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EZOOSMOS

Book I

Annotation on the back of the cover page.

Hidden reality is present in people's lives every day. **Perception** of its secrets **helps** one not only to gain experience of living in this world, but also **to make a step** in the investigation of one's own self... **Numerous** of so-called people's diseases, sudden depressions, suicide attempts, accidents, murders are the results of the **hidden forces** activity. In the past, there used to be those who actively opposed them, defending people from the **other** side of **reality**. The **scales** of Good and Evil are **in hands of a human**. Ezoosmos determines everything.

Part 1. An Unusual Fishing

Those were last warm days of the passing summer. Everyone used that time in one's own way appreciating such a generous benevolence of nature at its true value. Some were contented with observing sunny day views through windows, instead of rainy images that were common for this summer period. Some hastened to take the air, walking along those few islands of green that were miraculously preserved in the middle of grey asphalt-and-concrete composition of urban civilization. And the most adventurous ones longed for nature, in order to have a full-fledged vocation, gather enough strength and impressions see the coming winter out.

Three cars, packed with those desiring to have a first light fishing, worked their way round holes and bumps along a wood road. The driver of the leading car was a fair-haired man with blond-brown moustache. He looked about 30, average height, athletic build. Friends treated him with respect and called him 'Sensei' as he had been heading oriental martial arts circle for many years and

was famed for his skill among professionals. His primary activity, however, was medicine. Vertebrology in particular. Sensei was quite out of the ordinary, interesting man with vast mental outlook and inexhaustible sense of humor. Therefore, the number of those willing to spend time with him even at such a ‘quiet arrangement’ as fishing, turned out to be enough and to spare as usual.

Sensei’s old Soviet car “Moscvich” blinked its stoplights twice, and the cars that followed it stopped. The driver cast a glance examining a gauge of the road, which ended at a broad clearing. And with an irony he asked a tall guy, who sprawled on the passenger chair: “Well, where have you taken us to, fatherland’s son born out of wedlock?”

“Me, taken?!” Eugene answered with a grin, and then added mischievously: “But... Sensei, it’s you who drives. I’m merely showing the way to the radiant future!”

Sensei smiled together with other guys. Looking about at the brake along the wood road and at the glade ahead, Eugene said in jest: “Yep! It looks like the place.”

“*It looks like, it looks like!*” his friend Stas could not contain himself any longer. Stas sat in the rear seat holding a large bottle in his hands that was filled with water and bait for fish of prey – loaches. “The sun has risen already. It’s just the time of biting! And here we are in the thickets checking your fourth *looks like.*”

“I told you I’d been here two years ago,” Eugene started to make excuses and added poetically, “I recall there was a forest, a clearing, a river... That was a top-class place! Oodles of fish! There were splashing ones this big!”

At these words, trying to impress on the others, he began to stretch his hands wide to show the size of fish. But his spread was obviously limited by the inside of a car so as to illustrate more precise “parameters” of “monsters” found in the river. As people jokingly say, the longer the fisherman’s arms, the less trust there is to his stories.

“Pull the other leg, Eugene! There’re none such in nature,” pronounced senior sempai Victor, a stocky guy who was sitting near Stas and eating a bun.

“There are too! Sure thing, there are,” Eugene persuaded fervently. “Sensei, tell them...”

“Well why there aren’t? Everything’s possible nowadays,” Sensei agreed with a smile. “And those, with two heads and three tails...”

The guys laughed, while Eugene waved his hand at them with feigned offence.

“Oh, why would I talk to you... I’ll see you boast about when you catch such a bomber.”

With those words, he left the car in businesslike air and went ahead to examine the passage to the river as well as the surrounding country.

“Stas, take a walk with him,” Sensei suggested, when laughter in the cabin faded more or less. “If the place’s good, we’ll stay here. Or we’ll drive about till the evening with this apology for a guide.”

Stas nodded and carefully handed the bottle over to Victor.

“There you go, the valuable cargo. And mind you don’t eat them, gormandizer!” he wagged his finger in jest.

“They’re kind of languid,” Victor observed with irony examining the “field car-aquarium”.

“What would you want? Poor things got sick of such a trip,” Stas complained in a fit of temper, who devoted the whole overnight to laborious procuring of this dainty for catfish. “It’s no joke, they make this land journey for the first time, and Eugene turned out to be among the guides. Good heavens!”

“Yeah, no luck,” Victor sympathized with laughter.

Stas got out of the car and hastened after Eugene, who rounded the kink.

It should be noted that there gathered quite a diverse public in the cars if judge from age and profession. For example, Victor, who rode in Sensei’s “Moscvich,” was an investigative officer. Eugene and Stas, apart from their “lifetime” pursuit of unceasing training, during their “recess,” so to say, earned their living as mechanics in auto repair shop. The fourth passenger in Sensei’s car, Ruslan, a lean medium-sized chap with slightly worked out muscles, was a common factory worker.

The other car, called “doggy” among the folks, was driven by Volodya, a stocky man of sturdy build with determined features. He was a head of special mission unit for several years already. Near him were his colleagues and friends: Bogdan, Oleg, and Seva (or as he was called, Svat). Notable for their military bearing, they were also distinguished for their peculiar manner of communication, which develops among people who were in the services together for a long time. The fourth passenger, who sat next to Volodya, curiously enough, was of a quite different social environment. It was not for a month as Valera came out of prison, where he had served another term. He was Volodya’s friend since childhood and a neighbor. In outward appearance Valera was not much different from Seva or Oleg. An ordinary young lad, medium-sized, average built. His face, however, bore a particular imprint of life in a

prison. One could read distrust in a somewhat stern look, even a hidden threat for anyone, who would dare violate his personal space.

Behind the wheel of the third car, ‘Volga’, there was Nikolai Andreevich. His passengers were young individuals, who had just recently graduated from university Andrew, Nastya, Tatyana, and Kostya. One wouldn’t call this merry crowd a company of inveterate fishermen, excluding Nikolai Andreevich, of course. Quite the opposite. The company was so full of buoyant youthful energy that no respected fish would have approached such laugh-n-noise generators that are all about tricks and unrestrained chattering about every trifle in the world. This atmosphere could be endured, perhaps, only by a psychotherapist (not too long at that), Nikolai Andreevich being such, by the way. But everyone in the car was too anxious so as not to miss such a rare opportunity of breaking away for a holiday together with Sensei. That’s why they thrust themselves as “fishermen” in an alleged effort to improve in their piscatorial skills as well as in knowledge of the area’s flora and fauna.

Such was the big, motley company looking forward to arrival of their walkers Eugene and Stas. In was but in ten minutes that this impressive couple went back at a jog trot with joyful news. Already from afar, they started to make signs at car drivers and their passengers that the fishing place was finally found. Eugene tried to mime that there’s a whole plenty of fish varying in size. He showed the sizes comparing them to different body parts of his companion.

“It is there!” Stas panted out, getting into Sensei’s car together with Eugene. “First go straight, then to the right. There’s a convenient path to the river.”

After tedious waiting and coping with the last yards towards the long-expected aim, the cars drove out at a clearing located on a bank of a small river. The place turned out to be beautiful indeed. There was a smooth wind in the river in this spot. Coniferous trees mixed with broad-leaved trees surrounded the clearing. The air was sweet with aroma of conifers. The green clearing was lit with bright sunrays that created splashes of light reflecting from diamond dewdrop placer. All this, along with the view of the far bank, created a truly enchanting picture of nature.

A sandy slightly downgrade shore was not yet touched by a gross imprint of a boot, and that unspeakably gladdened inveterate fishermen of our big company keen to some local fauna. Content with appearance of the place, everyone started to make up for lost time. “Experienced fishermen” headed by Sensei seized their fishing implements and went straight to the river to set

everything up, with such passion at that, as if they had merely ten seconds to fulfil their fisherman's dream. The others started to pitch a campsite.

After common preliminaries were concluded, and the folks fortified themselves with a light breakfast, most of the company dispersed alongshore – some with a spinning reel, some with a fishing rod. With their fishing “arsenal”, almost everyone decorously seated themselves at a respectful distance from each another in secret hope of a felicitous catch just at their chosen spot.

The riverside in the wilderness was swiftly filled with paraphernalia of civilization. Should a New Guinea's Papuan happen to be here, he would examine all these queer articles for a long time. And if someone explained the purpose of each article to him, including various super cool fishing accessories, the Papuan would laugh for a day or two at the fact that some smart merchant had been able to fool so many people. An entire tribe, what do you know! But there was no Papuan around, and the fooled people believed firmly that the purchased stuff would help them lure the cunning fish out of the river.

Eugene alone stayed in the “camp” and it was just because his fishing net got tangled. The lad belonged to that extreme category of “fishermen” who cannot bear to sit with a fishing rod for hours. He liked the fish to be caught at once and in loads. Eugene could also chase after fish one-on-one when submarine hunting. At least, there was a peculiar sporting blood in it – who wears out whom. But to sit idly contemplating the water from the riverside was not his trip. That's why Eugene always took his “tangle” net for fishing. It was as easy to fish with it as it can be: setting nets, driving fish into them, and there you go – now you can cook fish soup! That's all there is to a “wet work”. That's why Eugene was not being deceitful when he promised a grandiose catch as he pinned his hopes on this safe bet option. However, an unexpected misfortune occurred. He did not check the net at home and he also did not exert himself with conscientious packing at his last fishing. That's why he got such a stable result. The “tangling net” fully justified its name this time matting sinkers and floats badly. No matter how hard the lad tried his efforts got nowhere.

But Eugene wouldn't have been Eugene if he had given way to despair or showed that things weren't going his way. At any rate, he could not allow it to happen in front of girls. So, he explained his prolonged stay at the camp during the most appropriate time for morning fishing by “purely gentlemen's motives” – telling punning stories to girls so as to render “invaluable assistance” in women's toils of washing dirty dishes after a raid of such a “starving bunch”. In brief, Eugene did not waste time even here.

Sitting in a folding chair, he “sympathized” the girls in good faith: “...that’s in our technological age when cosmic saucers furrow the celestial space, when humanity has automated manufacturing by ninety percent, these fragile, tender fingers are to perform infinite number of movements over that dirty, modernized human trough of abdominal satiety, this monstrous implement that favors lust of flesh, its stomach and pride...”

At this time, there appeared an SUV on the provisional forest “road” that the cars of this company struggled through. The SUV stopped at the glade passage. A lean man got out of the car. His hair was light and thin, his small beard was reddish, and his face was somewhat pale. Camouflage fishing smock was rather big and looked as though it was off somebody’s back.

Eugene discontinued his ardent speech addressed to “working-people” and turned his eyes towards an intruder with curiosity. Noticing fixed attention directed at him, the SUV driver thrust his hand into his trousers’ pocket. Then, playing with a car key with the other hand he waddled towards Sensei’s “Moscvich,” the rear of which slightly stuck out at the “driving lane.”

“Well, whose jade sprawled here halfway?” the stranger said deliberately vociferously and kicked the car wheel couple times.

Eugene sprang up from his seat right away and nearly choked with his saliva – that much he wanted to pant out to the uninvited guest’s face.

“Yo, man, what this leg-throwing is all about?!”

“So, it’s your rattletrap then?” he asked with a jeer.

“Mine or not, what’s the diff it’s got to do with you?”

Eugene walked up to Sensei’s car hastily. He took out a not-too-clean handkerchief and made as though he wiped last specks of dust from it. After demonstrating such an evident love of domestic cars, Eugene assumed the threatening attitude of a fervent owner.

“Now then, what’s the matter exactly?”

“What’s the matter?!” the car driver voiced indignantly. “Left this junk in the middle of the road and there he asks what’s the matter! Decent cars can’t go through.”

“Do you call this tractor a *decent car*?!” a flame of patriotic sentiments flared up in Eugene in a flash. “One would only race rhinos in Africa in it, not break wind along decent Slavic passages. Besides, there’s plenty of space here. No harm will be done to your tractor, if you shift its tracks a bit towards the bushes.”

“Yeah, right! And who will paint and glaze my car afterwards, you?”

“Well, why not paint it, if there is such a need? I might as well cover it with drawings so that you wouldn't wish for more. Its own jap mother won't recognize it! Just give me a minute, I'll get some tools...”

And Eugene swan about towards the tents, as if intending to keep his word momentarily. After making several steps, he came to a standstill and, pulling a not very bright face, he turned back and thoughtfully remarked: “I say, man, it just flashed across my straight gyrus... What on earth would you need this passage for? There's only a steep ahead. This place is occupied. There's a lot of us here too! Won't you find other places for yourself? The river is big enough.”

“What for?! I've been feeding the fish here for an entire week. Served them different dishes like in a restaurant. And here you all are on a lured spot...”

“But, I kinda got them food too!” making barefaced single-minded countenance, Eugene exclaimed happily. “One could say gave up the last piece of bread, all for them scaled-fish! Oh, my,” he drawled, “we might have fed them up through and through! I should not wonder if it lies at the bottom of the river like a pig after dinner, lazy to lift its tail upwards. And I rack my brains why it doesn't bite. The poor things just got distended...”

The girls listening to this conversation laughed gently.

“Listen man! Maybe, we just ‘dynamite’ this impudent fish?”

“Do what?!”

“I'm saying, did you happen to take along some dynamite?” Eugene asked expressly loudly with clear interest.

The driver beamed a gap-toothed smile failing to keep a dead-pan before such an ardent speech of the odd fellow.

“Don't fret, I'll get it out without that all right.”

Eugene glanced at that ‘dentist's gladness’ smile and said with sympathy: “Do you know, by chance, if fish have heart attack?”

This question seemed to draw the stranger away from the line of captiousness, as he answered shrugging his shoulders: “I don't know. Maybe. Since it has a heart, then heart attacks can happen.”

“Oh, I see now.”

“What do you see?”

“I was thinking how you were going to get it out.”

“Oh, bother!” the man latched on. The SUV driver laughed good-naturedly together with Eugene. Then he spoke in level tones: “All right, then, call the owner of the car.”

“I’m for him. What, do I not look like?”

“You?” the man hemmed. “You’ve not enough wit... and moustache too.”

Eugene was just about to open his mouth to argue about his effulgent intellect, but after hearing about the moustache he stopped short and took a good look at the driver.

“Come on, now, call him,” he hurried observing Eugene’s reaction.

“What do you need him for?”

“I need him, full stop. Should I report to you, or something?”

“Well, have it your way, man,” Eugene warned him in jest to be on the safe side. “You’ve asked for it yourself. I tried my best to make it safer for your persona...”

With that he moved towards the river and passed out of sight behind the waterside slope.

Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich were sitting on a snag that seemed to have seen quite a lot of fishermen’s second principal “operating tools” in its recumbent life. Both men with fishing rods in their arms were watching their floats in such a manner as though fish was just about to bite. Eugene came down the sand fill. The fishers were so focused on the process that no one paid attention to his coming. The lad looked at the floats rocking gently in the water and asked an eternal question of a traveler passing along the shore.

“Well, does it nibble?”

“Ah, just small fry,” Sensei answered with eternal reply of a fisher.

Eugene lingered for a moment in secret hope that a grandiose biting would start at his presence. But with no sign of that momentous event he returned to the urgent subject.

“Hey, Sensei! There is a cheeky fellow looking for you. He’s come on an SUV. He hold himself so high-flown...”

Keeping his eyes on the float Sensei smiled and asked: “Skinny, with a thin red beard?”

“Yes.”

“Turn him out!”

“OK,” Eugene rejoiced and started climbing up the sandy slope.

“Hey, wait!” Sensei called after him. “I’m joking, you know... He’s a parson.”

“A parson?!” Eugene slid down the slope in ineffable amazement. “*The* parson who, you said, would join us to fish?”

Observing confused the confused guy's face, Sensei nodded with laughter and stood up to come out of his "fishing ambush".

At the sight of his friend, Father John (or Vano as Sensei called him since childhood) seemed to have transformed right away. One wouldn't recognize a former SUV driver in him. He assumed a humble posture and took on long-suffering air.

In uncommonly heartfelt voice, laying stress on "o"s, the guest started pouring out his complaints and admonitions: "What in the wide world is going on? It not enough that I'd barely found you, God being my helper at that, now there's also this arch adolescent indulges in vile blasphemies. It almost came to manhandling..."

And so, Father John drew an intentionally vivid picture of his acquaintance with Eugene, winning the audience naturally on him. Then, he delivered a short edifying sermon on the topic that one ought to love one's neighbors. With a serious look on his face, Sensei 'attended' unto Father John's touching speech, nodding in response and casting reproving glances at Eugene. The latter even got embarrassed at such words of the priest. The tips of his ears turned red as if he were a delinquent teenager. And when the guy – with the aid of flaming speech of the priest – was driven into a condition of browsing grass under his feet, wishing to sink into the ground for his behavior, before Sensei first of all, Father John suspiciously stopped short. Eugene was silent at first, depressed with shattering 'accusation'. Then he raised his 'madcap' timidly and... saw Vano and Sensei shudder in silent laughter. That's when Eugene finally grasped the concealed meaning of the aforesaid.

"Gee whiz!" he breathed out with relief.

All three let out a booming laughter. The laughter as a bait lured the guys and girls. After calming down, Vano heartily greeted Sensei and shook hands with the rest. Changing to ordinary pronunciation he observed in jest: "No, really, I've been puzzling out your maneuvers for two hours. I thought we agreed to meet in a different place..."

"I passed the word to you as it was explained to me," Sensei said merrily, pointing to Eugene.

"Now, that's who explained it to you?!" Vano exclaimed with a laughter. "No wonder you turned out here then. Pretends to be Ivan Osipovich!.."

"Do what? Which Ivan Osipovich?" Eugene didn't get it.

"Susanin, young man. Susanin. It's a shame not to know one's history," Father John uttered with reproof.

The entire company rolled with a new fit of laughter. The name of a renowned peasant of Kostroma uyezd (district), who led a party of Polish-Lithuanian interventionists into impassable dense forest, glued to Eugene through life by widely different people at that. But he did not seem to be daunted by that a bit. Quite the opposite, it stirred up pride in his historical compatriot.

Being in the focus of everyone's attention, Eugene feigned a smile, shrugged his shoulders and pronounced: "Even Homer sometimes nods. You never know what happens in life. Incidentally, the motto of my ancestors has it that all happenings of life in their incidents and opportunities are divided precisely into two halves. May be and may not be."

By these words he called forth a new hailstorm of jokes and laughter. Later on, when everyone managed to figure out who is who and what place they occupy under the sun, there began a hospitable welcome of the dear guest. In an attempt to rehabilitate himself before the newcomer, Eugene started fussing about, which was unnatural for his mischievous nature, offering a verity of services. He aided in parking the SUV near the "best tree on the glade" that in his opinion casted the widest shadow. He thoughtfully carried Vano's fishing tackle to the bank of the river and even inflated his rubber dinghy.

Such a valuable addition to fisherman's accessories as a means of travel by water ineffably inspired the gathering. As would be expected, the right of "the first rowing" was passed to inveterate fishermen. Along with Vano they started to plough the waters in turns in quest of a decent fish biting.

As of Eugene, as soon as he made sure that the object of his "first-sight affections" swam out a considerable distance, he smiled slyly. His eyes lit-up with mischievous twinkle. While everyone was consumed with the process of morning fishing, "Susanin's descendant" set out to implement his much suffered insidious intent. Especially as, in his opinion, there was not much of a true fishing to look forward to as such because of his hopelessly entangled net.

Having found an empty water bottle, Eugene learnedly made an unpretentious sprinkler out of it by pinning several holes in its cap. Then he filled it with water and made his way to the provision tent where he generously poured sugar into the bottle. Next, he thoroughly shook up his "detonating mixture", got out of the "bunker" and looked at the dinghy with a happy grin. The guy sashayed towards the SUV, walked round it casting amorous glances at this foreign monster. He glanced back and, seeing no unnecessary witnesses, with unspeakable pleasure, he started to plot a sweet water trail from an anthill

located behind the mighty trunk of the “best tree on the glade” that casted a blissful shadow – the car was parked next to it exactly owing to Eugene’s exorbitant endeavors – towards the hateful “tractor”. Whistling a patriotic tune to himself, he threw some sweet water on the wheels and lower door chinks of the SUV with particular inspiration.

The guy regretted a single thing: there were no spectators of the scene who would appreciate at its true value the inventiveness and acting talent of the performer. Only a bird sitting on a top pine-tree branch with its head bent awry was curiously watching the fuss of a ground biped which was absolutely incomprehensible for its bird’s nature. Having emptied the entire bottle, “avenged Susanin” had a sigh of great relief and, as if being a devoted Green Peace member, started delightfully watching how the first scout ants were successfully overcoming the invisible distance he had drawn. Eugene’s mood turned apparently better. However, his crazy enthusiasm did not run out at that.

Having waited until the sun slightly warmed up the water, Eugene decided to indulge in underwater hunting and to catch at least one worthwhile fish. He glanced over the water expanse in search of a fish Klondike and rested his gaze on a boat drifting near the far bank and attracting him like a magnet. Vano was there for already half an hour with Victor who had offered himself to be Vano’s fishing mate. And suddenly Eugene’s advantageous mind was visited by his unfailing “muse” – a gorgeous mythical woman with an inexhaustible sense of humour as the guy visualized her.

Having unpacked a massive aqualung, sweating over its weight, Eugene carried it to rush bushes, making a small detour through a forest so as to remain unnoticed. And, at the very moment when the guy was enthusiastically putting on the aqualung, the rush bushes began rustling suspiciously. Stas’s crown came into view in the middle of the bushes. Eugene’s friend appeared at the most interesting point, as they say.

“Oh! And I’ve been thinking where you are! I saw you taking the aqualung and walking to the forest, as if you were going to dive. I decided to please myself with such an entertaining spectacle.”

“No way!” Eugene grinned. “Don’t you dare touching my bright idea with your dirty hands!”

Right before Stas’s appearance, Eugene was completing to invent his great maneuver on how to convince the men fishing nearby that not simple fish could be found in this place, but gigantic ones similar to sharks. He was enjoying himself with such idea of a true fishing commotion. Stas’s appearance didn’t

make a part of Eugene's strategic plan, for he had always believed: if two people came to know something, than even a pig could find it out. Yet, at the same time he was eager to impart his huge idea of a laughable enterprise with someone. And who else could size up such submarine performance, but Stas who'd always been an unintentional witness of Eugene's lifelong adventures? In his turn, Stas was bored of their unsuccessful fishing. Thus, when Eugene expounded his idea to him, his friend not simply supported it, but expressed his eagerness to participate in Eugene's underwater adventure, having added the initial plan with some new refined details. Stas brought his aqualung to the departure point, i.e. to the rush bushes, put on the equipment and submerged simultaneously with Eugene, believing they both remained unnoticed by their half-asleep fishing companions.

