



The Ahau Chronicles



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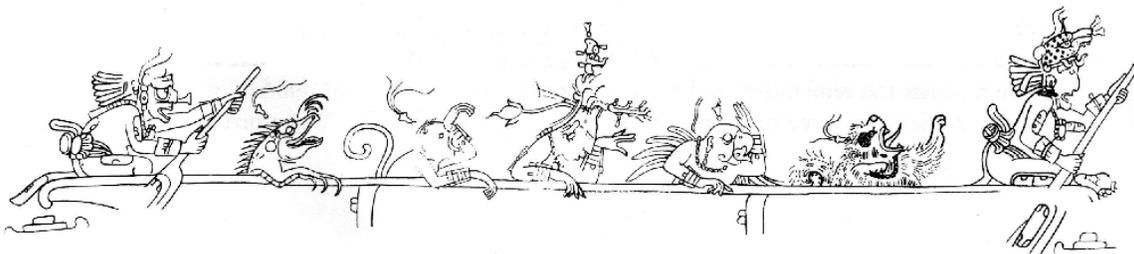


Plane Crash

On Friday, September 2, 2011, at approximately 5:48pm, a Chilean Air force plane with 21 people on board lost radio contact after two aborted attempts to land at the Robinson Crusoe Island airport. The plane crashed into the waters of the Pacific Ocean off the southern shore of the island, killing everyone on board. At the time of writing this newsletter, the bodies of the majority of the victims have been recovered and identified and large portions of the wreckage have been located, although the investigation continues.



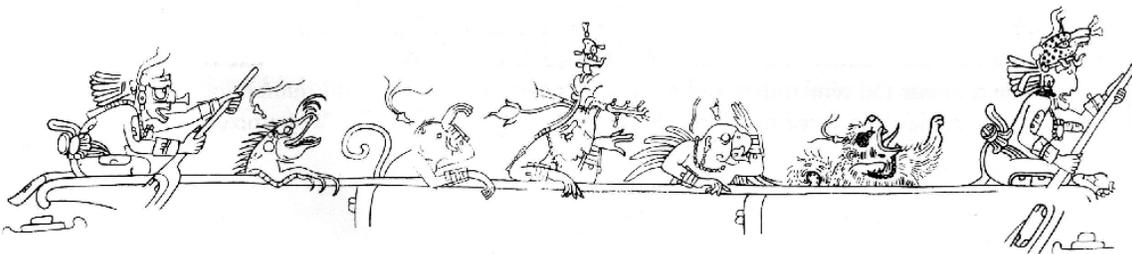
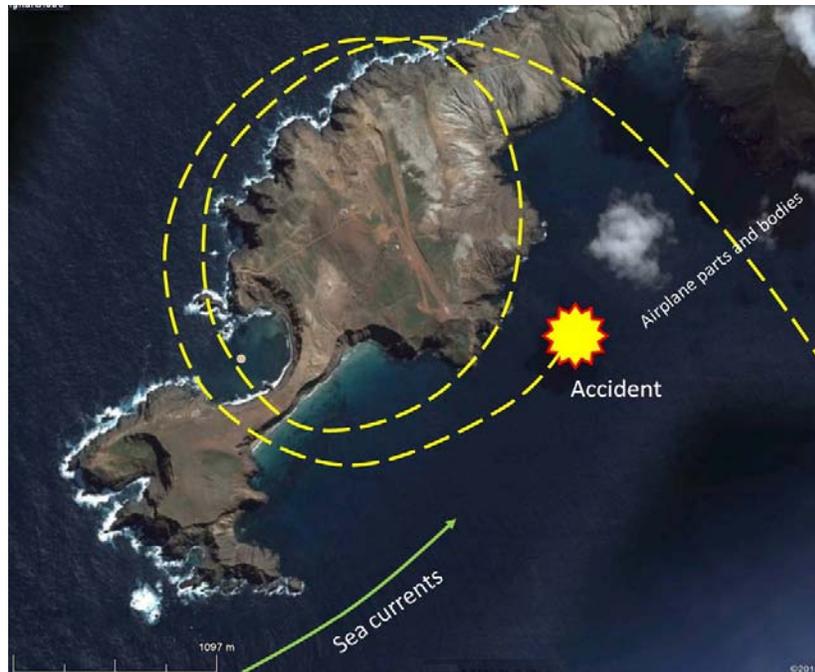
The airplane was a CASA 212 similar to the one shown at left, a turboprop workhorse of air forces around the world known for its ability to land on short runways. The plane had taken off in the early afternoon from Santiago for the 3-hour flight.





