Death is just the passage from one house to another if we are wise, we will do our next home a more beautiful home..." And Rabbi Elimelech of the Lizensk, always so cheerful, cried

"Why do not I would rejoice, knowing that I'm about to leave this world to enter the upper world of eternity?"

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Amandine ate it thanatonaute eyes which, among all, had advanced as far as possible in the Ultimate Continent. She was surprised that belief in reincarnation is part of the Jewish religion.

- It is a secret teaching, explained the little bald man shaking his cap. Moreover, few rabbis who share my ideas. I am a reformist, liberal and Kabbalist. In other words, I wreaking havoc on Judaism.

- Still, insisted Amandine, there is a procedure in your religion to die?

- Of course. The dying are instructed to close the doors of their senses, to focus on the psychic center of the heart and stabilize their breath. So it is written in the Zohar, the soul will take the highest of all paths.

The highest of all roads ... We fell silent, trying to imagine.

- You use meditation to take off. What is your technique? Stefania asked. Is your own or have you also taken from your teachings?

- Our method comes from the ancient times. We call the Tzimtzum. The prophet Ezekiel was already served, seven centuries before Christ. The Rabbi Aaron Roth then codified in the Treaty on the agitation of the soul, followed later by Maimonides and Rabbi Isaac Luria. Tzimtzum means "withdrawal". Tzimtzum to meditate so, you must become a moment as outside his body, watching from afar and observe everything that happens to him.

- How do you manage in practice?

- We focus on our breathing and specifically on the action of the air on our blood and the action of the blood on our body.

- Your method is not very different from mine commented Stefania, Tibetan Buddhist.

Freddy laughed heartily.

- Yes, but if it is resolutely modern, we can décorporer many other ways. Nothing beats a baked good or a lot of legs in the air!

Chill.

- Ah, Freddy! You can never stop joking, protested half Amandine.

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- No, he said very seriously. All acts of our lives are sacred acts: eat, drink, breathe, make love, as many ways to honor God and the life he has given us! Distinguishing expression in empty eyes behind the thick black glasses? A child's smile lit his face wrinkled when the rabbi recited aphorisms, he pointed out, he had learned from his spiritual master, Rabbi Nachman of Bratslav the - This is a great duty to always be in joy, away from all our strengths and bitter sadness. All diseases that rely on humans are caused degradation of joy. Celleci comes from a distortion of the "deep song" (nigun) and ten vital rhythms (Defiquim). When joy and singing go out, the disease takes hold of man. Joy is the greatest remedies. So we find in us only positive and we attach to it. Hair on the nose.

With that, he claimed to Amandine favorite drink, a Bloody Mary, swallowed in one gulp and said it was time for him and his followers to lie.

165 - Decorporation

Rose and I decided one evening we décorporer accordance with Freddy's teachings. After we contented light foods for dinner, we lay on the ground, even to the synthetic carpet. We concentrâmes us on our breathing and blood bathed our organization.

Always following the directions Freddy, if a cramp arose, we absorbed our pain before you forget and, whenever our mind wandered, we reduced the void in us thinking only control our breath.

We thus spent half an hour motionless on the floor, back compote before being taken together with laughter. Apparently, Jewish meditation, it was not our cup of tea.

Mutine Rose nibbled my ear

- Freddy also spoke about most enjoyable ways to get out of his body.

I stroked her long black hair

- I do not like both get drunk. Alcohol does not bring me happiness, nothing but a famous nausea and headache!

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- Still another technique, she said, stretching his aching limbs voluptuously before rushing into my arms.

Nimbly, we undressed each other.

- It is said that, to meditate well, we must get rid of everything that weighs us, reminded my wife.

- It is said that in order to meditate, we must feel the blood pounding in his temples. And I feel it, I replied, incorrigibly scientist.

- It is said that, to meditate well, it is important to lie down comfortably on a bed, Rose said, leading me towards our domestic soft layer.

Our bodies embraced each other and gradually united our minds to joy. Both our carnal envelopes stretched timidly out of our burning carcasses to merge over our heads during a few seconds of ecstasy.

166-PHILOSOPHY AUROVILLIENNE

"Evolution is not to become more holy or more intelligent or more happy. The Evolution of becoming more and more conscious. It takes a long time before they can handle the truth old lives. The more the psychic body grows, his memories become clear mental Two Lives.

Death is no longer the grinning mask that reminds us that we did not but found a quiet passage from one mode of experience to another. Until one day we will have grown enough to infuse enough consciousness in the body so that it makes our immortal spirit. "

Satprem, Sri Aurobindo or the Adventure of Consciousness.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

Raoul had drawn the galaxy by placing at its center a sort of sink trumpet mouth. The Ultimate Continent. What he had in there

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pleasant in this location is that it responded to the natural need of humans always had to know the center of the world. Successively, they believed that it was a city and a country, then the Earth and the sun. We now know that the system was only a trifle, on the outskirts of a huge galaxy, which was centered a vacuum shredder everything and even souls.

God he was staying there? Were there gods and carpet in the center of millions of galaxies that make up the universe? Just thinking about it made me dizzy.

What a headache!

President Lucinder came to inspect the new layout of our thanatodrome. We now dispositions of eight flight armchairs, for Stefania, others for Meyer and his followers.

Placing the National Assembly before the extent of our inroads into the Ultimate Continent, the head of state had managed to unlock a real war budget for thanatonautique. He would not have àjongler between black box and Veterans Affairs and we could acquire an astronomical radio antenna of a gigantic size. Thus, we could finally see many souls bound for the hereafter and not just the ectoplasm of our companions.

Curious, Lucinder then asked to attend a grouped flight. Freddy drew to his face that his band would perform there. The President remarked that she looked like a round of paratroopers standing by the leg. Freddy assented, but said he had to take care to weave more umbilical cords.

- You should come with us, President.

- Thank you, answered our protector. I have been here once but I think is more useful to the cause of thanatonautique being head of state rather qu'ectoplasme. The team sat in protective bubbles. All in lotus position and dressed in their white uniforms, they

nants.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!

Eight slash crackled one after the other in the radio receiver. Stefania was the first part. Normal, she would be up there at the top of the scaffolding.

I déclenchai my stopwatch, placed relief timers on "coma over fifty minutes,"

then, thanks to our satellite dish, we followed the path of our souls commando.

There was almost an hour to wait. On playful, Lucinder proposed a game of cards. We sat around a

were quite impressive

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pedestal for a gin rummy, while eyeing from time to time to control screens.

Raoul was the first to spring from his chair, knocking almost.

- A rabbi is dead! if he exclaimed.

- What! What? Lucinder took fright.

I discovered with panic as the electrocardiogram and electroencephalogram of a member of the yeshiva in Strasbourg were flat.

- It had to happen a disaster, there!

- They would have passed the fourth wall to fall into a hellish world?

I shook my head.

- Impossible. It is only "coma more twenty-seven minutes." They are still in the second area, the Black Country.

I rushed out of all control instruments. All fleshly bodies were nervous. What a tragedy—they knew, there? Amandine felt the pulse of the seven survivors. She shuddered. A second rabbi had left us!

- I do not understand, she said, wringing her hands. They have already passed through this area many times without problems. They were soon to weave their cords ...

In the laboratory, the atmosphere was not full of anxiety. Raoul was riveted to the pulse of Stefania. I concentrated on radio receivers. It was weird. There were plenty of signals and they did not correspond to those of all our friends. Were we confronted Ades parasitic souls, pirates souls? Some higher authority could she decided to cut the "road beyond"?

We would check these assertions later. For now, it was urgent to limit the carnage and bring our friends as fast before they all pass away.

Together We hurried to trigger the timers. Six furious Thanatonautes successively opened their eyes. All trembled with anger. Stefania seemed even mimic a struggle.

- What has happened? What has happened?

Hardly, she uttered a name

- The Hashishins!

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168 -History HASCHISCHINE

There once were men who thought they had found paradise on earth: the Hashishins.

Are known under the name "Hashishins" Ismaili followers of the reform of Hasan i-Sabbah. They were so named because they ate a lot of hashish before embarking on suicide bombers. Their fame is such that they are at the origin of the French word "assassin".

The sect originated from a branch of Shiite Islam. Its members declared themselves supporters of Muhammad's nephew, who, being a descendant of the Prophet by women, was not recognized by all Muslims.

Reportedly the Venetian traveler Marco Polo (1323) and many Persian historians, Hashishins lived in the fortress of Alamut, at 1800 meters above sea level in the Mazenderan, south of the Caspian Sea. Confined to their mountains and does not have the resources to engage in conventional warfare, they imagined to send commandos of six men (fidawis) charged with stabbing enemy leaders, usually while they were engaged in their devotions in mosques.

The master of the assassins was sacred "Old Man of the Mountain." The first of these was obviously Hasan i-Sabbah, the founder of the sect.

Those appointed to commit the murders were anesthetized with hashish introduced in their food as a paste mixed with rose jam. The Old Man of the Mountain spoke to them at length and men slept because hashish is a soporific drug and not exciting. Sleepy, they were transported to a secret garden, deep in the fortress of Alamut. When they awoke, they would gather surrounded by young slaves, girls and boys, eager to make all their sexual desires. They had arrived in rags. They discovered in green silk dress embellished with gold and son, all around, it was paradise: vermeil tableware, sweet wines galore, roses with delicate perfumes, hashish at will. Drugs, sex, alcohol, luxury and pleasure! They were convinced of being in the gardens of Allah, especially since this place was a particularly rare oasis in an arid, mountainous region.

Then they were again anesthetized paste hashish, and then brought back to the starting point in their old castoffs. The

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Old Man of the Mountain declared their while, with his powers, they had had a chance to sneak taste Allah's Paradise. To them to return permanently dying warriors! The smile, the fidawis then went obediently murder viziers and sultans. Arrested, they walked to execution, the ecstatic face.

There was that priests haschischins high level (sixth degree) to know the secret

gardens of Allah false.

The sect was first occupied its own interests by promoting the message of Hasan i-Sabbah. Then the Old Man of the Mountain found that their fanatical henchmen could pay big dividends. They rented their services to the highest bidder. The assassins rushed to volunteer when their leader asked: "Which of you will rid me of this or that?" Thus perished, among others, the poet ACMA, daughter of Marwan, who had dared to speak ill of his allies of Medina, which immediately appealed to the mercenary arms haschischins.

The fortress of Alamut was conquered in 1253 by the great Mongol Hulagu Khan, the great Chinese general Mongkha khan. The assassins had beautiful claiming the support of sultans they had helped, they were careful not to intervene too happy to get rid of these dangerous troublemakers.

The massacred haschischins could verify that they had known that ersatz paradise. An artificial sacred world, made by men for Complacency.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

169-MERCENARY OF BEYOND

- We were attacked by pirates ectoplasm explained Stefania, still panting, shivering under his uniform heavy breasts. They were twenty, hidden behind the first somatic wall. Taking advantage of the surprise, they cut their teeth cords Lucien and Albert.

Freddy was surprised to discover that the world of ectoplasm has its own standards. In dreams, people can fight well and blood flow. Similarly, in the Ultimate Continent, ectoplasm similar can fight them and cut their umbilical cords land. He had just discovered but

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not know how to explain the phenomenon. Maybe it was enough to show hatred or aggression to cause violence? In any case, the two poor rabbis had been properly drawn into the light at the bottom of the funnel.

And how Stefania and Freddy could they so easily designate their attackers as "haschischins"? Transmission of thought between souls. Meyer had first believed in a battle organized by the Arabs. Reflex Manichean: Arabs against Jews, it would have been too simple. Those were the last descendants of haschischins, which saw in this attack against the rabbis a great way to wake up the holy war and self-designation as the spearhead of the conquering Islam. They would ensure that the skirmish know wide publicity in the Muslim world. Stefania était furious.

- They threw themselves on us. They grabbed us. They tried to break our cords pulling a sharp blow or by wrapping them on their ankle. The surprise past, we fought!

- And oddly, even! Freddy adds. We in turn dispatched ad patres three of these pirates. They now know that we do not let ourselves be "murder" without reacting.

The fight had taken place a little like a battle between underwater frogmen, except that instead of cutting the compressed air supply tube, it was to sabotage the silver cords. Around, the dead of the day to see effraient Thanatonautes kill each other!

President Lucinder, although it had decided to stop smoking for three days already, seized one of biddies cigarette Raoul.

- In the long term, he said, exhaling fragrant eucalyptus scrolls, it will declare the Ultimate Continent "demilitarized zone." Whoever penetrate charged with warlike intentions will be immediately expelled.

- By battalions UN ectoplasm? Stefania sneered.

- For now, we are powerless. Everyone has the right to get up there, including haschischins, and we are unable to control the ground. We can not start a conflict, even local, to protect an Ultimate Continent altogether belongs to everyone.

I had never thought about the diplomatic aspects

our exploration. Typically, pioneers planted the flag of their country on the territory they discovered. Thus were born the colonies. First came the explorers, then the pioneers, then commercial and finally administrators. By dint of territorial wars, we will at drawing new boundaries, sometimes drawn with a ruler as for many African countries. But we had scored in any areas that we had penetrated, so the Ultimate Continent was now the property of any nation. Obviously, the premiers AUZER of force to seize risked becoming the masters. Like the Wild West, it would be that the dégainerait faster!

Naive as I was, I had always imagined that men and women experienced in meditation and able to risk their lives on our flight seats could only be good people, animated by the sole concern of reducing the limits of knowledge. Gone are the adventure, finished the stunt of death, finished mystical dreamers! With the popularization of takeoffs, recurrence up there all the problems we had taken so long to solve icibas. In the hereafter, any sect, any horde of fanatics, any scoundrels band proved as powerful a State. Some haschischins representing only fifty brainless murderers were threatening to capture Paradise, simply because they were the first to have had the idea to take it by force!

How to counter?

The president seemed discouraged Lucinder

- Prudence, my friends. It is important to avoid any diplomatic or political incident with Lebanon, Iran and even Saudi Arabia.

Stefania indignant

- But neither Iran or Lebanon or Saudi Arabia would support haschischins. They are the enemies of all Arabs.

- Even other Shiites hate and despise them, adds a survivor rabbi.

- Go figure! Lucinder almost groaned. The Saudis have made up his mind to build a gigantic thanatodrome not far from Mecca. Which mercenaries could they appeal to take the lead of the race? Now they are our main suppliers of oil and we can not afford us to get angry with them, even for a few little problems thanatonautique.

- But that's life and death it is, Rose protested.

- Sorry, my children, but I must first worry about the seven billion beings on our planet have the soul well pegged to the body and, in particular, of the seventy million people of which more than half voters who, in our country, circulate in cars traveling through oil, dress in fabric from oil, heat up the oil, if ...

- In this case, if we dénichions a Saudi emir ready to ally with us? I asked point blank.

- In this case, white card! said the head of state in largely open arms.

170-THEOLOGY QURANIC

"God has assigned to them a rank higher than these. He made promises to all but destined to combatants still greater reward than those who remain in their homes."

Surat IV, 97.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

171- IS IT COMPLICATED

The haschischins were only the precursors of a religious war that we did not anticipate. Certainly, at the beginning of our experiments, we had seen rival clergy eagerness to get the first in the world of the dead, but we had never imagined that the conflict may take such magnitude.

Hindus against Muslims, Protestants against Catholics, Buddhists against Shinto, Jews against Islamists: it was the first major faiths who grabbed the edge of Ultimate Continent. Dissidents then went running and worried autonomy brotherhoods: Iranian Shiites against Syrian Sunnis, Dominicans against the Jesuits, the Tzu Taoist line against supporters of Chiang Tzu, Lutherans against Calvinists, Jews against ultra-liberal and anti-Zionist Orthodox Jews, Mormons against Amish, Jehovah's Witnesses against Seventh-day Adventists, adherents of the Moon sect against followers of Scientology!

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I did not know theology mattered so many shades. I discovered that there were so many divisions between human religions that it was useless to hope that believers of all faiths would end up there one day by the desire of ecumenism.

While ectoplasm to ambushes and were killing in the name of their faith, I reread the notes where Raoul had carefully listed all mythologies and theologies of the world and noticed that in fact there were many commonalities between them. It seemed that all sought to tell the same story and pass the same knowledge by using different words and parables.

The conflict embittered heaven soon to have its repercussions here below. Haschischins of terrorists launched a car packed with explosives against our thanatodrome. We owed our salvation to the awkwardness Artificer who had not adjusted his bombs, which exploded with him a hundred meters from our building.

With his customary composure, Raoul meets us in our penthouse. We were now too numerous to spread us on slabs of Pere Lachaise.

He displayed a map Ultimate Continent.

- It is natural that religions want to conquer the land of the dead because it takes control the spiritual world will also master the material world. Imagine that Pakistani Muslims win, they block the reincarnation cycles of Indian Buddhists!

Stefania had become a combat specialist ectoplasmic. She had developed all kinds of parades to protect its own silver cord.

- Do not overlook the possibilities of alliance, even the most unexpected, she said. We lost two rabbis friends during our last flight, but thanks to the support of the Bedouin Muslims, we have killed a dozen haschischins rabid. We must therefore rise only group powerful enough to put our enemies to flight and continue our exploration. After all, that's what counts!

- Instead of starting at six or seven, take off at ten or twenty ... said Raoul thoughtfully.

- Exactly, strongly emphasized Stefania. It is always the more earning. Why not fly to fifty or even a hundred?

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- All right, Freddy noticed, but there is no Thanatonautes hundred rabbis.

- Why confine the rabbis? I said. It may be time to make such comparisons. I found, for example, that the Cabal and the I Ching had much in common.

The Italian applauds the idea. Up there, it would serve us ambassador.

A week later, twenty Asian novices who, at first glance resembled like so many drops of water, knocked at the door of our thanatodrome. They belonged to the monastery of Shao-lin, a place where one specifically for millennia teaches that religion go together and fight. Shaolin Monks are well known to be the leading experts in kung fu. They are the source of science and practice of martial arts. They married forever war and meditation.

Freddy contemplated with delight ectoplasmic new choreographies. He either ran a commando but a war squadron can be grouped into flying fortress formation. He named Heavenly army the army of the Alliance, the alliance between all religions goodwill.

172 Hasidic -History

The child looked at the old man who danced and seemed to dance for eternity.
- Grandpa, why you dance well?
- You see, my child, man is like a top. Dignity, nobility and balance, it affects them in motion. The man is to discard, never forget.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

173 - WARS

We had not been the only ones to look for allies. The haschischins which seemed to hate us personally found themselves too unusual associates. They named their army "Coalition"

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and gathered in the thanatodrome they had implanted in the heart of their ancient fortress of Alamut. For starters, they bound him with Shinto Yasukuni temple monks.

It is here, in this sacred place near Tokyo, are honored that the souls of fallen soldiers 2 464151 in all the wars of imperial Japan. Anyway, most monks liberal rabbis of Shao-lin against muftis haschischins more monks Yasukuni, hostilities slowed seriously exploring the Ultimate Continent. There were terrible battles, like that of May 15, when two hundred soldiers of the Alliance faced six hundred followers of the Coalition. Freddy, Freddy peaceful, improvised for the occasion what can only be described as first ectoplasmic control strategy.

He sent a small group of Taoist and rabbis scouts while the bulk of the allied army was hidden behind the first somatic wall, facing the bubble memories. The fight was so hot around the edges of the corolla that the Confederates in forgot the existence of Moch 1. As soon as the Allies engouffrèrent it, they chased them into each other in the umbilical cord for protection. The bad encounter that awaited them was not what they had expected. Indeed, it was not the Allies but bullessouvenirs that assailed them.

Our men took advantage of the surprise as much as possible to cut umbilical cords. Three hundred Confederates, haschischins ahead and charged down that day to the light.

Allied sides are resigned to deplore a hundred of what to be called "dead." Freddy found that if the victory had been altogether easy, it was because the past rabbis and men of Shao-lin was definitely much clearer than that of haschischins. They had not encouraged the massacres in Lebanon, practiced terrorist attacks of all kinds. They did not have to keep their former victims along their present enemies.

Paradoxically, these ectoplasmic wars gave conquer beyond his true acclaim. Across the world, religions experienced renewed fervor along, alas! the fanatics became more numerous. Some sects even tried to take the opportunity to rise to the rank of recognized religion. It was enough of a squad to jeopardize the representatives of an established religion. Fortunately, people par-

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were naked for the Ultimate Continent. They had no opportunity to take with them weapons, machine guns, guns or even knives. Otherwise, given the ferocity of the tussles would have been the killing of clerics.

Without photos and movies in the early newspapers and television talked little ectoplasmic wars. But always at the forefront of information on the matter, Little Thanatonaute shown had the idea to send his reporter Maxime Villain. Former Trappist monk remained silent a long time, this reporter had acquired a fantastic visual memory. If some beings are transmitters, he always taciturn, was a receiver. It all TV reception and then restored to its readers. For them, ectoplasmic first reporter, he scribbled some images of the terrible fighting

that took place in the Hereafter. Finally a clean war and safe for the average citizen. While sitting in their chairs, quiet fans were passionate for the invisible conflict.

Nevertheless it required ever greater numbers. In our thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont, we were obliged to abandon our private apartments to make way for an amount of off thrones. Fifty clerics Alliance now had to at least take off simultaneously if we wanted to triumph over the enemy.

The building was transformed into a veritable Tower of Babel. It sounded foreign languages and often unintelligible to each other but united in the same desire to conquer the afterlife, representatives of different faiths got along àmerveille were doing and to exchange technical meditations and prayers .

The Alliance became every day more heterogeneous. Liberal rabbis to Taoist monks and Buddhist sages early, added to Ivorian animist marabouts, Turkish Muftis, Shinto monks leading Hokkaido (traditional enemies of Shinto monks of Yasukuni Shrine), Greek whirling dervishes even three Inuit shamans, witches six aborigines of Australia, Bushman eight sorcerers, a Philippine healer, a Pygmy we never tablets beliefs and a wise Cheyenne. Our army and included over two hundred pious soldiers living proof that it is possible to establish perfect harmony between all terrestrial time.

A serene atmosphere prevailed in the penthouse, meeting place

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all our little world. Away from the rigors of their monasteries, our devotees exchanged pleasantries college. For my part, I tried to look good by proposing an enigma

- You know how to draw a circle and its axis without lifting his pen?

Monks and rabbis were passionate for this challenge to common sense.

- Impossible! they ended by exclaiming.

- Neither more nor less than the thanatonautique I replied dryly before you show them the solution.

Behind, I heard Raoul, always ahead of an enigma, a debit attentive audience the charade of Victor Hugo

- My first is talkative. My second is a bird. My third is to coffee. My whole is a pastry.

Here was matter for discussion. Especially because the solution seemed simple.

While Freddy was playing Gershwin on the piano and Amandine its scientists

concocted cocktails, I racked my brains, "My first is talkative A magpie pie

But, this is also my second, the bird ...?. And who, what, is in a cafe: a drunk, a server, a beer? "

174-ISLAMIC MYTHOLOGIE

According to Islamic tradition, Paradise is huge and sprawls out over eight cylindrical circles. Irrigated by four rivers, it is a delightful place. There bask the first four caliphs, the first ten men converted to Islam by the Prophet and his daughter Fatima. All have seventy pavilions covered with gold and precious stones. Each house includes seven hundred beds occupied by seven hundred houris. Seven animals found place in Paradise: the camel Elijah, the ram of Abraham, the whale of Jonah, the mare Borak, the ant and the hoopoe Solomon, the dog of the Seven Sleepers.

The Prophet offers its guests various pleasures but of infinite sensuality.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

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175-THE BATTLE OF PARADISE

Ecumenical and friendly atmosphere of our thanatodrome not made us forget the reality of hard fighting a conflict that was just beginning.

The Alliance and the Coalition had launched a war without thank you. Every day

our Thanatonauts awoke sweating, trembling in every limb and announcing new losses. Freddy Meyer, our rabbi choreographer promoted warlord, decided that it was time to launch our great offensive. The famous "Battle of Paradise" took place in the year 2065 AD. Raoul, Pink, Amandine and I followed her our best with our satellite dish but we could only see the turmoil that reigned among the souls. Maxime Villain gave later in his journal. a pretty good relationship. Here

BATTLE IN HEAVEN

While the fog created by dying stars thickens around the gaping vortex of the black hole called Paradise, I see advancing army of Freddy Meyer rabbi, his strong affable Chinese monks, its peaceful Buddhist, impressive Cheyenne sorcerers and marabouts joyful African animists. Their group is welded. The Alliance's legions have brought their ectoplasm so keep in check their most unheard opponents.

The Coalition troops emerge a few minutes later. In first line, hover Shinto monks such terrible bombers ready to decimate the umbilical cords. In karate position, they spin the edge of their hands as much false invincible. Behind them, arranged in two wings of haschischins chuckle while Dominican chant prayers.

The sky teeming with souls. On both sides, reinforcements arrive from all thanatodromes the world. First, nearly 1200 rabbis, animists, Buddhists, Taoists and Kabbalists. On the other, two thousand three hundred Shinto monks, shamans, haschischins and Dominicans.

At the head of the Alliance, Rabbi Meyer communicates telepathically commanding his troops. Among the allies, General Shiku, great Japanese strategist, transmits the same instructions. Note that since their defeat on 15 May, his souls have learned to control their most painful memories in order to not be victims immediately from the black area.

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Anyway, they decided this time to stay OUTSIDE of Paradise to better control the passage of umbilical cords enemies. The Allies, meanwhile, were placed near doors to have their backs to the light, they hope, will attract and will blind their opponents.

Shiku and the Old Man of the Mountain give the signal to the load by taking their umbilical cord with the whole hand. The haschischins break on the wing essentially defended by animists and Cheyenne wizards. Liberal rabbis rush to their rescue but were stopped by Shinto monks who, with the edge of their palm, cut their strings like so many stems of flowers in a garden. Taoist monks and Dominican engage in melee.

Any strategy seems to have disappeared. This is only a gigantic rat race among the stars. Around, the dead keep coming the day and spend, hardly intrigued by those souls who struggle with such determination on the periphery of Paradise. The Allies are finding at a time that due to smaller numbers, they start having underneath. They darken to the first comatic wall. Fearing they would resume their tactical May 15, Shiku leads his troops in pursuit.

On the ledges of the second world increasingly steep, pious fighters clash along their most horrible memories. Souls are shivering in that place that smells of earth and death. Many cords are cut and ectoplasm of dead warriors spin to the light. Three haschischins prey to a Liberal rabbi who tries to escape from their jerky movements by no Yiddish dance. Through jumps kung fu, a Taoist monk manages to settle in one motion six umbilical cords Dominicans. A Mohican is alone against a group of Iroquois. In tight clusters, Moonies resist Scientologists. Cults seem to especially do battle with each other. Are created bizarre associations. An African marabout saves an Indonesian shaman, prisoner of a Roman Catholic exorcist who wonders just what he does there. A band of Zen monks is lost in the cornice. There is a fine charge of Indian gurus, concoctions in the lotus position, against the whirling dervishes twirling

spinning top.

They have developed a revolving line of defense that can house the most exhausted soldiers to their camp. A horde of Jesuits stuck a group of Shiite ayatollahs to be in turn

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attacked by haschischins. They owe their salvation to a Druze commando and a small group of Alawites.

This is it, the last of the Mohicans died. Cheyenne the revenge. Against attack Whirling Dervish supported by marabouts. Triangle Coalition of Zen monks to prevent Indonesian shamans to rush to the rescue of liberal Jews.

The umbilical cords snap like rubber bands. It bites, one pulls. Crocs-en-leg and crocs-en-cord. The light tunnel background illuminates these duels a white glow. Frightened or enraged faces turn pale as under neon lights. From afar, I saw groups linked by their cords tempting manœuvres complicated and often doomed to failure. The slightest pity. The slightest mercy. Everyone is fighting to kill or be killed.

The Allies seemed at first most likely to triumph but they are increasingly dominated by the aggressiveness of their opponents. It is in their camp that the cut cords are the most numerous.

The Rabbi Meyer sends the telepathic signal retired and runs to the second comatic wall. General Shiku still leads, follow the Confederates. But crossing Moch 2, they discover the red zone, full of delights and pleasures. After the painful memories, devotees are forced to confront their sexual fantasies. What titanic fight this battle where transparent monks trying to cut each other their silver cords while repelling their most repressed desires!

We no longer know where to stop the horror and the orgy begins. Dominicans and haschischins are most affected by these sexual visions that beset everywhere. Perhaps they were more frustrated than Jews and Buddhists because their lines are decimated while the Allies that their religion allows women to own and to love without taboo, resist without too much difficulty.

Faced with an enterprising geisha who is desperate to dig in their umbilical cord, General Shiku and Old Mountain fled, followed by what is left of their ectoplasmic fighters.

Who attributed the victory in this battle of Paradise? Undoubtedly erotic visions!

Maxime VILLAIN.

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176-MYTHOLOGIE AZTEC

The Aztecs believed that human blood sacrifices provided the energy necessary for the proper functioning of the cosmos, the race of the planets and the return of the seasons. The victims torn chest and bowels exhibited by obsidian daggers priests joined the gods on whose behalf they perished because once these gods had sacrificed themselves to save the world. The death of men was therefore the engine of the Universe. A war was a way to find fuel, namely captives for sacrifice. Yet each folded happy that fate which was preparing the education of every Aztec warrior.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

177 - ECUMENISM

The battle of Paradise sowed disarray among the valiant conquerors of the afterlife. So many men of God died in vain ... The Dominicans, mortified, wondered how they could be persuaded by haschischins fanatics to the point to be associated with them. They regarded with contempt the few survivors of the sect refugees in their mountain fortress and shuddered at the memory of that cruel

acts they had committed their side. Had they defied the papal wrath just to really deserve the flames of Hell?

By delegation, they went to our thanatodrome of ButtesChaumont, multiplying the excuses and muttering prayers.

It would not be perpetrating wars we succeed àpercer the mysteries of Ultimate Continent. Devotees of all faiths had understood. The battle of Paradise marked a historic turning point in their relationship. In the days of violent opposition, succeeded that of understanding.

Facing a motley assembly standing in our penthouse, Raoul spoke
- Be convinced, all religions are good. Only are bad intentions of some individuals who claim to unique custodians of the true faith. Zoroastrians, Alawites, Christians,

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Orthodox, Muslim, Jewish, Protestant, Shinto, Taoist, shamanistic, sorcerers, healers, marabouts, and even cult members, all your confessions had access, at some point, the general common knowledge. A fabulous knowledge. The great mystery of death. Together, we will work to find him, intact, because lies the mystery of life. Together we will discover the reason for our presence on earth and what must be our behavior. Religions are quests that good manual of human existence.

Monks, witches, rabbis and other ovationnèrent.

A Japanese Zen monk explained that once, in ancient times, there were not many religions but only one, not a multitude of dialects but one language. There was no different philosophies, disparate cultures, different wisdoms, but one and true. The men had forgotten. Using one incomprehensible languages for others, they had only describe the same old knowledge, which had lost its original meaning to successive interpretations force. Thus were born the antagonisms. All differences were only misunderstandings.

Accolades. Solemn handshakes. An ecumenical global agreement was signed at the Buttes-Chaumont, establishing the first two commandments of the thanatonautique.
Article 1: The Paradise belongs to no nation, nor to any particular confession.
Article 2: Paradise is open to all and no one has the right to impede the free access.

With these first legal-religious laws, that was the end of the anarchic period. Travel to Paradise were now regulated. Nobody could afford to do anything under the pretext that there was no control.

The agreements of the Buttes-Chaumont instaurèrent a new climate of inter-religious understanding.

General initiated the Shiku Freddy Meyer rabbi ritual of the tea ceremony. He was not offended that the Alsatian preferred to lemon.

Now that our thanatodroine had become a place of rendezvous for clerics around the world, we installed for them a meeting room in the basement. Unlike penthouse with sparkling light windows, the place was dark, full of relics, prints and most diverse charms. Monks, imams or wizards

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179-MANUAL HISTORY

While in Paris loved navigate to collect them or interact. That no conflict on earth had managed to impose a single battle in Heaven had succeeded. All religions undertook to work together to go faster, further. Until the depths of the continent from the dead!

178-CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY

"Was it the body? I do not know.

Was it out of the body? I do not know. God knows.

He was taken to the third heaven ... "

Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians XII 2.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

SOME DATES TO REMEMBER

May 14, 2065: Battle of Paradise
18 June 2065: agreements Buttes-Chaumont
20 June 2065: first edicts thanatonautiques

History textbook, Basic Course 2 "year.

180 - 4 PIGS

A little tipsy to have once again too celebrated agreements Buttes-Chaumont, Freddy told us, talkative, his personal history. A student of a ballet school, he had once intended to become principal dancer if not at least choreographer. He also appreciated when all air sports. The arabesque tendrils, printing soar to the heavens, that was all he liked. But one day he was addicted to gliding, his lap belt snapped. His two straps

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shoulder were not enough to support it and, being deprived of a gliding parachute, he fell. He distinguished down a vast plain and one tree. A single tree. The slump lasted only a few seconds but Freddy had time to pray and to swear that he réchappait this twist of fate, it turns its attention entirely to religion. At random, why not the Jewish faith. He lands on the tree, but in such a way that if he was spared, two branches put out his eyes. He was saved but now blind. He did not honor his promise less. He was not Jewish, yet he entered the yeshiva of Strasbourg where he had the chance to have for a master Lamed Vav. One day, he swore, he too would become a Lamed Vav.

And what was a Lamed Vav?

A man who reincarnated pure compassion for the men of this world, so having accomplished everything he was free to leave the Gilgoulim, the cycle of life returns.

The Lamed Vav were the secrets sages of the Jewish religion. Their goodness and mercy contribute to improving the world. They were aware of their past lives, knew the fight against ignorance, were devoid of personal ambitions. Stefania also reported that such characters exist in Tibetan Buddhism. They called it bodhisattvas and also deliberately returned to earthly existence although they are freed from the cycle of reincarnation. There was no greater act of mercy than to return to earth, out of pure love for the rest of human chained to their karmic wheel.

- There must have in all religions of those sages who choose to return despite painful experiences during their reincarnations, Freddy said. With us, the hasidic tradition designates as the Lamed Vav, which is the number 36. Each generation, a handful of these righteous sacrifice in secret to save all mankind. They despise the pride and do not want notoriety. Celebrating their psychic powers and knowledge of life and death. I sometimes think that Jesus Christ was perhaps a Lamed Vav, too.

These evenings libations, encouraged by Amandine which ensured that the large glass thanatonaute never remains empty, in no way affected the work of Freddy. He continued to invent new celestial choreography. He imagined an ectoplasmic Eiffel Tower, consisting of several rounds of souls leaning in

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spiral each other. All silver cords were knotted, braided and arranged in the center of the building so that everyone protects everyone. As a sign of reconciliation, the rabbi gave the point to its exennemi, the Old

Man of the Mountain, which had arisen at home one evening, sheepish and repentant now counting his disciples on the fingers of one hand. The former head of the Assassins gratefully accepted. He knew he would be the first to cross the fourth wall comatic!

Our mystical ballet took off on 21 July. Without difficulty, its members crossed the first, second, third, and even fourth comatic wall. They saw what was behind and we told. Upon their return, Raoul hastened to update our map of Ultimate Continent.

The orange area ends with Moch 4. It leads to

5 TERRITORY

- Location: coma plus 42 minutes.
- Color: yellow.
- Sensations: passion, strength, even omnipotence. There all the previously incomprehensible mysteries find their solution. Muslims see the true Garden of Allah. Catholics find the original Paradise. Jews pierce the secrets of Kabbalah. Yogis discover the meaning of their chakras and see shows their third eye. The Taoists found his way pure Tao.
The yellow area is the land of absolute knowledge. All that seemed far foolish receives its rationale. The meaning of life appears in its entirety, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small.
The yellow area is completed by 5 Moch.

Some devotees were so overwhelmed by the revelations of the gold country they had wanted to stay there, but the cords were so tightly woven they could not dissociate themselves from their companions.
So all returned intact. We sabla champagne. We summoned the journalists to let the world know that the widespread ecumenism allowed to perform a new step forward in the discovery of Heaven and the knowledge tout court.

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181-PHILOSOPHY SUFI

"I'm devastated, and plots of my body were thrown
In this firmament which is my original homeland
All are drunk, cheerful, romantic Wine
Unseen for fear of this prison which is myself

Shorten the time that tumultuous life
The annihilation of the wolf that shall break in pieces herd
In the mind of every man to reign pride; yet
The blows of death will lower the proud heads "

Rubai Yat, Jalal od Dm Rumi (XIII century).

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

5 182-PIGS

At its peak, the thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont was off nearly simultaneously hundred twenty clergy of all religions. They then joined in the yellow area to try crossing Moch 5.

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!
First floor. Departure of thirty monks who compose the top of the choreography.
- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!
Second floor, to support them.
- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!
Third floor, another forestay.
- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff!

The foundations of the building.

At the top, everyone expected the edge of the corolla of Paradise then methodically wove their cords according to the figures created by Freddy. A specialist marine nodes joined the holy men to help them cope strong links, and afaire easy to undo. A skydiving instructor brought her advice so that everyone can stay as long as grouped according to the technical flight in freefall. Welded articulated a long procession, the first crossing Thanatonautes different walls. The dead waiting in the

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the orange zone saluted in passing because they had now taken the habit of seeing them, what was for them a distraction. They even explained to newcomers that there was nothing of this troop àcraindre that stretched, doubling everyone without breaking their umbilical cords.

It was thus that the mystical caravan of one hundred twenty strong Thanatonautes, managed, spent Moch 5, the sixth territory. In return, however, they seemed more disillusioned qu'excités. They did not seem at all pleased to have achieved together this great progress. On the contrary, their friendship seemed to have taken a hit and also ecumenism.

They, however, gave way readily to our questioning.

After the yellow territory, they said, had the green territory. Green like vegetation, tree foliage. There were beautiful flowers, wonderful plants ending in multicolored stars. The green country was that of absolute beauty.

- So what is the test? asked Raoul.

- Exactly, it's too good. The green area is unbearable beauty, murmured a rabbi.

- It's beautiful, reluctantly approved a Buddhist monk.

I did not understand anything. How absolute beauty pouvaitelle be a trial?

Freddy explained

- It's so great that we lose all desire to be a man and never wish that become fragrant flower to the chalice. We come to hate as it feels ugly compared to many splendors. We would be confused with the magnificent vegetation of the place and no longer exist in any other form. While it is particularly painful to be confronted with the absolute knowledge but to be suddenly brought into contact with the most ideal beauty is a race even harder to overcome.

Blind rabbi seemed indeed for once completely helpless. At the piano, he sadly égrena few notes of a Chopin sonata.

