

UFO Contact from Planet **APU**



100 Hours With Extraterrestrials

Vlado Kapetanovic – Wendelle Stevens

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Vlado Kapetanovic was born on 13 April 1918 in the small town of Kolsin, Yugoslavia. He is a Hydro Electric Engineer in Peru. His wife Mileva was also born in Yugoslavia. He lived 42 years in Peru having been nationalized as a Peruvian Citizen there. He has written seven books, of which four treated of his experiences with the Interplanetary Beings of APU.

- Magnificent Luminous ships
- Flying Humans
- Many direct healings of Natives
- Regular Contacts with native indigenous peoples

UFO Contact From Planet APU

100 Hours with Extraterrestrials A World with no Money

**Vlado Kapetanovic – Wendelle
Stevens**

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PROLOGUE

I had invited Victor Kapetanovic from Peru to my First International UFO Congress in Tucson, Arizona, to describe to my audience of some 400 participants, the nature of his ongoing contacts with Extraterrestrial Beings who told him they came here from a distant planet in another solar system, a planet that they called APU. Victor is a very serious writer who had already written 4 books on his UFO contacts in the remote regions of northern Peru.

Victor makes his living as an Electrical Engineer in the Central Hydroelectric Plant at Huallanca on the banks of the Santa River in the beautiful Callejon de Huaylas.

He describes in this work his surprising encounters and dialogues with the “Apurianos”, ideas which carry a significant message for our Earth dwellers. His initial contacts evolved and eventually included carrying him along on some of the Apurianos healing missions to the most remote mountain tribes of Indians in northern Peru.

This report describes a society of human beings who have developed a technology and learned to fly in the air without vehicles to carry them.

One does not need to believe in the miraculous technologies described by the author of this work any more than the citizens of the 1800s would have believed in such modern conveniences as electric lights, radio, television, airplanes, modern computers, etc. What retards our advance to perfection is the disorder, hate, and money which underlies and fosters all, and provokes conflict, wars and the tragedies of lack.

He speaks of a “minius” which he says is the origin of all life, an elemental particle that exists between non-matter and matter, a million times smaller than a proton, and possibly what we identify today as a single photon in present concepts.

Kapetanovic says the flying machines of the visiting “Apurianos” reach velocities of “hundreds of millions of kilometers per second”. These machines dominate gravity and leave no marks on the ground where they land. They have display screens aboard that can go backward and forward in time to present scenes, and which can look behind doors and into closed rooms and facilities.

The Apurianos say they observe our efforts at construction of flying discs, and that we have already made some, though far inferior to the extraterrestrial craft. They have even perfected individual flying, as flying men, and this was demonstrated to Vlado. They say that in time we will solve the problems of

ageing, and will be able to live indefinitely. Lun a personality described in this work is 985 Earth years old, and Zay 11,312. They say that we can aspire to this too once we learn to practice true peace and fraternal union and dedicate ourselves completely to progressive study and work.

INTRODUCTION

Anticipatedly, the contents of this book will be quite surprising. Perhaps in a manner similar to that of the seven great wise men of Greece, if someone tried to explain the existence of electrical current and its manifold applications, the descent of men onto the surface of the Moon, or if they had been presented to a man who was quite happily living with an artificial heart, a child incubated “in vitro”, or other such technical advances of today, but which would have been considered utopical and impossible two hundred years ago.

I would be pleased if you could understand, even for a moment, the discomfort that I feel writing books on strange experiences, unaccustomed and surprising, and knowing that each word could arouse discomfort, doubts, jeers, or simply a smile denoting a joke.

It is not my intention to try to convince you that my accounts, difficult to believe in our time, though considered likely, are true, because with that understanding of the labor of the indefatigable human intelligence, our criteria, our customs and our rights as we are, all is possible.

For this reason I wrote my prior book “Apu, A World Without Money”, in which I detailed part of my “170 Hours With the Extraterrestrials” as well. I wrote those in novel form in the third person, despite which I in fact had conversed upon all this content with Zay and Ivanka, personalities of both books, which I did for two motives: first so that each reader could form his own opinion of the determined character of each book according to logical reasoning, without any kind of persuasion; and second, because on the planet APU there exists no egotism nor any of its derivations, nor does there exist any money nor idiomatic terms for its expression.

Thus it is not my intent to become predicator, nor to seek to prepare a welcome to some new “Gods” that descend from space carrying gifts for terrestrials, Letters of Credit or proposals to form a political alliance, because the problems of terrestrial life can only be resolved by us, the inhabitants of Earth, with our own intelligence, study and work, to form an altruistic society. Nor do I intend to postulate the premise of another kind of acknowledgement to treat with my casual encounter with the “foreigners”. The facts can show that any Terrestrial inhabitant, upon encountering them, can assume a serious attitude, to gain knowledge much more important than I bring, and which could explain the mysteries that surround us.

Whatever your opinion of this book is, will be a product of your own thought, of your own being, to which is credited your sacred right to exist, to think, to decide and to act; this will not harm anybody. Meanwhile there exist

atoms and movements; the Universe continues being a vast infinity that creates and transforms its inhabitants as they continue their travels in space, penetrating its interminable and most mysterious vistas.

The only thing that worries me is the hoped for solidarity of its men, because the life of humanity is situated on a volcano of war which threatens your destruction. The arms factories consume the major portion of human labor; the arsenals are full of bellicose instruments, cannons that do not cease to destroy the bodies and beautiful structures of men. Atomic bombs, and of hydrogen and neutrons, hang over our heads threatening the very existence of Terrestrial life. And meanwhile, the unconquerable illnesses, and others still unknown, contribute to the hunger and misery, and continue the uncontrolled killing of human beings.

I urge thus, without delay, the sincere understanding between men such that they can unite in the work and study, which are the main factors capable of guaranteeing that humanity continues to exist.

This is the reason for which I am relating, in part, the scientific and technological developments of the Apunian society, and also the yesterday, today, and tomorrow of our Terrestrial life, that opens portals and vistas of my time in their ships, there in the Peruvian Andes.

I invoke all scientists, workers, teachers and students, soldiers and governments alike, to listen to those believers and their actions, toward men and women alike, in general, to embellish the human history, proscribing forever the fabrication of arms and weapons, the aggressions, the wars, and that they contribute with sincerity and good faith to the realization of a society of friends in which all are considered equal, and who can unite in peace, and radiate out to the Universe an altruistic teaching that corrects the phenomena of life, both Terrestrial and beyond.

We must unite, thus, to work for human happiness, and also to exchange the heroism of wars for the heroism of PEACE.

“Man, your egoism is converting the inventions of your powerful minds to arms for bellicose destruction of Terrestrial Life. SAVE IT!”

..... “Or all is for nothing! Vlado K

WEDNESDAY, 10 March 1960

I finished the day of 10 March 1960 in the Hydroelectric Center for Huallanca, established in a tunnel by those fine masters of modern engineering, in the rocky escarpments of the Peruvian Andes on the right branch of the Rio Santa, Callejon de Huaylas. All of the equipment was functioning harmoniously. I thought that my turn of work for this night, as Chief of Mechanical Operations would pass with no problems nor power failures, those that occasionally occurred because of the heavy rains and violent winds that assaulted those high peaks of the Black Cordillera where the high tension lines transported the electrical energy from Huallanca to the distribution center for the small city of Chimbote, some hundreds of kilometers distant.

Suddenly a sparrowhawk flew above the generators and perched upon a non-ferrous overhang in the upper part of the wall. It turned its head agitatedly from side to side. I was surprised by the actions of the bird since the interior of the tunnels and the blockhouse were well illuminated, and it must have come zig-zagging among the cables, tubes, and other installations the length of the tunnel which began at the bridge over the Rio Santa and led to the machine room, a distance of 114 meters in rock. The bats, swallows, and other small birds, visited frequently by way of the secondary tunnel though which passed the power cables to the transformer banks, and through which only passed the technicians once every two days when they inspected the functioning of the electrical installations.

Observing the hawk and its unsettled demeanor, I deduced that that was its first visit to the machines room for which it was unaccustomed to the noise produced by the generators.

Meanwhile I went to the internal service telephone to notify the operator of the control panel about the unexpected visitor, when the current interrupted and the blockhouse was plunged into darkness. I understood that some strange overcharge had originated some malfunction in the switchboard. I hurried to check on the refrigeration of the high tension transformers, connecting the current of the auxiliary power plant that in these cases of emergency supplied the internal wiring and motor of the water pump furnishing the refrigeration to those machines. I took the hand flashlight that we used when failures occurred, and ran to the patio of the transformers located at the entrance, to confirm that the machines were receiving adequate refrigeration.

When I came out of the tunnel I was confronted by a surprise. Despite the current being interrupted for which I expected to find the nocturnal darkness of

a cloudy sky, I saw that the surroundings, in a circle of about 500 meters diameter, were illuminated like day.

As the site of the entrance to the Central was almost enclosed by rocky elevated peaks, I could not describe, at first, from where the strange light came. I went forward toward half the distance to a point where I could observe the view of the river below, more open by the separation of the peaks there. As I walked I looked involuntarily toward the horizon. There in the distance a star was shining through a small opening in the overcast sky. That began to clarify in my mind, an idea that that incomprehensible splendor could come from a meteorite fall accidentally in that place, occasioning the malfunction of the power central.

When I got to more or less the center of the bridge there, I discovered that the light was coming from an ovoid object, similar to a gigantic lens, posing on a small platform placed between the union of the Rio Kitaragsa with the Santa.

That platform, molded by the channels of the two rivers over centuries of time, took the form of a triangle of unequal sides. It was part of a small plain where they began the work of construction of the Power Central, the tunnels, the blockhouse and the patio for the transformers, having served as an encampment and supply base for materials, until almost all was arrested by a flood in the 1950s.

The luminous apparatus did not surprise me too much, because the sciences of man have advanced with much acceleration and new machines of different forms are appearing every day. But the color and the intensity of the light that it radiated was surprising.

Despite my looking fixedly at that light, my retinas did not suffer any damage; on the contrary, I experienced a very agreeable sensation and desire to continue observing.

Who, when and for what had brought this strange machine and installed it in that place, which seemed to me to be so insignificant?

That was my questioning. I imagined that the Army, with the intent of scientific investigation, had enclosed in some spheroid of glass of color, a reflector of extraordinary potency, for some reason.

I put my flashlight out (which I had forgotten about in my surprise) and walked down toward that luminous object. Enroute I passed and checked the refrigeration pumps of the transformers, and assured myself that they were functioning correctly, and then proceeded...

At the end of the patio I encountered the guard on duty, named Quiroz, who guarded the Arsenal at night. I saw him looking as tranquil as if nothing abnormal was taking place. By the tranquility of the guard I began to doubt my psychological state. I felt that my mind had suffered some kind of

disequilibrium, and that for that reason I was seeing things not real. This frightened me.

“Hola, Quiroz, I thought we were in darkness.” I said in a soft tone so as not to give evidence of my alteration.

“Ah, Senor, I saw you, I am more illuminated than if I was in the Plaza San Martin in Lima.” Responded the smiling guard.

“Do you know what is happening there?” I asked again, taking some steps toward the luminous object.

Quiroz grabbed my left arm and nervously said to me:

“Senor, If you are afraid; another time they came down there with their flying machine. They are good beings, and don’t mean any harm to anybody. You can not imagine how friendly they are, but please leave them alone. They may leave soon.”

With the information of Quiroz, I came to make deductions very important to me. The first, was that he also saw what I imagined I was seeing; and the second was that the presence of that inexplicable and rare apparatus was already sufficiently familiar to him, that only thus could I be sure that its crewmen did not harm anybody.

“Listen, Quiroz, please explain better, who has landed there? What do they want here? Did they give you any trouble?”

“No, and don’t shout, Senor. Speak with a low voice. They don’t bother with me. They say they are inhabitants of another world very distant. They come to these heights where there are shepherds. They come frequently.”

The explanations of Quiroz made me believe that he and I were both suffering a momentary mental unbalance, a product of who knows, but sufficiently strong to see flying discs. That alarmed me, but despite all, I continued advancing.

The horrors, tortures, terrors and destruction of the second World War, in which I participated from beginning to end, had corroded my opinion such on human altruism, that I could not believe in the existence of any other being more astute than man to confront. As I had learned, ‘the attack and defense strategies’, I walked without fear toward that gigantic luminous lenticular. Quiroz remaine standing, begging me in full voice not to approach the strange machine. Some 100 meters beyond the patio of the transformers, and perhaps 200 feet from the object, I met two beings.

They were tall, with proportionate bodies and sloping shoulders. They were dressed in suits of fine finish, well fitted to the body, and of rare color, that at first seemed to shine like the fur of a seal. The one on my left greeted me in my native dialect. I answered in Spanish and continued with a question.

“Who are you and what are you doing here?”

“Don’t be alarmed my friend, please”, and he continued in my native dialect, “We are extraterrestrials, from the planet APU. We come here from space, and when we pass by this galaxy, we visit the Earth, fraternally. We pray you will forgive us, as we will go soon.”

“Go to the Devil and tell that about ‘extraterrestrials’ to your grandparents, and see if they believe you, but never return, because with your machine of witchcraft you have provoked the disruption of service and have caused heavy danger to the Siderurgica of Chimbote by interrupting the electrical current.”

I spoke thus because with their telling me that they were extraterrestrials, and that they came from another world to visit a place as far removed as Huallanca, I did not believe any of their words. I thought they could be spies of some technical nation that were joking with me, pretending to pass for extraterrestrials.

“Say what you like, but the interruption of the current was not caused by us. Your Central has light. My friend, we ask that you not judge us bad, and pardon us. We will not forget. All for others.” They said almost together, turned and returned to their ship.

I observed the machine and saw that it rested on three gigantic supports of beams of light. Each of them terminated in great circular cushions of light of the same luminosity. A stair that terminated like the landing cylinders joined the center of the lower part of the machine with the upper part. Those strangers ascended that stair and it, retracting itself, carried them to the interior. Then the beams of light that supported the machine also retracted. I heard a soft scarcely perceptible hiss, like a breeze, and the apparatus rose vertically at first, and then zig-zagged rapidly and disappeared in the clouds above.

“Of what nationality do you think those men are?” I asked Quiroz as we slowly returned to the patio of the transformers.

“Those men are not from any country, sir; they just are extraterrestrials, as they said. Above, in the regions of Champara and Milwakocha, the shepherds and the rustic villagers are seeing them always. This is no trick nor novelty, sir.” He emphatically contested.

“What happened to you, Quiroz?” Is it true that you can believe that they are extraterrestrials? Do you believe what you are saying?” I interrogated in strong tones.

“Pardon, Sir, I will tell you nothing more, but please do not tell anybody about them. They are good men. To expose them would be a mistake.” He implored, offended by my comportment.

The manor in which Quiroz replied gave me to understand that he wanted to compel me to hid the presence of these strangers. This made me laugh inside, but I said nothing.

Upon taking my leave from him I remembered the phrase "All for others." Which was pronounced by the strangers as they turned to go. It seemed to me rather gracious and released an outburst to full voice.

I meditated upon that unexpected encounter and became convinced that those strangers spied on some business in favor of a powerful organization that possessed in secret the marvelous flying machine constructed in the form of a plate, and that they had converted Quiroz to be their accomplice. For this he tried to make them pass for extraterrestrials to deflect my suspicions.

Whether terrestrials or extraterrestrials, their presence was inexplicable.

"To tell this would be to fall into ridicule," he said to me, and I decided not to speak of the event to anybody.

Upon entering the blockhouse, the technician of electrical works told me that the disconnect had been caused by a vulture, upon shorting the circuit when it tried to perch on a post that supported the high tension cables near the distribution center at Chimbote.

TUESDAY, 12 APRIL 1960

The day dawned with a clear sky of a singular blue color. The high peaks of the Ancash Mountains, mostly unknown and unexplored by man, imposed themselves majestically and displayed their folded escarpments. It was a most delightful morning that announced a day quite appropriate for my accustomed excursion through the surrounding heights.

I spoke to a young man names Adrian Perez, an amateur hunter who belonged to a group of maintenance workers that knew all the mountain roads. We met at his house and remembered to explore the Los Cedros Wash at the end of Duck Canyon, going from Huallanca to Caraz, because it contained shepherds and that zone had seen bears and guanacos, animals that are rarely seen in the region of the Callejon of Huaylas.

We departed his house, taking a route by the left bank of the wash that carried the name of the stream.

We had been walking almost from morning, ascending toward the peak of the mountain that seemed to touch the sky. By midday we were at the beginning of a plateau, some 4,000 meters above sea level, and decided to rest some few minutes and eat something. During the pause we agreed to advance to the other side of the plateau and later return to our encampment, After recuperating our strength we resumed walking.

The rocks and crags abounded in that place in such manner that we were obliged to leave signs of our passage to be able to return by the same route and not get lost.

Suddenly Adrian stopped in surprise, and remained immobile in place and then gave me a sign with his hand to come closer.

I went forward some steps, and when I got to him, I looked toward where he was indicating and saw at the center of a small flat area without rocks, the same machine shaped like a deep plate, that I had seen the month before in front of the Hydroelectric Center at Huallanca.

Several weeks had passed since that first night when I sincerely believed that the unknowns were spies, and that had not come to mind since, but when I saw this lenticular form again I remembered that I had thought they must be dedicated to some form of espionage, or something else illegal.

Around the landed disc was a circle of goats and some sheep. At one side of the little clearing I saw several people, men, women and children. I discovered that they were shepherds with their families, and I decided to approach them to see some of their customs and learn how they lived in a place so separated, and at that altitude of 4,000 meters, near the peaks covered with perpetual snow.

I mentioned this to Perez and he agreed to participate and so we went forward. On the way, Perez began to tell me that this zone was accustomed to the descent of those flying discs from space, piloted by extraterrestrials, good people who helped the shepherds in many ways. I compared the explanations of Perez with those of Quiroz, and thought that both of them, in some manner, were accomplices of those strangers. I said nothing of what I thought; nor was he paying any attention to what I might say, and proceeded walking forward without speaking. Some minutes later we arrived at the place seen.

Around a small rustic home we saw four men seated, three women and four children, and the two strangers that I had seen on that first night at Huallanca when we experienced the malfunction, about a month before.

The strangers smiled upon seeing me, but those residents seemed to be bothered by our presence. One man with a beard stood up looking at me aggressively, and said to me:

“What are you looking for here!?”

“Nothing, my friend,” I said, “We are hunting pumas, and passed this place quite casually. That is all.” I said.

One of those extraterrestrials extended his hand to me and I did the same. Then he did likewise to Perez, and this calmed the farmer who opposed our visit. We sat down there around that house with the rest.

The protest of the shepherd who asked me the question and the menacing looks of his companions confirmed my prior thoughts, that all those people were in some way there “conspiring” with those strangers, and for that reason feared their discovery. As it was still day I had no hurry, and I could observe those strangers with greater attention, to be able to discover their nationality.

They were tall. By their stature one could not distinguish them from one Earth race or another. The only thing was that their shoulders sloped differently and their figure was well proportioned, but they also had other different racial characteristics that one could believe had been formed by a mix of all the folk of Earth. The form of their faces resembled that of Arabs; the eyes were similar to those of the Mongol race; the nose to those of the Nordics; the beard gave the impression of being of the Hindu type, and the color of their skin was a rosey white.

After these observations I came to the conclusion that the greater percentage of their features seemed similar to the Mongolian race. They both radiated a very agreeable personality, and that induced me to think that this could be one of the races from which those shepherds descended.

For some moments nobody spoke. One of the shepherds approached me and in a lowered voice said something. I understood nothing because he spoke in his native tongue, in Quechua. Perez understood the language and turned to me and said:

“He said that we must go now, because they do not want us there.”

I thought to get myself up to leave, but one of those strangers came over and sat down by me Saying to me:

“Stay, my friend; If you would like to talk with us. Perhaps we can clarify some of your doubts with respect to us.”

“My only doubting relationship with respect to you is, Why are you here? And who do you pursue?”

The stranger smiled again. By his smile I knew that my crude comportment had not caused any bother. Picking up a little stick and observing it he said:

“We know that you do not believe what I am going to explain to you. This behavior toward us is natural, because the cells of your being are rejecting us. But we would be thankful if you could stay some minutes with us to converse. Also you need not be afraid, you are armed and we not.”

While the stranger spoke I could see that his suit was a coverall, well fitted, with a plate that covered his chest. It had 15 buttons in 3 lines of 5. Around the waist, the ankles and the wrist cuffs, there was a row of small pouches without openings attached to the material like pockets, one closely beside the other, and their shoes were simply the end of the coverall. The suit had the head covered by a hood, closely fitted, that was a part of the coverall, leaving the face from the forehead to the collar free.

“I see that your friends don’t welcome my presence.” I said, referring to the shepherds that looked angrily at me.

“Don’t worry about them, they will not harm you. They are egoistic, or as you say, ‘jealous’, but not aggressive.”

“Us! And what about you, what do you call this?”

“In our language there is no word that expresses this egoism, nor its derivatives; for example ‘I’, ‘mine’, ‘for me’, etc.”

“Yes, I understand. Are you going to tell me that you come from another world where there is no I pronoun, mine or yours, or for me; that there the people ‘fly’, the women ‘do not stand for birth’, the plants ‘speak’, and such other things of witchcraft?” I responded.

“Can I ask you a favor?” the stranger said respectfully.

“Of what does it treat?”

“In my free time I am accustomed to practice certain gymnastic exercises. Those who have seen me do this say that they like it. What is your opinion?”

“It is good, but don’t take too long. I am tired and I still have to return. Also, it could rain.”

“Don’t forget this.” Responded the stranger, and added looking directly at me:

“Try to do like ‘me’, in the language of my planet this word does not exist, but only as a pronoun, and has no other use that could signify egotism. You are thinking that we are terrestrial spies. It is not important. Continue maintaining this thought until your cells come to understand otherwise, which is your right.”

With that he stood up. Then with a helmet of delicate transparent material, he covered his head, face and neck. I noted that from the part that covered his ears emerged two small points of brilliant material not more than two centimeters long. For the first time I saw that those strangers covered their faces with a material so transparent that it did not alter in any way their form or color, and this surprised me. The stranger who was seated at my side looked at me and smiled:

“This apparatus and those gloves, we utilize only when we make individual flights, without flying machines, to protect the face and hands.” He explained.

I answered nothing. Nor did I ask him any question. I looked again at the stranger who was preparing to fly, and saw that he was just putting on his gloves, white as snow. Soon he moved some meters away and pressed one of those buttons on his chest plate. Suddenly I noticed that the small pouches around his waist, his ankles and wrists, began to inflate, taking the form of a truncated cone. I heard a breath of wind very softly, and the stranger rose into the air at great velocity, and disappeared among the clouds above.

I thought that to raise himself at such velocity, he must have used those auxiliary gadgets that proportioned in some form, the propulsion necessary, and that he would return falling, by the use of a parachute. But it didn’t happen that way. While I waited for the strange flyer to fall vertically, like he went up,

Perez, who was talking with another of the shepherds, came over to me and enthusiastically said:

“Look! Over there, Senor!”

I looked in the direction he was indicating and saw the stranger returning, gliding above the trees and crags, flying horizontally at an altitude of some 200 meters above them, like a bird.

I was surprised by such a strange demonstration. Never had I heard or read until then, that any of the scientists had discovered some useful means for persons to be able to fly individually, like birds, without flight machines. The action of the stranger originated in me a great surprise, but this did not change my opinion about the existence of those extraterrestrials, and much less that they were visiting our planet. The foreigner descended like an eagle, without making any sound, and stood at my side.

He looked at me, smiled and said to me:

“Tell me, friend, what you have just seen. Can your terrestrials do this?”

“How did you do it?” I asked.

“This apparatus that I have around my belt, ankles and wrists are full of positive ions, and when they begin to function we degravitate. This permits us to obtain the velocity desired, and the possibility to realize vertical flight, horizontal flight, or zig-zag, and elevated us and allows us to descend. On APU all of us fly individually. This is one of the procedures we use to move about on our planet, from millions of years ago.”

“I don’t know what an ion is; nor from where has come the scientific knowledge of man in this sense, but what you have just shown me is sufficient for me to change my opinion that you are utilizing secret inventions by us for which to surprise all that see you, and thus achieve your ends.”

The stranger was silent for a moment, and then smiled at me and said:

“We come from a planet we call APU, located outside the Milky Way Galaxy. We are protectors of the cells and the life. For this we are traveling through space to aid by different modes the planetary beings, but not to impress with the result that you believe in our existence and ‘extraordinary powers’”

He continue with the narration, and told me of the explosion of APU, of the formation of galaxies, of the problems of Earth and of other planets. This as well as many other hings unknown to us and impossible to believe rationally.

Those stories of the strangers originated in me sentiments of ridicule and sympathy at the same time.

It was already late. We had passed several hours listening to the inconceivable explanations, and I stood up, called to Perez, and we bid Adios to those shepherds. When I said the same to the stranger at my side, he looked firmly into my eyes, and took my hand with emotion and said:

“All for the Others”; Then the other came up to me and did the same with enthusiasm. In the same manner they bid goodbye to Perez, and we departed to return home.

On the way I thought deeply on what I had just experienced that day. The demonstration by the strange being, flying horizontally, had impressed me, but not enough to convince me in fact that they were human beings from some other place in space, and that some of them had come here to help the shepherds in the Peruvian Andes.

Then I thought again that a man who had invented such an apparatus to fly individually and used it like those strangers was impressionable. For one moment I imagined that they could have used hypnosis to make me see such unrealizable things. And finally, upon examining the situation, I decided to talk to Perez about this.

“Friend Perez,” I said determinedly, “tell me all that you have seen while we were with those extraterrestrials.”

Could it be that I had remembered all those details?

“Senor, how can it be that you can not account for such rare things? Here it is not so rare to see that they come from other worlds. For many successive years they have been coming here. At first they came in those ovoid machines, like you have just seen. Later they began coming in those others similar to airplanes.”

“Then, also, have these strangers arrived in other types of machines?” I asked.

“Yes, sir, and some of those other machines are much faster. About those flying discs, when they rise, one can see them for some moments, until they disappear in the distance. But these that look like little airplanes disappear in an instant without one seeing how. Those are called ‘viento’ (wind) and for good reason – because they disappear like the wind. When they land they can be seen, but in the majority of cases they arrive imperceptibly. In a moment least thought about, those in the little airplane, appear as if it popped up out of the ground.

“Are you saying that the other machines are not as big as the discs?”

