

Maximilien de Lafayette

**BAALBECK: THE ANUNNAKI
CITY AND AFRIT
UNDERGROUND**

3rd Edition

The most important aspects
and characteristic features
of the Anunnaki and
extraterrestrials. Book 3

Baalbeck: The Anunnaki's City and Afrit Underground

3rd Edition

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Date of Publication: January 25, 2011. Cover: Courtesy of HAbeeb.

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3rd Edition

Book 3 from the Series

The most important aspects and characteristic features of the Anunnaki and extraterrestrials

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Maximilien de Lafayette

Times Square Press. Elite Associates International

New York

2011

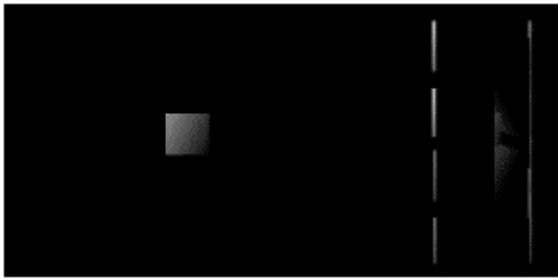


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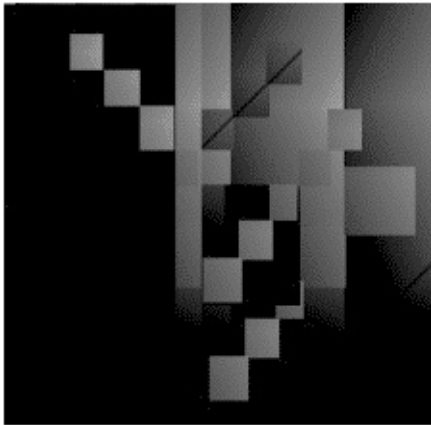
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A Note From The Publishers

A Note From The Publishers

Maximilien de Lafayette wrote more than 70 books on the Anunnaki, including the 6 volume encyclopedia set “De Lafayette Mega Encyclopedia of Anunnaki, Ulema-Anunnaki, Their Offspring, Their Remnants and Extraterrestrial Civilization on Earth.” In other words, he wrote more than 30,000 pages on the subject.

To many readers, his work is overwhelming. Consequently, many topics and important subjects were lost in the immensity of information and findings provided in all of his massive published work. It was too much, too large, and too varied. This created some inconvenience and difficulties in finding subjects of interest to many readers.

The world of the Anunnaki is immense, and so too is the work of Mr. de Lafayette.

For example, if you have not purchased all of his books, and/or if you did not classify/categorize a subject you are interested in, it would be impossible to have direct and easy access to the subject or topic you are interested in.

Where would you find an article on an Anunnaki’s life on their planet?

The Anunnaki genetic creation of the human race?

How the Anunnaki created religions on Earth?

The habitat of the Greys?

The habitat of the hybrid race?

Chronology of the Anunnaki on Earth?

The return of the Anunnaki in 2022? And so on...

You do admit, it is a hard task to find these subjects without going through the entire body of Mr. de Lafayette’s work.

This convinced us that –in the best interest of the readers– we should provide the public with a series of the most important findings and articles that meet your needs, and facilitate your search for a particular subject.

The series “The most important aspects and characteristic features of the Anunnaki and extraterrestrials” consists of approximately 40 books/booklets, each, containing one major topic, which was spread in several books.

Here is a list of the titles of the 40 books/booklets of the series:



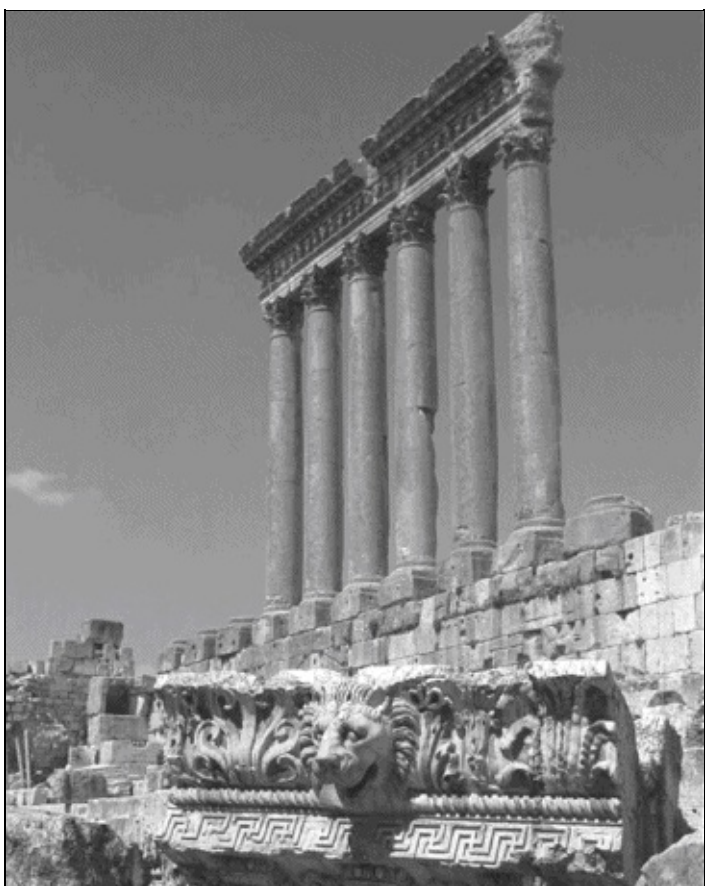
- **Book 1:** You, in the Afterlife, Parallel Dimensions and Beyond the Future of Time and Space.
- **Book 2:** The German UFOs and the supernatural
- **Book 3:** Baalbeck: The Anunnaki’s City and Afrit Underground.
- **Book 4:** The Anunnaki’s genetic creation of the human race.
- **Book 5:** Adonis, Dumuzi and the Anunnaki.
- **Book 6:** The Afarit, Djins and the Anunnaki.
- **Book 7:** The Anunnaki Ba’abs: Stargates.
- **Book 8:** The Anunnaki, Yahweh and God.
- **Book 9:** Abraham and the Anunnaki.
- **Book 10:** St. Tekla, the First Anunnaki Hybrid Christian Saint.
- **Book 11:** 2022, The year the Anunnaki return to Earth.

- **Book 12:** The Anunnaki, Cheribu and Angels on Earth.
- **Book 13:** The Anunnaki classes and categories.
- **Book 14:** Dido, the Anunnaki-Phoenician Princess.
- **Book 15:** The Anunnaki and Enlil.
- **Book 16:** The Anunnaki and Enki.
- **Book 17:** The name the Anunnaki gave you before you were born.
- **Book 17:** The Anunnaki and Fikr.
- **Book 18:** The Anunnaki winged disk and their symbols on Earth.
- **Book 19:** The Anunnaki and the secret esoteric meaning of the mushroom/Holy Grail.
- **Book 20:** The Anunnaki's Conduit and the creation of our brains' cells.
- **Book 21:** Grids and calendar of our lucky hours and days.
- **Book 22:** The Anunnaki Miraya.
- **Book 23:** The Anunnaki and the Hyksos.
- **Book 24:** The Hybrid race from A to Z. Their habitat and lifestyle.
- **Book 25:** Nibiru-Ashtari: How the Anunnaki live on their planet.
- **Book 26:** The supernatural powers of the Anunnaki Ulema.
- **Book 27:** Weapons and black operations of the Grays-Earth Governments Alliance.
- **Book 28:** The Anunnaki Ulema Tarot.
- **Book 29:** The Anunnaki, You, and your double.
- **Book 30:** The Grays from A to Z.
- **Book 31:** The Anunnaki and the vanished civilizations and continents on Earth.
- **Book 32:** Ziggurat and temples of Anunnaki gods in Babylon.
- **Book 33:** The Anunnaki, our genes and the Supersymmetric Mind.
- **Book 34:** What the extraterrestrials and the Anunnaki want you to know!
- **Book 35:** Anunnaki symbols, artifacts and cities on Earth.
- **Book 36:** The Anunnaki Chronology from 1,250,000 years ago to the present day. The book includes the genealogy line of the descendants and/or remnants of the Anunnaki's remnants on Earth, in the regions of Mesopotamia, Babylonia, Sumer, Assyria, Chaldea, Phoenicia, and Turkey.
- **Book 37:** Anunnaki's Akashic Records.

Note: Four additional books are under preparation.

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Baalbeck



The six legendary columns of Baalbeck.

Baalbeck: The Anunnaki's city on Earth.



Baalbeck in Lebanon (Ancient Phoenicia) was one of the earliest cities/colonies of the Anunnaki on Earth.

I. Definition and introduction:

Name of a legendary city in Lebanon. Baalbiki was the name of the city of Baalbeck in Assyrian and Akkadian. Baal'bak and Balbeck in Arabic.