- He's right, Stefania said darkly. Receive pure beauty after undergoing knowledge, it takes away any desire to go back down. It was very difficult for us to resign ourselves to it. Fortunately, again, our cords were tightly bound! Raoul, Amandine, Rose and I did not succeed very well àcomprendre how the vision of beauty was a test if

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disconcerting but we completed them no less our map of Ultimate Continent, still pushing the mention Terra incognita.

TERRITORY 6

- Location: coma more than 49 minutes.

- Colour: green.

- Sensations: of great beauty, and also negation of oneself, to be hideous. The vision of beauty is a terrible ordeal.

Moch 6 ends.

Green countries left to devotees as a bitter taste. They were not prepared to see the beauty. One after the other, they prétextèrent various obligations and returned home. These splendours, they wanted to monopolize the sole benefit of their parish. There was no question of going to war as in time of haschischins, but the time was not to ecumenism, not every man for himself. The race was on and may the best win!

Freddy and his three disciples of all survivors ectoplasmic wars were only to

stay loyal to us and stay with us. It must be said that constant force, Amandine had reached à séduire blind old sage. The couple no longer hiding her romance. As for the other Strasbourg, they were accustomed to Parisian life and were in no hurry to return to their yeshiva, especially without their master. Takeoffs resumed fragmented. Each denomination had its champions. Each hoped to be the first à découvrir "God", soon crossed the dam of beauty. To many, it seemed clear that only "God" could be there, at the bottom of the blue tunnel, then black, then red, then orange, then yellow, then green. Beauty was his last parade, the final frontier before Paradise. After facing his memories, after fear, sick of pleasure, tired all patience, seized by absolute knowledge, maddened by the ideal beauty, thus we could meet, if not the Great Architect of the Universe? In their respective thanatodromes, monks, witches, imams, priests and rabbis held out their hands to him. Who would join the first?

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183 SCHOOL -Manuel

LEARN TO HONOR THE DEAD

Never speak ill of the dead. Especially the recent dead. As these may still be active in our world. The dead who wait in long queue in Orange countries are not idle. They discreetly observe the living. They often try to communicate with their loved ones on earth. If it emits waves favorable memory of a dearly departed soul can come to support us in our projects. However, if you have nothing but resentment for him, his soul can not help us. Up there in the orange countries, while the death is subject à l'épreuve patience, he tries to contact all those he loved and those who loved him. It occupies. This communication can only succeed if the living still feels love for the dead. Thus we see, sometimes the death act sufficiently on the loved to the point of doing wither. This is called "die of grief." This is not necessarily a bad thing. The souls of two lovers can be together again and to wait in the long line of orange country.

Manuel civics, basic course 2 year.

184 -TRAJECTOIRES COMPETING

The phase "the best man win the sprint" was moderately interesting. As Thanatonautes now went more often alone or in small groups, will have more support from the pyramid to pluck the wonders of pure knowledge or ideal beauty, many tranchèrent themselves cord to stay up there. Remained more lucid, perhaps because of their past wanderings, the Dominicans were the first to reach Moch 6 by using an acrobatic figures that Freddy had taught them. Yet they were unable to cross it. It went well for our team. Gradually, the public had lost interest in our expeditions, and we did not in the headlines. For all people, it now seemed clear that the

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thanatonaute was only an endless race. 1 Moch, Moch 2, 3 Moch, Moch 4, 5 Moch, Moch 6 ... Why not then Moch Moch 124 or 2018 with all the colors of the rainbow, rainbow, all possible events and why not a triathlon Olympic? L'Osservatore Romano, the Vatican newspaper, mocked these so-called pioneers who dared to doubt the infinity of heaven. "The thanatonaute is the latest opium of the people", the British newspaper Times headline.

The thanatonaughtique became the target of jokes cartoonists, showmen and TV puppets. She lost all sanctity to become a goodwill among others. In the family shop, sales declined. My mother and brother had beautiful launch new posters, tee-shirts to the most beautiful colors of the afterlife, caps with embossed pattern, winged sandals, neon posters visible only in the dark, food rations "Special thanatonaught", customers were scarce. Well, after 6 Moch, there would Moch 7, and what interest?

Raoul railed

- It's not our fault, even if this adventure begins to exhibit repetitive aspects. It is not we who have invented geography Ultimate Continent. We strive only to discover it and it's always exciting.

It does not décolérait. If people made fun of our company, the credits would decrease. The presidential slush funds were not inexhaustible.

Lucinder yet we remained attached. If the public is captivated for show, well, we provide him! He suggested a series of televised meditation course, every Sunday morning, replacing traditional aerobics lessons. Freddy and Stefania there would marvel. The President had even found a title for their show "The XXII` century will be spiritual or will not be." He was very happy.

- He takes us for monkeys learned or what? Stefania got mad.

- We must understand, 'I said. After all, it's normal that people get tired of these endless comatiques walls. Myself, sometimes I have the impression that we will never finish!

- Error! Freddy exclaimed. Moch 6 will be the final frontier.

We sommâmes on to explain. Serene, unfathomable away from his dark glasses, the rabbi spoke.

- In the Bible, in the Kabala as in many sacred texts, it is written that there are seven heavens. Seven heavens, seven territories so after death. You also know all the expression "go in seventh heaven." Seven, not one more, not one less. I discussed this with other religious confessions and we all found that this figure 7 always came to describe the countries beyond. Moch 6 will probably be the last wall.

- And what does he have behind? I asked.

Freddy was a helpless gesture.

- The center of the black hole, God, a lottery ticket, a firefly, a dead maybe ... For us to be

go!

Without enthusiasm, I bent over my boosters.

185-EASTERN PHILOSOPHY

"Then answered Almitra

- You want to know the secret of death. But how do you find if looking at the heart of life?

The owl whose eyes are made for the night blind date can not unveil the mystery of light.

If you really want to contemplate the spirit of death, open your body fully to life. For life and death are one, even as the river and the ocean are one.

In the depth of your hopes and desires lies your silent knowledge of the beyond. Trust the dreams, for in them is hidden the gate to eternity. "

Khalil Gibran, The Prophet.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

186 - MIME STARS reincarnate

Rose had his eyes glued to the screen of ectoplasm detector. Eighteen Taoist monks had taken off for several minutes already. She was convinced they had managed to pierce the sixth wall. My wife was probably right because at the end

of an hour spent

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torment us, we found that their carnal envelopes no longer gave any sign of biological life. Peace to their souls.

Freddy estimated that it would restore a caravan of one hundred twenty interfaith mystical to succeed, but his old friends declined the invitation of the rabbi, as they persisted in wanting to act separately for the glory splash out on their only religion.

My wife suggested to drop some mystics to reorient our research concerns the side of astronomy and astrophysics. I agreed, but what could we learn more than that the Ultimate Continent was indeed a black hole in the center of the Milky Way?

Rose had his idea

- You want to know what there is in the hole. Now it happens that astrophysicists have long known.

- Oh yes! Raoul laughed skeptically.

- And what does he? I asked.

- A white fountain.

A white fountain! Freddy left the chair lift-off on which it rested to pace the room. Despite his agitation, the blind was doing to not run counter to any of the devices, yet many who crowded our laboratory.

- The white fountain, it is the opposite of the black hole, Rose clarified. It absorbs light, that one rejects it. The black hole attracts matter, the white fountain pours. Some believe that the big bang would be a white fountain, producing material and light. The white fountains would perhaps even the origin of the new universe.

Rose then gave an exciting lecture astrophysics. Each black hole would mark the death of a galaxy swallowing the stars since it compresses them and turns them into pure energy. The center of our galaxy consists of a vortex that sucks and spins the material around it. It is even expected that by On several million years, the sun let it swallow. The most fascinating is that, as well explains the physical science, nothing is created, nothing dies, everything changes. The death of a star generates energy qu'expulse white fountain, which has a bit as a blunderbuss to flare gun.

Thus, even the stars would be reincarnated! Black holes and white fountains are merely gateways to world

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parallel. Rose claimed that, as each galaxy has its own area or of its particular god, each would also have its own Big Bang and cosmic anus. Each galaxy could even have its own space-time. We, therefore we would find in the world of the Milky Way, with the god, time, death, consciousness specific to it. Rose we were all very impressed with this idea of black hole corresponding to each time a white fountain and thus a rebirth in another space-time. Freddy sat down to better digest the lesson.

- But what would become of ectoplasm, past the white fountain? he asked.

My wife knew his limits.

- So here over science and return to religion. Maybe souls are spat out, too, and then reincarnated in another world?

Amandine proposed that we climbed in the penthouse drinking cocktails and some rest our brains. The session had exhausted us, we would gladly consented. There, among the green plants, relaxed, the old blind man and the blonde lovely we announced their intention to marry. Amandine ensured that Freddy was the man of her life and she was very willing to convert to Judaism if he demanded it. But her fiancé did not ask for much. He was liberal enough to allow a mixed marriage.

So they united and with the disciples of the yeshiva in Strasbourg, we made the party. Never had I seen so radiant Amandine that while her new husband was beating traditional tunes on the piano, we were dancing in a circle. Freddy was

twenty years older than she, under both eyes, but he knew allay his fears and make her laugh. What he has more important in a relationship?

187-MYTHOLOGIE Taoist

"Very far east of the South China Sea, where the sky is off from the Earth, is a huge abyss, bottomless, called " universal Confluence ". There, all the waters of Earth and those of the Milky Way (collector river of celestial water) flow without its content never increases or decreases. Between that chasm and China, there are five large islands, Tai-yu-Yuan kio, Fang-hou, Ying

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chou, P'eng-lai. At their core, these islands each measure thirty thousand stadia. Their flat top nine thousand furlongs in circumference. The buildings that cover all the islands of gold and jade. Pets are familiar there. The vegetation is wonderful. The fragrant flowers. The eaten fruit preserve of old age and death. The inhabitants of these islands are all geniuses, sages. Every day they are visited by flying through the air. "

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

188 - NOTHING BUT TROUBLE

We wanted to go after our adventure and cross the difficult sixth wall. It was not yet quite dramatic circumstances to force us to write the final chapter in our quest.

In July of that year, it produced a strange phenomenon. Fundamentalists returned to the charge. Again there was graffiti on our doors, "Let God alone", signed "The guardians of the mystery." Later, death threats reached us by telephone and mail. Again the Holy See entered the lists, recalling the ban to take off on pain of excommunication and enacted the famous bull "And mysteriumque mysterium" heretic calling anyone trying to see what was behind the sixth wall before being called by the Most High.

"People die stupidly too curious", hammered a voice on the answering machine of the laboratory. Raoul was beaten up in the street. As usual, he had forgotten to defend himself. Priests and imams came together to protest, surrounded by their flock outside our building. Tons of garbage were dumped nearby. The windows of the family store were shattered, happily after closure. Onlookers, amazed by so much rage, gazed curiously at the shop ransacked.

To be again the center of controversy, we redevinmes fashionable. With young people, we found our hero status, actors greatest adventure of the millennium. They lined up to get an autograph of the famous Freddy Meyer and Stefania Thanatonautes Chichelli and worshiped the memory of the precursor

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Felix Kerboz. Our shop quickly redecorated by dozens of volunteers volunteers, not always full. After threats of letters poured in messages of support. They begged us not to yield to the medieval obscurantism and fears.

In stormy meetings, fights broke out between supporters and detractors of thanatonautique.

They became more and more violent. One day Rose, alone in the shop, replaced my mother, a van parked in front of the building. In down three men wearing balaclavas and dressed in leather jackets, waving pickaxe handles. They began immediately to the store bag and my wife understood that his salvation was in flight. But they continued.

She took her to his heels and looked toward the street. Panting, out of breath, she took refuge in a doorway. The others quickly approached. So she resumed his course under the eyes of passersby indifferent as ever. She veered to the left, right, left again to find themselves cornered in a dead end. Frail woman against

three armed fellows, Rose had no chance. They left him, turned blue with bruises, blood in front.

Two hours passed before a neighboring tenant agrees to consider this woman lying on the floor, others had exceeded without flinching, saying later that they had thought it was only a washed- again, slumped to sleep it off.

At St. Louis hospital where the emergency took, desolate doctors declared that she had arrived too late for them to save. She had lost too much blood. Thank goodness that a compassionate man has allowed him to die in a hospital bed, so many people were dying all night on sidewalks without anyone even think to alert the police!

Rose was lying inert, in the recovery room. Only the devices kept alive. What to do to save her? I ran back to my friends. Raoul advised me to speak to Freddy. In these terrible circumstances, only the old rabbi would know how to act.

The wise Strasbourg took me in his arms and stared at me with his blind eyes

- Are you ready for anything, really desperate to save her?

- Yes.

I was adamant. Rose was my wife and I loved him.

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- Enough to risk your own life to preserve his?

- Yes. A thousand times yes.

The rabbi stared at me with his soul, I felt. With his soul he sought to perceive if I told the truth. I waited, heart pounding, he consents to believe me.

- In that case, here's the solution. Set a specific time with doctors to disconnect the devices. Then we will try to take off at the same time. By clinging to its umbilical cord and striving to retain it before it breaks, we will perhaps bring it back to life. You will come with us and it is you who will save.

189 - POLICE SHEET

Note to the services concerned

come?

Violence on the side of thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont. Should inter-

Response services concerned

Not yet.

190 - THE GREAT FLIGHT

It was possible. I was convinced that it was possible. The Grim Reaper does not pluck my Rose. I ran to the hospital.

The head of the ICU do not really understand why I was so anxious to secure the death of my wife at 17 o'clock but he assured me that I had made the right choice. Better to have recourse to euthanasia than keep alive a human à l'é; at vegetable. He readily acceded to my request. Sore families had already presented him strangest. He promised to begin consulting his watch from 16 h 55 and 0 seconds.

I did not sleep all night. It is not by reiterating that tomorrow we die voluntarily obtained sweet dreams. While awake, I cauchemardais rather, trying to imagine what bubble memories assailleraient me to cut me to pieces and hidden defects which would disclose to me the red country.

I forced myself to eat a breakfast and a hearty meal before taking the afternoon

to review Freddy figure we

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would use to save Rose. No pyramid this time but a flat structure, a kind of net in which we hoped to gather my wife.

I would be in the center, holding two rabbis Strasbourg by the hands, two Taoist monks of Shao-lin (income there to obscure political reasons) by the legs. I would never know what Freddy had promised them that they agree to join us, but in the great hall of flight, I discovered eighteen other rabbis, thirteen Tibetan Buddhist monks and, of course, Stefania.

I for one did not have much confidence in my meditation abilities, I carefully vérifiai my chemical boosters.

We all donned our white holding thanatonaute, each setting the screen where loomed our heartbeat and our electro-brain activity.

My companions were closing the eyes already, ready to shake off pear when the bell would ring. 16 h 56, the clock indicated. 16 h 57 ...

I was dying for a second time but that would be my first voluntary departure. After all this time to send people to the mainland of the dead, had come the day to go myself! I was sure to fail and die for good but I had no choice. The desire to save Rose came before all else.

16 h 57 and 10 seconds. My hands are sweaty on the press.

16 h 57 and 43 seconds. From either side of me, Freddy and Stefania are particularly serene. We have repeatedly reiterated pool our respective positions to form the perfect choreography that will allow me to go very far if necessary. With the figures it has developed, Freddy think we can reach the fifth comatic wall. For my part, I intend to catch Rose before Moch 5. I have no experience of interstellar flights.

16 h 58 and 3 seconds. The room is plunged off a clean dark soothe us. Gregorian chants rise slowly. I now understand how calming that music can have for Thanatonautes departing.

16 h 58 and 34 seconds. Suddenly, the door opens. A figure appeared in silhouette. I recognize. Raoul. He has to film my baptism of death? No, he gives me a wink and then, without hesitation, put on a white dress and goes to a sphere of flight. He stands like us in the lotus position and takes in his hand a lever boosters.

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16 h 58 and 56 seconds. The door opens again. A slender figure with blonde hair a moment flooded with light from the outside in turn goes to a throne. As Raoul, like me, Amandine has never taken off. She'll do it now for Rose. For me. She grabs one of our uniforms. This is the first time outside of his marriage, I see white. It installs different devices and crashes in the arm the needle that will inject his deadly liquid.

16 h 59 and 20 seconds. I smile. I really have the best of friends. If it is in hard times that we recognize, well, then, I recognize them. Their presence gives me strength. How lucky I was to have known them! I really have the best of friends.

17 hours 00 minutes 2 seconds. First arpeggios of a Bach toccata. It's like a bell supposed to open the door of heaven. Sesame toccata made that up there, we did not ran up against an insurmountable wall.

17 hours 00 minutes 25 seconds.

- Loans? Freddy asks around.

Twenty-eight votes respond simultaneously

- Ready!

How many times have I heard that word without being concerned!

The countdown Rabbi

- Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... - Do not ask "But what I Takeoff two ... one.!

My clammy hands I press the pear boosters. I feel the icy liquid flow into my veins, and ... I'm dying!

i am ... "Bite the bullet Tighten buttocks.. -

191-EASTERN PHILOSOPHY

"Your fear of death is but the thrill of the shepherd when he stands before the king whose hand will land on him to honor him. The shepherd did he enthuses not under its earthquake that he shall bear the insignia of the King? Yet is it not aware of the tremor?

For what that die otherwise stand naked in the wind and to melt into the sun?
And what if not stop breathing the breath of his release

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tides worried for him to raise and seek God unfettered?

Only when you drink from the river of silence you really sing. And when you have reached the top of the mountain, you finally begin to rise. And when the earth will claim your limbs then you really will dance. "

Khalil Gibran, The Prophet.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

192 - UP THERE

Stefania is right as long as we did not die, we can not know what it is. It is impossible to describe with words. But I will try to share these emotions as I have experienced. Be aware, however (if you have not before death) that my words will touch on reality.

Some sensations are unspeakable and sensations, I have all felt that day, that day when I went to try to save my wife before she was caught by this Ultimate Continent I had so many studied.

Once pressed the off button, my first impression is that nothing happens. But then, absolutely nothing. I even want to get up to announce the round that missed experience and that we must try something else. I hesitate for fear of ridicule me and I decided to wait five minutes in case an event finally happen. I am a novice, but others know. If they do not move, is that everything is normal.

I yawn. No doubt the effect of anesthetic that makes me feel a little drunk. My head is spinning. I focus my àgarder back straight as advised eternally Stefania.

My last conscious thought is Rose and I repeat that I have to save her. Now I know I'll die. A memory comes back to me. I was still very small and it was the first time I rode a rollercoaster. Initially the truck slowly climbed the slope. Once it is at the top, we said we would do

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better to be elsewhere and go down before it is too late. Already, however, the carriage rushes forward, girls screaming in terror or joy, and eyes are closed praying that this torture stop quickly. It does not stop. We are carried away right then immediately left back, loops upside down, it is àdeux fingers fall into the void and say that the worst is we paid for so many suffer frights!

Well, then, I fall asleep slowly. I feel lighter. Very light. I feel that if I wanted to, I could float like a feather, and I see that indeed ... I float like a feather! At least a part of my body it seeks, as if the other instinctively refused to leave life. I'm loving Rose with all my heart, Death frightens me terribly. I did not want to leave my apartment like that, my neighborhood, my pub, my friends. Even my friends, especially friends main nion, are all there, accompanying me in this terrible ordeal.

All I feel, Raoul feels. All my fears, he must share them. Suddenly, something strange happens. A lump rises from the top of my head, holding my àl'extrême

scalp. How to prevent this monstrosity? My heart beats so slowly that I can not move. I watch helplessly àl'accouchement the top of my head of another self, unknown so far. My consciousness scale. She will stay down with me sitting cross-legged or she will leave with me he climbed from my head?

I'm pushing, pulling, pulling outward.

Dizziness. Blur. Disappearance of the notion of time. My every movement takes a century. In reality it is surely only a fraction of a second. Griserie. A horn out of my skull. Specifically, a horn terminating in a head. My head. My "other" head. I'm like split in two. Double and yet be totally erased. I die when the horn continues to grow, beautiful, white, transparent.

Now she has two arms hanging over my fontanelles to better release of my skull. At its summit, a mouth opens in a silent groan. My second head weeps by delivering my body. As a birth. My physical body gives birth to my soul. Glare. Tingling. Pain and pleasure. In turn, I see the world with my eyes and always with the eyes of my soul. My soul specifically observed what happens in my back.

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I note, frightened, that we are two in my carnal envelope. The "other" continues to come out. It is no longer a horn but a stretched balloon vague. I see him and he sees me.

Incredible, the effects of disembodiment!

My "I" hesitates between cringe in my flesh or go to this ball which now grow legs. "Go," my body close to my soul. "Go," I urged me. I think back to Rose, atous my friends around me risking their lives to help me, and in an effort of will, I anchor my consciousness in being transparent gushing from the top of my skull. I another. Other in my new body transparent.

Flash.

Ectoplasm, I became an ectoplasm. The outcome of my skull balloon faithfully reproduced the shape of my head is extended by transparent my neck, my shoulders transparent, clear my chest, my arms transparent, clear my pelvis, my legs and feet clear. I'm like unmolded! As a long wrinkled and twisted intestine, a transparent rope hangs from my navel, connecting me to a guy further down, seated on a chair in the lotus position. And the funny thing is that this guy down, well, that's me!

I became a soul and I see others emerge around, spurting of skulls and foreheads. We are forty to float just under the ceiling thanatodrome and now I really want to go higher.

Freddy, very comfortable in his role as veteran space, we did sign up. Follow the blind! Okay, but ... lé ceiling has already gone through the ceiling, followed by religious, Raoul and Amandine on their heels. I am now only contemplate forty body stiffened like so many soft statues. How imitate others? I'm not a wall-pass but I'm afraid to dwell so far from all. Arming myself with all my courage, I close my eyes transparent and hop, passing through ceilings, floors, floor by floor gravis, and already it is the roof terrace.

The others are waiting for me. Together we rise. Paris from above, it's great! I contemplate the Our Lady cathedral when a supersonic aircraft bearing down on us. Too late to avoid it but so what? It pierced without damage our ethereal body. Incidentally, I look at the levers of the cockpit and the entrails of a driver. Fantastic, I scanned a jet!

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Freddy pulls me to my amazement. We must hurry if we do not want to miss Rose. In fact, we are too late Ala vertical of the Saint Louis Hospital. Rose has already passed and is now between us and the Ultimate Continent.

It's my fault that we missed. With my hesitation to the ceiling, I slowed the team. Always in command, Freddy commands us to forge ahead with all the power of our thought. We drive well to three times the speed of light, doubling sunshine on sunbeam. Bzzz ... We pass Jupiter, Saturn, Pluto, Uranus, Neptune and humm ... is the vacuum of space!

Fortunately, ectoplasm nor are sensitive to lack of oxygen or laws of gravity,

do not feel hungry or thirsty. We know that reigns here freezing temperatures but it does not make us neither hot nor cold. The ectoplasm is the future of transport! The soul knows no obstacle, breaking all speed records and risk (with rare exceptions like our old religious wars) practically no accident.

I have fun crossing the little spaceship hacked by Russian cosmonauts off to discover the black hole center of our galaxy, after Rose was revealed. The crew obviously ignores my connivance signs.

Before me, the rabbis are urging me to hurry. Okay, but how do you accelerate? Easy, just thinking about it. Everything is so new, so strange, so strange from my imagination narrow islets.

Stefania smiled. It may be transparent but, like others, I recognize it perfectly. We drive side by side between stars and planets. On my right, there was also Raoul, Amandine and Freddy. All our ectoplasm Thanatonautes squadron flying, plane, fuse to the Ultimate Continent.

Soon, I saw Rose. It is there, far ahead and yes, she headed straight ... death. Death, represented by a large multicolored halo: the entrance of the black hole. In fact, for a black hole, the place is rather bright! All around the corolla, planets and stars collide sucked into a magical fire fireworks shaped swirling galaxy. The stars not yet gobées under the effect of speed that lead them to the bottom of the black hole, turn pink, then white, then red, purple, burst into rosettes, flowers in bright dew drops. The light, yet so fast, here is deflected. The rays bend, become rounded, dance before being diverted by the absolute magnet.

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Magic show, but to overcome quickly.

Around us, the dead day rush to the attractive light, hurriedly snatching their umbilical cords. One of Rose slams with others. For a moment I think that everything is ruined. No, Freddy thinks it is possible to recover it. It beckons us however much care to preserve our own cords.

Our squadron gathers to better braiding as indicated Freddy. That reassures me a little. It is like engaging in a difficult climbing, but pledged a good reminder rope.

Our group gliding concert in the gaping black hole. Its diameter is huge: millions of kilometers, probably!

The closer we get, the more the halo of light grows, revealing other circles inside. Felix was right: this is not a crown but a funnel. The walls are distinguished sinking to a hallway that never ends to stretch.

I stretch my arms toward transparent Rose in the distance.

We reach a beach. Around and in front there was like a sea of neon blue, barely illuminated by a setting sun glistening. A more mph, I is approaching waves. By the way, they pass me a soft power, comforting and invigorating. I am fine here. I'm better than anywhere else before.

I then a scary thought: Rose is right to darken, we are wrong to want to return to the world.

I shake myself. My wife comes out of my field of vision. Our pace we rush through our thinking. If even one of us thinks and everyone knows what he has in mind.

I still accelerating. This huge country, yet I would have gladly walked at leisure for days and months. Never had I known such crazy feelings. Race car, motorcycle, diving highest, nothing beats the intoxication of victory and speed. I sink, I sink, I slip, I pour myself into the central source of illumination. A splendid strength invades my transparent body. I sparkles like the sea that surrounds us. From dazzling lights flash on my translucent nails.

The dead of the day are numerous at the entrance of the vortex. I hardly Rose discovers in the crowd.

We enter with him into the corolla of star flower. It is such that I drew for so many times under the dictation of

previous Thanatonautes. Everything turns, everything we aspire. Freddy rushes hoping to enter Rose before it crosses the first comatic wall but it goes too fast. If his disciples had not retained the cord rabbi, he would have broken. Rose disappears.

Understanding that I have the jitters, Raoul seized me by the hand with our band I spend 1 Moch.

Splashy!

A gigantic monster emerges soon. The woman in white satin dress the skeleton mask floating in black space like a blimp in a horror film. Her shrill laughter deafen me. I'm like a fly in front of this being ten, then a hundred, then a thousand times bigger than me.

The white satin woman has a superb body. She lifts her dress, revealing long legs of a perfect curve that stretches luxuriously. His tiny chest expands and her cleavage hints at the birth of her breasts.

She is always laughing, inviting me to lose myself in the folds of her white satin dress. The skeleton mask staring at me, watching my reactions while she shrinks as if to get within reach.

Now it is more reasonable size, I want to try to tear it. My hands rise towards the edges of the mask. Sharp, they squirt of my fingers a transparent, sticky blood. Despite my disgust, I do not release my grip. I pulled with all my might. Behind this mask there is something essential that I must find out at any cost. Who is behind the mask skeleton of a woman who attracts me so much?

desire, by banishing desire, by renouncing it, by delivering it, not letting him up.

Here, monks, holy Truth on the path that leads to the suppression of pain is what Awaits with eight branches which are called pure faith, pure will, pure language, pure action, pure livelihood pure application, pure memory, pure meditation. "

Buddha Benares speech.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

194 - DEATH IN FRONT

	I step back and become very small.
stops spurting	My ectoplasm freezes astonishment. The blood
	my fingers.
skeleton. A	Behind the skeleton mask, there is only a
rejects	Another skull. The woman in the white satin is hard to discover another, then another and yet another. She
	well over one hundred, as many identical representations of death.
is the	The death is just that. Death is death is death
	Death is death and nothing else.
transfor	The being or thing becomes daunting. Her legs
	ment tentacles that trap me. I struggle my best.
	As I now understand the terror of Bresson!
skeleton, with	- You'll regret being up here! exclaims the
	new laughter.
	Amandine? Rose? My mother? Raoul? My death, that death which I And as it becomes masked woman, I see pink fingers
	I am studying to compensate indescribable missing?

An arm rises slowly. Very slowly, he removes the mask
The mask is almost removed. And I see
Amazing what there is behind that mask! If unexpected! And
hitting so simple

193-BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY

Here, monks, holy truth about the suppression of pain
The extinction of this thirst is achieved by the complete annihilation of

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rotting, flesh rot, putrefy. Two indexes only succeed through my ectoplasmic
face in seeking to poke my eyes.
Suddenly, I have before me a spider covered with white satin.
Telepathically, I try magic formulas to get rid of it. "Vade retro Satanas." In
vain. Me comes to mind the litany of fear of Dune. I say:.... "I do
connaître pas fear Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration the
I face my fear I will permit it to pass over me and through me when is over, I
will turn my inner eye in his way. And where it is over, there will be nothing
left. Nothing but me. N

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I close my eyes and mentally repeat each sentence.
The laughter stops and the woman in white explodes in light bubbles.
Only one remains. This is the central light that shows us the way. Through this
clarity, I see the silhouettes in shadow of my friends. I join them. All fought
their monster. Their staff monster.
Freddy confirms it: we spent Moch 1. And Rose is still far ahead.
After the first comatic wall, the color changes. The blue turns purple and
brown. There are black highlights. Is it the shades of Hell?
We slow our run while, as the hailstones of an unusual storm, memories tips
based on us.
The corridor twists, turns into spring. I always travel to the light of death by
trying not to pay attention to their bites. What impression of strength! There
are not twenty minutes my soul out of my body and I'm already to hundreds of
light years.
No sense of loss, even less depletion. I only just left a rusty armor. I thought
this armor was protecting me. In fact, she compressait my soul, the breath, the
mind.
With this armor, I cashed blows, convinced that my wounds are inscribe than
simple scratches. Vast mistake. Everything touched my sensitive roots. All shots
of my life, I saw her one by one. Paradoxically, those I have received have left
fewer traces than I have given. My soul is like a tree that would be engraved
pocketknife words and memories.
Everything happens very quickly. I remember my birth, my mother feeding me with
strength, my father gave me vertigo and only à'amuser forcing me to play at the
airplane, my first outbreaks of pimples and shame they caused me, my accident
car, the slaughter of prisoners of Fleury-Merogis, Felix driven to suicide,
Congress Hall of the crowd booing me, letters of insults, threatening letters,
and my perpetual guilt. "Murderer! Murderer!", Launched me in the face of men
I've forgotten the name. "Assassin, assassin, assassin, assassin," an inner
voice tells me. "You killed hundred twenty-three innocent people." "I'm sorry,
Michael, but you're not my type of man." The bad memories mingle with old
nightmares.

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All in all, I still prefer the encounter with the woman in white satin dress.
Too bad, I face my past with maximum honesty.
Rose is also hampered by the small bubbles souvenir. J e wish perhaps the

opportunity to catch up. I approach with great difficulty, struggling against the tempest of my own life. I progress yet. That's it, I almost joined. Telepathically (as well speak ectoplasm), I throw: "We came looking for you to help you down." She lends me no attention. She found her first love. It is an American astronomer. When he dropped it, she sought to resume pursuing the same school as him. Rose had never told me. Now I understand better many of his feelings.

She discusses with the memories of her lover. He said he was bored with it. He told her that in a couple, the most important is to never get bored. She was gentle and kind, certainly, but it brought him nothing special. That's why he left her.

In tears, Rose fled. I have not had time to swear that no, we do not get bored with it that already she crossed the second comatic wall.

I can not run after her. Freddy holding me by my silver cord. He reminds me that the purpose of this expedition is to all go live on earth, and if I run too much, I will break my cord and could neither help nor Rose to turn around.

Freddy, Stefania, Raoul and Amandine holding my hands, we spend together Moch 2. Stefania certainly often praised us the pleasures of red country but I never imagined so many fantasies and perversions materialized! Another Amandine The Amandine I have so long desired, comes in corset and fishnet stockings and tries to hug me. Looking like the real Amandine escape but it surrenders in the arms of a handsome black Adonis prominent muscles.

Young boys caress Raoul, I never thought he could repress homosexual tendencies. Accustomed places, Stefania took the opportunity to mingle for a moment a gang of girls who know the most intimate springs of a woman's body. In the back seat of a Rolls Royce, Rose engages in a fairytale prince.

I want to pull away but Amandine of my fantasies, whose long blond hair contrasting with his black leather clothes,

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grabs my face and plunges between her warm breasts while laughing like a devil. For its part, Freddy is surrounded by a harem of Arab women, all wearing a sparkling diamond navel. One by one, as Plucking a daisy, it deprives them their silk sails.

Where did we go we shove? Amandine My dream caresses my neck to the end of her lashes she was beaten very quickly. A nervous butterfly tickles her long silken wings. So I had this fantasy that? It's delicious. Amanda smiled at me with a look of the rogues. Then, with her mouth, she me ...

195 -Sheet POLICE

Note to the services concerned

A group of experienced Thanatonautes took off this morning. It is still mired in the second territory. Should we intervene?

Response services concerned

Not yet.

196-BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY

"If, despite our virtues we have an unhappy life, this is due to our past bad karma.

If in spite of our wickedness we have a happy life, it is also due to our past karma.

Our actions now will turn all their consequences at the first possible opportunity. "

Narada Thera, Doctrine de la Renaissance.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

... She bites my ears. It stays between us but I like it. I love even that. Especially on the top corner. And then the lobe. And neck too. No neck. However, I like on tip

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shoulders. She knows. She knows everything about my sensuality! It benefits. Abused. Then my dream Amandine, becoming even bolder, me ...

But tearing the houris, Freddy beats the recall and intimate us to overcome our sexual urges. We shake against each other by mutually taking us our umbilical cords. Beside me, a Taoist monk does not lead off. He knows that we are moving towards the splendid but dangerous territories.

Many times we try to catch Rose. In vain. She has already crossed Moch 3 and joined the crowd of the dead waiting.

Like her, we enter the orange country. The queue of the dead extends to the horizon. Some are surprised to see us always of our affluent cords. What is strange is that these tourists from the world of life to visit the continent of the dead? Most, however, are not interested in us.

Looking Rose in the crowd.

There where whole battalions of soldiers killed in exotic wars, victims of devastating epidemics, rough from the mess started. Dead, dead, dead still, of all races and from all countries. Lepers, sentenced to death electrocuted, roasters of traffic lights, policies tortured, imprudent fakirs, chronic constipation, explorers poisoned by curare arrows, underwater swimmers who teased too shark, the shot sailors, frantic ethyl, paranoid who fled their imaginary enemies through the window on the ninth floor, the bungee jumpers which was too elastic, too curious volcanologists, myopic that have not seen the truck approaching, presbyopic who have not seen the ravine of astigmatism that have not recognized the tarantula, high school students who did not understand a viper, it does not look like a snake.

We overturning everyone.

"Rose, Rose," I hereby issue telepathic language.

Several women named Rose returned. Full of thorns Rose ears or resentments. Like those of others, their ectoplasm tells their story. A victim of a jealous husband, a peasant surprise in a haystack by a vengeful father, a deceased old woman without having benefited from his wealth already squander his grandchildren ...

I grew among others dead. Dead, dead, dead yet. Drug addicts in overdose. battered women too, of

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sliders on banana skins, unlucky colds, smokers époumonés, marathon winners, Formula 1 drivers who missed the turn, airline pilots who missed the runway, tourists who imagined that Harlem was much more picturesque evening for lovers of family feuds, unpublished virus discoverers of third world water drinkers, stray bullets pickers, mines collectors of World War II, jackets racketeers who are fallen police officers on leave, the car bomb thieves.

There are also riders who were convinced that there was enough room to double in the top of the hill truck, truck drivers who gave a great swerved to avoid a motorcycle just up the coast, self -stoppeurs who saw suddenly, just up hill, a motorcycle and a truck brush against their rush into it.

Liver Transplant discuss with heart transplant recipients. Children criticize their parents who have not yet found them while playing hide and seek, they had simply hidden in the refrigerator.

No tension between the deceased. Here reign of universal peace. Bosnians amenity alongside with the Serbs. Corsican clans reconcile. A castaway sea speaks with a wrecked space.

Freddy reminds us that we have no time to lose in distractions. We gather around

him, ready for the figure that we have repeated in the laboratory. We support each other in seeking to preserve our umbilical cords, we are building a pyramid. At the top, Freddy, Raoul and Amandine keep me on their shoulders. I communicate to Rose that we are here to bring her back home ALA. "What for?" She replies. She believes that her time has come. You should know end the existence and is satisfied with his end: she died after passing his life. She left when she was happy and that its projects produced. What more? I retorted him that she died before she had a child and that I want a child with her. She responds by recalling a phrase from Stefania: "The problem is that people appear necessary on this earth and are not able to give up everything, what pride!" She believes that the world is populated enough that she did not regret leaving the childless. Finally, not more

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hear my exhortations, she takes her legs around his neck and elbowing to exceed the mass of waiting dead. My wife and we go after him, and the fourth wall and comatic win the Knowledge country. Without asking, I learn why $E = mc^2$ and I think it's great. I understand why humanity constantly torn in wars. I even see where are hidden the keys to my car I was looking for so long. I get a lot of answers to questions I'm never asked. How, for example, you can keep the bubbles in a bottle of champagne just by introducing a silver spoon in the neck. (That's always been a great mystery to me!) I understand that we must accept without complaint the world as it is and without judging anyone. I understand that the only ambition of a human can my intelligence

than seek to be constantly improving. expands to blow my brains out. I am aware of everything, life, beings, things. - It is nice to understand everything! As Adam had to be happy crunching the apple of knowledge and by receiving the Newton on the head!

Ah yes, the encounter with knowledge is perhaps the most difficult test of all. I advance in knowledge. The great knowledge and little knowledge. Absolute knowledge and relative knowledge. Suddenly I stop, struck by a revelation: I never loved. Admittedly, I felt compassion, of tenderness. I warmed to my friends, people with whom I enjoy being and discuss. But do I really loved them? Am I only able to love? To love someone outside me and that is not me? I tell myself that I am certainly not alone in this case and they are certainly many humans who never really liked it, but it's not a reason. I see no excuse or consolation. The experience of death will take me at least opened my eyes to an idea that had always seemed tainted stupid sentimentality: he must love to be happy.

Love is the greatest act of selfishness, the greatest gift that one can offer oneself. And for now, I have never been able! And Rose? After all the love I thought, since I died for it. In fact, I do not love enough. Rose, if I pull you out if we

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draw from, I assommerai you from my love. On the immense and gratuitous love! The poor, it will surely surprise of what happens to him. There is nothing scarier than a great love suddenly delivered by someone who has always tried to moderate his feelings. It will be scary and delicious at the same time! As I long to tell him that I am able to understand what it is to love truly! I accelerate my flight and the others too. Rose is at the end of the tunnel. After you, like us, is full of knowledge, she crossed the fifth comatic wall and into the land of the ideal beauty. Flop ! What a shock!