“That is it senor. Effectively they are little. Smaller than those little airplanes that carry passengers. Some have very strange wings. They are extended and pulled in as they desire, like some birds. Others are like butterflies and some cylindrical, like cigars. Also there are some similar to leaves of Clover; but all, when they rise up, pull their wings to their body. They are fast, such that they disappear without one seeing when or how. In one place the people there that see them think they are machines of the Army, because they look like those little light airplanes, but when we see that they can

fold their wings, and these visitors fly about like birds, cure the ill in a most rare manner, make it rain from a sky without clouds, and other such miracles, we believe that they are angels from the skies. They say that they come from a distant planet, APU, who knows. Most of them are the same angels that you have seen. The only thing that we can be sure of is that they are good people, giving aid to all and they do not harm anybody. But who they are and what they are doing here I do not really know for sure.”

“And you, Perez, you have seen them before?” I asked in surprise.

“Yes, señor. Last year I went where an acquaintance lived by the Rio Kitaraqsa, and he took me to see one of those little airplanes that was there momentarily. But the people don’t speak of them to anybody. The majority of the residents say that those people come from the sky. They fear that the authorities will become aware of their presence and the Army could come and detain them. The campesinos don’t want this to happen!” He said emphatically.

The conversation with Perez confirmed to me once more that the shepherds had mythological beliefs and depended on the flying discs coming from the sky, and for that reason their occupants were friendly. They lent assistance and possessed superhuman powers. We got back home before dark.

I did not tell my wife anything about what had happened so as not to originate a presentiment that I was suffering some mental disability. So as not to disrupt the peace of my family life, I decided to talk to nobody about this event.

Some days later Perez brought me reports and dailys of past years, in which the great powers indirectly attributed their paternity to the flying discs. These and the accounts mentioned by Perez on those little airplanes, confirmed still more my opinion that these strangers were spies of some country on Earth, and to avoid being considered an accomplice in a possible crime, I decided to interrupt for some weeks my fondness for hiking and exploring the peaks.

But as time passed, every morning desires to engage in my preferred sport plagued me. Then I decided to revisit those peaks again, going by way of the right bank of the Rio Kitaraqsa again, to places well removed from those where I had met with the strangers previously.

In those days, Perez was on a trip and I could not count on his company, and this worried me. One day before, at work, a youth by the last name of Quispe told me that he knew the routes of the region that I had selected for my next exploration, and he asked permission to accompany me.

I accepted his offer and we agreed to make the trip the following Sunday.

OTHER UFO ACTIVITY HERE

This particular area of Peru has been a hotbed of UFO activity for some time. The extraterrestrial human beings who said they came from another planet they called Itibi-Ra had established a plantation not far from here, along the Ucayali River just above Pucallpa, their plantation #1. They were hybridizing plants from their own planet with ours for improvements. Those extraterrestrials had two more big plantations in South America and another in India. See my book "UFO CONTACT FROM ITIBI-RA"

About that same time circular flying disc-shaped craft, fitting the descriptions of the Itibi ships were photographed above Yungay, a small hamlet that was subsequently wiped out in a derrumbe, a huge mudslide, killing all the residents.

Details were reported in my book identified above.

The cover photograph on this book, and also upon the cover of my book mentioned above, was taken five years before this APU case began, and in the same general area. Again, it very closely fits the descriptions of the inverted plate-like flying disc used by the Apurians in Huallanca. The photograph was made by Sr. Augusto Arranda, from Lima, visiting the small hamlet of Yungay at 8,000 feet altitude on a shoulder of Mount Huarascan in the same Ancash Mountains a few miles southeast of Huallanca on the same Rio Santa.

They also were very benevolent human beings from Itibi-Ra operating their plantation to the east of the Ancash mountains, along a tributary of the Yavari River, north of Pucallpa and east of Huallanca, where they were also treating wild Indians far removed from the conveniences of civilization.

It takes several different map cuts to clearly locate the sites involved in this report, because the specific sites are small and not well populated centers located on maps. These are the best I can find to show these locations. I have tried to mark them all for your convenience.

This is also the location of one of the best reported UFO sightings in the world, when on 22 February, about this time also, a Fawcett Airlines passenger DC-4 airliner bound from Piura to Lima in Peru, had just passed Mount Huascan to the east, and was cruising at 7,000 feet altitude above seal level, on a southbound heading, with 52 trip passengers and 6 crew members aboard, reported a most spectacular event.

The passengers were surprised when the pilot, Flight Capt. Oswald Sanvitti's voice cut in on the cabin intercom and announced, "Attention all passengers! If

you will look to the right you will see another object in the sky. That strange object that you see is a UFO”.

See Appendix II to this report for more information and a photograph taken by one of the passengers aboard.

The map cuts follow the photograph.

YUNGAY, PERU
March 1967, 17:30

On an undetermined day in March 1967, at Yungay, high in the Ancash Mountains of Northern Peru, Sr. Augusto Arranda, a visitor from Lima, borrowed a camera, an old box style Voightlander, 40 years since manufacture, and he borrowed it from Trading Post Operator, Sr. Cesar Ore from whom he bought a roll of film, which Ore installed and showed Arranda how to use the camera. With this poor sophistication in equipment, Arranda set out to walk the high country and try to get some pictures of the spectacular scenery.

The next day later Arranda brought the camera back to Ore who removed the exposed film while Arrand told him of seeing and photographing some strange airplanes out in the high scrub. Ore gave the film to Arranda who took it back to Lima with him.

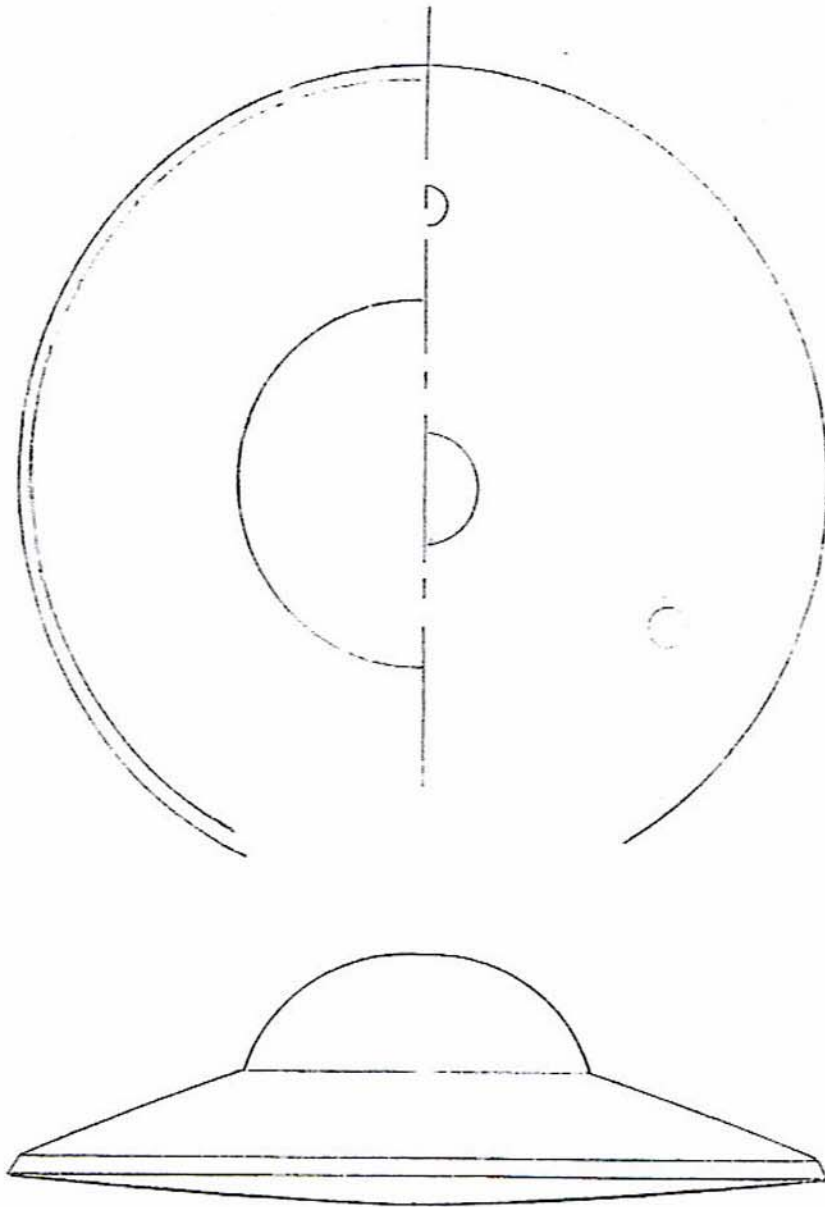
A few weeks after that Sr. Ore received a small pocket album with a set of the pictures taken by Arranda on his trip, including 4 pictures of the strange airplanes. The odd craft were disc-shaped, fairly flat, and had a dome or cupola raised on top. There were two such craft, just alike in two of the pictures. The rest of the pictures were of mountains and scenery as expected.

From the pictures it appeared that the two circular craft had approached the area, taken notice of the lone hiker, and went to some pains to check him out. They appeared to have arrived together, then split and circled the area, with one coming closer than the other, and after observation to their satisfaction, they seemed to have joined up into formation again and flew away together. Arranda shot the rest of the film of these activities and then started back.

The beautiful color photos showed two disc-shaped UFOs approaching over the shoulder of a mountain, then only one of them circling out over the valley beyond a lower tree top, then the other coming in on a close low pass at almost treetop level, then both ships joined up again at a little more elevation and flew slowly for a moment as the last picture was snapped, and then sped away.

The investigation into this case by Richard Greenwell was persistent and diligent, and did turn up considerable information, although we still do not have all.





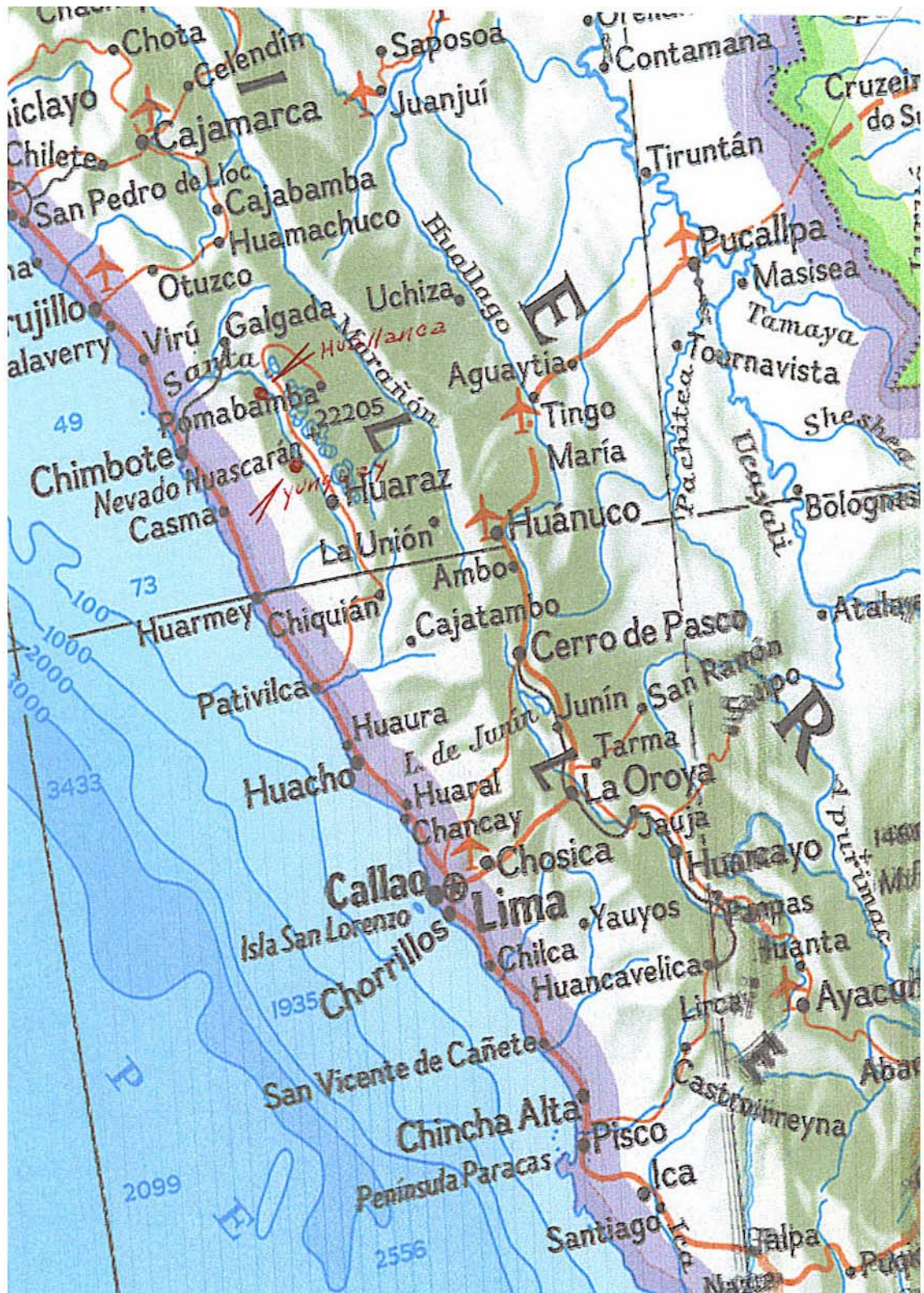
March 1967, 17:30, Yungay, Peru. Line drawing of the object observed and photographed by Augusto Arranda in the Ancash Mountains of Peru. The descriptions of the Itibi craft were almost identical.



First ITIBI landings took place near Pucallpa, in the Ucayali country upriver from Contamana. There is rich soil here in relatively isolated locations. The first experiments with Earth agriculture and crossbreed hybridization were carried out here. This was the first ITIBI plantation.



This cut is from an old map still showing the locations of Yungay and Huallanca on the Rio Santa above Chimbote. When Yungay was buried in a mudslide it was dropped.



This cut from a more modern map shows the location of the Rio Santa above Chimbote. Huallanca and Yungay are no longer shown but the snow-capped mountains above are.



Sunday, 15 May 1960

That morning dawned with a cloudy sky after some days of radiant sun. I thought if it rained it would be difficult to walk the mountains, and faced with this quite possible inconvenience, I was at the point of postponing the walk for that day.

While I was lamenting the unfavorable state of the weather, Quispe knocked on my door. I opened it to find him so enthusiastic for the excursion that I changed my mind, and in a few moments I got ready and we started out.

We crossed the Kitarasqua River and began to climb the heights that began at the right bank there. During the climb I remembered scenes of the encounters that I had experienced with those strangers in the days before. For moments, in my mind, the thoughts of them began to involve me in their activities, which disturbed my tranquility, and for that I was happy for having changed the direction of my steps for this day, and thus to avoid any new encounter.

But what disturbed me most was to know who those men really were that could be found in the abrupt and also unpopulated skirts of the Peruvian Andes, in the Ancash region. While trying to find an explanation for this most incomprehensible unknown, I noticed that my companion walked over the rocks with ease and rapidity. I began to feel that with him I could explore in one day, much more of the mountains than I had previously done with Perez, and this pleased me. I could see that Quispe possessed practice and agility to climb mountains, for which I decided to ask him about his experiences.

As we had been walking for some hours, I suggested that we take a brief rest, with the intention of talking more easily that morning.

“Shall we rest a few minutes? What do you think?” I asked while making an effort to overcome fatigue.

“I think it is very early. We have just begun to climb, but if you want to stop for a moment, yes.” Responded Quispe, showing surprise at my suggestion.

“We will go to that big rock there above, where I believe is a good place to see the surroundings. What do you think?”

“That is good, sir.” He responded, matching his pace to mine.

When we got near the big rock, he went up first and stood observing the surroundings intently, as if he sought something lost among the peaks; and I went up also and sat down.

“What are you looking for with such intensity? Are you perhaps trying to discover something?” I said with an expression of amusement. Quispe smiled

and said nothing for some moments. It looked like he was trying with some effort to confirm something very important, and then he spoke:

“The truth, sir, is that I am afraid and somewhat embarrassed to tell you what I am looking for. In these regions, at times happen, on rare occasion, things happen that when told later, they say that you are loco, that it was dreamed when you were sleeping from tiredness, or that you are pulling a joke,”

“What are you talking about, Quispe?” I asked. And then to give him confidence I added:

“Tell me once. You have my assurance that I will not consider you loco. If I had not been confident of you I would not have accepted you to accompany me on this trip.” I said persuasively.

“Is it true that you will not tease me if I tell you a secret?”

“On no, my friend, I never tease anybody. In my concept all persons have the right to think, to opinion, to question and suggest, about anything that makes up the life that surrounds us, and of which we also are a part.”

“Do you speak seriously, Sir?”

“Yes. I do, my friend. For me the opinions, events and problems related to life, are nothing to joke about.”

“Thank you sir.” He responded with a tone of voice that expressed relief.

As he sat down beside me looking at me, he said:

“Around these places are constantly coming, some rare people who say they come from a distant world.”

“Yes. I already know, Quispe. They say that they are inhabitants of a planet they call Apu, and they travel space in some ships that have the form of deep plates, airplanes, logs, pears, cigars and other different shapes.”

“But sir, how do you know all this? Who told you?”

“Nobody has told me, Quispe, I have seen them.”

“Is that true, sir?” He exclaimed and stood up, surprised and glad

“And so it is, my friend.. If you want to be sincere with me, my friend, sit down and tell me all that you know about those visitors.”

As I said this, in my mind emerged another confirmation that the strangers used cunning in passing themselves off for extraterrestrials, to engage the campesinos, taking their ignorance and using it for their objectives.

“Thank you sir, thank you very much, and know that I will tell you the pure truth.” He emphasized this, and he began to refer case by case to his encounters, trying not to omit any of the least details.

While Quispe narrated his experiences, I looked toward the mountain peaks of the Cordillera Blanca (white range), which rose one after another, forming a majestic white collar of nature that adorns the South American continent.

Soon I saw a Condor that crossed the space near a peak, moving with speed toward the mountain escarpments of the left bank of the Kitarasqua River. For the first time in my life, I observed that the gigantic bird, whose wingspan exceeded two meters, was fleeing desperately from a little bird leaving a feather.

"A giant fleeing from such a little bird," I thought. It seemed ridiculous to me and I released a loud outburst of laughter.

"Are you making fun of me, sir?" Quispe said in surprise, interrupting his narration,

"No, my friend, please, I am not making fun of you. I simply saw a Condor fleeing from a little bird, and it seemed so ridiculous, for which I laughed."

"Of course, sir. The sparrow is very small and for that the Condor can not catch it. At times these giants create problems for which the little ones feel too abused. But when those rebel the others change and even commit grave errors." Recounted my smiling companion. I understood the expression of Quispe, which despite his ingenuity, barely touched upon the most negative problem of human society.

"Will the day come when men replace the word 'discrimination' with 'fraternity'?" I thought and confiding the soon realization of this of this yearning of humanity, I stood up.

"To walk, my friend?" said Quispe.

"As you say sir, we are much behind. What does your watch say?"

"It is five minutes after ten," he said.

"At twelve we should be on top if we continue walking, but if we stop to rest every hundred meters, we will not get to the top in all day." Affirmed Quispe, referring to the time we had lost.

"I will be OK from here on, and we will not have to rest until you order it; besides that I make you chief of the expedition," I said.

He smiled and accelerated his pace. We had climbed to the top of a sharp peak located in front of the Champara Snowfield. We found ourselves thus at more than four thousand meters (12,000 feet) altitude above sea level, and a cold wind chilled us. We stopped a minute to select a route and then took it and began to advance to a small rise located in front of us, and there to build a fire to warm our hands. We were almost there when we encountered a pair of goats.

"They have become separated from their flock," Quispe said to me while I observed that one of them had a single toe and limped on one front foot.

"Thus, I believe. I hope we find the owner, so that he can recommend some interesting places for us to visit."

"Surely we will find him, sir, for around here live many shepherds. From that main hill there, there is an extensive rocky meadow, but with an abundance

of grass for the animals. When we get above there you will see.” Assured Quispe.

We advanced animatedly. Minutes later we found ourselves at the top of the rise. In front of us appeared, effectively, a meadow partly furrowed by profound gullies formed by some remote wash of water. In contrast with the forests and shrubbery that grew around there this feature stood out. We hurried to climb over an elevated pinnacle to give us a view of the surroundings of the place. Soon, at a little distance from us we saw a regular extension where cows were pastured; cows, sheep, goats and some horses, which covered most of the area. At the end of the meadow was a cabin constructed of unfinished logs. For its roof it had grass straw, and from the home came white smoke that dispersed in space by the wind. In front of the hut burned a bonfire. And around it I saw various people seated on the ground.

“You told the truth, Quispe, for there are shepherds there waiting to invite us to lunch,” I said joking.

“They are always there. We will advise them of their lost goats”, he said.

“Won’t they be bothered by our visit?”

“I don’t think so. Some of those who live there above would be bothered if a stranger approached their huts, but those are good people, they will not be bothered. I am sure of it.

“Then let’s us go where they are.” I said and we went. Soon we arrived at the hut. Two dogs came out to meet us. One of the shepherds got up, calmed the dogs and came up to us. I greeted him, and he extended his hand without speaking.

“This one does not understand Spanish. Speaks only Quechua, no more,” Quispe hurriedly communicated to me.

“Tell him we are hunting Pumas, and for that we have come to ask so that they may orient us, as we have heard said that in this region they are killing cattle.”

The campesino understood some of my words and he showed some happiness. He spoke to Quispe in Quechua and extended his hand enthusiastically. The sudden change of manner of the campesino made me understand that the Pumas had caused damage, and that our offer was accepted. This was a positive way to achieve communication.

The campesino invited us to come closer to the fire and sit down with them. There were three women, several men and two children who hid behind their mothers, like they were afraid of us. This made me uncomfortable and I pondered how to solve this inconvenience. Then I remembered that I had some caramels in my pocket, and I withdrew two and offered them to the little ones.

The man who received us spoke to the children, but they did not respond. One of the women took the caramels and offered them to the little ones. She thanked me. Suddenly she furrowed her brow and looked sad, and a tear rose on her face tanned by the cold of the Andes. This worried me and I urged Quispe to ask about the reason for the sadness. One of the men, understanding my worry, came over to my side and in a lowered voice, said:

“Sir, thank you for the pain that you feel. She is crying because she has a sick child. Some nine days ago this boy went to the mountain, climbed a rock, lost his balance and fell, breaking his right arm and some ribs.”

The man spoke in very poorly pronounced Spanish, but I understood and he asked if he could take me to see the boy. I accepted, and without consulting the woman he invited me into the cabin. We entered, the campesino, Quispe and I. The scene, unfortunately, horrified me. On the floor, on a pallet of hay, covered with a wool blanket made by hand, lay the child. His swollen face had taken on a bluish color by the infections; his eyes half closed, his mouth half open, and with his tongue and lips swollen, looked terrible. The campesino pulled me to the boy's side and I touched the part of his wrist to feel the pulse. I became still more alarmed.

Not knowing whether for my desperation, little experience, or for some other phenomena unknown to me, I felt no heartbeat in the arteries. I deduced from this that the little one had entered a state of coma.

Despite the hospital in Huallanca being many kilometers from that place, I decided to try to take the child, as soon as possible, to the doctors for treatment. I mentioned this to Quispe, and asked him to explain to the mother, our offer.

Meanwhile, as I planned how to undertake the transfer of the patient to the hospital, the campesino advised the mother of the little one about my determination. This then infuriated her. She came into the house desperately determined and shouted at Quispe, threatening him with her finger; and grabbed me by my arm and pulled me outside with inexplicable force. She fell to the ground. I stood there stunned, and thought that my intention had offended some custom of those people. I felt fear; perhaps she would attack me. I reflected, and called to Quispe that we should leave that place. With this the mother of the boy came out of the house again, came to my side and began to shout and gesticulate, and putting her hands on my face. The only words that I can remember, without knowing their significance were:

“Maman! Taita!.... Manan! Taita Dios...”

Quispe came over to me and said:

“Do not fear, sir, the mother of the child says that the Gods from the sky will come and cure her son, and that we should leave him alone.”

This calmed my nerves a little and I believed that she meant that some witch would come and cure her boy, utilizing fire and smoke and incantations, etc.

“Shall we wait and meet the Gods?” Quispe asked, and waited for my decision.

:Yes sir, please, you are going to see something very interesting, I assure you, and what you see you will like.” He suggested with enthusiasm.

“Very well, Quispe, we will wait for the presence of the ‘Gods’,” I said with an expression of lightly joking.

A dog came up to me with his ears down and wagging his tail in a signal of friendship. I petted it, and it licked my hand. We became friends. Following the dog a little boy came and sat by my side. He spoke with emotion in Quechua, which I did not understand, but it seemed to me that he was saying something about his dog. I tried to initiate a conversation with the little one. Despite our not knowing each other, the purity of the little child originated a sincere desire for friendship.

“This is the only time in the life of us humans in which we react with uncorrupted sentiments.” I thought at that instant. I caressed the child and the dog, and called to Quispe to help me with interpretation. Very soon we were approached by another child and we began to talk about the rain, the wind, the trees, sky and Moon.

Meanwhile several minutes had passed without my awareness. The sky clouded over and the overcast became big dark storm clouds. Despite my not understanding the language of the children, nor them mine, the conversation developed in perfect harmony. They spoke of the fields, the birds, animals and flowers, and I explained to them for what purpose served the carbine, how to handle it and its construction. One of them looked at me seriously and said:

“My friend, why do they kill animals? Is it by the order of the owner?”

While I concentrated on forming an adequate response that could explain to the child the reason for taking the life of a being to eat its flesh, the dogs barked and ran to the other end of the pampa where the cattle were pastured.

Quispe grabbed me by the shoulder brusquely.

“Look there, sir!” he shouted in desperation, and I turned my head in the direction indicated and saw that an apparatus similar to a small airplane was descending vertically from the clouds. It landed among the goats and sheep without making any sound. It was of a color different from the flying discs I had seen before. I thought of some military maneuvers and waited the disembarkation of some soldiers to talk to them.

Soon, from the interior of the ship came one of those strangers. He was dressed the body suit with which I was familiar, but its cut was different from what I had seen before. This one had shoulders like our own, with a

pronounced hip, and was of smaller stature. It came toward us without stepping on the grass, moving in the air some centimeters above the ground

“Why do you ‘walk’ in that manner?” Asked Quispe, confused.

“It is said so as not to damage the cells of the meadow grass by stepping on them.” Responded the being in a serious tone and smiling.

The dogs ran to the stranger and it petted them. The cattle remained contented, as if they were already familiar with the stranger.