Numerous historians believe that the site of Baalbeck dates back 4,000 years, B.C., when the Canaanites built a temple to worship "Baal" the Semitic God of thunders and storms. But the real history of Baalbeck dates back 7,000 years B.C.

In the Hellenistic ages, Baalbeck was called Heliopolis "The City Of Sun" as it is known till nowadays, identified with the Greek Sun God "Helios". Baalbeck was mentioned in ancient Sumerian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Akkadian, Chaldean, Hittite, and Persians epics, texts, and tablets.

Baalbeck has the world's largest freestone in the world : 65 feet in length and 13 feet in width.



Ruins of one of the Roman temples at Baalbeck.

Baalbeck is one of Lebanon's oldest cities , and one of the most important Roman sites in the Middle East .

Baalbeck was the home of the most marvelous ruins and temples of the Roman Empire. Its gigantic acropolis presented one of the very unique, and biggest projects conceived in the history of world architecture. In addition, it has the largest freestone in the world : 21.5m long (Almost 65 feet) and 4.8m wide (Almost 13 feet).

Tourist from around the globe are astonished by the remaining of Baalbeck's temples that took hundred years to build.

The most famous are the following:

1 -The Temple of Jupiter:

The Temple of Jupiter Heliopolitanus was never fully completed. Today, only six gigantic columns remained.

2 -The Temple of Bacchus:

The Temple of Bacchus is well preserved. Its is surrounded by 42 columns.

3 -The Temple of Venus:

Outside the acropolis stand the circular Temple of Venus.

4 -The Temple of Mercury.

II: Baalbeck; the city of gods, Biblical figures, and the Djinns (Jinn):

The Arabs believed that Baalbeck was rebuilt by the legendary Nimrod, who once ruled this area of Phoenicia (Modern day Lebanon.)

According to an ancient Arabic manuscript found at Baalbeck, Nimrod sent a fleet of giants to rebuild Baalbeck, three months after the Flood .

Another Arab myth tells us that Nimrod rebelled against his God and decided to build the Tower of Babel at Baalbeck. According to a third legend,

Cain , the son of Adam, built Baalbeck as his last refuge after his God [Yahweh](#) put a curse on him.

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A swastika sign on one of the Jupiter Temple's column in Baalbeck, linking the builders of the temple/early inhabitants of Baalbeck to the esoteric masters of Tibet, and the extraterrestrial gods of India (Hindu and Buddhism).



Estfan Doweih , the Maronite Patriarch of Lebanon.

According to his Eminence Estfan Doweih , the Maronite Patriarch of Lebanon: “Tradition states that the fortress of Baalbeck is the most ancient building in the world. Cain, the son of Adam, built it in the year 133 of the creation, during a fit of raving madness.

He gave it the name of his son Enoch and peopled it with giants who were punished for their iniquities by the flood.”

According to Ulema literature, Baalbeck (Baalaback in Arabic and Lebanese) is one of the oldest habitats on earth, built by the early Phoenicians and the Anunnaki during their first and second landings on Earth.



The Trilithon of Baalbeck.

The base of the Temple of Jupiter is called the Trilithon, and it is constructed of three 1200-tonne limestone megalithic stones. Legend has it, that the temple was constructed by a fleet of giants sent by Nimrod.

An ancient Arab fable tells us that the Afrit of King Solomon built the temple.



Baalbeck, the country of the gods and the Anunnaki.



Photo: Muslim Turkish conqueror Tamerlane pillaged and destroyed the city, and several Roman-Phoenician-Anunnaki temples and altars.

Baalbeck was the original space mission center of the Anunnaki. Today, a launching pad for extraterrestrial spaceships is still visible at Baalbeck nearby the Temple of Jupiter.

Later on in history, Baalbeck became a major occult and a healing center visited by many kings and emperors. Attracted by its beauty and

supernatural properties, the Roman emperor Augustus made Baalbeck a Roman colony and a major oracles shrine.

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In fact, the Roman emperor Trajan consulted a celebrated oracle in Baalbeck. Unfortunately, Baalbeck was totally sacked and decimated by the Muslim Arabs in 748 A.D.

In 1,400 A.D., the Muslim Turkish conqueror Tamerlane pillaged and destroyed the city, and several Roman-Phoenician-Anunnaki temples and altars. In 1,759 A.D., a major earthquake decimated the remaining ruins and almost all what was left from the Anunnaki-Phoenician monuments.

There is one place on earth, the Ulema consider as the ultimate “terminal” of the Anunnaki; a sort of a Ba’ab from which a person enters or exits a physical dimension. And that place is Baalbeck.

Thousands of years ago, and long before the Sumerians established their kingdom in Iraq, and interacted with the Anunnaki, and many many centuries before the human race in any region of the world learned about God or Gods, the Anunnaki landed in Baalbeck, and revealed to its inhabitants many secrets, including teleportation, psychic healings, and the divine nature of the supreme beings (Gods, creators).

Baalbeck served them as a landing and a launching post. It still exists today.

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The ruins of Baalbeck.

III. Gilgamesh, Al Arz, Baalbeck and immortality:

Baalbeck was the rendezvous and favorite sacred place of the kings and deities of Sumer, Babylon and Egypt, because it was the first city established by the Anunnaki on earth.

The legendary king of Uruk, the Anunnaki king-god Gilgamesh visited Baalbeck, and worshiped there. He worshiped higher gods.

Why did he go to Baalbeck?

What did he expect to find?

Gilgamesh hoped to acquire immortality and extra supernatural powers from the gods who lived in Baalbeck. The gods welcomed Gilgamesh and told him Baalbeck is the entrance to the other world; to the primordial sphere that created Earth and the human race.

The gods of Baalbeck directed Gilgamesh to the secret celestial Ba'ab of his ancestors the Anunnaki; from that Ba'ab (Exit), Gilgamesh could reach Ashtari in a blink of an eye.

The Gods also told Gilgamesh that as soon as he enters the Ba'ab he will become immortal, but he should continue his journey to Ashtari (Nibiru), and Gilgamesh did. And Gilgamesh asked the gods: "Will the Ba'ab take me directly to Ashtari, so I would reach immortality?" and the gods answered: "Eventually, but first, you must make a short stop at the spring of immortality at Al Arz (Cedar tree), a sacred region of

your ancestors, the Anunnaki...”

And Gilgamesh asked again: “Where is Al Arz?”

And the gods answered:

“Not very far from here...

it is the highest and mightiest mountain in Phoenicia,

where the Anunnaki your ancestors

planted the cedar trees...

and on the top of the mountains

you will land for a short time

where you will clean your thoughts and mind...

and you will stroll under the branches

of the cedar trees...

and short after you will continue your journey

to Ashtari...and immortality you shall have...”



Gilgamesh

Al Arz is a mountainous region in Lebanon (Ancient Phoenicia), where the Biblical cedar trees grow; the same trees King Hiram of Tyre used to build the Temple of Solomon, and King Tut An'k Amoon used to decorate his palaces. Also Noah's boat was built with Phoenicia's Arz trees.

Al Arz means cedar trees in Arabic and Phoenician. It is derived from the Anunnaki's language "An'k". The Sumerians believed that Al Arz and Baalbeck are the holy cities where immortality lives as disguised gods on planet earth. This is why Gilgamesh traveled to these two old Anunnaki-Phoenician cities.

IV. A visit to the underground city of the Djinn and Afrit.

The following is an excerpt from the book "On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge: Extraterrestrial Tao of the Anunnaki and Ulema", co-authored by Maximillien de Lafayette, and Ilil Arbel.

Chapter Three: Germain Lumiere, a young Anunnaki-Ulema is telling the story of his visit to Baalback.

I graduated from high school at seventeen, and was free for a while. Much thought had to be given to the decision and preparations for my university studies. I expressed a desire to go to Paris for that purpose, and was considering various fields, but nothing was final. I did not mind a little time off, though, and enjoyed my temporary idleness very much. At that time, the Master was visiting us, and as usual, had an incredibly exciting plan for me.

"Have you ever been to Baalbeck?" he asked.

"No, never."

"It's an interesting city, very old. There is a lot of controversy as to who built it, though."

"Isn't there some historical evidence?"

"Plenty, but there are four interpretations.

The Christian Lebanese say it was built by the Phoenicians. The Muslim Lebanese prefer a theory claiming it was built by Djinn and Afrit. Some important occult leaders say it was built by Adam, after he was kicked out of Paradise. Well..."

"And the Ulema, what do they think?" I asked, knowing that this was the theory I would trust.



The ruins of Baalbeck.



The original Baalbeck.

Al Arz, Lebanon.



Al Arz mountains, Lebanon. The holy site of the early Anunnaki, and where Gilgamesh sought immortality.



The Cedar Forest, where Gilgamesh spent a few days imploring the Anunnaki gods, to grant him immortality.

“The Ulema say it was built by the Anunnaki and the proto-Phoenicians who lived on the island of Arwad and in Tyre. There is a lot of evidence in this direction.”

“So will I see the ancient parts?”