The couple swam under Vano's inflatable boat at the depth. At that moment, Victor was sitting at the stern with a fishing-rod in his hands. Fish was not biting at all, and it seemed like it even didn't approach the fat worm which Victor had dug out in his grandmother's kitchen garden the day before. Victor strenuously fought sleepiness, trying to focus his eyesight on a steadily wavering float. However, his pupils were further turning towards his bridge, and his eyes were closing all by themselves, temptingly replacing the monotonous river view with a sweet, untroubled dream. Only thanks to his incredible will effort, his vigilant conscience and the awareness of his fisherman's duty, Victor periodically managed to unfasten his lead-like eyelids.

Vano was sitting at the other side of the boat with a spinning rod. His fishing was much more vigorous. He continuously dropped out his minnow into the water, now here, now there, not losing hope to catch at least something. It seemed like this man was not even familiar with "tiredness", "sleepiness", "dejections" notions. While Vano was recurrently winding the fishing-line round the spinning bobbin, his glance roved over the water surface not far from the boat. Then he looked askance at dormant Victor, archly smiled and providently moved aside from the boar edge. He quickly reeled the fishing-line on and began to replace the minnow with enthusiasm, as if nothing had happened.

At that very moment, "the saboteurs" were already straight at the planned whereabouts. Eugene carefully swam up to the worm inertly twitching on Victor's rod and strongly pulled the fishing-line. Slumberous Victor nearly flopped into the water from surprise, having clutched at the rod instinctively. An excessive dose of adrenalin burst into his blood, like a sudden hurricane, and

agitated sundry dust-forming “trash” in his human brain “garret”, namely some archaic hunting instincts. Victor’s eyes turned round in a flash, and he excitedly called out to Vano, having completely forgotten that “fish preferred silence”:

“I got it! I caught it, I caught it!”

The fishing-line tightly stretched, having bent the rod into a steep arc, and started to spin. Not believing his fishing luck, Victor persistently endeavored to pull it.

“Wow! What a fish! It’s probably a huge pike!” he kept saying boastfully, concentrating his delighted gaze on the muddy water depth.

Vano imitated sheer elation for his companion on his face and began helping him fussily with advices how to drag out the huge fish. Fishing passion was flaring up “on board”.

“Look, look how strongly it’s conducting!” the “happy fisherman” was bragging about, dizzy with his unprecedented luck. Victor even half-rose in agitation. “Give me the net, I’ll lead it closer now!”

At that moment, the fishing-line sharply stretched towards the middle of the river, and a mighty blow at the boat bilge immediately followed. Because of such an unexpected tremor, Victor, being busy with his “huge pike” chase, failed to keep the balance and fell overboard. The instinct of self-preservation in the face of such river monsters prevailed over the fishing instinct. Having dropped the rod, Victor started getting back into the boat at an unbelievable speed and, being panic-stricken, nearly overturned it together with Vano. If it were not Father John’s timely assistance, nobody knew how everything would eventually end.

“Wow! Wow!” Victor repeated like saying a prayer, with his teeth chattering either of cool water or of fear. “Have you seen this? It’s given such a blow! It’s probably this big, not less...”

Along with these words, his fishing “disease” further expanded.

“Yeah, looks like an old cat-fish,” Vano nodded, diligently expressing an awakened interest of an amateur fisherman.

“A cat-fish?! Wow! Yet, have you really seen it?! There is a whole shoal of them here! It’s dragged such a rod away, skunk!”

“Well, this cat-fish weighs something around sixty kilos,” the fishing-mate stirred up the passion and started plying the oars. “My spinning rod definitely won’t help us to cope with them.”

“Yeah,” Victor agreed, secretly being happy that their boat was rapidly moving away from the place of his recent “joy” which had ended with a total horror for him. “We need a stronger fishing-line, and bigger hooks...”

Evidently, the experienced fear caused Victor’s continuous verbal outpouring. On the move, he began to contrive fabulous methods of catching those huge fish.

Still, the most interesting the situation appeared for the rest of the company who were waiting for the two unlucky fishermen on the bank. Having dropped their rods, the other guys perplexedly witnessed Victor’s unbelievable overboard acrobatics and the next happy “rescue of the drowned man” scene which was immediately followed with the high-speed rowing towards the bank. Having felt himself on the ground, Victor finally grew bolder. He started excitedly telling the others about his nearly lucky catch as well as about his heroic fight with the river monsters in the water where he had almost seized the huge fish by the tail... As everyone knows, the biggest fish caught is always the one which certainly gets away from the hook at a crucial moment of a fight.

The flaming fishing and hunting passion spread among the others, being stirred up by Vano a great deal. Everybody started strenuously getting ready for the trophies capture. Some brought huge hooks, some got kapron lines... Someone warned that it was better not to go into the water, for he had heard a tragic story about some enormous cat-fish which had swallowed a whole god, and that there were also cannibal cat-fish. Then, a whole serial of various “reliable” cases followed. After all the thriller stories, the guys began to construct “a super-tackle”, a single one for everybody by the way.

Vano morally supported their fishing initiative as he should, but didn’t take any active part in the “project” implementation. He kindly put his boat at disposal of the enthusiasts, and joined Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich who were peacefully sitting far from the entire fuss, on their favorite snag.

“What is this panic all about?” Sensei interested.

“Well,” Father John waved his hand, “your Susanin has played an amphibian. He and his friend have put on aqualungs and are pulling our leg.”

“A-a-ah... This guy is capable of anything like this... As a matter of fact, fishing is a very useful thing... especially for developing one’s imagination.”

They laughed looking at the guys on the bank. By that time, Eugene and Stas had already approached the group as if nothing had happened. They actively joined the general fuss, pouring oil on the flames with passionate speeches and intensive gesticulation.

The “wonder-fish” catching lasted for about three hours. The guys thoroughly furrowed the river space by turns, trying to find Victor’s “valuable take”. In the end, fairly having fagged out their vigor and overstrained their nerves, they all got tired and almost lost hope of catching anything at all.

In the afternoon, the “wonder-fish” secret got disclosed in a very trite way. And the main thing was that it was disclosed by the inimitable humorist who had been the one to make the others swear of non-disclosure of this, nearly “government level” secret... At first, everything went right according to the plan. Eugene even decided to demonstrate courage and heroism of a fearless swimmer in front of the gazing fishermen. The water had already got warmed enough, but nobody really hurried to get into it after all those thriller stories. Only Eugene indulged in swimming with pleasure, diving like a duck in various places in quest of big cat-fish.

Suddenly, being at the deepest part of the river, the guy started to flounder desperately, as if he was drowning. First, everyone thought it was his next tomfoolery. Yet, such of his actions were usually followed with some comic speech declaring all the “heroic merits” of his, whereas now he was speechlessly floundering, disappearing under the water from time to time. Stas was the first one to rush to his help. Bogdan and Svat jumped into the water right after him without hesitation. At that moment, Eugene had finally managed to free himself from something, and he started swimming towards the bank at such speed which probably exceeded the dreams of Olympic swimming champions. Like a shot from a gun, he got out of the water, turned round dread and began looking narrowly at the place where he had nearly drowned.

“What’s happened?” the guys asked, coming up running.

“Have the cat-fished attacked?!” agitated Victor tried to elicit.

“There’s no cat-fish!” Eugene began to jabber very seriously. “Stas and I, we’ve played a trick on you with the cat-fish. But now somebody has been really pulling me to the depth. It’s something very strong and shaggy! It’s a total horror! It’s still giving me the shivers. I’ve released one foot, but it grasped me by the other one with its claw! I wanted to dive under it, but it’s soooooo huge...”

Sensei who was just passing by the group, stopped, listened to their conversation for a while and looked at the place showed by Eugene on the water. Then he glanced at each of the present, smiled and went his way to get extra hooks.

The crowd was listening to Eugene's words with distrust when suddenly he fell into a silent stupor. His fastened his eyes upon the water. Everybody looked in that direction, too. Rising from the abyss, there appeared an odd monster overgrown with long slime. It slowly started approaching the bank. The people were standing motionless: some couldn't move because of interest, some – because of a natural weakness. While the "monster" was gradually showing its human body from the water, and its upper part was clearing from slime, the dead-stopped guys began to give signs of life. In the end, the object of Eugene's enormous fear became completely transformed into Vano who shook off the last "flock" of slime, dipped into the water and walked to the bank with his customary gap-toothed smile, sleeking his hair with his hands.

"Well, how is the cat-fish?" he teased Eugene archly, and the entire crowd rolled with laughter.

After this incident, nobody was afraid of entering the water any more. The guys were heavily splashing in the river, having thoroughly scared away even the smallest fish. Vano was actively stirring up all that chaotic young enthusiasm with an interminable stream of jokes. He impressed Eugene so much that the latter became friends with him and discovered him as an irreplaceable mate for his "funny affairs" without even noticing it. Almost everyone abandoned fishing and devoted themselves to full-blooded rest. Only Sensei was still sitting on the bank with his rod, as a faithful fisherman. Vano and Eugene could stand it no longer, pointedly swam up to Sensei's rod and started to tug by the fishing-line one after another, imitating a mighty bite. Sensei tolerated their mockery for a while and then he gave in and said with a smile, "If fishing wasn't so calming, I would "drown" you both long ago, crucians."

Eugene cried out optimistically in response, "Fish does not drown in the water!"

And Vano teased Eugene right on the spot, "Hey, you, amphibian! Haven't you confused something about what does not drown in the water?"

Hilarious laughter resounded above the river again.

* * *

When the group blissfully stretched themselves out in the sun after their "water treatment", Volodya took a seat near Sensei.

"Nothing?" he pointed to the fishing float.

"Nothing," Sensei answered with a slight sadness.

“You’d better abandon this hopeless occupation,” Volodya advised with a smile. “I believe no decent fish has ever been found here.”

“E-e-eh, no...” Sensei drawled persistently, but then added after a pause, grinning, “Do you know a folk fishing token? ‘Good biting comes either before you start fishing or after you’ve already made off’.”

“Exactly! So, you better make off, as those “most honest” fishing folks recommend”, Voloday proposed with a laughter.

Sensei supported his joke, “Are you delicately hinting at the “law of nature” under which honest people cannot be good fishermen?”

They both laughed, recalling the widespread fishing tale.

“I’d like to catch at least a single decent one. With such ones,” Sensei pointed at his bottle with several little herrings peacefully swimming inside, “my cat won’t even let me in the door”.

Volodya grinned again and looked towards the forest. Valera came out of it and walked to the camp, dragging along a dry tree trunk.

“Oh, Valera... dragging another log...”

Sensei turned round.

“Fine fellow. He is stocking firewood for tonight, in contrast to others,” he looked at Volodya unambiguously, and then uttered, “including myself”.

“I’ve proposed him to go swimming, but he keeps holding himself aloof from the group.”

“The feels shy. He’s in a new company for the first time. He knows nobody here, except you.”

“It’s true,” Volodya said in a bass voice. “By the way, I wanted to talk with you about him. He’s a good guy, although he’s got quite a hard destiny. He needs help in order not to get into trouble again... We were friends since childhood. He’s my neighbor. We used to attend gym together, and hung out in the same street company... His parents works in the North while Valera was brought up by his grandmother. She’s a really nice woman. Well, when his parents came back to live with him, Valera turned fourteen. And then his “merry life” started. His father started drinking alcohol and beating his mother. She wouldn’t wait long, divorced him and married another man. Yet, her second husband proved to be not better than Valera’s father, and brawls in the family became even more frequent and worse. Valera became very irritable, for reason or without it. For the first time he went to jail by total foolishness. He had then just turned eighteen. A month before he was supposed to go to the military service, he thrashed a man in a street fight. They imprisoned him for a year,

after which he was released. He tried to find job, but no one would hire him. Moreover, his stepfather was nagging him with claims that he didn't want to support a criminal at his expense. To cut a long story short, he had no money, but wanted to have many things like most young people. Well, as a result, he got imprisoned for another three years, this time for a robbery. When he returned from jail, the situation at home was as bad. He didn't have any opportunity to rent an apartment, and so he got drawn into a gang again. He moved to an apartment in the neighboring district, married a nice girl, but less than in a year he got in trouble once more. They exposed him, fool, to a very serious crime, and he got into jail again... It's good they'd condemned him to only five years. And, while he was imprisoned, his wife left him, and his parents died in a car accident. His granny was his only close relative remained, but she's about eighty years old... He's been released just recently and is still under criminal department control... So, he's got a really tough life. But, in general, he's a not a bad guy."

"Indeed, not a bad guy... having three criminal records only," Sensei grinned.

"You see, it's just because he's life turned the wrong way. I know him for so many years! I sent him letters to jail, to support him morally, so to say. We corresponded particularly frequently during the last four years. It would be good to settle him somewhere, so that he won't break loose again... You see, he is a weak-willed, wavering guy..."

"Wavering, you say?!" Sensei grinned again and gazed at Volodya strangely.

The latter got confused.

"Well, what if he gets under somebody's influence again or does something inappropriate..."

"All right, we'll think something out."

* * *

With the company's bywords and jokes, the evening stealthily approached. Oleg and Stas started exercising. Such habit which had become a daily physiological need for many of the guys present contagiously affected the others. The guys from the special operations group practiced a slightly different training technique than Sensei's disciples, which generated mutual interest of the two exercising parties. One word led to another, and the guys began to share

their accumulated “military” and “civil” experience. Unnoticed, it came down to little sparring bouts.

Meanwhile Father John, Sensei, Volodya and Nikolai Andreevich were still trying to fish, catching some tiny ones, which could be used “at least for a smell of fish-soup” as they said, and inconsolably waiting for bells jingle on the “track” which could signal of some big bite. Should they had been very old men, they would hardly be interested in anything except the fishing-rod and the fishing process itself. However, they still had young blood running in their veins, therefore they further more often cast glances at the sparring guys. Finally, Vano couldn’t resist such temptation any more, left his rod to Volodya’s charge and walked towards the fighters.

“Oh!” Sensei grinned. “If this priest got imbued with training, it means an edifying process will start now. Let’s go and see.”

When they approached, Father John was already in his repertory. Stas had accidentally injured Eugene’s lip during the sparring bout, when they both were just trying to demonstrate an interesting clench to Volodya’s guys. Father John began to bustle about Eugene like a caring hen about her chicken, applying a cold compress made of a wet handkerchief to his lip nearly by force. Eugene was waving away in amazement first, saying there’s no problem at all, but then he surrendered to Father John’s pressure and persuasion. Such scene automatically attracted the attention of the rest of spectators.

“You see... you see... it’s always like this: if one’s mind is stupid, his body suffers,” the priest was explaining Eugene the sense of his blunder. “The God’s power must be inside you. Without it, your body is a mere dust, the infinity of suffering.”

“But, in the end, the infinity of suffering upon training leads to ‘the body position steadiness upon fighting’,” Eugene responded jestingly, attempting to stand up from the “penal and injured” beam.

However, the priest who had evidently not finished his edifying homily yet, put his hand on Eugene’s shoulder and riveted him to his previous spot. It was much more comfortable for Father John to preach from above than to “breathe in the navel” of this nearly two-meter-high giant.

“Not really, not really... God’s Spirit is the main thing in a human being. It’s exactly it, and not the transient flesh, is the real source of power. You should rely on it...”

“... but help yourself, too,” Eugene interrupted Father John friskily, making another attempt to stand up.

But Vano seated him with his “iron” hand again. The priest shook his head and looked at Sensei who had just approached them. Imitating an old-mannish voice, making his favorite accent on “o’s”, Vano quoted the poem, “Look at this modern youth! Their deeds, their words! When we very young, we were not foolish like this! Instead, we asked advice: ‘May I do this, or may I do that?’”

Sensei and Volodya smiled, looking at the priest.

“What I’m trying to explain you, little fool, is that you should rely not on your muscles, but on the God’s Spirit which is inside you,” Father John continued to preach to Eugene. “Without it, you are deprived, mere outcast of flesh!”

“Me, deprived?! Mere outcast of flesh?!” Eugene lost his temper and rose at his entire robust enormous height opposite to the skinny priest.

The funny side of the situation caused loud laughter of the group watching what was going on. Vano looked at Eugene’s mighty trunk with pumped muscles, eyed him all over contemptuously, waved his hand and said:

“Weakling! Don’t you think it’s the real power?! It’s only a swollen bag with bones inside it. Should you blow on it, it will fly. I can now show you what the real God’s power is like, accumulated through incessant praying sacrament.”

With these words Father John raised his forefinger instructively, and then pointedly started to strip his upper trunk part. A pitiful sight appeared before the present – a thin, bony priest looking as if he had recently been released from the Buchenwald torture-chamber. There was not a single shadow of muscles on his body. Only unusually thick veins were peeping out from under the priest’s pale skin, which made him resemble a belly-pinched cow in a careless farmer’s cattle-shed. But this important feature along with uncommonly broad wrists and enlarged elbow and shoulder joints could be noticed only by a true pro. For others, his appearance most likely evoked pity and burning desire to give this underfed miracle of nature some foodstuff as soon as possible. Even Eugene who had first got enflamed of fighting, stopped short and cooled down right after seeing such walking skeleton.

With unconcealed smiles on their faces, everybody was looking at the strange priest calling opponents to test his destiny. One would think that even a single finger touch could spill this poor fellow. Driven by either sympathy or respect, no one dared to approach Father John who had managed to become a friend for all of them in less than twelve hours.

“Well?!” the priest pompously put his arms akimbo, standing all alone in wait-and-see position. “Who considers himself strong? Step forward. Even two,

three or eight people at once. The power of Spirit is a great power. It is capable of much more than this.”

Seeing sympathy and compassion on the guys’ faces, Sensei came to Father John’s rescue, “Come on, come on, don’t hesitate, sceptics. If the father discourses he can, it means he really does.”

After such “blessing”, the people somewhat began to stir. Seeing Vano’s serious sparring mindset, Eugene came up to Sensei and, failing to find appropriate words in his vocabulary to fully express his indignation, he stretched his arm into the priest’s direction couple times.

“Sensei, how is it possible?!” his compassionate nature finally expressed itself. “I might even kill him accidentally. I wouldn’t take such a sin upon my soul... You know my blow...”

And, not finding proper words again, Eugene stroke a heavy Yoko kick on a nearest tree which was much bigger in size than Father John’s trunk. The mighty blow made the tree shudder, and dried branches began to fall from the top.

“But how?!” he repeated his question.

Remaining absolutely indifferent to Eugene’s demonstration, the priest instructively uttered in response:

“A man’s power is not in his flesh, but in his soul. Jesus spitted upon a fruitless fig-tree, and it withered, whereas your power has only made the branches fall down.”

“OK,” Eugene puffed up, being ready to prove his case in action.

That was exactly what Vano was hoping for. He livened up and started to stir up the audience’s passion like a barker in a marketplace.

“Who else wants to experience the power of the inner spirit? Only this one?” the priest pointed to Eugene. “One is as good as none against such a tremendous power... Come on! Some other daring should join him... I earnestly and very seriously recommend you to display yourself, for I’ll show it first and last time.”

The guys smiled understanding his message in their own way and began to nominate candidates for sparring with the skinny priest, rather for fun than a real fight. Meanwhile, Sensei just grinned enigmatically, and then warned them, no one knew whether jokingly or seriously, “Look, but remember: eyes may deceive. The priest is fond of fooling. When he speaks in such a way, one should be on the alert. I advise you to fight in full contact,” and then he added with a note of black humor: “so that this time won’t be the last time for you.”

Finally, eight guys intending to participate in the joke surrounded Vano at a distance of two to three meters from him. Eugene specially occupied the position right in front of the priest. On one hand, Father John had managed to involve him into sparring. Yet, on the other hand, the guy sincerely pitied the priest. “He doesn’t even imagine what power he faces, – Eugene was thinking to himself. – Three special operations officers who have been at many hotspots, plus our guys. Why is he kicking against the pricks? They will make mincemeat of him here with a single stroke... A single stroke?!»

At that moment, an “excellent idea” came to Eugene’s mind. He decided to play a “noble knight” – to be the first one to attack Vano and knock him down to the ground with a simple hold, so that the priest would be insured from strokes of the other assailants and from corresponding possible “multiple injuries”. After all, it’s customary not to hit a man when he is down. Inspired with such an idea, Eugene took a fighting stand, displaying readiness with his entire appearance. Then, right off the bat, he jumped up to Vano striking a punch into his chest, being absolutely sure that the priest would be on the ground after it. Yet, nothing of the sort happened!

Father John was freely standing with one foot put forward. But, exactly at the moment of the stroke, his lean body quickly and easily moved aside like a plumelet blown by hurricane. Eugene’s crushing punch driven by the force of the guy’s over one-hundred-kilo weight passed by the priest’s chest at some several centimeters distance. At that very moment, Father John’s veins got unusually swelled, and Vano’s right hand flew out towards Eugene’s chest, like a bullet upon a gunshot, delivering a mighty open-palm counter-blow which resembled a bell stroke. Contrary to all laws of physics, the “noble knight’s” body was thrown from the priest’s bony hand at such a speed as if Eugene had full-pelt collided into a train making up for a 24-hour delay. Before the “noble knight” had time to touch the ground, the other fighters who had been previously standing with smirks on their faces, reacted to Vano’s attack immediately. Or rather, their brains reacted, having been prepared for various extreme situations during years of training. The subconscious evaluated the conditions and, having immediately blocked all emotions, switched on the self-defense instinct to secure their own safety.

Stas was on the right, closer to the priest than anyone else. Therefore, upon Vano’s demonstrative counter-attack, he promptly delivered a Mavashi kick. However, nearly at the same moment when Stas’s foot had just lost contact with the ground, Father John squatted and, with adroitness of a panther, made a

heavy ankle trip on Stas's pivot leg. Both guy's legs flew up into the air, and he tumbled down on his back, though he immediately mechanically made a roll-over to a safe distance. Only thereafter Stas began to come to his sense and to evaluate what had just happened. Recovering from the heavy collapse, his body evidently wasn't in a hurry to join the fight again. So, Stas had an opportunity to behold this grandiose sparring bout in all details. Eugene was just in the process of scrambling out of the near bushes, and his delighted eyes were also glued on the scene of the frail priest's incredible transformation.

In the meantime, Vano was gracefully settling scores with the rest. His legs were showing up by turns in the middle of the general conglomeration of moving bodies. Following Stas, three of the fighters flew out of the general circle with a time difference of couple seconds, being by no means driven by their own intention to experience all the pleasures of such aerobatics.

Andrew adroitly managed to escape from the line of Vano's attack couple times, but very likely because the attack was directed no at him specifically. Inspired with such an unreal hope for a possible victory, the guy conducted a violent attack. Snatching a moment when Vano's face was remaining exposed, Andrew delivered a straight and mighty Mae Geri kick. Yet, the priest's body immediately bent backward like a pendulum. Vano promptly hit the approaching foot up, thus having sharply accelerated its movement. And, instead of letting the guy who had lost his balance "quietly" land on his back, Vano stroke a kick into his buttocks in such a way that Andrew had sharply changed his flight trajectory from free-vertical to forced-horizontal, and flew to the bushes like a torpedo. Apparently, he had irritated the priest with his jumps and leaps too much.