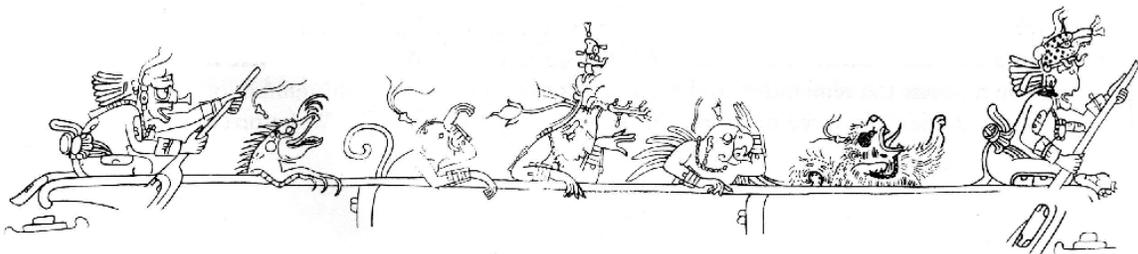
The approach to the runway is a tricky one, with precipitous cliffs at either end and gusting winds coming in off the ocean. To experience for yourself what it's like to land here, visit my YouTube site, **ApocalypseIsland2012**, and click on the video "[Apocalypse Island Eclipse Expedition Pt 1](#)". Especially terrifying is the part at 1:09 where the plane seems to drop out from beneath me over the cliffs as some ominous beeping emits from the dashboard.

This graphic depicts the two failed landing approaches and the suspected location of the crash. The sea currents pushed floating wreckage and victims northeast along the coast and into Villagra Bay. I received an email: "They are pulling bodies from the bay in front of the monument."



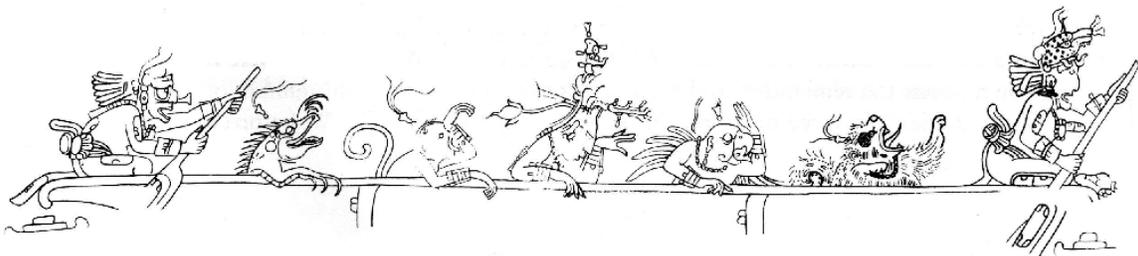


The map above shows the location of recovered debris, including a plane door and seat. Readers of this newsletter may recall Volume 8 where I spoke of “Earth Energy” and a possible “ley line” which passes over the monument and which I caught on film back in 1997. [An unretouched photo is available in my Photo Gallery for further analysis.] The energetic beam appears to aim southwest toward the western tip of the island where another rock formation known as the “Indian’s Head” (below left) exists at Punta O’Higgins. Is it possible that this beam could have played a role in the recent plane crash? Chilean aviation experts insist that the winds on the day of the crash were no worse than any encountered elsewhere in Chile and should not have been an issue for an experienced Air Force pilot who had successfully landed on the island in the past.





A Chilean pilot looks out along the ley line alignment while a Navy ship conducts a search. The monument lies in the exact center of the landscape shown below.