“Of course. I would like to take you to a very special part of the city, where the Founding Fathers of the Ulema used to meet thousands of years ago. Unfortunately, we no longer meet there, because it became a tourist attraction and a state-controlled center of music and dance festivals. It will be fun for you, though, to mingle with all these tourists, it’s a nice place.”

“But surely that is not the reason for going,” I said.

“No, it is not. I plan to take you to a secret underground city under Baalbeck, and show you where the Anunnaki landed for the first time on earth. Very few people know what is going on under the modern city of Baalbeck.

The first Anunnaki landing took place before the Deluge, though they came again and again after the Deluge as well.”

“Before the Deluge? When was that, exactly?” I asked.

“About 450,000 years ago, perhaps a bit longer. At that time, the Anunnaki created the humans.”

“And what about God?” I asked. Even though I was taught much of the Ulema traditions and world view, I never heard about the creation of the human race.

“No one ever heard of God 450,000 years ago. You start to hear about God only around 6,000 years ago,” said the Master. I knew enough about the Anunnaki at that time to accept this without much trouble, so I went to find Mama and Sylvie and tell them about the upcoming trip.

The trip from Damascus to Baalbeck could be accomplished in about two hours, at least you could do that if you traveled in a decent car. We took a bit longer to get there, since the car, borrowed from a friend of the Master who was also to drive us there, was an ancient Mercedes that did not use normal gasoline but rather employed *mazut*, or diesel fuel, and made such a racket it was impossible to hear yourself think.

To my surprise, I saw a mysterious Sudanese man sitting in the back seat, dressed in ill matching jacket and pants and scowling at us.

At the Master’s request, he started to get out of the car to introduce himself. I watched the process in fascination, since he was not doing it quickly like a normal person, but instead was slowly extricating himself in stages, gradually disentangling himself, like a huge snake. I have never seen such a tall man, or anyone as strange.

He was about seven feet tall, very thin, and his face did not look quite human to me, but like a giant from outer space.

This bizarre apparition just stood there, looked fierce, and played with a string of amber beads. The Master ignored his uncouth behavior and introduced us.

“This is Taj,” he said. “His name means ‘Crown.’ He is joining us because he has the key to the gate of the secret city underground. He is also able to persuade the Djinn and the Afrit to open certain doors, which is quite a talent.” I was not sure if the Master was joking about the

Djinn and the Afrit, so I kept quiet, nodded to the Sudanese, and got in the back seat.

Taj folded himself back into the car and sat beside me, the Master went into the front seat, and the driver, who seemed to be normal and cheerful, greeted the Master and me in a friendly way.

The car started making a noise that was worthy of demons, but I did not care because I was thinking about the real devils, the Djinn and the Afrit.

I leaned forward and asked the Master, "Would I be able to see the Djinn and Afrit?"

"Yes, of course," said the Master casually. "You can even try to talk to them, if you like. The underground city is actually called the City of the Djinn and the Afrit; plenty of devils are there."

Since these devils did not seem to frighten the Master, I assumed he knew what he was doing, and sat thinking about what my part could be in this unbelievable adventure. However, I was aware of increasing irritation by what Taj was doing.

He constantly played with his amber beads, clicking away on and on. I asked, "Why do you have to click these things all the time?"

Taj seemed annoyed by my question. "Try them yourself," he said curtly, and handed them to me.

I grabbed at them, and instantly, a horrible electric shock went through my entire body, quite painfully, and I cried out and threw the beads on the floor of the car. The Master screamed at Taj, "How dare you? How many times did I tell you never to do that? Give me the beads immediately!"

Taj handed him the beads, meekly enough, and had the grace to look embarrassed. The Master rubbed the beads, seemingly absorbing and removing the energy, and then returned them to me. "You can try them now," he said. "And don't give them back to Taj until I tell you to." Taj said nothing. He seemed unhappy in the car, constantly fidgeting, and could not sit still. Perhaps he was claustrophobic, I thought, and the confined space bothered him. We drove on.

Finally we arrived in Baalbeck. "Where now?" said the driver.

"We are going to the *Athar*, the ruins," said the Master.

"I don't know how to get there," said the driver. "Shall I ask for directions?" He parked the car. There were many people around, some Arabs in traditional garb, some Europeans in every kind of attire and carrying backpacks and cameras. It seemed to be such a normal, cheerful place. I thought of the festivals and the music; how could there be Afrit and Djinn and all sorts of underground labyrinths in a place like that? It was as modern as can be.

"When you are with Taj, you do not ask for directions," said the Sudanese with a superior air. The driver shrugged, not quite convinced.

Taj winked at me and stared at the driver's neck, concentrating. The driver suddenly started to beat his own neck, complaining how much he hated mosquitoes. I was certain there were no mosquitoes in the car, and I was sure that Taj created the imaginary insects that were tormenting the driver.

Baalbeck today: Nothing impressive.



The driver's neck became really red.

"Taj, stop this nonsense immediately!" said the Master severely. Apparently, Taj could send certain energy rays that had the capacity of annoying people. Taj stopped, gave the driver the necessary directions, and we went to the Athar.

"First, let's go to the world biggest stone," said Taj. We drove further, and as we turned a road toward the Temple of Jupiter, I was shocked by the sight that met my eyes. It was a huge gray slab, partially buried in the sand, perfectly cut and smooth.

It was unquestionably man made, not a natural formation, a short distance from the Temple. How in the world could such a stone get there?

Who could have carried it?

This stone was so immense that the stones of the Egyptian pyramids would be infinitely small, completely dwarfed, if put next to it.

The Stonehenge monoliths would be insignificant if they were placed next to it. In addition, it was immensely old, and even modern equipment could hardly cope with such a giant, let alone ancient technology.

"How big is this stone?" I asked, truly awed by the sight.

"Seventeen hundred tons," said the Master.

"It is hand made, isn't it?" I said. "It is too straight to be natural. It simply can't be natural. And yet, how could it get here, if it is artificial? It just can't!"

Taj grinned and said, "Hand made, yes, but not by human hands."

I was beginning to get the idea. "Then who made it?" I asked.

"It was part of the landing area used by the Anunnaki," said the Master. "There are six stones like it. Only the Anunnaki could move such a slab."

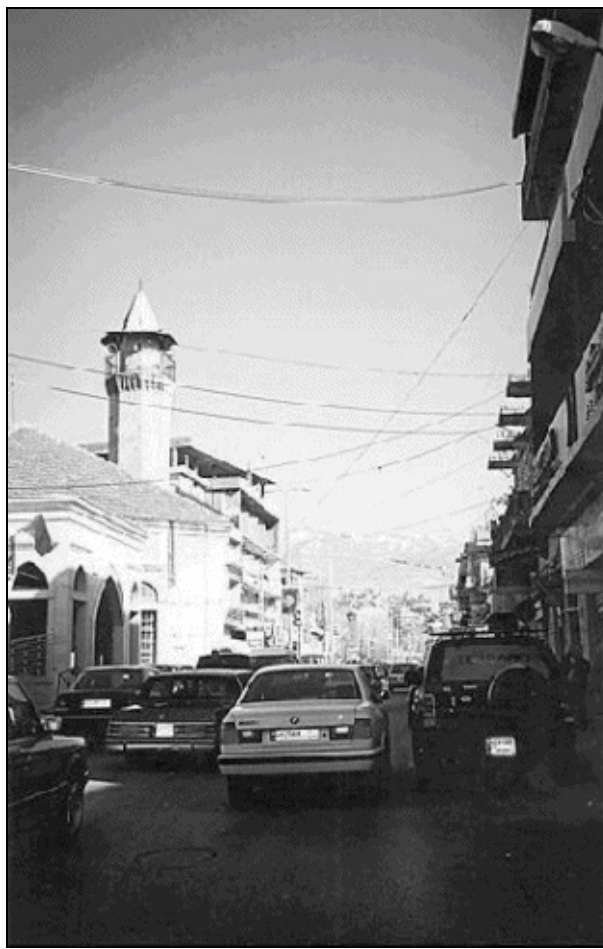
"Ah, but I can make it fly," boasted Taj.

"You must be crazy," I said, disgusted with him.

"You want to see?" He said.

"Sure," I said. "I would like to see you do that."

*** **



The town of Baalbeck.

Modern Baalbeck is a Shiite Muslim stronghold.

“Very well, but not when so many people are around. We will be back around nine o’clock, no one is around, I will show you.”

Since it was around four o’clock in the afternoon, I was wondering how we would spend the time, but the Master had his own plan.

“We have plenty of time to do what needs to be done,” he said. “I would like you to meet Cheik Al Huseini.” This was the first time I met the great man, who later contributed greatly to my studies.

We went back into the car, and drove to the Cheik’s house. The house was small and modest, built sturdily of stone, with thick walls. The door was low, as was normal for middle class Arab houses. This style was followed for many years, for the sake of safety and security.