During that demonstrative flight, without any mutual coordination, Kostya and Ruslan – the remaining fighters – quickly jumped aside from Father John, not intending to test their further destiny with similar sensations of weightlessness. Father John suddenly found himself on his own, so he turned round and beckoned these two:

"Please, be my guests..."

To which words they answered, smiling:

"No, thank you, father. We already made our communion in the morning..."

Such answer made everyone laugh and cleared the air conformably. The atmosphere got filled with indefatigable humor and good-natured jokes from the side of both Father John and those who had experienced the "God's power" of

the skinny priest on themselves. When all fighters had taken the vertical position and began to discuss their extremely fleeting fight admiringly, Father John robed his “camouflage” clothes back on. Joining the conversation, he instructively raised his finder to the sky and uttered significantly, “Now you see, kids, what powers the God’s faith and service to God give us...”

Then he smiled, cast a sidelong look at Sensei and added, “...Well, together with long years of friendship with Sensei, of course.”

The crowd responded with laughter again, recalling various curious incidents related to “long years of friendship with Sensei”.

After that case, Vano’s authority inside the company became still higher. It rose particularly and excessively in estimation of Eugene who endeavored to please the priest in every possible way after his unforgettable flight. He even helpfully offered to clean his SUV which already turned into “the most outstanding and practical car on our roads” on the guy’s lips. He said such a luxurious, splendid vehicle should not be dirty during the night when its owner slept inside it. I should better be brought into the proper brilliant and shining condition right away, and so it would be both pleasant to look at it and easier to breathe inside it. Father John did not particularly resist such “open-hearted” Eugene’s offer and silently, though with a cunning smile, handed him the keys.

First of all, Eugene moved the car to a new place, claiming the ground was flatter there while the river was not too close. After that, he took a bucket and hastily ran to take water, being accompanied with other guys’ jokes like “the priest’s footman”, “preparing to take monastic vows”, etc. But Eugene only smiled in response. He washed both the SUV exterior and interior with such thoroughness and care as if he had long ago dreamt of cleaning Father John’s vehicle.

* * *

The deepening gloaming had nearly changed into the night when the company finally calmed down after their Oriental combat passions. Having taken sits closer to the campfire after supper, everybody was extending pleasure, slowly drinking the sweet-scented herbal tea.

Light breeze was blowing. Stars were twinkling in the sky, loose. Warmth of the fire, freshness of invigorating piny air and a charming picture of the stars were creating a feeling which many people apparently experience when they escape from the civilized, smoky and mechanized box of the city to the freedom

of animate nature. It was so pleasant to sit in such a quiet night, to talk easily and to glance now at the fire, then on the sparking sky.

“What a beauty!” Tatyana said looking up. “The stars are so bright, so attractive...”

He hardly had time to describe her impression, when Kostya wedged himself into her world of charms with his usual logical intelligence showing.

“This is because we are sitting close to water. Moreover, the city illumination is far from here. The air is rarefied. Therefore the stars are so bright.”

Andrew hemmed and couldn't refrain from a sarcastic remark:

“You have such an amazing anatomy of thinking, pal! Should there be lieutenant Rzhevskiy with us, he would already fought a duel with you, kicking straight on your face. The lady is saying about stars to you, while you are responding about the rarefied air.”

The company burst out laughing. Kostya was assailed with jokes and anecdotes from every quarter, and he was hardly able to parry those with his favorite aphorisms, begetting still more laughing. In the end, failing to stand such a verbal pressure, the guy jokingly attacked Andrew who had been the “scandal” instigator.

“It's always like this! As one French comedian said, ‘He has touched me all over! I'm only a target for his pointed arrows’.” Then, looking at his friend with reproach, he recited his pet poem which he usually used when he wanted to escape from a tickler, “I know, monsieur, how telltale you are. / Your head is chock-full with examples. / But isn't it enough? Take care of yourself. / And give me away to my destiny.”

“Well, what can I say?” Andrew was at a loss. “A true diplo-mat! What I do respect him for is that when he abuses you, you feel pleased with the way he's doing it.”

To that, Eugene grinned and casted a sidelong look at the priest, “Such evening as tonight can turn anyone into a skilled diplomat.”

Everybody laughed again. Yet, when the laughter ceased, a lasting pause set in. The people got reabsorbed in silent observation of the stars and the fire. Tongues of flame were ardently performing their charming dance to melodious crackle of burning brushwood. Such passion made shafts of sparkles fly up in a spinning whirlwind, continuing their rash “pas” in the darkness space. And this made them look like a multitude of tiny starlets living in their single inimitable instant.

Scrutinizing the celestial bodies, Nikolai Andreevich was the first one to disturb the silence.

“Indeed, the stars are extraordinary... It’s so incredible to think how many worlds are around us, how many galaxies living their own separate life, colliding, scattering, collapsing... Tremendous disasters happen somewhere out there, while somewhere else new forms of life are being born. And this entire life is permanently in full swing in this vast Universe. If you only imagine those enormous masses and sizes, those stupendous velocities of galaxies movement of several hundred kilometers per second, and this entire gigantic process, you automatically face a question: who are we at all, compared to these zillions of stars? Not even a flash... Yet, we are aware of this seething life. And we are not just aware, but we also perceive and study the processes of life creation and of such huge objects destruction. There is an impression that we are allowed to glance through a keyhole of the universe only with one eye, to see both the microcosm and the macrocosm.”

“Why with one eye?” Ruslan asked with a chuckle.

“Why do you ask why?” Kostya responded with humor. “Surely, in order to bate our curiosity to the way the others live. It is the eternal issue of domicile, really!”

Nikolai Andreevich smiled and said, “I believe, if it’s all about the issue of domicile, we would not be given such detailed information in formulas and figures, in thorough confirmations of the evident which are provided for human brain. A different question is more appropriate here: “What for?” Obviously, in order for us to understand something, something very important about ourselves, our essence, our nature...”

Father John nodded agreeing with him.

“Perhaps, the reason God doesn’t hide His keyholes from us is that He knows our nature and wants us to delve deeper into the laws of His creation ourselves, so that in execution of those laws we, as His children, could become participators of His perfect creation. In Bible, in the cathedral epistle of St. Jacob, chapter 1, line 25, there are the following remarkable words: “...the one who delves into the perfect law, the law of freedom, and resides in it, being not a forgetful listener, but an executor of deeds, will be blessed in his deeds”.” And, having finished the quotation, he supplemented his speech with an explanation, “He’ll be blessed, because he has understood the essence correctly.”

“Yea-a-ah,” Nikolai Andreevich drawled pensively, he then brightened, having recalled something, and addressed Sensei. “By the way, I had a unique

patient, an astronomer. It was an ordinary depression case. He felt lonely because his wife had abandoned him for another man. So, the scientist quite interestingly expressed his mental state, associating it with the life of stars. The main thing was that he did have an understanding, though in a peculiar veiled form, that loneliness was actually an illusion of one's mind, its fiction, for objectively a person was always socially surrounded. Thus, the feeling of loneliness appears mostly because of one's inability to adapt oneself to society. The astronomer used to interpret his thoughts in the language of his profession. As he said, if we look at a star, it seems to be a lonely object. Yet, indeed, it's only an illusion of our naked eye, for even modern telescopes distinguish three to five hundred stars in one such star."

"Oh, there are even more interesting things than this!" Eugene waved his hand, demonstrating good knowledge of the subject. "If you take a modern microscope and examine this one..." his forefinger pointed at father, but then his eyes timely came across with the priest's eloquent stare which made Eugene sharply change the direction of his finger to the opposite side where Stas was sitting. "...this suspicious individual, you'll find so many stuff there!.. A whole Universe of diverse community of fleas, microbes and various disgusting parasites."

"It's you who are a disgusting parasite!" Stas countered with a smile. "It can be seen even with a naked eye..."

The entire company burst out laughing. Once the revelry abated, Nikolai Andreevich continued, "Well, this only proves the fact that stars and people are creatures resembling one another in many ways. Everything's like in our life. Stars like people "live" in groups – in accumulations in which they are connected between each other by forces of mutual gravitation. And the most interesting thing is that, just like in human society, stars most often make up binary systems..."

"What systems?" Victor asked.

"Double systems," Sensei explained. "It's like two suns rotating around a common center of masses."

"Yes," Nikolai Andreevich confirmed. "That astronomer told such systems are very stable... And, in addition to double ones, there are also three-, four, fivefold stars. To tell the truth, these are rarer than double ones. And he surely paid particular attention to the threefold stars phenomenon, comparing it to his own situation. It turns out that triple stars cannot coexist stably. You know

why? Two stars simply discard the third body, while they themselves may steadily rotate side by side during a long period of time.”

“It’s a natural law of mechanics,” Sensei uttered, shrugging his shoulders. “The third body disturbs movement of the other two and usually leads to such system decay.”

“Amazing laws which in many respects coincide with human society!” Nikolai Andreevich said.

“It depends on how you look at that society,” Svat chimed in with a chuckle. “Especially, at a trio. If a trio includes a woman, it’s a delicate issue, I agree. But, if it’s a male company, they can occasionally form systems so stable, especially in drinking, that their mutual gravitation is truly marvelous. And the main thing is that they mostly gather not four or five of them, but exactly three, not more and not less.”

“This way, it is easier to think. A certain integrity of mind is generated,” Bogdan remarked with a grin.

“It’s correct,” Oleg confirmed and specified. “Four is already an excess, one is excessive.”

“The most interesting thing is that it’s just the same up there,” Nikolai Andreevich pointed at the sky, laughing with all the rest. “Fourfold, fivefold stars make insecure groups which dissociate much faster. Surely, same laws of nature operate there. Such cohabitations of stars may form and decay many times throughout their existence. And, as my patient explained, a star may constantly change its partners. For example, in compact star accumulations a star may fly from one “company” to another as many as six times during its lifetime...”

Eugene archly glanced at Father John.

“Father, it’s a heavenly adultery. How does the church tolerate this?”

Father John made a “clever” face, looked at the stars and declared in priestly voice, “It’s all God’s will, child.”

It made everyone laugh again.

“It’s probably true,” Nikolai Andreevich nodded merrily and addressed Sensei again. “In general, I had not a patient, but rather a whole well of psychological arguments for our depression clients. He infected me with his comparative analysis so much that, after our conversations, I became interested in his science myself. He even brought me books on amazing astronomy.”

Sensei grinned and asked in jest, “I haven’t quite understood who was the patient out of you two?”

“Well, sometimes such cases may take place in medicine,” the psychotherapist supported his humor with laughter. “You know, at times some doctors say: “Sometimes you come across such a “talented” loony who can bring you into his own condition without you batting an eyelid”.”

The group burst out laughing again.

“Yet, can you imagine what I’ve read in those books?!” Nikolai Andreevich continued, enthusiastically sharing his impressions. “It appears that in complex star systems consisting of a hundred, two hundred, a thousand stars the situation with their interaction is completely different from that in simple accumulations. A star cannot feel each of its neighbors anymore. Instead, it feels the overall field, and so it moves evenly enough. It looks as if the influence of the neighbors is smoothed out.”

“Such stable groups may often be found in galaxies,” Sensei remarked as if it went without saying.

“Exactly! I’ve noticed this, too. Everything is like in human society. Mass psychology on stream! A mass grades a person’s individuality, i.e. it equalizes completely different people in many respects and imparts new qualities to people belonging to it. Let’s take Le Bon’s concept, for instance. What are the main distinctive features of an individual inside a mass? Firstly, it’s anonymity, disappearance of the conscious personality. Secondly, it’s predominance of the unconscious personality, deterioration of intellect and rationalism. Thirdly, it’s orientation of the mass’s thoughts and feelings into one and the same direction. And the main thing is formation of an aim in individuals to immediately implement the ideas they’re being inspired with. We may say, it’s almost like in star systems.

“However, there are also other amazing facts. I became interested to discover specific figures, i.e. the number of stars in such complex accumulations, for in the human society, and even in the animal world we view something similar. Biologists conducted quite interesting studies on mass psychology with comparative analysis of animal behavior. Processing various data, scientists discovered an optimal size of a human group – not more than one hundred fifty people. Moreover, this number may be applied to various communities, starting from a tribe of hunters or collectors, right up to church, military, corporate groups. And it all began with biologists’ observation of baboons and chimpanzees behavior, when they determined a positive correlation between the size of a cortex, namely of its frontal and temporal parts, and the size of an animal pack...”

“What is correlation?” Victor interested, not really understanding Nikolai Andreevich’s professional language.

“Well, it’s interrelation, interdependency... So, they were observing apes during those experiments. The apes were living in groups consisting of about fifty specimens each. All pack members knew each other. Furthermore, they were even involved in various types of relationships: they were friends or at odds with one another, they entered into diverse alliances. Based on the observations, the scientists made corresponding calculations taking into account the size of a homo sapiens brain and came to the optimal size of a human group – not more than one hundred fifty people! As they also determined, if a community grows larger, people start feeling themselves aloof inside it. Hence, they simply lose capability to follow everything happening inside the group. As a result, the group loses its individuality and then splits into separate groupings. And the main thing is that it becomes almost impossible to rule over such group. What does it mean? It means that assistants become necessary. Consequently, a management system originates... So, stars and humans have much in common.”

“Naturally,” Sensei ascertained evenly. “It is the world of the matter. And its laws apply to both microcosm and macrocosm. The matter is characterized by a certain reasonable organization, by certain laws of survival and limited time of existence. The matter is starting and ending. Hence, it’s no wonder stars and humans are so similar.”

Sensei took some brushwood and added it to the fire.

“And it relates not only to humans, but to the rest of the animated world as well. Let’s take ants as an example at least. Do you know how organized their life and their infrastructure are? They set up new colonies where each member fulfills a strictly defined function: some ants gather food, others defend the colony, still others are occupied with ventilation or establish new shafts, and some others fight. In the colony, there are pilferers, parasites, hangers-on, and there are “slave-holders” as well. In other words, they have the same hierarchy, the same organization... A similar situation is on the level of galaxies, if we enlarge the scale. They snatch matter and planets out of one another, they “eat up” each other, they collide, they scatter. Well, humanity behaves just like this, too... Even in a small group someone aspires to become a leader. Two leaders cannot get along together, so there is always a conflict.”

“That’s true,” the psychotherapist agreed.

“So, the matter is the matter. Nevertheless, despite such, say, isolation, all the matter is closely interconnected.”

“How come?” Andrew didn’t understand. “Does it mean I’m connected to some star or some microbe living in a distant galaxy?”

“Yes,” Sensei answered simply, putting another portion of branches into the fire.

Andrew raised his eyebrows with astonishment.

“Are you familiar with such concept as gravitational fields?” Sensei asked Andrew.

“Well...”

“Properties of these fields are far from being thoroughly studied by the modern humanity. Yet, gravitational fields are characterized by tremendous velocities. If we compare their velocity with the velocity of light, it would be same as comparing a speed of the most up-to-date sky-rocket with a speed of an old, feeble tortoise. For gravitation fields, no concept of distance actually exist, instead there is a concept of instantaneous transference. And, owing exactly to the general gravitational field the basic element of which is the Po particle, each atom on the tip of your nose is connected with each atom of the sun, of other planets and stars, and even, as you’ve said, with each atom of a microbe living in some distant galaxy... You see, the matter as such is a gigantic organism which is permanently altering because of its energies transformation...”

“It’s so difficult to imagine such tremendous infinity with hundreds of milliards of stars as a single organism,” Volodya said in bass voice, looking at the night sky.

“Nevertheless, it is exactly as I’ve described,” Sensei uttered. “For instance, in our head there are also milliards of nerve cells which virtually form their own galaxies flaring up from the birth moment. There are about one hundred thousand chemical reactions taking place in one’s cerebrum each second. And, should we look at this from the position of a micro-creature, say, some quark “inhabiting” one of those cells, for this tiny creature the cerebrum would also seem to be an unexplainable, unknowable infinity. It’s normal... Our mind is very limited. Moreover, we are never left in peace by the animal nature with its egoism, with its self-assurance that it’s the “hub” of the global evolution, and its “irresistible” corporal appearance. Whereas, what are we in fact for such a tremendous organism? Only dust of the long ago extinct stars.”

“In what sense?” Svat didn’t get it.

“In direct sense,” Sensei responded. “Have you ever thought of what is your organism in reality?”

“Well, it’s clear. Muscles, bones, blood...”

“You should scrutinize it deeper,” Sensei advised in a friendly way. “In reality, it’s a certain set of chemical elements which consists on average of 65% of oxygen, 18% of carbon, 10% of hydrogen, 3% of nitrogen, and of 1% of everything else.”

“But what about bones?”

“Bones are also a sheer chemistry, an original “depot” of mineral salts. They are made of calcium, phosphorus, magnesium and about thirty other microelements. Well, and there is water, of course, the notorious H₂O. Now, think what the stars, say, in our galaxy are made of. Surely, they’re made of the same chemical elements, where hydrogen and helium are ones of the most prevalent... As I’ve already said, there is a total mass of the matter. By means of certain forces, sets and combinations, it is transformed into various material objects. For example, new generations of stars are permanently created out of interstellar gas by dint of condensation, and planets are formed out of dust, i.e. of the same set of chemical elements contained in that gas. What is the light of stars maintained with? With the discharge of nuclear energy in their kernels during the process of synthesis of heavy elements such as carbon, oxygen, nitrogen, silicon, iron and so on. And, when the lifetime of a star comes to its end, the star gives the major part of its matter back to the interstellar space, enriching it with heavy elements. There is a usual phenomenon of gigantic explosions of so called super-new stars which actually produce almost all chemical elements.”

“The elements contained in Mendeleev’s table?” Oleg inquired.

“Well, let’s say – contained in the complete table including those elements which have not been discovered by this humanity yet... And again, the discharged gas becomes a construction material for new accumulations of stars, for planets and for life on the latter. Thus, it turns out that the same matter of which, say, our Solar System, our Earth and we all were made, had been repeatedly used for composition of stars which had existed previously.”

“You discourse the truth indeed, my son,” Father John echoed. “That’s why the Holy Bible says that God created a man out of earthly *dust* and breathed life into him, and the man became a living soul.”

“Absolutely right. Consequently, if a person wastes prana, i.e. the vital energy “the ”breath of life”, on his or her Animal, his or her material, such

person will, unfortunately, turn into dust, take it for all in all, whereas if a person spends prana on his soul growth, some completely different laws came into action – the laws of the spiritual world. It surely does not mean that the human matter won't be further processed and used to fertilize the earth. Physical body is a mere shell for maturing of the spiritual substance, and it is mortal like any matter. Nevertheless, if inside this shell a synthesis of the thought power, the soul and the “breath of life” takes place during the shell existence, a completely new spiritual creature is born, say, a Personality of eternity, whom the laws of matter have no influence upon.”

Sensei fell silent. All of a sudden, Valera who had not said a word throughout their conversation asked unexpectedly, “And what is life in its genuine sense?”

Sensei looked at him attentively and answered quite bluntly, “It's nothing, but **ezoosmos – the inner impulse of energy.**”

After this answer, everybody was silent for a while, evidently thinking over what they had just heard. Then Kostya started ratiocinating aloud, “However, if life is a mere impulse of energy, then, in principle, there should be quite a lot of such energy including rational one. Yet, so far, for example, they even haven't discovered another planet like ours possessing the necessary conditions for the rational life development. So, we are indeed solitary in our rationality.”

“I have to “disappoint” you,” Sensei said ironically. “There are milliards of such planets as ours! And there are zillions of such individuals sitting by the fire and looking at the sky. But these facts really convey nothing.”

“Why don't they contact us if that is so?”

Eugene grinned, having recalled something funny, “Why would they contact such humanoids who live in their social mess and are constantly whimpering and complaining? Do you know the recent rumors?” He bent forward and whispered conspiratorially as if communicating some super-secret information, “They say that the lack of contacts with the Earth from the outer space definitely confirms the existence of rational civilizations out there.”

The guys laughed looking at the “humanoids expert”.

“No, joking apart!” Kostya objected, adjusting the eyeglasses which had moved down from his nose bridge. “What rational life may possibly exist in the outer space, if there is nothing at all there, except dust and other stuff of that sort?”

“Rational life exists not only on other planets, but even in the cosmic space itself,” Sensei returned to him. “That life certainly differs from our air-breathing form which needs oxygen. The main thing for any life is the energy impulse, i.e. ezoosmos. Such impulse can be given, for instance, by thermal energy, by the energies of electromagnetic, gravitational fields and so forth. And life will be generated by such impulse, but it’ll be a life different than biological. Our mind has become accustomed to think only amino acids may be construction blocks in living organisms of rational beings, and so we simply don’t want to see and to accept anything, but such belief. Yet, if we consider amino acids, these “bricks” are scattered all over the space, however this doesn’t mean anything. Amino acids as such are far from being a “house” in which rational beings are settled. They are only “bricks” which are still to be put together to make the “house” shape.”

“How may an alternative life look like otherwise?” Kostya asked in bewilderment.

“Well, for example, there are rational beings with corresponding intellect who live outside any planets, in the inter-cosmic space. They occupy vast territories. It’s actually one of the biggest populations of rational beings... What they are composed of cannot be even called a matter in our human understanding. If you use the earthly language, the structure of their, say, “cells” (the latter containing nothing similar to amino acids) reminds a form of little retort, little cylinders. But, once they match together, they change their shape. Those are isolated particles. Their structure is much more organized and much higher than ours... In its natural state, such creature is not very long, though it depends on its “age”. Their sizes may vary from several millimeters to several meters. When such creature resides in quiescent state, it disintegrates and merges with the outside world, whereas upon travel it simply organizes itself, and that’s all... In principle, these creatures can get on any planets.”

“On ours, too?” Ruslan wondered.

“Naturally. Although it’s difficult to see them with a naked eye here. Some modern equipment would be needed, since they move at totally different speeds... They can organize themselves, they can fall into separate parts, but even during such disintegration they continue existing on the energy level, and they can reintegrate themselves if needed. They can also easily pass to a parallel world...”

“Well, is these rational beings do exists, we should somehow feel their presence,” Kostya declared.

“By no means. We simply cannot intersect with them due to their velocities, therefore we cannot feel them either. Nevertheless, it’s possible to record their movement. When they enter our atmosphere, the isolated groups of their “cells” draw together. During their movement, they resemble something like an oblong body with a spire winded around it. The spire looks like a rod in a manual meat grinder. At that moment, perhaps, it might be possible to record them with modern devices, at that filming must be very rapid and thoroughly focused on these objects. As for any other method... In principle, they discharge no energy. They expend the obtained heat on themselves. Their accumulations may also be seen, if we follow the thermal energy distribution along the spectrum: the temperature of the sunbeams, for instance, usually decreases behind them, because the process of “absorption” takes place.”

Having considered for a while, Kostya asked another question, “By means of what do these creatures move?”