After facing fear, desires, time, knowledge, here is the wonderful green countryside, flowers, plants, trees splendid shimmering like butterfly wings. How to describe the indescribable yet? I see a perfect female face, I fly over his body and he turns into flower petals cathedral stained glass. In clear lakes, fish with long fins crystal smile at us. Gazelles grenadine hop over the northern lights.

These are not hallucinations. The ideal beauty brings to the surface all my beautiful memories and drives them to their climax. My companions also have their own visions. Neon black butterflies fluttering around Raoul. Silver dolphins play around Stefania. Freddy is identified young fawns green and white on the back covered with foam. Somewhere heard the Prelude to the Afternoon of a Claude Debussy fauna. The beauty of it is the music. And perfumes, I feel everywhere as light and menthol odor.

Before Rose slows down and then goes again to the attractive central light that captivates me as well as its waves are positive.

My wife and is the sixth wall. Moch 6. The thanatonaute none in the world is still never managed to overcome!

As she hurries, she no longer cord hindrance in his race into the unknown! Floup!

It is on the other side. She is in the Terra incognita!

Freddy tells us that we must now change our position. He demands a broad base continuing with a fine point. He tells us that only he and I attempt the crossing. Him, because

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it is experienced by all, me, because I am only able to convince my wife to come back. Raoul encourages me. - Come On! Straight, straight into the unknown!

198-PHILOSOPHY SUFI

"I come from the soul that is the origin of all souls I am of this city is the city of those without city The path of this city has no end, will, lose everything you have This is what is all.

In the sea of fidelity, I dissolved like salt
It remains for me nor impiety, no faith, no confidence, no doubt
My heart shines a star
And in this star then hid the seven heavens. "

Rubai yachts, Djalâl od Din Rumi.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

199 Y -WE HERE

Freddy amazes me. He moves unashamedly towards this frontier that no human has never crossed. The cord stretched inordinately, he advanced boldly, and I dragging its feet. I'm a little tired of the surprises of death. Yet, I feel there is hidden behind the last mystery, the final mystery of death.

Finally, I will know the most secret secret. Who has caused more deaths than ... death? Here, behind the curtain, complete all thrillers and all the romance novels. Here, behind the curtain, science fiction meets fantasy and all mythologies world merge with the exact science.

I hesitate at first, and then I rush.

The finally here, the ultimate land of Ultimate Continent.

I see it.

For a moment I forget Rose. Mystery of mysteries, secret of secrets, never revealed to men, I see you. I see you, I feel you, I hear you. Here is the end. Here is the elephant graveyard. Here dying light,

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all the lights, the sounds, all the sounds. The souls, all souls. The ideas, all ideas.

I'm in heaven.

Millions of heavenly music in my head explode. Of star debris addressed me kind of farewell. A star who dies and a man who dies perform the same way. They go to Paradise.

I walk in the fog, trampling my feet fluffy valuable territory. My arms rise like translucent for salvation. My knees bend to genuflect. I embrace this blur ground.

By mistake or out of love, I'm in heaven. And it's beautiful! More beautiful than all the visions of ideal beauty of the sixth territory. They were only reproductions and imitations. The real beauty of Paradise surpasses them all. Heaven is my only country, my only home, the only object of my chauvinism. I am from here. I seem to have always known this place, have always known that I was coming from there and then I had to go back. On earth there, so low, I was just passing. On holiday. I'm an ectoplasm, I've never really been Michael Pinson. I am only pure ectoplasm. I have never been this sad stupid Michael Pinson.

It is so stupid that type, while my true self is so ... slight. The lightness, that is the cardinal virtue. My ambition is to remain a thinking steam. I was tied to the land and to my body. Youthful indiscretion.

I see Rose and I like it more than on land. Why redescendrons us to narrow our skins, our aching bodies and our brains stuffed staggering worries? We are both here. We have no fear of time. We no longer afraid of anything.

I do not care Thanatonautes waiting at the door of Paradise. They are beasts to stay there. I have my country and my world. Revelation revelations. I'm in my source. I see the real sun. Besides, the other, the Terrans, seems yellowish. White, true white, pure white only exists in Paradise.

I'm in heaven. I came here to preserve Rose, what a mockery!

The mist is scattered. Beneath me the long line appears dead. It forms as a river which, further, seems to divide. I

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down examine the phenomenon more closely. The River of Souls splits into effect in four branches and in the midst of human souls, I now discerns plant and even animal souls. No doubt he has a second door Paradise where they were engulfed. There where marine anemones and algae, bears and roses. The plants also have souls. I know because now I understand everything.

The absolute syncretism. We are all united and on earth together, we suffered. We must live by avoiding violence. Do not do violence to others regardless of their nature, do not do either violence. This law of existence penetrates me to the end of my toes. So I was just that, a human ignoring vowed to mount a day in heaven gauge his ignorance.

The river carrying human, animal and plant souls, is divided into four parts. Which books crammed into the office Raoul evoked they already irrigated by four rivers countries? Hindus speak in the Jews too. Raoul memory of sentences through my mind: "HEBREW MYTHOLOGY Paradise is the seventh celestial sphere Two doors provide access One is prompted to dance and rejoice We see four rivers, one.... Air, one of honey, one wine, one incense ... " " Paradise is watered by four rivers ", also said the Koran.

From one end of the world to another, the ancients knew and had used metaphors to describe the same landscape.

Four rivers. Four subdivisions. Four types of souls, not just the good and evil rather four tones such as bass, mid, treble and shrill. Four ways to be a soul. Next Rose, Freddy and I go back four dead rivers.

And suddenly I see the angels.

200 - CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY

"The Blessed then see clearly the solution of mysteries whose raison down here

affirmed the truth with the docile submission of faith. The Trinity, incarnation, redemption, hidden laws of providence in the government of souls, in the government of the world and its effect on the people whose

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history is too often for us or riddle or a long scandal. They will experience the supernatural economy of God's ways for the sanctification of His elect and the endless wonders of the essence of divinity. "

Monsignor Elie Meric.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

201- AT THE END

From a distance, you'd fireflies.

Angels.

I know from the outset that it is them.

Angels of Paradise.

The show was worth the trip.

Freddy takes me by the shoulders, shaking me like a plum tree. He shouts to me that we have sworn to take Rose to the land of the living, not to stick with it to the mainland of the dead. It beseech me not forget my mission. He caught all my thoughts just now. If we understand quickly, between ectoplasm!

The rabbi speaks and brings me back to reason. Delirium is finished. Death, I have defeated you in your form of woman in white satin, you never entice me, even appearing like a paradise.

Freddy is happy. He is aware of having restored calm in my mind. Even Paradise will be less powerful than my will. I know who I am. A pure soul and a physical body, for the time not yet dissociated. I am spirit and matter, and spirit must remain stronger than the material. I have to keep the balance between the heart and reason.

I know who I am. I know who we are. No two souls among others, but two Thanatonautes mission. We are not of the dead but of the living Ultimate able to explore the continent and back. And we are here to save Rose.

We follow the branch "honey" of the dead river. We mingle with them. The dead watching us in amazement as we always have our umbilical cords. I do not know why I have not yet broken but in any event shall hold good.

The four lines are very long. You might think at the counter of an overloaded airport in summer.

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A loud, I scream "Rose! Rose!" And an old man devoured by his hungry cats receives my call and tells me it is before. No doubt she has already crossed checks, no doubt she is already weighing.

- Yes, he telepath, fatalistic. Some souls are sometimes favored. They catch up and overtake souls waiting in the green country since lots of centuries. Who knows why ...

- You say she is weighing?

- Of course. A weighing of his soul. They will examine what it has committed to good and evil in this existence before deciding its next reincarnation.

- And this is where the weighing?

- Straight ahead. You can not go wrong. It's always all right.

202-Taoist Philosophy

"The Wise love this life while it lasts and then forgets to another life. He who is one with the universal soul keeps its me wherever he goes.

Fire is the fagot what the soul is to the body. He goes to another bundle as the soul passes to a new body. The fire spread without shutdown. Life goes on

unceasingly. "

Chuang Tzu

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

203 -Sheet POLICE

Note to the services concerned

You have refused to intervene to stop them. Now they are there. Hopefully it is not too late. To you to get by.

Response services concerned

We'll manage.

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204 - THE WEIGHT OF A SOUL

Freddy and I wade into the white mist among human and non-human souls. We go to a valley where the four arms of the dead river meet. The dead still advancing towards the light. Angels surround them more closely. Angels, a priori, they are like you and me ectoplasm. They do not have umbilical cords but are wrapped phosphorescent halo and covered with multicolored movements. They see us and becomes iridescent halo new and fantastic shimmering as if they were able to express their thoughts by simply changing their colors. They swirl upwards and from left to right, in the manner of the fetus in a mother's womb, and ask us what we make here with our cords intact.

- We look for a wife.

An angel declares that he is the one that finds what is lost.

I describe Rose. It confirms that it is close to the weighing. He shows me the distance, overlooking the valley where converge the four arms of the river, a light-covered mountain vapors. It's the top hand that the central light that guides us since our entry into Paradise.

With the dead, we climb the path that leads to light.

On the top, three angels float to get more light than previous.

- It is not like the other angels, blows me Freddy, they are archangels.

In fact, they sparkle, while the crowd of the dead painfully approaches them slowly.

The rabbi showed me Rose, over us, embedded in the light of the mountain and shine of the archangels. There, on a terreplein, gather the dead about to appear.

- At the next, announces an archangel.

The following is Rose.

- Go on, convince them to let her go, I press our rabbi.

He can not follow me. It keeps my cord like his, so stretched that it seems about to break. We are

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really playing with our lives. I must continue only while it will ensure the preservation of our leads.

I fly to the archangels, almost shouting

- Wait! Before judging this woman, I must tell you that we who are alive, we do not want her to appear before you.

The archangel consider myself without surprise. His telepathic voice is soft and reassuring. It seems open to all arguments. This agent's death has nothing scary. He even tries to comfort me along the surrounding gathered deceased.

- Explain yourself.

- Rose is dead, the victim of a gang of thugs, but it has nothing to do here.

The other two archangels are as endorsements. In this light, they remind me a little alien Encounters of the Third Kind, Steven Spielberg's film.

They ask me what right I beg to intercede here. They examine the rabbi behind me and our cords intact.

- You want her back on earth is this?

- Yes. We are forty live to be fitted up to you to save her.

The three archangels come together for an intense discussion. One deploys a transparent string full of knots and seems to read many interesting information. He sees me, sees Rose, still discussing with others and finally speaks

- For forty humans have risked so much, you really that woman is still necessary to your lower world. We therefore allow to go down but we render her cord if it so desires and the application itself.

Rose hesitated. Now his fate rests in his hands. I sense that his mind would finish with pleasure with the game of life. Like me earlier, she imagines that here is his true home, his only homeland. At the same time, something in it, maybe the love she dedicated to me, fight against this feeling.

Around us, people and angels are looking forward to which side the balance.

- How lucky to be at this point of a beloved mortal! murmur a Japanese harakiri.

A martyr child approves.

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An angel points out that this is the first time he saw such a mess.

Another is pleased that we have been left up. The situation is interesting.

Rose stares archangels. But they refuse to intervene in its decision. If desired, conduct the weighing of his soul. Otherwise, she is free to go back and to resume the series of his life, with its ups and downs, its good deeds and bad. It is solely responsible for its destiny.

From a little higher behind Freddy watching. From afar, it is like a wedding in a fantastic white cathedral. A couple face to face Rose and me behind a long, gray line of guests, and in front, a mountain of light.

Rose takes a step towards the archangels in doing a second. I hold my breath and suddenly she turned around and runs into my arms.

- Excuse me, she said, but I still have many things to do down.

Angels, surprised, change color. The scene, which featured so far a clear yellow appearance, becomes bluer. Archangels smile at us, softened. The little cherubs as dragonflies are busy. An umbilical cord that I can not distinguish the tip rises from the belly of my wife to jump to the entrance of the black hole. Rose is reconnected. Again cord connects his soul to his body.

We join Freddy. He knows that we have succeeded.

The dead greet us

- Welcome back to the material world, guys!

- They will need sighs an American psycho-killer grilled on an electric chair.

I, the material world, I would rather die than to return. If you ask me, life is a vale of tears.

We will not listen.

The return is obviously more pleasant than the go. We no longer fear for our umbilical cords. We descend the mountain of light, walk along the four branches of the river of the dead, then the single river. Like salmon, we departed back to the source and we will leave that for the better come back later.

Behind the Sixth comatic wall, all our friends are there and mentally applaud our return. All this time, they attention

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daiant, concerned to see the extreme tension of our umbilical cords, fearing that we can no longer turn back.

Raoul, Stefania, Amandine, Chinese monks and rabbis who helped us get to the bottom of life and touch the bottom of the dead flutter happily. We cross territories and Moch.

Parading beauty, knowledge, patience, pleasure, fear.

We are almost out of the black hole. Outside, the stars pulsate miserably compared to the great light out there, basically. We voletons, happy, when

suddenly appears a sinister band ectoplasm.

205 - HINDU PHILOSOPHY

The man is like a pillowcase. A pillowcase can be red, another black, and so on, but all contain the same cotton. It is the same for men: one is beautiful, the other ugly, pious third, fourth villain, but it is the same God resides in all.
"

Ramakrishna.

The extract of the thesis that unknown Mors, by Francis Razorbak.

206 - PÉPIN

We imagined we were reconciled to the Old Man of the Mountain, now deprived of its haschischins trucidés and its Confederates come to their senses. Not at all. After some polite in our thanatodrome, had returned to its natural gallop. Without Thanatonautes Muslims, now that the great alliance was signed between religions, he rounded up a posse of Thanatonautes mercenaries. It launches us telepathically that ecumenism is a trap to lull all faiths and allow Jews to better invade Paradise. Freddy replies that nobody is owner of Ultimate Continent and it is normal that priests have agreed to condemn all violence. The last of the replica he knows haschischins

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all verbal Entourloupe which are capable rabbis and he will not let it take over.

I enjoy his company to locate in the large Martinez, our childhood enemy, who was a candidate-thanatonaute the time of slaughter, and that we had then refused without it we recognize. He hated us this especially as we had saved from certain death then. It's funny, but people who have hurt you in want of what they have done. If you also visit their service, their hatred knows no bounds. The mercenaries outnumber us and I am very scared. It would be stupid to die like that after such equipped!

But Freddy knows that the Old Man of the Mountain will actually wants but him. Precisely because he sought to understand and make a friend after he had tried to kill him and his family. The hashischin reacts exactly like any Martinez. To protect ourselves, before we could stop him, Rabbi untie the cord and pulled away. He attempts a diversionary manoeuvre.

- Flee quickly, we he ordered. If we stay together, none of us will return.

We hesitate to give up but his telepathic accents are so imperative that we end comply, taking Amandine force desperate to fight alongside her husband.

- Freddy! Amandine shouts.

- Go away, leave me, I will become a Lamed Vav.

In the manner of an ectoplasmic lasso, he twirled his silver cord while the mercenaries based on him.

- Freddy !

The old sage we address soothing signs.

Any last words rang in our ears

- Go! I réincarnerai soon as possible. Watch the birth of a child who will carry the same initials as me. He will recognize my everyday objects. Flee and remember: FM!

It receives blows. This makes. With his experience of wars of Paradise, the old blind rabbi manages to quickly cut the cords of some of his assailants before they cover it.

Correcting himself, wants Stefania running into the pile. We follow but it is already too late. The Old Man of the Mountain ruled cord Freddy.

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A final gesture is fatalistic and Rabbi

drawn by light.

The mercenaries then turn against us.

- You and me against the fools, said Raoul.

Melee. Amandine Martinet fight with courage. Rose confronts two hostile souls. Raoul load some hired killers. And I, no luck, I find myself alone against the Old Man of the Mountain in person!

The guy does not want me good.

I dodge some blows my best. The other is comfortable with such poor opponents as me. It passes my umbilical cord around the neck as if to stifle me. He shakes my soul hurts. It twists my lifeline to the extreme. I expect that will return the slamming me to the archangels when the grasp relaxes. After getting rid easily of Martinet, Amandine came from behind and cut the cord to the obstinate haschischin. Man is scared of what happens to him, a woman knocked

A force to send people in artificial paradises, he suspects that the real to be less runny. He is desperately trying to revive the shreds of his silver string, accumulating double knots and safety nodes. But in death as in life, there is no joker. Cats may have nine lives, but not men. Lost is lost. No haschischin node is up.

Floup!

The Old Man of the Mountain is drawn by light as a beat by a sink trap. Among the survivors mercenaries is the stampede.

We push a sigh of relief. Amandine begs us to try to save her husband as we did for Rose, but we all know that, Freddy, it's too late and we can do nothing. Sorry, we leave the vortex of Paradise. We emerge on the flared edge of the black hole where stars incandescent howl of agony their last rays before being vacuumed.

Descent. Revoici the solar system. Slalom between planets. Hello again Russian cosmonauts who have hardly advanced since our first pass. Crossing a field of meteorites. Braking near the moon. Already turquoise ball of earth looming in our bellies. Here in Europe, here France, Paris here. Could not get lost. Your ectoplasmic cord will always return you to your starting point.

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Safe above the capital, dénouons ours and we raccompagnons ectoplasm Rose at St. Louis hospital. She sinks into the roof as in a swamp. Provided that our getaway too long will it has not caused permanent damage!

We, we return to thanatodrome. Say my alter ego was there, sitting quietly while I gave myself so many stunts!

We cross the roof, floors, floors, we regain our body pain.

My ectoplasm and my mortal coil are face to face. The translucent and colored. Solid and vaporous. The light and heavy. It is now important to pick them. I enter me like a thick padded ski overalls. No one taught me how to return to his old skin. I improvise. Just in case, I pass through the top of my head because this is where I came out.

It's not so nice to have a body of flesh. I feel once my rheumatism, my sores, my itch, my caries in short, all those little aches persecute you constantly.

Once again I met myself. We are no longer one, my body and my soul. My toes are invaded tingling.

I slowly raised my eyelids. I rediscover the natural world "and in this" normal "world, the first thing I see is the display of the electrocardiogram and small peaks. My heartbeat is réaccélèrent gradually.

When we put all plumb, I hasten to call the hospital. Exactly, they would call me. Doctors are excited. Miracle, it occurred a miracle! Rose has suddenly awakened. She is fully conscious. She is fine.

I agree with others, sadly gathered around the chair where Freddy lies, gaping mouth, as if to us repeating the child's initials in which he will be reincarnated.

FM

His blind glassy eyes are wide open. I approach and gently, tenderly, closes his eyelids. A never in this existence.

THIRD PERIOD
TIME PROFESSIONALS

207-TEACHING OF THE TAROT

Death is the thirteenth tarot card. It does not have a name. It is in fact a break in the series of images of the tarot. The first twelve cards as the first twelve hours of the day. They are "little mysteries". Past twelve o'clock, noon, arises death and dive into another dimension, that of the "great mysteries", the other twelve hours of the day. The deep esoteric sense, the thirteenth Arcanum means death layman who initiated reborn. The card is not evil. If it fails to cross the stage of death, we can not progress.

Meaning of the Tarot de Marseille.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

208 - MANUAL OF HISTORY

BELIEFS OF OUR ANCESTORS

Survey conducted in Europe in 1981 (end of the second millennium) on population beliefs, classified according to their different faiths. (Source: The values of this time, Jean Stoetzel, PUF, 1983.)

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Of 100 people believe

A life after death 52

In Paradise

A Hell

A Reincarnation

In the soul separated from the body

In God

209-angelic

No Catholics Protestants
practitioners

45

30

23

66

87

38 43 16 21 56 75

13

8 3 12 24 23

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

- To believe that there are angels ...! And then what?

The Rubicon then, my brother Conrad refused to cross it. His skepticism and natural materialism had already been submitted to the test. He refused to advance further in this modern delusion that we had christened thanatonautique

name.

Certainly the angels, it was a bit hard to swallow. Besides, if someone had told me earlier that after death angels greet you, I would have chuckled softly. In all honesty, I could never believe in half of half of the tenth of all these things I had lived with my senses.

Everything was so "amazing".

However, admitting that death was a continent was for us the most difficult stage and we had crossed. We had admitted being with a soul capable of traveling. We recognized that this was immaterial soul. We accepted that silver cord attached it to our mortal coil. So why not angels? All religions were referring to in one way or another, after all.

President Lucinder begged us to keep the secrecy of our recent discoveries. For now, it was important to conceal what we knew from the depths of Paradise.

- These angels, what a story! He was missing more than that. And why not God, while you are there?

He felt that we were in possession of a bomb and had to delay its effect. The President then threw a angry

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If

learning the assassination of Rabbi Meyer by the Old Man of the Mountain and his mercenaries.

- What is this turbaned that knows only the language of violence and exclusion? He wants to make war on the infidels LAHAUT? We will not allow him to hack Paradise.

- He's already dead, said Raoul. There was a terrible duel but Michael and Amanda have prevailed and killed.

- Regardless, exclaimed Lucinder behind his mahogany desk, I have over the heads of the religious wars! We are at the XX1 century, most of the Middle Ages. We can not forever tolerate intolerance. Let me do it.

210-HINDU MYTHOLOGY

"Man seeks liberation.

Repeat the mantra Hare Krishna thirty-five million times allows to break free of the most serious sins, namely

- Kicking a man of high caste Brahmins;
- Steal the property of others;
- Grab gold;
- Sleep with a woman of low caste pariahs.

Would we even repudiated all the rules of Dharma we thus obtain the purity and liberation. N

Times, Samtarana Upanishads.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

211-UNITED NATIONS

The following week, Jean Lucinder, President of the French Republic, delivered a speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations. He stressed the need to pacify the Ultimate Continent, now that thanatonautique had entered morals. After the DIY era, the era of medicine, the era of fear, the era of desire, economic era, the astronomical era, the era of violence, it was more than time integer in the legal age.

For legislators to take responsibility. The thanatonautick should be subject to a charter, with its laws, amendments, its mandatory code of conduct. Otherwise, there would be an eternal Far West over our heads.

- We have already passed two laws thanatonautique, and what a result! remarked wryly, the representative of GuinéeÉquatoriale.

- They are insufficient, it must therefore be new, insisted Lucinder.

And facing a rather distracted assistance, it strongly suggested two items that would be known thereafter as the third and fourth laws thanatonautes. Article 3. It is forbidden to cut the umbilical cord of some ectoplasm whatsoever.

Article 4. Each physical body will be held responsible for its activities ectoplasm.

There followed a schedule for prison sentences and fines proportionate to the offenses committed by ectoplasm.

The President of the French Republic was categorical: the Ultimate Continent should remain neutral territory, like the Antarctic. No one should be allowed to fight or engage in it in campaigns of ownership.

The UN Secretary General abounded in its meaning

- Paradise is for everyone. If necessary, we will send peacekeepers charged with maintaining peace and guaranteeing the free movement of people dead and Thanatonautes.

A murmur of surprise ran the room. The representative of Fiji looked up from his newspaper and that of Surinam jumped, pulled out of his torpor.

- Yes, why not? continued the general secretary. After all, the Old Man of the Mountain had indeed raised a private army to appropriate places. We can therefore quite possibly send it our own intervention force, namely ectoplasmic peacekeepers. Karmic police, somehow.

The third and fourth laws were adopted by a large majority. Twenty countries declared themselves against or chose to abstain in order not to attract problems from the side of Saudi Arabia who all knew, had unofficially encouraged and financed the operations of the Old Mountain.

However, the proposal to create a karmic police were

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rejected. There was time for Paradise no violence legitimizing such an operation which, moreover, was likely to be very expensive. In addition, we returned to "terrestrial" problems sending any peacekeepers: would they be allowed to rush when necessary or would they only there to prevent him from killing? In such a place, what a headache! The delegates preferred to renounce this project ectoplasmic UN army.

Lucinder was right to bring the issue of ectoplasmic battles in the legal field. Spoilsport of Ultimate Continent would now ostracized from humanity. Moreover, with thanatonautes laws, our business finally received official recognition. Many suspected that we had exceeded Moch 6 but all the questions, we opposed the most complete silence.

In the lower store, my mother now marketing a complete plan of Ultimate Continent, with its six gates and seven known territories. Everything looked a bit like a trumpet, with widely flared base and a pointed top. The colors were postponed in order: blue, black, red, orange, yellow, green, white. The menu was rather pretty and perfect to adorn the wall of a budding scientist or an unrepentant dreamer.

As a legend, Conrad had with a line the words Terra incognita. Not all-out we had (really all?) Of this distant territory?

Of course, we indicated a white territory, but we abstain we speak of angels or light mountain. It was too early.

In the penthouse of our thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont, our team Thanatonautes held his umpteenth meeting. I was the only one

seeing "Freddy was not there to testify, each assailed me with questions about what were the K Weighing the Soul" and, of course, reincarnation that followed. I was telling even telling how we had reached the bottom of Paradise, the endless line of the dead splitting into four, the vast white plain mountain weighing, the three archangels-judges.

- I've seen but it is not enough to see. You have to understand.

And my goal of saving my wife, I had not thought à'm'informer or ask questions of the angels. He just seemed to me having arrived there one "weighed" our good and our bad deeds before being reincarnated as his past life.

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- You imagine the scope of such an assertion? Massena me President Lucmder. Brandishing a photo of a man with gray temples and under deep he wore constantly on him, Raoul asked me if I had glimpsed his father.

I pouted. There was a dense crowd of the dead up there. No, I had not seen her father, as I had also not seen mine. My friend had found himself as the river of the dead was growing from the Orange territory. Our souls migrated slowly and tight herd. Can not recognize anyone in this tumultuous flood of millions of souls in transit.

Amandine, whose usual black robes now had the look of mourning, then questioned

- You really believe that this is the end? That there is nothing after?

I sighed. How to be sure?

- Basically, there is a mountain of light. This is the mountain weighing of souls that emits this light that draws us from the first door. And then, after the judgment of karmas, I can not imagine what can happen. I have also seen anything special behind the mountain for the simple reason that this mountain is so bright that it hides any possible horizon.

- So there may be something else behind the mountain ..., my wife noticed that all his dilemma back down here or not, had not cared during his trip to view premises .

Especially eager to find her father, Raoul proposed a new collective off for further exploration. I was not too hot to start up there but the others were obviously very excited to meet the angels, to understand the meaning of their lives, to see the end of consciousness, and all that, and all that.

Amandine, Stefania and Rose got up immediately handwho volunteer. My wife claimed to be perfectly recovered from her hospitalization and in great shape. She wanted to go back up there to verify his hypothesis white fountain on the other side of the black hole hold water. Regarding Amandine, I believe that despite the death of Freddy, his "baptism" takeoff had so enchanted that she was starting lineup for all new adventure.

Willy-nilly, I agreed to be their guide.

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We décollâmes together a Friday 13. I remember it very well, it was Friday, May 13 A particularly windy day. Outside, the trees bent under tornadoes and clouds were running after. I do not like the wind but good!

We alignâmes all five of us in our plastic ovoid, our special suits connected to computers. Video purred.

Six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Liftoff ...

I pressed pear. Forward for the country of angels.

212-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

Three souls correspond to three brains

- Hypothalamus: Ruach. The level of our survival needs eat, drink, sleep, reproduce.

- Limbic system: Nefesh. Level of emotions: fear, desire, desire, emotion.

- Cortex: Nechamah. Level of reason: logic, strategy, philosophy, aesthetics and ability to control the other two brains.

According to Kabbalah, several mental and physiological changes occur at the exact time of physical death. The Zohar explains that the Nefesh or our bio-energy, dissolves with the deterioration of the body. The Ruach, linked to the vital energy flow, remaining a little longer but eventually dissipate. The transcendental party, the Nechamah completely abandons body shape. This upper part of the Self is then received by the souls of those who loved during his earthly existence. His father already deceased and family members gather around the Nechamah and he sees them, he recognizes them as any he has known here and all accompanying his soul where it must remain.

At the time of death, he was allowed to see his parents and friends of the hereafter. If the deceased was righteous, they rejoice and welcome him. Otherwise, it is only recognized by those thrown into the Gehinom (purgatory). This is where the souls are washed of their filth. The Gehinom is discovered after physical death. His need could be compared to that of a good shower after a

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grueling match or passage through a decompression chamber of a scuba diver before rising to the surface.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

-In 213 ANGELS

My second ectoplasmic journey was worse than the

first. On my first flight, I thought only of rescuing Rose and think of others allows to forget his own anxieties.

There I was thinking about too many things along the way. Would there be mercenaries or another haschischin few worshipers of Beelzebub in ambush, ready to attack us by surprise and cut our umbilical cords?

I was scared.

I hid my fear.

In tight squadron, we were gliding through space at the speed of thought. We crossed the Sun, due to the Earth's rotation, was then directly on the path leading to the center of the galaxy.

I refoulais my eternal parasite issue ("By the way, what do I ..."). Finally, you know what question I mean.

Review the Russian cosmonauts not even made me laugh. Skip from meteorites gave me goosebumps and approach each new planet seemed a good opportunity to rest my ectoplasm.

J e regarded the surrounding galaxy. As it was great! The stars do you want in here. Someone should do the cleaning up of all these stars that roam the Milky Way. The Milky Way! The Greeks had called because this star burst evoked them squirt milk out of the breast of the goddess Hera, wife of Zeus.

Bathed in breast milk, as tourists we sail to the land of the dead.

To forget my fear, I really enjoy the spectacle constantly renewed the interstellar world. While he flies, my ectoplasm sees everything.

The Orion Nebula looks like a Saint-Jacques shell

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Forgot dissolve. I have identified the star cloud called Horsehead which indeed resembles a kind of ended with a neck angle. Further to my left, there is the line bounce Cygnus and then the variable stars in the Magellanic Clouds, such Aune spilled salt shaker. Vega arrives supernova. All these names appear naturally to mind, but in fact, it's the Rose blowing me away. She understood that this astral spectacle fascinates me and it gives me knowledge. Wonderful woman!

Turn. Far ahead of us, right, there are the Andromeda galaxy. It is sweat and separate from ours of barely two million light years. Around its central axis, the stars in Andromeda are more yellow than ours. Probably because they are younger. This suggests that our good old Milky Way is older than its parent Andromeda.

An astronomy courses open space is fabulous! More exciting than any safari. But here too, there are wild animals. In the constellation Hound (fluke), two galaxies are about to touch. The smallest in form of sea urchin, is attracted by the larger, spiral.

- This is the galaxy M51, a galaxy carnivore, telepathically explains Rose. It is so huge that it sucks all other galaxies come in range. There she is

devouring the galaxy NGC 5195. When the two masses are sufficiently close to one another, one of the spiral arms of M51 will advance to capture NGC 5195.

- And "eat"?

- No. They will join to form an even more massive galaxy, thus more attractive and even more carnivorous.

Like what predation is everywhere. Even inanimate matter knows his dramas.

We drive to our central objective forever. We cross exotic planetary systems, clouds of red and white dust, life frozen meteorites with their first fruits ready àéclore on a planet that will allow them to exist. Some areas of star clusters succeeding to large empty spaces where there is more than black, cold and nothing.

Here finally the corolla of the black hole of death. Stars collide on its edge, surrounding the entrance of the huge tunnel of an effervescent circle.

We build our five silver cords in a safety strap

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tight and, using one of ectoplasmic Freddy choreography, set off again to the collision of the last zone.

First territory: we are sucked into the vortex, just like the "light juice" nearby stars and all kinds of waves and particles. We reach the beach of Ultimate Continent. The membrane of the first comatic wall vibrates like an eardrum or when one hits the crossbar. Here, the world of the dead also resembles a human ear. Schlouf! I spend the soft wall.

Second area: again the fear of the past, the fight against tireless monsters. These gatekeepers will always be there waiting for me at home of late.

Third territories: even my fantasies always redder, more and more black. I like to find the good. As it must be awful, life without fantasies! I do not let myself bogged however, neither my desires nor my pleasures.

Fourth territory: patience. The river of the dead passes slowly in the orange plain. I fly over the seething mass, this time paying more attention to those who compose it. Miracle, I recognize so many people I wanted to meet! Marilyn Monroe, Philip K. Dick, Jules Verne, Rabelais, Leonardo da Vinci. Also urge few mythical figures of my history books: Charlemagne, Vercingetorix, George Washington, Winston Churchill, Leon Trotsky.

She is so heterogeneous, that crowd. There again James Dean, Fred Astaire (who can not help to sketch a few steps from tap to pass the time), Molière, Gary Cooper, Queen Margot, Lilian Gish, Louise Brooks, Zola, Houdim Mao Zedong, Ava Gardner, the Borgias (grouped in family around Lucretia).

The most impatient strive to remain at the center of the river to light quickly. The less disciplined hang around. Many took advantage of the halt to unusual encounters.

We argue in the family of the last Russian tsar, each accusing the other of not having foreseen the Revolution. Louis XVI tries to reconcile: it either did not see it coming. He turns to discuss mapping with Marco Polo. The passion of this friendly Royal ectoplasm, that was it: the mapping. He cared a little also to the locksmith, but draw the rivers of Canada and move the words Terra incognita were really unknown and the preferred hobby of Louis XVI.

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Paradise, it really is the ultimate in chic lounge where you cause! I cue up Victor Hugo with his long beard, flirting Diana the Huntress. Raoul is friendly but it still launches puzzles and does not give the solution. I landed near Victor Hugo and the opportunity to ask him for the solution of his charade on the baking. At first he is annoyed because I disturbed its drag but when I explain my reasons, he laughs and tells me.

. "My first is talkative, it is a talkative My second is a bird, it's my third bird is the coffee is coffee solution:... The pastry is the Bavarian coffee because it ' was so easy that I had not thought of. "

What a chance to ask questions to the most knowledgeable people. If I had more time, I would look to know the secret to Stradivarius glues his precious

violins. I would try to find out where Saint-Exupery disappeared and why from above there are giant drawings on Chile and Peru.

I suddenly spotted a familiar face. My great-grandmother Aglaé! I rushed towards her. She recognized me immediately and includes outset why I approached so fast. Yes, she had seen how I behaved to her death but she did not want me because she had read in my heart my true feelings. Many others weeping were only hypocrites eager to attract attention!

I'm so happy that I wanted to get my father to tell him. But my great-grandmother Aglaé teaches me that she had already informed and that, moreover, it is now far ahead.

I resume my flight, lighter spirit.

Downstairs Raoul vain search his father, Felix crosses Amandine and pretends not to recognize him, despite the desperate calls of the first of Thanatonautes. Stefania plane quietly audessus of the crowd of the dead, continuing its way to the light. My wife astronomer is leading our group, eager to see if the background of the black hole gives on a white fountain.

Fifth territory: up to beauty. Purple lace flower beds alternate. Purple, ocher, red, yellow, fractal images shimmer endlessly. Iridescent butterflies escape from pink beaks of swallows. Blue frogs, black and white deploy dragonfly wings. A golden unicorn stands on its hind legs. Beauty is polymorphic. As fear.

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Sixth territory: knowledge. I discovered by chance, and without asking, the recipe for pound cake. A quarter of butter, a quarter of flour, a quarter of sugar, a quarter of eggs. This too is part of knowledge. We should not I forget the recipe before my return to earth.

Seventh territory: we came together before Moch 6, our always connected cords. This trip was possibly less exciting to no longer be the first takeoffs but never did become a routine. The shuttle Challenger had she not explode while in force exploits were beginning to believe spaceflight definitely safe? Nothing is safe even if the disembodiment proved a method of discovering the universe really soft. At no time, he had wasted our caution. We were far, far away and quickly, so quickly. At this rate, the slightest incident could take on dramatic proportions.

We discovered now, we would have never been able to detect, even with the best telescope onboard satellite! We were in the stars, in the center of the galaxy, the black hole at the bottom and with the possibility of escape. What astronomer could feed greatest ambition?

For us, the five musketeers of death, it was now the end of the journey. We had reached the large curtain concealing the last aspect of death. I walked while others hesitated soul follow. They saw that the river of the dead pierced the membrane 6 but Moch apprehend the last face life filled with fear every rational being. I shrugged. After all, I, I've been there. I lifted a piece of the terrifying curtain and invited my friends to follow me.

Aggressive and both magnetic, flamboyant light hit us. For me, surprised, I saw be happy to find this vast white plain cylindrical and its veils of mist. Below, the river of the dead scindait four heads.

Halos appeared the first of the angels, so colorful, so bright face our ectoplasm so dull! If you ask me one day what is the best ambition of a man, I now know the answer: the most beautiful ambition is to make his soul as beautiful as that of a benevolent angel. But how to achieve such a feat?

Angel at the sporty look fluttered toward us and asked us why we are here, with our cords intact. Curiosity? Desire to advance science? Even Stefania language

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usually so glib remained quite quiet. It was "he" who answered AOur up

- You are Great Initiates, is not it?

- Of what? Raoul wondered.

- The Great Initiates, patiently repeated the angel.

Apparently our intrusion did not surprise too. "Great Initiates", "they" had a

term for the "living" who advanced so far. This meant that others had already preceded us and had kept the information secret. Other Thanatonauts? Monks, shamans, rabbis, sages who quietly and without the aid of modern technology, would be addicted to this kind of journey from the dawn of time? The angel smiled. I then understood why he and his colleagues had not asked me problems during my first visit to Paradise. The "Great Initiates" has always they were accustomed to receive, although we later learned, their visits had hardly been frequent.

214-SIBERIAN MYTHOLOGIE

In Siberian shamanistic religion, after death everything is reversed. One enters a country where everything is up is down, everything is clear becomes obscure. Sometimes you go into the land of the dead at a shamanic ceremony, during an illness, poisoning or a dream. Sometimes you make a foray into the land of the dead without noticing.

That is why we need to know some specifics.

In the land of the dead, trees grow upside down by drawing up their roots, the rivers flow towards the mountains, the night is bright under black light of the moon, while the day is dark in the pale reflection of the sun .

These are small details to know for sure that we are no longer among the living.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

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215 - ASALIAH

Our host was called Saint Jerome in French, Asaliah in Hebrew, which means "one who tells the truth." But he had a name in many other languages. He was Ptah for the Egyptians, Sumerians Enki for Apollo for the Romans, the Gauls for Mapanos, Dianceht for Irish Celts, Freyr for the Germans, for Svarog Slavs Savitr for Hindus, Xochipilli for the Aztecs, for Illapa the Incas ...

His task here was to uncover the truth and to help souls to rise spiritually.

Willingly, he answered questions from Raoul on the organization of Paradise. There were seventy-two main angels and seven hundred thousand angels side. The hierarchy was simple. A first triad consisted of the Seraphim, Cherubim and Thrones, a second Virtues, Dominions and Powers. The third, highest, united Principalities, Archangels and Angels. Three major archangels: the archangel Gabriel (messenger and initiator), the Archangel Michael (the slayer of dragons), the Archangel Raphael (guide physicians and travelers).