Apparently, the conquering Ottomans used to sweep into houses that had large entrances while riding on their horses, and thus be able to kill and destroy anyone and everything inside. The low entrances forced the rider to get off his horse first, making him much less dangerous to the inhabitants.

In the big living room, which they called the *Dar* , many sofas were placed against the walls, arranged next to each other. About twenty to thirty men were present, dressed in Arab robes and turbans. All were elderly, with long white beards. The Cheik was sitting in the place of honor.

When the Master arrived, everyone stood up, repeating the word “ *oustaz, oustaz* ,” to each other, meaning “teacher.” Someone pointed at Taj and said, “The Afrit is already here.” I thought this description fitted Taj perfectly, but expected him to be angry. To my surprise, he seemed pleased by being called that name, and grinned at me like a delighted child.

We sat down, and the men came to kiss the hand of the Master. The light was low, only one lamp was turned on, but I could see that one person did not get up from his seat. Since this was strange behavior, I looked at him carefully, and to my amazement recognized the old Tuareg, whom I had met years ago in the suk in Damascus, the man who was cut in half.

He recognized me as well, smiled, and motioned to me to come and sit by him. I came, and he said jokingly, “Don’t start searching for the rest of my body...”

I laughed, a little guilty, because that was exactly what I was planning to do. At any rate I could see nothing, since the long robe he wore covered everything. Everyone conversed in Arabic, which by now I spoke very well, and after a while the Cheik motioned most people out. Eight of us remained in the room.

The Master, Taj, and myself, were the only outsiders.

The Cheik, the Tuareg, and three other elderly Arabs completed the number of the people who were permitted to attend.

At that moment, a man came from an inside room, carrying a big copper pot, full of steaming hot water. He put the pot on a table in front of the Cheik, addressing him by the title *Mawlana* .

This title meant “you are a ruler over me,” and was used only to address kings, sultans, or prophets. I was surprised. This title belonged to very important people, but the house and everything in it spoke of middle class. So what could this mean? The Cheik must have been a very important person, somehow. I planned to ask the Master about it later, not wishing to disturb him with questions at the moment, since I was sure strange things were about to begin to occur.

I was sitting near enough to the Cheik to see everything very clearly, and waited breathlessly for the events that were to come. The Cheik took three pieces of blank paper, and threw them into the hot water in the copper container.

The room was completely silent, no one moved, except Taj, who whispered to me, “You are going to like what you see, it’s fun, but don’t move no matter what happens.” I nodded, and concentrated on the pot, looking occasionally at Taj for clarification.

Somehow he assumed the role of my guide to the occult world, and I realized he knew exactly what was taking place. “Shush, just look at the container, something is about to happen,” he said. I went on staring at the pot.

Suddenly, in a blink of an eye, the water in the container disappeared, and the three pieces of paper burst out of the container. They lined up in the air, without any support, one after the other. They waved about for a few seconds, then merged and became one larger piece.

The piece of paper started swirling in the air, rotating around itself, quicker and quicker, and suddenly stopped in mid motion. It was suspended in the air, completely still, and in a flash, letters appeared on it, printed clear, black, and easily visible from where I was sitting, though I could not make out the words.

The Cheik got up, approached the paper, read the words, and then asked one of the people attending to close the shutters on all the windows. The room became very dark, and the words, seemingly separated from the paper, glowed in air like a bright hologram.

The Cheik called Taj, and asked him to read the words. I could not hear what they said to each other, but they seemed to agree on something, as they stood there, nodding their heads.

Then Taj came back to me.

I asked him, "What was that?" He stepped on my foot to quiet me. His large foot's imprint was painful, so I shut up. Everyone else seemed to accept the phenomenon without trouble, and gazed at the Cheik as he began to move in a strange manner.

He looked to the left, mumbling something incoherent, then to the right, saying the same incomprehensible things, repeating the sequence twice.

Then he lifted his hands as if in prayer, in the manner shared by both Jews and Muslims. Touching his chest and pushing his hands in front of him, he said, "*Ahlan, ahalan, ahlan, ahalan, bee salamah .*"

The letters were still glowing in front of him in the air, and he added, "*Asma'oo hoosmah ath sab'ha .*"

I turned and pinched Taj, whispering feverishly, "Explain!"

"Don't you know anything?" said Taj. "These are the names of seven Afrits. They are going to open the gate of the underworld for us."

"But..." He stomped on my foot again to shut me up, and it really hurt and I kept quiet.

The Cheik said, rather loudly: "*Bakhhoor, bakhhoor !*" A man appeared out of nowhere and brought an incense holder. The Cheik moved it back and forth, the room filled with smoke, and everyone started to chant and mumble very loudly.

I understood nothing at all of what they said. It seemed they were speaking in tongues, and the effect was frightening. They went on for a couple of minutes, then stopped abruptly. At that instant, the letters pulled together, became one shining ball of light of intense silver color, and zoomed out of the room into thin air.

One of the people opened the shutters and the late afternoon light streamed in. The Cheik put his right hand on his heart and said "Thank you" three times.

I was wondering who exactly he was thanking, and who, originally, was he praying for, since he never used the words God, Allah, or any other recognizable deity name. I did not realize at the time that the Ulema, even when they were Arabs, were not Muslims, and had their own, very different, world view.

The Master got up. Everyone rose with him, their robes swishing and making a faint sound in the quiet room. The Tuareg floated in the air. I looked at him, doing my best to control my discomfort. His upper body was solid, but the bottom half of the robe was obviously empty as it swirled around him, making the absence of his lower body extremely and disturbingly clear. He seemed like an apparition, a ghost.

Everyone came to the Master, bowed to him, and then grabbed his hand with both of theirs, in a way that was clearly ceremonial.

The right hand's thumb was hitting the spot between the thumb and first finger of the left hand, and then the left hand covered the right hand.

The Tuareg floated near the master and did the same thing. Everyone looked at each other and thanked each other a few times, following their thanks with the words “ *Rama Ahaab* .” I did not know this word, and was not aware that they were speaking Ana’kh, the language that was shared by the Anunnaki and the Ulema.

And yet I sensed that there was something very special about the way they spoke, as if by instinct. I was staring at the people and trying to understand their words until the Master tapped me on the shoulder and told me to come out.

Taj left with me, and said, “You talk too much. You should be paying more attention, such an occasion is not likely to happen again!” I shrugged, but I had to admit to myself that he was right, these events were probably unique.

To my surprise, I was beginning to like the Sudanese, and no longer felt threatened by his strange appearance and bizarre behavior.

“Won’t you tell me a bit about the Afrit?” I asked, licking my lollipop. “I am not sure why we need to call them. Why can’t we just go into the underground city? I don’t quite understand anything that is going on here.”

“In your home, in France, do you have a *Jaras* , a bell, on your door?” he asked.

“Yes, of course,” I said, surprised at the question.

“Well, you see, the underground city do not have a *Jaras*, and it is locked. If you want to come in, someone must let you in. The Afrit can help you, but you have to call them in a special way. Otherwise, they don’t know you want them to open the door. How would they know? They are not too clever.”

“Where is the door?” I said.

He pointed to the ground. “Under you, under the house, there is a door. Right under the Cheik’s house. A door to the *Aboo* , the deep abyss. It is also called *Dahleeth* , meaning an underground labyrinth.”

“Are there other doors?”

“Very likely, but I only know this one.”

*** **



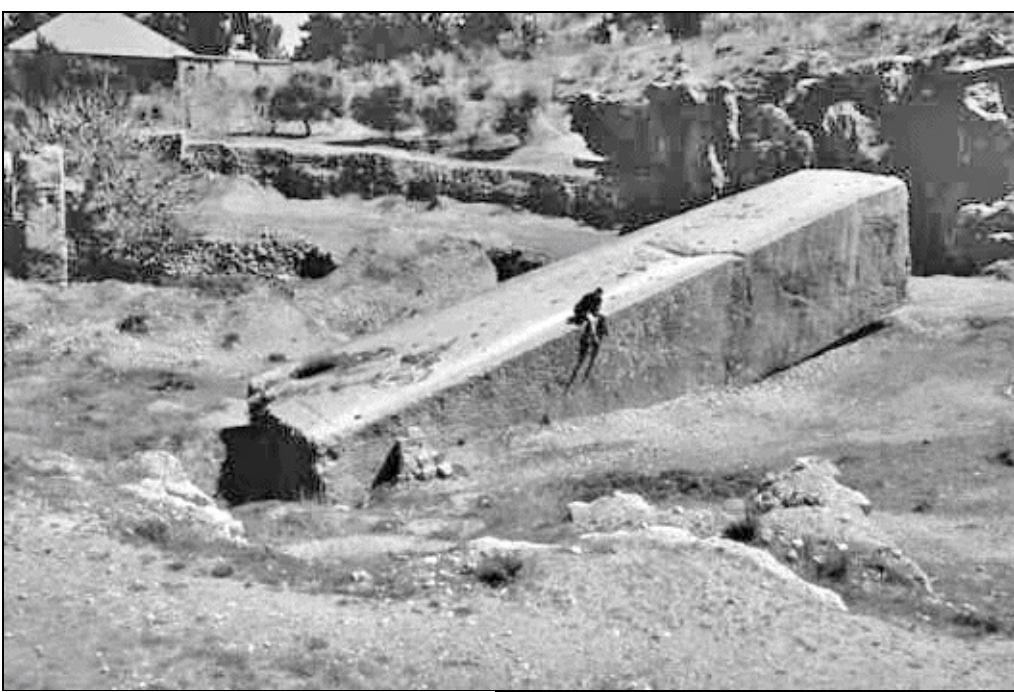
Hajarat Al Houblah in Baalbeck.