“By means of sliding on gravitational fields. They use gravitation for travel. Their movement resembles rotation of spires. In the case of our atmosphere, there’s appears an impression as if they are revolving the air, although it’s not like this in reality. Such spiral movement is connected with our magnetic fields.”

“Is it possible to catch such creature?” Andrew expressed a “wild idea”, being probably incited by a primeval hunting instinct.

“To catch?” Sensei grinned. “Well, it would be same as trying to catch a fish with a sweep-net rim without a net.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s not that easy. Our inter-atomic, corpuscular cellular distances are too big for us to feel the movement of these creatures through us at least somehow. We are the void for them.”

“What do you mean?” Father John wondered.

“Well... What is a human being or rather its body in the largest accounts? It’s the void. If we look inside our microcosm, we would see that our molecules, atoms, electrons are at big distances from each other. And, the further we delve into their division, the more void we’ll discover. The void inside a human body mounts to about 97.7%. In principle, if we remove the entire void, the remainder of the human being would figuratively go through an eye of a needle... In the case of those creatures, we cannot get in touch with them because there are two hindering factors: the inter-atomic distances and the acceleration in time. As I’ve already mentioned, their ezoosmos operates at a

different frequency. Therefore, we actually don't intersect. It's a paradox of the parallel which have been neither described nor studied by the modern science."

"I haven't quite understood..." Andrew said.

"Say, for example, while I've been telling you all this, zillion neutrinos has passed, or rather has flown through our bodies, and none of you have even felt them. Yet, incidentally, one neutrino consists of five Po particles, while "little retorts" of these creatures consist of three Po particles each. Furthermore, during our existence we move at a certain speed in a certain time flow," Sensei explained patiently. "These creatures are omnipresent exactly due to the fact they can freely accelerate, whereas we are incapable of what they do since we can't get out of this time; we are limited here. You see, for a transfer we need... say, to accelerate our inner energy potential in order for us to move to another time or another parallel together with our astral, mental and other shells. The acceleration must occur on that level, and then – yes, we would move. But, again, how would we move? We'd disappear here and appear in a more accelerated time. However, should we appear in that world, we'd basically get into a similar parallel with possibly same seas, skies, sun, yet we'd find ourselves in a completely different world which naturally does not intersect with ours due to its frequency characteristics. For instance, on a site where we have a building located, there would be a desert or a forest."

"Yes, the world is much richer in life than we think," Nikolai Andreevich uttered, "and we are far from having perceived it."

"Of course, it is far from being perceived," Sensei agreed. "Humanity, say, is only starting to graduate from the kindergarten and to open the school door a little. How many time has passed since sciences began developing? Little more than 160 years have passed since transformer and electromagnetic induction were invented; nearly 60 years passed since the atomic nucleus was split; just 30 years ago computers with bubble-forming memory appeared... These all are elementary knowledge... and the time terms are minimal, given the humanity age! These are only the first steps in perception of the manifold world..."

"Forms of life are really numerous! If people have time, they will be able to study the parallel paradox, too. There's nothing complicated in it. It is necessary only to... Let's not go into details though. To cut a long story short, there's nothing complicated. With the modern technology development, it's perfectly real to move to a parallel world and to find there a fully rational life with a corresponding intellect. Why searching for this life somewhere on Mars with its dangerous microbes, if it's right beside us? There's plenty of life

everywhere. In the largest accounts, the Universe is the life itself, the life in the most extensive manifestation and diversity.”

The night coolness had fallen long ago, and so the warmth of the campfire was becoming further more perceptible and pleasant.

“In that case, what is the exit to Nirvana?” Stas asked. “Is it an exit outside our time cycle? An exit to another parallel?”

“Not at all. It’s the exist outside all parallels, outside time and space. It’s the exit from material Universes... If we look deeper into it, what is life inside a human form? It’s a temporal residence of the spiritual substance in alternate forms of high-molecular conglomerations of the matter. Say, it’s a shell for ripening of an internal fruit which is actually the soul. In such time-space-limited shell the fruit only changes its bodies. Once a human being becomes spiritually mature, he or she simply leaves.

“A person experiencing spiritual unfolding realizes who he or she is, and where he or she has come to. Our Universe is only one of material parallels. There are several parallels inside it, too. All of them are interesting, and all are inhabited. And it’s perfectly normal and natural. Any parallel inside the Universe is material and exists in its own time, with its own speeds, with its own sort of the matter. Yet, the exit outside the matter boundaries to the spiritual level... is much more significant. It is the exit to God’s reality. Unfortunately, it’s difficult to tell or to explain more precisely, because we are restricted by our material mind with its associative perception... In principle, there is much more interesting outside the material world.

“Any person may move to God’s reality, for we have a part of that reality inside us, that is the soul. However, the paradox is that people are too absorbed in the matter, therefore they mistakenly believe that the soul is only a fiction and the moments of their illusive body existence is the real life.”

“I don’t quite understand... How can this body be an illusion, if I can fully feel it?” Valera asked perplexedly.

“Your body is a mere focused wave which receives a short impulse in the form of prana, the vital energy. What you call “life” is a time period from the moment of this wave appearance after the impulse, including the time of its speed race all the way to its total fade. It’s a too transient term. You don’t even have time to notice when your life’s already over. So, the main question is how you will use your lifetime during its race, how you will spend the power of the inner impulse which you’ve been given?”

“But how could I rationally use it, if all events happening in my life do not depend on me? Every day is filled with some new troubles, with continuous pressure of problems.”

“Remember: everything is inside you! Once you change from the inside, the world around you will change as well. Material problems are only a temporary occurrence, a certain trial to test you... You don’t imagine how material your thoughts are, and how they utilize the power of your attention. If you keep giving priority to your negative thoughts – to cacodemon, it’s totally your fault that your troubles have become chronic. Whereas, should you be giving priority to positive thoughts, i.e. should you be daily stimulating your agathodemon center of positive thinking, you’d be surprised with your inner transformation and with the way the world would be changing around you as if God Himself had turned His eyes on you and started helping you. You’d experience indescribable internal sensations of the Presence. When you reside in boundless Love to everything you are surrounded with, when you give this Love to God, your soul, being His part, is awakening. When your soul awakes, the one who will change in the first place will be you. And, when you change, you’ll reveal a completely different reality along with such opportunities which you’ve never dreamt of...”

This conversation which had automatically quieted our entire company, was interrupted as suddenly as it had begun. Once Sensei stopped speaking, the silence ensued being disturbed only by the crackle of burning-out coals. Everyone was sitting tacitly, submerged in the secret world of his or her thoughts. The campfire flame was going out leaving a reminder of its bygone existence in reddish cracks of the scorching coals, while the latter were gradually getting cold and turning into a pile of ashes.

It was already around two a.m. The light breeze had long ago fallen. Fish wasn’t biting as before, and so the bells wouldn’t emit a single sound. Sensei glanced at his watch with a highlighted bar and said, “Well, while there’s such a silence, I propose to take a little nap before the morning fishing session.”

Victor hesitated, “I guess if people go to sleep now, anybody will hardly be able to wake up at five a.m. Not so much time is remaining...”

“Don’t worry. I guarantee nobody will oversleep,” Father John assured him with a cunning smile. “I have an excellent alarm which will arouse our entire fishing camp with its jingling.”

Sensei looked at his friend and grinned, “I hope your alarm won’t scare away the remaining fish.”

“Well, this is what I cannot guarantee at all,” Father John uttered ironically.

The company started breaking up one by one, putting away their fishing accessories.

Sensei was reeling on somebody’s rod carelessly left near the beam on which they were sitting, when suddenly Valera approached him. He began helping him to untangle the fishing-line, using the torch for highlighting. It was obvious that the guy wanted to ask something, but wouldn’t dare. Seeing his hesitation, Sensei said genially, “Is there anything you’d like to ask?”

Valera got a little shy and said after a short pause, “Yes... Does God really exist?”

Sensei looked at him attentively.

“Are you sure you’re ready to hear the answer? It might change your entire life,” and, having been silent for a while, he added, “If you’re simply interested in this subject, there are plenty of books published, just get them and read. Here, there is the priest sitting who’s a good interlocutor as well.”

Valera looked straight into Sensei’s eyes.

“It’s not a mere interest for me. I’m ready to hear the answer from you.”

“Yes,” Sensei responded affirmatively. “God does exist.”

* * *

The night was slowly turning over its position, giving away to the dawn. Darkness was replaced with dampness which, like an apprentice practicing painting, first drew a slipshod sketch of a general plan of the nature contours, and then thoroughly set to draw every smallest detail with its “pencil”. The picture was gradually becoming more distinct, the shades were turning further more contrasting. Soon, the dawn itself as the main artist got down to work, painting the ready sketch with a manifold scale of colors. Birds started to perform their usual morning ritual, filling everything around with their harmonious singing. And, all of a sudden, in the middle of that wonderful melody, there rang out such a chaotic sound resembling the roar of a bear awakened in winter that the frightened birds lapsed into silence all at once.

Everything happened as follows... Eugene got cold-bitten in his sleeping-bag and woke up of an unusual feeling as if his body was in an uncomfortable position. He tried to open his eyes, but surprisingly saw only impenetrable darkness. Drowsy, not being aware of anything, he decided to turn over to

another side, believing he was having a dream. Instead, however, he only managed to make some strange budging, as if something was firmly holding him. At that moment, his panic-struck consciousness started working towards complete awakening. The guy suddenly understood that his hands were tied in front of him, a mask was covering his eyes, and the sleeping-bag was tightly corded to his ankles. Yet, the main thing was that his legs were hanging up while his head and the upper part of his back were resting against something soft.

Eugene's sleepiness immediately vanished. He started wriggling strongly, attempting to free himself of the unexpected captivity. With each movement the "pillow" under his head was becoming further lower as if it was sinking. Moreover, something little and tickling started to creep all over Eugene's face and neck, and to bite his body parts aggressively without distinction. As soon as the guy, with his hands tied, managed to tear off the mask which had appeared on his eyes during his sweet sleep no one knew from where, and to unzip his sleeping-bag, he saw the total horror of the situation. The sleeping-bag in the foot area was corded with a rope tied in such an intricate knot which was got further more tightened with each movement of the body. The rope itself was attached to a thick bough of "the best tree on the forest meadow", while his head appeared to be leaning against a big ant hill. Endeavoring to free himself, Eugene had involuntarily scattered the upper part of the hill, and hordes of tiny warriors immediately rushed to attack the offender of their house. The guy started to wave his tied hands, trying to flap away his "yesterday's allies", but thus he only worsened his "tickling state".

In silence of the dormant nature there resounded round oaths assigned for those who had hit upon such a joke. The voice of a "roaring bear" alarmed the entire camp like a sudden banshee. Drowsy guys with eyes crazy of the unexpected interruption of their sleep leaped out of their tents and cars. Meanwhile Eugene was attempting to unshackle himself, showing fair slipping-out mastery and demonstrating the power of his pumped abdomen. His thoughts were strenuously oriented to the special operations group members whom he suspected of the trick. Who else could fasten such wrecker knots so professionally? It surely couldn't be the priest. And it could hardly be anyone of Sensei's disciples, because there were completely different people and totally different relations among them.

Oddly so say, the special operations group was the first to come to Eugene's rescue. His liberation was accompanied with such wild emotions from

both sides that all other campers gathered on the meadow. Nikolai Andreevich and Sensei came up as well. Later Vano joined, strangely having a much fresher appearance than everybody else. For Sensei it was quite enough to glance at his childhood friend to clearly see what had happened. He smiled, gravely sighed, shook his head reproachfully and turned his eyes away. While Eugene like a koala bear was taken down the tree, and Volodya was jestingly convincing that his guys had nothing to do with the trick, everybody completely woke up. Most interestingly, it was five a.m. sharp, i.e. exactly the “getting-up time” promised by Father John the day before. Vano hurried to laugh off with a joke that it’s a mere random coincidence.

When the general fuss had abated, and everyone got occupied with one’s morning toilet, to his great surprise, in addition to all the “pleasures” of his awakening, Eugene discovered granulated sugar in his “sweet drowser” (his sleeping-bag). And, all of a sudden, it dawned upon him who had been the author and the performer of the cruel plan, of the abrupt impingement upon his precious person. Not hesitating for even a minute, with his arms put akimbo, Eugene resolutely approached Vano who was squatting down on the river bank at that moment, adjusting his fishing tackle. Remembering his last day’s flight well enough, to be on the safe side, Eugene stopped at a certain distance from the priest.

“So, it’s you?! It’s been you who has arranged a “sweet morning” for me!” Eugene shouted accusatorily as if he was a public prosecutor.

“I listen to you attentively, son,” Father John uttered with his inimitable smile.

“How could you?! I’ve recognized my guilt, I’ve honestly and industriously washed off my “sins”, where as you!.. These are ants, man! They are predators! What if they’d wormed into my ears or my nose?! They could.., they could...” Eugene wasn’t able to find appropriate words to express his indignation. “Eat my brain!”

“Brain?!” Father John wondered and genially added, “Don’t grieve, my son, nothing like this may threaten you. And, as for the sins washing-off...” a merry zest gleamed in Vano’s eyes. “Well, if you insist...”

“Me?! I...”

Eugene didn’t even have time to blather in response when Father John adroitly caught the guy’s waving hand and easily threw him over in the air, applying fighting aikido elements. At that, he managed to flip Eugene’s body in such a way that it flew off to the water couple meters from the bank. The guy

fell down into the river heavily like a weighty sack, accompanying his drop not only splashes, but with whole fluvial “tsunami”. When Eugene emerged in horror, his first exclamation was, “What for?!”

Father John grinned and answered as if nothing had happened, “You see, son, I’ve returned the favor, too. I’ve washed you clean with the holy water from feet to head.”

“Inquisitor! Souls’ oppressor! But the water is so cold. It’s like in hell here...”

“In hell?! It is such a trifle compared to the real hell. You cannot even imagine what some of such floundering “waterfowls” will face there...” Father John started frightening the company with his black humor.

The entire scene made all spectators laugh, while Sensei was looking at the stirred water from the steep bank and shaking his head, “These saboteurs have scared away the very last fish. Apology for such fishermen...”

* * *

The morning turned out to be marvelous. The weather was nice and quiet. Everything would have been perfect, except for the fact big fish wasn’t biting as before. Oddly to say, Father John sat on the bank to fish together with Eugene, although they kept teasing each other all the time. To put it more precisely, Father John set to fish while Eugene started assisting him, pinning fishing “delicacies” onto the fish-hook. The guy got so imbued with this occupation that he even showed a remarkable creativeness in it, having brought dozens of various beetles, little spiders and slippery grubs from the forest. They used everything possible to lure the fish, lavishly throwing the bait into the water, however the result remained unchanged. Only small fish was biting. Willy-nilly, they indeed arranged a whole eating festival for the fish, having overfed it with the most exquisite forest dainties. In the end, Eugene and Father John performed a ceremonial “absolution” for all the caught little fish. They delivered an edifying speech to the fish on how not get caught in the future, in case the fish would come across hooks filled with free bait, as well as on how the fish was supposed to earn its living through hard work. Then, accompanied by Eugene’s festive piping of some merry song, they set the little fish free, having thrown them back into the river.

Having lost interest in fishing, Eugene and Father John began to make up practical jokes to be played on other the fishermen and totally worn out the

entire company. Once they got bothered with this as well, they started chaffing each other, practicing composing of new jests. Naturally, Father John particularly excelled in inventiveness. Owing to his efforts, Eugene was finding ants in his sandwiches and other food during the entire day. In general, despite their “interpersonal opposition”, they completely supplemented each other. Sensei even jokingly nicknamed them “the two halves of Aesop’s soul”. The ancient Greek cracked slave fabulist would have probably been ineffably surprised in his VI century B.C., if somebody had told him about such an unexpected reincarnation of his soul in the distant future.

The day flew past in an eyewink. As early as at the lunch time, following Valera’s example, the entire company simultaneously began gathering brushwood for the campfire and thus cleaned the forest territory adjoining their meadow without even noticing it. As a result, they brought a whole hill of dry branches and logs. After the lunch, the camp turned somewhat deserted. The special operations group headed by Volodya decided to examine the area along the river in a quest of good fishing places and promised to return not that soon, whereas Valera desired to stay.

Evidently, Volodya’s guys got very much carried away with the fishing “hunt”, for when the company was already finishing their supper, there still hadn’t come back. Valera even decided to walk along the bank to look for Volodya in the same direction as the special operations group had walked away, and also to check the remote fishing spots for biting. He reported this to Sensei. After Valera had left, Eugene proudly stated concerning the entire “squadron” disappearance, “See! They haven’t taken me with them, that’s why they have got lost.”

In response to his words Vano promptly remarked, “Without you, they definitely have more chances to get back.”

Eugene made a comical face, and the guys burst out laughing of his clownery over again.

By the way, as early as during the supper Eugene had made everyone laugh again with a scrupulous inspection of his food, checking each centimeter of it like a customs officer. Fortunately for him, there appeared no “enemy saboteurs” there. So, by the tea time he already somewhat relaxed. The guy was victoriously looking at Vano who was sitting opposite to him, demonstrating his total control of the situation. When Eugene was handed over a glass of tea, he decided to drink it even without adding sugar so as not to swallow another Father John’s bait. Having taken the glass from Nastia with an aromatic hot

drink, he noticed floating tea-leaves in the glass and mildly cooed with a smile, “Hey, girls, who has made the tea? You should have taken the boiling water. See, the tea leaves are all on the surface.”

“What do you mean, Eugene?” Tatyana wondered. “The tea’s packed in bags.”

After her words Eugene immediately stopped smiling. He started scrutinizing the “tea-leaves” in his mug. Stas curiously glanced into Eugene’s mug, too, and ascertained with a snicker, “Yes, these *are* the ants.”

“Oh, my God! But how?!” he was totally positive the girls would have never made such a provocation. Eugene caught Vano’s cunning look and only now noticed the teapot next to him. “How dare you! The Green Peace will pursue you! You’re the violator of the international convention! It’s a shocking! I’ll complain to the United Nations! I’ll send a letter to Pope!”

Eugene kept funnily expressing his indignation for another half an hour, announcing aloud an approximate list of his “complaints” each of which was certainly followed with Vano’s hilarious comments. Some of the present eventually got abdomen aches of interminable laughter caused by the couple’s jokes. Luckily, the process of “official letters” composing was timely interrupted by Nikolai Andreevich who decided to spend the time more rationally using it for talking with Sensei, especially since it was possible to discuss some vital topics openly, when no “unauthorized persons” were present. Although there was Vano with them, he didn’t ask any superfluous questions, and Sensei himself didn’t hesitate to tell about everything freely in his presence. Nikolai Andreevich waited a little while until the company stopped laughing after another jest and tactfully started to turn the conversation to a different direction.

“Yet, indeed, where is our special operations group?”

“Probably, they have found a splendid place, given they’ve given up the supper,” Victor surmised, swallowing up cookies one by one.

“Yeah, when fish bites, you forget everything in the world. An entire prostration in time,” Nikolai Andreevich jested. “Speaking about time, by the way. I wanted to question you about it in detail long ago,” he addressed Sensei. “I often experience such periods, particularly after meditations, when a subjective notion of time nearly disappears. I’d say, there ensues an effect of some crystal clear consciousness. Work capacity increases tremendously. When you work with documents after meditating, there’s such an impression as if you

possess and entire library in your head, and all the necessary information easily rises to the consciousness surface.

“Generally speaking, the time phenomenon has interested me as such long ago. And I have so many questions. Well, everything’s quite understood with the official part: in science time is used as a unit to measure certain periodical processes. Obviously, in philosophy time is a state of matter, a form of successive change of events. Clearly, it’s connected with space. And, while the universal characteristics of time are duration, inimitableness and irreversibility, the characteristics of space are extension and the unity of discontinuity and continuity. This all seems to be clear enough... However, in the highest accounts... In my opinion, there exists a tremendous difference between how we measure time and how we actually live it. I’ve got such an impression as if there are several kinds of time perception in our consciousness simultaneously fighting for suffrage. One perception is scientific endeavoring to substantiate precision and quantitative expression of time rules. The other perception is social which aspires after violating these rules. The third one relates to the effect of subjective time perception, for instance, during meditations. The fourth one strikes with its phenomenal occurrences in stress situations. In this connection, I have a whole series of questions to ask you. But, first of all, I’d like to know what is time in reality?”

“Time?” Sensei shook his head and said. “You’re initiating a big subject... In principle, you’ve noted correctly that time is quite a relative concept. Judging about time significantly depends on who, from which reference system and for what purpose is observing this phenomenon. Considering its manifestation in reality, time may be subdivided into:

1) **veritable time** which straightly depends on the power of Allat; if you remember, everything in this world (whether it’s matter or energy) including time exists only thanks to Allat which I’ve already told you about;

2) **global time** (or absolute time) is the time period passing from appearance to complete disappearance of the matter on a scale of the Absolute;

3) **objective time** is our habitual time-calculation in seconds, hours, months, years which are conditional to the time of the Earth’s revolution on its axis and around the Sun, i.e. to physical processes steadily recurring in equal time intervals;

4) **subjective time** is an individual perception of time by each person.

“But, for you to realize these processes better, I shall, perhaps, explain these time concepts on a figurative demonstration. — Sensei asked the guys to

give him a box of matches and took one match out of it. — Here, look. Let's assume that this match burning from the moment the fire appears until the moment the shaft completely burns down is a process from rise to destruction of entire matter. Thus, the moment of movement when I take this match, carry it to the box, apply force to strike fire, when the match lights up and until its full combustion – all this figuratively is the flow of the **veritable time** on the global scale, i.e. the moment of rise, action and disappearance of Allat power in the process of creation and destruction of the matter. For our human understanding, in this time there's no present, but only past and future.

“The **global time** is the time movement from the moment the first spark blazes up until complete combustion of this match. At that, it would be more correct to characterize the entire process during combustion of the match not with its head placed in an upright position, but rather with its head directed downward. Now, note the difference in the flame movement speed.”

Sensei stroke the match, demonstrated the even slow flame movement when the sulphuric head was upright and promptly turned the match over to place its head downright. Moving upward, the flame quickly enveloped the match shaft. Sensei promptly put out the fire in order not to burn his fingers.

“Let's stop this moment,” he uttered with a smile. “Please, draw attention to the sections which the fire has already enveloped in the upturned position of the match.” Sensei circled the match. “So, roughly speaking, on the global scale the same process takes place. The Universe enlarging at a progressing speed inevitably accelerates the global time, however it by no means affects the veritable time. In modern physics, there is an axiom relating to time: events which are identical in all respects occur over the equal periods of time. The global time is relative for human understanding, because logical assessment of the process takes place by means of material structures of the brain. Consequently, the current science believes there's no actual physical process in nature with the aid of which the global (the absolute) time could be measured. That's why there exists such a postulate that the time flow depends on the velocity of a reference system movement.”

“How come?” Andrew did not get it.

