

The Secret Prophecy

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Preface

Before you start reading this book, I would like to introduce you to someone. I am the author of the book but I am not going to tell you the story, who will tell you the story is Professor Robson. That's right Professor Robson. Professor Robson is a master in anthropology at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro.

I met the Professor on a Fokker plane as I was traveling on business in my agitated and busy executive life (it was either Sao Paulo or Curitiba in Brazil I really don't remember) The Professor was the type of serious man with glasses and his beard and mustache were clean cut. His insistence in searching and finding the truth makes him seem a little skeptical and serious at times. He takes everything seriously and that makes him a potential idealist. He is up to doing the possible as well as the impossible in order to find the influences of the lost civilizations had on our actual times. That's why he gets himself involved in so many jams and his story is that of pure adventure. Some people can think of him as an Indiana Jones (he uses a cowboy hat). But he is very authentic and above all he is Brazilian. But if you put it all in a nutshell he is a man with a good heart and if you

get to know him a little bit better he can become your best friend.

The Professor decided to give everything up for a period of time in order to go on an expedition to the Chapada dos Guimarães in Brazil. As I said he is obsessed with studying lost civilizations who are our real South American ancestors. As an anthropologist he wants to see what kinds of influence these civilizations have on our society. A job that is very difficult and at times seems as if he is an archeologist. As a scientist he has a base on true facts and doesn't believe in anything that he can not see. This is his inseparable characteristic as he is an atheist and he doesn't care about anything that is spiritual or mystical.

So, there goes our friend on his way to the Chapada without having any idea that he will find something highly mystical and at the same time mysterious. He was going there to find lost civilizations but he may well find some traces of the end of our civilization. His world can sound like the pins and bolts on an old bridge that can not support its own weight anymore. But behind all of this there is something he really wants and that is: "The Square Cave" But what is this Square Cave? Why is it so important? This is what we will discover together with the Professor. It will be a trip full of surprises and revelations through the mysterious valleys of the Chapada.

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Well, this is the story that the Professor told me through a dream. When I woke up he was not sitting besides me anymore on the plane. But his story remained and it will never be forgotten neither by me nor by anyone that reads this book. The Professor is someone that was born in the sky on the wing of a plane as he lands between us on Earth. So I am now going to introduce you to Professor Robson. He is ready to take you on an emotional journey to the Valley of the Rocks. I suggest that you bring a backpack with you and a lot of adventurous spirit. Have a nice trip!

The Apocalypse Mountain

The following pages link us in the direction of the apocalypse mountain. Therefore I want to dedicate this to those who want to be saved from the great transformation that is already happening on our planet.

If I tell you that the world is going to end, you can figure this out through three distinct paths: beliefs, faith and science. If the path is through beliefs, you will only believe that a great cataclysm had seriously affected humanity. You can believe that the chaff is separated from the wheat that good people will be saved and the cruel people will be banned and burned in the flames of hell. I am saying this because the beliefs are indisputable, because they are conditioned to what we are subjected to, which comes as a result of what our parents have taught us as well as the means in which we join. We only believe this because that's the way it is supposed to be. We don't argue about it but keep moving ahead!

If your path is that of faith, I would say that there is something that attracts you to the mountain, because this is how you would feel much safer. Even though no one has taught you any specific thing to believe in , there is something that is flowing inside of your heart , lets say

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that this is the path to intuition, what will happen, will happen and this could save you!

If your path is science, you would simply study many types of phenomena that human kind is causing nature and preparing its imminent destruction. You will be able to predict wars and destruction caused by the conflicts of ideas. You will also be able to predict that the polar ice will thaw and a great flood will cover the earth. Very soon you will hurry to the top of the mountain because you are sure that the ocean will not be able to reach its peak. If this is your path, I can say that you are following knowledge.

As you can see all of the paths lead to the same exact place: the top of the mountain. When we reach the peak, independent of our beliefs, faith or knowledge, we will unite and construct a new world, a New Era. That is how the pages are in this book, they show the direction but the path is up to each and everyone of us.