The world's longest, largest and heaviest carved stone. Few of those stones were used as an Anunnaki spaceship launching pad/terminal.

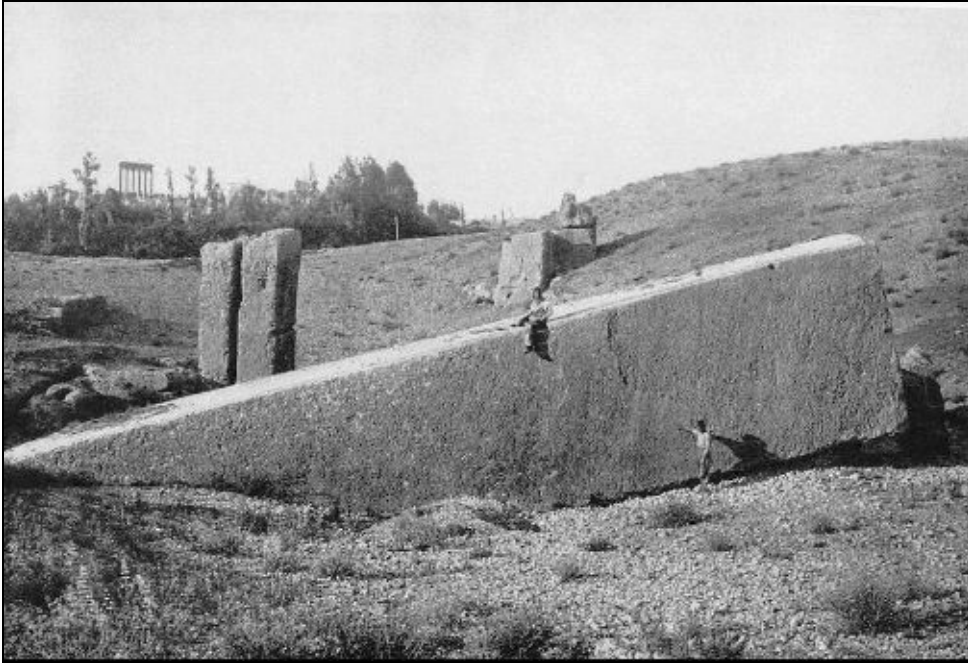
No technology today can lift up this stone. Estimated to weigh nearly 1700 tons. The dimensions of the stone are approximately 68'x14'x14'.

Hajarat Al Houblah.

“Hajarat Al Houblah” was used in Baalbek’s Great Platform. According to Phoenician legend, stones like this one were moved by the Anunnaki, using levitation, and teleportation.



Granite gray stones like this one were used by the extraterrestrials to build a landing site for their spaceships in Phoenicia (Modern day Lebanon.)



A nother view of Hajarat Al Houblah, the largest cu
stone on earth.



Another view of the stone of Hajarat Al Houblah .

They were several similar stones. Legend has it that
these legendary stones were used by the Anunnaki as
launching pads for their Merkabah (Spaceships).

As if reading my mind, he put his hand in the inner pocket of his ill fitting and flashy jacket, pulled out two lollipops, and handed me one.

One of the people came out of the house, motioned to us to come in, and said, "We are ready." In the house, everyone was wearing a white robe, and to my surprise, their heads were covered with the type of head scarf Jews sometimes wore in the synagogue. To confuse the issue even further, one was holding a scroll that resembled a Torah.

I felt desperate. Were they going to delay our journey again and start praying? I really wanted move on, see the Afrit, have the adventure. I was tired of the delays. Thankfully, one of them handed me a robe and commanded me to go change my clothes, which I did, but Taj did not change his attire.

I asked him why he was not required to do so, and he explained that he was not one of the *Al Moomawariin* , or the enlightened ones, so he was not required to wear the special outfit.

This did not really clarify the matter, since I was not one of the enlightened ones either, but I decided to let it pass.

Taj seemed to be right about the door being under the Cheik's house, because we started to descend the steps to the basement. The basement was long and narrow, and had a very high ceiling, perhaps the height of two stories. Everything, floor, walls, ceiling, were made entirely of gray cement. It smelled of dampness, and was very cold.

We went through a one room after another, all narrow and long, eventually reaching a small room that had an iron gate by its far wall. The Cheik opened the gate with a large key, and behind it was a second door, made of thick wood. A second key opened this one. Suddenly a thought struck me.

Why did he need a key?

Why couldn't a man who had such supernatural powers simply command the doors to open? Or pass through them like a ghost, for that matter?

I expressed my thought to Taj. "It won't work," said Taj. "Yes, of course the Cheik could pass through doors, but how would he take you with him?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered.

"You are not enlightened as yet. You cannot use supernatural means of transportation at this stage, so if he wants you, or me, for that matter, to pass through these doors, he must take you inside in a normal way. If he tried, you will just bang against the doors and hurt yourself, while he would be on the other side." I began to see that Taj was not stupid at all. Childish, and sometimes pretending to be silly and play silly games, but deep down, he was extremely knowledgeable.

We stood together in the small room, exactly like all the other rooms in the basement. The Cheik said, "Let the boy be the last one. He needs protection. Taj, come here."

Taj joined him at the front of the line, and we entered a long corridor. As we were walking, the corridor began to shift its shape.

I felt seasick, nauseated, my balance was lost. The floor, and walls, everything was moving, rolling, undulating.

I did not see clearly, and wondered how long this torment would last, when suddenly all movement stopped.

I looked around and nearly jumped with terror. The simple corridor became a cave!

A natural cave, not a man made structure.

Stone, dirt, and natural formations were all around me. It smelled damp and filthy, water were oozing from some of the walls, and the light was dim. I did not like the place.

The Master told everyone except me to stand in a crescent shaped row, and hold hands. He ordered me to stand behind the crescent, and not to touch anyone. I was hurt. I felt neglected, as if I were not part of the group, until one of the people turned to me and said kindly, "Don't be upset, my boy. This is for your protection."

So I just stood there behind the people, feeling silly in my long white robe, but not unhappy anymore.

At that moment, Taj made a sweeping motion with his hands and body, and screamed a few words. The horrible sound he emitted was not human. It was very likely the loudest sound I had ever heard.

He continued to move his hands violently, grabbed some dirt from the ground, and threw it up in the air. He pronounced a word that to me sounded like a name, and followed it by the word "*Eehdar !*" three times.

Then he said, "*Oodkhood ,*" three times. Immediately, a rubbery kind of form moved to the left, changed to a paste-like substance, and attached itself like glue to the wall. The sticky, pale mess looked like ectoplasm.

Taj repeated his actions a few times, manifesting a new ectoplasmic manifestation on the wall with each call. Then, he looked at the Cheik and said, "*Tamam !*"

The Cheik and Taj were engaged in a conversation in low voices. They seemed to be in agreement, since the Cheik said, "Yes, go ahead." Taj advanced toward the ectoplasmic forms, put his hand in his jacket's pocket and took something out, and gave some to each of them.

At this moment, the Cheik stepped forward, ready to take over, and said "*Ibriiz !*" The forms burst into flame, which burned the ectoplasm and produced a thick fog. From the fog appeared human forms, but there were only six of them.

The Cheik said "*Wawsabeh !*" The Master came forward, stood by the Cheik, and the Cheik repeated the word, adding, "*Anna a'mooree khum !*" and the seventh creature came.

Later Taj told me that these Afrit were originally created by the Cheik for a reason, as they usually are, and in the normal state of events were supposed to become the Cheik's loyal servants.

However, the Cheik made a mistake and did not perform the exact requirements needed in the procedure of the creation, and therefore he lost control over the Afrit.

The result was disturbing.

The seven Afrit developed independent and rather evil habits, and did not quite obey the Cheik as they should. For some reason, the only one who could call them to appear was Taj.

However, that is all he could do. Since Taj was not an Enlightened One, he could not control them once they came, and to a certain extent was at their mercy and had to have an Ulema present if he were to avoid potential harm.

As for another Ulema controlling them instead of Taj and the Cheik, that was not possible. The Ulema have four categories, based on their form of existence. Some Ulema are physical and live as humans, like the Master and the Cheik. Some used to be physical, but were no longer so.