We had a choice: we could consider angels as saints, Lamed Vav or Bodhisattvas, Buddhas, Elected, or Tsadiks. Their designations varied religions. They were perfect that had managed their lives and could break the cycle of reincarnation but had nevertheless preferred to devote himself to the management of souls in transit. For us not to lose, we optâmes for the generic "angel".

With that, Jerome-Ptah-Xochipilli apologized. With the crowd which pressed down, it was not the job that was missing. We continued our tour only.

I wondered if, on top of these cohorts, there was still a god or gods. The Jews well say that God is one and yet Freddy had taught me in Hebrew, God Elohim and says that this name is plural. So?

Seventy two main angels ... This figure also reminded me of something.

- The number of rungs of the ladder of Jacob, Raoul remembered me telepathically.

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216-ANGELS MAJOR

Some examples of major denominations of angels, from the Bible but could as well be Greek, Chinese, Indian, etc.

1` angel VEHUIA, who is the master of meditation and spiritual enlightenment.
2nd angel JELIEL, who soothes the unjust revolts.
3rd angel Sitael, one that protects adversity.
4th angel Elemiah, one that can detect traitors.
5th angel MAHAASIAH, one that allows us to live in peace with those around him.
6th angel Lelahel, who cures diseases.
7th angel ACHAHIAH, one that helps to unlock the secrets of nature and to implement new technologies.
8` angel CAHETHEL, who chase away evil spirits.

9th angel HAZIEL, who helps found favor Great and keeping promises.
10th angel ALADIAL, one who protects those who fear that we discover their secrets.

Among the most useful, in bulk, there are still

12th angel HAHAHIAH, who dominates the world of dreams and sometimes reveals, in a dreamlike shape of the sacred mysteries.
13th angel IEZALEL, the ruler friendship, reconciliation and marital fidelity.
14th angel MEBACHEL, one that protects makeshift usurpers.
16th angel HAKAMIAH, one that protects malicious traitors.
17th angel LAUVIZH, he who keeps the sadness and terror of the night.
18th angel Caliel, one that brings a fast rescue during unexpected blows of fate.
20th angel PAHALIAL, one that protects priests and magicians.
23` angel Melahel, who can travel without incident.
26th angel HAAHIAH, the one who saves the trials.
38` angel Haamiah, one that helps to discover the treasures.
42nd angel MIKAEL, who protects the politicians and rulers.
50th angel DANIEL, who gives inspiration to those who are torn between several choices.

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53rd angel Nanael, one that helps scientists.
59th angel HARAEEL, who convinces the kids to be more respectful to their parents.
69th angel ROCHEL, one that helps to find lost or stolen have those objects.
72nd angel MUMIAH, one that helps companies succeed and men live longer.

NB In case of specific problems, in contrast to the popular phrase "better to go to God as his saints", it is recommended to call the angel specialized in the globality rather than divine matters .

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

217 - IN GOOD COMPANY

Stefania, who had found his range, landed an angel appeared simultaneously male and female. His companions did not spoke to him and he himself did not seem to wish them company.

- What's your name?

He too was not too surprised to see us there. He readily answered

- Samael. But in your world, often called me Satan or Angel of Death and Hades or Great Hermaphrodite, Nergal for the Sumerians, Seth for Egyptians. I must still be known as a lot of other names but, sorry, they do not come to me every MIND.

He shone with a strange light ... A black light! A bit like those lamps which in nightclubs, give a raw white clothes coloring.

Stefania repressed cringe.

- And we tolerate you here in Paradise? He had a thunderous laugh.

- Of course. Heaven, Hell, it's the same thing. We tolerate me here as below in your world. I am also the most indispensable of all the angels. I seduce the ignorant, I push them in their evil inclinations to better prove their

ignorance. Certainly I

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is aware that I have on earth a bad image, but yet it is only proving their ignorance ignorant we can make progress! Thanks to me, those who are wrong can resume. Your wisdom tells it not to go up before it must hit bottom? I help people to bottom to go up.

Suddenly, his expression no longer had anything "satanic."

- Actually, I am at the service of good but perhaps so too original for you to understand.

Stefania thinking. I had already understood. It was neither by empiffrant or fornicating nor himself drunk that triggered disasters and deadly conflicts! The greatest wars have always been launched in the name of good, never evil one. And this same wisdom invoked by Samael does it not also ensured that an evil can come good?

As he walked away, an angel standing as Peter Aniel-Hermes-Mercury, the angel clarification, we explained that devils were only shadows of angels.

- You are Peter! exclaimed Stefania, the Italian who had not forgotten his catechism. You are the guardian of St. Peter the keys of heaven?

- Yes, he said. Great previous Insider nominated me as well because I'm often the only angel to take the time to inform newcomers.

- Saint-Jérôme Xochipilli has already taken the trouble to provide some explanation.

- So you got lucky.

- What does that mean, "the keys of Paradise"?

Saint Pierre Hermes gently nodded.

- There are no keys in the material sense of the term. This is an image. In fact, I give the keys for understanding Paradise.

Thereupon he returned to the seventy-two main angels. Like any angel, they have their setbacks dark, seventy two main devils so. All have their own palace here called a sphere. In all, there are so hundred forty-four.

Saint-Pierre Hermes is verbose. It opens other locks. Gabriel, the Great Archangel, is the projection of the Devil himself, and vice versa. Correspond to the three archangels Big Three Princes Demons: Beelzebub, Shaitan and Yog Sottoth, the Crawling Chaos described in the Apocalypse.

- Impressive, that one, right?

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He refers us a completely black angel filamentous, quickly sliding over the dead of the river. At his approach, the ranks tremble as under an icy breeze.

- Can we contact angels without going up so far? demandaije.

- Of course. Every human being has his guardian angel actually and his personal demon.

Thus, and has always been popular imagery that seemed so naive had only reveal the "truth" true. Guardian Angel, personal demon ...

The Great Initiates had transferred their knowledge in the most accessible form possible and, hence, "we" had not taken seriously, calling all these belief mere superstition. Yet "on" knew. At least, many people knew. And for a long time. Always.

- Guardian Angel and demon staff are given the day of birth. Then they will be there to intercede for the soul at its weighed by the archangels. There is a simple way to àeux call. Just pray or produce an emotion corresponding to the domain of one of us. Vibration then shakes the meridian of its sphere. The angel descends to judge if there is reason to intervene. We function only on a vertical fashion, from top to bottom and bottom to top. We are each associated with an emotional meridian, acting hoist, which is programmed for a single state: anger, peace, harmony ... No free will. Unable to change register. I, for example, I only helps those who want to "understand" because I am holy Pierre-Hermes, the angel of the keys and clarification.

There. It was as simple, as "mechanical" than that. It was enough to think that

an angel to intervene. I finally grabbed the power and utility of prayer. To pray is to seek the intervention of a very specific angel.

- Obviously, there is a price to pay, clarified our initiator.

I furrowed my eyebrows ectoplasmic. How does the services of angels were not free? How monnayaient they?

- In karma. It is a barter. Be prepared to give up some of its energy to make a wish at least to have an internal state of purity as it can receive without compensation angelic help. But this is rare.

A barter? Yes. A bit like in Faust. You have to sell his soul

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to have power. I mentally consignai the keys provided by Peter Hermes

1. Follow the angels and not to allow any negative thoughts to them.

2. Always go through their hierarchy solicitation must be transmitted to the lower angels by specialized senior generals angels.

3. Each solicitation is paid in loss of energy, erosion of karma, a sacrifice of his own person, unless to enjoy the behavior of a saint.

4. It may seek both an angel than devil. Their effectiveness is identical, only the price is different. To accomplish a vengeance, so it's best to use an angel of justice than an angry devil.

5. You can not ask an angel one thing at a time. An angel equal a mission and for a given period.

6. The mission accomplished, release the angel saying "I no longer need you." An angel must not remain too long on earth. It generates a mess. He must return as soon as his palace. If he stays too long empty, negative energies may rise corresponding lower spheres.

Hatred vibrates the sphere corresponding to the hierarchy of hatred, which is probably run by a devil of the lower worlds. Love mobilizes a sphere of higher worlds. The white angels are activated by love of the Good, the black by the love of evil. Anyway, all prayers are heard.

Suddenly, life became very clear to me. In life, we always get what we want.

When one does not get it is that you do not really desire. The angels themselves, distinguish the true wishes of children whims. They do not realize that early.

With these good telepathic words, I think that if the world learned that it was possible to have everything we desire, we had not finished with the problems. The Great Initiates of all time had been right to always surround their mystery revelations.

Saint Pierre Hermes jumped as if he had just received a call and we left.

Probably someone on earth was praying for him to come.

Amandine, Stefania, Raoul, Rose and I continued to browse the site as much as we allow our umbilical cords knotted.

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Seraphim played about how many small oiseauxmouches in human form. I grabbed one and then noticed he had pledged six wings, similar to dragonflies.

- Why did you six wings, little angel?

He looked at me with disdain.

- It's in all the Bibles. I have two wings to cover my face, two to cover my sex, two to finally fly.

Faced with this tiny cherub who made fun of my ignorance, I dared the big question that had burned my lips during our interview with Pierre Hermes saint. But I realized that the big key provider would agree to give those he wanted to confide. My seraph was probably less experienced in the field.

- Tell me, good angel, I have seen here of the dead, angels, archangels, devils ... But there he was a god, a god above you?

He gave a small movement towards the back of the mountain.

- What do I know? he said. We never look at god here but some angels however believe that God exists and is everywhere. For my part, I'm agnostic. I'm like St. Thomas you may croiseras, I believe what I see.

He laughed a little angel.

I insisted, looking too light mountain doomsday.

- And back there, is that the corridor of Paradise continues?

- Who knows? he said with malice. Maybe yes and maybe he leads to God. Me, my place is here. And you, your place is at the bottom.

He flapped his wings and fled.

Rose pushed us to go behind the mountain if there was indeed a white fountain balancing the black hole, but our silver cords were already too stretched to venture farther. Moreover, Stefania insisted that we returned as soon as our carnal envelopes. We were paid for some time and we had to hurry up so we did not want to risk not to find that a lot of necrotic flesh.

Regretfully, we rushed to our thanatodrome.

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218-ARAB MYTHOLOGIE

At the tomb, the deceased is subject to the judgment of two angels Munkar and Nakir. According to their decision, the tomb becomes preliminary hell, purgatory robin or preliminary paradise. Angels can then intercede with God to save the damned. Thanks to them, they will come out of hell and then become similar to tso'rom (small cucumbers). By bathing successively in three rivers, they will regain their whiteness.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

219-FIRST CONCERNS

Upon our return, Raoul sprang from his chair. He was excited His dark eyes flashed and his hands fluttered around her body as two malignant spiders.

- What does he? Have you seen your father?

- No, but an angel told me his story.

- Saint-Pierre Hermes?

- No, he refused, but Satan, he readily acceded to my request.

The desire to know Raoul was always so intense that it was obviously produce a strong vibration. But the truth étaitelle so horrible that only a black angel can reveal him? I shudder even before my friend had begun his story.

Towards the end, Satan had told Mr. and Mrs. Razorbak does intend at all.

Francis completely forsaking his wife and devoted himself entirely to writing his thesis, The Death that unknown. The more he advanced in his research, the more she walked away. She even came to take a lover, a certain Philippe.

The inevitable happened. Raoul's father surprised one day lovebirds in full frolic. Anger. Dispute. Divorce threat. Ms. Razorbak took the high and assured him that she would fight to the end. If there was separation, it would not happen at his expense, but ASON advantage, with strong support and custody of Raoul.

The same evening, Francis Razorbak clung to his flush. For his son, it was not a suicide but a murder. By his adulterous behavior, his mother had pushed his father, so sensitive, to the worst end. So she quietly perceive the heritage and benefit at will from her lover.

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No one had broken through the deception. It was logical that a philosophy professor fascinated by death manages to give it to better discover the other side of the mirror. Even Raoul had thought! Without the help of Satan, he would never have known the truth.

The truth is the worst of all weapons and dark angel did not skimp on the details and mobile. In fact, it was as if for the first time, a police investigation had been resolved in Paradise. What opportunities offered discovering the Continent Ultimate!

In the penthouse, in front of Amandine cocktails, We tried to appease our

friend. But all our entreaties seemed to produce the opposite effect on him. More we repeated to him that this whole thing of the past, the more we pray to make sense of things, to leave the dead in peace and live their lives, more Raoul sank in his fury.

- She killed him, she killed my father! he cried, his head in his hands shaped greenhouses.

- No, he committed suicide. You can not know what he had in mind when he passed through the chain.

- Not me, but Satan yes. My father loved his wife and she betrayed him, that's all.

- Satan does is push the ignorant in their ignorance, I insisted.

But Raoul was no longer able to reason a cool head. It's as if everything around him was distorted by this obsessive idea.

At the height of rage, he got up, overturning chairs and glass and went hurtling stormed the stages of thanatodrome.

Guessing what he intended to do, I looked hurriedly his mother's phone number to warn her. I told him that his son, now convinced that she had caused the death of his father, ran for revenge. She swore to me that he was wrong, it is easily justified but hastened to hang up.

Some business quickly thrown into a bag and she was already gone when Raoul disfigured by hatred smashed his door.

He returned, look bad. Not finding his mother, he was dark in the famous Philip's lover at the time. He had rushed over him but it was the other, beefier, who had knocked. All this was a ridiculous! Proud thanatonaute had become an angry kid, stomping and willing to destroy everything!

Since it is easy to get overwhelmed by hatred!

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For the first time, I understood that it is better often do not know the truth. Better to pursue the catch, and that was why St. Pierre-Hermes was silent.

Freddy does he not say that "the wise seeks the truth while the fool has already found"?

- My mother is the worst bitches, Raoul thundered back with us.

- Who are you to dare to judge? Stefania became angry while passing a wet cloth on her bruises. After all, your father also had his faults. He forsook it and was only interested his books. You've admitted yourself that it is virtually never held you either. She, she raised you!

But Raoul was in such a state that it was impossible to reason.

- My father was a learned philosopher, he repeated. He had vowed Ala science. It opened the way to research on death. And my mother killed him!

Rose put her cool hand on his burning forehead.

- Nothing is simple, she whispered in his musical voice. In fact, you should thank your mother. In "suicide" your father, she created in you a thirst for knowledge, an appetite that needed to be filled. With it, you have completed your studies in biology, thou hast specializes in hibernation marmots, you became a pioneer of thanatonaute and you finally discover the Ultimate Continent.

- And the truth, too, muttered Raoul.

- If it's any consolation, remember that up there, it will inevitably be judged one day. Like the others, his soul will be weighed. Angels have all the elements of the case, including the testimony of your father. Justice will be done. It is only human pride to imagine that we can do justice here below. Justice is an illusion.

- Yes, I renchéris. Trust the angels and destiny. LAHAUT, they will punish it deserves.

- Perhaps they will be reborn into a toad? Amandine suggested to comfort him. He gulped a shot of cognac she served him and demanded another.

- There surely happy toads, he groaned. I want her to be reincarnated as well for cockroach crush of a kick.

Me too I demanded a drink.

- You know, Raoul, I think you should make a good

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psychoanalysis, I sighed, because in fact you were not ready àentendre revelations of Satan.

- Do not forget that Satan is still an evil angel noticed Amandine.

Raoul I grabbed him by the shoulder.

- Remember, we fought together against Satan worshipers and here you are now doing by him to support you solve your little personal problems! You're just one operetta Faust.

I suddenly had enough to see him wallowing in his rage, I wanted to shake like a plum tree that sad drunken wreck.

- Listen to me! I exclaimed. We will still need you to thanatodrome, every day and every minute. So, forget your mother. We have no time to lose.

Raoul broke into a bad laugh.

- What is the gentleman I know it all comes to lecture me? Say, you got a little watched, Michael? I also learned beautiful on you.

I shrugged.

- Impossible, I say. Satan has confided in your father because you wanted all your heart. But why he would have spoken of me?

- My friend, my old friend, my oldest friend ... I vibrated strong enough to teach me that two truths about you.

Instinctively, I knew that these truths would hurt. Only your real friends know where to hit it hurts. I wanted to shout "Go, viper, spit your venom!", But fear prevailed. I bouchai the ears while he was delivering his revelations. At the mine of the three women, I realized it was serious. This was especially the second information that had most affected Rose.

No sooner had I removed my hands from my ears that Raoul stammered

- You did not hear that right? You want me to repeat it?

- I do not want to know anything! I cried.

But before I had time to put my fingers in my ear pavilions, he was screaming already

- Your parents were sterile! You and Conrad you are only adopted children! A truth.

I had the impression of having been hit by a truck. The craft has long pursued me. He had just reduced me to a pulp. Everything was collapsing around me. My past was no longer my past. My

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family had never been my family. My father was not my father. My mother was not my mother or my brother my brother. And arrièregrand mother Aglaia ...

Raoul stared at me with delight. My turn to suffer! A sadistic expression painted on his face as he was about to send his second missile.

- Truth both!

A truck that crushes you, it's bad. No way to pass another on your already hot and bloody entrails. I pushed very, very hard my fingers into my ears. Do not know. Especially, do not know. Please, be left first digest the first truth. But there it was, Raoul must have already set out again the second. The disarray read in Amandine looks, Stefania and especially Rose. Furious, I detached my hands to clear a dazzling punch in the chin of one who had been my best friend. Gently massaging the figure it flashed an evil and delighted face.

- Thank you, he said. I like to get a good uppercut ... Especially on the part of my "best friends".

I had to answer something for the nose permanently. I do not have time to think about a fine repartee. I mouthed a phrase that meant nothing, as if I had uttered a sentence.

- This is the one who says that is!

220-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

"(...). They will see the world that is invisible to them now and they will see that the time is now hidden from them. Moreover, the time will not make them grow old. Because they remain in the hills of this world, they are like the angels and like the stars, they will be transformed into any shape they desire, beauty and grace, glory glory to light. For them to extend the spaces of Paradise. We will show them the eminent beauty of living which are under the throne and all the host of angels who are now prevented by my word to be seen by command and forced to stand in their places until the coming of their coming. "

Baruch, LI, 8-11.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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POLICE 221- SHEET

Note to the services concerned

Confidential information transmitted to mortals by unscrupulous angels. Risk of adverse consequences. Necessary intervention to put an end to this dangerous adventure.

Response services concerned

You always go crazy for trivia. We fully control the situation. Everything is always very well. There is no reason for it to go differently this time.

222 -Manual HISTORY

It is necessary to be very hard to face the truth. How many of us can they hear the truth and keep their cool? When were including the adverse effects of thanatonautique, the Ministry of Education instituted very quickly during ASV (Clash Serein of Truth). This teaching was first confined to the upper classes but quickly spread in the elementary grades. It recently became part of the baccalaureate.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

223 - ORPHAN

Hardly regained our room, Rose and I made love. It was she who had rushed towards me. She whispered to me that she wanted a child very quickly me. I was lucky. I also wanted a child of her long ago. Until then, we only had dc7s animals and plants. Stayed there gradually. First, a green plant (monotone) and an orange (which produced fruit inedible) and a goldfish (Leviathan, we had found one day, for no reason, the belly up), then the Zouzou sea turtle (constantly busy to eat all small maggots) and guinea pig (named Bouyebouye because he squeaked all the time "bouy, bouy, bouy" to inform us that he was hungry), then a cat that ate the pig

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India, then a dog (who had avenged the guinea pig constantly tormenting the cat).

A child would now be welcome. Would not that turn to avenge the cat pulling the dog's ears, tail, legs, eyelids and nose. Children are naturally gifted to restore ties.

Always scientist, Rose consulted a calendar.

- The dates could stick, she decreed.

- With a little luck we could even give birth to the reincarnation of Freddy, I remarked.

Freddy said he foncerait in Orange countries to try to reincarnate in one year.

Um, three months had already passed ... But with a little luck, maybe we could do it anyway.

Anyway, the idea delights Rose. It would be fantastic to become the parents of the reincarnation of Freddy.

Again we were pioneers. Who had ever thought afaire a child container of a preselected soul? It was almost as if we manufactured a vase to put flowers in stock.

- At work, I say cheerfully.

Our embrace was happy, yet I found as a sad expression on the face of Rose when she rested her head on the pillow.

I asked him what was wrong suddenly. She sighed and made me swear to always cover my ears when Raoul seek à'm'assener the second truth.

- It will pass, I say. Raoul is bitter because he was unhappy to learn that his mother killed his father, I understand.

- But you have nothing to do, she protested. I do not see why, by what unhealthy pleasure, he now desperate to reveal to you the ugly secrets of Satan. In any case, you totally sounded. I did not know my husband had such a talented boxer! fitelle by shaking again against me.

I pouted.

- This is the first time I hit someone with such a desire to hurt her ... And then I lost my best friend.

- No, she said confidently. Raoul has nothing against you. As serinait my uncle William: "When someone is angry against you, it is not really angry against you, it is only angry against himself."

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We refîmes love. I chased the "in fact, what I do ..." parasite always to replace the soon by thoughts and feelings much more enjoyable.

Then Rose, ravishing in her nightgown, leaned on the balcony to contemplate the starry night. The moon was huge. All around, the stars were their interesting.

- I sometimes wonder if we are not playing the sorcerer's apprentice, she grumbled. Look how the discovery of the last area of Paradise threw us against each other.

- You're not even when obscurantists who want support for a ban our explorations?

- No of course. Simply place safeguards to avoid nasty spills. The Raoul's story is perhaps a warning. You imagine, if anyone goes there and comes across an angel who tells her untimely truths!

- Just keep calm. Raoul told me that I was an orphan, so what? This did not alter my behavior. Rather, I am now more grateful to my adoptive parents for having me and raised.

I was tempted to ask him the second truth to see if I could cash it. She refused. She made me promise to never ask to hear it. I read in her eyes that she was convinced that this one would cause much more damage than the first. Yet I did not see what could be more terrible than to hear that parents who had always been his thought were not our real parents.

We went to sleep in the arms of one another.

In the morning, Raoul was not there. He had disappeared no one knew where.

I remained alone in thanatodrome with "my" three women: Rose, Amanda and Stefania. My wife had set one of the walls of the penthouse a huge poster of the galaxy with, at its center, the endless well of Paradise. I often observed this, the culmination of all our efforts. Everything started from there and everything came back there. All energies, all the lights, all ideas, all souls. It was a trash can and a matrix. The meaning of our lives.

Heaven.

Freddy was there ... And not only Freddy, our first Thanatonautes: Marcellin, Hughes, Felix, Rajiv ... inmates of Fleury-Merogis galore ...

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Sometimes at night I would sit in front of the receiver of the large antenna

that we had installed at the top of thanatodrome and I watched on the monitor dead fly like so many pigeons clouds. Bon voyage, dear contemporaries. A green dot symbolizes each deceased. Some darted faster than others. Their need to leave this world was probably stronger. Very rarely, I watched a soul returning to earth. Was he a survivor of medicine, an isolated thanatonaute, a lover who would not leave her mother, a murdered who wanted revenge as a ghost, a monk in meditation or an angel making discreet visit to the human who the invoked?

Regarding Raoul, we thought it was wandering somewhere on this earth much material in search of his mother in real flesh. In fact, it was not far. Powerless to discover it, sorry to fight against us, he dragged from bar to bar and claimed that alcohol absorption allow it if necessary to improve its flying technique.

One day, sobered up, he realized he had just started with himself a great debate on justice. He returned to thanatodrome, rang at my door, apologized for making me trouble and solemnly promised never to try to reveal to me the second truth that, luckily, I had not heard.

I thanked him without much conviction. Knowing that there was information that could upset my existence at all and voluntarily remain in ignorance, this I did not like that much.

In the evening, my mother and my brother made me adoptive visit. They were perhaps foreigners, however I measured the importance they had taken in my life. My parents had always treated me like one of their own, leaving reflected the slightest clue. They pampered me. They kept the secret. They yelled at me and gave me wanted to rebel against them like I was their real child. I could get rid of my Oedipus complex with my father no wrong, I had unconsciously fall in love with my execrable mother, I could get in my lamentable rivalry with brother. For all that, many thanks.

True justice, perhaps that's it: being able to say thank you à ceux who makes you feel good and do not lick the hand of those who have hurt you. It looks simple like that, but often finds himself stupidly to do the opposite and we do not even know why.

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I embraced them as never before I had not kissed them, saying that, whatever the circumstances, I would never accept to speak there with my real parents, who had dropped me like a pile of rags . I did not know the reasons (surely very good) who had pushed them, I do not even want to see their faces. If they had left me, I gave up. As for those who had adopted me, I adoptais.

I had only one true home: my mother and burdensome that idiot Conrad. The truth of Raoul had made me understand a truth even more precious.

We do not necessarily choose your friends, but ... we can still choose his family!

224-CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY

"Now if we preach that Christ rose from the dead, how do some among you can say there is no resurrection of the dead? If there is no resurrection of the dead, Christ either not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then our preaching is empty, empty is also our faith [...]. If for this life only we put our hope in Christ, we are the most pitiable of all men [...]. If the dead are not raised, eat and drink for tomorrow we die. "

Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians I, 15.

Extralt thesis Death Unknown this, by Francis Razorbak.

225 - CONFERENCES

Taking advantage that, for now, the secret remained well guarded, we multipliâmes trips to explore at best, and possibly to the end, the last lock of

Paradise.

Angels were accustomed to visits of our small group of Thanatonautes. They called us "their great initiates small-time". Willingly or unwillingly, they agreed to answer our questions as if these talks were entering an already well-known procedure of them.

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When one knows them a little, angels are proving extremely friendly and wise. This is still super-bodhisattvas, the elite of Lamed Vav, saints of all. Gradually better percions us the meaning of life, but we were left alone to know. Lucinder thought one day that enough was enough. He was about to run for a third presidential term. On all levels, political, economic, diplomatic, his record was disastrous. He had more than an asset to throw in the electoral battle: the thanatonautique. Speaking of angels and Paradise was safer evoke recession indices, unemployment figures rise and horrible deficit of trade balance completely demoralizing.

Lucinder so we counted on him to rebuild a winning image. After all, he was the man who started the exploration campaign on the Continent Ultimate bold project if it were. The public would surely learn more about what was going on after death. And how best to achieve that by slipping into one ballot in the name of the outgoing president?

Everything is paid: a vote equals a step closer to explaining your death. This was in essence the election of our friend program.

For my part, I was not convinced that the time had come to reveal to people that there was a past White Moch 6 countries, populated by angels, and where the dead were accountable for all the good and all evil deeds committed during their icibas pass. I was well placed to measure the ravages of truth.

And could we not learn there? Who had ordered the assassination of Kennedy, engineered the death of Marilyn Monroe, armed hand of Ravailac? Who was the Iron Mask? Where was the hidden treasure of Blackbeard the pirate? Up there, if we wished very hard, we had access to all the solutions, all the answers. Was it really a good thing?

Moreover, when everyone would know that simply appeal wholeheartedly thrilled that his wishes come true, what trouble ahead! Often go completely the desires of some against others' wishes. Some covet power, others a legacy, some only dream of peace and non carnage. How to simultaneously satisfy all Earthlings? A world where all desires would be realized upon solicitation of the angels, would not it a living hell? "Let us beware of

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our desires, we might well be annoyed if they materialize, "said Freddy. I remembered having wished the death of a geography teacher particularly irascible. I remembered you wanted to have a harem of subservient women. I remembered having wished dead. Fortunately, the angels had not heard me, like they had not heard so many tyrants who want to become masters of the world!

- No, I asserted forcefully. You must not disclose the existence of angels. Men are not yet ready for such an announcement.

- Come, come, 'said the President with a good smile. My dear Michael, it has taught you that you were a foster child and you do not make a mountain!

Certainly. But a second truth, unknown to me that one, haunted me ... Not daring to confess my obsession, I just walked

- Perhaps, but consider Raoul and his mother!

In a flick, he evacuated the problem.

- Razorbak needs rest. Razorbak drinking too much alcohol. I convinced him to follow a detox. He promised to come and give us a hand for my presidential campaign as soon as he would get better.

- But her mother, forced to hide constantly?

- He forgave him.

The news astounded me.

- How you managed to obtain his pardon?

The President rubbed his hands, delighted.

- These angels are certainly very practical. It is not I who convinced Raoul is Stefania. The black angel Satan had caused all this damage, she got the archangel Gabriel, his white alter ego, he repairs. You see, my dear Michael, can be trusted to Paradise. The evil that it generates, it is able to turn it into good.

What answer that? Besides, who was I to thwart the head of state? Raoul definitely could raise objections but he was not there, and for good reason! As for Stefania, Rose and Amanda, they saw no reason not to disclose all the ultimate secret. So I submitted myself to the general will.

Thus we entered our time "show-biz". We entamâmes a series of conferences around the world, telling all over our interviews with angels, archangels, seraphim, jinn and even devils. Initially, we went there

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together, Stefania, Amandine, Rose and me. But little by little, it turned out that only Amandine was really good at this kind of exercise.

The lovely mute first nurse, then reserved, suddenly had a certain talent for oratory. The quieter often prove the best speakers soon as they are given the chance.

Amandine knew how to communicate his passion for thanatonautique. She evoked awe Paradise, where she went up increasingly often look for (so far unsuccessfully) Freddy and chat with St. Peter. In addition, her recent widowhood gave him extra credibility. A widow can not lie touching on a subject so close, especially when her husband was the best choreographer of thanatonautiques takeoffs!

The Amandine conferences became real shows. It arose while black dressed in white spotlights, while the choirs sang the opening of Carmina Burana. Angel blond to raven body, it looked more and more to the fantasy of it I passed to each of my alien incursions.

One evening as she was finishing his presentation, a reporter raised his hand.

- This "weighing of souls" seems incomprehensible, you really want to say that up there, they count the points as much penalties and bonuses?

She took her time before answering.

- Yes. The existence, it is a bit like the baccalaureate. Redoubling until we get the average.

There was a rumor in the audience.

- But then pursued the man, how is it of bonuses and penalties for the soul would do away with the cycle of reincarnations?

Saint Peter had not been stingy with his keys. Amandine provides precise figures

- Six hundred points. According to the schedule imposed by the three archangesjuges, you have six hundred points for not having to retake the exam of life.

Hubbub in the room. Is life was only a vast classroom where all boiled down to win the most good points as possible while avoiding his best bad grades and pointed zeros?

This "academic" vision of destiny was enough to disappoint many. But she at least had the merit of being consistent.

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- A single positive act can bring six hundred points of a sudden, Amandine clarified.

Relief whisper. So enough to behave once in his life to be saved! However, the speaker already completed

But in the same way, a single evil act can ruin a whole life. You can get lost or run away with blows of actions that seem insignificant at the time, told me an angel. The weighing is very subtle and judges are engaged in lengthy calculations. In fact, no one in ten thousand deceased seem to get six hundred points to turn into pure spirit. Most are readjusted and thus reincarnated. Other questions rang out.

- Is he also has pets up there?

- Yes, when they behaved well during their animal cycle, they are reincarnated as humans. Humans are at the top of the ladder of reincarnation because they are the only ones with an abstract consciousness.

- Does it mean that we were all animals before becoming human?

- Surely. The evolution goes mineral plant, à animal of vegetable, animal-to-human, human-to pure spirit. This is the meaning of life.

Amandine had to disclose all the secrets of the world and yet questions still raining

- Is A regression possible?

- Obviously. If we too misbehaved during its existence, we fall back into a form of previous life. In humans, it becomes animal. But these are very rare cases.

- So what happens to the people it bad but not bad enough to return to the animal stage?

- They are reincarnated in human whose existence will be particularly unpleasant and in which they will have to show their best after all sides. In fact, Hell is here, on this earth. Those who behaved badly reborn in countries affected Ades endemic wars or famines. They are poor, ill, disabled ... In these terrible circumstances, they will have even more opportunities to redeem himself. They can sacrifice themselves for others so much more radiant. Goodwill will be easier to prove.

The journalist immediately raised his hand.

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- Do you mean by this that those born in rich Western families are all people who have had a good conduct in their previous life?

Amandine sighed.

- It would be too simple. You can be unhappy, horribly unfortunate even, in a rich western family and you can be happy, very happy, in the warmth and solidarity of a third world slum. After all, it is our so-called most advanced countries with the highest suicide rate.

The audience walked, perplexed, to the exit.

226 -MYTHOLOGIE CHRISTIAN

"So goes there of the resurrection of the dead: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power, it is sown a physical body, it is raised in a spiritual body. "

First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians XV, 42-44.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

227 -NOMBRIL

Raoul had gone in search of his mother who, ignoring his turnaround, still holed. He spoke less, but seemed still inhabited by rabies. Private anesthetic effects of alcohol, he was more bitter each day. After so long trying to join his father, he could no longer attend to his mother. After all, it was a common psychoanalytic quest. Again the Oedipus complex was acting up. Except that Raoul had everything reversed. He was in love with Dad and Mom wanted to kill.

Stefania was trying to comfort her best and had together long conversations.

With me Raoul was silent, as if ashamed of his past behavior.

Amandine was now face to star. She became our thanatonautesse No. 1. She came and went between ButtesChaumont and Heaven where St. Peter, with whom she had become closely linked, called, she claimed, "my little initiated."

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Lucinder climbed in pre-election polls while Rose and I especially préoccupions the complete geography of Paradise. What was there after the weigh zone of souls? We had repeatedly approached, but we never were able to bypass the

mountain light to discover what was behind our silver cords proving too short. And as more Rose was pregnant, neither of us had wanted to risk his life to find out.

My wife astronomer continued to believe that after the black hole was its opposite, a white fountain throwing souls to the way a flared off shotgun. The dead were sucked one side then the other propelled to their reincarnation. While waiting to go see, she was drawn more prosaically a study of gamma rays, charged more energy than X or ultraviolet rays. She devised a new gamma ray detector which further allowed us better observe from Earth, the surroundings of Paradise and the center of our galaxy.

Finishing take my bath, I lingered one day to treat water that is evacuated by gurgling in the bung. The whole secret of astronomy was there, in that vortex, like a black hole where this waste water is rushing. A circle in the energetic center. I thought of the old riddle of Raoul: how to draw a circle and its circumference without lifting his pen?

The water was going down the drain. But where were evacuating our souls? In all, never look the head, always focus on the center. Stefania asserted that the real me is in the old corridor that connects us to our time mother. The navel. By this we received food, blood and strength and then, at birth, the door had closed. But according to Stefania, navel was none the less important. Our center of gravity, so our real center.

In contact with all areas that had once nourished, it was enough to warm the sickness so that radiates throughout the body.

With the navel of our stomach, we begin to live. In the navel of the galaxy, we die.

I stared at the now empty bathtub and threw on a robe over my sweaty skin.

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228-EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

In ancient Egypt during the eighteenth dynasty of pharaohs and the treatment of some notable deaths follows a ceremonial very precise and strict embalming. We start by sleeping body on the back. The master of ceremonies is usually a priest of Osiris, dressed as Horus. He is accompanied by four assistants who symbolize the four cardinal points. They pluck the corpse and then incise the abdomen on the left side up to the diaphragm. The priest of Osiris inserts his hand into the wound and starts àvider noble organs rot likely to: liver, spleen, lungs, intestine, stomach. Once cleaned, they reintegrate them after treated in conservative herbal solutions. Aid coat the chest with tar to prevent the flesh will crumble. Then they stuff the body with oil, fabric and myrrh to give the form of a round stomach. Similarly to the skull. They put in the nostrils of the deceased a rigid rod to pierce both his nasal cavities. The Embalmer can thus penetrate a curved tool with which it will chop menu brains then expel it by blowing into the other nostril. Once ejected brain, the master of ceremonies will file tar Inside the skull. It evenly distributed over the entire inner surface by gently rotating the head in all directions to make it slick well. The body is then covered with saffron yellow linen bandages. On the face are placed a pair of eyes wooden dummy and a funeral cartonnage mask painted with the image of death. Face paint must be young and peaceful.

According to the papyrus No. 3 of Bulaq (Cairo).

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francia Razorbak.

229 -History ANIMALS

The Amandine conferences were increasingly well attended. In the shop of my mother, his posters, where she posed in outfits always sexy but never naked, were selling like hotcakes. Their phenomenal success greatly enriches the small family business. But it was not the most important consequence benefits if

noticed Amandine.

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At first, they had attracted only intellectuals hungry for originality and curious, eager esotericism of all kinds. Word of mouth was then brought scientists. Then a television channel had the idea to broadcast a show of our thanatonautesse. Beset issues, its switchboard had not resisted. Suddenly, people were interested in their karmas. They wanted to know everything: who they were before their present existence, what would become then? Eternal questions: Where am I? Who am I? Where am I going?

One night after a conference, while we were gathered at the Thai restaurant, the conversation turned on the subject of animal reincarnations. Was it possible that all the people around this table have once been shrew, frog or slug? While providing us with rose scented aperitifs and shrimp croquettes, Lambert came to mingle with our digressions. He confessed to rest sometimes standing on one leg. The position gave him an incredible feeling of comfort. He deduced have once been heron and showed us how, in fact, he kept with a single support perfect balance.

Amandine "supposed" to have been rabbit. She also made her little demonstration. She knew to move its ears rather dramatically. She articulated the front back and could distinguish perfectly the muscle to work on the side of his cheeks. His nose quivered like a truffle and sometimes she reminded us laugh more than she loved carrots.

On reflection, it seemed to me to have memories of fox. Fad or illusion? I heard inside me the feeling that we know when gallops, crawling through the grass. I knew what it was like then deploy bend his spine with every stride in the artfully balancing its long furry tail. I concentrated more and I remembered the long winters, nestled snug in my fox terrier with my and my pups. There was no better rest in the world.

In the spring I was enchanted me long runs in the forest, intoxicating me with the odor of moss and thyme that had whipped my nose when I was galloping. How could I know what a four-legged race? How could I know the feeling of warmth of the burrow during the winter?

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The more I thought, the more memories of my life were accurate fox. I did not run fast enough to get to hunt effectively. I remembered painful encounters with hedgehogs. The smell of the forest. When I was a fox, and breathing in the direction of the wind, I could have a complete map of the surroundings. That I remembered. How was that possible?

The others were surprised to exogenous memories.

The subject fascinated everyone in the restaurant. The conversation soon became general. A big man with a long nose is attributed elephant souvenirs, a shy little lady confessed former quail, an erased man remembered dinosaur Tyrannosaurus rex of his life by exhibiting actually very sharp teeth. After the animal lives, they came to life.