After some time, I would be happy to see those that have reached the top of the mountain and see the top of the world as if it were a small village. You would be happy and scatter in the wind of the corners of the earth through the different paths. At the end of some time you would be even happier to know that we have all joined together in saving the planet.

Chapter 1 - The Trip

Federal University of Rio de Janeiro – Social Science Department

– Professor Wallace!! I have been trying to find funds for the research at the Chapada dos Guimarães since October of last year. This is the fifth semester that I have found out that it has not been accepted again.

– Professor Robson I know that you are anxious to start research on the ancient civilizations in that location and I also know that some research has already been made and we can affirm that it is an unknown territory and there may well be other traces that have not yet been analyzed.

– This is the word: The Unknown. And this is the argument. I can see that you comprehend me well. How can we just put this project aside if the unknown still exists? Science serves to enlighten these types of doubts. And to top it off the region is really unexplored to its full potential, there are basically no roads and really no paths to enter and explore it. It is highly possible that there are places which have not been seen by mankind in our civilization.

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– Professor I understand, I really do understand and I totally agree with you. But I am not the one that decides on the budget. I am on the board but you know how these things work, money is scarce, there are many projects in the medical department, like the AIDS project and there is no way to interfere and look for cavemen, do you understand me?

– I understand! Alright! Do I have any other choice? I guess I need to understand.

A week later at the same place:

– What is this Professor Robson? Are you requesting a leave?

– Yes I am!

– For how long?

– Six months, just one semester.

– Classes are about to begin. I don't believe that I could find a substitute in such a short time.

– Professor Wallace I sincerely don't believe that it will be so difficult.

– Mr. Robson, you have been causing me some problems recently. I really don't admire anyone that goes against my arguments.

– Are you ok with this? If that is the way you want then, I hope everything goes ok.

Fifteen days later at the Santos Dumont Airport in Rio de Janeiro Brazil

– Hello..... Professor Wallace? It's Robson. I am sorry to inform you that I will not begin the classes. I am going off on a long trip.

– What? What do you mean? You can not just leave the classes with out a reason!

– I am not doing that. I am going to pay for the Chapada dos Guimarães project by myself.

– Are you really going nuts? Do you have any idea on what you will find there? If its not people smoking pot, it may even well be an ET.

– Do you really believe that my idea is not good?

– I am absolutely sure

– And I am now sure why you did not receive the funds. Am I wrong professor? That's why you are so determined.....

– Hello... hello... hello.... Professor Robson... Professor?

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It was a Monday morning and the sun was still glistening in the fog that covered the waters of Guanabara Bay in Rio de Janeiro. The plane was going down the runway in the direction of Sugar Loaf and in a short time it was already flying over the ocean returning back to the continent. The time was passing as the sun was rising as I looked out the plane window. There were some timid clouds below the valley, forming a dense mattress that seemed like cotton. The image of the blue clear sky above illuminated the infinite road of air. The doubt that was contained in my emotions, was confused about the strange place that I was heading to, and at times seemed like the Garden of Eden and other times seemed as if it were the apocalypse.

Below in the break through of the clouds, I could see the green cloak of vegetation that covered the central region of Brazil which is not really inhabited. This image confirmed my arguments. After a couple of hours of flying, it was possible to see a city getting closer through the window. Right after that the crew made an announcement that the plane was preparing to land at the Varzea Grande Airport in Cuiaba, Brazil.

A few minutes later the plane touched down on the narrow runway in the direction of the airport. I picked up my backpack and as I was walking down the steps I put in on my shoulders as I was looking in all directions. There was a strong hot wind blowing and the

sun was covered a little bit by the clouds. I was walking with the other passengers until the arrival hall looking for the exit. I found a taxi to bring me to the bus station and there I would take the bus to the Chapada.

– It was about 2 pm and I was sitting on a chair waiting for the bus that would depart in about a half an hour. I was watching all the people walking around in so many directions. There were many people around the bustling bus station. There were some building constructions being built in the background, right in the heart of South America, a large city called Cuiaba!