Some, like the Tuareg, straddled both forms. Others have never occupied a human form. All four versions of the Ulema can exercise immense powers, no matter if they are physical or non physical, but a physical Ulema can only control non physical entities, such as these Afrits, if he was their creator.

I shuddered as I watched the Afrit. At this point of my studies, I had my share of supernatural incidences, but I have never been so shaken before. In the semi darkness of this miserable, damp place, the Afrits were truly terrifying.

Each had a more or less human face, but in this almost normal face the eyes were not at all normal. Instead, each Afrit had two circular orbs, with white background and a black pupil that stood out as if painted. The eyes did not move.

If the Afrit wanted to look to the side, it had to move its whole head. The head was not connected to the body. Instead, it floated in a disconcerting, eerie fashion, just above the body. When the Afrit manifest, their bodies often appear first and for a few minutes appears headless, until they choose to manifest the head.

This fact, coupled by their appalling ugliness, can frighten a human being to the point of death. There had been recorded incidents of people dying of heart attack or stroke caused by such events.

I kept myself as calm as possible and continued to study the Afrit. The heads were bad enough, but the bodies were even worse.

They were tinted a shadowy, ugly, dark color. The torso resembled the shape of a bat. Their arms were attached to the back of the body, and the hands had extremely long fingers. Since the Afrit don't eat or breathe, they don't need a stomach and a diaphragm.

Therefore, the body had a sort of visible cavity in the front, where these organs would have been. The legs were twisted, like entangled wires, which must help the Afrit as they jump. They rarely stay in one place for long, and keep shaking and moving and twitching.

They looked back at us, their ugly faces twisted in a devilish, vicious smile. They kept chattering among themselves and pointing at us with their long fingers.

But Taj told me that despite their apparent boldness, they were afraid of the Enlightened Ones. Any Afrit can see the shining auras of the Ulema, and for some reason they are terrified of these auras.

The Cheik commanded the Afrit to open the door. I did not understand the language he spoke, but I figured it out because he used the word "*Babu*," which is so similar to the word *Ba'ab*. Babu is really a door, though, while ba'ab is a gate, but the words were close enough to make it clear to me that they were going to open the door to the underground world.

I was speechless with anticipation. Everyone stood still, looking at the far wall of the cave, so I stared at it too, not knowing what to expect.

The far wall of the cave suddenly collapsed, in total silence. It felt like a silent movie, because there was no dust and no sound of falling stones during the procedure.

The stones tumbled down quietly, one by one, disappearing altogether rather than forming a solid pile.

The wall was replaced by dark, hazy fog, that allowed us a glimpse of some far away buildings. "Now," said the Cheik to Taj, "Let's follow the Afrit, but don't let them play tricks on you."

Taj nodded. We went through the fog, following another corridor and crossing identical rooms that seemed to follow each other in succession, all the while seeing the far off buildings in the distance.

The Cheik started reciting something.

The Afrit were jumping up and down like carousel horses, while pushing forward with great speed, and were already a good distance away from us, going on their own mysterious errands.

Taj said to me, "You can now move to the front, it's safe now, the Afrit won't pay much attention to us anymore." I quickly moved near the Master at the head of the line, and no one took notice of what I was doing. We did not move on yet.

The Cheik asked Taj to show him a piece of paper he was holding, probably a kind of a map, and asked, "Do you know which room we need?"

"Yes," said Taj. "I know exactly where it is, it's very near us. I will go in, and if I find something, I will bring some pieces back to you so you can see them, and then we can all go in and bring everything."

Taj left for about five minutes, and returned with a beautiful pearl necklace, a few diamonds, and some Phoenician coins.

He told the Cheik and the Master, "We can go in now, but remember, you promised that all the gold belongs to Taj."

"Of course," said the Cheik casually. "But remember," said the Master, "We are not just going into the treasure room. You will also take us to

the other room, as you promised.”

It was clear to me that the Ulema were not in the least interested in the treasure, but there was something else in this underground cavern that meant much more to them than any gold or diamonds.

The Ulema do not need gold. They can manufacture whatever wealth they need, and they never manufacture or acquire more than they need. Riches are of no interest to them at all.

“Certainly I will take you to the other room,” said Taj. “I know exactly where it is.” He seemed quite pleased by the bargain.

We followed Taj into a small, closed room. It had no windows but was brightly lit, allowing us to see gold, gems, diamonds, and pearls stashed in boxes, jars, or simply thrown on the floor in heaps. However, I was not very interested in gold either.

What I wondered about was the source of the mysterious illumination. No windows, no lamps, no candles, but bright light in every corner of the room. What could cause this?

Suddenly I realized it had to be the same type of light that was discovered in the Pharaonic tombs and catacombs of ancient Egypt.

Originally, the archaeologists who went there were baffled by the light in the Egyptian tunnels, until they discovered the contraption that the ancient Egyptians had created. They found conical objects that functioned like modern batteries, producing light that was so much like normal electrical light that there was hardly a difference.

The batteries had to be placed in a certain way against each other, or they would not light, and worse, could burn the user since they packed a lot of energy in their structure. I suspected this had to be the same type of illumination.

Taj pointed the door that would take us to the room the Master wished to visit. The Master asked him, “Do you want to come with us?”

“I will follow you as soon as I am finished here,” said Taj, grinning. He pulled some linen bags from under his jacket, and busily started filling them with the treasure.

The Master smiled indulgently at him, as if Taj was a child playing with some toys that meant little to adults but pleased the child a great deal. He said to the rest of us, “Well then, let’s go to the next room.”

We opened the door. Inside it was pitch black, but the Master stepped in without the slightest hesitation, and we followed. I envied his confidence.

As far as I was concerned, how did we know an angry Afrit was not waiting for us?

But since no one else showed any fear, I went with them. We could see nothing, but the Master kept talking to us and so we were able to follow him. All of sudden, bright light filled the room.

I blinked a few times, and then saw the Master standing by one of the walls, holding two conical, golden objects in each hand, positioned against each other. I was right, here were the ancient batteries.

The room was empty of furniture other than a beautiful wooden table, carved into arabesques, much like Moroccan furniture.

The Master placed the batteries carefully on the table, making sure the alignment allowed them to continue to produce light. I looked around. Other than the batteries and the table, the only object in the room was a large Phoenician urn, standing in one of the corners.

“We are going to leave you here for a short while,” said the Master to the group. “The Cheik and I are going to get the materials we need for our project.”

“We’ll be right back,” added the Cheik with what seemed to me rather misguided optimism. There were Djinn and Afrit here! Wasn’t anyone concerned about these devils?

The Master and the Cheik walked to the end of the room, very slowly, with measured, matching steps, as if choreographed. Then they reached the far wall, and literally went through the wall to the other side.

I was not exactly shocked, since I have seen the Master go through walls before. It is an interesting phenomenon, but not as mysterious as one might think.

To put it simply, the Ulema know how to control molecules; the Master had explained it to me thoroughly. Everyone knows that there is plenty of empty space between the molecules of any matter, and the Ulema make use of that fact with a specialized procedure.

As the person who wishes to cross approaches the wall, the wall gradually becomes soft, as if its molecules fragment themselves, and the human body simultaneously does the same.

The spaces between the molecules of both grow and readjust. The person and the wall keep their shapes for an instant, then their molecules mingle and allow the passage.

At that moment, the person passes to the other side, the molecules separate, and both wall and person become solid and normal again.

The rest of us waited for about half an hour. I was beginning to worry. The Cheik said they would be right back! Something must have prevented them from doing so.

Perhaps the Afrit, who has by now completely disappeared, took them away, kidnapped them, led them somewhere horrible? I asked some of the other people if they knew what was going on, but they had no idea where the Cheik and the Master went.

However, they did not seem worried, making it clear to me that they trusted these two to know what to do. “Don’t worry,” one of them said to me. “They can handle a lot worse than those stupid Afrits.”

“I don’t wish to contradict, Sir,” I said, “but these Afrit seem pretty dangerous to me. The way they were pointing and smiling...” The others laughed. “I have seen the Cheik and the Master handle much worse entities,” said the man who spoke to me, very kindly. “Remember, the Afrist are cowards. They are mortally afraid of the auras of the Ulema.”

“But I understand the Cheik needs some help because of the way he handled their creation,” I said.

“Yes, this is true,” said the man. “These Afrit did turn out a bit wild. But with the Master there, they will never dare to harm them.” I had to be content with that. So I went in search of Taj, to see how he was doing with the treasure, perhaps help him finish filling his bags.

I called him and was about to reenter the room, but I heard him scream, “Don’t come here!” and he tumbled out of the room, bleeding, and slammed the door behind him. “The Afrit beat me,” he gasped. “Beat me very badly.”

“But Taj, you could handle those seven Afrit so well! What happened to give them power over you?”

“Seven? Are you joking? There is a colony here, something like forty of fifty Afrit, and they all rushed at me and would not let me take the gold.”

“Is it their gold?” I asked. “What do they want it for, anyway? They don’t need money.”