“Well, like I've already said, opinions on the time flow much depend on what point of a reference system the process is being observed. For example, imagine this experimental match to be of a giant size, say, of a kilometer length, while you are an observer (i.e. in our case, you are a point of the reference

system). And, in order to study the burning process, you have settled yourself on an elevator or on a gigantic lifting crane installed parallel to the match.”

“Aha-a-a!” Eugene “caught” the idea and uttered wistfully, “I imagine myself in a special helmet, dressed in fireman’s clothes, with a fire extinguisher in my hands.”

The guys grinned, and Stas jokingly complained to Sensei, “Oh, Lord! It’s totally impossible to run mental experiments with him! I’ve just imagined myself in a white laboratory gown of a scientist, with a young female assistant next to me, when this grubby character with a fire extinguisher in his hands has wedged himself into my bright association!”

“Exactly!” Kostya echoed.

The group grinned.

“Well, this is already a matter of individual quality of perception,” Sensei said half in jest. “So, imagine that the burning process has started, and the flame (which in our comparison represents the born Universe beginning to enlarge) has gone upwards. If the velocity of your movement on the elevator equals to the speed of fire movement, you will perceive time as relatively still. If you start moving faster than the flame, you’ll get an impression that the burning time is slowing down. And, once you move slower than the flame, you’ll see the time has accelerated.”

“How is it possible?!” Kostya wondered. “And why would I guess relying on my personal perception, if I can use a seconds counter, for instance?”

“What an earthed-minded dimwit you are!” Eugene grinned genially. “Using a seconds counter for cosmic measurements!” at that, the guy expressively beckoned to the earth and then to the sky.

The company burst out laughing over again, while Sensei responded, “It may be funny, but Eugene is right in a sense. What is a seconds counter? A device to measure time intervals in, say, seconds. Yet, what is a second? It’s only a relative unit. Its definition repeatedly changed along with scientific knowledge growth in this issue. The current definition of a second was adopted in 1967. Now, people apply the “second” name to a time interval which contains a certain number of periods of emanation of caesium atom wave having a certain length. As of today, it’s considered to be the most accurate of all major SI unit standards. What further could be said here?!” Sensei pronounced the last sentence with a double meaning. He was silent for a while and then continued, “The objective time in our match burning example is the moment of physical and chemical processes taking place during combustion.

Well, and the subjective time means individual time perception of a part of the process.

“However, since the global time constantly accelerates, the objective time accelerates accordingly, though from the perspective of human subjective perception the objective time does not change, i.e. we still have 24 hours a day. Thus, we face a time paradox: on one hand, time accelerates, and a person feels it. As the saying goes, I have hardly had time to wake up on Monday when Saturday has already come. Yet, on the other hand, from the perspective of physics, the objective time seems to remain stable, I mean years, months, days, hours, seconds. And the entire time phenomenon is conditional, in the first place, to the fact that time and also space are the concurrent characteristics of the matter. Should there be no matter, there would not be neither time nor space. Besides, time and space are closely related to gravitation.”

“Gravitation?” Nikolai Andreevich asked to repeat in astonishment.

“Yes. **Time, space and gravitation are the properties of Allat which reveal themselves in the energy of the Po particle. Allat is the first cause of rise and existence of the material world. And it was exactly the inner impulse forward of the Po particle energy which generated time.** Nowadays, time can be defined as a tremendous energy under a tremendous density... Time, gravitation and space are all inherent in the material world. In non-material or spiritual world, in God’s reality or no matter how you otherwise call that world beyond the verge, no concepts of time, space and gravitation exist at all.”

“But what does exist there?” Victor wondered.

“You see, it’s basically impossible to explain logically what’s there, beyond the verge. Why? Because human brain is material, it’s confined. And his thoughts also constitute the matter, although it’s a more subtle material structure. Why do you think spiritual teachers were always saying to people: “You should believe”? Because human consciousness cannot fully perceive that other world. It can either believe without resistance, which is called the pure faith, if a person switches on his or her agathodemon; or it can accept it as a hypothesis if a person oscillates between positive and negative thoughts; or it can consider all this a fantasy if a person is on the cacodemon wave and has plural doubts... Yet, it’s totally possible to feel on one’s inner level what is there, beyond the verge. For this, a certain degree of spiritual perfection must be achieved.”

“Is Shambala also located over the verge, in the timeless space?” Stas asked.

“Yes. That’s why there’s neither the past nor the future there in our understanding.”

Nikolai Andreevich made use of the pause and once again tried to bring the conversation back to the topic of his interest – the time.

“Is there a mirror reflection of the world? Should it actually exist in reality, it would be possible to speak of a physical role of the time orientation in both directions. At least, there are already officially discovered evidences of the matter and the antimatter existence. And, I think, if the mirror effect of time is proven, it will be possible to create a time machine as well.”

“A time machine?” Sensei grinned. “I can already assure you that these assumptions will remain nothing, but mere assumptions.”

“Yet, why?”

“Because it’s unrealistic to create a time machine for material objects. And I shall explain you why. In the material world, time has a single-vector flow, i.e. in a single direction from the moment of the matter rise until the moment it disappears. You see, the material world is subject to one and the same time cycle – the veritable time. Surely, the material world is manifold, and many parallels do exist in it. However, such parallels are merely situated on different frequencies, but... in one and the same veritable time. Consequently, you cannot move to those other parallels in space. Instantaneous transference in space is perfectly possible for material objects. Nevertheless, you can only move to another frequency at the same global moment of time.”

“Wait, how is it possible?” Andrew didn’t understand. “Even if we travel from one part of the Earth to another on an airplane, there is a time difference.”

“What you’re mentioning relates to subjective human time. These are only instants. We’ll speak of them later... By the way, as for an instant, in the largest accounts, the veritable time of life of the material world with all its multiformity is nothing more than an instant. For us, it is stretched over milliards of years, whereas in reality this time is extremely limited. Infinity and eternity in their genuine manifestation reside only on that side beyond the verge, i.e. in God’s reality, but not in the material world. The material world for that side is some flash having its beginning and its end. Material life may be compared to a drop of water which has fallen on burning-hot desert sand under the sun. It hardly has time to appear when it already instantly vanishes, evaporates, although in fact it just turns from one state to another. Nevertheless, for a little electron being inside one of this drop’s atoms, for example, the instants of the drop stay on the sand is a whole life in the “infinite Universe”.”

“Does it mean the anti-time as such cannot exist at all?” Nikolai Andreevich asked to clarify.

“Absolutely.”

“And what about the existence of particles and antiparticles?”

“This corresponds to the matter laws. Particles and antiparticles exist in one and the same time. They have same masses and other physical characteristics. At that, some of their characteristics such as, for example, electric charge or magnetic moment have opposite signs. And that’s all. Even the phenomena which scientists will discover in the future (on conditions that such future comes for this civilization, if course) will relate to change of frequency as such, but not of the general time.”

“Well, OK. And what about the notion that in the process of reincarnation a person may appear in any earth time including the past? Such notion seems to contradict with what you’ve just said.”

“There’s no contradiction. This is what exactly the human paradox is all about. Inside a human being there is a soul, that is an impregnation from outside, from the world of God’s reality, and the soul is encapsulated in matter. In principle, the soul is exactly the genuine antimatter in all senses. Everything else what people call “antimatter” is only transformations of the Po particle energy. When a person runs out of prana (the vital energy), and he or she dies, his or her soul together with the personal imprint crossed the material world border and enters the non-material world, i.e. the timeless space...”

“What is the personal imprint?”

“It’s an interesting thing. A personal imprint is surely a figurative association. Yet, it signifies the internal substance created by a person over his or her life, which includes all his or her experiences, memory and feelings. And the memory embraces the entire life, all its moments from the very beginning to the very end. **Why is it so important to be a Human throughout one’s entire life? Because, “here” you may choose both your thoughts and deeds, whereas “there” you will get only what you’ve merited through your choices.**

“Hence, the concept of the “past” exists only in human understanding, since we judge subjectively, residing in the present, whereas **life per se is a sequence of moments ridden by ezoosmos, that is by permanent inner impulse of the Po particle energy in the present.** In the world beyond the verge, there are no concepts of the past or the future. When our soul goes for reincarnation, i.e. when it leaves the timeless space and enters the material

world, it finds itself in a multi-level reality of the present which in its separate manifestations we would apprehend as the past or the future for us. That's all. Therefore, the soul may "ride along the time" in our human understanding, being incarnated in subsequent bodies. However, no material object is capable of such ride. Everything material objects experience in the material world is connected with transformation of the Po particle energy at the current, present moment."

Apparently pondering over Sensei's words, Nikolai Andreevich started to ratiocinate aloud as if he was speaking to himself, "So, when a person dies..."

"By the way, there are different kinds of death," Sensei added. "What I've just told about happens specifically when a person runs out of prana – the vital energy. And it goes differently with each person. Everything depends on one's subjective time, while one's age plays no part as such. Some people run out of prana in childhood, others in the middle age, still others in their old years. It doesn't really matter. The main thing is that the soul then goes to reincarnation cycle. However, there are cases of premature death when a person still possesses plenty of prana, but he, say, gets murdered or takes his own life himself by committing suicide. In such case, his soul separates from the dead physical body together with the astral body, other subtle shells as well as the unspent prana remains, and it does not follow to further reincarnation, but instead starts existing here, in this time, in this life, but on the subtle material level, say, in the form of... a "ghost" as people usually call such "individual". And such creature may wander in such state during quite a long period of time, much longer than the person has lived in the physical body. It's because the prana energy is being spent very slowly without a material body. The soul may get released of this lingering nightmare only when it runs out of all prana, and its subtle bodies disperse. It's very important to mention that, whatever feelings such creature has accumulated during its life in the physical body, it now experiences them excessively sharper and acuter than then. And it is destined to exist with these personal feelings throughout the entire "ghost lifetime"."

"A dreadful prospect," Andrew hemmed.

"For sure," Sensei said. "As for subjective time perception by a person, it is relative in many respects. Why? First of all, because all processes in micro– and macrocosm are conceived at the angle of human vision, by means of appraisal of what's happening through human thoughts. And, let me remind that a thought, in its turn, originates from inside the material brain which is limited in its perception. Humanity has accumulated numerous own concepts of times

which people needed only for the purpose of living more and conceiving the surrounding world in a more comfortable way. Yet, all these concepts are relative, starting with calendars down to division seconds into fractions with their conventional errors. Let's take, for instance, chronobiology which studies diversity of internal biorhythms of living creatures. In this science, the time notion for each organism is also relative..."

"Well, it is exactly so in principle," Nikolai Andreevich agreed with Sensei. "If we take a human being, each of his organs operates at its own frequency, with its own interval of vibrations: vibrations of cerebrum waves equal to one-tenth of a second, the respiratory cycle is six-second long, major heart rhythms are one second long, etc..."

Once Eugene heard his words, he jested right away, "Exactly... I've always been telling Stas: "You are not a human, but a random set of organs", and he didn't believe me." And he added, addressing his friend, "Hey, listen to what a wise man says..."

Having laughed at Eugene's pun together with the entire company, the doctor commented that joking impression, "Only at first sight, it seems that each organ is "random" by its vibration processes. There is a main "vibrating time assigner" in each organism which synchronizes overall operation of the entire organism like a central processor in a computer."

"Quite true," Sensei nodded and specified, "But, again, all these second vibrations are relative, too. Should external conditions change or should a psychological factor come into effect, the internal time may either slow down or accelerate. To put it more exactly, it's a human ezoosmos which slows down or accelerates in the first place, and only afterwards the organism operation slows down or accelerates correspondingly. Like in stress situations, for instance."

"As Pavlov wrote: "Time counting in the central nervous system is based on alternation of excitation and inhibition",," Nikolai Andreevich remarked.

"Exactly. So, time is a relative concept, especially in a biosystem. All people, plants, animals, insects live during different terms and get older at different speeds. More simply, each of us has his or her own stock of prana, therefore each one's biological clock has its own speed. Correspondingly, we differently perceive material objects in time."

"Its own speed?" Ruslan asked. "How come?"

"Well, for example, let's take a relic tree such as a berry yew living from two to four thousand years. Just like other long-liver trees, it grows very slowly, but lives very long as well. Or let's take tortoises. Many of their kinds live up to

one hundred years old. Speed of reaction of, say, land tortoises is two to three times lower than ours. If you would pass them walking, they would have an impression that you've flown by like a motorcyclist at approximate speed of 50 km/h... Or let's take a fly. We perceive it as a creature with its own time cycle totally different from ours. It's been calculated that one light day for a fly lasts approximately as one our calendar month for us. We are incredibly slow creatures for its perception. Why? Because a fly's speed of life is much faster than that of a human being. Hence, its speed of reaction is much higher as well... For instance, while Eugene would be raising his hand and trying to catch a fly, it would have enough time to rub its arms, legs and wings, to determine where the threat is coming from and where it's better and safer to fly. While the "lazy big creature" will be only drawing his hand down, the fly will easily rise, making scores of wing sweeps per second, and fly away."

"I am not a sadist," Eugene stood up for himself and added, casting a sidelong look at Father John, "in contrast to the others whom I don't want to point at. I love nature!"

However, seeing a mosquito landing on his arm, he promptly automatically flapped him. The guys started laughing.

"That's evident," Vano grinned.

"It's simply because this one's had such destiny," Eugene justified his action, flicking off the mosquito remains from his arm.

"I wonder, is it possible to arrange one's time in such a way so as to live long and happily and to die in one day?" Ruslan asked, being in captivity of his dreaming.

Kostya grinned and noted sarcastically, "Why not? There was such a case in history. People in Pompeii also were living long and happily... and all of them died in one day."

The company burst out laughing again, developing the plot and showering Ruslan with jests. Once the five-minute joking break was over, Sensei said, "A human being is capable of many things. Living his or her life, a person hardly utilizes the abilities which are concealed inside him or her, although one may observe manifestation of those in extreme situations, as I've told you. Same relates to time: when one's subjective time perception vastly accelerates, the external ordinary time, on the contrary, slows down. Most often such time phenomenon is faced by people involved in dangerous occupations: pilots, racers, stuntmen etc. Finding themselves in particularly extreme conditions, some people do feel that time is actually slowing down, and during a short time

interval they manage to do everything possible to improve the situation. And, once they come out of that special state, it becomes obvious they have conducted many times more work in just several fractions of a second than they would do in their daily life.”

“How could such phenomenon be explained? Does a person spend more prana in such moments?” Nikolai Andreevich asked, guessing.

“Yes. A psychic energy detonation causes a mighty surge of prana which, in its turn, affects a person’s ezoosmos. In the case we’re discussing, the ezoosmos accelerates, that’s why a person manages to do much more within a moment than in his or her natural state... Similar things are experienced by ordinary people as well, when they face emergency situations. So, the famous saying that “one’s life has flown before one’s eyes in an instant” is not a mere wording.

“Here, in the time interval we are now, there is a general time wave... Or, better to say for clearer understanding, we are riding a certain life vehicle moving at a certain speed. We see only what we are seeing. Why? Because our atoms move at a certain speed. If they start operating several times faster, it won’t mean that we shall die sooner, but what we’re seeing now will simply vanish, and a completely different picture or image will appear. There are plenty of dimensions, and it’s totally realistic, there’s no miracle at all.”

A short pause set in during the conversation. Nikolai Andreevich kept quiet for a while, thinking, and then asked anew, “And what about transference through space? I remember our talks with you about teleportation, but so far I truly cannot materially imagine how this happens in reality...”

“To put it more precisely, you cannot believe,” Sensei corrected him with a smile, calling a spade a spade.

The doctor made a wry face. He obviously avoided such approach to the matter in conversations with Sensei.

“What I cannot is, most like, understanding of the fundamentals of such phenomenon,” Nikolai Andreevich wiggled out and bashfully dropped his eyes as if trying to collect his thoughts and to formulate a more accurate question on the matter.

And, all of a sudden, almost next to him, he heard Sensei’s voice reverberating with a note of irony, “The fundamentals? Fundamentals are, certainly, a good thing to know. Yet, they should follow faith...”

Nikolai Andreevich turned round in bewilderment. Sensei, who had strangely managed to appear on a free seat next to him in a moment, was sitting there as if nothing had happened.

“That’s right,” Sensei’s voice resounded again, but this time it was heard from the previous location.

And only at that moment Nikolai Andreevich noticed there were actually two Senseis. One was sitting on his seat opposite, while the other one who looked totally real, made of flesh and blood as they say, was sitting on the beam next to Nikolai Andreevich.

“What is it, hypnosis?” the psychotherapist dazedly uttered the first thing that had come to his mind.

Two Senseis grinned simultaneously.

“Worse,” the one located next to the doctor said with a smile and communicated a “terrible secret” in undertones, “It’s a split personality... How do they call it in psychiatry?”

“Madness?” astonished Victor who was sitting not far from them said automatically, not taking his eyes off the second Sensei.

The second Sensei trembled with noiseless laughter. Meanwhile, Nikolai Andreevich slightly shook his head trying to overcome his confusion and either addressed Victor or uttered to convince himself, “It would be madness, if you saw all this yourself, but when it happens with mass...”

Suddenly he paused and stared at the second Sensei again.

“Don’t worry, it’s not hypnosis,” the Sensei sitting opposite reassured him.

“H’m, as if there’s nothing else exists, but hypnosis!” the second Sensei remarked archly, addressing the first Sensei. “You see, what the result may be when you give them knowledge prematurely... They promptly start trying on a new helmet to match their old trousers.”

The first Sensei smiled to such interpretation of his “clone” and began to explain to Nikolai Andreevich with patience, “In reality, everything is brilliantly simple. Space is linked with gravitation, gravitation is linked with time, and all of them together are inseparably linked with the operation of Allat... This phenomenon is based on the most commonplace fundamental laws...”

Nikolai Andreevich was shifting his gaze from one Sensei to the other in perplexity, evidently not quite believing his own eyes and ears, whereas Eugene seeing such “miracle” nearly choked over the jam he was previously chewing like a homemade sour cream. Keeping his bewildered eyes glued on the

“practical joke” as if he was afraid it would vanish any moment, the gut softly nudged Stas, “Hey, come on, pinch me...”

Stas who was in slight shock himself during such a vision, complied with his friend’s request so industriously that Eugene jumped as if he got scalded and toppled over the jam jar.

“Ouch! Are you crazy, man?!”

“You’ve asked me to do it,” Stas shrugged his shoulders.

“But not in such a way! Look, you’ve made me a bruise,” and, looking at the spilled jam, he said with a note of regret, “Man, so much delicacy is wasted!”

Yet, Eugene forgot about the jam right away, for the next moment his full attention was drawn to the second Sensei. Oddly to say, the second Sensei did not disappear during the entire fanny incident which had grabbed everyone’s attention. Even after the guys tried to conduct certain “awakening” actions over themselves, the second Sensei persistently remained in his place. Meanwhile, Eugene moved stupefied Victor aside, seated himself next to the second Sensei and, not having devised anything else, extended his hand.

“Hello.”

“Hello,” the second Sensei grinned, having strongly shaken his palm.

Eugene looked at it attentively, as if it was a bar of gold, and then doubtfully asked, having lowered his voice to thriller whispering, “Sensei, is it you?” then he turned to the first Sensei and added, “This is...”

He started “telegraphing” his questions about the second Sensei with mimics. Although he wanted to appear totally serious, he did it so comically that both the first Sensei to whom the “telegram” was addressed and the second Sensei about whom Eugene was making his inquires roared with laughter with tears in their eyes. Seeing his silent messages had remained undecoded, he made an attempt to score them for sound.

“May I... may I... touch... you?”

The first Sensei nodded, being unable to say something aloud. Eugene carefully probed the biceps of the second Sensei, to which the latter said, wiping away his laughter-induced tears, “You see! And you were about to reveal the highest laws to them! Why do you think they are ready for this? As for me, I don’t see anything here except the change in sexual orientation.”

The second Sensei waved his hand hopelessly. In the meantime, Eugene was already going to touch the biceps of Sensei’s double with his left hand as if he didn’t trust the right one. But at that very moment the second Sensei

vanished as instantly as he had appeared, so the guy's palms harshly cut through the air instead of setting against the biceps. Eugene even became confused of such suddenness and put his palms together in bewilderment, stupidly looking round.

Nikolai Andreevich promptly put his hand on the beam strip where the second Sensei had just been sitting.

"It's hard to believe, but it's warm," the doctor ascertained indescribable agaze.

Having heard this, the rest of the guys darted off wishing to feel the warmth on their own. Only Sensei and Vano remained seated. Moreover, Father John was sitting motionless, observing what was going on with a very serious look.

"Sensei, how did you do this?!" Andrew asked, wonder-struck.

"Oh," Sensei waved his hand. "Forget it."

"What do you mean "forget it"?! What do you mean "forget it"?!" Eugene started rebelling, having regained consciousness after the shocking vision. "For the sake of the truth, I've given this monster of cruelty a half of my trunk side for torments," he pointed to Stas, "I've deprived myself of the sweet delight," he pointed at the inverted jam jar, "and I've nearly burnt my brain! Was it all for the sake of forgetting?!"

However, Sensei grinned and only laughed off in response. Apparently, he no longer wanted to explain anything after he had observed the guys' reaction. In a certain while, once everybody more or less came to their senses, Nikolai Andreevich uttered, "But, indeed, Sensei... I understand we've been looking stupid from aside. Yet, it will be such a pity if our momentary human weakness bereaves us of such serious things knowledge."

"Very likely, not only us..." Nastia added unexpectedly for everyone.

Sensei attentively looked into the eyes of those who were speaking, then smiled approvingly and said, "OK, let it be as you wish."

Everybody revived, seating themselves as comfortable as possible.

"You've been telling about some laws this phenomenon is based upon," Nikolai Andreevich reminded.

"Quite right," Sensei confirmed and began telling more willingly, "Momentary transference through space is an elementary affair for humanity. One does not absolutely need an acceleration which present-day scientists puzzle over. It's just that people should learn how to use teleportation. For this, the general laws of time should be known, and then teleportation will become

an everyday reality for people just like light today, for instance. After all, when Edison invented a bulb, many people were shocked. But later his invention became so habitual that nowadays we enter a room and easily switch on the light not even thinking of what the electricity is. Yet, at bottom people still don't know what electricity is actually, since they were given only a general idea of it. Despite this fact, they adapted themselves to such manifestation of this power, successfully use it and even got to creating computers with a general information network.

“Thus, what I shall now tell you relates to the laws of the veritable time which represent the basis for the discussed phenomenon. Knowing these laws, any latter-day Edison is able to grasp the time phenomena... So, as I've already told you, time is a tremendous energy which appeared as a result of the Allat power transformation into the Po particle, which in its turn generated ezoosmos of the Po. Time flows only in one direction – from the past to the future. It is closely linked with gravitation. Gravitation extends along with time extension. Time is characterized by cause and effect. There is a space-and-time point between the cause and the effect, i.e. the present. This point belongs to neither the cause nor the effect. Nevertheless, transformation of the cause into the effect takes place exactly through it. Do you understand so far? All right. Let's now come to the most important thing.