A group of about twenty people had just arrived which really called my attention. At first glance they seemed like tourists all going to the same place. There was a guy in the group that was walking in my direction carrying a bunch of papers. When he got closer he gave me a folder and walked away. I took a look at the folder and it was about a meeting with UFOs which would happen at a hotel in the Chapada. I then glanced at the group again and noticed that they had many kinds of equipment for filming and photography. I was sure that they were looking for something. I then remembered the irony of what Professor Wallace said which was that if there were other civilizations they would only be ETS.

Well, I finally entered in the bus that was covered with dust. We started our journey in the direction of a road which would cut through the National Park of the

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Chapada dos Guimarães. The bus was driving slowly on the road. The scenario changed at every curve, and every time I looked out the window it became more wild and mountainous.

I could see the savannah stone covered with yellow soil. As we crossed the Portao do Inferno (The Gate of Hell). I saw the fabulous mountains form a majestic cliff. It reminded me of the Valley of the Dinosaurs. We continued to drive up the mountain which had very rugged topography, looking down, reflecting on those sinister valleys.

After two hours we finally arrived in the city of Chapada dos Guimaraes and from the city to the hotel which I was staying was about a thirty minute drive. The ufologists were getting off the bus and they all got together in front of a church that was from the XVII century in the main square of the city. After driving down the dirt road, I arrived in a small village. When I got off the bus it seemed like a little market, which was probably the only market of the city. I started looking for some information. A man with a beard and gray hair looked at me through his glasses and then recommended a small Inn and pointed to a poster which was glued on one of the walls of the market. . He went with me until the door and told me to head east. At the end he said there would be a small road with a small path to the

right. There would be some signs on the way that pointed to the Xangrila Inn.

I started walking those flowered trails smelling the fresh air that came from the mountains as well as the smell of fields. The place had such a strong feeling of energy to appease the spirits of confusion. After the end of the small trail, I saw a sign that indicated the Inn. I walked through shrubs and trees which seemed to be everywhere, realizing how this kind of life is totally different from my urban life experience.

After walking for exactly fifteen minutes the Xangrila Inn appeared in front of me. A kind rudimentary hut was available for adventurists travelers. It was made of wood and a thatched roof. There was a balcony in the front with a lot of benches around it. I started to walk closer feeling a strange sensation. When I put my feet on the balcony I noticed miniature elves hanging from the ceiling. There were some kinds of small pipe like handmade bells hanging from the ceiling which were hitting against each other creating a harmonious sound of peace which broke the silence. I was getting ready to go in and I started to feel good vibes that filled my adventitious spirit.

I did not even need to knock on the door because it was already opened and when I entered a woman which seemed to be in her forties approached me. She

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had something mystic about her and she came to me with a friendly smile on her lips.

– Are you looking for a place to stay?

– Yes... only for a few days – I replied.

– Welcome to Xangrila – as she raised her hand and directed me to come in.

There was a large hall with many different types of crafts spread out on the floor which really called my attention. Some of them were made of twisted tree trunks; others were made of straw and others of rock. Towards the front there was a counter that seemed as if it was put together to be the reception hall of an exotic hotel. The woman gently helped me take my backpack off my back and invited me to see some of the rooms. I choose a room which was in the back, and had a beautiful view of a valley. She introduced herself to me as she entered the room. She then asked me out of curiosity:

– Are you here on pleasure?

– No, I am an anthropologist and I am here to make some studies. I would like to stay here until I find a cabin to rent.

– Anthropologist? – I felt that she did not know what an anthropologist was but she continued.

– There have been some archeologists here. There are some walls that are engraved, but I am sure that you have heard of them as they are usually visited by tourists.

– Yes that's true. But I am sure that there are many more which have not been explored yet. I am planning on making some excavations if I find some traces. I am defending a thesis about lost civilizations in Brazil and the inheritances of the indigenous tribes in our society.

She stopped for a moment thought and responded:

– If you really plan on staying you will discover many things that are kept in secret by many people that live in the forest and the mountains. You will have to get used to listening to a lot of legends and tales which are very common here, and which is probably abnormal for a scientist.

The friendly woman made me understand that she has a very good cultural aspect. My weariness interrupted my doubts and I went directly to take a nice cold shower.