“No, it’s not their gold. It used to belong to the Phoenicians, and now it belongs to no one in particular. But the Afrit like to play with it. They like shining things.”

“But you are holding one bag, I see.”

“Yes, I managed to save one bag. They got all the others, those slimy devils.” He smiled, regaining his composure. “Never mind, though. After all, I will be a very wealthy man even with just one bag. This treasure is amazing... Anyway, we must secure the door. Hold the bag for a minute.” He pushed the bag in my hands, turned, and repeated the same words he used when he originally called the Afrit, and gestured in the same way.

While he was doing that, I heard shrieks and screams, which he later explained was the way the Afrit spoke as they were chased away. “That is that,” he said, surveying the door with satisfaction. “They won’t bother us again.” He took the bag and smiled at me through the caked blood and filth on his face. “A successful treasure hunt, ah, Germain? And some day I’ll come back for more.”

Back in the other room, I saw, to my considerable relief, that the Cheik and the Master have returned. The Cheik was holding a stack of forty or fifty sheets made of shiny plastic, or plasma, or glass, and the Master had the same size stack, but of a different type of material, brownish yellow like corn.

“What is that?” I asked Taj.

“I have no idea,” said Taj. “They only told me which room I was supposed to take them to, but they did not tell me what project they were engaged in. I must say

I have a hunch it is something terribly important.” I thought so too, since the Cheik and the Master seemed to be extremely solemn, and everyone else was completely silent. There was a strong feeling of expectation in the room.

They each put his stack on the table, the Cheik on the right, the Master on the left, leaving a space between the stacks, and I noticed that the space matched the size of the stacks.

The Master brought the urn from the corner to the table, and made a motion of pouring something out of the urn into the space between the stacks. I saw nothing coming out of the jar, but I figured that it might be an invisible substance.

This went on for about twenty seconds, then the Master returned the urn to the corner. The Cheik took one sheet from his stack, and put it in the space between the stacks. The Master then took a sheet from his own stack, put it on the Cheik’s sheet, and waited a couple of seconds.

Then the Master flipped his sheet back side up, and to my absolute amazement, there was print on the sheet, strong and black, consisting of strange symbols and letters I did not recognize.

Piling the sheets on top of each other, they did the same to all of them. Surprisingly, the stack, when finished, was reduced in size to about a half of the original sheets, even though I could not see it reducing itself while it was worked on. I think that the plasma sheets were absorbed into the corn-like paper as the print was produced, but I am not sure. The Cheik pulled out a silk scarf from his robe, put the stack on the scarf, rolled it, lifted the ends of the scarf and tied them together, all in a ritualistic way. Then he said, “*Al Hamdu* ” twice.

They turned to go, and we left the room. The Master, throughout the entire time, paid hardly any attention to me, which bothered me a little. I felt neglected, even abandoned. He must have noticed my unhappy face, because he put his hand on my shoulder, took me back into the room, and said, "Look!" To my amazement, the room was entirely empty. The table and the urn had disappeared.

I was confused and uncomfortable.

I could not understand why all that was necessary.

Why Afrit? Why those doors?

Where did the table go?

What was this document and why was it worth all this effort? He laughed at my questions and said, "Look at the wall." The light was dimming as we spoke, and finally disappeared. It seemed this adventure was over, and I said, rebelliously, that I wish things were made clear to me, because otherwise, I have learned nothing.

I will explain everything later, Germain. I promise"

"But what about the city you said we are about to see?

The city where the Founding Fathers of the Ulema used to come to?

The city from before the Deluge?"

"So you want to see more? This was not enough?"

"Yes," I said. "Basically, all I saw was you and the Cheik going through a wall and Taj fighting with the Afrit, which I admit were scary but were not too significant, I believe. I did not see anything remotely connected to the ancient city."

"Well," he said, "in this case, turn, and walk with me. You are already walking in this city."

I looked around, and saw nothing, but he said, "Keep walking, it will come."

I should have trusted him more fully. After all, when did he ever disappoint me? I felt remorseful as the miracle began to unfold in front of my eyes, but thankfully, he did not hold my short term rebellion against me, and went on cheerfully enough.

Slowly, the ancient city started to appear like a Polaroid picture in front of me. The colors of the city were such as I have never seen before, glowing colors of incredible beauty.

The Master explained that this was because the city was located in a space that had the same temperature everywhere, and no pressure on any object. Unlike earth.

"What do you mean, Master, when you say 'unlike earth' like that? Are we not on earth?"

"No, we have left earth when the Afrit opened the door and made the cave wall collapse. We are now in another dimension," said the Master. "Everything looks a little different here." The city became clearer, and I thought it looked like a holographic projection, either from the past, or from the future.

The buildings, though beautiful, had a sense of alien, remote places.

We were now walking in a well-illuminated street, the windows of the buildings shining with lights as well. The air was soft and fragrant.

“I see buildings and streets,” I said. “But where are the people?”

“They are here, but they are invisible to you. Your eyes are not constructed to see them, not yet,” he said.

“Well, it is time to leave. Let’s go up these stairs.” We started climbing a very high, stone stairway that led from the street into a destination that was not quite visible.

I was surprised that we were not retracing our steps into the Cheik’s house, but the Master said there was no need for that, and that exits were available in various locations, and not as difficult to achieve as entrances.

So we climbed the stairs, and when we reached the top, I saw a huge gray wall on my left, and noticed that the pavement turned into sand.

The huge gray wall was the side of the Anunnaki stone.

I understood that we exited from a hole under the big stone, were out of the strange dimension, and back on earth.

“So that is what Taj meant when he said he would make the stone fly?” I said.

“Yes, a rather poetic way of describing our trip,” said the Master.

“Master, I am not wearing the white robe! I am wearing the normal clothes I left at the Cheik’s house.”

“Indeed, and so is everyone else,” he said, pointing to the rest of the company, who were already standing near the giant stone, and wearing normal clothes.

“So what did we come here for? Surely not just to give Taj his treasure?”

“We came for the book, Germain. Everything we did was much worth it, even the encounter with the unpleasant and stupid Afrit.

We have recently heard that the book was here, in this dimension, after having searched for it unsuccessfully for generations. And now we have recovered a copy of the most important book in the world.”

“The strange book you printed from the stacks? What is it?”

“It is one of the very few copies in existence of what is probably the oldest book to have ever been written. A book the Anunnaki had valued very much. It is called *The Book of Rama Dosh* .”

I didn’t know why, but a shiver went through my spine when I heard the name of the Ancient book; the sound of the name triggered a reaction in my mind. For a second I had a feeling of tottering on the brink of a dark, warm abyss that contained something older than the universe, and glowed with endless stars. It passed quickly, and the Master continued.

“In the future, you will have the privilege of studying it. It contains the knowledge that may, some day, save humanity from its own folly. At least I hope so with all my heart. And now, back to Damascus! Our friendly driver is waiting for us in the car .” - From the book “On the Road to Ultimate Knowledge”, co-authored by Maximillien de Lafayette and Ilil Arbel.



Baalbeck, in Lebanon (Ancient Phoenicia) was one of the earliest cities/colonies of the Anunnaki on Earth.

Baalbeck and “Beit al Jin ”:

At one time, a large community of lower entities called “Beit al Jin” (House of the Djinn) strived underground near the ruins of the Roman temples of Baalbeck. The Beit was guarded by three principal djinns who shape-shifted constantly, during their first contact (Apparition) with human beings.

According to a local legend, some of these lower entities were the remnants of the Afarit who have served King Solomon.

One of the entrances leading to their Beit, was situated under the massive stone of “Hajarat Al Houblah.”

Note: Beit means house in Hebrew and Arabic, Bitu and Bita in Phoenician, and several other ancient Middle Eastern languages.

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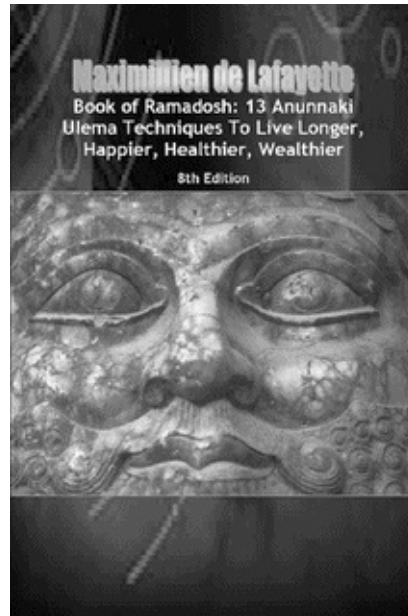
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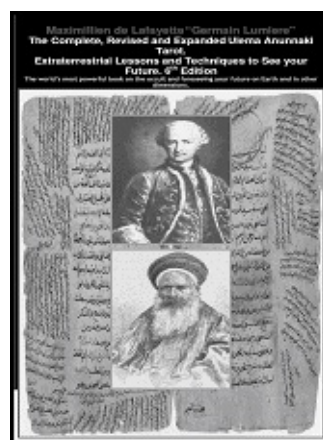
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Possibly, this is the greatest book on the Anunnaki-Ulema extraordinary powers ever published in the West. Learn their techniques that will change your life for ever. You will never be the same person again. This book reveals knowledge that is thousands of years old. Generally, such a statement would bring to mind images of the occult, hidden mysteries, perhaps ancient religious manuscripts. But the Book of Ramadosh is different. It is based on "Transmission of Mind", used eons ago by the Anunnaki and their remnants on Earth.