“Let's examine the principle of time operation. In the very initial impulse of the Po energy which has generated time there occurred a leap of energy from the present to the future, i.e. from the present to the effect, and it determined the single direction of time. Owing to the Po particle which has generated time, there also appeared elements of gravitation. A cause is gravitated to the present, thus creating a gravitational field. And promptly, owing to the inner impulse of the Po, i.e. to the Po ezoosmos which generates time, there occurs a leap from the present to the future. That is the cause transforms into the time energy movement. During this process, constancy of the time energy is maintained subject to the matter density. If, for example, there were no time energy and, consequently, there were no gravitation, our Sun would have burnt out long ago, gravitational fields would not exist, atoms would not be able to retain their electrons and so on. To put it more simply, thanks to such esoosmic manifestation of time both external and internal sphere of the matter is being supported...”

At that moment, the Sensei's double unexpectedly appeared again on a free seat little far from the company. He thriftily put some branches into the fire,

and then began to supplement Sensei's story as if nothing strange was happening.

"Yes, but don't forget to mention that, in addition to its general characteristics time evinces an individuality quality in each matter formation. Wherever the process of matter consolidation is taking place, there is the inevitable process of gravitation compression. And the power of time is gradually increased, too. In the material world, time and gravitation may be regarded as the most powerful energies, certainly after the Po energy. At that, gravitation is a fore-esoosmic state of time in the process of the matter evolution. Gravitation may be called one of the time components, with regard to the past. Thus, the present is actually only the moment of the Po energy manifestation, which generated the inner impulse, i.e. ezoosmos."

"Don't forget to impart that skewness is in time's nature," there resounded a voice of a third Sensei standing behind Eugene. While everybody was turning round in astonishment, he put his hand on the guy's shoulder. Eugene gave a start and cautiously looked askance at Sensei standing beside him. Having seen his reaction, this Sensei winked at him as if being his old friend and amicably tapped on his shoulder. "Yes, yes, my friend, thanks exactly to time skewness any progress is taking place, when all material things live their lifetime and then are being directed to energies transformation into new material forms. Energy turns from one form into another owing to ezoosmos."

While he was speaking, Eugene was staring askance at him like a bear looking at a source of its fright. The guy slowly turned his head and looked at Sensei's hand resting on his shoulder. Eugene even seemed to have stopped breathing. In the meantime, a voice of a fourth Sensei resounded from the darkness.

"All right, if we are having such a big-time event here," he said, coming up to the campfire from the food tent side and chewing a biscuit taken from a pack which he was holding in his hands, "you should tell also them about the velocity of light. How long will they still be overestimating that lazy turtle?"

The fourth Sensei grinned at his own joking comparison, then approached Vano, amicably tapped on his shoulder and offered him a biscuit from the pack. Vano carefully took one and perplexedly nodded in gratitude. However, he didn't start eating, holding the biscuit in his hand as if it was a relic. Looking at him, Sensei started laughing and immediately choked. Not finding a mineral water bottle near him, he hastily snatched a mug of chilled tea from Vano's hand and took couple sips.

“Thank you very much,” he uttered contentedly and returned the mug to its owner.

Vano nodded again in response.

“Yes, tell them about the velocity of light,” the second Sensei supported the request.

“They should have known it long ago,” the third Sensei agreed. “Or else they can multiply one by one, but multiplying two by two is already a tough assignment for them... For example, in 1972 they calculated with “great accuracy” under the frequency quantum standards that the velocity of light inside vacuum “approximately” equals to 299.79×10^6 m/s, and got totally satisfied with this. Yet, it’s such a nonsense to consider this velocity to be the maximum speed of physical effects spreading! Tell them it’s far from being the truth.”

“Well, if you believe I may,” the first Sensei shrugged his shoulders. “All right... Connecting the velocity of light with time is wrong indeed. Light is spreading owing to gravitational field. The initial impulse with imparts acceleration to photon significantly exceeds the velocity of light. The velocity of light movement is conditioned only by physical characteristics of light, while gravitation imparts speed to light and supports it, pulling photons towards itself and thus accelerating and drawing light to ezoosmos. If we view the process from the time perspective, light moves in discrete steps, slowing down in the transition point of time and accelerating thereafter. It proves that gravitation is higher than the velocity of light. Light would be standing still without gravitation and ezoosmos. Moreover there will be no initial surge of light, because it this needs a cause. And a cause, turning into an effect, passes the present point, i.e. the inner time impulse. This entire process is driven by the initial power of attraction from the past to the present, and then, owing to ezoosmos, to the future, i.e. towards an effect.”

Sensei became silent for a while, and his “clone” interlocutors vanished.

“The most interesting thing is that in modern physics gravitational interactions are considered to be the weakest of all acting forces, having in view the gravitational interaction between material bodies such as, for instance, bricks on a road or planets in the outer space. The funniest thing is that, in spite of multiplicity of existing theories, nobody has ever come to understanding what gravitation is in reality. To tell the truth and to give them their due, scientists purely theoretically calculated that gravitation consists of particles and even gave them a name of graviton. However, nobody has a mere notion of

what this graviton is, although not just this graviton has been mentioned in the human history, but its physical characteristics have been described quite in detail as well. So, graviton is nothing, but the Po particle. The whole Universe is composed of these particles, like I've said before. For instance, as you already know, neutrino consists of five Po particles and has a shape of a regular five-point star. By the way, inasmuch as Allat manifests itself a great extent through neutrino, it has often been depicted as a five-point star bearing a double sense – of the female nature and of Allat as such. Although, these two are the same in the largest accounts.”

“Wait, Sensei, what do you mean “Allat manifests itself a great extent”?! I haven't quite got it,” Nikolai Andreevich said.

“You see, neutrino significantly differs from other so called elementary particles. First of all, neutrino may either have or not have a mass. It may or may not interact with gravitational field, with magnetic or electromagnetic fields. Furthermore, neutrino is capable of moving at the velocity of light, but, unlike light, it can slow down and change its trajectory. Yet, perhaps, the most fantastical for modern science neutrino's “talent” is its ability to move at unlimited distances instantly.”

“How come?” Eugene asked.

“Simple. Interacting with gravitational field, neutrino transforms from one state into another, say, from a particle state into a state of energy having strictly defined frequency. At that, “agitating” the gravitational field in a certain point of, say, our solar system, it cause a reciprocal agitation in a certain point of a gravitational field in another galaxy. Therefore, without wasting time and regardless of space neutrino vanishes here and now and appears there and now. As physicists say, it creates a “worm-hole” in time and space.”

“Not bad! Can you believe it?!” exclamations broke from the guys.

“Utilizing neutrino's natural physical qualities, people can even cover any distances, spending no time and minimal energy.”

“Well, to tell the truth, it sounds like fiction,” Nikolai Andreevich noted sceptically.

“Well, to tell the truth,” Sensei stressed on these words, “still a hundred years ago the atomic bomb was fiction, too... And, as for neutrino, I can tell you even more: without neutrino there wouldn't be any life. Neutrino play a stupendous role in formation of the world which you see around you. And, by the way, it has the same whole time unit as Allat, that is 11 minutes 56.74 seconds.”

“A pretty elementary particle is this!” Eugene was astonished. “What is exactly elementary in it?”

“Only its name,” Stas joked.

“It all depends. In general, the “elementary particle” term initially denoted or, better to say, implied something absolutely elementary – the first building block of the matter as physicists say. However, after in 1960s they discovered hundreds of hadrons which have similar qualities, possess internal levels of freedom and consist of quarks, a new term of “fundamental particles” was invented to denote already the most elementary particles such as leptons, quarks and others which scientists regarded as particles with no structure, i.e. as particles which “cannot be split into components”. Perhaps, I won’t be going into further details of physics, for they will hardly be of your interest. Nevertheless, I’ll give a simple example for your general understanding. Let’s take electron. I hope everyone know what electrons are?”

“Why! Of course, we know!” Eugene declared boastfully. “These are very-very small negatively charged particles rushing around an atomic nucleus, just like fleas on a dog.”

Everybody laughed. Sensei waved his hand, meaning it’s good that such a madcap had at least such an understanding, and continued:

“So, electron was the first elementary particle which was discovered in 1897 by Thomson, the English physicist, while positron was the first discovered antiparticle. Positron is of the same mass as electron, but has a positive electric charge. It was disclosed by Anderson, the American physicist, in 1932. Well, and I hope you also know that an electron structure of an atom determines its qualities including its ability to form chemical compounds which is very important in chemistry.”

“Yes!” Eugene ascertained proudly. “Both dogs and fleas are composed of atoms containing electrons. The number of electrons defines which one is a dog or a flea.”

“Of course, it’s a raw example, but it may still illustrate the importance of electrons. So, in modern physicists’ opinion, electrons are among fundamental, i.e. structureless particles. Yet, in reality, electron consists of 13 Po particles or gravitons. Since graviton is a purely hypothetical particle which has not been proved experimentally, but has been theoretically calculated, and since it’s the most suitable for denoting the Po particle, we may state purely hypothetically with certainty that only graviton is truly “fundamental” among all such particles. All the others consist of 3-5-7-12-33-70 and more Po particles. At

that, many “fundamental” particles consisting of the same number of Po particles have various forms and charge signs and, correspondingly, play different roles in the theatre of the matter. Electron and positron are appropriate to mention here. Both of them consist of 13 Po particles, and both have spiral shape. The difference is only in the fact that electron possesses the negative external charge, the “left” spiral and the positive internal potential, whereas positron possesses everything vice versa — the positive external charge, the “right” spiral and the negative internal potential.”

Having listened to Sensei very attentively, Nikolai Andreevich tactically remarked, “I’m not a physicist, so I won’t argue. Yet, according to my knowledge, electron does have the negative charge, while positron has the positive one. I can’t say anything regarding the spiral form either, because I’ve never seen it. But, Sensei, what internal potential are you speaking about with respect to elementary particles? In this part I don’t really understand you...”

“It’s not my fault that you don’t understand,” Sensei grinned, “it’s Bohr’s fault.”

“What does *he* have to do with it?”

“Bohr? Who is it?” Ruslan wondered.

“He’s a Danish physicist who in his time, precisely in 1912, proposed to resolve the issues of electrons movement around nucleus through assigning so called stationary orbits for them with the assumption that electrons didn’t spend energy while moving along their orbits.”

“So, what mischief did this fellow do?” Eugene asked with his customary sense of humor.

“Please, be patient, my friend,” Sensei said with a smile and continued, “Actually, everything is much simpler than scientists believe. For example, our planet Earth has the negative external charge and the positive internal potential, while the Sun has the positive external charge and the negative internal potential. The Earth and the Sun move at tremendous speeds inside a gravitational field together with the whole Galaxy. For your better understanding, it can be imagined as two dumb-bells thrown from a ship board into the ocean. Going through the ocean waters, the dumb-bells interact with water molecules, creating various agitations and turbulences. Similarly the Sun and the Earth going through the gravitational field thickness, cause its agitations and turbulences, thus creating an electromagnetic field which in its turn creates an external charge of moving bodies according to their internal potential. Hence, if the internal potential is positive, the external charge will be negative,

just as that of electron and the Earth. The difference in internal potential and external charge exactly creates “stationary” orbits both for planets around the Sun and electrons around the nucleus, otherwise the objects would stick together or scatter and would never have “stationary” orbits. Since external charge fluctuates and is not stable in contrast to internal potential, an external charge cannot create “stationary orbits” without involvement of a stable internal potential. All material objects have internal potential, starting from a quark right up to stars, otherwise they would not be material. The quality of internal energy is precisely what characterizes a material object. For instance, if we purely hypothetically take a planet and a star of the same mass and destroy, say, “tear” them both, the planet would discharge a little quantity of destructive energy, while the star would discharge an enormous one compared to the planet. We’ll get a similar result if we “tear” an electron and a positron. An atomic bomb would probably be the best example for you to understand. Such bomb generates an explosion of a tremendous power from just a small quantity of substance. In other words, the negative potential of an atom is being released. So, in conclusion I’d like to mention that Danish physicist Bohr was partly right, but partly only (in respect of stationary orbits of electrons), yet he was mistaken in many aspects of the topic. A charged electron loses energy, but restores its internal potential owing to ezoosmos.

“As for the quantum-mechanical theory of atomic structure, which regards atom as a system of microparticles not obeying the classical mechanics laws, is it absolutely inadequate. On the face of it, the conclusions of German physicist Heisenberg and Austrian physicist Schrodinger seem to be convincing for ordinary people. Yet, once we look at it from a different perspective, their conclusions are only partly correct, but on the whole they both were wrong. The point is that the first one described electron as a particle, while the other one described it as a wave. By the way, the corpuscular-wave dualism principle is also inadequate, because it does not discover the conversion of a particle into a wave and vice versa. Hence, the scientific theory is incomplete. In reality, everything’s very simple. Generally speaking, the physics of future will be simple and clear. The main thing is to live till that future. And, as for electron, it becomes a wave only in two cases. First — when its external charge is being lost, i.e. when electron does not interact with other material objects, say, with nucleus. Second – in the fore-osmic state when its internal potential decreases.”

“By the way, Sensei, you’ve said that any material object possesses an internal potential. What about a human being?” Nikolai Andreevich wondered.

“Of course! For a human, it’s not just a living energy, but rather a governing factor. Who is he or she, a Human or a thinking animal?! As a matter of fact, unlike other material objects, a human being may change his or her internal potential from negative (destructive) to positive (creative)... “

“...And may direct and govern other material objects,” the second Sensei appeared. “For example, we quite neatly and willingly use positively-charged particles possessing negative internal potential. Incidentally, maybe it’s time to tell them what it is in reality and how to use it more efficiently?”

“You mean electricity, don’t you?” the third Sensei asked, glanced at stupidly-astonished faces of the present and uttered jestingly, “I don’t believe they’ll be very interested. Furthermore, it’s such a trifle compared to the fact they can now behold me in three copies at once. Although, in fact...”

Both Sensei’s phantoms vanished as unexpectedly as they had appeared.

“...Although, in fact,” Sensei continued the story of the vanished third Sensei, as if nothing were wrong — everything is very simple and easy for each person just like electricity, and it violates absolutely no physical laws.

A lasting pause set in. Should someone have looked at this company sitting around the campfire from the outside, one would think to have found oneself in a frozen time. Apparently, these people were trying hard to collect their thoughts after a shocking doze of experienced impressions, not to mention the information which was not comprehensible enough for the majority and was totally obscure for some of them. Even Nikolai Andreevich who was the irreplaceable “common sense” of the entire company, asked Sensei after a long deathly silence, “What was it just now? Have you just announced how to create a computer on example of electricity?”

Sensei smiled and answered as jokingly, “No, it’s only a forerunner to bulb creation.”

“I can’t believe it!” Father John couldn’t help saying, admiring either Sensei’s doubles or everything he’d heard. “You’ve been hiding your talents for so many years! I’m clever, too, of course, but not to such extent!”

Vano looked at remaining tea in his mug and shrugged his shoulders perplexedly.

“Sensei, I haven’t understood,” Victor said, as if listening to his own voice. “How this multiple bifurcation may be explained?”

“All this is simple, if you possess the agathodemon purity of thinking,” Sensei said somewhat dolefully as if his work had not been estimated at its true worth. Nevertheless, it was merely a fleeting expression of his secret feelings,

for next he continued in a quite cheerful voice, “Thanks exactly to purity of thinking, the Allat energy transforms the Po particle. And the Po, as you know, is a constituent of all matter... But, guys, such purity should first be achieved. You can’t go far on your cacodemon and agathodemon fluctuations because such fluctuations are like a land tortoise. That is, we again go back to our initial discussion topic...”

However, judging by further questions addressed to him, the company was mostly interested in the technique of transference through space. Sorrowfully observing such stir and evidently regretting that he had performed that visual demonstration, he responded, “All these miracles and wonders are just rubbish! I’ve told you many times and I’ll repeat again: it is more important for an individual to become a Human, to nurture the internal faith and love for God. These are the true values claiming attention! A human being is at bottom a spiritual substance residing beyond all the matter...”

“But, Sensei, we just want to understand logically...” Andrew started to justify their actions and suddenly stopped short.

“It is exactly the problem of not only you all, but the entire humanity,” Sensei sighed. “Why are there so many religions, why are there permanent disputes, fights and mutual accusations? Because people prefer mental logic to intuition... They perceive everything through explanations, through logic. “I see this. I don’t see that. I see a car riding. If I stand on its way, it will knock me down, and I’ll get into a hospital at best”. This is what a human being understands. A socket is under high tension. He doesn’t see electricity, but he knows if he puts his finger into the socket, he’d be struck, though he can’t see the current which strikes. It’s a logical explanation... As for God, he cannot explain God logically. God cannot fit into human consciousness because this consciousness is confined...”

“Why is it impossible for a human being to come to God without internal Love and absolute Faith? Because a human being cannot even become aware of God’s existence before he or she separates spiritual life from material life in his consciousness and gives priority to the spiritual. He or she may read plenty of books, tell nice stories, may play trying on a mask of a highly spiritual person, but secretly desire only material life. A paradox is that a human sees God’s manifestation in some unexplainable phenomenon or event, but is unable to explain it logically. And so such person ejaculates: “It’s a God’s miracle!” and nearly crushes his forehead over the ground experiencing religious ecstasy. Yet, once the ecstasy elapses, the person forgets about God because he or she cannot

perceive Him again. Therefore, all humanity's God-related issues are caused to the fact that peoples sincerely do not want to perceive and understand Him. Why do those rare individuals in different parts of the Earth who have achieved spiritual perfection always tell their followers "believe and proceed"? Because it is impossible to come to God without pure faith. A slightest doubt kills everything.

"Human brain is unable to realize the entire fullness of God. For this, one should possess doubtless faith. When doubtless faith arises, a person chains up his or her animal nature and becomes more complete spiritually. For some reason people believe it's very difficult, though there is nothing difficult in this at all. All the difficulty lies in simplicity. One should simply put the matter out of account with all its despicable thoughts, and should not allow bad thoughts at the territory of one's consciousness as if checking them on a customs control. By its nature, the matter must bother you all the time, must harass you and shout that all the spiritual is nonsense while it is such a sweetie in such a beautiful wrapper! For this "sweetie", it doesn't matter at all whether it tastes good or bad to you in reality. Its main task is to create an outward appearance, an illusion of an "objective" reality for you to picture a "wonderful life" awaiting you once you believe it. It is a normal and, I'd say, professional job of Lucifer. Figuratively, he's a good programmer who has invented a game for humans with numerous material labyrinths and temptations on the way to their spiritual goal. Whoever wins the game will be able to come to God safely. And it's not Lucifer's fault that people have come to love his virtual material reality more than God, because in this game every human possesses the main winning weapon – the power of thinking and the right to choose. And it's exactly the human who bears full responsibility for every choice in his or her life. If one has chosen a life of the matter's slave, he or she will continue languishing in the reincarnation up to the moment of a complete "game over". Whereas, if one wants to become free and to live a true life in Love, he or she will be able to escape from the matter labyrinth with dignity.

"The whole point is that, the higher a person succeeds to rise spiritually, the more powerfully and positively he or she will be able to influence upon disorganized material substances. The true repentance is when a person finishes the illusion game and starts to live in the right way, according to the spiritual world laws. Yet, if you are unable to live in the right way over your mind weakness, then at least choose a game worthy for a Human."

Sensei became silent. At that moment, someone's footsteps resounded from the darkness. Everybody looked towards the river bank. A solitary flash-light beam was sliding along the waterside path, illuminating the way for a night walker... Valera approached the campfire. Eugene even breathed with relief. Despite quite a cool evening, Valera wiped sweat from his forehead.

"I can't find Volodya. I've walked along the bank... Where have they disappeared?"

Sensei looked at his watch and shook his head, "Well, indeed! The guys have come here to rest, and Volodya has probably arranged a cross-country race for them."

"Maybe, they have got lost..." Ruslan made a supposition, then looked at the elder guys and stopped short.

"Aha! The special operation group has got lost. I would be a funny story," Stas hemmed.

"Why not?" Eugene echoes. "If I can be a Susanin, why can't Volodya be? He has already beat me all over. I was guiding people around the forest for some two hours, while he's already guiding them for more than five and a half."

"Don't worry, Eugene! Anyone would hardly be better Susanin than you are. You're our best!" Victor laughed.

"Definitely," Stas supported him, teasing Eugene. "You're a rare natural specimen of a semi-conductor."

"Yeah, and much better than Moses," Father John stretched lips in his gap-toothed smile. "Do you all know a folk "wisdom"? Moses was guiding Jews around the desert during forty years, yet unsuccessfully, whereas our Susanin managed his people over couple days."

A wave of laughter rolled.

"OK, OK. I'll remember your jokes when we go on the next trip. Just give me time!" Eugene rejoined jesting.

With these words he rose from the beam and started walking around the campfire. Vano was stealthily watching him. In the meantime, Nikolai Andreevich began exchanging some remarks with Sensei. Eugene walked for a while, then stopped and assumed an air of a great thinker and manipulator. Finally, his mouth wired a thought which was bothering him, "No, I simply can't sit here on my hands?! I must help my brother Susanin! What if he's indeed tried his group too hard?.."

Not consulting with anyone, Eugene enthusiastically started to fix up a huge bonfire, having thrown tree big armful of brushwood into it. The flame

flared up much faster than he had expected. Intolerable heat emanating from the fire column made everybody jump up from their seats immediately and disperse to a safe distance.

“Hey, man! What are you doing?!” Sensei uttered, having hardly managed to jump aside a falling burning branch. “Eugene! You’re saboteur! What have you kindled it for?”

Eugene was taken aback himself, but tried to preserve his calm, finding an excuse for his deed as usual.

“Why not using these dry branches? We are leaving tomorrow morning anyway. Yet, we won’t have time to burn this entire heap until then. Thus, we benefit the forest giving it some ashes for fertilizing, and at the same time we’ve got a nice little signal fire for the guys.”

““Nice little signal fire”!” Vano mimicked him comically. “What a smart fellow! Whom are going to signal to with this pioneer bonfire? To UFOs?”

“Aha!” Eugene made a delighted face and looked up to the outer space “with hope”. “To mind brothers.”

The company smiled, and Sensei gave up on him, and Vano agreed nodding, “He is totally hopeless.”

They both turned round and stepped further aside from the fire, continuing their conversation with Nikolai Andreevich. Eugene’s escapade accidentally split the company into separate groups. Everyone was anxiously waiting till most of the branches recently thrown into the fire would burn down.

The fire was blazing brightly, greedily absorbing the brushwood heap. His power seemed to be increasing each second, begetting a thrilling sight of its mighty element. As if being a living creature, the enormous fiery column was twisting high into the air in a furious dance with thousands of blazing flame bodies. They were contrastingly standing out against the dark forest, generating a tremendous glow.