Strange detail: many illnesses were due to karma, logical explanations. Those who had the delicate throat often were guillotined reincarnations of the French Revolution. Asthmatics were former drowned. The priapic were former hanged. Claustrophobic had been abandoned in oblivion. The hémorroïdiens had impaled. Parkinson, electrocuted. Fragile liver were poisoned. The stomach ulcer had made hara-kiri in their last life. The psoriasis had been burned. Migraineurs had committed suicide with a bullet in the skull. Was a myopic mole.

Everyone remembered almost precisely wacky lives. In the restaurant, there was obviously a lot of medieval knights former eight former pharaohs, former priests, ex-prostitutes.

Each had memories of alien life. Most probably the scenes views ... on television in Hollywood films. For, as I wanted to believe those who thought they were former peasants, as he was required to report to those who took to Indiana Jones, Barbarella, Tintin, Asterix or Hercule Poirot, that these

characters never existed . It was still a good time.
Lucinder joined us at the restaurant. He also seemed to him a good mood. He ate with gusto noodles with basil, then we talked politics.
After an initial rise, the stagnant polls. Lucinder felt it was time to create an event that definitely impress a still volatile public opinion. If Amanda could tell a real weighing of souls rather than simply

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bludgeon people philosophical and moralistic concepts, it would be much better, he asserted. It was during this final dialogue prelude to reincarnation that everything was playing. He had to know in detail what bonus and penalty system. Thus was born the idea of Interview with a mortal.

Unable to ship up there ectoplasmic a camera to film a scene that we ourselves had actually qu'entr'aperçue. We obviously could observe details and repeat the sentences. But which of us had a powerful enough memory to store and retrieve all telepathic dialogues between archangels Judges and soul in the process of reincarnation?

- Maxime Villain! exclaimed Rose. The reporter ectoplasmic, the reporter of the Petit Thanatonaute shown. He is a gifted memory. This is the man of the situation.

- Perfect! exclaimed Lucinder. It is even capable of representing the scene drawings. My constituents thus have pictures of Paradise without even leaving their armchairs.

He already calculated the number of additional votes that testimony bring him! I knew for myself that ectoplasm enjoy a perfect view as they look with their hearts and not with their eyes. Blind Freddy had he not been the most excellent of Thanatonautes? Yet every time I met Maxime Villain, I wondered how he was doing up there without his thick glasses.

Small, short-sighted and chubby, with his goatee and his mocking air, Maxime Villain irresistibly evoked Toulouse-Lautrec.

The next day, we come to Fimes thanatodrome.

- How lucky you are to have such a memory, Amandine smirked when he acceded to our invitation. If I do not score instantly, I forget now.

Journalist stretched his thick lips in an apologetic smile.

- Me, my problem is precisely that) 'have too much memory, he said. I would prefer to forget a little time to time.

As the young woman had a surprised facial expression, he explained

- As soon as information comes into my brain, it will never recover. I am encumbered with useless knowledge. My culture is so huge that it becomes cumbersome. Ten times I com-

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begun to write a book to stop after a few pages as with my countless literary references, I had the impression of committing plagiarism. To create a personal work, it is important first to forget all others. I am incapable.

I, who had always envied his encyclopedic memory, I discovered that it was for him a disability. It's true that sometimes it is so nice to forget ... If I could only bury the bottom of some second meander the damn truth!

So, Lucinder teasingly, allowed himself to appear as an exceptional quality sound huge "ability to forget." Thus he was free to take the measures proposed by his predecessors and he had when he was stigmatized itself in opposition. He willingly forgave those who had offended him, which had earned him a reputation for magnanimity and had greatly contributed to its popularity.

Maxime poor! He knew not forget. Also it always remain a journalist and he never accomplish its ambitions as a writer.

As much benefit for the time of its capabilities. We began to develop devices of its mission. We set developed the following plan: Stefania, Pink, Amandine and I'd diversion by talking with the angels while on his side, Maxime would climb the highest possible light mountain in order to listen the final judgments.

No need to wait longer. Three days later, our group flew to an ectoplasmic story

even more exciting as the stories of the battles of Paradise that had earned notoriety àVillain unique in its kind.

Maxime stored up all the dialogues in his brain. With the related drawings, they were published in the Petit Thanatonaute illustrated and later in Interview with a mortal, second book Amandine Ballus. The original manuscript, historical document of value, is currently under glass in Death Museum of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington.

230-MANUAL HISTORY

Les Thanatonautes have always shown the greatest respect for the angels. Anyway, just see an angel, a real

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angel to understand that we must respect it. Angels are perhaps what will be the men of the year 100 000. They are a million times more sophisticated and more subtle than us. They have a different perception of time. Humans are stuck between a past which they have to live and a future that scares them. Angels, they transcend present, past and future. They offer us a completely new concept, that of "present-future". The angel always distinguished the consequences Acourt, medium and long term of every action and he chose to act in the "present-future" as we would serve us a dish in a buffet. In advance, if we select the grated carrots, we know how they will taste in our mouth. Similarly, the angel, every action performed, already knows the consequences.

History textbook, course élémentalre 2 year.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF 231-MAXIME VILLAIN

When he was little, Maxime Villain was a normal child, with one difference: when he spoke, no one listened. He began a sentence and, coincidentally, there was always someone to stop immediately. A table at home, they cut him with a "pass me the salt". In primary school, the teacher said: "Now to the next class." It was enough that he opens his mouth to the attention of others to be attracted by anything or anyone to fly.

Maxime was even more mortified that he, on his side, carefully listened to all contact and could remain for hours without saying anything to store all information transmitted to him.

Flattered by his attention, and he multiplied the friends who had sent him to turn round their interest and thus their knowledge in areas as diverse as hypnosis, first aid, Victorian literature, computers, Greco-Roman wrestling , astrophysics, the strategy of the Napoleonic wars, mathematics, twelve-tone music and much more. While it was good to fill its reservoir of matter for thinking.

However, Maxime did not always take stand with nothing to exchange. At first he had tried his best to force listening. After all, he begged for a little attention. But to

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he barely began to construct an argument that his parents yawned and changed the conversation or his teachers said absently: "Interesting but irrelevant." Same with his friends.

Was it his voice, grave and sweet, which was overpowering? Bass sounds, acting on the heart and chest, and lull asleep. Acute sounds, instead, excite and retain because they speak directly to the brain. Maxime said a high-pitched voice telling anything was more likely to be heard a deep voice stating exciting things.

So he tried to change his own, with hardly get results. In spite, he became a Trappist monk. Among these men with a vow of silence and with whom there was no dialogue possible, he felt finally accepted and valued.

He was there all the time to think about his situation and eventually accept it as is. He was born receiver. He would never transmitter. He left his monastery in peace and continued to accumulate knowledge to listen to others. Of course, there is still nothing restored his knowledge since he always interested person, but he became so extensive human databank, infinitely expandable. With everything he had earned knowledge that many would have estimated perfectly useless, he would have won hands any game show to say basic questions of general culture.

Maxime Villain never tired yet not learn at all. He discovered that journalism would allow it to better satisfy his passion. He passed through all the topics: various facts, science, gossip, politics, culture. When he wrote, he had not to worry about his voice among the mass of subscribers to the newspaper, he would find far less attentive reader.

For better understanding and attention of this legendary player, he also began to draw. "Words are not always enough, he thought. A picture is often necessary to complete them." He gave all his articles now accompanied by a drawing. He thus became the main columnist of Petit Thanatonaute shown.

Initially, writing was for him only relief vector. He quickly realized that rigorous structures were needed to construct a narrative. He was passionate about writing since it's considered as an exact science. Maxime Villain began to hope write text or whose engines are so powerful that the first word read, any reader would be captivated, mesmerized at

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to be unable to give up and forced to read it to the end.

That text, it would be his revenge on all those people who, ever, had listened.

Maxime said: "My code of values, I place high literature I know the ultimate goal is not to make pretty phrases, or fine characters or even a nice plot The ultimate goal of the literature.. is to make people dream away! "

Make people dream further ...

Still, despite all his ambitious projects, Maximus remained journalist without ever managing to finish a single book. Perhaps he placed the bar too high.

232 JEWISH -MYTHOLOGIE

"When the time is right for a man to leave the world, this day is daunting. The four cardinal points are charging, punishment come to it from all four sides at once. The four elements (water, earth, fire, air) competing in the human body, each pulling his side. Juts then a messenger whose proclamation is heard in the seventy worlds. If man turns worthy of this proclamation, it is greeted with joy in all the worlds and death becomes a party which rejoice all worlds. But if it is otherwise, if unworthy, woe to him! "

Zohar.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

233 -Sheet POLICE

Name: Villain

Name: Maxime

Brown Hair

Size: 1 m 62

Distinguishing features: None

Comment: A pioneer of thanatonaughtique

Weakness: insignificant Allure

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234 - INTERVIEW WITH A LETHAL

Text Interview with a mortal, as it was reported and illustrated by journalist Maxime Villain.

The scene is the ultimate confines of Paradise, at the foot of the mountain of light where sit the great archangels, referees of our destinies. Actors: the three archangels over Charles Donahue, quidam just died. The guardian angel of Charles Donahue could not come, which also change in any way the meaning and value of the delivered judgment.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Good morning, Mr. Donahue.

SOUL: Where am I?

The deceased looks around and the area of its mass ectoplasm where his left arm was recently amputated. He lifts his head and looks Hill ultimate judgment and three archangesjuges manipulating transparent strings, full of knots.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: You are in the souls Orientation Centre and we will proceed to the weigh your past existence.

SOUL: A weighed?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: A judgment. Your life will be put into consideration so that we can judge your behavior and decide whether it is appropriate or not to end the cycle of your reincarnations on Earth.

SOUL: I was fine.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (examining documents): It is you who say it.

SOUL: I heard in the queue that I was entitled to a guardian angel to advocate. It is not there?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: You actually have the right to the presence of your guardian angel but also that of your personal demon. It turns out that both are currently in full swing in the lower world. You know or you do not know what the guardian angel is assigned you the day of your birth. Or, a person born on the same day that you required the urgent dispatch and his guardian angel and his demon. A painful case of unfair dismissal. These are exceptional circumstances, but do not extend it. Do not worry: you will be judged fairly. The

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consciences of your guardian angel and your demon hovering over the mountain and we will hear them simultaneously.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Your case will be examined with the utmost objectivity. You are in the place of justice among all. We already know all about you. We know that intentions to the prelude to all your actions.

SOUL (vehemently): I have nothing to reproach myself. I was fine. I married. I had three children. I left a beautiful legacy WADA family before dying. At the moment, they must have a good surprise, if you ask me.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL (while Gabriel wields a transparent string full of knots): It is not that "good behavior". You see these knots? All correspond to an act of your life.

Everyone is buzzing quite similar bubble memories to those who welcome the dead, past the first comatic wall.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: You were talking about your wife. I see here that you often cry. You were wrong, is not it? With an idiot at that.

SOUL (fatalistic): Manners are free enough, these days ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (very dry): single Adultery. 60 penalty points. (He studied other bubble memories.) You raised your children, too. But did you really care of them? I see here that you always arrangiez to go on vacation at the time of birth, then you prétextiez business trips to escape the night-time crying, so that your wife is still always left alone at times when it had the greatest need you.

SOUL: I was always overworked and for the welfare of my family that I échinai me. In addition, every time I return, I covered my toys kids.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: You imagine that toys replace the presence of a father? Sorry. Malus 100 points.

SOUL: What is this story points and penalties?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: To end its cycle of reincarnations and become wise, he must have acquired a 600 points bonus during his last visit to Earth. For now,

you're a penalty of 160 points. Pursuing. (He runs his rope and stops on a series of particularly white nodes.) You

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is lock up your old parents in a third category of asylum where you're visiting their barely once a year.

SOUL: They were senile. And then with my work, I was really overwhelmed ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: When they raised you, so also you were "senile", as you say. Incontinent, at that. And squalling, messy, dirty, slimy, unable to keep up correctly on both legs. Your parents still have the patience to bear your whims.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: And then, there is still good, your job! Let's talk about your secretary!

SOUL (surprised): Oh, you're also aware of that?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Here, we know everything, we see everything, we count everything. Your parents were desperate not to see you. You really miss them. Moreover, in hospices, old people receive more visits, better nurses treat. Those who are abandoned, they say, anyway, nobody wishes to them. Inevitably, they neglect them.

SOUL: I sent them not even when evil gifts.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Always the same old story. They too were not asking for gifts. They wanted to present. As your wife as your children.

SOUL: Are not you exaggerating a little? They were not so unhappy as that, to the hospice. Every time I went to see them, they assured me that all was well ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Because in addition they loved you and did not want to feel guilty. Another 100-point penalty! Not brilliant stuff! It is already in - 260.

SOUL: Wait. It's a little too easy. People are judge and condemn them. It is to believe that you are biased and do consider that bad. I still accomplished good deeds in this world.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: What do you think?

SOUL: I mounted a bottle factory! I did work for the unemployed, I fed families, I produced objects that helped people live better. Ah ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Let's talk about your bottle factory! She has polluted the entire region.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: And what working conditions làdedans! You had created a climate of permanent conflict between your

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your managers and workers. You stood against each other to break all.

SOUL: Divide and conquer is a law of modern management. You can not blame me for having studied business!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: For the factory, malus: 60 points. Already - 320 below the level of tolerable. We will now add the bulk "trifles".

SOUL: The trifles? What is more?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: In your whole life, you have committed, and I quote: 8,254 harmful lies to your surroundings; 567 single and 789 serious cowardice cowardice; 45 small animals crushed beneath your tires. In addition, Mr. voted anything in the elections, Mr. indulged in gambling with household goods, Mr. rolled in a noisy car, sir ...

SOUL (consternation ectoplasm Donahue): You think I'm the perfect bastard, it seems!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: I never said that. (He still consults its full cord of nceuds which now escape bubble-memories like so many champagne bubbles in suspension): You regularly give your blood to hospitals. Bonus 20 points. You saved a motorist on a highway when his car was about to catch fire. Bonus: 50 points. You give your old clothes to Emmaus companions instead of throwing them in the trash. Bonus: 10 points.

SOUL: And do not forget the circumstances of my death.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (still laying the cord): Yes, they deserve attention. You hit a tree to avoid a cyclist tumbled while facing you two big trucks seeking to double. Their drivers are also right behind you waiting their ... The ectoplasm Donahue turns and discovers behind two dead impatient.

SOUL: Oh

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: For once, you had the good sense, I must admit. 10 bonus points, but you could get more if, in addition to cycling, you also spared the plane.

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SOUL (outraged): What!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Yes, it was a young plane tree

nothing better than to continue to grow and shade the road and you, you broke it in half! Next time you're doing to prevent and trucks and cycling and the plane tree to plant you simply in the ditch. Maybe so your car caught fire and you would have perished charred. It is very well seen here, death by fire.

SOUL: Because it's a horrible way to die?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: More death is painful, the closer it is martyrdom.

Death by fire would have earned you a bonus of 100 points!

SOUL: What did you say your next time?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (very patient): You need 600 points to end the cycle of reincarnation, we have made clear from the start of the weighing. Or, you complete this existence with a total of - 230. Not terrible, all that.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Especially if it is found that Mr. is still at its 193rd reincarnation in human form. We can only send you back in another body. Try to do better than pathetic - 230, the next review.

SOUL (startled): Another body?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Another body, another existence. A life that you choose.

SOUL (more flabbergasted): Because we can choose life?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Of course, in life, we always get what we chose.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: And here we are at the service of souls. We are here to help you improve. It is for your good, so you can amend you, we will reincarnate.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: We will give you the opportunity to repair the mistakes of your previous lives. Choose yourself your strengths and handicaps for starting your new life. Let's see what we have in stock with - 230 points.

The three archangels call two seraphim who kept hovering over them during the whole scene. They immediately bring their cords bubble-rich image information.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Here we have the fresh list of future parents making love at this hour.

SOUL: I'm going to choose my parents?

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JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: How often will he repeat that one can choose his life? But be careful especially not be wrong! So you prefer parents rather severe or rather flexible parents?

SOUL (puzzled): Hmm ... What difference?

A seraph projects a telepathic image. A fat man and a large naked woman in bed, looking for a position where neither one nor the other will stifle his partner's weight. After trying in vain at her, she beneath, then the contrary, they fit on the side like small spoons.

The phone rings but the woman motioned to the man not to respond. This one is

all red and sweaty. It ahanne loudly. The woman twists her hair and face.
JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Mr. and Mrs. Dehorgne, friendly couple. Gentile protectors magnets. One flaw: their profession. They are in the restoration and establishment uncrowded. At night, they will force you to finish all the leftovers; their specialties is the Castelnaudary cassoulet and chocolate profiteroles. Like them, you will quickly become obese. So they interest you, the Dehorgne?

SOUL (looking with disgust the couple frolicking and uncomfortable): Obviously not.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: All parents have their advantages and disadvantages. With your rating, you can not afford to be picky.

New sending telepathic images.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: The Pollet family. The father runs a tobacco shop, a heavy smoker, drinks too much. The woman is illiterate and subject like a dog. In the evening, Mr. Pollet often returned late drunk and hit everyone, including wife and children. With him, the blows rain down thick belt, I can assure you. Specifically, said Pollet is currently grabbing the buttocks of his wife and scratching until the blood. Far from complaining, it pushes an ecstatic moan.

SOUL: But they're sadomasochistic! I hate that. In the following, please!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (dubiously): With - 230 items ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: The Surnach of. Bon chic, bon genre. Youth, sports, still down, parents of friends genre.

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They have many friends, often come boxed, travel the world.

All behold two beautiful young people hugging happily under blankets.

SOUL (very interested): Finally, you offer me anything but monsters!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Not so simple. All their happiness, they let you do whatever you want but they are so dynamic that alongside of them, you will always look erased and timid.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: First you jalouserez them, then you will hate them. In turn, they are so crazy about each other than they will pay you enough little affection. You will be a sullen child and quickly soured. Them, even seventy years they appear ageless. You soon twelve years, you'll already a little old. As it is difficult to accept the idea that hates his own parents, you will want to quickly all the earth.

SOUL: Okay, I understand. Who else?

ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL JUDGE: We have a duty to show you the good and the bad side of things, even if your choice becomes more difficult.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Consider Gomelin. An elderly couple who already believed not to have children. With new IVF techniques, this lady already menopause can deliver. You will arrive in this family such an unexpected gift. They pamper you at all costs. You will love and even love.

SOUL (increasingly distrustful): What's the catch, cett :: time? They make me obese candy force? They beat me every bad grade because they want to be proud of my grades?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Yes. They are old, okay, but very soft.

SOUL: Perfect for me, then.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: You think? You'll like them as you become unable to leave the family nest. You will always remain at home, withdrawn, unable to open up to others. Admire your mother so that no woman in the world will be comparable to her eyes. No man will seem likely to match your father, so wise and understanding.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: But they are old and will die soon, leaving you soft abandoned orphan. You will end

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like a baby bird fallen from the nest before they learn to fly. And live permanently in the regret of their disappearance.

SOUL (sorry): Who else in store yet?

A couple embraces passionately on the carpet of a cozy living room.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: The Chirouble. They are perhaps beginning to embrace but they divorced in a few days.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Parents separated. You will be entrusted aYour mother. She already has a lover who hate you. They will lock you in a closet to make love more quietly. She hit you every time you weep because she fear that her lover leaves her because of you. Your father take you sometimes on weekends but also will be more interested in his mistresses to you.

SOUL: Getting better ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: No, these parents have some advantages. As you grow so angry that you will want revenge on life. You'll hate all women because they will make you think of your mother. This indifference will make you irresistible and will make you a great deceiver. You also will hate all men because of your father and, suddenly, you will be thirsty for power to dominate them better. It is with this kind of unhappy childhood that becomes dynamic businessman or statesman to grasp.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: In addition, you will just discuss your youth awful for everyone sympathizes and forgive your wickedness.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: And if you write your autobiography, it will sell like hotcakes and producers will struggle the film rights. People love stories of unhappy childhood.

The ectoplasm Donahue hesitated. He was a priori quite charming, this couple seemed much fun on the carpet. He nevertheless continued.

SOUL: I did not want to be Cosette and Gavroche. Something else.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: - 230, sorry, that's all we have to offer. Large restaurants, tobacconists drunkards, dynamic preppy, old parents divorced cakes and scabby. Choose and fast, because you need to then decide your health handicaps.

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SOUL: But you ask me to choose between the plague and cholera! JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: You had to think about it before. You would have performed better with your parents, your wife and children, with a highest score, it would surely have offered you better. The dead before you did that - 20 points and just with this, we could give it a nice family of wine merchants. Nice people that will give him an excellent education and perhaps the chance to become wise enough not to have to reincarnate.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: It still has the opportunity to be reborn in a third world country. You will not eat your fill, but you will enjoy a warm environment.

SOUL: As long as pain, painful life for hard life, I prefer not to change country.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Well, without wanting to influence you, I advise you divorced nasty. You will suffer more in this existence, you risk more to gain points for your next life. You have to see the long term. An existence is quickly passed.

Around, the seraphim project images of all offered couples.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: I think, too, is a good choice. It will allow you to progress. It will be difficult at first, but adults bring you some compensation.

SOUL (addressing Gabriel): And you, what do you think?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: I would pick rather Pollet, with the tobacconist drunk and violent. I am convinced that we must not hesitate to choose a really rotten childhood. Then, things can only get better. Then come the enjoyable day your father will dare hit you because you will become stronger than him, the more enjoyable day when you leave the house, slamming the door, escaping their tyranny ...

SOUL: But you accused me of neglecting my parents in my previous life!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Every life is different. There is no absolute rule. It is normal to seek to evade àl'influence parents wicked. Even forgive them later, which would be a few points of handy bonus!

The ectoplasm Charles Donahue thought long by carefully examining the projections of each couple.

SOUL (sighing): Well, forward for divorced nasty.

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JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: I maintain that this is a good choice. In nine months, if you wish, you will be reincarnated in the Chirouble family.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Now for health problems. They, too, you can choose. With your - 230 points, you must take two from the following list: crippling rheumatism, stomach ulcer, perpetual toothache, chronic facial neuralgia, nerve of incessant attacks, myopia near blindness, deafness, exotropia, esotropia, permanent bad breath, psoriasis, constipation, Alzheimer's disease, paralysis of the left leg, stuttering, chronic bronchitis, asthma.

SOUL. Uh ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Hurry up, or I decide aYour instead. There are people waiting behind you!

SOUL: So, at random: ulcer and asthma.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (noting): Not bad. Gentleman connoisseur.

SOUL: It is that, in my previous life, I have suffered from chronic bronchitis and perpetual rage teeth. It was unbearable. However changing.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Just one more formality. You want to be reborn as a man or woman?

SOUL: What difference?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Man, you are required to fulfill your military obligations and your life is eighty years on average. Woman, you give birth in pain and you live about ninety years.

SOUL: One minute, if I am reborn as a woman, I can no longer become the great charismatic leader and seducer you promised me.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: That's a good a priori man. You are wrong, the future is female tyrants. To "tyranes". Just reverse roles. All men will be at your feet and nothing will stop you from exercising your powers of domination. Moreover, customs continue to evolve. We see more and more women at the head of nations or companies.

SOUL: A delivery, it must still be very bad, right?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: I recommend the epidural. And then, you know, the female sexual orgasm is nine times à'orgasme masculine. Only women know the true pleasure.

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SOUL: You are probably better informed than I on the subject. JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Why do you believe it is born so many more girls than boys? People learn before choosing.

SOUL: Okay for females, then.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Let us turn now to your overall mission. You will probably remember you but your soul appeared there of that seven hundred thousand years with task to accomplish a work that completely revolutionizes the art of painting. But what do I see on your page? Just scribbles hardly promising sidelines of your school notebooks. You have benefited from any of your previous lives to complete your mission.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL (disappointed): And that's why humanity is lagging behind in many areas ... It is enough that someone does not accomplish his destiny on earth for an entire artistic or scientific field does not develop!

SOUL: With all my work there, I've never had a free minute for my hobbies.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL (dismayed): Are you kidding us? I note here that in your previous lives, you have been mammoth hunter, driver of carts, chamberlain in a castle, explorer in Africa, pearl diver, film actor and, with all that, you have not found a short week to perform at least one picture?

SOUL: I'm afraid there have never thought of.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: It will have to now. All humanity awaits your pictorial contribution. Because of your laziness, painting is always in search of a second

wind. Hundreds of artists and designers waiting for you to better express themselves and enrich your message. Some die with nothing painted.
SOUL: I'm really sorry. I will strive to do my best this time. Still, painter is a professional die-lafaim. It often takes fifties to be finally recognized.
JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (mocking): And then Mr. pressed, he has a train to catch? You will have ninety years to think and buy brushes, it's not enough?
SOUL: In addition, as a woman, I will have even more trouble à'm'imposer ...
JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Difficulties increase your merits. If your work is also shocking that we are

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look, if you realize your Mona Lisa, I agree to grant you 700 bonus points to your next visit. That allows you 100 points penalty! What lead a good life small riot between two wires.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL

arrange the coup de Mozart.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Good idea, stroke Mozart!

SOUL (interested): What is the scope of Mozart?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: You realize quickly your masterpiece, you are moderately recognized, you earn just enough to survive and continue to deal in large quantities but also great quality and then, presto! you die young. At thirty-five years, as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. One can even go up to thirty-nine if it suits you.

SOUL (interested): Sounds great. I accept gladly. Thank you.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Wait, we have not finished yet. It remains to choose death.

SOUL: My death! But I'm dead!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: I'm talking about your impending death. We have to decide everything in advance.

SOUL: You mean, the last time I stupidly opted for the plane?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Yes! You want what now? Another car accident, an overdose of cocaine, assassinated by one of your fans or your spurned suitors? We have all the possible deaths: the police blunder, the flower pot falling from a balcony by accident, drowning, suicide. More death is painful, the bonus is more important. With their 500 point bonus, many Cathars thrown into the fire were able to end their cycle of reincarnations. The self-immolation was the fashion at the time. But there are now more modern 300 bonus points for having killed innocent convicted in an electric chair or a victim of a generalized cancer.

SOUL: Never mind the supplements. I would die quickly, without noticing it, and in my bed Falling asleep and waking up living death.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Sorry, ectoplasm Donahue, but with your note - 230 points, we can not offer you death as enjoyable. Your transition from life to death can only be violent. Moreover, it will provide an additional piece of your aura.

If Mr. pressed, it can be

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Think of Van Gogh! Here was a man who knew how to paint well, well suffer and die painfully. So he earned his 600 points and was able to end its cycle of reincarnations. It has become a pure spirit. Take it for example.

SOUL (plaintively): But I do not want to suffer!

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Anyway, we're not on earth to have fun. In addition, with parents you have given, your debut will not be pink!

SOUL: What wound! Well, I take suicide. But a suicide quick, fast and painless.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Do you throw out a window.

SOUL: Impossible. I've always been afraid of heights.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Slice up the veins in a warm water bath. But beware, if

you do not want to miss you, you have cut deep into your wrists. Otherwise, it will not work. Be sure to sharpen your razor.

Disgusted pout of the ectoplasm Donahue.

SOUL: Well, going for suicide with a razor ...

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL (smoothing the knots of the cord)

So I summarize. We are in agreement: you are reborn woman with a stomach ulcer and asthma attacks. Your divorced parents beat you to a pulp. You hurry to paint the damn table. You die, sliced veins in your bathtub. Otherwise, feel free to improvise. Next?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL RAPHAEL: Not yet. It remains to prepare the MSDS.

SOUL: What is it again, right?

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Do not worry. This is to determine some of your qualities. But then, you do not have a say, it is we who calculate.

JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: I lists

Physical strength: below the average.

Beauty: above average.

Intensity of the gaze: above average.

Tone of voice: medium level.

Charisma: very top level.

Ability to mind games: lower level.

Ability to lie: upper level.

Technical skills: the lower level.

SOUL: what does that mean?

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JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: That Lady will struggle to pass his driving license or that it will be unable to fix all alone her washing machine. That's it. SOUL: Bof! As long as I am beautiful and intelligent, I always find someone to help me. JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: I still Intelligence: average. Seductive ability: upper level. Endurance: lower level. Obstinacy level. Culinary skills: lower level. General irritability: upper level. SOUL: I will be irascible? JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL: Pretty, yes. JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL (annoyed to be constantly interrupted) Ability to play a musical instrument: the lower level. Ability to shooting revolver higher level. Taste for sports activities: lower level. Wish for children: medium level. SOUL: Oh, he is still good, free will: What do you even tell me? If I'm good at crosswords? For a chosen reincarnation, there is still too much predetermined and independent elements of my will. I protest. JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: You see, you are angry! Let's finish the fight Ability to: higher level. Whining: upper level. Taste for adventure: the lower level. Come to the next! SOUL: One more question. I will remember all this? JUDGE-ARCHANGEL MICHEL: Of course not. You will remember nothing, not even your visit here. It would be too easy! JUDGE-ARCHANGEL GABRIEL

At times, though, it will seem to have premonitions, hunches. This is all you will stay that conversation. A trust you to do so Avos intuitions. But enough chatted. Rush to get off before your parents have finished making love if you miss your train. Come on, hop!
Next customer!

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235-CHRISTIAN MYTHOLOGY

"We are the brothers of angels. When we introduced into the heavenly court, what rapture before the splendor of the angelic choirs. And for all eternity, what joy to mingle with the myriad of Blessed Spirits! The angels are spirits prominent among which our artists and geniuses are but pygmies. "

G. Canon Panneton.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

236-MANUAL HISTORY

FULL TOWN MAP OF THE DEAD

1. Takeoff.
2. Termination of signs of life. Emission of radio frequency signal 86 kHz approx.
3. Eat.
4. Output of the world.
5. Flight through space. Duration: about 18 minutes.
6. Appearance of a wide circle of light spinning said Ultimate Continent. Limbo. Blue beach.
7. Berthing in the Territory 1.

TERRITORY 1

Zone: coma over 18 minutes.
Color: blue.
Sensations: attraction, water, space. Freshness and joy.
Attraction by a bright light.
Recommendation to continue: do not be afraid to take the first wall of death.
Ends Moch 1.

TERRITORY 2

Zone: coma over 21 minutes.
Color: black.
Sensations: Fear, repulsion, cold terror.

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Nine cornices increasingly steep, confrontation with! 're Most painful memories.
Light always present but blurred by the memories.
Recommendations to continue: understand its past and be able to take every action.
Moch 2 ends.

TERRITORY 3

Zone: coma over 24 minutes.
Red color.
Sensations: fun, light, heat and humidity.
Confrontation with the most perverse of his vices and wildest fantasies. Here rise to the surface most repressed desires. Their face without getting carried away. In case of carelessness, may remain stuck to the sticky wall.
Recommendation to proceed: accept her fantasies without bogging it.
Moch 3 ends.

TERRITORY 4

Zone: coma plus 27 minutes.
Orange color.
Sensations: fight against time, air currents, strong winds.
Vision of a dead queue extending to infinity, walking slowly àtravers immense, cylindrical plain.
Confrontation with time. Learning patience with minutes turned into hours and hours in a month. Possibility of meetings and discussions with famous dead.
Recommendations to continue: freedom from fear of losing time or the will to win. Accepting paralysis. Act as if you were immortal.
Ends 4 Moch.

5 TERRITORY

Zone: coma plus 42 minutes.
Color: yellow.
Sensations: passion, strength, omnipotence. Solutions to all mysteries hitherto incomprehensible. Discover the meaning of the chakras and the appearance of the

third eye for yogis. Discover the path of pure Taoist Tao. Resolution of the secrets of the Kabbalah for

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Jews. Apparitions of the Garden of Allah for Muslims and the Garden of Eden for Christians.

Place of absolute knowledge. Everything has its purpose. Discover the meaning of life, from the infinitely large to the infinitely small.

Recommendations to continue: Do not be intimidated by knowledge. Letting fill knowledge unwittingly devour all as so many delicacies for the mind.

Moch 5 ends.

TERRITORY 6

Zone: coma more than 49 minutes.

Color: green.

Sensations: of great beauty, discovery of beautiful scenery, dream visions and perfection, beautiful flowers, wonderful plants ending in multicolored stars. Green country is that of absolute beauty.

But it is also the place of an unexpected event. The vision of absolute beauty brings the negation of oneself. You feel ugly, useless, rude, unbalance.

It is no longer a humbling feeling, it is a self-negation of printing.

Recommendation to proceed: accept his own ugliness.

Ends 7 Moch.

PLANNING 7

Zone: coma over 51 minutes.

Color: white.

Place populated with angels and devils. In the center, along the river of the dead. Basically, the bright mountain of Judgment. This completes the migration of souls to new reincarnations. Three archangels will weigh the merits.

Recommendations to continue: be prepared to pay for his misdeeds. Spontaneously claim a reincarnation to repair the damage and nuisance caused at previous existences.

Ends with light mountain.

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

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237 - APPREHENSION

Published by the modest Small illustrated Thanatonaute, the interview with Charles Donahue however awarded a global impact. It was translated in all languages and commented on by the most eminent psychologists, philosophers, priests, psychoanalysts and politicians.

Our friend the President obviously was as talkative.

He mobilized all TV channels for a speech announcing entry into a messianic era. He said that the thanatonaute open all doors closed so far. There would now be a before and after the discovery of the Ultimate Continent. To listen, one could guess that in fact he would have liked this new era is described as lucindérienne. More Christian calendar with dating before or after Christ. We were in the year 68 after the birth of Jean Lucinder.

If Lucinder not aroused the support of all his person, each nonetheless realized that something fundamental had happened. A large door opened, letting the storm sweep a room long closed.

What upset to learn that the death was a country, that country was populated by angels, archangels that we are judged on our past lives ... The Interview with a mortal had moreover taught us that we live in a moral world.

There were good and bad ways of behaving icibas. Humans were no longer on earth schoolboys responsible for their lessons well, namely empathy, generosity, elevation of consciousness.

It was so simple, so childish, so moral. Only catechism books of all kinds had thought about it and, over the centuries, as many had ceased to believe. How many clerics of all faiths had always drummed yet that the future belonged to nice people!

It was already too late to intervene when I perceived the risk of such disclosure. Now, everyone knew. It was important to wash his karma of all its miasma, to avoid tainting the existence of any villainy. Live, suffer, die; nothing mattered, everything was an episode until the climax of the pure spirit. We méditâmes on it in our penthouse. Through the

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windows, lit by small flames of candles, we saw the starlight.

Amandine the star had adopted priestess-like. She was clothed more than long Chinese black robes with the collar and slit skirt length. She had taken off all lights and replace them with candelabra. We bathed in an orange light.

The first, I broke the silence

- The time is critical. We are overwhelmed. We do not monitor anything. The thanatonautique escapes us.

- Not surprisingly, it touched too many essential points, Amandine declaimed in a voice actress. By discovering death, we have given a meaning to life.

Always milk soup, Stefania inveighed

- To Christopher Columbus, it's been the same. It may have discovered America but missed his return. He imagined impress people with parrots and chocolate. Mocked him. It deserves although not care about us!

Always Columbus ...

- Poor Columbus died in poverty and oblivion, Rose noticed. We, we're still not there.

- But the worst is that its discovery has completely escaped him, still annoyed the Italian. The proof is that if America is called like that, it's because of Amerigo Vespucci, discoverer of the only officially recognized then by the Spanish court. We too robs us of our work!

Protestor my agreement, I tapped his fist on the coffee table, missing reverse Amandine cocktails. It was funny, but since the abandonment of Raoul, I felt compelled to give rants in his place. As if, in any group, it necessarily had an irascible character and blood!

- We must maintain control of the thanatonautique, I tempétai. We have been pioneers, control rightfully ours.

- My poor darling, since the publication of Interview with a mortal, we are overwhelmed, Rose sighed.

- You heard what they say on the news? Stefania is excited. The number of crimes and offenses fell sharply. There are more than fools who kill!

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- What do we do? asked Amanda, practice.

- Nothing, Rose said. We will face a wave of widespread kindness. The world has never known that. We'll see what comes of it.

In silence, sorry, we sirotâmes our not too sugary drinks and alcoholic enough. Berk.

238 - INDIAN MYTHOLOGY AMAZON

Formerly, the Guarani Indians lived in heaven with the gods. Their occupation was to keep the fire of the stars and the glow of the planets. One day, a young clumsy warrior pierced the sky by shooting with his bow. The earth then appeared to him with all its riches. The herds, game, beehives, fish, fruits seemed to him so appetizing that he made this discovery by Aesir brothers. Taking advantage of a moment of inattention of the gods, the Guarani launched a vine to descend on earth. They arrived on the great Orinoco River, in the heart of the forest. They feasted earth foods, but soon became suspicious animals scarce. The rain flooded the fruit and they rotted. Shivering with fever, the Indians asked

to return among the gods. But it was too late. The sky had closed and the Guarani were condemned to live in this difficult land they coveted.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

239-A GENTLE WORLD

The world became progressively nicer. No more soiling his karma by bad actions, we risk ending up down-and-hunger in Africa, the homeless in New York or in Paris Rmiste.

No science fiction book could not have imagined such a sweet reality. Everywhere kindness gained ground, like a contagious disease.

Good works were choked with gifts. He had to queue for long hours to deposit the check or best clothes. Overwhelmed hospitals opened waiting lists to meet the countless potential blood donors.

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Throughout the world, endemic conflicts went out of themselves, forcing arms dealers delighted to close their penalty generator commerce. Everything, from near or far, might be considered a bad action was now dedicated to general contempt. Addicts dealers found themselves in failure. On request, bankers grant loans at the lowest rates. They are more informed of their clients' repayment capacity. A bankruptcy for their generosity would certainly promoted in the afterlife.

The good souls flocked to the wooden bowls beggars. They are endowed machines accept credit cards and checks not accepted upon presentation of identification. No need to lock the doors, alarm systems obsolete. You could now leave wide open the issues of apartments, cars, safes. Fly! No longer thought there.

More pettiness over

burglaries, more clashes, more fights, more violence. However, trade flourished. Not wanting to sin by avarisme everyone multiplied the gifts to everyone. Once a blind seemed eager to cross a street, dozens of arms were stretched and many people stricken with blindness and found themselves unwittingly lost on opposite sidewalks.

The Third World received considerable subsidies. If we were flunked the exam and forced to reincarnate in a poor country, so make sure it would be enriched in the meantime and that its next life would be more comfortable. He was in the general interest that significantly reduces the number of poor households where reborn.

People showed smiles more or less forced, avoiding upsetting their neighbors by frowning, a grimace or a bad word.

Each had duly registered the rules: the cycle of reincarnations continued indefinitely if it did not become good enough and wise enough to deserve to be transformed into pure spirit. So all did their best.