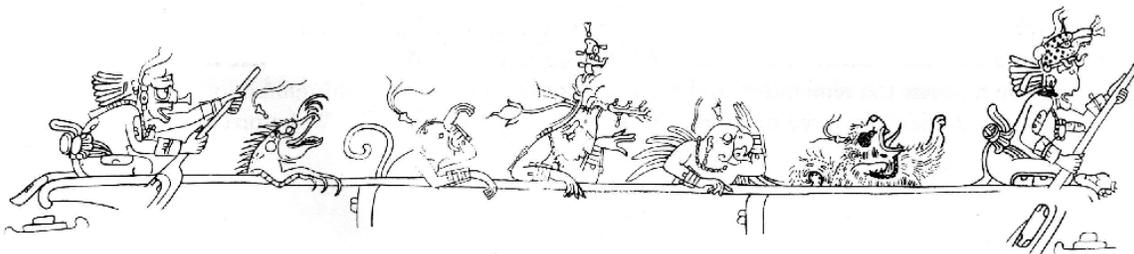


Among the victims of the accident was a crew of five from **Televisión Nacional de Chile** including one of its most famous on-air personalities, Felipe Camiroaga. Also lost were Felipe Cubillos, a millionaire philanthropist who had rebuilt the island school after the 2010 tsunami, and Sebastián Correa Murillo, an architect who designed the replacement houses given to homeless victims of the tsunami, including my dear friend Pedro Niada. The flight to the island was intended to produce a program documenting the tsunami reconstruction effort but instead has heaped tragedy upon tragedy. Chilean President Sebastián Piñera declared a national two-day period of mourning and Pope Benedict wrote a letter of condolence to the country.

As “Operation Loreto” continues, so too does the search for answers. The rationalists among us will insist that this is all just coincidence. The haters out there will likely decry my suggestions as an example of macabre opportunism. But to truly honor the memories of those lost we must be willing to consider any and all possibilities. To preemptively exclude certain lines of investigation may forever prevent a successful resolution. Could the power of the “Earth Energy” be increasing as we approach 2012, already reaching an intensity sufficient to disrupt navigational instruments? How long can we continue to ignore the obvious? Though there were no eye-witnesses to the crash of the Air Force plane, the monument gazed stoically out over the water and observed the entire catastrophe.



For the victims of the crash of the FACH CASA-212, may you rest in peace.



The second of my travel journals has been uploaded to www.chichibel.com and records my thoughts as I travelled to Chile at the beginning of September, 1996. This is one of my favorite journals since it lays bare the strange angst I suffered as I made my way to South America with no recognizable goal in mind. The first page addresses the confusion that paralyzed my mind whenever I confronted the apparent aimlessness of my life at that time. Little did I know that my greatest discovery was drawing me towards itself as if with an irresistible magnetic pull.

My travel dates were decided with the September 18th Chilean National Celebration in mind so I flew to Santiago a week earlier. Though the date September 11th back in 1996 had yet to gain the notoriety it has today, it was nonetheless the anniversary of the 1973 CIA-backed coup that had overthrown the democratically-elected President Salvador Allende and installed General Augusto Pinochet as dictator of Chile. This history had interested me as I prepared for my trip since I felt that my generation of Chileans, having grown up under the dictator, was only then enjoying a newfound freedom after Pinochet stepped down in 1990. I recognized this in Francisca's boundless energy and optimism and came to see it also in her friends.

The journal skips forward to a Dec. 2 entry recording the death of Uto, an island elder. Alongside this entry is another from February 2009. Here I analyzed the dates surrounding my discovery of Chichibel and recognized that Uto had died precisely two weeks before my discovery while exactly two weeks after, on the sacred Ahau day, Chan Kin Viejo, an aged Lacandon elder from near Palenque, had also died. It was as if the Underworld was summoning those whose work here on earth had finally come to completion.

The journal also contains some later entries including an early recreation of my travel timeline as well as some writings from 1997, the year after I discovered Chichibel. Finding little acceptance for my unorthodox discovery, I returned to Palenque to continue my primary investigations of the hieroglyphic inscriptions in an attempt to understand this profound mystery. As I delved into these studies I was forced to abandon much of the accepted wisdom upon which I had founded my understanding of reality. Cut loose from these foundations I abandoned my old life and began a shamanic quest to return to Robinson Crusoe Island. Leaving Palenque with 6 pesos in my pocket, I hitchhiked through Central America all the way to Panama. The final journal entry was written from my wooded camp in the jungles of Alto Boquette and acts as a manifesto for the work that I would continue to pursue.

The final page of the journal is a sketch of the object of my obsession, which I made as a stand-in for the photos of the monument that I didn't possess. Perhaps I should not have been surprised that this evidence was insufficient to convince others of my find.