At that moment, unexpectedly for everyone, a fabulous incident took place which, like a single wave, virtually overflowed all the pungent impressions of the recently experienced... Valera approached Sensei. At that point, Nikolai Andreevich was telling something with enthusiasm, while Vano and Sensei were listening to him attentively. However, once Valera stopped near Sensei with the evident intention to say something very important, the latter turned towards him himself. Their gazes intersected.

“Valera, would you like to ask something?”

“Yes,” he answered firmly.

Those standing alongside froze with bated breath. Valera was looking straight into Sensei's eyes. Perhaps, because his gaze was so open and not frowning as usual, or maybe because the fire was brightly illuminating his face, or for some other reason, Valera's face looked totally different. It acquired some ideally accurate subtle features. And hardly everyone understood what Valera further said as if devoting a part of his soul to every word.

"I'm aware that I am only a human. But **I want to experience Him.**"

"The way to Him is both simple and difficult at the same time. Are you sure you're ready?"

"I don't know the way, but I'll go wherever you indicate."

Father John who was standing alongside, couldn't help commenting and said sarcastically:

"What do you mean 'I'll go wherever you indicate'? And what if he indicates to go into the water, for example? Will you go there?"

"I'll go to the water," Valera answered with confidence, not taking his eyes of Sensei.

"Well, water is pretty OK," there was no stopping Father John. "But what if he directs you to the fire?"

"I'll go to the fire," Valera echoed with the same confidence.

Suddenly Sensei stretched his hand forward and unexpectedly said, pointing to the fire, "**Go!**"

Valera turned round without a word like a person totally lacking fear and moved towards the enormous campfire. Vano was first watching the guy with a smile, however, as Valera was coming closer to the fire, the priest's lips trembled, and the smile vanished from his face in a flash. Valera raked away the burning branches with his foot and... quietly stepped into the fire as if it was not the fiery element, but the cool night air. People standing around were more than shocked. They experienced the real animal fear and horror caused by a sensation of unreality of what was happening. Vano, Nikolai Andreevich and Stas were the first ones to take alarm, endeavoring to take measures for Valera's rescue. However, Sensei stopped them with a hand gesture, not letting Valera out of his sight.

Meanwhile, the flame blazed up unusually brightly, having enfolded Valera in a compact ring. Unbelievably, his clothes as well as the guy himself were remaining intact. Time seemed to have frozen. Valera slowly turned round and faced Sensei. His gaze was still confident and open. He was preserving absolute calm adjoining indifference to everything occurring around him. He

seemed to be seeing and feeling a totally different “something” which could not be seen by those watching the scene. The others were unlucky to observe only his mortal body seized by the flame. Probably, five to ten seconds hardly passed before Sensei raised his hand and silently beckoned the guy back from the fire column, while for all the present this time had stretched into a whole eternity. Reality and unreality of what was happening mixed in their minds, ruthlessly eliminating the distinction between those two during such an incredible spectacle review.

Valera started coming out of the fire. The flame timidly strove after him, blazing unusually vividly as if unwilling to release its voluntary prisoner. The guy came out entirely unhurt. He silently came up to Sensei. And, all of a sudden, there happened what’s called “a great mystery”. Four persons standing next to Sensei, namely Nikolai Andreevich, Vano, Anastasia and Stas, became the onlookers. Once Valera drew near Sensei, the latter undid his palm and handed a white stone of amazingly pure color to the guy with some hieroglyphs inscribed on it. It proved to be almost impossible to discern them more attentively because of an unusual light they were gleaming with. That glimmer of light merging in a single flow generated a strange feeling as if the light was emanating not from the inscription, but rather from inside of the observer’s eyes. Valera silently took the white stone and hid it in his palm from curious eyes. Everything returned to its normal state as if nothing had happened at all. Just the scattered campfire and the shock condition of the company were reminding of the recent inconceivable incident.

* * *

Feet patter became heard in the darkness. The puffed operations group ran out into the meadow.

“Confound it!” Volodya wiped his forehead. “We’ve thought the tents are blazing here, and started running like hell. What have you kindled such a fire for?”

Not losing his temper as usual, Father John turned to Volodya and answered, “Address all your claims to this blockhead,” he motioned to Eugene. “The guy’s got a problem. Looks like’s overdosed with adrenaline.”

“A perfect fool you are!” Volodya complained archly. “Have you poured gasoline into the fire, or something? You could easily burn down the forest!”

At that Eugene, who was totally wonder-struck with everything he had just seen, could not say even couple of words for himself as he did usually which ineffably surprised Volodya. The latter looked at the faces of all others present and asked perplexedly, “What has happened here?”

“Well, nothing except as usual,” Nikolai Andreevich answered automatically.

“As usual” meant “as usual” for Volodya, so he didn’t inquire any details. He knew they’d tell him, if needed. So, he hurried to communicate a happy news to Sensei.

“We have found such a nice fishing place! See, we’ve caught a huge bream and even a pike!” Volodya boastfully demonstrated their take. “It’s not far from here, around five kilometers down the river. Let’s go for a morning fishing tomorrow, and leave for home afterwards.”

“OK,” Sensei agreed, calmly examining the special operations’ trophy, as if nothing had happened. “But we need to go to bed earlier so as to get up in time.”

Sensei’s last words helped Eugene out of his prolonged stupor like an electric current discharge. He glanced at smiling Vano and announced loudly, “Oh, no, I won’t be the one to be tomorrow’s alarm! I’m not going to sleep tonight at all...”

He made the entire company laugh again with his overwhelmed indignation and involuntarily switched everyone to emotional discussion of the matter. During that whole fuss retreated towards the river bank. He obviously wanted to be all alone at that moment. Meanwhile, the witnesses of his incident began discussing what they had recently seen, having found devoted listeners in the persons of those just arrived.

In the meantime, Sensei was smoking a cigarette, standing beside Nikolai Andreevich and Vano. In response to all the guys’ requests to clarify the observed phenomenon, he just smiled and persistently kept mum. Such his attitude inflamed their passion still more. The company pulled the beams aside from the fire, sat down and started put forward their versions intended to explain the inexplicable.

“How can this be possible?” Ruslan was gesticulating.

“Well, there are people who walk on live coals,” Andrew was persuading him.

“Those are live coals, while this is...”

“Wait, wait,” Eugene interrupted them. “With coals everything is clear – ashes serve as an insulator. And what about this case?”

“It is simply impossible!” Ruslan was persisting.

“Why impossible?” Kostya tried to attract everybody’s attention to his person as he usually did upon such discussions. “I’ve read, for instance, that aborigines on Fiji Islands... These islands are situated in the South-Western part of the Pacific Ocean,” he clarified proudly, boasting of his knowledge of geography. “To be short, these aborigines even perform ritual dances on pieces of lava heated to several hundred degrees. And, by the way, in spite of such high temperature, they even don’t hurt skin on their feet. And that is lava! While this is an ordinary campfire.”

“All right, then go into it, if it’s so simple,” Ruslan recommended spitefully.

“Am I a fool or something?” Kostya snapped. “I feel OK in the fresh air.”

“Maybe, he has been in a meditation state?” Victor assumed.

“Does he know at all what it is?” Andrew hemmed.

Everyone looked at Volodya who was trying to probe into the matter.

“No, I wrote him about the Lotus Flower practice,” he responded. “But nothing more serious...”

At that moment Sensei who was standing not far from the company and listening to the guys, glanced at Nikolai Andreevich. The latter understood him without words and promptly joined the disputants. Having sat on the beam, he let couple more people express themselves and then easily entered the discussion.

“Yet, all this is a trifle, guys,” he started with Sensei’s habitual words. “All this is fully explicable from the scientific point of view. The whole trick is in abilities of human psyche and the reality of physics. Apparently, still before the guy used to have some mental problems followed with behavior inadequacy. And, although way before we came out of the fire we had witnessed his detachment from the outside world and lack of emotional manifestations, I’m still firmly convinced that, before he went into the fire, he had inevitably experienced a shocking state. Such state is usually accompanied with an intensive surge of adrenaline into blood, while in a number of cases adrenaline’s action causes abundant and prolonged hidrosis. Perhaps, the experienced stress has also caused an agitation of certain sections of his cerebral cortex with simultaneous inhibition of other sections thereof. In its turn, this has affected the heat regulation centers of hypothalamus and led to changes in their operation.

As a result, a hyperhidrosis has taken place, that is the increased hidrosis. Do you remember this reflex path?” Nikolai Andreevich looked around at all the present. “It goes from hypothalamus to medulla, then to spinal cord neurons in thoracic and lumbar vertebrae, through ganglia of the frontier sympathetic chain to sweat-glands. At that, he’s had not an ordinary hidrosis, but specific hyperhidrosis characterized by increased prevalence of water components. Subsequently, when he entered the high-temperature environment, there took place intensive evaporation and formation of a certain protection layer. And, please, take into account that he’s only spent several seconds inside the fire. This time has been just enough for total evaporation of that protection layer. Should he have spent little more time there, the result would have been just the same as with everyone else under such circumstances...”

“Yes, it’s totally logical,” Vano echoed playing an active listener.

“...And, if you analyze the constituents of the flame itself and its layer-to-layer temperature condition, the things will be cleared up completely...”

While Nikolai Andreevich was further convincingly explaining the incident “from the scientific point of view”, Eugene stood up and started to limber up strenuously and even tried to jog on the spot. It could be assumed from the outside that he’s got pins and needles in his legs from sitting and decided to do some exercises, therefore nobody paid much attention to him, listening to Nikolai Andreevich with enthusiasm.

“...The combustion process proceeds only subject to availability and certain ratio of the following three constituents – free oxygen, a combustible material and a heat source. As you know, combustion is a complex, rapidly proceeding chemical transformation accompanied with evolution of sizeable heat amount. Combustion is closely related to physical processes, in particular to transfer of mass into energy, specifically into heat, and is characterized by hydro-dynamic and gas-dynamic regularities correspondingly. Naturally, the basis of combustion is exactly the chemical transformation, i.e. decomposition of some substance molecules and formation of the others. In our case, let’s take into the account the laws predetermining such chemical reactions, their mechanism, their speed... In general, let’s look into chemical physics a little, in particular in its chemical kinetics section...”

While Nikolai Andreevich was taking the trouble of explaining atoms and molecules interaction during combustion in front of his audience who already had substantial difficulty in understanding, Eugene finished his limbering-up. His body covered with sweat of the physical load. Having inspected himself, the

guy smiled complacently and said to himself: “Well, as for adrenaline, I have a plenty of it anyway”. He fearlessly approached the campfire, busily rolled one trouser-leg up to his knee, took off the sneaker and poked his foot into fire without any hesitation. After less than half a second Eugene harshly pulled out his foot, accompanying this movement with specific swear-words shouts. A nasty smell of signed hair started spreading around. The guy first frightened and then made everyone laugh with his sudden actions. Vano was the one the laugh particularly boisterously.

“Andreevich! Your entire theory is a total bullshit!” Eugene attempted to shout down the crowd’s laughter. “I’ve totally sweated, I have plenty of adrenaline, and I’ve only scorched hair on my leg, and it’s all! Now, I won’t be able to come out to the beach with two different legs. Feel the difference, as they say! And what about winter? This hairless leg will now be freezing in cold season! It’s all your fault, Andreevich!”

“Why is it his fault?” Father John came to Nikolai Andreevich’s defense. “He’s telling everything correctly. And you could have consulted some clever people before poking your limbs into the fire. Upon overheating, the CO₂ and O₂ ratio in your blood has changed together with the acid-base equilibrium. Moreover, you have a totally different sweat composition today. Besides water and sodium chloride, there is a combustible acidiferous HCOOH composition.”

“What do you say?! And what is it, man?” Eugene wondered.

“Of course, it’s saturated monocarboxylic acid.”

“I don’t get it.”

Father John bent his head awry as being tired of explaining and uttered with a smile, drawling the words with enjoyment, “Fo-o-ormic a-a-acid...”

The company burst out laughing so loudly that the trees around seemed to start shaking.

“You...you!..” Eugene grievously forced himself to speak, hardly refraining from sharper words. “Why haven’t you warned by before?!”

“How do I know when you set up your mind on a next foolishness? You’ve made the fire burning hot yourself, you’ve fried yourself, and now you’re blaming me,” Vano answered, laughing, and then lamented reassuringly, “It’s all right, it’s all right, now you’ll be like a tarred piglet,” and added archly, “stuffed with ants.”

“I’ve told he’s the Inquisitor! You’ve worn me down with your ants!”

“Worn down?!” Vano made an amazed face. “Wait, my dear, the whole night is ahead.”

His last words definitively cheered up the audience and switched everyone to developing his “formic strategy” with respect to Eugene with all kinds of corresponding night adventures. Finally, the company laughed to their hearts’ content and dispersed for night’s lodging, so as to have a good rest before the morning fishing. Only Eugene stayed by the campfire, having threatened Vano he wouldn’t sleep at all, to which Vano responded with a smile, “All right, all right. Come on, stay and guard my sweet untroubled dream.”

An extract from Anastasia’s diary:

*“It’s impossible to express in words the entire magnificence I’ve experienced twice in such a short period of time. I’m afraid of losing that extraordinary feeling which is still alive inside me, that’s why I’m in a hurry to record it in my diary. Staggering internal freedom, boundless Love, an incredibly realistic **sensation of His presence**... Valera has realized it and opened himself. It’s indeed **the Genuine Life** which makes your soul tremble and dissipates illusion. In His reality, there are no hindrances. There is an infinite feeling of freedom, a bright light and a staggering internal sensation of unity with Him! It is such a pity that human language is too meager, and that it is impossible to describe His reality! But it is so unspeakably splendid to be in that reality for even several moments! It cannot be compared to anything! **It is indeed the great happiness of a Human – the Human returning to his or her genuine Home!!!**”*

Part II. The hidden reality

There came a time of dull and rainy autumn. The storming ocean of green leaves was changed into many colours and arranged the farewell masquerade before arrival of cold winds, forerunners of winter. The days pleased people with less sunny beams and became more and more gray and gloomy. People themselves, in unison with the weather, morosely walked along streets captured by problems of their everyday life. After the sunny summer days and rest full of joy everything came to its ordinary routine.

Eugene knocked to the white door. It sounded even more like a drum-roll. After that he came into the office of Nikolai Andreevich.

“Doctor, may I come in?” asked the guy with a smile and directed gaze of his eyes to the bridge of nose just for fun.

Nikolai Andreevich turned away from his routine writing and having looked at the incomer burst into laughing, “Come in, my hopeless patient!”

He stood up, shook hands with Eugene and waved to the armchair inviting him to take a place. The guy first took his place decently but when he felt the softness of the armchair, he sprawled out and crossed his legs.

“Hey, it’s nice here,” said he looking at the clean and big room. “It’s so calm and peaceful... No vanity of vanities... There is everything for the good relaxation.”

“Do you like it here?” grinned Nikolai Andreevich. “I can arrange your staying here for a week. No problem! If you wish, you can stay in that ward with violent lunatics. It’s funny and interesting and it will match well to your temperament. Besides you will have very ‘intellectual discussions’! I can put you to the vacant place ... in the ward together with Napoleon!”

“Hey, doc, come on! You want to put me, the favourite of Slavonians, free Susanin, to the ward to some Frenchman?!”

They laughed together.

“So why have you called me? You gabbled something and hung up the receiver,” asked the psychotherapist ironically.

“You know, doc... One of my buddies has problems with his sister. She is only fifteen. Unexpectedly for all she attempted suicide. During one week she tried it twice. Her family is afraid to leave her alone, they even don’t let her go to school. They watch her by turns... And what is more, she is not out of her mind... one can’t say it. She looks like a normal girl, she is pretty, studies well, has sense of humour. I wonder why has she done something so stupid?”

“Maybe she was unlucky in love?”

“It doesn’t seem so.”

“Were there mentally sick people in their family?”

“How can I know that? Apparently not,” Eugene looked merrily at Nikolai Andreevich and added archly, “I can’t find all the information even about my family. How can I know about other people’s insane thoughts?”

Nikolai Andreevich grinned and waved as usually, “It’s everything clear with you.”

“It depends,” objected Eugene with heavy sigh. “Briefly saying they don’t know what to do: to bring her to mental hospital or not. They are looking for a good doctor. Since I’m honoured to know you I advised to them to come to you. We should help people.”

Nikolai Andreevich grinned and uttered, “If we should, we will help. Especially since you are honoured to know me...”

They fixed the date when Eugene would bring to him a girl with her parents. After writing down the date and the time, Nikolai Andreevich sighed with relief and said seriously, “I have thought something happened with you...”

“No way, everything is alright with me,” smirked Eugene and added boastfully, “I’m healthy!”

“There are no healthy people, but underexamined patients-to-be,” softly specified Nikolai Andreevich staring at Eugene’s eyes.

“Stop it, doc!” Eugene began to fidget in his armchair and smiled. “Give you a slight chance and you will regard me as a mental patient!”

“No wonder, each of us has a sprout of schizophrenia. The main is ...”

“What?”

“Not to water it.”

Eugene grinned again.

“Thank you, doc, I will take into account your advice ... for my family tree.”

They laughed again and Eugene hurried on to say good-bye.

* * *

Alina was only fifteen years old. Fifteen... It’s so insignificant time in history of countries! But it’s such a big time for personal cognition of the world especially when it’s your first fifteen years lived in this world... There are so many things which you find out in your life, so many mysteries in the future river of life which flows somewhere beyond the family shell. This river seems so nice, so attractive when you look at it from the dull family shelter! You wish so much to plunge into it, in order to get the long-awaited independence and reliable raft in order to float along it carelessly and enjoy happiness from this fascinating trip. Non-stop dreams, hopes and no experience from submersion to the reality...

Youth is so charming especially when it only starts to open its beautiful tender petals. Alina was a pretty girl like most of girls of her age. She had typical hobbies like many girls at this age. The same way like the others she tried hard to distinguish her individuality in the crowd using usual means of each teenager. She expressed her love to favourite musicians and secretly admired popular boys at school. Some girls at her class had already their boy-friends and they used every opportunity to demonstrate their 'family relations' before other girls. But most of all the girls liked to discuss their relations with their friends. Alina didn't know what to do with that and told everybody that she also has a boy-friend who lives in another city. She said that they got acquainted on the sea coast, that he has served already in the army, and he has his own business as he opened together with his brother a food store. So in general she attributed all the best features to her imaginary fiance. In order to prove her words she brought to school letters 'from him', which she wrote herself by copying her brother's hand-writing style. And she always held with herself his photo taken in secret from the army album of her brother, and demonstrated her tender attitude towards her love.

But once everything has changed in her life. A new boy came to senior classes. His name was Vlad. He immediately drew attention of many girls as a mysterious attractive personality in their dull school life. Many girls just fell in love with him. Alina also didn't miss this love fever. She and her friend Marina began to follow him like a shadow. Among all his merits the guy knew quite well the modern music. So when he was appointed as disc jockey at school he became a local idol for many girls, not to mention his old devoted admirers, Alina and Marina.

Vlad was a typical leader. Girls were impressed by his gallantry and behaviour typical to an adult man. He was able to stand up not only for himself but for his company, that's why he won quickly authority and respect of among the guys. They started to tell legends about him. Even the teachers treated him differently, with special respect, not like the others, and fortold him a career of a diplomat or a politician. He was quite reserve in his gaze, manners, talks and looked like a grown up and that differed him from boys of his age and imparted him some special mysterious charm.

It happened so that Alina and Marina became permanent members of his circle. They worshipped their idol and were jealous of him to each other in secret, when he paid more attention to one of them. Vlad dated different girls. But once, after his parting with one of his girls, there happened something quite

unexpected to Alina. Vlad suggested that she would become his girl-friend. Alina was so happy about it that she has almost lost her consciousness. She was dreaming of it so much and was ready to sacrifice everything in order to realize her dream.

But soon she found out that her happy sighs and innocent kisses didn't last for long but only 'one month and five days' as she calculated like a final formula. Everything crashed during one day when without giving any explanations the guy began to date ... her best friend. Marina became his next girl-friend and broke all relations with Alina for the sake of her 'great love'. Alina was very depressed and gave herself up to despair. Fortunately her class master was an experienced teacher who worked for many years with teenagers. On seeing what has happened to the girl she began to give her different tasks concerning organization of school actions. These activities and her new friends diverted Alina's attention from love problems and due to it she successfully forgot about depression.

However life is very unpredictable. Once when Alina's wounds were more or less cured something unexpected happened to her. One day Alina was visited by ... crying Marina. The same story happened to her, but with more tragic end. Trying to keep Vlad with her Marina made a step further and sacrificed her virginity. But in four days after this event suddenly Vlad lost his interest in her. At that evening Marina opened her heart to her friend. She constantly was excusing herself and grieving that Vlad broke with her because of her lack of experience in sex. Marina was mourning the loss of her run-away love. So Alina was deeply touched by it and was crying together with her. Her tears were not about friendship with Marina but because she recalled all the pain of her loss. So when the girls forgave everything to each other and were crying together about their lost happiness, suddenly they received a telephone call.

Whatever weird it might look, but it was Vlad who got to know somehow that Marina was at that moment with Alina. Even more striking were his words. Vlad begged both girls to forgive him for his behaviour. He repented and ensured that he liked both of them, that he couldn't make his mind whom he loved more: together with Alina he was thinking about Marina, and with Marina about Alina. He said that they both are like soulmates for him. In ten minutes of this conversation the girls listened with admiration to Vlad. Their hearts were beating and eyes sparkled with thrill of joy. Meanwhile Vlad invited them to come to the party at his home in order to redress a wrong and make it up with

them. After this talk Alina and Marina yelled from joy so that it seemed to be heard on the other side of the planet.

On long-awaited Friday the girls spruced up, put on their best clothes and went to the party. There were about twenty people at Vlad's party, the girls didn't know most of guests. It looked everything quite interesting and attractive. Since everybody tries to make the best impression on unknown people and to show only the best sides. There was quite good rhythmic music and they spent a good time.

There was among the guests a girl from senior classes whose name was Katya. Before Vlad's coming to school nobody noticed her. She was nothing special, Marina called her a 'gray mouse'. But according to school rumours she was first with whom Vlad opened his collection of dates with girls of this school. Now she changed radically. She turned into even not a swan but to a gorgeous panther. She was called now as Kate at school. The guys began to rival even for the right to stay near her during the breaks at school. It seemed that all the men at school suddenly paid attention at her existence. She showed now some exquisite charm which was not typical for her before. Moreover before she was not a very good pupil. But now she was one of the best as if someone suddenly unlocked her memory. So she was transformed so drastically that guys have told fantastic legends about Vlad.

At Vlad's party Kate behaved herself very modestly, so Marina and Alina liked it despite the usual girls rivalry. Kate didn't hug Vlad all the time as the other girls and even more so she came to the party without her usual escort of devoted guys. That equalized her chances comparing with other girls.