While the stranger came toward us, I noticed that Quispe and all the campesinos were kneeling with their palms together in front of their faces, which were inclined toward the ground. It seemed like a religious ceremony. That surprised me, but also clarified the unknown statement about the arrival of the “Gods” which the mother of the boy had told me one hour earlier. Soon I noticed that the visitor was of the white race, and this confirmed my suspicions that they must be spies. Upon observing with more attention I came to understand that the visitor was a woman, because I could see the rise of her breasts.

She made a signal for the campesinos to get up, and they obeyed without delay. The visitor went toward the house without speaking to anybody, entered, and then came out carrying the child in her arms. She took him to the ship without delay. All present remained there in silence, but on the faces of those shepherds I noted an expression of joy.

“What is happening?” I asked Quispe in a low voice, and interrupting the silence of the moment. He did not answer. This augmented still more my uneasiness, and I momentarily thought that my companion had united with the campesinos to cause me some harm. Fortunately, I carried my carbine, and I released the safety and remained alert. The minutes passed in the silence that dominated the place. Only the dogs moved around me, and a sheep baaed suddenly. These were the only manifestations that broke the silence and tension.

For a moment I thought that those strangers had in their ship, surgical rooms and other necessary resources to treat the sick and injured, and that they brought them to attract the innocent campesinos, presenting themselves as Gods.

While I waited for the unknown to return the boy bandaged and unconscious, before my very eyes appeared a scene unbelievable, illogical and singular. Suddenly I saw that the boy descended alone from the ladder of the ship, and upon touching the ground ran towards us, reaching down to pick up a stone, and thus showing his perfect state of health.

For having seen him when he was swollen, I did not recognize him now and thought that he must be another boy, a member of the crew, perhaps. Then I waited for the reaction of the mother of the child. The little boy had not

covered half the distance from the ship to us, when his mother ran toward him shouting in emotion. All present embraced and gave shouts of joy.

Quispe, with the dogs also, ran toward the mother of the boy with jumps of joy. When all returned to calmness, I asked the mother to let me examine the boy. Quispe acted as interpreter and the woman accepted. I approached the little one, now with his face smiling and of natural color, with the swelling gone and looking perfectly healthy. I touched his arm, before badly fractured, and began to examine him rib by rib.

Despite those cases having altered my tranquility, I tried to look as serene as possible, to observe what I was examining. Who knows how they effected this cure, but I could find no evidence of surgery on his arm. The boy showed no abnormality in his body as shown by his smile, his agility and the urgency of his mother to give him something to eat.

While I was examining the resuscitated patient, which surprised me about what had just happened, the strange nurse, with a companion, was among us. They smiled and with a look expressing respect and friendship, tried to explain to the campesinos, that those benefits achieved must be memorized in order to imitate them when necessary... and for this they asked no thank yous, no payments, no praise or flattery.

They spoke in what seemed to me to be Quechua, because once in a while they laughed with the campesinos until they teared but soon I also heard the conversation in my own mother language, as if some device was translating the words, simultaneously, into the various languages. I spoke to Quispe about this,

“Do you understand what they are saying?” I asked.

“Yes, I clearly understand.” He responded.

“In what language are they speaking? I don’t hear them well?” I asked Quispe again, to assure myself that they were truly speaking what I perceived.

“They speak in their own language and also in all the others at the same time.” He responded with a gesture of affirmation.

“How is that, Quispe?” I asked, “explain to me? Do they have some device that translates simultaneously, their idiom to others?”

“I don’t know senor. I only know that one time they told us that some positive ions that make all beings live treated of this understanding of their words simultaneously.”

With this, the strange “nurse” came over to me.

“My name is Ivanka, my friend, and what is yours?”

She spoke in a soft voice in my own dialect. I gave her my name curtly. She smiled. The name of the stranger reminded me that she could be from

some European place, in whose services she was engaged, and I began to take interest in discovering her origin.

“Your name sounds of slavik origin, and sounds beautiful... From what country are you?” I asked in a courteous tone.

“I don’t belong to any country. My paternity is universal. I am a citizen of all countries and sister of all beings that exist.”

“I like what you are saying, but I don’t know if I truly believe this, but at least your words carry your knowledge. Nor do I understand what you are pretending. But what you have just done with the boy was a thankful act of compassionate mercy.”

“My friend, I ask, please, why do you treat me like this? Why?” She asked suddenly.

“Why?”

“We customarily treat them in this manner if you can not do it, proceeding according to need.”

“I fully agree.” I responded affirmatively, and then continued:

“Tell me, Ivanka, how did you cure the boy with such perfection in such a short time, or perhaps you hypnotized him and all of us together?”

“My friend, though I still have not satisfied your doubts about my identity, I will do it now. I told you that I am a citizen of all places in the universe, and sister of all the beings that exist in it. I am a citizen of APU. It is the innate duty of all Apuianos to protect the cellular life and to help those beings in whatever place we find them. We do not know preferences, privileges, charges, favoritisms nor advantage. Our love, caring and knowledge, is for all beings equally, because we are a part of all that exists in the Universe.”

“I was astonished by such a philosophy as that stranger had just imparted to me. I was quiet for some moments, and in reaction I said to her:

“But you still have not told me how you cured the boy.”

“Pardon,” contested Ivanka, “We have various forms of curing. One of the most positive is the disintegration and reintegration.”

“The disintegration and reintegration!? What form is that?”

“We disintegrate the cells of the body of the patient into the smallest particles, and then reintegrate the body perfectly healthy, with renewed cells.” She responded.

“Is it possible that you can also create cells?”

“Yes, my friend. For some millions of years, since the Apuianos decomposed the atom into its smallest parts. With this work, we obtained the highest powers, approaching immortality, and the positive control of ions and many other things.”

“What do you call the minimum part of an atom.” I asked in a lighthearted way.

“We call it the minimus, according to a translation from the Apuniano language.” Responded Ivanka emphatically.

Listening to an explanation so simple as that then, would alter the serenity of anybody. But since I already knew the repetition of the strangers, I only thought that they were trying to convince me, thus validating my hypnosis theory so that I would believe them “Superpowers of the World”.

“Listen, Ivanka,” I said, “Can you make some kind of a demonstration for me, that I may capture the instant of the disintegration and reintegration?”

“Yes, my friend, I shall do that with much pleasure. See those sheep and goats that are grazing there on the pampa?”

“Wait a moment,” I suggested since my intention was to call to Quispe to witness this spectacle and see if we are both hypnotized at the same time. With that, Quispe came to where we were without my calling him. I explained of what this treated. He smiled upon noting my doubt, and suggested:

“Calm down, Senor, and pay to me please a little serious attention. They can do many things that are for us incredible. You are going to be surprised.” He assured me.

A dog barked chasing the birds that together with the chickens, pecked for food in the grass. The birds flew over the grass to the flock of sheep, and all watched the disturbed dog that tried to catch them in mid-flight.

Suddenly the sheep and goats disappeared and in their place appeared bushes and diverse flowers. There was all the varieties that existed on our planet, the most part unknown to us. The campesinos knelt before us with bowed heads, as if they were in Mass.

Quispe approached me and in a lowered voice said:

“Kneel, senor. Don’t remain standing.” And he got down on his knees.

On the pampa at that moment, the dog was the only animal standing that moved, because he was chasing the birds. A tense silence reigned in that place while I tried to discover the how and why of that singular event.

“What do you see on the pampa, my friend?” asked Ivanka in a friendly tone.

“I see what you want me to see, a dog chasing birds, and many flowers that you just seeded for us, by hypnotizing us.”

Quispe raised his head and looked at me obliquely in anger. At that moment I saw the companion of Ivanka now playing with the dog that had given pursuit of the birds. The stranger seemed indifferent to the scenes that were taking place in the field, as if those flowers had been planted many years before.

“Would you like us to return the flowers to goats and sheep again?” Ivanka asked me in the most natural voice.

“Change them into doves.” I responded jokingly as if to relieve me of their, for me, hypnotic creations to which we had been subjected.

She stood up, looked at me smiling in amiability, and she extended her hands horizontally, with the fingers toward the flowers, and suddenly the pampa filled with doves, big and small. They flew all about some meters above the ground. The dogs barked and ran after them. They flew some meters away and landed again, pecking in the grass. That surprised me. I thought that the stranger could hypnotize and suggest to people that they were seeing different apparitions without actually changing their true forms; but to hypnotize and to suggest to the dogs, so that they saw the same doves in place of the sheep, and chased them over the pampa surprised me. I felt fear. Ivanka understood my change and extended her hands again and the goats and sheep reappeared grazing as they had been minutes before. The dogs returned and lay down.

Quispe, annoyed, got up and, coming to my side, in a lowered voice said:

“Are you afraid, senior?”

“Here there is nothing to frighten me.” I responded, trying to recapture my serenity.

The campesinos got up and began to comment about the events.

While I was recuperating my tranquility, a child said something to me in Quechua. I did not understand.

“Would you like to go back to the doves again?” Quispe translated, smiling.

That alleviated my nervousness somewhat. The little one had been impressed by the enormous flock of doves, and continued asking for its return.

“Tell the child to ask this of Senorita Ivanka. She is the only one who can make the doves return.” I said to Quispe. With this a hawk flew from the woods. I don’t know whether by order of the nurse or casually, came toward us and landed on the left shoulder of the boy. He caressed it and shouted with joy, calling to his mother to show her the loving bird that still remained on his shoulder.

Ivanka came up to Quispe, took him by the arm and smiling said:

“My friend, can you explain to us why you were kneeling?”

“Si, Senorita. You have just made a miracle.” Responded Quispe respectfully.

“You are mistaken, my friend, what I have just done was a work that any of you could have done, if you would have prepared for this. Please, my friend, explain to the others that we never make miracles. All is acquired by our work, utilizing the atoms of your components.”

Quispe inclined his head and was about to speak to the campesinos, while the companion of Ivanka came up to us.

“This is my trip companion. His name is Pedro. For many years we have been traveling together in space.” Said Ivanka. I extended my hand and he did the same pronouncing the words:

“I will not forget you.”

I did not understand the significance of the words and thought that I had not heard his pronunciation well.

“Signifies thank you in the Apunian expression.” Ivanka explained, understanding my confusion. The other smiled. In my mind he was still unknown and I remained silent. Ivanka, Pedro and the sheep and goats were converted to flowers, then to doves, and then back to sheep and goats again. Flying saucers, little airplanes, and such other strange manifestations and extravaganzas, recharged my mind with such confusion that I did not know if it wouldn't be better to flee, so as not to support that impression, or to remain waiting for the end of the spectacle.

“If you desire, we can go to the ship. You will see many unknown to you things, or are you afraid?” Said Ivanka, Smiling.

“I am not afraid,” I responded after having concentrated all my courage to say it. I looked at Quispe and he approved with a movement of his head. His act neutralized my trepidation and I accepted the invitation of Ivanka.

“Let us go.” Said Ivanka and we went.

This time she did not walk above the grass. She walked like us and that attracted my attention. I observed carefully and verified that the strangers took steps on the ground like Quispe and I, but the grass did not bend over under their feet.

When we got to the ship, I saw that it floated in the air at some 70 centimeters above the ground. I understood that that strange form of parking was done so as not to damage the cells of the pasture and I asked no questions. Also I observed that the apparatus, by the form of its wings, was an airplane, though of a more rare model since its body was short but thick, like a passenger airplane.

“It has folding wings and exceeds the velocity of millions of kilometers per minute.” Said Ivanka, referring to the ship.

I did not feel any need to converse about it, and thought that they might not understand whatever I might say about it anyway.

The doors were located between the wings and the tail. They opened by being retracted into the walls when we got to within a meter of the ship. There inside, the appearance was similar to what I already knew from before, but this one I had never seen before. I thought that the ship would tip with our weight

upon ascending, and I watched what would happen when Pedro went aboard. He stood on the only step that came out from the interior upon the door opening, and his weight did not provoke the least movement of the ship. We went aboard, Quispe, Ivanka with one of the dogs and I.

Inside was an oval room with no right angle corners, quite big and furnished with various chairs. On the walls one could see various viewing screens mounted like those of televisions, but of a pleasant color.

"This is our friend, Alif." Said Ivanka, presenting me to another stranger that we met in the ship. I extended my hand and told him my name. He invited me to sit down, indicating one of the bigger seats nearby. At that moment I felt an agreeable and inexplicable sensation. Alif looked at me.

"You are degravitating, my friend. Your weight now is eighty grams." He said smiling.

I looked at Quispe in curiosity, but he seemed to sitting as normally as if he were in a tavern. This made me believe that he had been in these ships before this and was already accustomed to the gravityless state.

Ivanka smiled and sat on a cushion by my side.

"All of this seems very strange, No?" She asked.

"Sincerely, Yes." I answered.

"Logically. Nothing else was expected. I also felt very strange when I for the first time came aboard an Apurian ship."

"How is that, Ivanka? Is it that you are not from that planet, from Apu?" I asked uneasily, thinking that they were foreigners and sought to entertain me, joking at my ignorance.

"My brother, calm yourself, please. You have a right to opine on us according to the cellular inspiration of your mind. But I assure you that we mean no harm to any being." Said Ivanka supplicantly. I decided then to use maximum force to test the conditions. Ivanka continued:

"For the past 47 years I have been a citizen of Apu. There the people are positive. There is no damage or egotism, no ambitions nor hate. Believe me and if you take these things calmly, you yourself will become convinced that this is so."

"Oh then, you were not born on Apu?" I said, laughing discourteously to think that this stranger intended to dominate me for advantage, and that possibly she wanted to make me believe that she was of my own countryman.

"No, my friend. I am an Earthperson." She answered ingenuously."

"Where were you born then?"

"In the city of Dubrovnik, in Yugoslavia, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea." She answered, smiling. I remembered that I had considered the proposition that she was no stranger, and I released an outburst of laughter. She smiled also.

Suddenly I began to feel relieved. I don't know if it was for the feminine aspect or for someother unknown reason.

"Then we are countrymen, No?"

"effectively that is true. I spent my infancy on the banks of the Adriatic." She said as she looked at Pedro and Alif, "and was examined on the skirts of the snowfields of Champara, where I tried to fly individually during the next few minutes."

"Did you say your child life was difficult? Why?"

She stroked the dog that was sitting at her side. Out the window I could see a copse of grass by a small rock. Ivanka disintegrated the rock and the grass stood up. Then she gave me a look as if to observe my opinion on her work, and said:

"How happy one feels when he can do good to others and help to relieve their suffering!"

"It is generous to give help to those that need it." I responded. Ivanka was quiet for a moment, and then said:

"During my infancy I experienced all the miseries of egotism and all the money problems, and was stained and tortured by the Earth life. For this I knew that the best is to labor in favor of others. This I learned on Apu and here on Earth I suffered personally. I dedicated much time to determining which are the phenomena that make Terrestrial life so difficult. I discovered that those are of two types; one created by man and the other by nature, but the most negative of all was the money, because it almost always is the beginning of the suffering. It is the creator of war, of egotism and of exploitation. This retards all that proceeds from it, the advancements, discoveries and investigations that man can develop to correct the fundamental natural phenomena that are so damaging to cellular life. Man also knows the damage that comes with money, but is dominated by his egotism and neglects to make a sincere attempt to extirpate or simplify the monetary system of Terrestrial life. On the contrary, he pretends to justify the sacrifices, the suffering and the destruction and all the negativity that originates with money, attributing to money the destiny, the bad luck and the castigation proscribed by the omnipotent, for a work committed by who knows during the formation of society. The Terrestrial life could be as good as that on Apu, or any in any other Galaxy in the Universe, if the Earth people would organize themselves in a positive manner fraternally, without money, nor wars nor exploitation, forming one family, the Terrestrial."

"The inhabitants of the Earth would suffer sacrifices, miseries and tortures caused by natural phenomena, until they eliminate their negative creations and give accounting completely, that the destiny of humanity they have in their own hands, and that only he must and can solve his own problems, based on union,

peace, study, collective effort and a firm confidence in himself and his force. Only then will he have the time and force to correct the phenomena created by nature, such as illness, death, the negativity of the Sun and others. Until now I know of one million nineteen thousand civilizations in this universe, but I have not seen any that could have subsisted without its own force positively planned. The evolution and advance of each one of those is exactly proportional to the union, the work and study that they practice.”

“And what does it seem to you are the terrestrial gains up to now?” I asked ironically.

“With the beginning of this century was begun the considerable development of Terrestrial life, but it would not reach complete development until men united fraternally, which would have permitted the organization of your work, your study and your mode of life without the discrimination. Meanwhile the terrestrials continued interrupting their work, for two thirds part of each day, resulting in them finding themselves with no occupation for almost half of the people able to work, and the major part of those who worked were assigned to wars. The human society agonized in misery.” Affirmed Ivanka, showing worry on her face. Later she proceeded to narrate episodes of conflict to survive on Earth, for which they were abandoned by their parents before reaching ten years of age.

Quispe made a movement with his right hand upon a keypad. In the wall in front, a viewing screen illuminated, and it began to play the scenes according to what Ivanka had just described. I thought again of hypnotism or some form of suggestion so that people would see in the screen whatever they thought.

Pedro came over to me smiling and said:

“My friend, it is not what you are thinking. Those screens function by order of thought, it is true, but the scenes are real, just like they have happened. The positive ions do not lie. Once the screen has received an order to show any theme, it works independently of all thought. Your surprise and alternation are manifestations of your cells still not positivized. In order to familiarize yourself with it it will take some time.”

“Do you understand?” Ivanka said. “Order the screen to reproduce your life and it will see if there is anything of interest in it.”

I obeyed the visitor and thought of my birth. The scenes began to unfold, but in a strange dimension, as if the field, the people, the trees, and those animals had been reproduced, of normal size concerning their form, and showing the actions and themes up to the least detail. It seemed like I would be able to touch all that I could see. I saw my birth, my childhood and then my youth, in detail and with intimate scenes that nobody could possibly have

filmed to show me. Also it showed many unknowns which had happened during the second World War, and of which I was ignorant.

I saw the destinies of my disappeared friends, the places and the scenes of how my companions died, death of soldiers and many other events that I did not know about before, as if they had just occurred. I began to meditate on what I saw, and by logical reasoning in those cases, came to the conclusion that each one could have happened just like what I saw in the screen.

The economic solution and the development of human society, organizing uninterrupted work per shift, and what Ivanka just explained, would have assured, to my mode of thinking, a solution in grand part, of the actual problems of our society, such as the lack of work, the scarceness of necessities, and the lack of time for study. I don't know where her ideas came from, and suspected the origin of her intentions, but her concepts of how to accelerate the development of our society and combat its principal Problems, seemed to me so simple and easy to realize that it surprised me. I considered them adaptable to each society. I thought that this would require little study to implement.

Pedro and Alif went out of the ship. Ivanka controlled the screen nearest us, and in it appeared the two Apuianos, standing a short distance from the door. Suddenly they rose up into the air, like the Apuiano who showed me how they fly individually during the previous encounter. They flew at the normal velocity of a small airplane and at some meters above the surface, zig-zagging among the snowy peaks, and ascending and descending like birds. But the most impressive was the form, the precision and the dimension in which they executed their flights. For where they passed, all could be seen as if one were there (with them), present among the crags and things, enough to touch each one. The clarity of the colors was surprising. It gave the impression that all the things and places had been retouched with an enamel, very agreeable, and that we were observing them by means of some powerful optical apparatus.

"That apparatus graduates the colors according to the preference of the cells that make up the optical organ of the observer." Ivanka said, interrupting the observation of the scenes in the screen that her companions flew over.

With that I looked toward Quispe and saw that he was watching in one of the other screens, Helen of Troy with all its actions, with a tranquility so profound as if he were watching a television program in his own house. I was surprised at the personality of the Greek Princess, who with her beauty had provoked a bloody war between the Trojans and the Greeks thousands of years ago. I saw thus, the people of those times which our history only mentions dimly, compared to the reality. Their physique, their dress, their actions, and their form of living and their culture, were mostly forgotten by the writers of history.

Nobody worried about them in those times, leaving out the real consistency of how they were.

It entered my mind at that moment, that the actual men (historians) did not know the details of that civilization, and this inspired my curiosity to continue observing. Despite my not being sure whether what I saw was being suggested hypnotically, a dream provoked artificially, or a movie of reality, that strange dimension pleased me. All things, animals and people that I was seeing in the screen, I saw explicitly, and so agreeable as if I were really among them. Whatever of those things seen by my eyes; the fields, the people, the animals, etc., if I did not know the detail, from its figure came miniscule explanation of its origin, uses, duration and aspects of the positive and negative.

I accepted then to continue watching those kings and principals of which much had been heard during my infancy and youth.

“Man ignores many things today.” Interrupted Ivanka, “But all is not his fault. There have been such destructions in wars that he has struck out to the last trace many works, in such manner that includes ignorance of our own origin. Look at that screen,” She told me indicating one that functioned to the right side of the other.

I turned my head and saw Pedro and Alif in a branch of the snow peaks of Champara, posed on a wall made of gigantic blocks of stone more than ten meters high and of similar width each. Mountains of ice rose above them as if they had been intended to hide forever the work of those first laborers that the Earth had on its surface.

“What is that?” I asked in surprise to Ivanka.

“Those are the remains of an Apuian city, constructed before the APU explosion, millions of years ago.”

“Of what explosions do you speak?” I asked in confusion for not having heard of such things before.

“I refer to the explosion of Apu, to when your Sun and many Galaxies were born.” She told me and continued explaining about what had happened.

“Those ruins are huge?” I asked in curiosity.

“Yes. They are the remains of a city that was the biggest of Apu at that time, but the explosions destroyed it, and its major part was dispersed in space; the rest was buried. All that remains on the surface is that wall that we see in the screen. Look there. Observe how it was when the people lived there.”

I looked at the screen and saw a city of wide streets, houses no more than two stories high, constructed of gigantic blocks of stone that in many cases only one composed the wall of a house.

“What is the name of that city?” I asked Ivanka.

“Simi, in Apuiano.” She responded with a rare accent.

“How did they move such enormous stones? Did they have special machines for that work?” I asked in surprise.

“No, my friend, the Apuianos had developed their faculties to a maximum, and one of those was their domination over gravity. To those stones they removed its specific weight and then transported them with no difficulty to the place desired. Also they could transport by means of disintegration and reintegration, but that system they used only in special cases. The degravitation was the more convenient. Observe,” she suggested and while I was looking at the screen, I saw mountains of stones degravitated and floating in the air from one place to another as though pushed by the wind.

My companion, Quispe, informed me that the end of that day, 10 July 1960 was approaching. I looked at my watch and saw that it was 18:14. I remembered that my house was more than 10 kilometers away, and to walk it in the darkness of a night with a cloudy sky, would confront us with many difficulties. I decided then to observe the view until I could see the complete history of that Apurian city, and depart for my return later. Finally I called to Quispe to advise me of the time, and I saw that he had turned his entire attention to the viewing screen, looking this time, at the conquest of Egypt by Alexander the Great. I felt bad about interrupting the occasion to observe famous episodes in the history of man, since he may never again have such an opportunity. I decided to wait some minutes more and continue conversing with Ivanka. With this Pedro and Alif came into the habitation, came over to us and said, “All for Others”. I did not hear well what they said and thought it treated of some key words used between them and Ivanka. I asked no questions.

“It is our greeting, as you know.” Said Pedro in a soft tone.

He sat on a cushion nearby and began to converse with Ivanka about the ruins of the city of Simi and the trip they had made over the snowfields of Champara. Meanwhile it was getting dark outside.

“Let’s go!” I said to Quispe in a low voice.

“Let us wait a few minutes more, please, I want to see how ends the existence of Alexander the Great.” I accepted, and then it began to rain. With the rain our return would be much more complicated. I had to begin my work shift in the early hours of the morning, and was afraid I would not arrive in time.

The interior of the ship remained illuminated by diurnal daylight and one could not say if he was in the field under the sun of daylight, under the shade of a tree, under a tent, on a beach, or in the ship of those strangers.

Quispe finished viewing the last of the life of Alexander the Great. He stood up to go, and I followed.

Outside it was now raining by buckets. It would be very difficult to walk in this darkness, under the rain, over the abrupt folds of the mountains of Champara, not having more road than a path made by the steps of the sheep and goats.

Quispe was desperate and began to suggest to me that we remain in the ship of those strangers until the following day. I could not accept that suggestion because my work was complicated and we had nobody in reserve. When we went out of the ship, Pedro came up to me and said:

“If you will accept it, I offer my help to accompany you to Huallanca.”

This surprised me. I thought that those strangers were trying to amuse themselves with us. Some campesinos were near the ship gazing at the mysterious illumination radiated by it. I could not risk anything of my responsibility at work and accepted the offer of Pedro. This one then pressed one of those buttons on his suit. Immediately at one meter to the side of his head, an arc formed itself, like a horseshoe or umbrella that illuminated dozens of meters with the light of day. We took our leave of Alif and Ivanka and departed.

The downfall continued with all its force, but none of the drops of rain fell on either of us. This surprised me exceedingly. I asked Quispe if any raindrops were falling on him, to assure myself of this miracle.

“No, Señor, the rain is respecting me.” He answered ironically.

“Calm yourself, my friend.” Suggested Pedro who walked between Quispe and I to illuminate the way with perfection.

“We are protected by a cap of positive ions, a favor intended to calm your cells,” he said, “Obey it and proceed,”

During the walk I did not talk to either of my companions. The rareness that I was experiencing produced in me an inexplicable sensation that I did not know how to calm. It was impossible for me, to convince myself that inhabitants of another world – if they were - had come to visit the Earth, to reside in the desolate mountains of the Peruvian Andes, as if that place was a center from where to observe the universe.

Then I questioned what nation on Earth had developed their technological advances in such manner that people could fly individually, have knowledge of marvels such as the use of the smallest existing particle of matter, to disintegrate and reintegrate matter, put off and recover their specific weight, and the attraction of things, to walk under a downpour of rain without getting wet, generate a halo of diurnal light around their body, have screens of time in which to see the past, present and future. These and other unknowns bombarded my mind originating in me worries. For some moments I did not think anything. Later I suggested and reflected that, despite all, those foreigners

must be spies of some terrestrial nation. But why and what were they looking for among those shepherds in the Ancash Mountains?

Pedro and Quispe conversed continually, By their conversation I understood that the visitors had been seen at earlier times, and that Quispe knew of them because he and Pedro mentioned various events that had happened in the human society during our time, and also some that would happen in our future.

In the incomprehensible light of the halo from Pedro's arc we could walk as rapidly as if it were day. When we got near the city of Huallanca, I noticed that Pedro had changed his clothes without stopping for an instant. In place of his characteristic vestment, now he was dressed in garments of campesino make and rubber boots, like the shepherds of that place.