Paint shops, music, pottery and even kitchen were full. Who knew if, like ectoplasm Donahue, he was not carrying a hidden gift to be carried out faster? Moreover, even the ugliest of the works found buyers. Of the

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anxious patrons help the poor artists showed courageously in their living room. Learn, grow, learn, improve. "Maintain the beauty of your soul. Grow it as a garden," clamored the advertisements of correspondence schools.

The patrons were begging their employees to accept the increases they refused, wanting instead to have free time to explore their talents. "Libraries, not under" vindicated the unions. Volunteers masons built a vengeance.

Simultaneously, of course, the thanatonautique experienced a revival. Who did not want to get up there find "his dear departed" or,

at least once to update on his karma?

American Indians, particularly the Navajos have a morbid fear of death. At the point of being barely able to approach a corpse. Once a person is dead, they quickly bury with great reluctance and all kinds of precautions to touch as little as possible. The body is buried in a secret place, far away from the village. It does not touch the death of the business, we do not approach his tent, we consider that all that it is now dirty.

In Navajo mythology, there are two Twin Heroic who once stole weapons from the sun to kill the monsters who wanted to kill the Navajos.

These monsters are Old Age, Dirt, Extreme Poverty and Hunger. The fact that these monsters are still alive is a small kerfuffle Heroic twins. And we should not pay attention.

Extract from the thesis that The Unknown Mors, by Francis Razorbak.

241-FM THE RESEARCH

Busy drinking, Raoul had not noticed any of these changes. His rehab had not really been successful. He was still drinking, even if it was less accepting of bartenders to serve him, spent an advanced state of drunkenness.

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In thanatodrome, so there was always me and "my" three women: Rose, Stefania and Amandine. During this period, our favorite pastime was to devour the births of sections of newspapers in search of the reincarnation of Freddy. FM, FM,

We had unearthed FM babies! François Morlon, Fatima Maouich Frank Mignard Félicitée Munin, Fernand Mélissier, Florent Mouchignard, Fabien Mercantovitch Firmin Magloire, Florence Merwin ... Each time we took an appointment with the happy parents but when showed the toddler, among ten other watches, pens and medals, watch, pen and medal that belonged to Freddy, none had extended his handcuffs to the familiar objects of our lost friend.

- It is too early, consoled me Rose. You remember the queue? Freddy has yet to be caught in the traffic jam of the dead yellow territory. There was even there Victor Hugo awaiting reincarnation, and if it is not already past with its centuries ahead, while Freddy!

- The dead do not all go at the same speed. Talkative as he was, Victor Hugo traînasse to argumentative. Other hurry. Looks like ectoplasm Donahue was eager to reincarnate!

- It is recommended to wait and Freddy has always managed to be patient, reminded me Rose.

In fact, I suspected it would be to hope that she would give birth the next avatar of our choreographer rabbi. Mouftes After discussions, we also christened advance our future newborn Frédéric Marcel Pinson. But between us, we already called Freddy Junior.

I was present at the birth. It was beautiful! A kiss, a hug and nine months later, so much love turned into 3.2 kilograms of a tender little pink ball, hungry for affection. Never had I been so moved. Even the vision of the continent of the dead was nothing compared to this miracle so simple and billions of billions of times repeated: the blossoming of a life.

A few days earlier, we were both in our apartment thanatodrome the Buttes-Chaumont. Now we were there three. Is it magic more admirable? Next door, the thanatonautique and karma were only trifles. Only had it. Our "junior Freddy."

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242-SHEET POLICE

Note to the services concerned

243-Taoist Philosophy

"All life is like a dream. It is not right to grieve the death is only a change of form. Why regretteraiton an inhabited house one day?"

Lao Tzu.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

tithes one year before submitting our Freddy junio

Believe that there is huge misunderstanding. Mistake to have left the thanatonautique develop. Record currently over ten departures per day. Technical increasingly safe. Cherubim, seraphim, angels and devils hampered in their work.

Response services concerned

Nexagérons nothing. The thanatonautique we all know, is part of a long tradition. An ancient tradition. We always let in those who can enter. Nothing even warrants a change in attitude.

244 - JUNIOR

We test attenr personal items of the late Freddy senior.

It was a Tibetan technique to recognize reincarnations. In Africa, there was a similar custom among certain tribes. They cut a phalanx of death to locate the fetus would be born deprived of that phalanx. Tibetan recognition ceremony seemed more appropriate.

On all fours on the carpet, Rose, Amandine and I knelt beside him, the child looked at these watches, pens and medals galore as so many interesting and original rattles. Usually, we wanted instead of the way this kind of objects, lest it the abyss, or worse, not swallowed.

Little is first interested in the watches in happily shook

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few, managed to break into two (thus justifying all my previous fears about my own property) and finally that lovingly captures that belonged to our beloved rabbi.

Already we were ready to rush into the arms of each other. Freddy Meyer had returned to earth in the guise of our son! Rose calmed the game.

- Do not wrap your belongings, whispered her while the boy continued to sinuer between the forest of various utensils arranged on the carpet.

I jumped again when he proudly waved the pen Freddy. He had distinguished among all and had seized on.

No doubt, at that moment I was convinced that we had found the right Freddy Meyer. Unless it is he who has found us, up there, at the time of parental choice. He was no fool, our wise. He knew that we would recognize! Anyway, I was sure Freddy Meyer and Frederic Marcel Pinson had only one and even karma. With all the knowledge that this kid was already in him, what we would win as time!

- As soon as he is old enough, I will enroll in a course in dance and choreography, announced Amandine, enthusiastic.

- It will also go in a yeshiva, I complétai. In addition, if we tell the life of Freddy Freddy senior junior, this he will accomplish a great leap forward in the cycle of reincarnation.

- The benefit of a sudden sixty years of experience. It will be the first human to have the memories of two lives.

Rose did not conceal the broad ambitions which she kept for our child prodigy.

- At twenty, it will already be a great sage. Perhaps is this what happened to Mozart? It was the reincarnation of another fantastic musician and his parents immediately understood.

The one and the other, we multipliâmes, thrilled and delighted, proposals for the future.

We portions more attention to toddler when Freddy junior net showered us by releasing the black pen senior Freddy for a much more attractive fluorescent orange pencil.

Breath, we followed him as he continued his travels. He sent the waltz and the medal shows the deceased from Strasbourg to better seize a sea blue disposable lighter

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and a chocolate bar in his gilded paper. It was ruined. Suddenly, we considérâmes our beloved son as a stranger. An extension of any quidam that we had never even visited!

Rose tried to comfort us and to comfort herself by ensuring that, even so, it had to be a good person for it to have réatterri in such a household as ours. Still, it was not Freddy, and child suddenly seemed to us, you know? ... Abroad. We were disappointed. We had given birth to a normal baby, karma coming from who knew that. It was not the result of the existence of a holy man but simply a man.

We now had the impression of having passed a small Korean or being misled on merchandise.

What a disappointment! Little was still allowed to eat his chocolate bar. It began in full figure and Rose almost débarbouilla disgust.

In bed at night, we had a domestic scene. My wife reproached me for having baptized a little too lightly the child's first name Freddy. Now that we knew it was not him, he would drag the name like the bullet of a life that was not hers! With a bad faith that until then I was not customary, I retorted angrily that it was her fault rested with. After all, it was her belly she who had made this "thing". Not mine. With a little application, it would have been more successful his baby! Furious, she sent the comforter and waltz replied that they had always known that there was one chance in billions to make it work. One chance in billions also we find the 'real', 'I désolai.

She too was baffled but it should not be forgetting that this child was ours, from its genes and mine. Why would it not later someone good?

- It may be necessary to make blind he really the same chances and the same talents than the other, I chuckled.

Mustard went up the nose of Rose. After all, it was his son that we speak and, like any mother, she would defend tooth and nail. I had never seen her so angry. Loose, she gave me all kinds of old grudges face. She reproached me for my lack of initiative, my perpetual submission to Raoul, my lack

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character, my inability to keep my mother and my brother to invade our apartment for a yes for not they invited to dinner without warning, regardless of whether she had had time to shop without never bring flowers, Scrooge!

I rispostai it was in any event not so fine cook it, she was so absorbed by his work as an astronomer that was hardly her care of her dear Freddy Junior whereas after all, she was the mother.

A sentence led to another without us having the desired pronounce her or me. In the end, Rose pulled randomly clothes and fled to take refuge with her own mother.

I found myself alone, like an idiot, with Freddy junior who, hearing that it was crying, enclencha its own sirens. I vainly waved his favorite toys and finished prevail in bed

My son asleep, I flopped into the living room and looked for some relief in reading a scary book. Read some really heinous things into perspective your small problems but now I could not forget my behavior absolutely petty visà towards Rose and the horrors I had called him.

This was the moment that Raoul chooses to return unexpectedly to thanatodrome and enter my apartment, very drunk. He could hardly stand but still realized that I was totally shot. I told him the scene with my wife. Raoul had an odd expression and with the assurance of a drunkard, he approached me and said,
- Michael, the time has come to deliver you the second secret.
Ordinarily, I would have rushed to my ears or throw him a good punch to silence him. But here I was beside myself. Forgetting all the promises made to my wife, I pressed the contrary talk
- It has something to do with Rose?
- Uh, if you will, yes.
- Go ahead, talk.
He collapsed on the carpet now cleared of all relics of Freddy senior. I lay face down beside him. Raoul laughed stupidly, drooling on my carpet. I held my desire to shake it. It might vomit big red spot and Rose would never forgive me the damage.

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- So this second truth? I questioned nervously picking up my friend to ask him in a chair.
He gasped
- It's ... report ... to love.
- A love! I surprised myself.
- Yeah. There's a woman who loves you and is waiting for you somewhere.
A few bafouillis and Raoul finally reeled a coherent narrative. In my previous life I had known true love. The Very Great Love. Intense moments with a wonderful woman. Alas, in our previous life, this woman was sterile and we could not conceive a child. She felt a great sorrow and me too. One day, all to his sentence, she did not notice while crossing an avenue and ran over by a car. Angels thought it was a form of suicide. Anyway, I had suffered so much from the loss I had died of sadness in the months that followed.
His drunkenness dissipating, my friend explained to me that when a couple had experienced such an intense love without however giving birth, they had the right to join in their next reincarnation to fill this gap.
So I had to find that woman because that was my true wife. Raoul knew almost everything about her. Satan had told him much.
In this life, my wife's name was Nadine Kent. It was American but lived in Paris. I had probably crossed many times but random streets, my mind busy with all the thanatonaughtique, I had not recognized.
- Nadine Kent! I repeated, dreamily.
- Yes, that is the name that Satan told me.
- Satan is the angel of evil.
- But its action extends to lost souls, said Raoul, as tempting as his dark interlocutor.
He had conducted its investigation. Nadine Kent was a sublime beauty, yet she had known few men in her life. When asked why she was stubborn, so wonderful, à vivre alone, she replied with a smile waiting for Prince Charming. She was now aged twenty-nine years old and her parents feared she remains forever old daughter.
- But Prince Charming ...
- It is you, guy ass, kind of viscous koala! I

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request that such splendor has been able to find you, even in one of your past lives!
A cough interrupted his laughter.
- Do you realize, my friend Michael! A fascinating goddess waiting for you since birth. She only wants you, all the others seem insipid him. You've vein! Not only will you ever known a great love but you have one other in reserve!
Love, love ... It's not that I did not like but now they pointed fingers at me

that I had to love in particular. Some Nadine Kent which I knew nothing and even the existence until now.

I suddenly understood why,

I also had always felt so hard to seduce a woman then adjusting to a married life. In fact, from the start, I was scheduled to make a child at that Nadine Kent. Rose and Freddy Junior were a referral error ... At least that was what I thought at that moment.

In my confusion, I take the phone book and looked Ala letter K. Kent Nadine, her number was displayed there in black and white, in small letters. Without further ado, I seized my handset.

245-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

"There are two diamond Paradise doors and, near them, seventy thousand angels servants. When a righteous (pure man) happens, they take away from him the shroud he was carrying in his grave and eight dress in clothes clouds of glory. And on his head, they put two crowns, one with precious stones and pearls, the other gold. And they put in his hand eight myrtle branches. And they do enter into a place where flowing water streams from eight eight hundred species of roses and myrtle. And every fair has for himself a canopy from which spring four rivers, one of milk, the a wine, one of nectar and honey And one sixty angels stand in front of each and just said to him. "Go and taste the honey with joy because you you're busy reading the book. "N

Yalkut Genesis 2.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

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246 -Nadine

An elderly female voice

- Hello?

Had I made up another number, in my haste?

- Could I speak to Nadine? I said in a confident tone wrong.

The hour was late. I perceived a reluctance on the phone. This was to be his mother.

- Please! I implored.

- I'll get, agreed with distrust tip, hoarse voice.

Hold. Footsteps light. A delicate hand grabs the camera. A mouth approaches the handset.

- Hello? Who wants me? asked a soft, familiar voice for at least three hundred years of reincarnation.

No doubt. That was it.

- Hello!

Silence.

- It's me, I ânonnai.

At the other end, I perceived as a sob. A sob of joy. Together, in a broken voice crying, we began to talk. We said foolish things. Confidences that two people who have never met would never dare to say.

With thanatonaughtique, I had experienced difficult times, perilous, but never anything so poignant, moving and terrible that this succession of confident and tender phrases. And I knew she felt the same feeling.

- There are so long that I expect your call, Nadine said softly.

- I know, I sighed.

Another silence.

- Hello? I affolai me.

- No, I did not hang up. I'm here. For you, I will always

I was suffocating.

It was then that Freddy Junior chooses to arise, his face smeared with sleep. To yelp moreover his first word

- Dad!

A small plump hand began to wipe my tears on my

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stubble. I took my son in my arms and carried it to his room. As I carefully tuck, I closed the door decorated with blue-white clouds painted by my wife. I did not want to hear the "hello, hello" desperate that resounded in the handset. This was it. I knew, this famous truth! Damn Satan! Why have I learned? I would have paid dearly to ignore forever the existence here of Nadine Kent.

Raoul I curse, I cursed the angels in general and especially Satan, I curse the thanatonautique.

I embraced my child which already eyelids closed over the eyes as blue as those of his mother.

In the living room, Raoul laughed like hell. "Hullo! Hullo!" Cried again the phone. I hurriedly grabbed.

I was exhausted.

I wanted to not be me. Not having a woman destined. I felt incapable of taking an old contract signed in previous lives.

I wanted to rip the skin that covered my soul.

I labourai hand with my nails until they bled. Why was I forced a situation as unmanageable? I could not escape anywhere, in any country, this situation would pursue me everywhere.

Stop the world I want to get off.

Stop the world I want to get off.

I picked up and whispered with an uncontrollable anxiety

- Forget me, Nadine. Please, forget me for this life. Find yourself another man and I beg you, Nadine, be happy!

Then, unceremoniously, I seized Raoul flanquai the collar and at the door.

247 - EGYPTIAN MYTHOLOGY

Formula to never die (pronounced twenty to eight times daily before going to sleep)

"I am the soul of Re who came out of Nun, the soul of the god who created Hou. My abomination is misconduct.

I have no regard for her. I believe in Maat and I saw her.

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I Hou, who can not perish in mine Ame name.

I came to the existence of myself, with the Noun, in my own name Khepri in which I come into existence every day.

I am the master of light and my abomination is to die. I am the Noun, those who do evil can not harm me.

I am the eldest of primordial gods; my soul is the souls of the gods, eternity, and my body is sustainability because my manifestations eternity as master for years and regent of sustainability.

I erased my sins, I saw my father on the evening of the master, one whose body is in Heliopolis,

I am responsible, as twilight, twilight of the inhabitants on the western hill, that of the Ibis. "

Egyptian Book of the Dead.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Franeis Razorbak.

248 - ANOTHER COMPANY

The discovery of the seventh heaven every day brought new changes. The temples were deserted. Why participate in religious ceremonies since the mystery of death had vanished? Even the priests were losing faith. The main prelates had beautiful proclaim, all religions, that had we found angels, we had not so far found God, that was the end of devotion and mysticism. Temples were turned into museums, others in theaters, others in private homes. The ultimate was to build a swimming pool in a church. The multicolored reflections of stained glass is reverberated in water and organ music reverberated upon the dives. However, as and when that religions périclitaient the thanatonautique developed. Private thanatodromes hatched everywhere like mushrooms. Some were real tourist offices: "Weekend in the afterlife Tour accelerated Spiritual Formation Boosters Support provided by monk graduate thanatonautique Possible meeting with the angels....." Obviously, most of these advertisements were false. The excursions usually stopped at the third or fourth zone.

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We paid quite a lot to know as it was dangerous to venture further. Raoul had perhaps given up on finding his mother but it was none the less bitter and ethyl. After the coup of Nadine, I did not care and I did not want to take care of him. In thanatodrome, women took over. Amandine and Rose (with which I had quickly reconciled) were in top form while Raoul and I were weary and disillusioned figure warriors. They took pleasure in raising Freddy junior, became the mascot of the place. It must be said that the boy was laughing, inquisitive and easy à vivre. Maybe deep down children are great sages and only wear life makes unreasonable adults? If it was not the reincarnation of Freddy senior, junior Freddy was probably that of a merry prankster rather sporty, given its propensity to run around every corner. Amandine overtook him for a hug. "Dad," "Mom," "pee," "poop" were the four words he loved align successively. Later, he would need a good psychoanalysis to teach him to separate these four concepts clearly. With my son, life went on. Humanity evolved. My genes are perpetuated in the nucleus of its cells. - Still playing with this kid! Conrad sneered. It must be over the head of you, Papa-bribe glue! Me, my kids, I record them peace. - Papa-pee? Junior asked point blank. My brother laughed and replied, - No: papa-poo. I suspected Conrad of being a bad teacher. My brother had set up a company thanatonautique. He was building thanatodromes anywhere in the world on demand. As advised promoter, he innovated by providing, at the discretion of customers, its rooms off of a mythological or mystical setting. With it, you could fly from a replica of the pyramid of Cheops or a copy of the Sistine Chapel. The less fortunate, he proposed individual thanatodromes, wooden huts similar to saunas but pledged all equipment necessary for a successful launch. Optionally, for a flat fee of two hundred thousand francs, it provided sound system and uniform thanatonaute identical to ours. The affairs of my mother were also booming. She had

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open a publishing house to publish the complete works of Amandine Ballus: The Vademecum dying Some ideas for a weekend in Paradise, The Thanatonautique in ten lessons, Asthma, heart and epilepsy: a few precautions before dying ... All were bestsellers, yet the competition was tough. The practical manuals thanatonautique all like récitstémoignages, were in vogue. Fly was now within the reach of all. As for those who did not have the means to

buy all the bric-a-brac Conrad, they could always leave their bodies meditating!

249 INDIAN -Philosophy

"The state of mind at the time of death determines the form received for the next life. But how could a righteous desire germinate in extremis in the mind of one who, all his life devoted himself to evil ? Often times, however good or repressed tendencies accumulated in previous lives change completely at the moment of death the soul of a man who spent his whole life in error. "

Ma Ananda Moy"i.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

250 - IS IT COMPLICATED

Life was only a passage. Willy-nilly, as and as the knowledge of Ultimate Continent spread here, the idea made its way among human populations. There were other lives before, there would be others after the soul survived the body. If Heaven was not palpable, it does not have the least geographically accurate place in the universe: a black hole in the center of our galaxy. Almost everyone now knew that there was a continent "space" consisting of seven skies, and in the last resided angels, able to solve all problems.

The first to suffer from these revelations was our president Lucinder.

It was just one month before the elections when one of his rivals,

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one Richard Picpus, claimed to be mounted to Paradise and to have learned of an angel that he was the reincarnation of Jules César.

- What angel? demanded to know Lucinder during a public debate.

- MUMIAH, the one who helps the success of our business, of course, replied the other without dismantling.

Lucinder, for whom Jules César is a model and therefore knew her life by heart, tried in vain to trap him. Before the astonished journalists, Picpus described in detail the forum of ancient Rome and the health problems of the winner of Vercingetorix. Even Lucinder was astounded.

Mythomanie or encyclopedic memory after Picpus-jules Caesar, bore candidates Robert Mollin which ensured reincarnated Napoleon Bonaparte and Philippe Pilou who swore to be Alexander the Great. But we knew the angels little talkative and doubted the veracity of the assertions of this plethora of new contenders. Lucinder could claim to be the first head of state to be deflowered Paradise, Caesar, Napoleon and Alexander had not built less prestigious empires. Everyone claimed not only able to give back to the France international exposure but also to finally conquer the Ultimate Continent.

What a trap! Lucinder had found more "paradisant" than him. He immediately brings us to seek together how to take it from there. If these pseudo-Caesar, Napoleon and Alexander convainquaient other voters, battles and resume the galaxy again become uncontrollable fast!

It was Rose who suggested to resort to historians. After all, these illustrious men had not been exemplary lives! Ç'avaient been fornicators and tyrants, yes! They had devastated entire continents and caused countless deaths. We ressortimes old files. Julius Caesar and civil war spelled the end of the Roman Republic, Napoleon was the gravedigger of the French Revolution and its unnecessary conflict bloodied Europe, Alexander the Great had bad manners and his famous empire lasted only time his short life ...

Bizarre characters brought us unexpected support. An avatar of Vercingetorix reminded television how Caesar did not hesitate to starve the population during the siege of Alesia. For an hour, he recounted the horrors of the Gallo-Roman war.

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Now, in this conflict, the Gallic victims were the ancestors of today's voters. An unexpected reincarnation of Josephine spread in women's magazines gossip about adultery sleeping around the Emperor. She stressed the massacres of the Spanish war, the collapse of the Russian campaign, the error bleak plain of Waterloo.

Alexander the Great fared better because there was that the Ancient specialists familiar with the lurid details of his life. He still had some nice stories of massacres and orgies.

Faced with this onslaught, Lucinder kept complete silence about his past lives. Its this alone would plead in his favor, he said, and this alone would determine his future. As the vast majority of voters had never approached angels near and far and was quite unable to boast some illustrious existence, discretion is approved. His attitude was all the more appreciated as everyone knew it was on acts committed in this life that would be considered later. There was not much to boast of being only Picpus after Caesar!

Still, Alexander the Great and his angel face pleased the crowds. He was proud, imbued with himself, pretentious, whatever he pleased. A week before the elections, polls gave him 34% of the vote, we were far behind with 24%. Julius Caesar and Napoleon were bringing up the rear with 13 and 9% respectively.

- We need a miracle last minute! sighed the Lucinder candidate.

- I have an idea, murmured dreamily Amandine.

251-HINDU PHILOSOPHY

"If the prospect of these new beginnings continual product a certain weariness among Hindu thinkers, if they aspire to put an end to this painful game deaths and successive rebirths, the masses, instead, put up with it happily."

Alexandra David-Neel, India where I lived.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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252-ELECTION CONTINUED

Amandine had actually had an idea, and good. Almost on the eve of the poll, Maxime Villain, the "reporter ectoplasmic", joined our pre-election team. Lucinder had its "miracle".

Villain called a press conference during which he quietly announced that the angels were in favor of Lucmder. Why? Just because they, and they alone, were aware of all his lives, bringing them to trust him.

This deposit was decisive. Few were willing to risk making a bad point in voting for a candidate deemed undesirable by Heaven. Only the sick and infirm will not be surrendered to the polls. Lucinder was reelected with 73% of votes.

Congratulations, Maximus! With its renowned contacts with the angels and his legendary honesty, Lucinder was still president! No one would ever be allowed to doubt the words of Villain who had so faithfully recorded the interview with a mortal.

Still, the dear man had blamed on a bad penalty. He outright lying. Never angels had issued any opinion whatsoever on the ballot. Actually, they did not care, our elections.

As a reward for his sin on earth, Maxime Villain thanatonautique received a medal from the President.

- You would not be by chance reincarnation of Machiavelli? I inquired myself laughing at the ceremony.

The little man smiled modestly.

- I wish you comparing me to Dante or Shakespeare.

- You lied.
- In-are you sure? I do not even know if it is possible to lie. The truth changes according to time and space. Lucinder was elected? Well, is that up there, they saw a good thing ow it.

And launch me, too, a wink.

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253 -Sheet POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

We warned you. It's too late. The troubles begin.

Response services concerned

Situation still well in hand. Let us not underestimate.

254-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

"Before the silver wire does not let ..."

Ecclésiaste XII, 6.

Extract from the thesis that Death unknown by Francis Razorbak.

255-PAST elucidated

After the re-election of Lucinder, experimental thanatonautique became mass thanatonautique. People went more often to the bottom of Paradise. And it was not without consequence.

Anyone could claim to have met with an angel and bring up there a little scoop-shaped thunder. Thus announced on the news that they had found traces of Adolf Hitler. It would have been reincarnated as bonsai.

- In bonsai! Rose wondered. I thought that human ectoplasm could not return to a plant form.

- From what St. Peter explained to me, it seems that in some cases it is possible, says Amanda. It is generally reincarnates so improve but if, in a human existence, it proves to be as stupid as an animal, we start at the animal level. And if human, it was more bestial than the wildest animal, we return to the plant and perhaps even as far away as mineral.

I was flabbergasted. Hitler living bonsai!

They found the bonsai at the address indicated by some indiscreet angel. The avatar of the Führer belonged to a kid from a wealthy family. The kid could not understand what the life of a bonsai was a punishment. He cared very much his and was very fond.

I considered the thing and obviously jumped out at me. The life of a

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bonsai is a constant torment. We put a plant in a pot too small for her and then cut systematically all growths. It is the torture of a high plant at an art. Without water, the members constantly intruded without place, without air, without food, bonsai is only suffering.

Forced not to grow the shrub remains forever dwarf, while everything that lives on this earth has the most basic rights that is the one to grow.

Certainly, under the pretext that they considered the prettiest and the Chinese have long considered justified locking up their daughters' feet in narrow strips to prevent them from growing. But in the case of bonsai, it was worse! It was not just the feet. They cut his legs, upper limbs, and roots, legs. Everyday. The most subtle punishment for heinous war criminal, it was good to reincarnate

the Japanese bonsai. I had chills remembering myself as I was unhappy when my parents forced me to put on the clothes too small my brother Conrad, just to save money.

Good idea, hat, archangels Judges! But there were men to believe themselves smarter than them and finer vigilantes! A great blows of petitions, it demanded the death sentence of bonsai. Finally, we dug the thing until liberating death ensues, thus ending (to my great regret, incidentally) ASON eternal torment. There followed a shower of "revelations" more or less verifiable. For my part, I could not believe the angels so talkative with so many people, and I examined them every time with great caution. According to some tourists from beyond, Ravillac was innocent of the murder of Henry IV. The Iron Mask was hidden sweat of Louis XIV. Raoul Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat so brave in the rescue of Hungarian Jews during the Nazi occupation, had been killed by the KGB, as the martyrs of Red Poster resistant were denounced by their "friends" of the French Communist Party . John Lennon himself had contacted her killer to be suicide. The Chevalier d'Eon was a hermaphrodite. Nicolas Flamel had made his fortune by robbing and murdering the citizens, he then explained his sudden wealth by the alleged discovery of the secret of the transmutation of metals. Jack the Ripper was good William Gull, physician to the royal family.

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It was found that, overall, the bloodthirsty tyrants had received adequate punishment. Stalin was reincarnated in laboratory mice, Mussolini was a circus dog, Mao was to be lacquered duck, about the South American fascist generals they were mostly reincarnated as we gave geese to make foie gras Christmas. But apart from these "bad guys", others took advantage of bad celestial revelations to lather.

True or false, the crafty étalèrent their previous lives to get some advantages in this existence. A Parisian Asian grocer assured to be the reincarnation of Modigliani and began a lawsuit to the heirs of his former art dealers so they are returning him their capital gains considerable. A charming teacher televised aerobics swore to be the reincarnation of Botticelli. She was able to start his own through an auction of several of his paintings, collected in museums. We no longer had disputes and repair requirements of all kinds! It was all of human history, according to some, who asked to be revised, enlightened, explained, demystified.

256 -MYTHOLOGIE CHRISTIAN

"There are natural necessity for the soul to be cleansed and healed. If it was not in his earthly life, healing takes place in future and subsequent lives."

Saint Grégoire de Nysse.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

257 - SLIDE

Freddy Junior grew and our interest in thanatonautique was decreasing while that of the public kept the contrary, to grow.

I devoted myself more and more in one universe of my home. The world opened up and I shut. At that time of my life, I was convinced that the essential in life was to get married, to have children and build a strong enough family unit for this state lasts as long as possible. Family life

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perpetuate healthy is to become atavistic and would avoid the appearance of maladjusted children, tyrannical or apathetic.

I was happy. I loved Rose. The awakening of Freddy Junior fascinated me. I initial the love of books as I myself had been initiated by Raoul. Rose taught

him to observe the stars. Formerly, the stargazing relativized human problems. Because of us, it had changed.

It seemed to me that by communicating to Freddy reading my craving, I offered him the freedom to then educate itself. Every night, so I was telling my son what seemed like the most interesting for a child of three years: legends, tales, fables, short stories with beautiful scenery.

But beyond the walls of our cozy apartment, admittedly belatedly, the company kept receiving the shock waves of thanatonaughtique movement that we pioneered. Stefania returned a fairly edgy day. A stranger had approached her in the street to offer him a large sum. Not to seduce her, but just like that, to do a good deed! She had fought for refuse.

- I'm sick of all these sweet, all good, all those vapid.

- You prefer violence, perhaps? Rose asked. You raving!

Stefania was red with anger.

- No, I do not wander. Before, when someone showed nice, it was because he wanted to. He had the choice between being nice or naughty and had freely chosen kindness. Now, everyone is kind of pure superstition! They all fear of being readjusted up there for their consideration. That sucks.

A beggar, dressed in rags clearly indicating its condition, then appeared at the door he was no longer useful to close. He was quietly entered and headed straight for our fridge. It is seized of a smoked salmon sandwich and a small cold beer, he sat comfortably history to participate in our conversation. Stefania bore down on him and before I could react, promptly snatched sandwich cans and hands.

- You feel free, especially! she broke.

The man stared, amazed, the Italian out of her. Since all the doors were open, like all his peers, he had

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used to enter any apartment and use at will.

- But ... but ... you're crazy, 'he spluttered.

- Lout of Species, he was not taught you to knock before entering in people!

The tramp was indignant

- You dare refuse me alms!

- It's not that you refuse alms is that you not support empuantisses home with your greasy dirt and your clothes.

The poor wretch took us to witness, Rose and me.

- It will not in her noggin, this woman! She does not realize ... If she refuses me alms, it earned him a gaggle of bad karma points!

We looked anxiously Stefania.

- Nothing to shine! she ranted. Get out, vermin!

The man stared at her, mocking.

- Okay, I'm going. But after that, you will not be surprised to be reborn ...

(he looked for a moment worse) reborn cancerous.

Stefania brought his face close to hers, regardless of his foul breath.

- Can you repeat that?

He smiled mockingly, and reaffirmed forcefully

- You cancerous reborn.

I am not from the hand of the Italian but, on the table, glasses vibrated sounds when the right pair of slaps.

The man was more surprised than angry. This woman had dared to engage in a violent act of a beggar. He rubbed his sore cheeks.

- You hit me! he said, eyes wide.

- Yeah. And it is not worth throwing me yet I do not know what a curse. Cancer? Very good. As much as I enjoy myself a little in this life, waiting. And you, you have every interest to leave the area as quickly before I send you my foot where I think.

- She hit me, she hit me, he sang almost.

He suddenly realized that this pair almost came to blows to elevate the rank of martyr. Being a victim of a violent and aggressive shrew, this would surely earn you lots of bonus points.

II through the door, beaming.
Stefania turned to us.
She ran a hand over his forehead.

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- My word, we become all crazy! she said.

We did not know what to say. In fact, at that moment, Rose and I trembled for our friend. Reborn she really cancerous?

- You should not have to risk hitting it. You never know ..., I began.
She rudely interrupted me.

- But, you do not understand that our world is more populous than larvae and mops! More emotions, more fears, more conflict! There are more down here than soft and superstitious beings. They are not good. They are selfish. They only care about their karma. They seek to do good than to ensure a good status in their next life. What are we bored!

I suddenly realized that I, too, basically, I had always been kind of selfishness. By sloth also and not to complicate my life. Evil being forced to care for others, to care about their defenses, imagining nasties. But be nice, it helps not to touch or be touched by anyone. Kindness is a comfort just to be quiet.

Stefania paced our living room like a caged lion.

- I'm sick of you. I'm sick of feeling good. I'm sick of this company since we revealed to him what he should have stayed hidden. Hi, Les Thanatonautes! I am going.

And she went away without further ado. She took her things and left our building Buttes-Chaumont without a goodbye àRaoul that even drunk yet was still her husband.

258-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

Are body and soul equal before the divine judgment?

The body could accuse the soul for sin because since she left, he is lying inert at the bottom of the grave. What soul could argue that issued the sinful body, she serenely glides through the air like a bird.

The soul and the body and could they escape divine judgment? We put the question to a wise man. Like all wise, he replied with a parable, that of the king who had chosen for his orchard keepers a blind and a blind cripple.

The cul-de-bowl was soon raving about the wonderful fruit. "Let me climb upon your back to pick them, he proposed to

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blind. Then we eat together. "The blind man proved unable to resist the temptation, and the return of the king, there was nothing left of the fruit orchard. At the monarch who was surprised, the blind man said he had seen nothing The cul-de-bowl he would have been unable to climb a tree to seize any fruit.

The king did not reflect long. He ordered the cul-de-bowl to mount the blind. Together, they were beaten with sticks as if they were one.

Similarly, all the soul and the body appear. Also, together they will be judged.

Babylonian Talmud (Sanhedrin 9 a / b).

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

259-MANUAL HISTORY

Through thanatonautique, the world knew peace, prosperity and happiness. Mankind had finally completed an old ambition of more than three million years since its appearance on Earth. Until then, death was considered a punishment and suffering. With the exploration of Ultimate Continent, fears had been defused.

Good behavior on Earth and, up there, waiting for the reward. With Thanatonautes, together with wars, hatred and jealousy disappear from the face of the planet, a new era was announced. American paleontologist Thunder proposed deleting the term homo sapiens and replace it with a more modern homo thanatonautis. Homo thanatonautis is a man who now control not only its existence and death, but also all its previous lives and future. What a leap forward for mankind!

History textbook, Basic Course 2 year.

-Visit 260 MUSEUM

Life went on, even without Stefania.

Rose and I decided to enjoy the Pentecost weekend to take junior Freddy Washington to visit the famous Smithsonian Museum where relics were kept all of our

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adventure. The movement was worth it. In this imposing concrete structure, we redécouvrimés our first chair takeoff, we read with emotion the list of the first volunteers sacrificed on the altar of thanatonautique we lingered in front of our own reproductions, wax figures mimicking the daily activities of Thanatonautes .

Personally, I found myself just like with that weird grin and the big syringe in his hand. Amandine, so starlet, was much more successful, with its tight black sheath.

In one corner of the carnal envelope Rajiv Bintou, the Indian thanatonaute who had lingered in the world of pleasure, was still on a drip. If the urge took him one day to come back, his body remained at its disposal, this transparent kept in the freezer. Besides, a sign stated in any case that his umbilical cord was still intact.

There was also a model of the bunker Bresson, with a note telling his sad adventure. Puppets flew as different figures thanato-dance composed by Rabbi Meyer for takeoffs group. A gigantic fresco of thirty meters long and ten wide enough faithfully remembered the battle of Paradise. By pressing a button, it even triggered the sound of fighting, "oh", the "take that, scoundrel," "dirty dogs of infidels," the "careful, I die" and blows noises and a torn fabric of his supposed reproduce the noise from the umbilical cords when they slam. In fact, this scene was stupid because ectoplasm even Thanatonautes, produce no noise and, even if they did, they do not transmit back into the intergalactic void.

The Smithsonian Museum was immense. Everywhere around, judiciously placed vending machines gave the visitors an impression of Paradise while allowing them to gorging on popcorn, hot dogs and ice cold refreshment. The Americans always do things well.

In the center of the main gallery, a sculpture showed Felix Kerboz shaking hands across the centuries Columbus. Needless to say, the big smiling young man a statue there had nothing to do with brute thicker than we had known.

I imagined pretty well in the future the new Greek profile on coins associated with our motto: "All right, straight into the unknown!"

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I preferred our old motto: "Together against the fools!" Still relevant.

Fun, recreating the interview ectoplasm Donahue. Three old wax controllers to large white beards were perched on a promontory translucent Plexiglas lit by neon lights (light mountain doomsday, no doubt) and their animated mouth, they repeated endlessly: "Here will be weighed all good and bad deeds of your past life. "

There was later a flight ectoplasmic detector (invention Rose, my wife), a large satellite dish, a screen with fake green spots. To believe in the Buttes-

Chaumont!

To complete the exhibition, museum officials had devised a great relief model intended to represent Paradise. A cardboard cone thirty meters high in its flared part dragged a corridor that would eventually narrow to a diameter of two meters. It was enough to advance on a treadmill to enter and slide slowly through the corridors of changing colors. Each crossing of a comatic wall was symbolized by a thick plastic curtain with fringes could not see what was behind.

Each crossed plastic Moch could hear a sucking sound and then found himself in the dark territory, red, orange, etc. Around us, lit up at progressively slides illustrating our stories of the continent from the dead. Somewhere, a voice off commenting: "Behold here some examples of the demons believed see the first Thanatonautes when they passed Moch 1." Satanic images remembered nothing our friend the real Satan.

Regarding the pleasures area, the organizers did not want to shock the children. Some characters were content with kisses on the mouth. For the territory of patience, the treadmill slowed so suddenly that some believed Aune failure. In the area of knowledge, the voice was passing information such theorem of Pythagoras, $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$. A real little remedial courses for use by school children. By way of ultimate beauty, butterflies few rickety side with dolphins laughing.

Families photographed with a vengeance and esbaudissaient the slightest comment.

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- If you are very good, one day you too will visit Paradise, ensured a dad to her toddler.

I was careful not to say such things to Freddy Junior!

At the end of the treadmill, simply exit. After confinement for several hours in the museum, the daylight was acting white territory! Thank you. No best reward for the visitors a little weary. In a large room, rubbed shoulders cafeterias where it was good to sit and rest a bit and even better stocked souvenir shops than my mother, teeshirts, false thrones takeoff, models of demons, angels models, books of angelic or demonic images, food trays for easy takeoffs. Freddy junior feasted cotton candy and asked several keyrings with names of angels still missing in his collection. For my part, I hesitated before videotape CGI promising to make known "as a true" all the sensations of a thanatonautique off.

I gave up. Finally, everything disgusted me a little unpacking. We abrègeâmes our stay overseas.