The book not only gives you techniques that could bring you health, happiness, and prosperity, but goes deeply into the why and how these techniques do so. Learn how to revisit past/future and travel in time/space; see dead friends and pets in afterlife; secret hour to open Conduit and zoom into your Double and multiple universes; bring luck & change your future...



The Complete, Revised and Expanded Ulema Anunnaki Tarot. Extraterrestrial Lessons and Techniques to See your Future. 6th Edition:

The world's most powerful book on the occult and foreseeing your future on Earth and in other dimensions.

6th Edition. For the first time ever in the Western world, and in the history of the occult, divination, Tarot, Anunnaki, Ulema, and esoteric studies of all kinds, the reader, the seer, the adept and the novice will have access to the world's most powerful book on the subject. These 7,000 year old secrets, and forbidden knowledge and techniques, for reading the future and changing major events in your life, are being made available for the first time. Lessons, advice, techniques, training and reading your Future and Tarot are directly provided by the last contemporary Ulema Anunnaki who lived consecutively through three centuries. Techniques and lessons include how to discover your lucky hours and days; how to reverse bad luck; learning about your past lives, your present, your future, and your multiple existences on Earth and in other dimensions, how to foresee and avert imminent dangers threatening your life, health, career, business, and relationships.



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For the first time in the history of modern ufology & Anunnaki, real people communicate with 300/500 year old Anunnaki-Ulema & write to them, read their correspondence, questions& answers. Are you protected by an angel, a "Double", your astral body? The whole secrets & story of the German first UFOs, frontiers of the world beyond; Nibiru, the Anunnaki's physical & non-Physical dimensions. Matrix of humanity, Matrix of the Universe, Matrix of your life & future. Description of how Anunnaki created Mankind. This is what you see & feel when you enter Nibiru, the afterlife & other dimensions. Description of Grays fetuses storage room, tubes and containers, operation room for breeding, hybridization, creating new race. Complete description of the habitat of hybrids, cloned people, how they live day by day. Relation between you, Anunnaki and God (is he real or fake?) Why aliens & humans have MIND not a soul?

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How to Summon and Command Spirits, Angels, Demons, Afarit Djinns.

Maximillien de Lafayette

How To Summon And Command Spirits,
Angels, Demons, Afarit, Djinns.
Techniques And Instructions



Volume I of the series:

Instructions And Techniques

On How to Communicate With Spirits and Angels

Inspired by the Anunnaki-Ulema, Allamah, and Sahiriin. Absolutely brand new information never revealed before, or mentioned in any book in the West or the East.

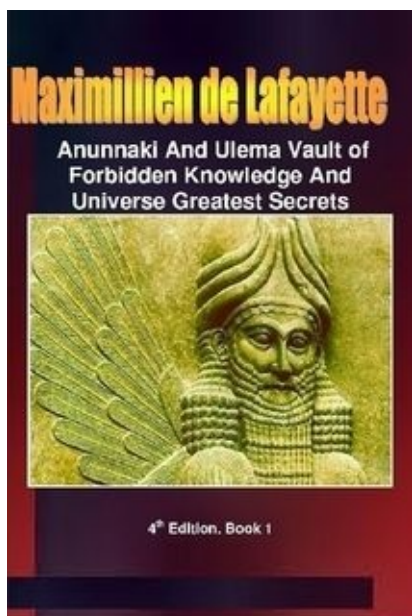
There is no other book like it on earth! It is the world's first, most useful and most powerful book on how to communicate with spirits, and summon angels, demons, entities and creatures from this world and the one beyond. It reveals the real techniques of magic and spirits summoning instructions shrouded in secrecy for 1,700 years.

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Instructions and techniques are explained step-by-step in a simple language everybody would understand. This book will change your life and future for ever, written by Maximillien de Lafayette, a legendary scholar and mystic Ulema.

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The Anunnaki and Ulema-Anunnaki Vault of Forbidden Knowledge and the Universes Greatest Secrets.

Book 1

Book 1 from a set of 3 books.

This volume includes:

- 1-The women of light...where they women from earth or from heaven?
- 2-How did they look, the first humans who were created by the Anunnaki or other extraterrestrial races?
- 3-On one world government, Anunnaki's return, DNA contamination by the Grays and hybrids' interbreeding program.
- 4-Entrances and gateways to the other world.
- 5-The Anunnaki, the "Double" and the Astral Body.
- 6-The relation between the physical body and the non-physical body at the time we were born.
- 7-The early remnants of the Anunnaki, and humans who rebelled against the Anunnaki.
- 8-Learning from our double and acquiring supernatural faculties.
- 9-The Grays, their disease, and doomed race.
- 10-On the parallel dimension, frontiers of the after-life, reincarnation, rewards and punishment of the human body and soul in the other world.
- 11-On the frontiers of the world beyond; Nibiru, and the Anunnaki's physical and non-Physical dimensions.

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Anunnaki and Ulema-Anunnaki Vault of Forbidden Knowledge and Universe Greatest Secrets. Book 2 .

Book 2 of a set of 3 books.

It includes:

- 1-On activating the Conduit, decontaminating or cleansing ourselves, galactic species in the Milky Way, galaxy and universe, stargates, invasion of Iraq, Anunnaki and extraterrestrial spaceships and UFOs.
- 2-On sharing the same God with extraterrestrials.
- 3-The Anunnaki and the end of our planet.
- 4-The Bando Project.
- 5-The study of the anatomy of dead aliens' bodies, and extraterrestrial survivors.
- 6-“Barage Europa” (Extraterrestrial tunnels/structures).
- 7-Bariya; the Anunnaki's creation of Man.
- 8- Continent Mu.
- 9-Anunnaki's interference in Earth's affairs.
- 10-The reptilians race.
- 11-Departure and return of the Anunnaki.
- 12-Teleportation.
- 13-On Coral Castle.
- 14-Animal mutilations. And much more...

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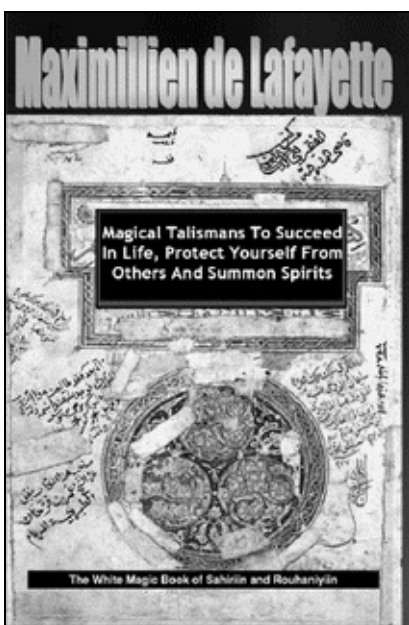
Anunnaki and Ulema-Anunnaki Vault of Forbidden Knowledge and Universe Greatest Secrets. Book 3 .

Part 3 of 3 (Final Volume). It includes:

1. UFOs, Aliens, Aliens' Rapture, Nichola Tesla files on extraterrestrials, and the United States Government 2.The Akama-ra human beings.
3. The Bashar human beings.
4. The 36 different human and quasi-human species who lived on earth.
5. Anunnaki's map of the after-life and your enlightenment on earth.

6. Anunnaki spaceship “Markaba”.
7. Purification of an Anunnaki student.
8. Anunnaki’s physical manifestation “Zouhoor”.
9. Behemoth: The Greys.
10. Exodus: The Hebrew story versus the Ulema version.
11. Ascension and cleansing of humans in 2022.
12. Anunnaki’s extraordinary powers and faculties.
13. Humans’ early species.

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Magical Talismans To Succeed In Life, Protect Yourself From Others And Summon Spirits.

Absolutely brand new information never revealed before, or mentioned in any book in the West or the East. It is the world's first, most useful and most powerful book on how to communicate with spirits, and summon angels, demons, entities and creatures from this world and the one beyond. It reveals the real techniques of magic and spirits summoning instructions shrouded in secrecy for 1,700 years.

This volume includes:

- 1.The secret language of the Spirits and how to talk to a summoned entity.
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- 4.Talisman against fear and a bullying boss.
- 5.Magical writing against powerful people who could be a threat to you.
- 6.Magical writings for summoning the most powerful spirits.
- 7.How to use Daa-irat Al Shams Al Koubra and reverse your back luck.
- 8.You, your life, your success, the Parallel Lines, and the spirits who control your fate.

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Printed in the United States of America

Published by Times Square Press