"How did you change your clothes without stopping?" I asked.

"I disintegrated my body suit and reintegrated it in the form of dress of the campesinos." He responded naturally.

"Why did you do that?"

"To confuse my presence with that of the locals and not draw attention with my dress."

"Who is going to see us at this hour of night in rain, when all are necessarily in their houses?"

"All but those that are sitting there." He said, indicating with his hand. I looked and it was true. A campesino who carried various things purchased in the city, was resting some hundreds of meters from his hut.

"I believe it would have been easier to convert the campesino to dust and get him out of our way, than to change your clothes." I opined, saying this to Pedro. He was surprised, and stopped suddenly, as if something terrible had happened.

"You must not think this, my friend; for the Apuianos, the least are always in the first order, and I am referring to people, plants and animals. Never try to force in any manner, the free cells to our interest, which we do only when it is positive for the next. It is innate behavior for all Apunians to sacrifice themselves always for others, underlined."

We passed the Kitaraqsa River, and when we got near the Armory Pedro stopped.

"My friends, 'All for Others', we are almost in the city and I must return." He extended his hand, and then the same to Quispe, and then disappeared in an instant.

"He disintegrated." Offered Quispe.

"I don't know. Sincerely I do not know what was happening there. The only thing I can assure you is that we do not see him now, but we do not know

if he is at our side or in some other place in the Universe.” I responded and we moved on.

Among the inexplicable things we had experienced during that day, what came to mind was the life of Helen of Troy projected in the time screen. Why did Quispe have to force that history, so remote?, I thought. I stopped and said:

“Tell me, Quispe, why were you so fascinated by the life of Helen of Troy on the screen? Because you have nothing more important to see?”

“I was following the life of an Apunian who lived at that time on Earth. That was all.” He responded tranquilly.

When we passed over the bridge over the Rio Santa, in front of the tunnel entrance to the blockhouse, Quispe stopped and looking at me asked in a tone of admiration:

“What do you think of those people?”

“I am going to tell you, Quispe, my true opinion. They say they are persons summarily good, and until they can apply a part of that to our actual mode of life we shall see, but I don’t know whether what happened is real or some hypnotic trick. But after all, one thing disturbs me.”

“What is that, Senor?” Interrupted Quispe, excited by curiosity.

“I worry about why they are here. Are they who they say they are? What is their intention? And what are they looking for here?”

“They still have not convinced you that they are extraterrestrials, is that true?”

“No, sincerely still no!”

“Do you know, senor, of any nation on Earth whose inhabitants have those powers, to realize just such extraordinary work as that presented to us today?”

“No, but neither am I sure that they do not exist. Another thing, how do you know, Quispe, that we were not hypnotized, sleeping or something similar; and thus saw some magic tricks like in a circus?”

“Tell me, senor, do you think those animals were hypnotized?”

“Nor do I know that. I have read nothing of hypnotism.”

“For me, sir, they are Extraterrestrials. This is the seventh time that I have been with them. For this I am convinced completely, that on Earth there is nobody who can work such miracles or labors, as Ivanka said.”

“Do you know, Quispe, what I am thinking?”

“What, senor?”

“I have thought to advise the police of all this. What do you think?”

He stopped suddenly, took me by the shoulders, and in a threatening voice almost shouted!

“You are not going to do that, senor!”

“Calm down, Quispe, please, what I mentioned was only a thought, not serious.” I said to calm his animated aggressiveness, but to me occurred the idea of really doing that.

“In any case, senor, how can you think that of those people that we have come to know so well? Did you not see just today, how they saved the life of that boy? Also, this is not the only time they have done such. They have done this many times with other persons. Also they have allowed us to see things of other worlds, how we were before, our past, they show us good pastures, they make rain when it is necessary, and many other things.”

“Calm down, my friend. I was only joking. You already know that I am not capable of causing harm to those that aid the others.”

“Pardon me, senor, but I was surprised by your opinion. I thought you were talking seriously and it bothered me.”

“Be assured that I like them and respect them the same as you. I have taken into account that those persons are very good and love all about them. This is what is of value. But I still have doubts about their true intentions. What do they want here?”

“Thanks, senor.” Responded Quispe happily. “Don’t forget, as the Apunians say.” He agree and proceeded walking.

“Don’t worry, Quispe, please do not talk of this to anybody.” I replied to calm him completely.

“Ay, senor! What disconfidance is that? How could you think such a thing!? Despite those Apunians wanting us to speak of them and communicate their powers to others so that all can develop our minds and accept one another as brothers, I have not said a word to anybody. No, I don’t say anything, ever.”

We said goodbye. I entered the house and my wife had gone on a trip to Lima, to see her daughter who was studying there; and having nobody with which to talk I began to meditate on the affair.

After having carefully analyzed, point by point, what I had experienced during my three encounters with those rare visitors, that in total came to about 20 hours; and to avoid being an accomplice to some supposed offense, I came to the conclusion that the authorities of that place must have knowledge of this. I decided thus to advise the local police of those supposed Extraterrestrials.

I went to the Commissariat that in those times functioned in the city of Hullanca, some 50 meters from my house. A sergeant received me:

“How can we serve you, senor?” He asked courteously.

“Thanks for your friendliness, Sergeant. Please, are you in charge of this office, or is there another Chief?”

“I am the Chief for now. What is happening?”

“Can we talk for some minutes on a very special business?”

“Yes, why not come in, senor.” He said opening the door to a private office. I went in and sat down and began to tell him of those cases. From the beginning the sergeant began to show surprise, but as I proceeded in my progress in my story, his disturbance increased. I began to become afraid. But when I began to narrate what I had seen that day, he stood up as if frightened, and in a soft voice dissimulating his change, he said to me:

“My friend, what marvels you are telling me. You have achieved a real triumph of world intelligence, announcing that these strangers are among us. Would you possibly try to explain, now, how I shall advise the Superior Command to move all the airplanes, troops, cannons and tanks of a division of many arms, with bottles of good Peruvian Pisco? It would be a veritable feat to capture those extraterrestrials, and the whole victory we could attribute to your valuable information. But please, do not tell anybody about this. Go to your house, rest yourself, and tomorrow we will come and ask you to guide our Army to the place where those extraterrestrials are.”

I understood that the sergeant considered me loco or drunk, and that in sum was a joke. I did not go into more detail with him, nor did I continue to tell him all the details of that day, and to convince him that I would be considered intelligent, I said:

“Thank you sergeant; now I can surely rest and speak to nobody. Tomorrow you can find me to guide the Army. Viva Victory!” I shouted.

Two guards, surprised by my exclamation, came out of the adjoining room.

“He is drunk to the full. Let him go.” Ordered the sergeant as I left the Commissariat.

Despite my having suffered my first disappointment with the authorities, I was more motivated to guard in secret those experiences for 15 years. I was not surprised at the reaction of the authorities, because perhaps I would have acted worse some months ago. I looked at my watch and saw that it lacked 15 minutes of 24:00 hours, and I had to begin my shift at work early, for which I hurried to rest.

Saturday 4 June 1960

The mornings in the lane of Huaylas (where I lived), has some very singular and attractive manifestations that are different from any other place. The great volume of the Rio Santa in its run to the Pacific, has dug its channel so deep as to try to bathe with its cold waters the warm heart of the Earth itself.

With this impudent restlessness the Santa has cut its way through hills and around peaks, separating this part of the western Cordillera and its ramparts: One covered by perpetual snows; the other with meadows and prairies, and it in the middle of both, proud to be the offspring of the Andes, flowing to the

Pacific and flirting with its two majestic admirers which have accompanied it since birth.

That morning, the first Saturday of the month of June, the region was as attractive as ever. The Sun with its rays illuminated the snowfields of the Cordillera Blanca (White Range) with its reflections upon the banks of the Rio Santa, where it harmonized its brilliance with the colors of the flowered fields. During the three weeks before, I had made various excursions into the mountains without encountering those strangers. I thought that they had changed their route, and this pleased me for many reasons. But this excursion began with the first break of day, and when the sun came up I was climbing heights in the direction of the Milwagocha Snowfield on the peaks between The Rios Cedros and Kitaraqsa. That day nobody accompanied me, for which I decided to visit the places most broken up, because when accompanied the selection of those places to visit depended on the joint determination of both parties, which usually was contrary to my choice.

It was about 10:00 in the morning when I reached the top of the rise in front of Huaylas, above Duck Canyon. I had been walking since 05:00 and decided to rest, to observe with binoculars, the highest peaks of the surroundings. Suddenly I discovered in the distance of more or less 1,000 meters, an apparatus of those visitors, of a like model and color as that which I had seen some four weeks ago, when I met Ivanka.

Sincerely I did not like this, but I was already in the place, so I decided to approach out of curiosity. After having rested some minutes I headed toward the ship. When I got to within some hundreds of meters of it I was surprised to see that through a crag in the rocks, a short distance from the ship, I could see a group of people. This worried me a little because I did not know the Quechua language and was without a companion to interpret.

I worried about understanding the residents, but with those strangers I would have no problems since they spoke all languages with perfection. Despite my worries I then proceeded. Dozens of meters before the place a stranger met and received me. I had not seen him before, and that surprised me a little, and I tried to talk to him while we walked, so as to diminish my worry.

“Don’t be alarmed, my friend.” The stranger said. “We will not bother you, but we are glad, because we are only investigating with sincere commitment, to obtain the truth and a positive result.”

In the confusion I did not take notice of his declaration, nor did I understand that the stranger with his counsel was referring to the denunciation that I had made to the Commissariat some days before.

Then we were in front of the ship, and when the door opened out came Ivanka. Despite my not liking the visitors, when I saw Ivanka I felt a little more

calmed. Perhaps because I had spoken with her some hours in the previous encounter. She received me smiling and indicated that my visit pleased her.

"This is our friend Zen." She said, presenting me to the stranger that had met me.

"Is he also Apunian?" I asked in sincerity.

"Yes, my friend, or course. To the Earth very few times come other Extraterrestrial people who are not from Apu. For other civilizations the Earth is not so interesting, but it is for us because it is a part of Apu and the Terrestrials are our brothers."

The words of Ivanka sounded like friendly joke and made me smile.

"Shall we go into the ship or shall we sit out here?" She asked.

"As you like." I answered.

"Let us go inside then. I believe it is more positive there. We can observe on the screens if anything is of interest."

We went inside. The interior was identical to that of the ship seen before.

I sat in a big chair; she sat in another one in front of me.

"I don't believe that we will be, molested by your frank denunciation of the other night. Your action is absolutely normal." Ivanka said with a happy expression. This surprised me. I remained paralyzed. I felt fear and much embarrassment. What devils had advised them of my intention? How did they know? This was for me incomprehensible. "Perhaps the Sergeant is their accomplice," I thought. I was speechless. I couldn't answer anything. She understood my change and laughed in an outburst of amusement.

"Listen, my friend," She said, "Man, to get to the truth, progress, and knowledge, must work, study and practice. You have only tried to comply with the rules established by your society. If they had not been made, you would not have tried to comply with your own social rule, nor to discover our origin. The sincere effort to know the unknown, clear up the confusion, see the invisible and realize the imaginable, is the only road to knowledge. The evolution and progress of all civilization, is the result of a constant search of the unknown." Underlined Ivanka, making an amenable gesture to me.

"Who has contacted you that I tried to denounce you?"

"Please, leave off your thoughts on this. I have already explained our opinion in this case. Forget it! Who cares?"

"Very well, I will forget; but did you say the confusion was positive? Why do you not want to clarify what I am asking?"

"If you must know, look at that screen. It is going to show all." Indicated Ivanka smiling.

In that screen I saw Quispe and I parting from Pedro, just like it happened that night when the stranger accompanied us, illuminating the path with his halo

of diurnal light. Then followed all the events of my parting with Quispe, my entrance into my house, the meditation and analysis of the reasons that resulted in my denunciation, my conversation with the Sergeant and all the jokes that were made by the two guards upon my declaration, after which I had left the Commissariat. To disappear from that place had been the only way to acquit myself of my shame. I felt such embarrassment at having been accepted after that, that I would have thrown myself into any abyss to avoid looking at the face of Ivanka. She noticed my distress, came over to my side, and affectionately said:

“My friend, why are you punishing yourself so? You must understand that you have done nothing bad.”

In that moment I began to feel a recuperation of my animated state. Soon I came to see the advantage of my discussing with her the theme as if nothing of harm had been done.

“I am OK, Senorita.” I said decidedly, “I had intended to denounce you because I did not know who you really were nor what you wanted in that place. I denounced you that time, but nobody believed me, and it only provoked jokes by the people, because nobody there believed me.”

Ivanka released a laugh. After laughing a moment she looked at me and spoke to me comprehensively:

“My friend, you could shout to the whole world and speak of our presence, but nobody would believe you now and perhaps not for a very long time. But that is of no interest now. Nobody should accept our existence by persuasion. Please, never try to convince any person to believe that we exist or that we visit the Earth or any other planet.”

“I will not try that again.” I answered sincerely, because I remember the ironic sharpness with which the Sergeant reacted to my denuncification.”

There was a moment of silence. Ivanka paged a book of verse written by a Peruvian Poet. Zen observed the central figure in the Gate of the Sun at Tiajuanacu, sculptured in miniature by some artesiano of that place, copied faithfully from the enormous original sculpture placed at the entrance to the Grand Central that, they suppose, was for some ceremonial ritual. I was surprised to see those objects in his hands because, before the interruption of the conversation, I had not seen anything of the sort around him. Zen possibly understood my thought and put it under his chair where he pulled out a drawer of a material similar to velvet, the same which was full of miniature works of the South American Continent made at different times.

I wondered what else my chair could have in its double bottom, and it occurred to me to ask. Suddenly, from below, in the bottom of my seat came a drawer and in continuation another from the seat of Ivanka. The drawer in my

seat contained leaves of trees, chips of wood and petals of flowers, but that of Ivanka contained books, magazines and samples of textured fabric. It showed me that every chair was like a storage center composed of various boxes of different sizes. Ivanka, understanding my curiosity, was complacent and smiled. She wanted to tell me something but Zen spoke first.

“All our furniture and ships have double bottoms and walls to have space for disposition. Also the double walls are necessary to protect us from space phenomena.”

“Why are you carrying all of this when you can obtain and transport it by means of disintegration?” I asked in a lightly joking manner.

“There are many reasons for which we carry what you have seen. It is true that we can disintegrate and reintegrate matter to its smallest particle. Also we have come to attain immortality, almost annul time, travel in the highest velocities, and many other powers to correct the nature or negativity of things. But this is not all. Every instant of time is different in its form, duration and event. This is a law of nature with which it is related to days, years, work, the necessity of things, and the means to correct the negative and obtain the positive. What yesterday was, today is not, and tomorrow will be distinct or does not exist for us now. Nothing is identical and all has differences and transformations in every instant. Meanwhile the movement is a principle factor of existence.”

I felt bored by such philosophy asserted by the stranger, of which I understood almost nothing, for which I decided to ask something different to change the theme.

“Tell me, Zen,” I interrupted, “What is the cause that is motivating your visit to Earth?”

Ivanka smiled. I don't know if her smile was inspired by some phrase in the book that she paged, or for my question, but to me it did not matter. Zen showed an expression of joy and looking at me answered:

“In the Apunian it is congenital to protect the cells by whatever aid to the beings of the Universe, which is the essential cause of our visit. We could not exist without fulfilling this precept. We are visiting many places and we aid all that we find during the trip. The different frequency of our visits to certain places of the Earth is related to the greater or lesser amount of works that there are there to be done in each place, works for Apunians. These works date from anterior epochs and after the explosion of Apu.”

“It is certain that, as you say, we are able to see all that we desire in the screens of time, but when we are here, it is positive to make contact with our old works. Observe on the screen.” Ivanka said.

I turned my head and saw in the screen in front of me, an immense multitude of people in movement. Then there appeared some machines like globes, others flying plates, and others like airplanes of very small size. All were flying a few meters above the surface, dispensing from their interior a flow, like a vapor, but with a force sufficient to make obstacles disappear, such as rocks, boulders and shrubs; leaving the ground smooth and clean. Thus they obtained an immense field of hundreds of square kilometers cleaned off as if in a state ready for construction.

Then enormous stones worked to perfection and intelligently guided, fell like blocks of snow in those respective places of construction, according to the plans of the architects. And thus they constructed buildings and streets. I was surprised to see what enormous stones with a size similar to the walls of some houses of two stories, fell as slowly as if they were made of paper, and one person could guide several with only one hand or with simple gust of air. I thought again of hypnotic suggestion and closed my eyes so as not to continue seeing "lies" invented by who knows whom. Moments later a hand touched my right shoulder. I opened my eyes and saw Ivanka was observing me with attention.

"My Friend, continue believing what your mind imagines, but I must tell you that that is what you are really seeing. The stones that fall upon that pampa are degravitated and only have the weight necessary to prevent them from disappearing into space during the transport work. That is one of the methods employed by the Apunians in construction. We will accelerate the exposition in the screen only so that you can see the city constructed, and also its destruction. Watch the screen, please." She asked me courteously.

I looked in the screen to comply with her request, and saw an immense city constructed according to a rare architecture, in which I saw no right angles any place. Its design resembled a butterfly, and the forests that could be seen on its outskirts adorned its enchantment, making a surprising city.

"What did they call, or do they call this city?" I asked Ivanka.

"When they finished its construction they gave it the name Kutzak, because that was the name of the Apunian who directed the labor, a word that over the transcourse of time was changed to Qosgo or Cuzco, the actual name of the city today. That was one of the three most important cities and centers of disembarkation that were made by the Apunians during their second population of the Earth. In that city, Kutzak, the Apunians established the first actual Terrestrial chemical industry, and was one of the best of near space until the diluge flooded and destroyed it.

"Did you say Diluge?" I asked.

“Yes, my friend.” Responded Zen. “The egoism and ambitions originated the cataclysmic storms, so disastrous that they broke the equilibrium of the planet. Thus the equatorial line then occupied the place of a meridian and vice versa. As a consequence it destroyed the major constructions that the Earth had then, from which it was separated from Apu. Look at the screen.” He suggested and I obeyed.

I looked at that apparatus and saw that a tremendous and incredible atmospheric catastrophe shook the Terrestrial planet, and it was enveloped by roiling clouds. strange and indescriptive hurricanes, thunderclaps and cyclones of winds pushed the Earth as though it were a leaf, and when it ended, that turbulent destruction, the surface of the Earth was depopulated of plants, animals and humans. The poles had been converted to an equatorial position and that to a meridian line. The place where before had been an immense pampa with the impressive city of Kutzak, had been converted to crags and ravines of profound depths, covered with gigantic dispersed stones, coming from that fantastic construction that had been the pride of Earth. Only in three places can one see the considerable amount of ruins for which the observer can give account in that region where had existed an indescribable construction.

“What a most frightening account!” I then exclaimed spontaneously, and it made me think on that without knowing that it pertained to me. To believe or not to believe what I saw in that incomprehensible apparatus was my only problem in this moment.

“Yes, my friend, it was surprising and very negative. That event originated an irreparable retrogression in the advance of man, and a problem for us. It has been the cause also, of various phenomena that emerged and subsists even to today. The cause of that catastrophe destabilized a part of space, for which motive our flying cities have had difficulty for hundreds of thousands of yeas, in their voyages in the MilkyWay.

“Space is summarily complicated, full of mysteries and unknowns, and the unknowns abound at every step. These difficulties affect our visits to this Galaxy, but like in the present decades the Milky Way is displacing itself to some very positive zones of space, offering opportunities to visit all of its planets and systems; to which also is due our frequent visits and longer stays on the Terrestrial surface. It is not always so easy to approach to each Galaxy.” Underlined Zen.

“What happened to the other cities that were constructed in the second population?”

“Equal fortune was suffered by all. Of some remained parts not totally destroyed or not totally buried under all, Of others...nothing. But all were reached by the tempest. We knew that our visit would surprise the Terrestrials

as would be natural. The inhabitants of other planets also were surprised when they came into contact with us. Some saw us with tranquility, but the majority were frightened. Very few have understood that we are simple travelers, and that we are investigating the difficulties of space life, to inform us completely on what supports the beings of the populated planets.”

I was left with nothing to say. It is difficult to relax, to organize ones thoughts when at each glance one sees some thing unusual, surprising and incredibly rare. Every word of those strangers brought a surprising notice that alarmed me, and meanwhile I tried to recuperate the serenity with which I entered the ship of those companions of Ivanka whom I had not seen before. She stopped and presented them to me.

“This is Amin and that one is Dius,” she said for effect.

Dius extended his hand, and I did the same. The same was done with Amin. The two then sat down and began to tell me what they had been experiencing during the trip they flew on. Suddenly Dius extracted from his pocket a small cap made of the skin of a rabbit. I was surprised to see that article, and it made me wonder how he had obtained it and why he was interested in having it.

Ivanka understood my thought and looking attentively said:

“The beauty of Terrestrial life is distorted by its own inhabitants. Man, for being an intelligent and perfected entity, very little does he worry about facilitating life by using his knowledge to create and discover things without having to sacrifice other beings. On the contrary he believes he has the right to exploit and use for his own benefit all the beings that live here, including his similars. He raises the animals with care, as if they were sincere friends; then he submits them to sufferings. From them he uses their forces for work, his cunning for diversion. Their sufferings for some produces pleasure, and later he kills them to eat their flesh, and even prepares from their skin capricious gifts, without thinking that all those beings have an equal right to live, and that each one is sensible to pain, to maltreatment or to love.”

“In the Apunian society,” she continued, “it is different. There all those living beings are the owners of their existence until they terminate their cycle of life according to the laws of nature. For the Apunians the life of those other beings takes first place, and second that of themselves. The plants, the animals and the humans are a product of the same mother and all have an equal right to live out their cycle without suffering originated by others.”

“Then what do Apunians eat?” I asked in a jocular way, despite having witnessed on the screens the foods and alimentation of their society.”

“The Apunian alimentation is made up of concentrated compounds in their major part of minerals, seeds and fruits and vegetation.” Responded Amin.

“I showed you the last time, in the screen, the dining facilities and the rules to which I was submitted when I ate for the first time on Apu.” Interrupted Ivanka, reminding me of the scenes of their life, described previously. “The most negative aspect that the Terrestrial inhabitants practice, is to take the life of another being for alimentation or other things. Alimentations of this kind, together with the harsh solar rays, is one cause of the peculiar aggressiveness, the egotism, and an enormous chain of cellular destabilization of structures of your organism.”

“For what does that cap serve? Perhaps it is not sufficient what you know about us?” Asked Dius.

“In reality, my friend, for us there are no secrets in any part of the Universe, but we are accustomed to possess these objects made by means of an activity so negative, because they serve to show to the inhabitants of other planets which we help to overcome the negative. There are those who have forms of life similar to that of the Terrestrials, but we are trying with all commitment to form among those groups positives of persons whose cells contain less negative composition in their atoms, for which little by little they become more positive to the others.” Said Dius.

“This also serves for the same objective.” Interrupted Amin, showing me a couple of bullets for a rifle.

“Where did you get those?” I asked.

“In the surroundings of the city of Piura, where the soldiers carried out maneuvers during the last week.” He responded.

“You have returned to Apu since we saw you that last time?” I asked Ivanka, to change the theme.

“I, yes, I came back only yesterday; but they have come to Earth for the first time. We came together.”

“Do you like the Terrestrial life? What do you say? Is it getting better or continuing the same?” I asked.

“The fundamental, my friend, for the life of beings here on the Earth, and in any other part of the Universe, is the union, the work, the study and the PEACE. Without those factors, there is only sacrifices but not life. To obtain this essence that nourishes life, the Terrestrials must replace money, the aggression (for it), and the egotism, with other factors.”

“To eliminate Money!” I thought... releasing an outburst of laughter. They smiled also. I felt that their smiles were inspired by my incomprehension, ego and jocularism, which did not please me. I remembered the mockery of the Sergeant and his intent to overlook me.

“Pardon me. It is just that my form of thinking is different and, according to you all, I have a right to express my opinion.”

“We do not forget, my friend.” Answered the three almost together. Ivanka smiled and then looking at me said:

“You are progressing. Only the sincere try to correct themselves by recognizing their errors.” There was a small silence. I looked at my watch. It was nearly 18:00. I stood up with the intention of taking my leave of those strangers, to be able to get back to Huallanca before dark. The three “Apuianos” and Ivanka accompanied me to the door of the ship and I went outside. The Sun descended behind the mountain, leaving the snowy peaks until the following day.

Several shepherds could be seen in groups at some hundreds of meters distance, as if they waited for me to come out. I said good bye to them also, and taking a path which was, according to my opinion, the shortest possible, I headed out. As I did so, one of the campesinos followed me and reaching me, said:

“My friend, if you are going to Huallanca, we can go together because I also am going there.”

“Very well, my friend, let us go.” I responded, since I felt fatigue and felt a desire to talk to a legitimate Terrestrial.

“Then let us go there, because that path that you have selected is much longer. To go to the right will make it too long.”

“Let us go where you like, but, please, hurry. I have haste. What do you think of those visitors? They talked a long time.”

“Yes. Too long.” He responded courteously.

“They are good people. They know many things and are quite sensitive,” I said with the accent of that place.

“What is your name?” I asked

“Manuel.” He responded.

“Do you know, Manuel, I have wondered why, and from where come these ‘good people’, to this place so rugged and alone. For what reason? Do you know of what nationality they are?” I asked to sound out his opinion.

“How? They have not said that they are extraterrestrials?”

“Yes, but to whom do they pretend to engage with this story?”

“It is no story, senor. They say to the whole world that they are extraterrestrials, who come from the planet Apu, located outside of our constellation. They are very good people and can make whatever they desire to happen.”

I understood that Manuel thought like his other neighbors, and to see me frustrated in my intent to obtain true information, verified, according to my opinion, about the identity of those visitors.

I stopped talking. We spoke of nothing more until we parted in the city of Huallanca.

As was my custom, with nobody I could talk to about those rarities, I incorporated them into my shift at work, which that day began at 20:00 hours.

Despite the surprises, jokes, doubts and very little in what I was experiencing, my desire to continue searching to discover who those foreigners were was faithful to my decision taken from the beginning.

Based on those declarations of the shepherds, of the campesinos, and of the workers who at times accompanied me, the only thing that I could assure myself of was that at times when I was accompanied, the only thing I could be assured of, was the presence of those strangers for real, but whether they were Terrestrials or Extraterrestrials and what was the reason for their visit, remained to be ascertained. But despite all, I began to meditate on the comportment of those foreigners in relation to my denuncification against them. If those beings had been inhabitants of Earth, whatever was the motive for their visit, they would certainly have been offended by my accusations against them to the Police, for which they would make an investigation. This would irritate any Terrestrial.