261-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

"The birth of man on earth and his death will cause a movement of the spirit which is removed from one location and moved to another. This is called Gilgoulim, migration souls. "

Zohar.

Extract of the thesis Death Unknown this, by Francis Razorbak.

262 - KARMOGRAPHE

The thanatonautique really became a mass sport. It was crazy, the number of people who sprang up there to have a foretaste of their final journey. Death, after all, it's true, concerns everyone.

Given the congestion in space, died the day were obliged to clear somehow their way between

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"Tourists" to the umbilical cord intact, fond of new sensations.

The Japanese provided the bulk of the troops. For them, thanatonaughtique was a way to find their ancestors to which they devote unwavering worship. No wonder then that a Japanese company was the first to develop "ectoplasmic objects". Zen meditators undertook to project them into Paradise by using the power of their thought.

Big brands immediately imagined embarking on the ectoplasmic marketing. In 2068, Thanatonautes deceased and had for the first time the attention attracted by a poster on the road to reincarnation. An advertisement for Coma-Cola "With Coma-Cola, refresh your soul."

Insurance companies followed suit to the firm of Atlanta. "You are here? You have committed an imprudence. Do not repeat. Upon your next reincarnation, contact the General Insurance London. AGL, security in all existence!"

The advertisements will first limited themselves to the outer corolla but soon was installed in front of and behind the first comatic wall.

Some gifted psychics even managed to Flashing make their advertising messages. Arriving in the black hole of Paradise, we now had the impression of being near a large supermarket. Despite what Raoul, the Ultimate Continent was now sold to the merchants of the Temple.

The UN, however, imposed an international ethics committee

to stop the abuses. Prohibited advertising for a drug reactivating memory ("With Memorix, you would be remembered all your nonsense ") near the black area of bad memories. No advertisements for inflatable dolls in the red zone fantasies or for watches in the country of patience nor for encyclopedias of knowledge in the area, nor for an art gallery in absolute beauty. It required when not even exaggerating!

The In the stalls of booksellers, ad hoc books accumulated:

Death and formalities, Heaven, land of contrasts, Dying and then?,

Manuel etiquette to use meetings with the other dead, his ancestors and angels, reincarnation Road: Complete plan Tips to avoid getting lost, Some examples of choreography

Specialized agencies were established. They appropriated without ectoplasmic.

ask anyone anything surfaces and locations that we On land, everything became simple and clear. Trade in March had drawn on our maps. Monks are recyclèrent and, concentrating in prayer, projected: precisely in the desired zone the messages to be played on the Ultimate Continent.

The rates varied between areas. The sizes ranged from 1 m 2 to 10 m over 20. In heaven, there are no restrictions, while depends on the energy of pronation support.

Customers were not lacking. Bulk after Coma-Cola and AGL, the tour operators for trips ectoplasmic ("With Air death, guaranteed return "), diapers (" At ease in your future newborn skin with Impermeablex, layers culottes that connect the former old incontinent future babies they again become incontinent "), dairy products (" Thanks to Transit yogurt, leave without burden to the natural paradise ") of bedding ("Mattress Somnis, the secret of successful meditation"), the take off my chair frè re Conrad ("Thrones Emperor of catapults towards the beyond, all the dead remain in baba "), groups rock ("Dead-Stroy music, the angels love it"), and up alcohols ("Lucillius, fruity aperitif if we would like hobnob with the Seraphim ").

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Chait, people loved, poverty disappeared.

More religions. Over centuries-old hatred between peoples. The whole world was stored under the banner of good deeds.

Where cynics had passed, the ironic, mocking? Even humor was no longer appropriate. The humor is based on derision and trips to the mainland of the dead had proved that nothing was ridiculous, that anything, any behavior, even the most trivial, had its price, everything was observed and recorded in high places.

Another problem: the total fatalism which seized the populations. "What good undertake anything, people were saying, anyway my previous lives have already defined my karma, I only live about an acquired several thousand years. Why perform unnecessary effort, if my destiny is already written up there in Heaven? "So, laziness won humanity together kindness. And why go to the trouble when you could just go into a shop or particular to use at leisure?

Without material motives, what could motivate people to engage in business or to imagine new projects?

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I had always been beset by doubt as to the revelations about the Ultimate Continent. My discomfort was increased even more when one day I witnessed a strange scene. A child crossing the street arises when a sports car. At the rate he was driving, the driver could not brake in time. Thinking of my first accident, I rushed: "Attention!" The kid stopped, looked at me, looked the fireball approaching, and quietly enunciated

- Bah! If that's my destiny, nothing can stop it.

And he stood there, arms dangling, waiting to be crushed without realizing that my warning was also part of his destiny! So I jumped and ran off just in time.

- Small moron, you almost die stupidly!

He looked at me smugly.

- Not at all, since I was destined to be saved by you. Today, in any case ...

He returned in frolicking as if he wanted to be killed later, just to play me a trick!

263 -Sheet POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

Stop it right now. The thanatonautique presents enormous dangers. Humans are already in place advertisements on the path of reincarnation. Multiplication foolish testimony on Paradise. Urge you to intervene.

Response services concerned

Yes. The situation takes an unexpected turn. We will seriously reflect.

264 - Apathy

Was it really possible that our whole adventure was used simply as this: make humanity completely listless, fatalistic and unmotivated?

In this case, I had accomplished a great sin and I would need a quantity of reincarnations to repair this fatal error. I could not go to step over street people lying quietly

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ment to wait for their present existence flows. It was even fatalism was the renunciation of life!

Remembering the indifferent kid at all, I felt chills.

In thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont, the atmosphere was hardly more encouraging. Rose, Freddy Junior and I increasingly refermions on our family unit while Amandine continued his lecture tours.

As for Raoul, with the loss of Stefania, his wife, succeeding àcelle his parents, he had found another good reason to drink. He seemed to look for in alcohol as a third world, a world beyond life and death. Perhaps after all the alcohol is after all quests. In this case, as have angry with Raoul early enough not to let myself be drawn on this slope.

One evening I sat listening to jazz in the penthouse. I particularly liked a plaintive and sad saxophone solo, the kind of music that no longer listening. Returning from one of his shows, Amandine joined me. I looked away. Dismissing a green plant, she sank into a wicker chair near me.

- You are tired? me she asked.

- No. I have the disease of emotional.

- The states of mind? Who does not?

Lighting a cigarette with the biddies Raoul always left hanging packets everywhere, she added

- You remember what was said Freddy? "Wise men seek the truth, fools have already found." And now the whole world has found its truth.

- So the world is stupid.

- Yes, but it's our fault.

I was silent, full of remorse. I thought back to that day I asked my mother what the word meant "death." I could see the icy hand of my great-grandmother for Aglaé out of bed. I also saw again the stunning image, engraved forever in my mind, the three archangels light gathered up there to judge us.

In fact they are not benevolent. They are terrifying. Despite their smile. I began to understand Stefania. The imposed goodness is as sickening as soup mash-mellows with honey and pomegranate syrup.

Rose appeared in the penthouse clapping.

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- If you are hungry, hurry down. The meal is ready and junior already devouring everything. He soon left but crumbs.

265 - TEACHING YOGI

It is five observances to remain solid in his life

- The health. The body needs to stay healthy if we want to keep a clear conscience. It must be clean, never fill his stomach satiety.

- Contentment. Appreciate what we have.

- Perseverance. Do not get overwhelmed by the smaller emotions: fear of the unexpected, fear of contradiction, abandon the pleasure taken quickly.

- Study. Advancing towards knowledge by reading the scriptures and meditation.

- The offering to God. We do not live for himself but for something in us that is beyond us. Above all, stay humble.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

266 - SETTING ACCOUNT

We already knew, from Interview with a mortal, six hundred dots were needed to end the cycle of reincarnation and become a pure spirit. A new conversation with Peter Amandine provides more specific keys. She told us the official scale.

MALUS

Lying: de 10 -

Gossip: de 10 -

Humiliation: -100 to -

Duty to rescue: -100 to -

Abandonment of infants

Parent abandonment

On animal cruelty act

On human cruelty act

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60 points 70 points 400 points
560 points - 100 - -100 to 820 points - 910 points from -100 to -1370 points -
500 to -1450 Points

Crime causing the death of another: from - 500 to -1510 Points
Subsequent offenses penalty multiplied by 1.5
(The number of points varies subtracted as appropriate, given the will to harm,
took pleasure in doing wrong, irresponsibility, selfishness that motivated acts
and non-acts.)

BONUS

Don interested: + 10 to + 50 points
Sincere gift: + 10 to + 90 points
Joy contribution to the environment: from + 10 to + 100 points
Assistance animals in danger of + 50 to + 120 points
A person in danger assistance: +100 to + 270 points
Production of a work of art: from + 100 + 410 Points
Original idea for progress: +100 to + 450 points
Self-sacrifice for the benefit of others: +100 to + 620 points
Good child rearing: from + 150 + 840 points
Multiplier: bonus multiplied by 1.2

So precisely made them more cautious people. Rather than risk committing a sin,
some preferred to kill himself immediately to reset the counters to zero, as
saying During the age. The phrase was also not a metaphor. A Japanese firm had
actually put on the market a counter good and bad actions. The karmographe. The
thing was a kind of small shows in LCD and keypad. People were carrying their
right wrist, left remaining reserved to the knowledge of the hour.
It was enough to note every night before bed, acts committed during the day to
find out exactly where we were with his karma. Not enough good points and a
horse was part of the karmographe screen. First sign of degeneration karmic
ladder, which went down to a dog, a rabbit, a snail, an amoeba. The more severe
cases were represented by a parsley rod or a fungus.
With karmographe you could die easy knowing exactly where we were in the scale,
without fear to face the judgment of the archangels. Obviously, the transaction
count and account required very frank with yourself.
In thanatodrome, we played with the unit. Rose noticed

40s

it had a 400 points bonus. I was more humbly somewhere between + 0 and +5
points. I had not made too many nasties in my life but I had not been a saint
either. Finally, Raoul was right: I was not a hero, I was a neutral type. Even
in my karma I was using.
Junior Freddy was meanwhile fascinated by his machine. Its pristine karmographe
kindly announced +25 points. The kid did not become less obsessive. No sooner
had he pulled the ponytail of a comrade of the square he consulted his
karmographe immediately whether it was serious.
The device was successfully replaced confession.

267 - GAME OFF

Conrad could not obtain reproduction rights karmographe.
The Japanese had watched the grain. Their patent was protected. My brother was
so resolutely turned towards another business: the pills "offside", namely
"special painless suicide" pills. "Better a new life a failed existence" was his
slogan. It was simple and it was telling what it meant.
Conrad, who had always been so skeptical toward thanatonautique, was now the

first to encourage people to take the plunge, business first!
Ironically, he counted among his first customers quickly his own son, my nephew Gustave, desperate to have failed math composition. As a farewell letter, the teenager had scribbled: "You worry a little quickly turn the country of the dead and come back in another skin.."

His parents were convinced that he was probably right, but they do not ignore least where the kid was going to reincarnate. "So much effort and carefully planned foolishly wasted education a failing grade in math, there are enough hair pulling!" Lamented Conrad who wondered whether he should cry or not the death of his own son.

Rose and I were inquiétâmes. And if Freddy Junior was tempted too? An annoyance is so fast arrival today. We know the beautiful Paradise, not wishing provided

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that our child will leave too soon, allowing himself to slam his own umbilical cord, at that.

To better deter escape the

this fashion that was spreading in schools and colleges, we replaceable fresh cyanide pills "offside" that he had bought with his pocket money by harmless icing sugar candy. And he does not give in to a sudden urge to jump into the void, we did install screens aAll windows.

Rose did his best to comfort him in all circumstances. If he came with a book filled poor grades, we offered him gifts to comfort him. We never grondions, we were covering the affection, we continually assurances our support.

It was essential that our son loves his life as to persuade himself that he never would find as owls parents in another incarnation.

But all the parents were not as effective as we. The child suicides were increasing, as are those of adults, too.

Discontent, dissatisfaction, and presto! More sensitive walked with a permanently implanted cyanide capsule in a hollow tooth and at the slightest concern, they put an end to a failed judged existence. Life is a game, not to participate, it was enough to tell thumb and put themselves "out of play" with Ala pill free sale by my brother Conrad.

Result: we saw practically more old in the streets (the first ride, and forward to a new life before experiencing the irreparable ravages of time), not more people anxious or too sensitive. There were only immature beings obsessed with the idea of doing good, laziness or superstition.

There was a real social problem. The leaders of men and creative are mostly people who have had a difficult childhood and came out to the wrist strength by forging hardened steel characters to better survive. But now that suicide promised a return of zero meters at the slightest annoyance, future elites disappeared before they had time to age.

Lucinder and his government understood the problem. In the administration, they rubbed more than soft and spoiled, unable to take any clear decision as they feared for

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injury to one or the other. It was important to act quickly so that the most intelligent and sensitive young people continue to commit suicide.

The dead become commonplace, it was also important to promote life here and now, and not elsewhere and no one knew what future. The thing was not obvious. Nobody was holding so much life to the point of fighting for it, or bite the bullet when adversity. Worse, in which everyone hoped he would be reincarnated, much like playing roulette or the lottery. This should not be the correct numbers missing up there!

Thus was born the ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life. Lucinder began to contribute the best that they invent advertising slogans, ideas, concepts so that people attach to their lives rather than go to his heart's

content.

Who would have thought that before the 2000s? It would surely be laughing at the idea that he would one day advertise for people to appreciate that there is more elemental, more natural and simpler world: life.

268 - ADVERTISING

Life, a very emotional moment. Suzanne M., twenty, a student, testifies "At first, I believe that life I did not like. Even I thought it was cheesy. My parents étaient alive, my uncle, my grandparents and all the failures of the family living étaient, and I wondered how they were managing to stay there to bear to grow old and rot on foot as rags. What fools!

Yeah, life, I thought it was zero. I even tried to run away with drugs and alcohol. But the drug made me sick and alcohol too. So I wanted to get out of life. And then I had an idea. Before you go, why not go around the world? There, I realized as life is great. Live plants, live animals, even rocks live. So I thought: why not me?

Now I do not regret my choice and when I see all these young people who hesitate, I say: go, guys, do you also round the world. You see, life is something that will stay in fashion for a long time! "

This is a message of ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life.

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269 -Sheet POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

It's getting crazy! If you are strong, do not let go of pride. Do not refuse to recognize your mistakes. Your laxity is detrimental. Very damaging. To all.

Response services concerned

The fear blind you. Some quiet, please. And especially not panic. Always make sure the grain.

270 - JAPANESE MYTHOLOGY

"We are but grains of sand but we are together.

We are like grains of sand on the beach, but without the sand beach would not exist. "

Language poem Yamato (former Japanese).

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

271-SUICIDE OF ANY ERROR

The National Agency for the promotion of life doing his best but received only paltry results. It was a tragic event, the Lambert case, to end suddenly suicidal move.

This happened on a Sunday, our thanatodrome of ButtesChaumont. Sometimes we allow our friends to use our takeoff thrones. Mr. Lambert, the patron of our favorite Thai restaurant, had just asked us to try one. We had no reason to oppose it all the more so as Mr. Lambert was sort of the leader of our personal canteen, we wanted to maintain the best relations with him.

He sat down. We réglâmes our devices. He counted "six, five, four, three, two, one, off" and pressed the bulb in the rules.

Nothing unusual so far. The bizarre happened to return. When Mr. Lambert opened his eyes, I felt to be back

opposite another Bresson jeans. He was feverish, nervous, even his face looked more like that of our placid Thai restaurateur. We had before us a man of fixed and hard look. Another man. Maybe a Mr Hyde would have always concealed until Dr. Jekyll-Lambert?

- You feel good, Mr. Lambert? I asked.

- Ououi Oooh! To go in there. It's going very well. I never went as well.

- You visited the Continent Ultimate? inquired Amandine.

- Ououi Oooh! To visit, I visited. This really is a place very, very interesting.

His voice was that of the former Lambert, her features too, yet I could have sworn we had more to deal with the same person.

Subsequently, it turned sardonic, even with a je ne sais quoi perverse in the apple. He had forgotten all about the kitchen and to his beloved recipe noodles with basil. From the kitchen, he did not care for that matter now. He suddenly put on sale its restaurant. What once clients as pampered go to be fed when they pleased! He washed his hands. He left the city and we never saw him again.

This story disturbed me a lot. I spoke with other colleagues thanatodromes. They assured me have already encountered similar cases. Like me, they had considered a syndrome of Dr. Jekyll. The name remained.

We decided a video conference to discuss the issue. Mr Rajawa, head of Indian thanatodrome, had an explanation to offer. A mystical explanation, but still an explanation.

According to him, these were the suicides that were at the origin of the phenomenon. When someone deliberately kill until you have finished with the life time allotted to him during his last judgment, its ectoplasm becomes a wandering soul. She stands there, hovering above the ground, in search of a body where rematerialise to live what remained of his life. However, it is very difficult to find vacant body and many committed suicide and wander for millennia.

These wandering souls, the living have often described as "ghosts". Because they are miserable and desolate, they play àeffrayer humans to ensure they still have some power. They frighten the fearful and naive typing against the walls at night, making lift the floors vibrate or chandeliers.

At worst, they can cause unexpected rains and storms, but that is their only strength. Their actions are ridiculous and should arouse pity rather than fear.

- This is what we call evil spirits, signaled the director of thanatodrome Dakar.

- And we blolos, blolos bians for men, for women blolos blas, clarified the responsibility of Abidjan.

- Perhaps, but with this new suicide mode, the air must be saturated with ghosts looking for a physical body, sighed his colleague in Los Angeles.

Mr Rajawa continued his explanations

- When living meditate or he engages in thanatonautique he abandoned a time his physical body. Just wandering soul that passes by so she rushes.

We stayed there between us all bec-looking. What risks do we take so all during our many trips! And, even worse, because of all the "tourists" who, thanks to us, left in the afterlife, ghosts heaps now had a lot of nice body to put on. What a paradox! These suicides who were leaving for a better life, burst into existence in the first came! And again, if they were lucky! It was not so easy to be there at the right time, facing a vacant mortal coil.

Everyone went to his case of "possession" of return. Sudden changes in mood and behavior were now elucidated.

- We must raise the alarm, I say. We must stop people from committing suicide and even thanatonauter. It's too dangerous!

Each home, we organized press conferences. Everyone did not believe us. There were skeptics to declare that we want our sport us while he democratized and

that soon even the workers could thanatonauter Sunday. What to say to that? Despite our warnings, ectoplasmic travel agencies continued to do business. There would always hotheads to go strolling on the most ultimate continents, they were convinced that accidents happen to others. The idea of being bitten her body during a takeoff yet discouraged some. It was not nice to think anyone, in case of misfortune, would then happen to you and slip into your family and into your wife's bed without anyone be able to tell the difference. For candidates to suicide, it went differently than for tourists from the beyond. Some sought the feat, other safety and happiness. Conrad vain settle her pills stock "offside" unsold, there was hardly any buyers. Turn into wandering soul looking for a body, and this perhaps for centuries to come, it was not a very exciting future. People had realized that suicide did not call at all a counter to zero, that existence must necessarily be lived through. Small miseries we relearned to get used.

The explanation of my Indian colleague had another advantage: she comforted the parents of babies or teenagers died too soon, by disease or accident. It could be suicides who, after reincarnation in a foreign physical envelope had a few years to live. A man who commits suicide at sixty when he should have died at sixty-six and reborn into the skin of a child doomed to die in six years. It was definitely a complete science as manage his karma and each day brought a lot of new laws.

Raoul walled up in silence. I knew he was thinking continually àStefania. We had heard through the newspapers. She had gathered around her a bunch of "bad guys". The Tibetan Buddhist Italian we had so loved professed everywhere that the property should be balanced with evil. That, whatever our knowledge now, cravings suicide resume in a world so bland.

Under his aegis, a horde of punks in black leather jacket, perched on motorcycles, tried his best to promote acts as outmoded as theft, murder, rape and looting. But fear of damaging his karma was still too strong, Stefania had trouble às'adjoindre henchmen and initiative remained isolated. Stefania was a little figure of national curiosity and even when police were able to arrest him, her or his family quelquesuns they abstained. They feared that the operation can be considered as an aggression and said that, anyway, the bandits would be sufficiently punished in their reincarnations. Yet, for Raoul and for me too, Stefania became a big concern. By embodying evil, it proved that there was

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still risks to take in this world. It gave relief well. By sacrificing his karma to clean up the company, she finally engaged in an act of pure selflessness. We all felt vaguely that in reality the cursed Stefania was a saint. We did not know what to do. Finally, we decided to go back up there to see a bit what was going on.

272 - ADVERTISING

Mr. Vinstack, forty-two years old, single, runs a modeling agency. He loves life and he tells us why

"For me, life is women. All are different. With a mouth, eyes, legs, breasts, a perfume, an approach, a haircut, a different port neck. Never have I n 'have time to know them all. That's why I'm glad that life is actually quite long. I'm on my twelfth wedding. I'd love to live a hundred years to find a maximum of women. As women only exist in life, I say thank you life and I say thank you women. "

This is a message from the National Agency for the promotion of life.

273-IS IT STILL COMPLICATED

Still many daredevils on the way to heaven! Ah! yes, takeoffs had nothing to do with those of the early days when we évoluions, alone among the dead. Now, no sooner had we left Earth that found itself stuck in a crowd of ectoplasmic tourists, umbilical cords tied to that of their guide, recycled monk.

And always as many advertisements, if not more! Films not to be missed in the next existences, advertisements for ready meals, food for cats and dogs pet, cigarettes, unusual journeys ... And of course, a large poster of the National Agency for life, touting back to life!

Lucinder had endeavored to establish greater security on the Ultimate Continent. From the entrance, a sign projected by a Turkish dervish turner set the tone

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"Welcome to Heaven. You are a thousand light-years from Earth. Attention danger! Travel ban alone. Make sure your ectoplasmic cord carefully àtresser than your guide."

Ensued the various laws enacted with UN support

Article 1. Heaven does not belong to any country or any religion.

Article 2. Paradise is open to all and no one has the right to impede the free access.

Article 3. It is forbidden to cut the umbilical cord ectoplasmic of others. Such an act is criminal and will be prosecuted as such.

Article 4. Any physical body will be held responsible for its activities ectoplasm.

Article 5. Thanatonautes tourists are requested to leave this place as clean as they would like to find in their actual death.

Article 6. It is forbidden to disturb the angels in their work.

Article 7. It is forbidden to store the memories and fantasies of another. Everyone is free owner of his own experiences, as in Paradise here on earth.

Article 8. It is prohibited to affix ectoplasmic graffiti on the advertisements adorning the hallways.

Article 9. It is forbidden to hide behind the doors comatiques to play tricks on the dead in transit.

Article 10. It is forbidden to talk to the archangels during weighing a soul.

Article 11. It is forbidden to interfere in favor or against a soul at the time of weighing. No external evidence can not affect the archangels.

Article 12. The Paradise is not an amusement park. Parents with their children are asked to leash their ectoplasmic cord.

Everything had been planned for the comfort and safety of tourists. On the surface of the first door spread comatic

"Moch 1. Warning: People aggressive memories sensitive refrain Those who are unable to afford their past are requested..

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clinch their umbilical cord of their guide and regain their bodies. "

The dead of the day and does not Thanatonautes less rushed en masse, despite the warning. Some were playing to fight painful memories of how to wrestlers. As all this was indecent! Greek tourists were playing voyeurs looking at bubbles which concerned them at all.

Around, advertisements singing the praises of psychoanalysts and private detectives, for those who still had the opportunity to make amends.

As each time through the black country, I found my car accident, my spats with my brother, the death of Felix Kerboz, mad love once brought to Amandine, not to mention a bunch of minor events I had never really digested. I was getting used to it.

Moch 2 and back in the red zone of pleasure. Some tourists had perfectly

disgusting fantasies. I thought this place looked more and more to the hot and humid inside of a woman's sex. Perhaps Amandine, she imagined in a man's sex ... Here, the ads were for sex shops, peep shows and porn videos, despite the amendments.

Shoving his fantasies of orgies and young stallions oversized, Amandine took me so that I do not hit me again to its double black leather. A woman pursued me shouting to call Nadine Kent. I shouted telepathically him to leave me, I was married and a father. Nadine's fantasy then metamorphosed to adopt the buxom Stefania.

Really, I fantasized about all the women around me.

When in doubt, Amandine took my hand up to 3 Moch.

"Watch out. Here, Moch 3. You are about to enter the orange country. That eager to turn around while there is still time."

The crossing lasted only two or three minutes, but it seemed to us to drag on for four or five hours. Everywhere advertisements for watch manufacturers.

Certainly, it was not worth it to enact laws if they were not even respected.

I marveled over the stars or meet

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famous men. I was just anxious to get out of there. We blase about everything.

Time, what a terrible opponent!

Yellow Zone. "Attention Moch 4. You are about to enter the country of knowledge.

Abstain if you are not able to learn all the truths of the world."

- Eureka! Eureka! telepathically bellowed Greek tourists, very excited.

Moch 6, finally.

"Welcome to the seventh heaven. Here ends the destiny. You are in the bright background of the black hole. To those who will appear before the judges want a good reincarnation. To others, it is reminded not to disturb the angels at work "issued the dervish official turner.

We advanced in the white area of the weighing of souls. Angels began to be familiar to us. They paid no attention to the tourists, but, however, three of them came up to Raoul, Amandine and me.

Some Greeks asked questions they did not hear mine.

- Okay, said the Greeks, it is here but where is Olympus Zeus?

They did not understand these idiots. No Zeus, Jupiter, Quetzalcoatl, Thor or

Isis. Angels do not have a supervisor. Similarly, the angels do not have names, they all carry the names. Angels have no nationality, they have all

nationalities, all religions, all philosophies. How stupid that chauvinism which suggests that its own deities are necessarily more imposing than the other!

I do not immediately perceived that the telepathic cry suddenly pushed by one of the Greeks was no surprise but fear. Everything became clearer when he screamed in his language, telepathically, we all understand

- My umbilical cord is cut!

- Impossible! his guide replied calmly. It is always linked ALA braid of our group.

- No, the other whimpered. It is low that the ruled!

This meant that while the ectoplasm was walking here on earth his body had been murdered. As the cord was actually tied to that of others, he remained linked to them. It is only

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when the group would defeat its nodes as the now deceased would be unfortunate sucked towards its next reincarnation. It was horrible to know death well away elsewhere!

We hardly realize the situation that another already cried murder! One after the other, the eighteen Greek tourists made the same sad statement. Their cords ball was indeed intact, but nothing connected it to Earth. All had lost their physical body! Together they spun join the long river of the dead.

Yes, the carnal envelopes are vulnerable at any moment and it is always dangerous to abandon them. Taken apprehension, Raoul, Amandine and I écourtâmes

as fast trip to hurriedly retreating to the comfortable armor that were our bodies.

The evening papers désignérent the authors of the heavenly package Stefania and her band. The Italian had sent press releases to major news agencies to announce that it now targets its thanatodromes again and would ship in the Ultimate Continent alien lovers walks. She heard and make his fear of death and mystery. Extensive program!

- Stefania's right! exclaimed Raoul. We went too far.

In protest.

- But it is you who first, you wanted to know all about death! And now that we have unlocked the secrets, you regret?

My friend had definitely changed completely. Pacing the penthouse, he decreed

- We would have done better to remain in ignorance. Oppenheimer also regretted having designed the atomic bomb.

- It is too late to go back, I whispered.

- It's never too late to start, Raoul said.

Amandine, Rose and I hochâmes head. Raoul suddenly had the same accent as his wife

- Well, we managed to stop the suicides. But look a little around you as people have become vapid! It happens nothing. No more war, more crime, more adultery, more everything short passion. Only Stefania showed courage.

While the world was unbearable. I came to thanatonau-

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tick to fight against boredom and my thanatonautique had made the world boring! By the glass, I caught a young boy, furtively, stuck a poster on the sly. Stefania A portrait in black and white, in big red letters: "Together to rearrange evil!"

274-Rosicrucian Philosophy

"By your desires, you attract your life. Around you is a mental atmosphere that attracts all but not equally attracts all things. This mental atmosphere is made of your wishes. It is also made of your fears that are Part negative desires. These are the two sides of the same coin. In addition to your conscious desires, your wants and there unconscious fears. Thus you attract people and events that make up the fabric of your life. The action is a solidified desire. We can free ourselves in the emotional untying knots of past and current situations. "

Max Heindel, Rosicrucian Cosmo.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

275 - THE THIEF OF SOULS

These were the cries of junior Freddy rameutèrent that we, Rose and I, watching television. The cartoon Puerto Rican he followed carefully had suddenly interrupted. White and black stripes zigzagging on the small screen.

- Dad, there is a failure.

It was not a failure. The welts already left the place à l'image Stefania.

- She managed to hack the fifty-third chain, the most popular and at the hour of the largest listening! exclaimed Rose, very appreciative.

We made our silent son indignantly to be deprived of his favorite show, and I increased the sound to better hear the words of our friend.

Somewhere in a forest, perched on a grassy mound,

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Stefama haranguing a small crowd. Focus on his face once so happy and now tense.

- Thank you all for coming, she said. I know what courage it takes to promise to

indulge in risk of harm to sully his karma. But it's for the good of all mankind that we act.

Trust rumor. Dolly boys in black tank top with tattooed muscles and girls with long hair hanging over their torn jeans. At the same time that millions of viewers, Stefania was addressing the faithful.

- The world is in itself neither good nor bad. Nature, God, or any principle whatsoever to which we ascribe the direction of our existence, bring neither reward nor punishment. For us to learn from our experiences. There is only one fault
ignorance.

"The whole history of humanity is full of abominations and atrocities. To us still to learn. An instruction received in pain is always more effective than a lesson learned in joy.

"But I can assure you, at the time of judgment will relive all the pleasures and all the suffering you have procured for your next. All your experiences. Because the Earth is a place of experience. All your actions here, you will grasp the importance at the time of your death. In fact, I said you, tell you when the archangels reach of most blameworthy of your actions, they do not react in anger, nor by the indignation. They just laugh at your foolishness.

"The purpose of existence is not goodness. The purpose of existence is the realization of oneself. The purpose of existence is not to be nice, but to be constantly aware . The purpose of existence is to abolish ignorance.

"In Italy, during the thirty-year reign of the Borgias, the country has experienced war, terror, murder, poisoning and produced Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and all the spiritual current of the Renaissance. In Switzerland they brotherly love, five centuries of peace and democracy, and what they produced? Watches to accurately measure the time of their endless boredom.

"Since ancient times, Good fight against evil, the Beau against the Ugly, the Truth against falsehood, against the Yin Yang, and it is this constant confrontation have always sprung knowledge and progress because one never went without the others.

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Now, with the knowledge of Ultimate Continent, with this if human tendency to always want to simplify everything, people have brought the goal of life in a single requirement: goodness! What a mistake! Verily I said you, evil is essential à l'équilibre things here below.

Fifty girls and boys, more sinister than each other, chanted around her

- We will bring evil! We will bring evil!

- Thank you my friends. Thank you. In a first attempt to bring humanity back to a correct view of reality, we have already sent in the beyond a group of Greek tourists, occasional Thanatonautes, which had nothing to do in Paradise. This is just the beginning, we will continue our struggle. Verily I you said, we will not stop there.

Stefania's black eyes flashed. She was transfigured in his will to convince of the rightness of his cause.

A shaggy beard jumped beside her.

- By the threats and violence, we terroriserons Les Thanatonautes. We will obtain the closure of thanatodromes. Anyone who will engage in a takeoff will advance by us condemned to death. Last warning tourists of death!

Laughter and applause. Roar of motorcycles.

A punk identified under kohl and scarlet mouth shouted, dominating the tumult

- There are not that thanatodromes! Evil must be everywhere! And it must end room sentimentality! For this, it is very simple actions!

- What do you suggest? asked a hoarse voice.

- Why not revive the hard rock? We only hear of classical or relaxing music in stores and on the radio. Y really tired. I want to rock concerts of thunder!

- From rock to rock! chanted the activists of Evil.

- Want some? I have.

The camera fell on the rock fan. Climbed on his motorcycle, smoking cigarettes, an unshaven guy, bandana on his forehead, like a relic brandishing a tape. Above

was written the name of a group, AC / DC and a title, very old though promising, Highway to Hell. His mount was pledged a cassette player. He slipped one all around him gazed with envy.

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He increased the volume to maximum and the air was filled with sounds increasingly violent.

Everyone trémoussèrent once in a sort of barbaric tribal dance, Stefania surrounding their leader and imitating his lascivious movements.

Won the same excitement. By themselves, they awaken the world.

- If we exist, that God willing! Stefania cried.

- If we kill, it is because God wills it! shouted the bearded.

- If we love hard rock, it is because God wills it! exclaimed the punk.

- God is good but God is evil, for God is all, 'said Stefania, breathless. Up there, I met Satan and, in reality, I assure you, is a very respectable! Stop the music, Billy Joe.

The motorcyclist complied immediately. No dancer, and yet they were all ecstatic, like whirling dervishes, did not protest. Apparently, Stefania was revered in his evil clan and worshipers obeyed the finger and the eye.

- There are not that hard rock to have disappeared. There also alcohol. People do not dare drink because they fear to misbehave under the influence of alcohol. All distilleries have virtually disappeared from the face of the Earth. Let us open to clandestine and bottles are spreading everywhere.

I thought it should have in petto occasionally see her former husband. There's one at least who had not given up! And obviously, bottles, he knew where to dig. The Evil promoters found none the less great idea. Generalizing drunkenness, it was an idea that kicking them. Alcoholism, that promised men roueraient liked women and children, drunken motorists Crushers good people and why not rape, all released impulses! A great stone in the garden of kindness!

- Yeah. Congratulations alcohol!

- And after alcohol, there still ...

- Drugs, suggested Billy Joe, who apparently understood quickly.

- Drugs! Stefania approved. Recreate from dealer networks. There must still be some stocks in the suburbs. It is enough to politely ask the former kingpins. They rant of us

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Coke without problems so they will be sure to commit good! '' 278 BALANCE SHEET Action by helping to junkies in need.

The sounds of AC / DC again resounded in the background violent before Stefania do sums

- My friends, you all know now what you have to do recruit new followers, murdering Thanatonautes, spread alcohol and narcotics. Together, verily, I assure you, we manage to reinstate the sacred balance between Good and Evil.

Then, setting right the camera and addressing his audience CRT, it concludes calmly

- Evil is reborn. All, shake or drop join!

A kind of fog invaded the small screen and Freddy Junior could get on with his cartoon.

276 - POLICE SHEET

Message to the relevant departments

My our fault. Spontaneous human movement. WIG craft not Stefarua Chichelli need to put Thanatonautes out of harm's way. Natural reaction to laxity that has lasted too long. Response services concerned

No matter whether you are or not involved. We stick

still ancient policy of openness.

277-MYTHOLOGIE ZOROASTRIAN

A fifth of the dead will arise from the earth, with body and having the same appearance as when they die, to where the breath had left their bodies. They arise in pairs, the father and son, husband and wife, master and disciple, who order and the one who obeys.

Arise, O corporeal beings, you who have followed the Yasat, you who died on this earth!

Extract from the thesis that The Unknown Mors, by Francis Razorbak.

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Despite all his enthusiasm and all his eloquence, Stefania failed to revive the forces of evil. She never managed to gather more than a hundred thugs, which is échinèrent delinquency in general indifference.

The Italian distributed thousands of leaflets that people gathered without reading throw them into the nearest trash can. They thus contribute to the cleanliness of the city, an easy bonus to take.

Some newspapers took up the text without more results. However, he did not lack interest

What are the sins par excellence?

Killing? Or if a god, any god exists, it has never prevented people to exterminate them. Instead, wars have become a way as another to avoid overcrowding and thus prevent human crush the other species.

Flying? Who are we to claim that anything belongs to us alone and not to another? Flying is not a sin, but rather the refusal to give to others who would be one.

Do not respect the name of God? But if a god exists, it is certainly a very wise and intelligent entity, so devoid of pride and pretension. God, if God exists, does not care and those who worship and those who insult him.

Do not respect the sacred things? But nothing is sacred. The priests who claim interpreters god merely committing themselves the sin of pride. Who can dare say that such a place, such a thing is sacred? Pretension, pretension only.

Angels are not aware of any. There is an authority above them. Call it God if you want, but know that God is absolutely record of good deeds and kindness. People of the world, wake up! The kindness, there is nothing worse. "

In his fury, our friend had thrown away the Tibetan Book of the Dead, his breviary of yesteryear, to rush on the Little Red Book of Mao. She was burning for the taste of the action of this Chinese president.

Like him, she considered that it is in contradiction to

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reveals the true nature of the world and is readily compared to the Great Helmsman, speaking of the need for a permanent revolution and preparing, too, a Long March. The contradiction is the engine of thought, said Mao. The revolution by Evil is a necessity for humanity, completed Stefania Chichelli.

Mao had his Red Army, she had her black army. His troops were playing well in their debauchery. Good, it was something gained. At the price they would pay for their sins there, as they first enjoy the pleasure of doing a little evil in this world.

Difficult to reverse for a world overrun by goodness! The "poor", it was said everywhere, pity for those unfortunate propagators harming karmas if damaged! Thanks to them, however, the existence became less bland. We watched their next evil deed pimenterait if a little bland daily. They also admirers who praised

their selfless courage. And also, with these "bad guys", one could win with it some bonus points.

Now that all possible clothes had been given to the Companions of Emmaus, when someone chanced drugs, alcohol or weapons in an attic, he immediately dispatched to lovers of Evil. They had beautiful kill many tourists from Paradise, this did not prevent the cases of specialized agencies to turn over again. Murdered, it was definitely a good way to die a martyr.

279 - IT DOES NOT ARRANGE

It was at this time that Lucinder decided to end her life. Bystanders shredded discovered at the foot of the Montparnasse Tower. The President had climbed over the parapet by a day of rain which rendered the pavement shimmering.

Jumping into space requires a lot of courage. Especially in bad weather. In addition, many of those who jump out of the windows are doing. It must be said that in general they choose the fourth or fifth floors. So either they land softly on a car hood or a pile of garbage, or they find themselves crushed legs paraplegic in a wheelchair.

Lucinder him, had left no chance. He jumped from the fifty-eighth floor. As always effective, it had set

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paratrooper position head first to make it safe and fast.

Why was he killed while all political indicators were set fair? Looking back, I wonder if, as Stefania, it was not suddenly disgusted by this soft society he himself had helped to create. Was it that he wants to autocondamner thus turn into wandering soul!

A maid discovered the will that the deceased had on his desk

"I finally realized that it is useless to be famous, wrote our friend.