But they felt indifferent to my efforts. On the contrary my denuncement had provoked such amusement as if in its place I had brought a bouquet of flowers. In their opinion I had only tried to discover the truth about them, and this caused admiration. I came to the conclusion that no Earth person would have reacted in such a manner, that it ended in tranquility and acceptance of my threatening actions, which could only be accepted by very positive beings, of extraordinary powers to know the very thoughts of others, and with an elevated concept of LOVE, Work and Study.

For the first time I took seriously the possibility that those visitors could really be inhabitants of a distant planet in which there was no egotism, fear, aggressivity, nor malintent, and I felt repentant for those actions that I had taken against them up to this moment.

MEGALITHIC RUINS FROM PAST APUNIAN CONSTRUCTIONS

The remains of the ancient Apunian City of KUTZAK was later known as QOSGE and finally CUZCO or CUSCO as it is called today. What is known today as the great Inca fortress at SACSAYHUAMAN typifies the style and old method of construction of those ancient buildings by the Apunianos when they were here. Wherever these “fitted” blocks of stone are found they represent some work of the ancient Apuianos when they were here.

The remains of the temple city of Machu Picchu, then and still is constructed on the top of a steep mountain, and made up of the famous “fitted stones”, that even the most modern equipment in the world today would find difficult to erect into place up there on that peak, is another example of the old Apunian architecture and construction.

The following color photograph shows the famous stones of Sacsayhuaman as they are seen today. In no place in Inca history is the foundation and construction of this great fortress fully accounted for. It seems that they have always been there. Do the Apunians have the answer?

The second color photograph shows the remains of the sacred city of Machu Picchu, also constructed of the same kind of “fitted stones” of immense weight high up a steep narrow path on the side of a mountain. A seemingly impossible feat to accomplish even today.





Sunday, 21 August 1960

Several weeks had passed since my last meeting with Ivanka, when we had watched in the viewing screen of time, the graphic display apparatus, the construction of the city of Cuzco, and the disaster originated by the storms, so irresponsibly provoked by the egotistical instincts of man, of negative quality by the inhabitants of Earth. The origin of all that continued in the maltreatment of humanity and impeded the union, and the evolution of love among the beings.

To continue these encounters with those foreigners, I would have to familiarize myself with their beginnings, the life on their planet and in the Universe, and until then I could only begin to give credit to certain affirmations of theirs, which coincided with some happenings that occurred on the Earth in different epochs before.

And despite my not being sure whether they were Terrestrials of Extraterrestrials, I did know with what class of people I was dealing. Their mode of wanting and respecting their similars and all other beings, originated in me the smallest certainty that they were not doing any harm to anybody, and that I did not intend to persuade or want to change what they believed was their origins.

During the month of July and the first half of August, I had had five encounters with them, but in none of those did I see Ivanka. I had become accustomed to conversing with her and, whether joking or serious, she was more confidant than her companions. One of the things that most disturbed me was the uncertainty with respect to the existence and location of the ruins buried in the snowfields of Champara. My intention was to see that mysterious and gigantic construction with my own eyes, without patronizing me with scenes, projections nor unknown dimensions that raised more disconfidance than certainty.

This uneasiness impelled me to realize my exploration that Sunday of 21 August 1960, on the outskirts of the snowfields of Champara. The day before I had conversed on this business with my friend, Quispe. We decided to leave in the first hours of the morning, to remain for the longest time possible there in the mountains. We left before dawn and headed for the heights of the right bank of the Rio Kitaraqsa.

As always, we never expected to meet those foreigners again, and for that reason we did not comment on that business.

As the sun came up we found ourselves on a plateau at more than 3,000 meters above sea level. We sat down on a pinnacle rock to rest, observing the surroundings with the glasses that Quispe had borrowed from a friend.

"Take the binoculars," said my companion, handing them toward me.

"You use them, thanks." I answered, since I felt quite tired because the climb had been long and fatiguing, and our plan was to find ourselves in the heights at sunrise. He sat down at my side and began to observe.

"There are our friends!" exclaimed Quispe suddenly.

"To whom do you refer?" I asked, because I was not sure whether he was speaking of the shepherds or of those foreign visitors.

"They are those that you call 'foreigners', and they are landing in a small airplane, very brilliant. Do you want to see?"

"I am not interested, you keep looking, and when they land we will go to see them." I replied and looked casually toward the end of that plateau, where I saw a ship parked on the ground.

"They just landed, senor!" Exclaimed my companion.

"Yes, Quispe, I see them. Let us go visit them. What do you think?"

"Let's go, senor, I am ready." He responded as he put the binoculars back in his bag. I picked up my leather bag and we left.

When we got near to machine, its doorway was already open. A woman and a man came out of the ship. The man I had never seen before, but I recognized the woman. It was Ivanka. I felt strong desires to speak to her again and I walked toward them.

"Hola, my friend, 'All for Others', she said upon seeing me, and she extended her hand.

"Hola countryman," I responded jokingly. She smiled. She touched me on the shoulder as if patronizing my comportment and then said:

"I would like to present you to a new friend of mine who is accompanying me this time. He is called Zay."

"With much pleasure." I said courteously and extended my hand. He did the same, pronouncing his name.

"This is an Apunian who has lived on Earth at various times as a terrestrial relating to those Earth persons then."

"Perhaps he was Jesus Christ?" Quispe asked in surprise.

"He lived then, my friend." Responded Ivanka.

Her response struck me so rare that I mockingly released a loud laugh. Quispe began to annoy him.

"What a thing! To be seen today on the screens of time, standing at the side of our Senor Jesus Christ", he thought ironically.

“Is he sincere, my friend?” Zay said to me, and taking my arm we approached the ship. In this one the escalator came down and we stepped on and began to go up. Ivanka stepped on first, then Zay and Quispe and finally I, following them.

We entered the ship and sat down, Zay on a big chair to my right; Ivanka in front of me and Quispe at her side.

“I understand your uneasiness, as our encounters are always casual, and for that reason surprising. Try to support this with tranquility to make it more positive,” Zay said to me courteously. “Five hundred million terrestrial years have passed since the space phenomena had made it difficult for the Apunians to frequently visit the Earth. Recently, at the beginning of this century, the Galaxy to which Earth appertains has entered a positive zone, favorable for the navigation of our ships and Flying Cities. Many problems of the Terrestrial life could have been avoided if it had been possible to come here without difficulty. One of the motives for our actual frequent visits is to positivize the minds of men to meditate and solve their problems with reason and not with war. With much difficulty I have come to the Earth in diverse times since the deluge, to collaborate with the Terrestrials.” Said Zay.

“How many times have you lived on Earth with Earth names?” I asked.

“Five hundred and four, my friend.” He responded. And he began to tell me the history of some...

While the Apurnian narrated some other episodes of his living among Terrestrials, I began to experience an unexplainable relief. I did not know to what I could attribute that strange manifestation, but I did not feel any changes or surprises, and those strangers seemed as natural as if I had lived among them all my life. In the prior opportunities, when I met them in their starships, the only enjoyable sensation was the feeling of my cells in degravity, but now all that I saw and heard resulted in an unexplainable contentment. But despite all, that good feeling did not neutralize completely the impression that those foreigners had not hypnotized me to soften my reticent attitude toward their activities. I tried to reinforce my rebellious anterior but got no result. My cynicism continued happy and enjoying this as never before.

I looked at Quispe with the intention of asking him if he also felt this way. He understood my look and before I could speak, he said:

“This is something extraordinary, Senor, never have I felt this way.”

From his answer I suspected that we had been hypnotized in some manner, and began to change my opinion. Some minutes later this idea no longer came to mind and I felt as if I was among friends from childhood. I smiled and paid attention to the screen that projected the life of the Apunian Zay on Earth, living according to it then.

It was projecting particular details of his childhood, and was showing a scene in which he found himself among children of his neighborhood threading on a string some dry leaves of trees to make a weaving that formed a square of several centimeters size. Then he tied to one of the ends a long string, took the end of this line between his fingers and began to run. This made the square (mat) of those leaves rise from the ground, like a little comet and fly, which caused the admiration of all the observers. To me, it brought a chuckle.

“That was one of the demonstrations with which he sought to inspire ideas in man, with the objective of thinking on the construction of flying machines.” Said Zay, looking at me.

“For hundreds of thousands of years the space phenomena persisted, scarcely permitting them to come to the Earth at times, because, ‘In this Galaxy are found noxious zones for cells during the interruptions’. The cosmic abnormalities influenced so much upon man that he fell into a retrogression of development for millions of years. He urged, thus, to wait to the smallest of his cells, so that man could begin to evolve again and recuperate his retarded faculties and powers temporarily deactivated. To these small intentions, like what we had just seen, was due the results of the technification and future of the Terrestrial society.” Said Zay.

“Nevertheless we have not obtained much positive advance.” I interrupted.

“You have progressed plenty, My friend. Man, in these last centuries, has achieved a most admirable scientific advancement. The terrestrials are decomposing the atom and thus they approach the ‘minimus’, the principle factor of existence. You are flying machines and those that travel over and under the water. You have industries that produce positive vitamins, which you call ‘medicines’, with which you fortify the cells to a certain extent, and are beginning to construct machines for special space flight similar to ours.”

“Perhaps you are going to tell me that those men are constructing flying saucers, like those you have?” I said.

“Like ours, exactly? No, but very similar, yes. This is the most recent discovery by the Terrestrials, but this is not divulged publicly, and also these machines still lack the perfection of many details. Observe in the screen and it will tell you more.” Suggested Zay amebly.

I looked at the viewing screen and saw something unusual. It showed a place on Earth, with trees and meadows, where I could see gigantic arsenals and dozens of vehicles in the form of saucers, similar to those I had seen in my previous encounters with these foreigners.

Some were completed. Others in fabrication, and some number of saucers were being given test flights by pilots, zig-zagging among the ravines and mountains, woods and fields. Those machines were of a form and color

identical to those ships that I had seen in my first two encounters with these foreigners – flying discs, and they flew at considerable velocities, but their illumination and zig-zagging flight was very inferior.

This spectacle surprised me. In my thoughts I had come to the conclusion that these strange visitors, could be spies of that part of the Earth, where I had just seen that rare industry. I sat in silence. My alteration by surprise was so great that all of this seemed to me to be an ironic nightmare. Zay interrupted my thought and putting his hand on my shoulder said:

“Don’t be worried, my friend, those men have initiated new epochs, and for that we are here. There exists the possibility that within a few centuries, the Terrestrials and the Apuianos will become like one family.”

“Did you say that those vehicles in the form of discs fabricated by Terrestrials, are inferior to those of the Apuianos in velocity? Can you tell me of other differences?” I asked in curiosity.

“Yes, why not? The velocity of the machines fabricated by Terrestrials is scarcely some dozens of times the speed of sound, while those of the Apuianos fly at millions of kilometers per second. Those machines made by men still do not dominate gravity, and they leave impressions where they land. Also they do not have screens of time, nor any apparatus for the disintegration and reintegration of matter, nor positive illumination, nor other indispensable complements for intergalactic voyages and their perfections. But all these deficiencies will be overcome by man in the near future. And if you decide sincerely to practice PEACE and fraternization, to dedicate yourselves to complete the study and work, you will achieve it soon. Observe the progress of the future.” He said.

“Look there, for example.” said Zay, indicating the screen. “Look there and see an event no less surprising at first. Those men in your machines fly to your Moon and land on its surface.* (This was written before the Moon landing.) In continuation, see the ‘Flying Cities’, controlled by men to explore space and visit the populations of other planets and galaxies. See the struggle of classes on Earth, the disorganization of work and study caused by the negativity of money, and also see how new organization of the social structure of Earth, will put an end to the suffering and convert it to positive benefit throughout the union, equality and harmony among all beings. The difficult Terrestrial life will transformed suddenly to one powerful generator that illuminates with knowledge, our galaxy and all the universe.” Said Zay.

While before my eyes paraded these scenes, both positive and negative, of the future of all the inhabitants of Earth, wars and advances spring forth among men with ideas and creative works favorable to the well being of life, and for

that will cease assassinations and feelings of anguish, and all that without the power to give credit to that which you have just seen.”

I sighed and asked him:

“Will the day come when those humans will be friends to one another?”

“I assure you it will come. Delayed perhaps, by struggles and difficulties, but the union and the love of those beings can one day put an end to all disunion and disintegration.” Said Zay.

Quispe sighed. Ivanka looked at him and said:

“I hope you are not frightened by what you have seen, and if you have no fear we will continue seeing more events now in this zone,” She emphasized as she looked at me fixedly:

“It does not frighten me, my friend, nor is it important that I am a foreigner here; I would like to know the future of this region because I like it as if it were my native land.” I begged her.

“Then there you have it.” Motioned Ivanka.

Suddenly in the screen there appeared the zone of the callehon of Huaylas. Then the Rio Santa showed its mysterious cuenca (basin) with the 160 lagunas jealously protected by the snowy peaks of the Cordillera Blanca. It continued with a parade of cataclysms that had been bourne by this zone in the past, from the explosion of the planet Apu.

After making us see the past catastrophies, the screen of time showed us the alterations that that region will suffer in the future. An avalanche originated by the loosening of the glacial cap on mount Huascaran crept over the town of Ranrahira. In continuation, there then appeared another gigantic avalanche of mud from the snowfields of Huascaran, which, surrounded by the earth it sheltered and a slightly raised temperature, originated a huge mudslide which dragged along huge boulders, trees and rocks, full of mud and dirt, and buried in its path the whole town of Yungay with all its inhabitants of thousands of people.* After that in the screen of time emerged something very surprising. An earthquake shook the Cordillera Blanca. The snowslides moved on a grand scale, and the waters of the lakes were disgorged, originating terrific floods that flowed over the whole territory. A sad and desperate panorama replaced the beautiful landscapes of the towns and cities of the Andes.

In the places where there had been plazas, parks and natural beauties, majestic works of the Inca civilizations and European influence, one could now see only rocks and ravines that were frightening. That scene horrified me. I looked at Zay and asked in consternation:

“Can we avoid these catastrophes?”

“Yes, with a sincere decision of mankind you can achieve the prevention of these and other cataclysms.”

“How?” I asked.

Zay remained pensive for some moments, then responded.

“By organizing an evacuation of all the cities and villages that are found in those regions. Then you would have to fuse the snowfields with chemical products, or bomb them, and after that, when the danger is over, to reinforce the borders of the lakes there and populate the zone all over again. I know that that is a very laborious, but also is the only way of avoiding the catastrophe, which will eventually happen, and then to offer the possibility of reinstalling future life in this region for thousands of years.”

“Can you impede this destruction?”

“If we were here when it began to occur, yes, at least we could impede it sometimes in some places, but if we would be in some other place in space it would not be within our reach. The obstacles to the existence of life in all parts of the Universe continue.” Said Zay.

“They, like all things, are a product of chance. Suddenly they emerge, manifest, act and transform. But to us, who are supporting the negativity, we must know scientifically how to correct this. The planet Apu also has suffered an innumerable amount of damage caused by natural phenomena, and we would continue suffering still, if we were not forced to investigate and find solutions. On Apu we have a group of scientists that are dedicated to study, to know, and to correct the negative phenomena which affect one or another mode of life in this Galaxy. To protect the life we are obligated to a permanent vigilance and to also undertake special work, such as to disinfect space, control the atmospheric manifestations and illumination, and to regenerate species by means of the fecundation of cells obtained by chemical synthesis.”

“What is signified by ‘regeneration of species’, my friend?” I asked of Zay out of curiosity.

“The Galaxies, during their voyages through space, pass through negative zones that attack the cells in different forms. The consequences begin to manifest themselves later with different decadences both physical and psychical, that later in time influence the genetic makeup which is problematical to correct.”

“How is this difficulty resolved then?”

“I would be happy to respond to that, my friend,” Answered Zay, “He that asks the question has the interest to know, and that is a positive quality.” He stressed, and then he continued:

“The only way to correct this phenomenon is the artificial production of beings.”

“How do they achieve that?”

“The Apunian society practices just two manners of procreation: One by coitus, on the Earth considered an individual pleasure; and the other is by artificial procedures in a laboratory.* In both forms the procreation is most sacred for all Apunians because it is a cellular creation. Keep watching the screen, my friend.” Continued Zay.

I obeyed and in that scene appeared a laboratory equipped with some apparatus unknown to me. A man of presentable aspect manipulated instruments and mixed ingredients in a container of a material similar to sponge, that took the form of a big kidney positioned horizontally, and then he deposited it in another apparatus with transparent walls.

“What is that artifact for?” I suddenly said.

“It is the machine conditioned for the gestation of the future babies.” Responded Zay. “That apparatus is densely impregnated with positive ions and is much more effective for perfect development of the fetus than in the uterus.”

“Look, senor!” Exclaimed Quispe suddenly, indicating the screen. I obeyed and saw that the operator of that laboratory extracted from that rare container, a beautiful baby. It continued presenting images as men and women began to enter the laboratory. They began giving affectionate greetings with smiles and kisses, and other demonstrations of love and caring to the new citizen.

“What a custom of receiving the recently born!” I meditated in silence.

“That is how we receive the children when they are born, by either method.” Said Zay in response to my thought. “On Apu it is considered a child of all, equally.”

“You are referring to those that are born from artificial procreation?” I asked.

“To all. The form of procreation has no influence in this sentiment.” He responded.

“Is it that there is no paternal love there?” I asked with emphasis.

“Yes there is, my friend, it exists in great intensity. Every Apunian, woman or man, desires and cherishes with identical love and affection for any child, because it is the most tender citizen of the society, and from that springs the impartial affection.”

I thought of my own daughter. Despite all, the feeling of affection for others is the supreme quality of those beings, and that custom I liked. Zay interpreted my thoughts, smiled, and looking at me said:

“You have the right opinion according to the inspiration that activates your cells, my friend, but this IS the most positive manner; to want for all beings as for ourselves, is the mission for which we were born.” He affirmed.

The words of Zay suddenly softened my discontent and I began to admit that I liked the rare custom of those foreigners over children and life. ‘He who is

capable of imparting love to those other children as for his own is completing a noble mission for which he was born.' I thought, remembering the words of Zay.

Meanwhile, the sun had advanced toward that point, bringing an end to that day in whose transcourse I had seen such rare events that in me created diverse states of animus, and I began to meditate on every one of them., and came to the conclusion that those visitors had hypnotized us to play with our minds. It was impossible thus, to admit consciously in the year of 1960 that man would land on the Moon, that he was constructing flying discs, that in the next ten years certain men of that time, who were only simple citizens, would become positive guides for their people, and that for this they would die tragically. I could not believe that the snow of Huascaran would cause a mudslide so big as to overflow the heights and drag all to the city of Yungay in seconds. Who could believe such thoughts, impossible at those moments.

I was invaded by a sensation of surprise, and despite all, I thought that if I had the ability I would write an account of all of that in the form of a book, as if I was remembering it from a dream.

Zay smiled and in a soft voice said to me:

"My friend, be assured that if you sincerely desire, you can write books and chronicles. "

I released a guffaw. That affirmation seemed to me as impossible as the events themselves. For me it was acutely difficult even to write a letter to my family, so much so that I seldom got it done. So how could I believe that I would ever be able to write a book? I laughed again. Quispe looked at me angrily. My comportment did not seem correct to him and he suggested that I curb my conduct. I broke out in laughter again.

I looked at my watch to discover that it was 18:30 hours. I stood up to leave for return to Huallanca. Then Quispe followed. We said our goodbyes and left.

On the way back I did not talk to Quispe about anything. The scenes that I had just witnessed in the screen of time so moved me that I had no interest in talking.

When I said goodbye to Quispe, I felt an urge to buy a pencil and notebook of 200 pages. As night fell I began to write down some data on the scenes that I had viewed in the screen. My wife came over to me and believing I was making notes on my work, which I was accustomed to do, suggested that I get some rest.

"Do you know, Mila?" I said, "This time this is not about my work."

"Then, what are you making?"

"I am going to write a book and this is the beginning." I said.

She began to laugh as if it was a joke, and then we both laughed together for a time. I did not tell her anything of what I had experienced, but I felt an inexplicable impulse to write.

The following day I meditated on the destiny of the Callejon de Hualliyas, and decided to travel to the proximity of the city of Yungay, some dozens of kilometers away, to tell the Judge of the town what I had seen in the viewing screen.

I waited until Tuesday, 25 August of 1960, which was my day off at work, and I got ready early and went. I got to the city of Yungay before mid-day. I went directly to the Comissariat to inquire about the location of a Judge, for which I wanted to be shown the direction to the office of the Judge, because I thought that this was the only personality who could oblige all the citizens to take measures against the catastrophe that I had seen in the screen.

A Corporal received me attentively. After inviting me to enter, he asked: "How can we serve you, Senor?"

"I need to be directed to a Judge. Do you know one?"

"Yes, sir." Responded the Corporal. Standing in the door of the Comissariat he extended his hand and said:

"There, on that street, by the hotel, is the office of Judge Osorio. He can attend to you. He is a very educated Judge. Also they say that he has many friends as Judges in the Palacio de Justice in Lima. I am sure he can resolve any case without difficulty."

"Thanks, my friend." I answered the Corporal and I headed toward the place indicated. The Sun was at zenith and the houses cast no shadows in the streets. The women were returning from the Mercado with basketsful of greens as they waited to begin the preparation of lunch. Children ran about the streets playing with the dogs that pursued them, and in the Plaza a group of youths and men were gathered in a circle around a young woman violinist who played some songs vernacular to the place.

There above, on the skirts of the imposing Huanday, I heard the ballads of the sheep, accompanied by the sharp sound of one "guena" that some shepherd played to amuse himself. And while I admired the natural beauties of that place composed of flowered gardens, seeded fields, parks and sculptures, I found myself in front of the office of Judge Osorio. The door was open and I entered without knocking. In front were two desks of wood, four chairs, and one man seated behind one of the desks in front of the entrance door.

On the wall hung various diplomas of study and an image of Jesus Christ. The man who was seated paged through a voluminous book of heavy binding, and once in a while made annotations on its pages. When I entered he raised his head and as if my presence was not important, said:

“Come in and take a seat.”

I obeyed and sat down in front of him. After some minutes he raised his head, looked at me demonstrating much weariness of little gain, and asked me:

“What do you want?”

“Pardon me Senor, I would like to speak to Judge Osorio.” I answered.

“I am Judge Osorio. What do you want?”

I began to tell him about what I had seen in the viewing screen of the device. At first the Judge paid little attention to my account, but later he stopped paging through his book and began to become nervous as if some fierce savage had come into his office. He remained attentive until I finished. I understood that my presence had interrupted his work and inconvenienced him. He understood my worry. He showed a little concern as he looked me in the eye, and then in a soft tone he said:

“Listen, my friend, between the snowfields of Huascarán and the city of Yungay is a peak whose height is some hundreds of meters higher, and between the peak and Mt. Huascarán is an extensive ravine. If one fifth of Huascarán came down in mud, rocks and snow, it would not pass the ravine, and much less overflow the lower peak to demolish the city of Yungay. My advice to you is that you get some rest this afternoon and tomorrow come back and we will see what we can do.” He smiled.

In the expression of the Judge I could see a humorous respect and understood that he considered me a little drunk. I did not want to insist any more, and I stood up and left.

Despite my need to return to Huallanca, I remained in Yungay overnight to try again the following day, to explain to the Judge the tremendous destruction that the region could suffer in the future.

When morning came I got up and went back to the office of the Judge. He received me personally and with a happier demeanor said:

“Yesterday you came to my office to tell me of a disaster that happened to the city of Yungay. I don’t know today if you remember it.” He said laughing.

“What I told you yesterday I will never forget, and I came to tell you again, Judge Osorio. Think on it! Suppose that all that I told you could happen. In this city live thousands of people, and all could die. Do what you can to save their lives, Please!” I implored.

He looked at me in surprise, was quiet for a moment, then picked up his pencil and began tapping it lightly and said:

“Senor Vitch, or whatever your name, have you talked to any psychiatrist about this destruction of Yungay that could happen?”

“No, Senor Judge.” I responded, understanding his intention.

“I advise you that you go in these days to see one. I know several good doctors. Sometimes it is difficult to talk to them. It will help you much, because you possess an ample knowledge of these things.”

The expression of that Judge gave me to understand that he was humored by my explanations, and also that he considered me mentally unbalanced. I did not try to persuade him any more.

At that moment, in my mind again appeared the terrible scene of disaster that I had seen in the viewing screen some days before. The avalanche of all, boulders, dirt and trees dragged in its churning mixture over children, women and men, covering them completely. The desperate shouts for help bursting in my ears terrifically. Nothing can so move the human heart as to see your neighbor in such misfortune and not be able to help. I felt exasperation. I wanted to weep. To me there was nothing to be gained by insulting that man who with justifiable reason, would not take my case seriously. I gritted my teeth and clenched my fists in ire, and so as not to provoke a scandal, I tried to control my nerves. Upon giving me to understand that my story was considered a product of a disturbed mind, and that nobody believed it at all, I stood up, and before leaving the Judge said:

“I hope there will be no reason for me to remember the suggestions of this crazy loco. And I hope that nothing happens, but I fear that it is inevitable.”

I begged him to excuse me for molesting him and started to leave:

“Goodbye, and go well. Don’t forget to go to a psychiatrist. This I seriously recommend, my friend.”

“I will remember, Senor. Thanks.” I said and left.

I walked to an agency for trips that transported passengers from Yungay to other cities of the Callejon de Huaylas. I bought a passage to Huallanca and at 10:00 we departed. On the road I began to cry.

The wheels of the vehicle that carried us sunk in the ruts full of water and the splashes muddied the windshield, for which we were obliged to stop repeatedly to clean it up.

When we got to the town of Caraz, the driver told us that he would interrupt the trip for a short time to fill up the tanks of water and gasoline. He stopped in front of a restaurant at the entrance to the Plaza de Armas.

“You have fifteen minutes at your disposition, if anyone wants to get out.” He said ameably.

We all got out. I felt tired and distressed with grief. I went into the restaurant to get a drink. When I got to the door I stopped to observe the interior. Most of the tables were already occupied, but at the foot of the bar, beside the counter, there was a table occupied by only two people, a man and a woman. I walked toward them. As I got near they both stood up. I was

surprised by such courtesy, and I looked at their faces to thank them for the friendly gesture. And then I suffered an indescribable surprise! They were those foreigners, Zay and Ivanka!

They were dressed in clothes typical of that place, including the heavy leggings. Ivanka extended her hand, and Zay also, and invited me to sit with them. I quickly accepted.

For a moment there I thought my mind had suffered a serious shock, psychically, and began to feel afraid. Perhaps I had seen some uncontrolled manifestation, I thought. When the waiter arrived at that moment carrying a tray with three drinks, I suddenly realized that his was a reality that I was seeing, and that calmed me down.

“We know that you have suffered a caustic ridicule. How do you feel now?” Asked Zay.

“The jokes were not very agreeable, but when it is for the good of another, we accept it with glee,” Said Ivanka

Meanwhile my thoughts continued affirming that those strangers were spies of some Terrestrial nation.

“To suffer for others is the supreme work, and the reason for our existence.” Said Zay, confirming my thoughts while filling his glass.

At that the order by the chauffeur to take our seats again interrupted the conversation. I stood up and said goodbye to Ivanak and Zay, and went out to the transportation.

‘Who are those strangers and what are they looking for in the Callejon of the Huayalas?’ I thought to myself.

Once more that question without answer occupied my thoughts during the rest of the trip.

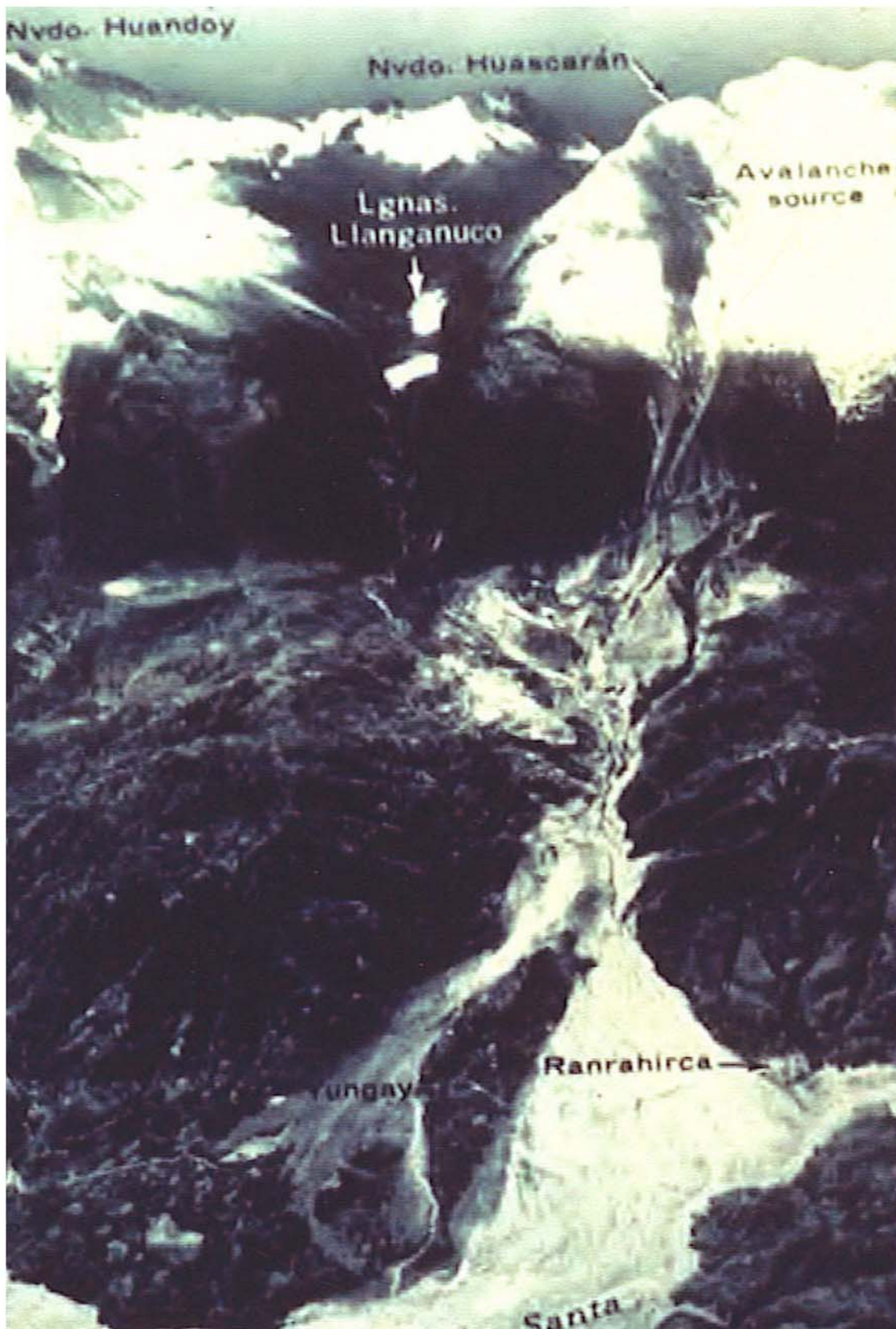
THE FORSEEN DISASTER OCCURRS ON 31 MAY 1970

At 15:23 on 31 May 1970, a unbelievable earthquake registering 7.75 on the Richter Scale caused a mudslide 3,000 feet wide and one mile long to slide down the slopes of Mount Huascaran, Peru, completely inundating the towns of Ranrahirca and the city of Yungay, instantly killing 18,000 residents. The total fatalities from the earthquake and debris flow exceeded 66,000. The avalanche swept about 11 miles to the village of Yungay at an average speed of more than 100 miles per hour. The fast moving mass picked up glacial deposits and of ice, rock and mud estimated to exceed 80 million cubic yards. This official photograph was made by the Servicio Aerofotografico Nacional two weeks later on 13 June 1970.

Color photographs of the city of Yungay afterward are also furnished here. One can see that not much remains of that once proud provincial city. More information can be obtained by keying up 'Yungay, Peru' in the Internet.

The next picture shows the site of the city of Yungay several years after the disastrous slide.

And the next picture after that shows the city again more years later after a great mass memorial has been constructed on the site.







SATURDAY, 3 SEPTEMBER 1960

That day dawned with rain. The dense nebulosities covered the peaks of the snowfields, seeming like they had swallowed them. In the transcourse of the week just past, at work I had come into contact with a youth names Velasco, coming from the town of San Luis de Huari, located on the opposite side of the Cordillera Blanca in relation to the Callejon de Huaylas. He was a good worker and at times sought to talk to me about the visit of those extraterrestrials to Earth.

I had never told him about my experiences with them, as it was apparently better to leave those themes completely alone,

But he asked to come to me on Saturday, to take together a walk in the mountains. Despite the threatening overcast and the strong possibility of rain, Velasco arrived early at my house to do as we had agreed.

I discovered that the youth had such strong desires to scale the heights, that he might have an encounter with those “foreigners”, that I did not want to interrupt his enthusiasm to climb the mountains that day. I prepared to keep from getting wet and we departed. At the suggestion of Velasco we walked through the region between the rivers Cedros and Kitaraqsa, toward the heights of Millwagocha.

When we began to ascend the peaks the atmosphere commenced to clear up. Very soon the dark storm clouds disappeared and were replaced by fleecy “mackerel” clouds. With that change of atmosphere our walk improved decidedly, because we felt no pressure and there was no longer any rain,

When we had walked several hours, we came upon a pampa located at the beginning of the right bank of the ravine of the Cedros. Suddenly a fox jumped from the brush, ran some hundred meters and stopped upon a rock. He looked at us as if in greeting, then turned and ran on.

“Adios, my friend,” I said laughing, and I saluted him with a wave of the hand. Velasco smiled.

“Seems you like the animals, Senor?”

“To me all beings have an equal right to life and deserve to be respected, according to their kind. I know that all that live within our solar system are aggressive, since the Sun itself contributes to this negativity. But that does not deprive the animal of the right to be respected as an entity that must complete its cycle of life without segregation nor the contempt of others.”

“You speak rarely, Senor.” Said Velasco, looking at me in surprise.

“What is rare in thinking that those beings are products of the same Source, and that they have equal right to life?”

I asked this to verify whether this opinion was a product of his own thought, or if he had learned it from someone else.

“Clearly, it is strange for us to accept that the animals have an equal right to life, as humans. Very few persons think thus. You talk like those extraterrestrials. Only from them have I heard such things. Man is an exterminator of the animals, for which they fear him.”

From the conversation with Velasco, I inferred that he also had had contact with those foreigners, and that they had inserted in his head such thoughts, for us little admissible and opposed to the teachings that all animals were created for the benefit of man.

While I meditated on the mysteries of life and the Universe, I saw that one of the airships of those visitors was descending vertically from space at a distance of a few hundred meters. This was a model unknown to me before. It took the form of a clover leaf, and for not having seen it before, I was impressed.

Velasco noticed my change, and with all tranquility he began to laugh.

“Why such laughter?” I asked him.

“You are frightened by everything, Senor. Those are friends. To be sure, they come from far away, but they are good. They like all beings equally. Let us go and verify that what I am telling you is true.”

“Let’s go then.” I said, already walking.

After passing between some sharp outcrops of stone, we came up to near the apparatus. Its door was already open. On the ground in front of it were seated three foreigners. Upon getting closer we discovered that they were women. During my previous encounters the only foreign woman I had seen was Ivanka. Now, upon seeing that those occupants of this ship were women, I was surprised. I looked around the ship to see if there were any male foreigners aboard, supposing that one would be chief of the crew. Velasco was already with the women.

“Come here, Senor,” He said, making a signal with his hand. “They are friends. I have seen them before.”

I approached. One of the women greeted me and extended her hand,

“My name is Key,” She said.

I did the same and told her my name.

“These are our friends, Venis and Lun,” Key said amiably. We sat down on the rocks there.

“Were you surprised to find this ship operated by women? This would be natural with Terrestrial inhabitants, because the woman still occupies a second place in society. On the planet Apu, between the woman and the man, the man

is different only anatomically. All of the other powers and rights are identical for the man and the woman, because the life and the reproduction applies to both equally.”

It was difficult for me to admit that affirmation, despite that during the second world war I had become convinced of the capacity, intelligence and force that woman possess to confront and solve difficulties, as she had just explained to me and the strangeness surprised me. Since the formation of our society, women have been subordinated by men in the Army and our facilities. This creates in he an inferiority complex that it is imperative to eliminate by means of educational practices, I thought.

Key captured my thought and smiling, said:

“What you are thinking is correct. From that time of the Apunian intervention to aid the development of Terrestrial life, man, influenced by various diverse phenomena that summarizes the effect of the negative part of the solar rays, became egotistical and aggressive; began to think of the female as inferior, created especially for giving him individual pleasure in creating children. Thus the discrimination, limiting her participation in study and work. I remember how my father struck my mother twice each day, only to comply with the custom of the place, and without her having committed any error in her personal comportment.” Key said.

“How? Are you telling me that the Apunians also strike their women?” I asked in surprise.

“No, my friend, on Apu there is no aggression nor fights of any kind. There, all people, animals, plants, etc., live in perfect harmony, and all feel another’s pain as if it were their own. I was speaking of the Terrestrial life, because I was born and lived on Earth twenty one times.” Said Key.

The answer by Key surprised me, because I thought she was humoring me, and I became irritated.

“Where were you born?” I asked sarcastically.

“In the city of Paris, in February 1850. I was the daughter of a Jewish family named Vossen. I know that you do not believe this logical, but it is the truth.”

“How did you get to Apu, Key?” I asked.

“I participated in the events of the Comuna of Paris and fell prisoner in Versailles. On the 28th of April 1871, those Verdugos of the prison, pierced my breasts with a sharp stick. Then tying both ends of the stick with a cord, they hung me in a tree, to martyr me. I fainted. The last thing I remembered was the mortifying pain caused by the sticks that had been driven through my breasts. An Apunian, Pedro, passed by that place, cut the cord and took me to Apu. When I woke up I found myself among unknown people. All that I saw

around me was very rare and pleasing at the same time. It seemed like I was dreaming. But then as I recuperated the things became more familiar. Some months after recovery, I became accustomed to life in Apunian society. The greatest surprise for me, was when I understood that that society lived without aggression, wars, or egotism, and without money. After completing one year of life on Apu, already exercising various mental powers, I discovered some unknown and 'supernatural' to us Earth Terrestrials."

"Tell me, Key: What is the cause that originates the interest of the Apunians in coming to Earth so frequently?" I asked, with the intention of comparing her declarations with those of others.

"My friend", said Key, looking in my eyes, "The Apunians only interrupt their trips in space when all the beings they visit achieve fraternal union, without egoism, nor aggression, nor exploitation, and organize for work and study in peace. We Terrestrials living on Apu, are granted opportunities to make visits to our brothers of the Earth and help them to unite and achieve, as soon as possible, development of those mental powers they possess, and some that they have lost for lack of practice."

"It seems to me that you are helping us too much." I said jokingly. The first world war ended with several millions of human beings dead, The second with dozens of millions, and if a third one comes it could take all of humanity, and you... traveling in space... for the betterment? One day when you returned to Earth again, you could find all that exists pulverized there."

"You have a right to opinion thus," Affirmed Key, "To express the thoughts such as those that originate in your cells, is very positive. Among the Terrestrials one can not always say what he thinks, because it incites the ego. But among us, to express spontaneous thoughts is of paramount importance. In the first world war men destroyed with cannons, shells and bullets; In the second, with bombs from the air. And at last they will try out the destructive power of the atom, and then they will convert to armaments the most important scientific discoveries. The Terrestrial life has always been in danger until those men become altruistic and unite to develop those Terrestrial Space Phenomena beneficially. You have seen in the screen of time, the other destructions of the Earth occurring earlier. But despite all, we, the Apunians are determined that this is not going to happen. We have been trying to organize collective entities that radiate positive forces, altruistic, to unite those men, deter egotistical aggressions and replace that with work and study."

"To what entities do you refer?" I asked seriously.

"The United Nations, for example." Responded Key in a soft tone.

“I is just too much fantasy to believe that you all have influenced the formation of the United Nations, but despite all I would like to see how you have done this.” I said.

“Certainly nobody is obliged to believe any of our revelations, but this is how it happened. This will be explained by our friend Lun, because that was her work,” Replied Key as she gave a signal to her companion to come over. Lun came together with Velasco.

“Our friend wants to know about your influence in the formation of the United Nations”, said Key lightly to Lun, as she sat down in front of me.

“To realize positive works for others is the superior accomplishment for which we exist. We have no obligation nor duty that could come after that.” Explained Lun smiling.

“Key just explained to me that you inspired the creation of the United Nations. I would be pleased if you could tell me your ‘witchcraft’ to initiate a work so positive for the beings of our planet.” I said with curiosity.

Velasco looked at me with a gesture of annoyance, Key picked up a little dog and began to pet it. Venis explained to the campesinos the positivity expressed by dogs, horses and dolphins. Lun straightened a blade of grass bent over by someone standing on it. She looked at me and spoke:

“I know that my story caused you to snicker, but that will not bother me at all because it is natural for you not to believe it. It is not my intention to persuade you to accept for truth any reference, without having demonstrated for which and by what means of the exigencies of the study, would impress upon the cerebral cells, torturing them with the objective that they accede to that which for them is unjustified, unknown and not experimented by the practice of the logical reasoning. It is not our proposition to maltreat the cells of any being, please, and do not exert the least effort to believe what I will tell you.”

Then she said:

“Let us go into the ship so as to see in the viewing screen of the time apparatus, those events which I shall tell you about.”

I stood up and we went aboard. She sat at my side, Key in front and Velasco at her right, observing a screen that was already functioning. Venis did not come aboard, but remained outside playing with the dogs. Lun began to narrate her experience related to the United Nations, and one of the screens showed in detail what had occurred.

“In the year 1582 I was in the city of Rotterdam, Holland, with the intention of working positively with the citizens of that region to peacefully resolve the problems that had come up at that time with Spain. I was employed as a servant in a convent in Rotterdam. To accomplish my plan it was indispensable to have the best communication possible with the people. One day I decided to go to

the city of Delft, and to from there proceed to La Haya, a city frequented by scientists and intellectuals. At that time it was unaccustomed for a woman to go about alone. I acceded casually to this proposition; a trip of some frail women who had received an order to transfer to a convent in the city of Delft, and I was asked to accept their company. I communicated to the Mother Superior my desire to work with the religious community of Delft. She analyzed my request and approved it without any obstacle. The frail women were overjoyed, and I began our preparations for the trip. Padre Simion, who was the abbot of the convent in Rotterdam gave us horses, and in a morning in the month of July we departed at dawn. The city of Delft was a distance of dozens of kilometers and our trip took one whole day. At that time then, the city was very small. It had only one church in the town, and in a few minutes all the residents knew of our arrival. Among the gentry that frequented the Mercado and Commercial Houses, where I made purchases, I met a married couple by the name of Groot. The wife was in ribbons. I offered to positivize their little boy utilizing those minimus, so that when he grew up he could lead men in an organization with silent authority, composed and respected by all the nations on Earth. That entity would be charged with responsibility: trying to impede aggressions of one nation against another in the conduct of humanity, toward the integration into only one Earth family united in work and study. I made friends with the Groot family and proceeded with my intention. On 10 April 1583 Mrs. Groot gave light to the child and he was baptized with the name of Hiug. From early age the child showed that he possessed a superior altruistic intelligence. He had not completed eight years of age when he composed his first verse in Latin. At sixteen he published works on philosophy in Greek and Latin, which attracted the attention of the intellectuals. His positive humanist teachings, upon being disseminated, then originated among those egotists and the Dutch Authorities, a danger that 'threatened' their interests, for which Hiug suffered real condemnation, prison and exile. Finally in the year 1625 he proposed the formation of 'The International Council', an institution joined in by all nations, and formed thus a pathway toward the fraternal union of all men, that would eliminate aggression and would embellish the Terrestrial life. But those ideas did not come to realization. In that time it was difficult to practice the union of all men because the egoism and discrimination totally dominated the human mind. We had slavery in the world. That was only one point of departure by which these men meditated upon the positivity and beauty that would originate the friendship of humanity, united into only one family. The ideas of Groot, or Grocio, were discussed and their realization continued being the desire and problem of many positive thinkers, over the transcourse of the Centuries; but always collided with the egoism and the law of 'The Most Powerful', a product

of the monetary organization and its derivatives. The wars were used as the only solution for those disadvantaged by those ego interests and the misery – in its different manifestations – mistreated by the human society. Man remains enslaved by the same. I decided then to intervene positively motivating men to complete the work initiated by Hiug.”

“How old are you, Lun?” I asked out of curiosity.

“I am 985 years old, my friend.” She responded, knowing that her response would make me suspicious, and she smiled slightly.

“Don’t worry, Lun. On another occasion I spoke with an Apuiano, Zay, who affirmed that he was 1,013,012 years old, so your age is not alarming to me. She stopped, was silent for a moment as if drawing on a force to believe what I said. It seemed like she intended to say something, but I interrupted:

“Were you born on Apu; or on some other planet in space?” I asked thinking that she was also going to tell me that she was a Terrestrial.

“Your thought is correct, my friend. I was born near the city of London, in the year 975. My parents were Irish. One day the soldiers of King Edward II, the Martyr, killed my progenitors and my brothers. I escaped by hiding in a corner of the house, under the stair. When they set fire to the house I tried to escape, but the flames reached my face and burned my eyes. The last that I remember of that disaster was the indescribable pain that the flames provoked in my face. An Apuiano found me unconscious, near the ashes, and rescued me. He rushed me to Apu. Later, when I was well, I learned from the screen of time, all that happened at that time.”

“Your actual name is Terrestrial, or Apunian?”

“My actual name I adopted on Apu, after positivizing myself. My terrestrial name was Leonor.”

“Why did you adopt a foreign name? Is there something positive in that?”

“On Apu, many women are named Lun, for which I liked it. Then I adopted it. After I learned the customs of Apunian life and developed the powers in my cells, I decided to dedicate myself to traveling in space to help others. I visited the Earth continually and always found the Terrestrials making war. This is the reason for which I proposed to inspire those men to decide to live as only one family, united in work and study. The end of the last century passed positive to a Terrestrial who later made important attempts to unite the humans.”

“Does this person live now?” I asked.

“No. He died 15 years ago.” Answered Lun. “Look in the screen coming up>”

“What was his name?”

“Franklin Delano Roosevelt.”

“You say that!?” I exclaimed in surprise.

“Watch the screen please.” Begged Lun in a soft voice. I looked at the screen and saw Lun playing tennis with a young man very similar. In a moment the names of the two appeared: Leonora Stewart, for the woman, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt for the young man. I thought of the name of the place. Then there appeared a city with parks and gardens, and its name was Croton. I was dumb with surprise!

“Calm yourself, my friend. I know that for Terrestrials, the Apunian life is a continuation of surprises,” Said Lun, looking at my eyes. At that moment I felt a strange little relief and recuperated my sanity. Key smiled. Velasco laughed uncontrolledly. Lun proceeded:

“I knew our friend Franklin in college in Croton. He seemed a young altruist, and sought to collaborate in his work for others. My intent produced positive results and the young Franklin began to act for the good of others.”

And according to the young woman of 900 years who spoke, the mysterious ‘screen of time’ projected the life of that man, who with his love for the next, wrote one of the most beautiful pages in the human civilization. I watched his life in detail. I saw him as a student, as orator, and as President. I saw him represented as a worker and organizer of the United Nations. But what surprised me most was his love of peace, his search for the happiness of man, and the positive confidence that he had for children, adults, and old folks alike. He liked the people of all the classes and races. He cared about the people of all parts of the world.

“I understand how you are surprised at all this. I don’t ask you to take this as certain, because this is subject to the decision of your cells, but I have presented the real history as it was.” Lun told me.

Not knowing what to say about all this, I remained silent for some moments.

“I have not known before, that the United Nations had such importance to humanity.” I said to break the silence.

“My friend,” Lun looked at me; “this organization is the most positive pioneer of peace since man has lived on Earth. The nations that make it up are creators of the most sublime existence. They worry because all humans do not feel equal and work and study together in peace. Humanity must cohere around the United Nations, because only that way can they promptly solve the phenomena created equivocally of those natures that make Terrestrial life so difficult.”

“What could be the first collective work, most positive and least problematical for the United Nations, according to your opinion?”

“I believe it would be positive to Universalize Scholastic Texts, so that all the folk of Earth would know and use practically all the recent discoveries of modern science.” She responded.

“How?”

“If the intellectuals of all the nations united to develop educational texts, separate for each grade in school, and then distributed them by means of the United Nations, so that every country could publish them in its own idiom, they would achieve a uniform and balanced education. In actuality, each nation has a different education according to its level of development. The positive would be to unite the achievements of all the human intelligencia and distribute the results to all humanity, and this could begin with the scientific texts, including progressively a single universal language. Any work that unites would be of paramount importance. An elevated percentage of people desire this union, but various factors oppose it. However one must begin with some form of agreement for the time in which we are living. One could begin by internationalizing all scientific activity and constructing an international city to which all persons would have equal access, and where the scientists of all parts of the world meet, to study and practice unity in peace. The name of that city could be Science and Knowledge. The dedication of one day per year to science as Science Day, reminding all the inhabitants of Earth of the positive labor and study, and the work done by all, such as the Day of Knowledge on Apu.”

I did not answer Lun. Surprises, rarities, the incredible, unbelievable and unusual multiply with every encounter with the strangers. I had nobody with whom I could discuss those rarities, and to analyze them according to our logical reasoning.

Those Apunians assured me that all that they had shown me was the positive truth. Those of Earth joke about all this, attributing my comportment to a psychiatric anomaly.

Despite all, in my mind surged futuristic ideas. I thought of the future of humanity, and it seemed that all these scenes presented in the ships of these extraterrestrials, unusual and inadmissible for now, could be realized by men of the near future. Still my desire was to make something consistent of all my experiences in the extraterrestrial ships, and deliver it to all men – when this would be possible for them to study, if in them there would be found any use to our life. ‘An accounting some time of the history of the science, that the unusual would inspire a scientist to the scientific discoveries?’ I thought, and I stood up.

Velasco looked at me with annoyance.

“Can we remain some minutes more, Senor?” He asked

“It is 17:00 hours now, and we have to walk some kilometers and better to do it by say.” I responded.

“I know a very short route, Senor. I assure you we will get down to the center of Los Cedros in 20 minutes. From there by the road one can walk at night.” Suggested Velasco. The insinuation of my companion surprised me. We both had to begin our shift at work at 22:00 and we must arrive on time. I directed my glance at him and I saw him concentrated on a screen in which one could see a disembarkation. The vestments of the men and the form of the vessel showed the life of a remote civilization.

“What are you watching?” I asked

“The disembarkation of those displaced persons that Alexander of Macedonia deported to the American Continent.” He replied.

“Who says?”

“Yes, Senor, Alexander of Macedonia expatriated to America all those who rebelled against him. In that time the inhabitants of America were called Atlanteans and not Indians. Observe, Please.’ He suggested.

I sat down again and thought about Alexander of Macedonia. The mysterious machine began to respond to my thoughts, demonstrating his life with details. I was thinking how had been his birth, his childhood, his youth. And then I saw how he rose to the throne, the formation of his Army, the invasions that made his neighbors his combatants, defeated and victorious. But what surprised me most was the organization that he established to deport his opposition of the day to the Continent of America, and that he ironically called it “Earthly Paradise”. I waited to see the end of his life.

We then said goodbye to Lun, Venis and Key and departed for our return.

On the way, Velasco told me of the emotions that had originated the projection in the screen. I remained silent. The life of Roosevelt and his positive intentions in favor of the next had surprised me. I tried with all my force to find a logical sentiment to all that I had seen that day. Very little knowledge of the life of Roosevelt did I have, but comparing what I had read in publications during the second world war with what I had just seen in the screen of time, I deduced that the explanations of Lun could have been true.

‘How difficult it would be to speak of this to those knowledgeable men, knowing that each phrase or word would originate a justified joke.’ I thought after saying my goodbye to Velasco when we got to Huallanca.

SUNDAY, 6 November 1960

The morning began with the sky clear and sun brilliant. Several weeks had passed without rain and the dryness threatened the seedlings in the region of the Callejon de Huaylas in the Cordillera Blanca.

Despite the fact that the fourth trimester of the year was the rainy season for that Andean Region, at that time in that zone it had not rained since September. The drought alarmed the agriculturists, but favored my excursions through the peaks and snowfields.

The day before, at work I spoke about my walks in the peaks with a worker at the company named Jose, and we agreed to scale the peaks on the right side of the fast Rio Kitaraqsa there.

We met at the patio for the transformers at 07:00 in the morning of that Sunday and set out. We decided to walk rapidly to ascend to the crests of the peaks in the morning, before the sun dispensed its maximum heat over the region.