Immortality is razor. I want people to take away my name from all the history books and dictionaries. I want us debunks all my statues. I want us to remove all the street signs in my name. I want the simplest funeral procession without pump and without. I do not want to be smoked in a padded coffin in a marble slab. No flowers, no wreaths, no tears, no Requiem or funeral oration. I wish to be buried under a tree. And without stele indicating my presence. I want to return directly to earth, being invaded by roots of the tree, nibbled by slugs, earthworms, bugs. Despite my suicide, maybe me and I réincarnerai fertile humus? If my flesh served only little in my lifetime, that it is at least good compost after my death.

It took a long time to understand, but now I see the meaning of life. President or bum, king or slave, we are all alike. Nothing but small grains of sand lost in the universe. I claim the privilege of being a grain of sand to humanity. I was only a grain of sand, of course, but I know that without grains of sand, there would never beaches. "

Of course, the interior minister decided to burn on-MyField such a subversive text.

The death of President Lucinder could have a new brake on the thanatonautique movement. It did not happen. After his grandiose funeral, unlike v (also ignored them all, it is devoted whole chapters in the history books, was erected a huge statue of him in the street of the Hôtelde City. The interim government decreed that the thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont he created is now called thana-

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todrome Lucinder, as the medal would be thanatonautique àprésent Lucinder medal. It is counted more towns and villages who dedicated her avenues and streets.

We sometimes choose his life, but it is difficult to choose his death!

Richard Picpus was elected president easily. His first address was a tribute to Lucinder. He said that his only goal was to continue the work of the great

"initiator" of the thanatonautique.

It was at the end of these ceremonies that Raoul told me that he intended to remarry. Stefania had so far removed from his life that he considered himself free.

280 - ADVERTISING

On the television screen, a man in a white coat, smiling forties front of a blackboard.

"Hello, I am the Filipini teacher. I am a scientist. I have long been researching life. See this formula (the teacher holds up a rule to the table), it is that of hydrogen. An atom, an electron, nothing more simple. Look below (the rule moves on the table). This is the formula of DNA. Deoxyribonucleic Acid. Rather complicated, right? Well, life is that, and there's very little in the universe. The universe is made up to 99 poor hydrogen and finds only 0.00000001% of DNA as it is complex, life. Even the man is unable to produce, of life. So do not waste yours. Every life is precious. If you do not respect yourself, respect the chemical life in you. "

Sweet female voice-over: "This is a message from the ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life."

281-Mesopotamian Mythology

"But you Gilgamesh
What ever your stomach is satiated
Be joyful night and day
Make every day of your life

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282 - nuptials

A festival of joy and pleasures
Whether your clothes are clean and sumptuous
Washing your face and bathe yourself
Flatters the child holding you by the hand
Rejoice wife is in your arms.
That's the only rights that have men. "

The Epic of Gilgamesh.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

The elected Raoul was Amandine. I expected more. Neither Rose nor I had surprised tender glances, touches of hands, kisses stolen in the evenings penthouse. We did not hear doors slamming during the night between the two apartments. In addition, during its endless drinking, Raoul had stopped crying Stefania.

Finally, the facts were there and radiant married. Nine months later, Amandine gave birth to a small burnet. The event upset Raoul's personality completely. He who had always lived according to his parents, that he found himself a father himself and moved to the other side of the fence. Now he threw himself on his own brood a whole different look. We had a long discussion in his living room. Suddenly became lucid, Raoul understand how her mother could turn away from a man who forsook the only worry that death. Certainly, she had hated her father, she had deceived him, but she had not even murdered when his hands. It was he who, realizing her loneliness in a world where, just beyond, he lost interest, had made the decision to hang himself. His wife had not itself attached to the flush!

He spoke and shouted Pimprenelle. It was his way of communicating with the world. When she was not getting the attention she wanted, which is not extended to him as soon as the toy she claimed, she was screaming. Amandine undertook to calm her.

Under the decibels of the girl, Raoul told me his latest thoughts

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- There is only one way to love his parents forgive them, whatever they did. Then there is more to forgive yourself not to have forgiven them earlier. My friend remembered the little things that make the big childish grudges. So when he was little, he could not stand her mother do the dishes rather than look after him. "Wait three minutes," she told him. He wanted then to neglect him and not give him instantly to his tyranny. He closed his love to punish, is depriving the same time.

On reflection, his relations with his parents were like enough to mine! Burnet was still screaming and Raoul rushed in turn. In her arms, she slowly recovered from her tears. Would she, too, one day forgive him for not being rushed faster? Sauraitelle one day forgive him for not having offered him all the love and all the toys in the world?

283 - ADVERTISING

A lanky big boy, mop of hair, wearing jeans, lounging in a brown leather chair. "Hi. My name is Thomas Frilinet. Me, the life, I like to spend it with a bunch of friends. Life alone is already good, but with buddies, it's even more fun. What we do with our life together? Uh, well we play cards and then ... blah, especially we play cards. And I, my friends, the cards, I like it. And life too, of course. Because, without life, cards and buddies, that would be really bad, right? So, long live life, guys! "

Soft voice: n This is a message of ANPV, the National Agency for the promotion of life. to

284-Vedic Philosophy

"The man has a thousand He heads a thousand eyes, a thousand feet Covering the earth and through it still exceeds the ten fingers.

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Man is something that this universe
What happened, what is to come.
He is the master of the immortal area
Because it grows beyond food. "

Rig-Veda.

Extract from the thesis that unknown Death by Francis Razorbak.

285 - IS IT STILL COMPLICATED

That night I had a dream.
The dream was so strong, so realistic, so logical, so consistent and so scary at the same time as I hastened to record the wake in every detail. Here is the story as I wrote out this matinlà.

"The Archangel Gabriel descends to Earth to address the General Assembly of the United Nations. His speech is simple and direct. Humans never ceasing to reproduce, its services, he said, are completely submerged in the dead of every day. Seven billion humans, is enough! How to weigh all these souls with only three judges archangels, even working twenty-four hours out twenty-four! The

orange country is full of souls waiting. Files are sloppy. There were mistakes. Wise were reincarnated as gangsters as perfect scoundrels become pure spirits, with a cycle of reincarnations prematurely and unfairly interrupted.

The archangel Gabriel is therefore of human choice: either finally properly regulate births or send aid to heaven. After all, since ectoplasm from living bodies come to the edge of the continent Ultimate, why not remain to help identify and control the karmic records?

Meeting in emergency session, the heads of state of the planet fully understand the issue. They recognize that it is impossible to impose a strict birth control. So they opt for the second solution: sending ectoplasmic officials in Paradise.

A new caste of leather round-born. Regulars of

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paperwork transform every morning ectoplasmic agents and sit on their thrones off as others at the same time, take the subway or commuter train. Up there, the angels have planned for them the offices where they will analyze at their ease their clients' pages.

Of course, these are all international officials sworn in. However, one of them commits the first prank by warning his son, after consulting his record, that if he did not stop terrorizing his classmates, he will be reincarnated as a slug. This seems trivial, yet the oath is broken.

No one is perfect and administrations, always going by growing with increasing populations, sworn ectoplasm were soon so numerous that the incidents are increasing.

For example, regarding the kid who insists on playing the bad heads, her father finally changed his rope a little, just to settle the karma of her offspring. It adds 100 points. Hop là! Quickly. Not seen, not caught.

But it's not just the family, friends there. And friends of friends ... And those, who always well informed, knowing that officials even sworn in, are never so well paid that much, manage to find their identity and send them an envelope wisely. A few tickets, and that provided a good reincarnation!

Gradually, it establishes a real black market for good reincarnations. The rich pay to know where exactly is their karma and how many sins they can still afford. In advance, they ensure rebirth in wealthy families and in excellent health. So that the rich stay rich and healthy in their next life. The poor remain poor and sick in their next existence.

It is no longer a dream, it is a nightmare. A new middle class appears: the Thanatocrates.

Whatever his behavior here, it becomes impossible to be reincarnated in better if we did not have the financial means to bribe an ectoplasmic official.

Formerly, which frightened most people was to commit sins. Now it is to be poor, because we know we will remain forever, for all his reincarnations, without any possibility of escape from this vicious circle of failure.

All the rules of the game are changed. It lives only

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for money. Everything is good to get: theft, prostitution, fraud, crime, drug trafficking. This is the opposite of the virtuous period. Any act aims only the conquest of money.

My son Freddy is beset by racketeers to after school, my wife Rose gets snatch her purse in the supermarket.

The mafia is reborn from its ashes. No longer hesitate to hire professional killers to seize the property of others or get rid of a business rival. Having money makes it possible to remake a karmic virginity, so why bother?

The world is completely dominated by money. The remains of different religions launch campaign for humans to stop meddling in the affairs of Paradise.

But giving up the beyond is make again all the responsibilities to the angels, or they are no longer able to manage the seven billion inhabitants of the planet. The world becomes more and more wild and more ignorant ... "

I was awoke shivering and sweating. Was it possible that we are misled us so much?

I was convinced, the angels had sent me a message through their usual way of communication: the dream. And its content was clear: stop everything before the situation escalates to the point of control.

Quickly, I showered, got dressed and went down to breakfast with other coffee. I found only Raoul. Junior had already gone to kindergarten. Amandine and Rose had gone shopping.

I looked at the cat's bistro. It seemed safe. The kind of cat that has it all and merely bask in its reincarnation. Happy beast. It will probably be reborn as someone very relaxed.

Then a police officer jumped in coffee screaming. It was hard to understand what he bellowed but basically it meant: "Your thanatodrome, they're ransacking your thanatodrome"

286-JEWISH PHILOSOPHY

"Just as the human body consists of members and parts of various ranks with all these actions and reactions to form a single body, and the vast world consists of a hierarchy of created things which, when they have each other appropriate actions and reactions, literally form one organic body. "

Zohar.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

287-ATTACK FORT BUTTES-CHAUMONT

They were worshipers of Evil. Stefania had to order them to destroy our thanatodrome. Through the windows of the ground floor and the store, we saw them demolish everything baseball bat and bike chain.

Raoul gave me a nudge.

- You and me against the fools?

This sentence suddenly plunged me in the past. When Raoul and I were still the best of friends and when he impressed me as using his voice against the worshipers of Beelzebub. The challenge was difficult and yet we managed. Again, the victory seemed beyond our reach. But see the store ransacked my mother, memories-containing balls of snow, split, leaving their pretty flowing liquid, posters Paradise torn, soiled T-shirts, photos of Amandine covered with whiskers or other obscene drawings , survolta me.

We crossed the door. First, no one paid attention to us. Raoul was even able to grab a long metal tube protecting a giant poster and offer me.

He passed me over. Suddenly, I forgot how upset we were, how he became an alcoholic. I held the fort improvised weapon.

We were together. He and I against fools. He and I against the world.

He grabbed her as an aluminum tube. There were two rather scary thugs. Shaggy, smelly, tattooed body skulls and infernal signs, they wore rictus of rage and cruelty.

One was busy splitting stabbing scarves representing the map of Paradise while the other broke his teeth with the dolls of the most popular angels.

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- Stop that right now! Raoul barked.

Our burst stunned them. They believed that, in a world so nice, no one would dare oppose their raid. They had already successfully taunted police and soldiers. They felt invincible.

For a moment they stopped, banned, but quickly resumed. The biggest approached

us, almost smiling. He reached out to shake like one of us, then, came near, he gave me a big kick in the groin. I should have stayed on my guard. I had forgotten that the worshipers of Evil did not respect anything and had no code of honor.

I collapsed, cut in two. I had just enough time to see Raoul leap to punish the miscreant a great shot of aluminum tube on the head. The second bore down on us. The scene turned to boxing. I stood up and bagarrai myself as best I could. To my surprise, I do not clapped too bad. Perhaps the wars of Paradise had they given me more confidence. After all, had I not overthrown with the help of Amandine, of course, the terrible master haschischins?

I take a plaster statue of Felix and crushed it on the head of the great. The guy collapsed. Thank you, Felix. The second not claimed his account and fled to the floors to get reinforcements. We pursued them.

On the sixth floor, we surcharges four burly armed with axes who amused themselves all to smithereens. They had destroyed the chairs, broken one by one all the screens and scopes for identifying flights.

The one who seemed their leader had a face that was familiar. For the first time, recognition was mutual.

- Well, well, who do I see? he said.

Raoul also recognized. It was the big Martinez. Our class enemy which we had saved lives during first flights thanatonautiques. I remembered a lesson from Meyer. "If someone is hurting you and you do not avenge you, he wants you strong. If someone hurts you and that you not only do you not seek revenge but in addition you save his life or you do him good, he will hate you in a terrible hatred. But we must love our enemies, if only because it bears their nerves." That was the case. Far from us be thankful for having spared the risky experiments Fleury-Merogis, Martinez us

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wanted to have private celebrity Felix. He rushed with his ax that Raoul clumsily tried to block its aluminum tube. It was cut in two.

Simultaneously, two Malabar fell upon me.

Raoul, a snug kick, Martinez reached the fingers clutching the ax. The sharp weapon dropped.

- Bastard, I'll have your hide! said our former class mate.

He caught Raoul's head and began to tighten. But, slender and supple, my friend pulled away to grab the waist.

I had no time to follow further their duel. Already my opponents overwhelmed me. We fought like kids, I was pulling their hair and they scratched my neck of their long dirty nails. It fell to the ground. The others were about to gain the upper hand when suddenly a voice is heard.

- I'm here guys!

Maxime Villain ran to the rescue, armed with a nunchaku. With this oriental weapon it was quite laughable, but the reinforcement was much appreciated. It is nevertheless useful to have friends.

- You have to call the police! I braillai.

- It will not help, replied Villain. They will never dare to fight, even the cops are afraid of damaging their karma!

It was the great hullabaloo. The objects were flying, aiming faces, baseball bat whipped the air, interspersed dull blows of fists against flesh. We were so busy we slug it out and strangle us that we do not pay attention toa prêtâmes roar of motorcycle tracking not dry up the stairs.

A figure appeared in the doorway.

Stefania.

- Enough! Does intima.

She pointed to a large automatic pistol caliber 9 mm. We raised our hands.

The Italian round was much thinner in its forests. Chestnuts and squirrels, it does not feed. She was beautiful, with a large black cape red lapels. Thus, she looked like a little fantasy among third territory. She looked at us with delight.

- Long ago I wanted this interview, she said.

- It was enough to call. We would have made an appointment, Raoul remarked mockingly.

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Apparently she did not taste humor her former husband. Behind her, scolded his henchmen.

- Stop spouting nonsense, Raoul, she launched, using the tone of warlord she had become.

- But I listen, Stefania, I'm all ears.

- Know when my men and I came here to destroy the thanatodrome. I have much, much thought, Raoul. We were wrong. We lost our way from the beginning. We must destroy the monster that we have built.

Martinez, who was bleeding from the mouth, proposed, rubbing the cheek

- And if we start by destroying these guys?

- No, she said firmly. These are my friends.

She came up to graze me

- You are my friends, Michaelese, Raoul, Maxime. To you, I never will do any harm. But all this, it is necessary to demolish it. Go for it! she commanded. And his band began to rampage, breaking everything.

They dismembered takeoff thrones, they broke the devices, they crushed the vials.

- Raoul begging Stefania while continuing to keep us playing with his gun. For pity's sake, put an end to the thanatonautique. Otherwise, it will only go from bad to worse.

Raoul lowered his hands and approached her. I was sure she was going to shoot, but no bullet left the barrel when he took his lips.

Meyer was right when he repeated: "You must love our enemies, if only because it bears on their nerves!" They kissed and that moment of violence suspended by a kiss was something magical. Fairy too. Martinez could not bear it. Taking advantage of the general amazement, he picked up his ax and planted in the back of Raoul.

Everything happened so quickly that no one had time to react.

Raoul opened wide in surprise and then, realizing that he had just assassinated, he smiled and began to kiss greedily Stefania. It was she he loved most and wanted from a kiss. He had discovered the death, the ultimate meaning of life and yet, at the approach of his death, he thought only a last moment of pleasure. Still love a little on this earth before going elsewhere.

Then he fell to his knees, the ax still stuck in the back.

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- Quick, I cried, it is not too late, you have to restart an ectoplasmic takeoff throne, we will recover before the soul reaches the underworld!

- No! Stefania said, sobs in his voice. No, let it die quietly.

She gestured to his henchmen and they bound him we.

Hands tied, I rushed forward to get closer to Raoul. It was not yet completely gone. He opened his eyes, recognized me, smiled and mumbled something that I was the only àentendre

"The link is unwound J 'have thrown down all the evil that is in me O Osiris powerful I finally just been born Look at me, I've just been born."

He dragged himself to embrace the legs of the Italian then gave a final jolt. We waste time, I was in rage. But Stefania had made his decision: Raoul had to die "normally". As before, without anyone trying to stop him. Before, I remember, people were dying and cared only for burial and their regrets. It is so common nowadays to catch the dying that I had forgotten.

The Raoul's soul was leaving with a kiss to last memory of this "low" world.

Pretty dead, indeed! I wish success and mine. I reflected that Raoul had known love. He had loved his father as to follow him in his adventure. He had loved his mother as to forgive him for not having loved him enough. He loved books. He

had loved me to the point to train in its wake. He had loved Amanda. He had loved Stefania. Meyer said: "It is very difficult to love really Generally there is only one life for this, so do not miss it."

Raoul's body lay in Stefania arm. Her eyes misted. Around us, his henchmen did not know very well what to do. Their leader in tears: this was contrary to all the precepts of the worshipers of Evil! They stood there idly.

- Come, let us go, she said.

Motorcycles pétaradèrent. The worshipers of evil disappeared as they had appeared.

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I considered my friend's corpse. The physical body was probably already emptied of its soul. Could we put a spirit in that pile of meat?

It was now too late Raoul's soul must already be in the orange area, mixed with billions of deaths. We never would find it. When I was sure he was dead, irrevocably dead, I realized that Raoul had been my brother. My only real big brother.

I wanted to howl at the moon like desert coyotes. Aouuuuuu. But nobody would have understood that this is my only natural way of expressing my pain. When his best friend dies, do not howl at the moon like a coyote, you must cry. Everyone knows that.

288-MANUAL HISTORY

It was in 2068 that Maxime Villain, one of the masters of thanatonaughtique, enunciated

"As long as man is mortal, it can be casual."

It was the answer through the centuries to the American philosopher Woody Allen. Indeed, what has he more horrible than immortality? Imagine a life that never ceases to last, to repeat, to extend to infinity?

It would quickly become blasé about everything, sad, demotivated, cantankerous.

We would have no purpose in time, no hope, no limit, no more fear. The days without mechanically égrèneraient we appreciate them. Gifted leaders could reign without end. Everything would be all blocked by the strong who never grow old. Nobody would be able to end his life.

Immortality is a thousand times worse than death.

Fortunately, our bodies age, our time on earth is limited, our karmas are renewed, each new life is full of surprises and disappointments, joys and betrayals, pettiness and generosity.

Death is essential for life. Really, let's be casual ... because by chance one day we die 1

History textbook for elementary school classes 2 year.

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289 - ectoplasm RAZORBAK

The archangel Gabriel greeted ectoplasm Raoul Razorbak with the deference due to a Great Initiate.

- This time it is for good, he just saw.

After a brief council, the three archangels Judges remembered with a Great Initiate, there was no need for weighing or haggling for future life. This soul was already aware of everything. The procedure was necessarily different.

The archangel Raphael explained briefly Raoul his merits in previous lives had earned him this rather quick death by an ax in the back. Its merits have also earned him access aAll knowledge he had desired and especially to become a Grand Initiate. The time was not ripe yet for his soul to be transformed into pure spirit: he was too sin of pride, had allowed himself to drunkenness, had maintained revenge-seeking.

However, facing a Grand Initiate, and given the qualities that had allowed him

access to that rank, it was customary for the archangels judges abandon their prerogatives. A ectoplasm Razorbak Raoul, therefore, to decide for itself its next reincarnation.

The soul of our friend thanked him with gratitude. He was the first toKNOW not being in possession of six hundred items needed to end the cycle.

- I want to be reincarnated as e tree, told the ectoplasm of Razorbak.

- In what? took fright the archangel Gabriel.

- In the tree, Raoul repeated firmly.

The archangel Michael tried to reason with him.

- Come, ye know that consciousness is changing from mineral to plant, from plant to animal and from animal to human. We reserve this kind of regression to free scoundrels. Tree is unworthy of you.

- Maybe, but I'm so tired! It is in all lucidity I beg you to grant me this regression. I am tired of the hectic world of humans. Even animals move too. I want to find the immobility of plants. For me it is not a regression but appeasement.

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- Let it be done according to your will! sighed the archangel Gabriel.

- All right, made the soul, invigorated. Show me what you have to offer me as a plant body. There must be somewhere couples copulating plant, daisy pollen entering into contact with the male stamens of a congener. Put me in a seed, tuber, an onion! Then I jaillirai ground for a lifetime of healthy immobility. Peaceful, quiet, finally.

- But plants do not have all the quiet life! exclaimed the Archangel Raphael. The wind whips, herbivores graze, rains drown, crush animals and humans without noticing.

- Yes, but as the plants do not have a nervous system, they do not suffer. A seraph hurled several vegetable loves bubbles. It was quite poetic. Together, Raoul and archangels examined them candidly.

- Hey, look, there! exclaimed the archangel Michael. A Sauternes grape seed is in the process of being fertilized in France. This is the Chateau Yquem, an excellent vintage. See what vine! It is exposed to a good sun, it has sufficient moisture, growers maintain it with love. It might be nice to become a small vine.

Raoul looked tenderly plant would be his parent. He found his future father a little crooked but friendly. He decided to be grape.

290-HINDU PHILOSOPHY

For each, there is a "Life Book". The Orientals call it "akhashique Archive". On its pages are written the acts and thoughts of previous lives of each and future lives needed to appease the karma. The mind can choose to start with this one or that one, settle debts incurred in a life lived in the seventeenth century rather than those of his later life. The harm inflicted in the latest reincarnation is perhaps already compensated by the good done in a previous life.

EXâralt thesis that Death Unknown by Francia Razorbak.

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POLICE 291- SHEET

Message to the relevant departments

And now?

Response services concerned

You were right. It is time to intervene.

292 - LINKING

A cat in heat meows on the sidewalk at 2 pm 11 am. An insomniac annoyed pushes an oath, opens his window and throws a slipper towards the feline. The bullet misses its target and leads on the windshield of a car. The motorist slows sec. Good for the cat that ran across the street, too bad for the vehicle that was behind, the driver did not have time to realize what was going on and rammed the car first.

The shock causes a fuel leak in the tank. Everybody down. While we discuss findings and insurance, a passer drops a few incandescent ash from his cigarette into the puddle. The essence ablaze. Both cars explode. A flaming wing flew to fall into the bin where took refuge pussy. Terrified, she soars into a wall, knocking in passing an empty tin box where a large rat holed himself. Disturbed the animal rushes to a wasteland.

Two guys carry it to smash into a basketball hoop in the light of a street lamp. When one sees the rat, he jumps and sends his shot far over the wall. Continuing its high-speed trajectory, it bounces against a window while a woman calls her husband. Under the broken glass, she lets out a screech. Or the husband is air traffic controller and converse at work. At the cry of terror of his wife resonant in the earpiece, it has a sideways movement. This is enough to push a wheel.

It turned out that this dial to indicate an airliner approaching its precise position relative to the runway.

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293 -development

2 pm 13 am to my wristwatch. I have said everything.

Oh no! I consult my notes and found that I forgot to indicate how you draw a circle and its axis without lifting the pen.

Simply fold one corner of the paper. Score a big point on the edge, overlapping the front side and the battery side. Start from this point to draw a semicircle on the folded edge. When you reach the limit of the edge of the paper, stop.

There is more to unfold the paper to complete, without lifting the pencil, the circle around the point for axis. Faced helped stack.

You will have used a foray into another dimension to better achieve something seemingly impossible. Use another dimension ...

Raoul was right, to solve some problems we must admit that we can go into another type of space where we all rights. This goes far beyond all mystical.

It's just that expand the mind. Fun to expand the mind. As said Maxime Villain, the only goal of the writers has to be there, "Make dream further." To dream the other side of the sheet. Dream on the other side of death. Everything is possible in writing, why not enjoy it?

Sometimes just by writing or reading, I really enters other dimensions.

I think it is the same with destiny. For they are complete, they must begin in a universe and end in another.

If I was resting my now familiar questions: "where have I?", "Who am I?", "Where am I?", I think I might try to respond.

I know I am a human being, living here and now. Why? To participate in the discovery of thanatonautique. I know that human thought can all fly and pass through matter at the speed of imagination, is stored in books, any make, any change, any killing. I know the time, space, knowledge, beauty, everything is inside. Everything is in the center. Outside, there are only reflections.

I know I'm a corpse on borrowed time.

I reread it, I have said everything. I wrote everything, I can forget everything.

Thank you to the angels for giving me the time to tell the story

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the conquest of Ultimate Continent. But should I publish? This contribution will it be a good or an evil for mankind?

Pile, I publish. Face, I do not publish. Constant reflection on the obverse and reverse. I run. The coin rolls under a chair. On all fours, I look. Pile. The last sentence again for my book: "Until the last moment, I feared they prevent me to write this incpt ..."

294 - READ IN DAILY

"Michael Pinson, Amandine Ballus, Rose Finch, the main pioneers of thanatonautique, died last night in unusual circumstances. A Boeing 787 slammed into their thanatodrome. The catastrophe would originate human error, falling to a switchman the sky. Experts are currently looking in the rubble the black box of the device that will provide further clarification.

Their death would have been instantaneous. Investigators reconstituted at the time of death Michael Pinson was writing at his desk. All the leaves have been burnt during the drama, we never know what message the pioneer of thanatonautique trying to convey.

At the moment, they are surely in this paradise they have contributed so much to discover. Peace to their souls. "

(On sale next week. A special issue on the life and work of French Thanatonautes)

295 INDIAN -MYTHOLOGIE

An old Hindu legend ensure that there was a time when all men were gods. But they abused their divinity so much that Brahma, the lord of the gods, decided to remove their divine power and hide it in a place where they could not find him. The difficulty was to find a good hiding place.

Summoned a council to solve this problem, minor gods suggested: "Let us bury man's divinity in the earth." Brahma replied: "That will not be enough because the man will dig and find it."

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The minor gods then proposed. "In this case, let the divinity in the deepest oceans - No, Brahma said again, because sooner or later man will explore the depths of the oceans and it is certain that one day he 's will discover and rise to the surface. "

The lesser gods concluded: "We do not know where to hide the divinity because there seem to exist on earth or in the sea of place that man can meet one day." Brahma thought and gave his verdict: "This is what we will do in the divinity of man: we will hide in the depths of himself because it is the only place where he will never think to look."

And since then, says the legend, the man went around the Earth. He explored, climbed, dived and dug without ever finding out what is in it.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

296-MANUAL HISTORY

QUIZ

To prepare the bachelor, test your knowledge by answering thanatonautique in less than five minutes, watch in hand, the following questions

1. What was the name and surname of the first thanatonaute àavoir officially passed an ectoplasmic trip?
2. Name the famous words of the American philosopher Woody Allen.
3. How comatiques walls on the Continent Ultimate? (Careful! Walls, no territories ...)
4. What are the three main techniques for disembodiment?
5. What is Tachyon?
6. What was the first to cross the thanatonaute second comatic wall?
7. Where was built the great thanatodrome of Paris?

8. What is the only visible manifestation of a flight ectoplas-
Uric?

9. Where is Paradise?

10. Qu'apporta Freddy Meyer to thanatonautique?

11. On what date took place the battle of Paradise?

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12. What are the Christian names of the three archangels-judges of our destinies?

13. How to meditate for a disembodiment?

14. Why is Stefania Chichelli she turned into a rebel?

15. How to protect your silver cord during the flight of his soul?

16. What happens to the ignorant?

17. What happens to the wise?

297-SHEET POLICE

Message to the relevant departments

At your orders. Are ready.

Response services concerned

At work.

298 - TIME TO OBLIVION

History textbook, twelfth grade.

Again I fly to Paradise in the company of my friends. But this time, our umbilical cords are cut and we know that for this existence, this will be the last trip.

Rose, Amanda and I have perished in our apartments thanatodrome Buttes-Chaumont, victims of a crazy Boeing. Villain stumbled home in his kitchen and slammed into the acute angle of the machine dishwashing. We all took off at the same second. No appliances, no uniforms, no thrones, without pressing pear. Without shelling our famous "six ... five ... four ... three ... two ... one. Takeoff".

We are no longer Thanatonautes. We are the dead of the day, still happy to be together for this final journey.

We cross at full speed the solar system and its periphery. We hover almost before spinning to the center of the galaxy.

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We no longer feel any apprehension at the gates of death. On the Ultimate Continent, we are now with us. We are so often excursionné, like other Palavas-les-Flots or Trouville.

I do not pay attention to the white satin woman winks skeletal mask. Long ago that I no longer dread his empty eye sockets and his toothless grin.

We go through all the colors of an ordinary death. Blue, black, red, orange, yellow, green, white. It seems, however, that high place it is pressed to see us. We rush among the crowd of waiting dead as if we were still Thanatonautes.

Soon we arrive at the mountain of light. We did not make a mistake. The archangels are there waiting for us. To better talk to us, they interrupt the river of the dead, regardless of protests pressed ectoplasm.

Saint Pierre seems heartbroken. As usual, it is he who is responsible for explanations. Since the earliest times, there has always been wanting to explore the Thanatonautes Ultimate Continent. Angels greet their rare visitors with kindness and gladly entrusted to them the mysteries of Paradise. In return, some wanted to convey these "revelations" to other humans. Abraham, Jesus, Buddha, Mohammed, and many others have given their testimony. Thus were born the Bible,

the Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Gospel, the Qur'an, the Chinese Tao-te-king ... and all the sacred books of the world.

Angels had these human Great Initiates and these had not proved ungrateful. They had sought to take advantage of their knowledge all generations to come so that they are progressing, getting better and moving faster towards the pure state of mind. The Great Initiates had thus contributed and to the men and heaven. However, they had surrounded their "revelations" of mystery, mysticism, hermetic symbols. They had hidden them under a yoke of legends and strange mythologies. And we, what had we done? We had broken the secret, we were betrayed and at the same time, our fellow strayed and caused confusion on Earth. Angels have always been friends to the Great Initiates because, until we were all wise. We, we were unconscious. We learned all the meaning of life and the meaning of death. We had to spread indiscriminately. Us

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had invited anyone to follow us. We brought chaos of tourists where the mystery must remain mystery and secrecy, secret.

"The wise man seeks truth, the fool has already found."

The archangel Gabriel annoyed tells us about our "work". Battles for possession of Paradise, billboards in the corridors of death, an interview with a deadly published in the mainstream press, the karmographes galore ... Ah! disorders that! It was really high time to put an end to our stupid actions.

- All right, Rose said. We will come back down to Earth and undo everything we did!

- More trouble, Satan sneers. We no longer need you down. We put the time, but we finally decided to leave the police angels intervene. Look at what is happening now.

A cherub casts images bubbles. Thanatodromes of large and small, formal and informal, explode, struck by lightning. Takeoff thrones lie disarticulated. The thanatonautique the history textbooks disintegrate into dust. The Death Museum of the Smithsonian Institute in Washington is in flames, the store of my mother. The ectoplasmic commercials dissolve before our eyes. A typhoon passes over the lower world, sweeping in passing everything, from near or far,

respect to thanatonautique, erasing forever the human spirit. All the work of our previous life returns to nothingness.

- You want to play to the gods ton Archangel Gabriel. But people must understand the truth for themselves. The sacred knowledge can not be popularized.

I suddenly wondered

- That's why you've already killed Raoul?

- Yes. He was the first and most dangerous of you.

Wrath earns up to a charming seraph.

- Still a little and with your mania for putting the light where darkness must reign, there would have been streetlights and prostitutes on the way to reincarnation.

Timidly, I try to defend ourselves

- We are but mere humans like all humans and we make mistakes.

No, scolds the archangel Michael. You are Great Initiates.

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Instead of enjoying the silence, you spread the meaning of life and thus annihilated the same engine of existence: the curiosity, the desire to learn, to walk the path of knowledge.

- But that's what Raoul wanted!

- And this is what earned him specifically to be initiated. But our knowledge does not suffer from being overused. Even members of the most outlandish sects, even the enlightened one day have always understood that they had to keep quiet and be expressed through metaphors. But you thought smarter than others. You wanted to popularize the "death" you have ruined everything ...

Archangels resume the litany of our faults.

- You've drawn and sold maps of Paradise, announcement of a heartbroken air the Archangel Raphael.

- You have published ... Tourist manuals. developed machinery to die. repeated our words.

- You have

- You have

- You have raised thousands of lost souls encouraging suicide.

- You look at us without fear.

- We miss you respect.

- You consider us as your servants and not as masters.

The departed awaiting trial continually grow impatient to be interested in the scene. Since all the while they are here, they have never seen archangels lose their imperturbability to excite and cons of ectoplasm poor.

- Traitors, you are traitors!

A question bothering me since the beginning of these reprimands. I interrupt to ask it.

- Okay, but in this case, why did you let him?

Some angels displayed a sardonic expression. Perhaps are these the "celestial police" who intervened against us. Apparently, those wanted to put us out of harm's way from the start. It is the others who get upset now, for permission to continue.

The archangel Gabriel did not lead off.

- We wanted to know how far you dare go.

- We too sometimes feel curiosity towards humans, adds Michael the archangel, shameful. They sometimes mind if

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crooked ... For the father of Raoul, there had been previous councils. With his thesis that unknown Death, he had crossed the line. Its publication would have lifted too many sails.

- Then, when his son took over, we wondered what to do with these Thanatonautes who regarded the discovery of the dead as a sport. There was the curious like me, so yes supporters. In front, there were supporters and not "heavenly policy" that kept sounding the alarm. However, above, in their majority, seventy-two white angels and their main seventy-two double black felt they should wait and see. They advised to lower angels, our police, do not panic. The thanatonautique, we thought, to self-destruct itself. Ordinary humans would be unable to focus enough to carry a crucial experience. But you were not ordinary human. You came to us and deserve and to become Great Initiates. Only after you have caused too much damage. Ah! These ectoplasmic travel agencies ... Even with the best will, the angels could no longer tolerate such incursions into their secret world. No more than men claiming: "I know everything." You should meditate biblical allegory of Adam and the apple of knowledge. Never reach absolute knowledge, only move towards her ...

- As for you, in any case, the joke is over, slice the Archangel Raphael. The thanatonautique died at the same time as you.

- But it's too late, lamented Rose. Too many people have read our books. The concern of karma entered manners of all.

The archangel Gabriel interrupts a careless gesture.

- You commit sin again to doubt our power, which we have already sent a flood drowning all the sins of mankind. After all these images we have shown you, you always think us incapable of implementing oblivion remembered? In our memories?

- No one will remember your actions, said St. Peter. You will not be another wave of these legends which no one really believes, like the Loch Ness monster, the yeti of the Himalayas or the Bermuda Triangle. Probably evoke the myths Thanatonautes but you hear me, nobody will think that thanatonautique actually existed. I make you

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solemn oath. It will only be a second thought in the mind particularly sensitive people.

- And Stefania? I asked.

- Stefania forget too. But unlike you, she will be spared because she tried to continue the work of Satan in times where with all these vapid, these nice and superstitious, he had really need a helping hand.

Satan acquiesce, content.

Mothers agonize

- And Freddy Junior?

- And Burnet?

- They forget too. Do not dread anything for them. They will not be punished for the sins of their parents.

299-Mesopotamian Mythology

"Six days and seven nights passed storms of the flood still blowing from the south storms covered the country. On the seventh day of the flood Storms Who Had such an army massacred while on their way diminished in intensity. The sea calmed the wind s 'The clamor subsided the flood was silent. J e looked at the sky, silence reigned. I saw the clay reverted Men stalls waters were a roof. I opened a small window. The light fell on my face, I knelt and I started crying. That was all over. "

Epic Oum Napishtim, also called ... Noah in the Bible.

Extract from the thesis that Death Unknown, by Francis Razorbak.

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300-JEWISH MYTHOLOGIE

According to Kabbalah, the fetus is a great sage. Already in the womb of his mother, he knows all the secrets of the world. But just before his birth, an angel descends to silence. It applies a finger on his lips and said "shhh" ... The fetus therefore forget everything. Only his unconscious that vaguely remembers the "big secret." It is because of this angelic contact we have a depression under the nose: "The gutter lip."

301- THE SOLUTION

Freddy Meyer, Working notes.

We are still before the light dc mountain.

No angel considering taking our defense, Rose, Amanda, and I Villain. All not emit a steady light indicating their final and binding resolution. The archangel Gabriel speaks again.

- Later yet, in a very long time, thousands of years perhaps, other Great Initiates arise here, real insiders because we will never accept more tourists. We will tell them your adventure and slowly, very slowly, they will discover your exploits.

Small consolation! I do not know when we will write us another Odyssey, a Bible, a novel, who knows what! Raoul was right to think that all these so-called "mythologies" hiding the truth.

- What will you do with us? Amandine is concerned.

- You follow the common path. Like all other deaths that do not have 600 points, you will be reincarnated and, of course, your reincarnation will remember nothing of your past life.

In my head, I hammer me: "I was thanatonaute I was thanatonaute I was thanatonaute." If, 'permeates my soul of this insurance that the thanatonautique really existed and that I've been a precursor, perhaps she still remembered by

some in his next incarnation.

- Move, ordered the archangel Gabriel. You wanted to know what hides the mountain light of the judgment, is not it?

He smiles.

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- A few more steps and you will know.

- You finally agree to show us the background of Paradise? Rose is surprised, delighted.

- Of course, since you will return more on Earth atous winds proclaim what you have seen.

My wife ahead like a dream. Even in this last moment, the astronomer is happy to satisfy his curiosity. It runs almost to discover what there is on the other side of the black hole.

- To you, Michael.

- I'm not on trial?

- No judgment for the Great Initiates. I have already explained àRaoul. But trust us. You are still young. You have known that hundred fifty-three human forms. We have provided for you a nice little reincarnation.

I approach. Rose sees me with anxiety.

- You and me against all the fools, I send forth telepathically.

She rushes and ectoplasm long kiss my mouth. My lips feel nothing but my soul is moved.

- Together, 'she repeated.

In my turn, I cross the mountain of light and what I see behind is really wondrous. This is beyond anything we had seen in all other areas of Paradise. Suddenly, I understand everything. As we were off the mark. Nobody would have expected that, necessarily. Fabulous, is simply fabulous.

I see the bottom of the bottom of the bottom of the black hole and I'm just flabbergasted. It is not at all what I thought. I tremble with emotion. Now I know.

Translate by google translation (google chrome).

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