During the second half of the month of September and all of October, I had various encounters with those foreigners. On these occasions they explained part of the mysteries that surround us. In the screen of time we saw those accidents that had been suffered by the Terrestrial populations in their past, and some they could suffer in the future if men did not unite fraternally in their study and work, to correct the negative phenomena that opposed the life on Earth and already in space. Despite my having been familiarized with the "rarities", I did not expect to meet with those strangers this day, as I had done on other occasions. When we climbed to the crest of the dominant ridge, we sat down to rest and observe the surroundings. It was already mid-day. The sun was at the center of the sector of sky above, and radiated down upon us fiercely, obliging us to seek protection in the shadow of some trees.

"Let us go to the shade of that tree." Said Jose, indicating one not far from us. Obedient to the idea we stood up and went over to it. When we got to the shade of the trees we discovered that there began a plateau of regular extent.

"Here we will be much better!" Exclaimed Jose happily as I sat down on a rock.

"This is a good place to look around. One can see all the peaks around us." I said to confirm the opinion of my companion.

We sat down and began to observe the valleys, rivers, pampas and ravines with which the snow peaks of the Cordillera Blanca composed the mysterious work of nature. Suddenly at a few meters from us appeared a Vicuna with two kids. The little ones jumped around their mother, and once in a while got on top of her. The two trying this at the same time collided and fell to the ground. Jose, coding me with a look, indicated the presence of the little animals. I affirmed to him that I had seen them and we remained silent to observe the tender play of the mother with her kids, a peculiar characteristic of mothers of all genres. Some minute later, the Vicuna with her kids went into the bushes and we could no longer see them from there.

Almost at the end of the plateau we could see several shepherds with their flocks of sheep and goats.

“Let’s go to where they are, Senor.” Said Jose, refereeing to the shepherds.

“Why, they may be afraid of us?”

“They won’t be afraid, Senor, they are good people. I know them.”

“How do you know them? From what place are you, Jose?” I asked, because I was ignorant of his origin.

“I am from Yungay, Senor, and I know all of these places like the palm of my hand.”

“Why haven’t you told me before? Since, having known this, I would not have been worried about whether these heights were passable.”

“We are well placed, Senor, as this is a beautiful place and these heights are passable. At the end of this plateau there is a pampa with several cabins of shepherds who live there, because they are dedicated to raising sheep and goats.”

“Let’s go then, Jose.” I said, thankful to know new people and places. We went toward the shepherds. We walked more or less an hour, and when we got there they received us cordially. We had scarcely sat down when they began to complain about the lack of rain. They explained the grave situation in which they found their seeds and cattle, caused by the drought, and that they attributed to the absence of some “angels”, representatives of the sun and the rains, who had not visited for some months.

I thought that this treated of some ancient mystical belief that still persisted in that region. To confirm my opinion I asked Jose to talk to them about this business in Quechua for their better understanding.

“With much pleasure, Senor, but before that may I suggest that I hear a little more. They want to explain something that you do not know.” He told me.

“Of what does that treat, Jose? Speak to them.”

“Around this place come with frequency some extraterrestrial beings who say they come from a planet they call Apu. They are people too powerful and good. They can make it rain, can clear the sky, can cure the sick with a look, and other miracles. Please, Senor, do not laugh at this. Listen to the campesinos with attention, respectfully, because if not they can be dangerous, even being capable of harm.”

As I myself had had repeated meetings with those extraterrestrials, I did not ask Jose for more details. I put my hand on his shoulder, as if I was confiding my sincerity, and said to him:

“Don’t worry. I assure you that I will not laugh. But ask them about those ‘angels’, to see what they say.”

While Jose spoke with those shepherds, I directed my gaze to look around the place, and saw come out from behind a small hill, some people who came toward us. They were men, women and children. I understood that behind that hill were possibly more cabins of those to which Jose had referred some minutes before, and from which came those people to question us. I wanted to communicate to Jose the arrival of those visitors, but he gave me a sign by hand not to interrupt him.

That discussion lasted more than an hour. The Sun radiated above us its strong rays (more intense in that thin atmosphere) which produced an unbearable heat. We were obliged to seek shelter in the shade under the tree with the thicker foliage and the campesinos recommended a tree nearby, at the end of the small pampa. As we were getting ready to change places, from behind the snowfield of Champara appeared a small airplane. At first I thought it was an airplane of the Army on a military maneuver, but when it came closer I could see that it was one of those ships of the foreigner.

It descended vertically and hovered over a glade without producing any sound. Its presence did not alter in any way the tranquility of the animals, but the campesinos began to give shouts of joy.

“It is them!... Rain!... It is them,” burst forth in shouts from the people, and they embraced full of joy. Soon all the young boys and bigger knelt down on the ground and began to pray as if they were in a Mass,... I remained standing and observing. From the ship disembarked three persons, two men and a woman. They had scarcely approached when I recognized one of them as Zay. I thought that the woman would be Ivanka, but it was not thus. That I was not kneeling provoked considerable discomfort among the campesinos and they began murmuring in protest.

“If they don’t give us rain it will be all your fault that our animals and seeds will suffer,” Jose told me as he threatened me with his finger. Despite my being well armed, I thought that my comportment could cause a grave incident. I excused myself and knelt down by a little boy. Meanwhile those extraterrestrials joined in among us. Zay looked at me smiling. He extended his hand to me signaling for me to get up. I returned his greeting and stood up.

“You don’t have to kneel for us. We have no need for that class of courtesy, as you well know.” He said to me in a low voice. “I know that is the manner in which Terrestrials render great homage, but we have surpassed that epoch by millions of years. In the antiquity, after the explosion of Apu, our ancestors had not yet acquired immortality, and frightened by the catastrophe began to render a cult to the Sun. But later the scientists reported that the solution to all this was in the study and work, and then those Apunians laid aside the ceremonies and gave importance to the science that requires discovery of the hidden and

perfecting it by means of practice. The Terrestrials still carry in their life the echo of that Apunian epoch, ever since when our ancestors populated for the first time the Earth, still recorded in your mythologies.”

The Apunian woman began to approach each one of those campesinos urging them to stand up, and all obeyed.

“Our lady friend is called Lyn, and she already knows Pedro.” Zay tole me presenting me to his friends.

We sat down with all the campesinos and they begged the visitors to make rain. I looked at my watch. It was 13:00 hours. The sun heated that region with full force. A woman of advanced age approached Lyn and knelt down on her knees at Lyn’s feet exclaiming:

“Rain... Rain...”

Lyn raised her by the arm, kissed her on the cheek, and the old woman sat back down with the others.

Pedro moved away some meters, pressed a button on his vestment, and rose very rapidly into the air until he was out of our sight.

“Where did Pedro go?” I asked Zay.

“He went to produce rain for this region.” Zay answered me capturing my incredulity with what he announced. He Smiled.

“You have reason, Zay. Never before has been presented these works, and I have my doubts about the result.” I told him comprehending the significance of his smile.

“You already know that we are not surprised at this thought. Your opinion is appropriate for a Terrestrial that would consider factible only that which is approved by your logical reasoning. But observe what is happening there above, in the sky, he suggested ameably.” I looked in the direction signaled and saw a haze of clouds of immense diameter, as if some invisible chimney produced it, streaking the space above the snow peaks of the Cordillera for a length of dozens of kilometers.

Moments later, Pedro descended among us. The clouds extended in the sky above that region, covering all that was within reach of our sight. Then those dark developing clouds continued to expand and grow until they were now precipitated in rain.

“How did you do that?” I asked Pedro while we went into the ship to avoid getting wet in the rain.

“I made the ‘minimus’ of positive ions vibrate at different speeds originating thus instant variations in temperature, and in that manner was formed the clouds that upon condensing produced the rain.”

“Can you do this at any place at any time? Or only where there are snowfields?”

“In any part of space one can make clouds and rain.” Responded Pedro.

“Why now then, begin o make the clouds over the snowfield?” I returned to question when we entered the ship.

“I did that so that the locals would think that the clouds were produced by those snowfields where nobody can intervene in their formation. The human mind still is much dominated by beliefs and autosuggestions, and the preeminence of the myths that intervene in distinct manner in the Terrestrial life. Then one has to make the things such as they believe that they could be, positivizing the cells progressively, without alteration until they pass from that epoch and give account that the life is due to the chemistry and the movement, and your persistence in the study and to work.”

Despite seeing in the screen that those strong downpours were bathing the stones, ground and trees, my intention was to try to assure myself in some way, whether this was reality or hypnotism. But when I saw the sheep and goats that gathered under the trees to protect themselves from getting wet, like the shepherds, I thought that it really could be raining in truth. The rain lasted until 17:00 hours, and meanwhile, Jose and I saw in dthe screen of time, scenes of the mysterious Universe, its life and its populations.

“If you desire, we can show you by means of the screen, something of our life on Apu,” Said Lyn looking at us.

“With much pleasure, my friend. And do not forget.” I responded. Jose looked at me in surprise. The phrase ‘do not forget’ gave him to understand that I had learned that from the Apunianos in an earlier encounter and that surprised him.

Zay and Pedro smiled. Lyn pressed a button on her seat and a screen came ON. In continuation there appeared different classes of butterflies aligned artistically, with sketches of their formation; objects, forests, lakes and flowered fields. I was surprised at the rare and intelligent labor of the Apunian butterflies, knowing that those Terrestrial species only produced distinct classes of larva, many of them destructive. Lyn understood my thoughts and smiling, said to me:

“What you are thinking is true. The butterflies of Earth are not so interesting, only attracting the attention of children. Also they reproduce by means of eggs, and in their primary stage they are only worms – ‘children’ that at times do damage to plants. The butterflies on Apu are different. They reproduce like mammals and are the only insect that exists there.”

And in continuation she explained to us various other things about the life of Apunian animals. The discussion lasted until dark; already the time to retire. We thanked Lyn for her explanations and took our leave of Zay and Pedro, and left the ship to return home.

During the walk Jose and I conversed on all that we had seen and heard. But what had been most surprising was the rain and the butterflies. While we advanced, I grabbed at leaves from the branches of trees and bushes, and grass, to verify whether they had been wetted by that mysterious shower provoked by those selfstyled extraterrestrials.

When we got back to town, the happiness originated by the shower brightened the faces of every person. I learned from the people that the whole region of Callejon de Huaylas had been struck by a dense rain from 15:00 to 17:00 hours.

I meditated on this business and came to the conclusion that that rain could not be attributed to visualized imagination, hypnotism, or any other psychological alteration. I thought that one person, or even a group of persons, might have been able to visualize the rain, but not all of the inhabitants of that region of hundreds or square kilometers.

And seeing the washes that had been dry for several months, now charged with turbulent water, I came to the conclusion: I don't know who these beings are nor where they come from, but I am convinced that they have powers extraordinary, and that what had happened was real.

SUNDAY, 1 January 1961

During the second half of November and all of December Jose and I dedicated our free time to such walks about those peaks. In that transcourse of time we had only three more encounters with those extraterrestrials, which made us think that they were no longer interested in making visits to the region of the Callejon de Huaylas.

As was our custom, that Sunday we left early from Huallanca and headed for the mountains between those Rivers Kitaragsa and the ravine of the Los Cedros, toward the Nevado (Snowfield) Millwaqocha. At about 10:00 we found ourselves on the crest of a peak in front of the big snowfield. The sky was clear, but between our peak and the snowfield a light fog was impeding our clear view of the geographical conformation of that place. We sat down to rest and wait for the fog to clear.

We waited for some time. A slight breeze from the north began to blow from the heights, and in a few minutes it cleared the whole region. We were surprised to see that in front of us had been a plateau, not very big, but with several clearings full of grazing flocks. Some huts constructed with poles, grass and dry branches of trees could be seen grouped together near a small hill, and in front of those several people were seated around a bonfire. But there, at

some dozens of meters, we saw a little airplane and rapidly we recognized that those foreigners were with the shepherds.

“Look, Senor, today we are in a very great luck: Those extraterrestrials are there! Let us go to where they are!” exclaimed Jose with emotion.

“Let’s go, Jose, but you are in charge of pacifying your countrymen if they oppose our visit.” I said in jest.

“Do not worry, Senor, I may find among them some of my friends. The other day I carried nails and wire for them to construct those huts. Perhaps today they will ask us to help them build a new one. You will see that all will come out well.”

We stood up and walked toward them. When we got near to the hut I was given a surprise. To one side of the bonfire, half burned out, were sitting in a circle, children, women and men with three strangers, eating lunch.

Four dogs received us lovingly and soon returned to their owners.

“Let us wait until they finish eating,” I said to Jose, intending to know his opinion.

“No, Senor, let us go to them; they have seen us, and if we wait here they could be offended.”

“Why?”

“They say a foreign friend must enter into their homes to ask alimentation, hospitality and help. If he does not do this he is no friend nor a good person. Around here they believe that a friend asks of his friends to help him, and does not flee from them”.

“I accepted the suggestion of Jose and we proceeded. When we got there, all of them stood up to greet us. Those foreigners also. They were Zay, Pedro and their companion Lyn. I was very happy to see them again, since I had become quite familiar with Pedro and Zay. Those strangers the locals, invited us to sit down with them. We accepted. I sat between Zay and Lyn, and Pedro beside Zay. Jose met among those shepherds, two old friends and sat down with them.

The women served us a soup prepared with rice. Later they gave us boiled potatoes, corn on the cob and cheese. I observed Zay, Lyn and Pedro, to know if they liked the food, and saw that they ate with as much pleasure as Jose and I. I smiled. Zay understood my thought and looked at me. Lyn also laughed, and Pedro masticating, said:

“My friend, you have seen in the viewing screens of our form of life. You have a right not to believe in it. That is originated in your cells, but now you know that we are as you have seen.”

Lyn and Pedro were dividing the kernels of corn between the dogs. Zay had a puppy on his knees and was giving it some little pieces of cheese. I was surprised to see those strangers caress the dogs with such tenderness.

“The positive always shines, my friend. Though its appearance may be ugly or beautiful, little or big, young or old, thing or being, clean or dirty, but always it is friendly to others. That is what is of maximum value among beings.” Said Pedro looking at me. “The dog,” He continued, “the horse and the dolphin, are the only animals of Earth that still conserve an echo of the harmonious life that the beings of Apu enjoy. They need human love and caressing because that is a part of their life.” Explained Pedro.

I didn't answer anything. I meditated a little and came to a conclusion that these animals always have served man. Confused by such surprises and without having the clear certainty of who or where originated what, I remained silent.

When we finished with lunch, Pedro, Jose and the shepherds went to construct the roof of one of the cabins. Zay, and Lyn carrying one puppy, and I went into the ship.

Lyn pressed a button on her chair. In the wall a screen came ON and began to function, showing a scene that, in my judgment, corresponded to the time of the Biblical Prophets.

A tall man with beard and long hair was speaking to a group of people who listened to him with respect. By his vestiture and the character of the people that I could see, I deduced that it treated of times very distant. Lyn interpreted my thoughts and smiling at me said:

“That it is, my friend, the epoch is very remote. That who is speaking is Zay, when he lived as an Earthman with the name of Moises.” At that instant I remembered the Essenes observed in the viewing screen during those past encounters.

“On that occasion did Moses pronounce that discourse?” I asked Lin. Zay looked at me smiling and with an amenable expression said:

“That was when I delivered to those men the fourteen rules by which they studied and learned from them, the importance of the collective life that we practice on Apu since millions of years past.” He explained, “There we organized a collective school called ‘Esenia’, a name that came from the Apunian words, Es Nie, that when translated to Terrestrial language signifies more or less ‘United Force’ and that later, with time, gave origin to the term ‘Esenio’ or ‘Essene’. That was one of my attempts to positivize those men upon return to the Earth after a long interruption produced by special phenomena that impeded the interplanetary voyages for hundreds of years. My proposition was to guide those Terrestrials to return to living in a society without class, nor discrimination, and without idleness nor money, and in peace like when we began to live on the Earth. I tried to initiate among the brothers of Earth, the rebirth of an organization with collective work and study, to protect all those beings as equal, so that they could achieve a perfect harmony

in life, such as we have on Apu. But my intentions over the transcourse of time, were distorted by egoism. At first they formed positive groups who lived in collectivity, but later changed the legitimate rules and orientation of accord to their egocentric interests. Thus, little by little they dispersed in different political and religious groups, forming in each, its laws, more negative than positive, for the life and reproduction. Observe this Essene community, said Zay, indicating the screen.”

I looked toward the screen and saw a town of normal size. Children, women and men living in a harmony as perfect as the atoms of a molecule. I understood that they exercised their work and study collectively, and not using money, practicing a vegetation alimentation regimen and protecting the life of the plants, animals and persons equally.

I wanted to observe the life in that community of ideological altruists, who with their union, study and work collectives, that are for them gaining the powers, for us ‘supernatural’, with those which run terrestrial and space phenomena. I saw its formation, its development, its gains and its powers, and the influence of the egoism that penetrates threateningly. Meanwhile some generations die out and others emerge. The egoism converts the money into a necessity, so powerful that each person distorts the disposition of that organization, until it carries a life like that of a Terrestrial Army organization, to which all persons can not belong. Thus depriving the matrimony of its social life, and consequently the reproduction, the most sacred to all Apuianos.

“What was the name of that place where those Essenes practiced their collective life?” I asked Zay.

“Now they call it Qumran, and it is located near the city of Kalia on the Israeli side of the Dead Sea,” He responded. “It is one of those places most positive on this planet. In the antiquity, when the Earth still formed a part of Apu, on that same site, then called Kun-Ra, Apunian words which translate as ‘Tables for the Knowledgeable’, the Apunian scientists had their laboratories there. The Apunian Ra developed this place, the screens of time and the use of the minius. This is the reason for which those Essenes established in Kun-Ra their first positive community. After that those men had forgotten, under the influence of egotism, the old form of Apunian life,” Explained Zay. And following that he proceeded to detail his attempts to unite these people.

In the viewing screen appeared those places where this had occurred. That which most impressed me was Qumran, its ruins, remains of a collective work. It was as if the Genie of time, so mutilated by egoism and aggression, that – thirsty for union and fraternity among those people – looked with its fountains empty against the sky, hoping that since it was young, someone descended from space, caresses fraternally and cures its wounds with peace and love, study and

work collectively, a unique form of “living life”, because it guarantees the respect and protection of all those beings equally. That ancient being whose wounds open ruts and ridges, originated in me the desire to visit it.

Zay interrupted my thoughts and looking at me smiling said:

“My friend, if you sincerely desire to visit Qumran, we can do it, in an instant, if you desire.”

“How?” I exclaimed in surprise.

“It is very easy,” He responded. “We have the ship that can transport us to Qumran in minutes. It only lacks your sincere acceptance.” Lyn Smiled. I understood that the smile of Lyn was inspired by my incredulity and disconfidence toward them, and for that I was annoyed.

“You can go with me if you desire to travel.”

“Both of us? Pedro is working with the shepherds, I answered. I thought for a moment. ‘If something happened Jose would advise my family’, I thought. Pedro was still with the locals. I felt a special joy to be able to visit that place that so attracted me, and without thinking more I accepted.

“Let us go, my friend! I desire this sincerely.”

“Don’t forget.” Said Zay

“Lyn pressed a button on her vest. The interior of the ship was penetrated by a fresh air. My watch showed 11:30. A strange buzz similar to a breeze scarcely perceptible was heard for an instant. Then I had a sensation of finding myself seated on an air conditioned cushion, very agreeable. And the desire to remain there forever

“What time will it be when we get to Qumran?” I thought.

“We are already above the place”. said Lyn, smiling.

I looked at my watch again, and it marked 11:40.

“Use the screens, my friend,” said Lyn signaling me one that was functioning. I used the apparatus and saw that the place where we encountered it was as if I had seen it some minutes before departing. I was amazed to know that in only ten minutes we had passed through a space of thousands of kilometers. Lyn interrupted my surprise and soon said:

“We know that you are surprised at the short time it took to effect a long travel. That is natural. You must know that we have traveled at a velocity in which your cells feel no disturbance. If we had traveled at the velocity now accustomed to by us, we would have utilized only a fraction of a second.” She explained.

At that instant I saw that we were already parked on the surface of that place. They told me that soon it would get dark there and that I should hurry to observe the surrounding. I looked at the screen and observed that the site where we found ourselves was semi-desert. We had landed on a small hill from

which we could see the ruins of Qumran, a desert region. And some kilometers away beyond was a city with green areas, the sea, houses under construction and various persons circulating. We left the ship and walked toward the ruins of Qumran, a distance of some hundreds of meters. I thought of our ship remaining alone until our return and that if any malintended person passed by there it could be damaged.

“Don’t worry, my friend, if anyone tries to harm it, it will transport itself to near us by means of its disintegration, and after reintegration we will leave, an operation of seconds only.” Explained Zay.

“What do they call this city?” I asked Lyn.

“Kalia. We are in the desert of Judea, on the shore of the Dead Sea.”

After visiting the ruins and some caves near by, we walked toward a group of houses of recent construction.

“Why are we going there?” I asked Zay.

“To convince you that you are not hypnotized,” He responded jokingly.

“And how will we know that with these people speaking a distinct idiom?”

“Don’t worry, my friend, that is no problem. When we speak to them they will understand in their own idiom, and what they say to you will be in yours.”

“How is that, Zay? Do you have a machine to translate?”

“Machine, no, all that is done is made possible by use of the minius and positive ions. They made me understand of those locals, what they said, and to them what I said. Please converse with them without fear,” He said.

We came to the little hamlet and went into a shop, clean and well supplied with things. Inside was a young person, two young women and one of advanced age with two little children.

I asked them in my language upon entering. I heard their response in the dialect of my place at birth, as if we had been raised together.

We stayed some moments and asked for drinks. The youth served us attentively. Lyn began to converse with the women and I paid attention to the exchange believing that I would be hearing the conversation in a strange idiom, but that did not happen. I don’t really know in what language they were talking, but my ears perceived a conversation in my natural dialect. One of the women lighted a light.

Zay paid for our consumption with a paper bill, thanked them for the service and we left.

Outside it was already night there. In the sky one could see some stars, and their weak light helped us walk without tripping. Suddenly Lyn formed a luminous arc, identical to what we had seen around Pedro when he accompanied Quispe and I.

Upon reentering the ship I tried to observe the place by the screen of time. Zay pressed one of the buttons found distributed in rows of lines on his breastplate on the chest of his vestment, and the ship rose vertically into space.

In the interior the light conditioned itself in accord with the grade of the retina of each observer, illuminating all satisfactorily. I noticed no sound and no movement in the flight.

‘At what altitude are we?’ I thought at that instant. In the screen of time appeared the following response:

“We are traveling at an altitude of two hundred kilometers.” That surprised me, two hundred kilometers from Earth, and I felt so fine it seemed impossible. I continued viewing Qumran in the screen of time, and saw that by means of that device I could make out much more detail of the surface houses and the folk that walked about the site. Nothing escaped the lens of that mysterious apparatus. With absolute detail one could see the people sleeping in their beds. A wall lizard scurried among the stones, a grasshopper sat on a blade of grass, a butterfly, and an airplane taking off from a nearby airport. In whatever place on the terrestrial surface, or on any other planet, one could tell with absolute precision, sprouts on vegetation, chips of stone, sand and other things. Those positive ions were charged to maintain the disintegrator machines and the reintegrators on permanent alert, and of all the other diverse actions foreseen and unforeseen that could be needed at any instant.

“If this apparatus misperforms, will we end up on the ground?” I interrupted.

“you have forgotten that one also can disintegrate and or integrate things using only the mind, Senor.”

“Yes, I remember now. I had forgotten that this power was available at any instant,” I responded, “and made the screen of time to function. I thought of all those apparatus that surrounded me. At that instant the mysterious screen showed, at the front part of the ship, an instrument that terminated in two light beacons, similar to headlights on an automobile. I asked what they were for, and immediately in the screen appeared a written answer that read: This is the apparatus that disintegrates things to avoid collision with them.” At the posterior of the ship was something similar to in front, and the writing explained that that was to reintegrate those objects and things that had been disintegrated. ‘What time is required for this operation?’ I thought. “A fraction of a second.” Was the reply.

While the screen of the machine satisfied my curiosity by showing the function of every instrument aboard, I was given to understand that all was made of a material like plastic, and that the body of the ship was made in one single piece, and that any part could be made transparent, like glass, according to one’s desire. I looked at Lyn and saw that she was looking at another screen

and was viewing forests and walls that formed a very attractive landscape. I was surprised by the panorama and thought to ask Lyn where it was.

“In Australia” The screen responded before I asked. I thanked it and began to observe it also.

Suddenly I saw that we were descending in the Callejon de Huaylas, near the snowfield of Millwagocha from where we had departed hours before. I looked at my watch. It read 17:30.

‘How long did this flight take?’ I thought, and in the screen it read thirty five minutes. I was surprised, because for me it seemed like the time was much less.

The ship landed at the same site as before. The sun descended toward the west, announcing its departure from the ravines and valleys of the Callejon de Huaylas.

Pedro, Jose and the residents were found sitting around a bonfire, resting after an accelerated work. The dogs ran out to meet us. We advanced toward the hut through goats and sheep who were laying down on the ground for the night.

Jose and the shepherds stood up to welcome us. Pedro remained sitting.

“Are you convinced that there is no trickery, nor hypnotism in what you have experienced?” He asked, smiling.

“I still don’t know who you are, but what I have now experienced in this trip was most rare. I liked it. I am sure that Earth men still can not effectually do this.”

“Those men could do much more than that if they unite to study and put into practice what they learn, and thus to develop those powers now dormant. You are progressing in knowledge of the incredible, and this pleases me much. Said Pedro.

Lyn and Zay remained conversing with those campesinos on different things while Jose, Pedro and I went to see the roofs they had constructed during my absence.

When we got back, we thanked those strangers for their comportment and I took my leave from them. Jose did the same and we left.

During the trip from the Callejon de Huaylas until Qumran, many surprises were taking place and I had not observed all details of the control of the ship. But on our return my nerves were tranquil, and I decided not to give up control of the viewing screen. But with my force alone I could discover that our ship had the wings retracted into its interior and converted itself into a simple rocket, Zay and Lyn made no movement, and I thought that those foreigners guarded in secret all those maneuvers so that I discovered nothing. Zay interpreted my thoughts and with an expression of respect told me:

“All of our machines are subject to thoughts of the one utilizing them. In the same manner we guide all these ships and their things by thought, which they utilize. This is also true for our urban transports and the machines in factories and shops and for home appliances.” Said Zay, showing a small box of some 20 centimeters long by 15 wide and 10 deep. “This mechanism is charged to receive and memorize at our orders, those positive ions of space, and to convert them to energy impulses to power anything.

On the way back to Huallanca with Jose I conversed with him about the trip. He was the only person at that time, with whom I could discuss such experiences as I had on that trip. Without the derisive joking, and perhaps that would be for much time.

Now I am setting this down in writing.

During the first three months of 1961, next after the trip, I had various encounters with those visitors. I dedicated the greater part of my available time with them observing the yesterdays, todays and tomorrows in their viewing screens of time.

One day I began to read my annotations made after each encounter. I discovered that I had accumulated notes on several hundreds of hours lived with those extraterrestrials, and so I selected some with the intention of writing something on this whenever it would become possible.

In April of 1961, for reasons of work, I moved from Huallanca to Lima, some 500 kilometers away, and there I began to assemble this report.

Vlado Kapitanovic

EPILOGUE

Time took its route through the weeks and months since my experiences with those visitors, and the records of those contacts filled folders of pages and whole notebooks.

Once more I could not discuss this with anybody without falling into ridicule and jokes, and even to considering me to be mentally unbalanced. Not even I myself was sure if these notes would ever see the light of day in a book about those extraterrestrials, about visions produced by hypnotism, or the advances of some Terrestrial technical nation. And while I was trying to discover the unknown in all this, a disastrous event happened to change my opinion.

On 10 January 1962, less than one year since my last encounters with those Apuianos, a disastrous flood demolished the town of Ranrahirca causing great destruction and many deaths. I remembered having seen that disaster in the viewing screen of time, on the ship of the Apuianos. The news was all over the newspapers and radio, describing in detail what I had seen a year before.

In 1963 there was a tragic event that affected much of humanity, which was a faithful copy of what I had witnessed in the screen of time. In 1969 an Earthman landed on the surface of the Moon, just like I had seen in the viewing screens on those strange ships.

And then on 31 May 1970 the surprising tragedy of Yunguay and its inhabitants happened just like I tried to warn Judge Osirio that it would happen, from what I had observed in the viewing screens.

The events that I saw in that apparatus – mysterious now – are happening, and continue to happen, faithful to the previews, as I had read of this in some science fiction novel.

But this is reality, coincidence or not, and I now feel obliged to reveal this to give constance to events without thinking of the consequences that could derive from the derisive comments of professors and scientists.

APPENDIX 1

The Yungay Photographs

On an undetermined weekend day in March of 1967, Sr. Augusto Arranda of Lima, Peru, a laborer, on vacation, went up to Yungay, a small Aymara Indian village high on the shoulders of Mt. Huascaran some 600 kilometers to the north northeast of Lima. He was looking for a certain cactus specimen (the giant Puya Raimundi) which is very rare and only grows in certain localities at considerable elevation. Yungay is about 11,000 feet above sea level and one of the localities said to contain the plant.

Arriving in Yungay shortly after noon from a larger village below where he had spent the night, Arranda stopped at an Indian Trading Post and General Store, bought a snack, and inquired of the owner, one Sr. Ore, where he could rent a camera. Sr. Ore agreed to loan him his own camera, an old Voightlander 120 box camera with a single element lens, fixed focus, and single shutter speed of about 1/35th second.

Arranda bought a fresh roll of film from Ore, which Sr. Ore installed in the camera and then showed Arranda how to use it. Arranda politely thanked him and left, walking alone, as he proceeded along a high mountain trail. It was early afternoon when he set out.

After walking for some time, perhaps an hour or more, and snapping 6 pictures with the camera, Arranda decided to turn around and work his way back down to the trading post.

It was shortly after this that he noticed that he was being observed by two silent "airplanes". But he didn't know anything about the Peruvian Air Force having any airplanes like these. Must be some new acquisition he considered, and they were certainly different and were completely noiseless. He didn't know of any completely silent airplanes anywhere. These were quite different in other respects too. They were perfectly circular in shape, flat like an inverted plate, and had a circular transparent or translucent raised dome on top. The outer part seemed disc-shaped and the ships were nearly flat on the bottom.

There were two of them, identical in appearance and size. Sometimes they flew together in different formations, and sometimes they separated and circled him independently, flying both fast and slow and even standing still in the air at times. They could also rise and descend vertically, and could stop suddenly and accelerate rapidly from a standstill.

These were certainly a new type of airplane like he had never even heard of if that is what they were. He had a growing feeling that they were not of this world — too much beyond known technology — too unconventional, and he had a strange feeling about them too.

They came close and they flew away. More than once he thought one of them would land, and then just as quickly it would flit away again. He snapped the last four frames on his roll of film as this was going on. All at once they joined up and flew away together.

Arranda sat down a moment to consider all this, and then got up and hurried back to the Trading Post, getting there about 18:30 in the late afternoon. He told Sr. Ore about the circular airplanes as the film was rolled to its end and removed from the camera.

Arranda described the silvery metallic finish that had a "different" metallic look. It was smooth finished and reflective but it looked a little like ceramic and a little like plastic too. The pale bluish dome looked like glass, but he couldn't exactly see into it — something like fogged "solarized" glass but light colored, maybe a little mirror-like, and maybe that was where it was getting its light blue appearance. At any rate, he could not see inside the cupola.

These ships were completely smooth with unbroken surfaces all around them. No window ports or holes, no projections sticking out, no joining lines, rivets or welding seams — as if they were made all in one single piece. Remarkable machines.

Sr. Ore did not seem too surprised at the description and then volunteered the information that, "Those aircraft are sometimes seen in this area." Others had seen and described them. There might be some kind of an operation going on around that area.

Ar. Arranda thanked Ore again, took the roll of film, and headed back to Lima, promising to let the trading post operator know how the film turned out.

In Lima the film was received and processed by Kodak Peruana, printed in two copies and one set of prints was mounted in a pocket album, a special of the developer at the time. The developed negatives and the two sets of prints were picked up by Sr. Arranda a few days later.

They may have been lost to the UFO research community right there except for the alertness of one of the Kodak employees who was mildly interested in the UFO phenomenon. Seeing the unique photographs and the superb quality of the pictures, he made an extra set of prints of the UFO pictures for himself. When Arranda came to pick up the photos, the Kodak technician made a point of asking where the pictures were taken, and was told near Yungay.

Again but for the fortunes of fate the pictures would have been lost. The Kodak employee showed the photos to his family and put them with family pictures. A few weeks later a couple of Catholic Priests were attending a UFO lecture at the University of Lima given by Mr. Richard Greenwell, a part time teacher at the University there and head of a local UFO study group in Lima.

After that lecture one of the Priests came up to Greenwell and of-

ferred to show him a remarkable photograph of a UFO. He then produced one of the Yungay pictures, which Richard had never heard of before. The amazed lecturer asked a lot of questions and learned that the photograph had been loaned to the Priest by a boy in his parish whose dad apparently had more. Richard asked to meet the boy and his father to see the rest of the pictures. After several complications, they did succeed in getting together with the boy, and finally with his father too. Seeing four photographs in series of this quality and this subject, Richard became excited and wanted to have copies made, which was done.

Hearing the limited story of the Kodak employee, Richard tried desperately to find August Arranda, only to discover that he moved around a lot and was not then in Lima. But he had another clue. The location mentioned was a small village in the mountains and surely he could find the camera and its owner.

A few months later Richard Greenwell took his vacation and went to Yungay high up on Mount Huascaran. It was not easy to get to because of its remoteness.

Once there he had no trouble finding the camera. It may have been the only one in town and it belonged to the owner of the Trading Post where he made the first inquiry. Mr. Ore then produced the pocket album with his copies of all four photos in it, which were better than the copies Richard had because they were made from the original negatives.

It was there that Richard learned what is known about the picture taking event. He was able to verify that Arranda went out alone, and in country he was unfamiliar with and needed directions to proceed. He was seen to leave town by many pairs of Indian eyes and was also seen to return alone. He carried nothing with him but the camera and a small Indian shoulder bag, too small for models or anything that might be used to fake such pictures. He also learned that other Indians had seen the same circular craft that day, and had seen them before and also since the pictures were made, and in fact they had been seen a number of times. Now Richard began to wonder what kind of operation might be going on if this was not an isolated incident as he first had believed. This story was growing.

Richard noted that the atmosphere at that altitude was entirely too thin to support models sailed into the air. A garbage can lid lofted in such a manner would fall right to the ground. There was no way to rig any lines at that almost barren altitude without carrying everything with one, which Arranda was observed not to do. Using a box camera and sighting through a right angle viewer would have made it impossible to toss such objects into the air and frame and snap a picture of them before they fell to the ground, much less two objects

simultaneously, in perfect formation, both oriented exactly the same way in flight.

It could only be concluded that Arranda's story was true and that the objects were just what Arranda had described to Sr. Ore. Also the objects were still being seen and evidently took a special interest in that area. Similar craft were being sighted all over this area about that time and for the same dozens of months that the Itibi plantations at the Mari River and the Pucallpa sites were known to be in operation. Similar sightings were also reported from Colombia and Ecuador.

It seems strangely coincidental that these events were all going on at the same time unless they were actually related, as I have now come to believe.

I suggest that Sr. Augusto Arranda photographed the ships from Itibi Ra as they were observing the activities of the natives surrounding their plantation sites only a few score miles away.

A map shows the location of Yungay and Richard Greenwell's trip from Lima to that remote area.

We have extracted the following Yungay case report and photographs from our UFO PHOTOGRAPHS AROUND THE WORLD, Vol. 1, for your further information and evaluation.

YUNGAY, PERU**March 1967, 17:30**

On an undetermined day in March 1967, at Yungay, high in the Ancash Mountains of Northern Peru, Sr. Augusto Arranda, a visitor from Lima, borrowed a camera, an old box style Voightlander, 40 years since manufacture, and he borrowed it from Trading Post Operator, Sr. Cesar Ore from whom he bought a roll of film, which Ore installed and showed Arranda how to use the camera. With this poor sophistication in equipment, Arranda set out to walk the high country and try to get some pictures of the spectacular scenery.

The next day later Arranda brought the camera back to Ore who removed the exposed film while Arrand told him of seeing and photographing some strange airplanes out in the high scrub. Ore gave the film to Arranda who took it back to Lima with him.

A few weeks after that Sr. Ore received a small pocket album with a set of the pictures taken by Arranda on his trip, including 4 pictures of the strange airplanes. The odd craft were disc-shaped, fairly flat, and had a dome or cupola raised on top. There were two such craft, just alike in two of the pictures. The rest of the pictures were of mountains and scenery as expected.

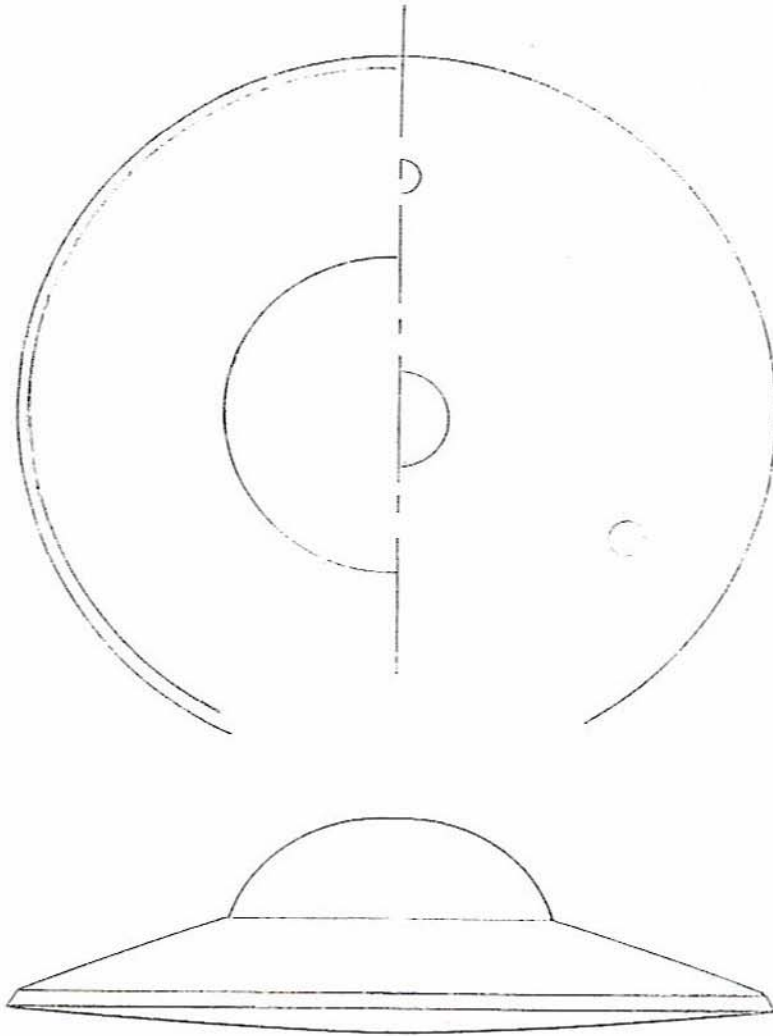
From the pictures it appeared that the two circular craft had approached the area, taken notice of the lone hiker, and went to some pains to check him out. They appeared to have arrived together, then split and circled the area, with one coming closer than the other, and after observation to their satisfaction, they seemed to have joined up into formation again and flew away together. Arranda shot the rest of the film of these activities and then started back.

The beautiful color photos showed two disc-shaped UFOs approaching over the shoulder of a mountain, then only one of them circling out over the valley beyond a lower tree top, then the other coming in on a close low pass at almost treetop level, then both ships joined up again at a little more elevation and flew slowly for a moment as the last picture was snapped, and then sped away.

The investigation into this case by Richard Greenwell was persistent and diligent, and did turn up considerable information, although we still do not have all.

YUNGAY, PERU

March 1967, 17:30



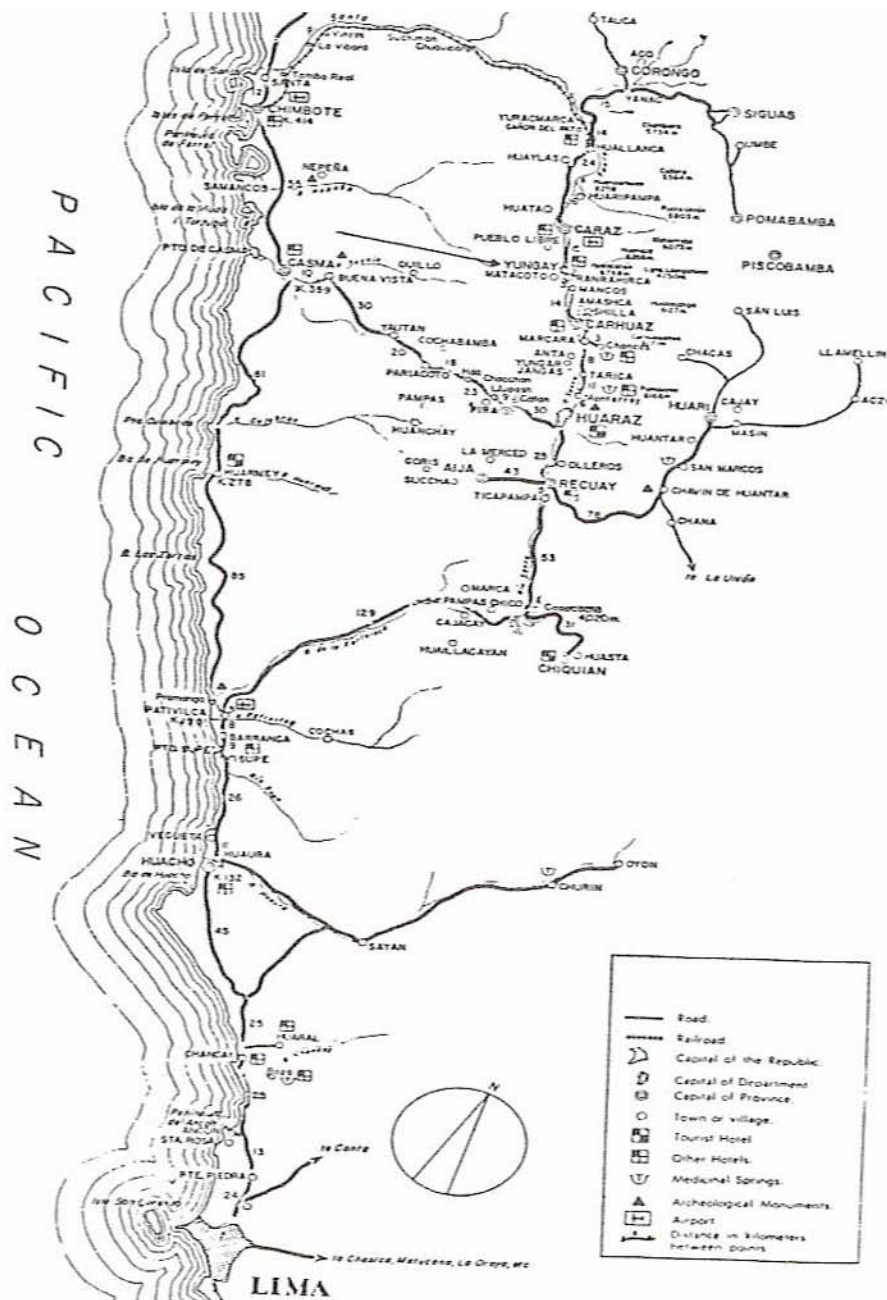
March 1967, 17:30, Yungay, Peru. Line drawing of the object observed and photographed by Augusto Arranda in the Ancash Mountains of Peru. The descriptions of the Itibi craft were almost identical.



Yungay, Peru, March 1967, 17:30. Two unusual flying machines make their slow low approach over Mount Huascaran, Ancash Range, Peru



Yungay, Peru, March 1967, 17:30. They separate and make low passes over the photographer as he snaps pictures of them

YUNGAY, PERU**March 1967, 17:30**

Map of the route from Lima to Yungay and the high shoulders of Mount Huascaran in Ancash Province, where these remarkable photographs were made with a simple Voightlander box camera 40 years old.

APPENDIX II

The Chiclayo photograph

At about 18:22 on 2 February 1967, a Fawcett Airlines Passenger DC-4 airliner bound from Piura to Lima had just passed Mt. Huascaran to the east and was cruising at 7,000 feet altitude on a southbound heading with 52 passengers and 6 crew members aboard. Suddenly the pilot, Captain Osvaldo Sanvitti's voice cut in on the cabin intercom saying, "Attention all passengers! If you will look to the right you will see another object in the sky. That strange object that you see is a UFO".

Looking out, the passengers perceived an unbelievable spectacle, a huge luminous craft of conical shape, resembling a funnel or a huge golf tee, approaching the airliner. It was flying small end forward and had blinking lights on it. the airliner's radio faded out in a burst of static and the cabin lights dimmed down and went out as the amazed passengers watched the maneuvers of the strange ship. Red, orange, blue and white lights flashed from fixed positions on the luminous craft.

Captain Sanvitti, a senior pilot with 22,000 hours in the air, estimated that the object would measure 70 meters (about 200 feet) at its widest diameter, and nearly as long from front to rear, a size twice as large as the airliner. The strange craft kept changing color as it held formation with the airliner, and then performed fantastic maneuvers.

It held formation at the same speed and altitude but about 12 kms. to the right for several minutes, then turned at an angle toward the airliner and closed in for a few seconds, went straight up and back down again, and made some rapid changes in direction, and then returned to its original formation position. The intensity of its luminosity changed as it performed these rapid variations in motion. At one time it came towards the airplane like an arrow and passed beneath. The colored lights glared brilliantly as it passed. As it made its approach, the upper surface of the funnel-shaped object flashed a bright blue light and a red one flashed from the underside, but when it returned and passed under the airliner again, the red light had changed to blue and the orange light had changed to red. It then took up a position in formation again about two kilometers to the right.

Captain Sanvitti tried to radio the control tower at Lima but the radio was dead. Another witness estimated the size of the strange object at its greatest diameter as 230 feet.

Journalist Nunez, a passenger aboard at the time, when he heard the pilot's call, looked toward the coastline below and to the right and saw the object just above the shore-line. "It was very bright," he

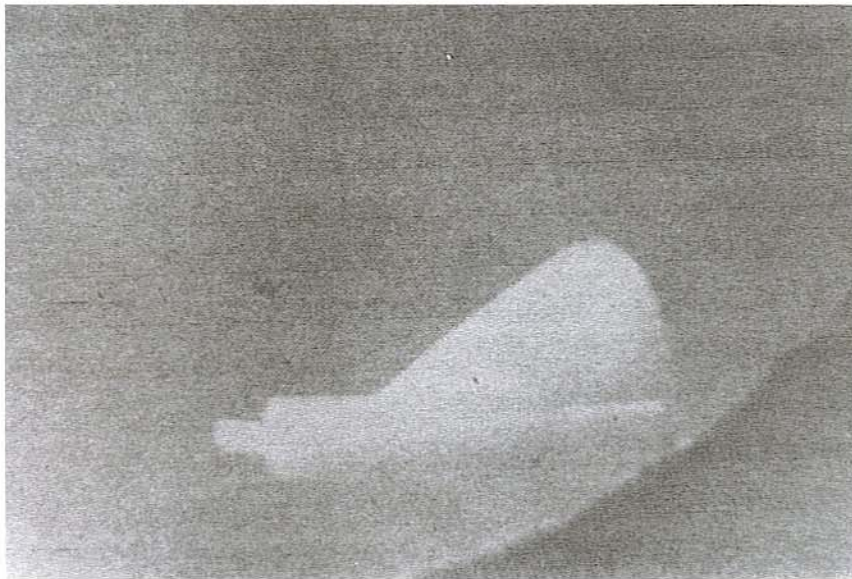
The Chiclayo photograph

said. "About 18:30 the object began to move and to change direction rapidly. It went up and down so fast it was difficult to follow. After close to an hour of this, the object flashed very brilliantly as it turned and climbed away toward the sea at prodigious speed." Nunez said that many of the passengers were terrified and several women were hysterical. One woman burst into tears. Several people aboard with cameras took pictures.

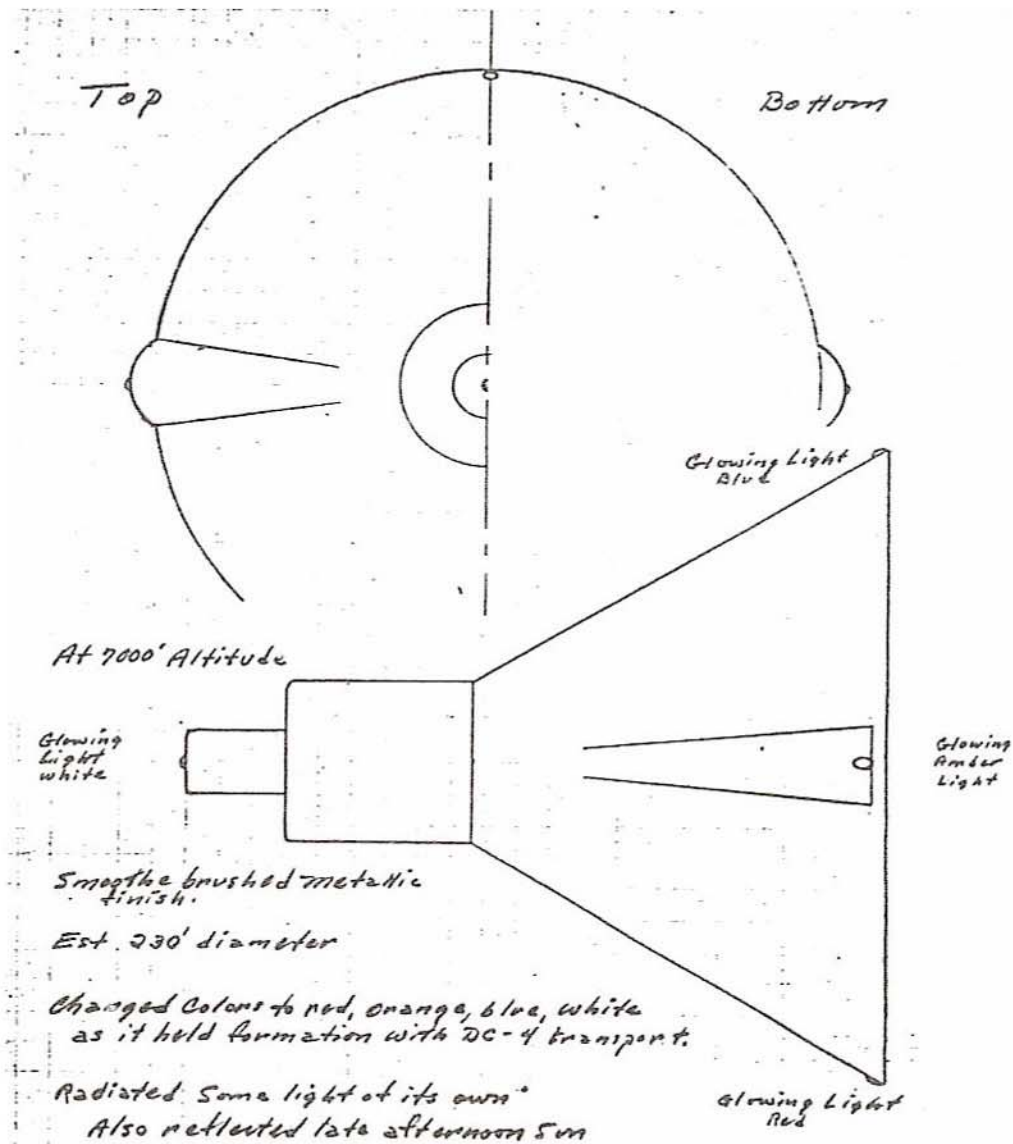
After the object's departure, Captain Sanvitti had just succeeded in making contact with Lima Control when the radio failed again. A second object, just like the first came in from the left and took up a position on the right as the first had. After a few seconds it flashed bright lights and disappeared in a fantastic burst of speed as the other had done. Lima Control observed the objects on RADAR.

We can't help but be impressed by the close proximity in time between this and the Yungay photographs, both taking place in the very middle of the extensive plantation operations by extraterrestrial humans who said they came from a planet they call Itibi-Ra and at the same time time and place. A witness has described the Itibi support vehicles as circular metallic with a dome on top, a description that fits the Yungay photographs very well.

Is this simple coincidence?



2 February 1967, 18:22, Chiclayo, Peru. This picture taken by a passenger on a Fawcett DC-4 airliner was mailed to them anonymously.

PIURA - LIMA, PERU**2 February 1967, 18:22**

While near DC-4, Transport's radios and lights were interrupted
 Performed several abrupt maneuvers and flew out to sea to West.

2 February 1967, 18:22, Chiclayo, Peru. Line Drawing of the ship seen and described by the passengers and crew of the Fawcett DC-4 Airliner that fateful day in March 1967.

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