Kate was first to come to Marina and Alina without any arrogance and got acquainted with them. Already in two hours the girls considered her as close friend and shared all their inmost secrets. In her turn Kate told them many interesting thing about Vlad, so they really thought of him as of someone inaccessibly cool. And among the other things she told them that there is a more narrow circle of people to which Vlad belongs as well. It was more than a family. The ones who belonged to this circle became related with its members for ever and no forces could separate them. The girls were intrigued. They wished very much to reveal this mysterious page from the life of their adorable Vlad and to join themselves to this 'elite from all the elites'. But Kate expressed her doubts and said that it was very hard to join it, that they had to get through trials and be ready to do everything they were told to. This secrecy intrigues the girls even more, so they gave immediately their consent. Kate promised to ask

about them since according to her opinion they were just ‘cool girls worth of better life’. She promised to tell them the first results already on Sunday and fixed a place of the meeting.

Marina and Alina were thrilled of joy. Coming back home after the party they have been discussing all the way how much they love Vlad and that they are ready for everything for the sake of his love in order to be eternally together with him. Most of all they talked about Kate and wondered how this ‘gray mouse’ managed to become a queen among the guys. They came to a conclusion that it happened only because of her loyalty to some secret family.

Alina lived in a nine-storey house. Marina in a private house not far from her. The girls successfully came to Alina’s house in the best mood. Looking at stars they suddenly decided to get to the roof of Alina’s house, like in childhood, in order to have a better look at this fairy star world. When they got to the roof, they sat for a while and looking at the huge star sky began to dream how happy they would become when they are so cool like Kate. Finally their conversation changed to Vlad, to his attractive appearance, merits, his actions and that he might haven’t believed into their sincere love to him. Suddenly Marina suggested to prove their devotion and love to him and to the secret family by their death. She said that when they both die, everybody will understand how much they had loved him. And Vlad will grieve that none of them will be his and will regret about what had happened. Inflaming each other more and more with words, the girls took their hands and feeling extremely happy came close to the edge. Alina said solemnly that she gives her life for her best friend and for their ‘great love’ and Marina assured her of the same with inspiration. She added that from now on their friendship will be eternal. With these words the girls came to the edge of the roof, kissed each other for the last time and ...

Strong man’s hands sharply tossed them back to the roof. Out of fall down and pain the girls felt as if awoken. Suddenly they heard clearly how Alina’s brother who stood in front of them shouted at them almost in foul language. Either out of pain or the guy’s yells, the girls suddenly understood that they almost self-murdered themselves in the heydays of their youth, they gave up their LIFE which they enjoyed so much last time when they ‘finally became happy’. They got scared of their attempt which they were not able to explain themselves. What has happened to them? If the guy didn’t come on time....

Alina’s brother came just back home and saw Alina with her friend on the other side of the street. When he was saying good-bye to his friends he noticed

both of the girls coming to the house. The guy followed them. He saw the lift indicated the ninth storey. First he didn't pay attention to it and thought there was someone else from the house with them in lift. But when he didn't find his sister with her friend at home in five or ten minutes, he got an alarm thought to check the roof. There could be someone dangerous together with them in the lift... So as it proved to be later, his check was right on time.

He threw them off the edge and was scared not less than the girls, so he grabbed on their collars and dragged them home. Alina's parents were in shock when they heard about this accident. Alina got it most of all. But they didn't tell it to Marina's parents and Alina's brother just accompanied the girl to her private house.

The week-end was more or less quiet, though Alina was under home arrest by order of her parent's and her elder brother. She was in panic herself because of that stupid thing and a suicide attempt non-typical for her character. So she was even glad to stay at home with her relatives. All the days she helped her mother to keep house. On Sunday evening she finished her home work, packed her books to the sack and went to bed.

In the midnight, from Sunday to Monday, Alina woke up because of terrible headache. She saw how her mother took citramon in such cases. So Alina decided not to wake her up but just to take a pill. She took the medicine chest and began to look for this analgetic among other pills. Suddenly she recalled that she promised to meet Kate on Sunday. She forgot about it completely because of the last events. Alina became very depressed and reproached herself with saying, 'How come I forgot about it?! Maybe Kate had some news. Maybe she managed to make an arrangement with the 'secret family'. And I didn't keep my promise! It's Kate herself! She can do so that everybody will hate me at school and I will be an outcast!' Alina got so scared and despaired that she began involuntarily to unpack all the pills together. She looked embarrassed at the pile of white pills. Out of despair suddenly she wished to swallow all of them together in order to end all the difficulties of her life and never to be tortured again. She went to the kitchen to take some water and began to unwrap and put all the pills and powders to the glass. But the light and suspicious noise made her mother wake up.

"What are you doing!" yelled the woman who appeared suddenly behind Alina and moved towards her.

Having thrown away the glass with muddy solution, she almost forced her daughter to spit out those pills which she hastily put to her mouth. But Alina

still managed to swallow some part of them. At mother's yell her father and brother ran in. While they were calling the emergency and cleansed the stomach her mother, not knowing why, made a call to Marina's parents. This call which woke up all members of her family was more than on time.

Expressing her worries, Alina's mother asked to check whether everything was fine with Marina. Marina's mother was surprised what could happen so late with her daughter but still entered her room. She immediately was shocked, her legs went weak in the knees, she felt a lump in the throat. Marina's mother faced a terrible view: her daughter convulsed and hung on the stocking bound to the handle of the window. They hardly saved her life freeing from the noose. As they figured out later Marina hung herself at the same very time as when Alina swallowed the pills.

From next telephone conversations with Alina's mother Marina's mother got to know that it was not the first suicide attempt of her daughter. Word by word, she started to blame her instead of expressing her gratitude for saving her daughter's life. Marina's mother believed that it was Alina who influenced badly her daughter because she wouldn't do it by herself. So as it often happened the two women quarreled with each other, without figuring everything out.

After this self-poisoning attempt Alina's parent started to worry about the psychical state of their daughter and began to look for good doctors.

* * *

At appointed time Eugene brought Alina and all her family to the office of psychotherapist. Nikolai Andreevich greeted them, listened attentively to their story and talked to each of them twosome. He had a long conversation with a girl and tested her. Alina showed a quite normal behaviour. The doctor hasn't found any psychic deviations or pathologies. Neither she had any difficulties in relations with her parents. The girl studied well at school, was sociable and actively participated in the social events at school. Her teachers had no complaints about her behaviour. So in general there was no reason for the self-murder. Of course she was scared of that doing which was completely unnatural for her. On listening to her, Nikolai Andreevich was convinced more and more that she rather took the life-asserting position. He felt that she didn't tell him everything but all these secrets were usually revealed during further conversations. In general Alina appeared to be a quite normal person. The

psychotherapist even joked when telling his opinion to her parents that he wished that all his patients would be so nice and optimistic in life.

So he didn't detect an obvious reason which pushed the girl to suicide attempts. The deviation in her behaviour in the first case the psychotherapist regarded as actions during the state of affect, that is the nervous and psychic excitation with loss of volitional control as a result of temporary inhibition of cerebral cortex. He attributed it to natural processes of brain development during the adolescent period. In the second case there was a manifestation of the autoaggression caused by depressive state of the girl. Therefore Nikolai Andreevich recommended to take antidepressants and a course of psychotherapy.

The family got quiet a bit and went home. They all liked the doctor, Alina as well, since he was polite, humourous and showed attentive attitude. The parents also thanked to Eugene for this acquaintance and said that they could hardly get by themselves to such a highly qualified specialist.

At the evening Alina's mother even proposed to celebrate at the family dinner in order to improve everybody's mood. Alina supported heartily this idea and began to help her mother. During cooking they were joking with each other. When the mother started to put dishes on the table, Alina began to make sandwiches and spreaded bread with butter with a knife. Suddenly it happened again. As soon as her mother left the kitchen, Alina was like switched off from the external world and cut her veins with a knife. These unpredicted actions shocked unspeakably her family again. They bandaged her, gave her a depressant, and her mother called to Nikolai Andreevich.

The doctor was at his office at that moment. This news has really shocked him. The case was much more serious than he presupposed. Another doctor would get rid of such an 'complicated patient', but not Nikolai Andreevich. Without delay he talked to his colleagues and arranged that the girl was urgently hospitalized by the car to the neighbor mental department. Alina was placed to the cubicle, was given a nurse and an injection of hypnotic.

Though this night was without incidents, Nikolai Andreevich didn't close his eyes. He went through all possible books on suicides, psychology, sociology, psychiatry and analysed this situation from all the sides. But he was unable to find the solution which would satisfy him as a professional. He recalled again the conversation with parents of the girl and decided that he didn't pay enough attention to the information about the mother. She had a certain influence on the girl. And the father mentioned briefly during their

conversation that his wife was recently visited by some people from a new-style sect and that they were reading together the Bible, their leaflets and had discussions. The mother was a housewife and had free time. The father had negative attitude towards this hobby of his wife. He considered himself to be an orthodox. Therefore there could be a conflict between the parents when the girl was absent. And it could negatively influence her. Or maybe these ‘brothers and sisters’ managed to affect her mind. The girl also hid something. Anyway he had to get to the root and to ask her parents once again. At least he didn’t see any other reason at that moment.

After finishing his ‘working’ meditation Nikolai Andreevich decided to visit Alina. The girl was sleeping quietly and the nurse, sitting with a book in her hands, tried to overcome her sleep. After talking to the nurse Nikolai Andreevich stood for a while at Alina’s bed and thought over what has happened. Suddenly either because he has recently was in meditative state or due to his intuitive feeling he felt a strong negative field spreading from the girl. He even felt uncomfortably. Nikolai Andreevich almost automatically put a ‘protection’ which he learnt once from Sensei. He asked the nurse how she felt. But the old woman answered as usual that it was ok. Leaving the ward Nikolai Andreevich was anxious even more. Something was wrong with the girl. Intuitively he understood that the reason was far beyond some simple explanations which he used to clarify for himself this case. So it needed the urgent consultation with Sensei. Nikolai Andreevich decided to wait till the morning and to call to his office.

However in the morning he found out that Sensei had left somewhere from the city. So he needed to act as usually. Beside psychotherapeutic and medical treatment of the girl he asked his colleagues to make ECG and EEG monitoring, MRI of the brain cortex and to check her by neuropathologist, oculist and therapist. Alina’s case has seriously interested Nikolai Andreevich in first turn as a scientist. Suicides started to happen quite often in their region. Like a uprisig wave there was a series of suicides among children and teenagers who self-murdered without any visible reasons. Using this case Nikolai Andreevich made his mind to find the roots of this odd ‘children epidemic’ among quite healthy children and as far as possible to reveal the starting device of the suicidal behaviour. Alina’s case became an ideal investigation object for him.

Analysing possible reasons of such an affective behaviour of the girl Nikolai Andreevich decided to make a call to Father John. After greeting each

other Nikolai Andreevich asked, “Don’t you know when Sensei comes back? I need him urgently.”

“I don’t know exactly but he promised to come soon. Why are you in a hurry?”

“Your ‘ant’s child’ brought to me a special case...”

Vano smiled.

“‘Ant’s child’?! He always finds adventures and problems. What for a case is that?”

Nikolai Andreevich told briefly the story of the girl, not missing to mention his version about influence of the sect.

“You know I pretty sure that it’s the reason of internal conflict of the girl,” answered Father John after having listened to psychotherapist. “There are so many new style sects ourdays. We can hardly tackle negative consequences of their destructive influence on the people’s mind. And all of them look for young people. You can’t even imagine how many religious destructive organizations appeared today! They actively use mind manipulative techniques for recruiting and retention of their members. They deceive people with their fairytales and strive to the total control over thoughts, feelings and behaviour of their flock. But their true goals are quite material, and namely illegal enrichment and power of their leaders, and interest of certain organizations to provide slave consciousness of peoples. That’s why they convert to zombies everybody. Actually it’s not that difficult to spoil teenager’s mind. They don’t play fair with adults, not to mention kids... They use their lack of experience and information, and deceive them as they want. By the way is this girl baptized?”

“Yes, she was baptized two years ago.”

“That’s good ... That’s an additional reason for a conflict! The girl was brought up in orthodox tradition and she was baptized as an adult. But these guys ... intruded and started to bullshit her mother. Maybe because of that the girl was broken. You have said that her father is a strong adherent of the traditional Christianity?”

“Yes. As far as I managed to clarify there were some conflicts regarding it in the family in the presence of the girl. Her father said that he didn’t want to be re-baptized. And her mother didn’t find anything bad in just reading of leaflets and visits of these people. By the way her father repeated a few times that his wife has been zombied.”

“You see! If these ‘brothers and sisters’ tried to zombi her mother, they could also suggest something to a girl...”

“Her parents say that the girl didn’t talk to these guys. Though ... Alina told that she felt sometimes as if someone controls her.”

“Controls?!” Father John kept quiet for a moment and then he said, “I know what to do! Let’s feign an exorcism ceremony in front of the girl and her family as a psychotherapeutical procedure!”

“Exorcism? Are you sure?”

“Don’t hurry up, think well over it. It will be a good psychological support for a girl. If she believes that someone controls her ... We will pretend to expel this demon from her and will convince her that due to the Church she will be saved. If her parents will be also present during the rite and will throw away this pseudoliterature from their house ... Then maybe the girl will calm down and everything will be alright with her mental state.”

“In principle it’s possible. But why should we pretend and not make this rite?”

“You see, it’s quite difficult to prove that satan occupied the girl and therefore to obtain the permit from the highest priesthood for this rite. However if we pretend to do this rite, it will be a good psychological support for the girl. Finally if she will be present together with her parents during prayings it won’t bring any harm but on the contrary will bring harmony to their family. At the same time the girl will see that her mother didn’t leave the Christianity and that everything is like before in their family.”

“Alright, let’s try, maybe it will really help... We should undertake at least something. I can’t give her all the time the soporific. I will talk to her parents. If they agree, we’ll try.”

They agreed on that.

So at appointed day all the girl’s family came to the church of Father John, together with psychotherapist and Eugene. Father John greeted all of them warmly, including Eugene, though slightly smiled to him. Eugene just couldn’t miss this event, especially if it was connected with activities of Father John. At the same time, being warned by Nikolai Andreevich about seriousness of this situation, Eugene behaved well and pretended to see the priest for the first time. And one should mention that the guy has found a completely new side of Father John at that day.

For several hours the priest together with his church assistants offered up prayers. He had a strong and clear, soul touching voice. Evidently it reflected his previous professional background in psychology. Even Eugene who was sceptical about all this rite was so impressed that he kneeled down and began to

cross himself. Finally the girl was sprinkled with the holy water. This procedure impressed emotionally all who were present there. On telling good-bye to Father John Nikolai Andreevich made a remark, “Well, it’s so impressive... This acoustics and light... And the girl fell almost into a trance. Though she’s still not quite recovered from antidepressants. It might reinforce the impact... But in general you were very good! I don’t even have the words to express!”

“I’ve done my best,” was the modest reply of Father John.

“Frankly speaking, I didn’t expect that, I was so impressed by myself... Let’s hope it will help her.”

“Everything is in God’s will,” replied Father John.

* * *

After this psychological procedure Alina asked to let her go home. Nikolai Andreevich promised to talk to his colleagues as if he needed a few days for issuing discharge documents. But in fact he recommended that the doctors would intensify the medical control over the girl though her state didn’t cause anxiety. When the girl was discharged from the hospital Nikolai Andreevich guided by his intuition asked her parents to look after her. Since according to statistics first three months after suicidal attempt are the most dangerous for a recurrence.

Alina’s parents tried to follow advices of the psychotherapist and provided a sound atmosphere at home. They threw away all ‘suspect literature’. In the evening after the dinner Alina took a depressant, as the doctors recommended, and went to bed in her room which she shared with her mother. The father and the son were playing chess in the kitchen. Remembering the words of the psychotherapist they decided to be on duty at night at least for a couple of days. Tonight it was father’s turn. After the final game the son was going to leave when sleepy Alina came passed by to the toilet. She asked them with a sleepy voice why they were not in bed. They answered they were going already. The father and the son exchanged gazes while Alina visited the toilet and went back yawning.

“Well, I go to bed,” the son told to the father. “I have to get up tomorrow early in the morning to go to the office.”

“Alright,” nodded the father.

When passing by Alina’s room her brother saw horrified how his sister entered the balcony and began to lean over the railing. The guy rushed towards

her. He managed to grasp her clothes at the very moment the girl started to fall down. He held her hanging with great difficulties. Her silk night dress was slipping from his fingers. He cried out for help. Meanwhile the girl as if awoken shouted loudly when she saw the dizzy dark abyss. She began to twitch in order to save and her dress has almost slipped away. One instant more and the accident could take place. But the awoken mother and father ran to them and helped to rescue the girl with combined efforts.

Everything has happened just during a few seconds. But the family was so stressed that nobody could move for a while. Telephone calls of their neighbors who woke up by wild shouts who were indignant about their behaviour have helped strangely enough the whole family to come to their senses. After giving the girl soporific, the parents and the brother could not sleep till the morning. Sitting near sleeping Alina they were thinking over their grief and were asking themselves what to do next.

* * *

After Nikolai Andreevich was informed about that he was shocked as much as the girl's family. But he quickly cooled down his emotions and began to analyze this problem from all points of view. He didn't face in his practice something like that before. This case couldn't be explained. How could the girl without mental disorder or pathology, without any motivation, even more so under the impact of antidepressants commit a suicide?! It was too much!

The more Nikolai Andreevich analyzed the facts, the more was he confused how to explain even his old suppositions. Everything was quite odd and unclear. He knew that this case wasn't the only one according to statistics. Out of all self-murderers only a third suffered mental disorders and pathologies, the others, and it was in more than half of the cases, were quite normal people. So if before Nikolai Andreevich thought that these cases were caused by temporary depressions, life problems, personal worldview of people, Alina's case let him revise his old conclusions. The fifteen years old girl couldn't have any formed worldview. Nikolai Andreevich assumed that if he finds the root of this case, he will get the answer to the question about the reason why quite normal people commit suicide. And if you diagnose right, you can find a necessary therapy.

The girl came again to the hospital. After having used different psychotherapeutic approaches and methods Nikolai Andreevich dared to use

hypnosis. He had doubts to use it since the serious conversation with Sensei who had a negative attitude towards this practice because of its bad impact on human mind Nikolai Andreevich used it very seldom. But he considered this case as a completely hopeless. Even more so Sensei wasn't in the town at that moment so he couldn't have a consultation about this complicated case ...

Nikolai Andreevich hypnotized Alina and ordered to recall everything that happened from the moment of the first suicidal attempt. What he has heard stroke him as a specialist. Normally all real information received from outside is fixed on the subconscious level, so to say, it's saved there as on the hard discs of the computer. A lot of this information is saved avoiding a conscious analysis. A human might not remember a lot of details when he tells what happened. But the subconscious when skillfully guided can repeat everything exactly as it was, including the details.

Nikolai Andreevich has found something really incredible. Instead of the picture of reality the subconscious of the girl showed some completely illusory visual perception. Strikingly enough her subconscious didn't even fix that she stood on the verge of the roof. Alina believed that she was near a small river. The strong fire blazed behind and a nice calm glade was in front of her on the other bank of the river. And she needed only to jump over this small river...

Nikolai Andreevich was shocked. Since even if to delete information from the human mind, it will contain the lost 'files' of memory in the deep layers of subconscious. But here it seems that a completely different information was inserted into this unreachable depth of the subconscious. That's why the self-preservation instinct of the girl was blocked and the subconscious functioned in a completely different mode. It means that her mind took everything completely different. It took illusion for reality. Otherwise how could this river be on the verge of the ninestoreyd building?! Therefore the reality of what has happened should be looked for much deeper than on the subconscious level, in the East this source is called as the true 'I', while we call it a 'soul'.

Nikolai Andreevich has checked all other suicidal attempts of Alina. It turned out that only in the case of self-poisoning the subconscious of the girl showed more or less adequate picture which quite corresponded to the description of eye-witnesses and the girl herself. He didn't notice anything special. It was quite a typical situation – the suicidal attempt was committed in the state of anxiety, panic, obvious depression, 'tunnel' narrowing of mind. But all the other cases were a complete puzzle. The general picture was just a horrifying one. It seemed that Alina who was in the best mood suddenly

experienced a lapse of memory and she involuntarily committed suicide. Moreover not to blackmail someone or attract attention to her person but to self-murder herself with lethal outcome. What was the trigger of her suicidal actions?

The more Nikolai Andreevich deepened into this topic, the more questions arose. He has found in the medical literature only questions and insignificant number of answers, most of them were on primitive physiological level. He had an impression that the science couldn't find possible reasons for the committed suicides. Each step was very cautious and most of the cases were explained by one-sided position of suggestions and suppositions. Nikolai Andreevich felt like a wanderer who lost his way in pitch-dark fog in search of a clear answer for such a mysterious phenomenon of human mind. It was obvious that he reached a deadlock in his investigations. The only one person who could clarify this problem was Sensei. But he has left the city. So Nikolai Andreevich has decided to use as an 'exceptional exclusion' Sensei's method of altering the mind which lets to awake and to call for a dialogue the true 'I' of a human.

That day became an 'epoch-making discovery' for Nikolai Andreevich. What he heard from Alina due to a special technique given by Sensei stroke him again as to the global understanding of life of a human Creature before and after the death.

* * *

At the first day when Sensei came to work Nikolai Andreevich rushed to his office with his 'grand discovery'. He told in detail all the history of Alina and about his attempts to find a trigger reason of suicidal behaviour of the girl. Sensei listened to him as usually in silence and with attention. Just once he uttered the strange phrase, 'I see, the girl has opened herself.' When the psychotherapist came in his story to his experiments with using hypnosis, Sensei shook his head with condemnation.

"I understand it," Nikolai Andreevich hurried up to justify his doings, "But there was no any other way out. Moreover as I have found out my attempts were not in vain..."

He told in detail about subconscious perception by the girl of the non-existing reality and came with enthusiasm to his main discovery which he made using the technique of Sensei.

“You know, I have made even two grand discoveries. It’s incredible! First is that it’s possible to recode the ‘black box’ of the subconscious. It’s believed now that the deep layers of the subconscious fix everything once and for ever. That is if it’s possible to delete somehow the information in the higher levels of the subconscious, to exchange it during the hypnosis, it’s almost impossible to do it in the deepest layers of the subconscious. It works like the records of the ‘black box’ in the airplane. We had some cases in our practice when people were unconscious during the operation but later when hypnotized they reproduced everything done and said by the doctors during the operation. It was commonly believed that this ‘black box’ of the subconscious is impossible to be recoded. But in fact it means that this recoding is possible!

“But it’s all trifles in comparison with my second discovery. I have found out that the human Personality is really preserved after the death, or to be more exact, after reincarnation, and during the next life! It can become the epoch-making discovery for the humankind! Because many people when depressed think that they can find their problem solution in the death. But in fact the death, let’s take for example the suicide, doesn’t really save but on the contrary aggravates everything. And what is the main thing, people feel it deep inside of them. That’s the reason of their fear of the death! Subconsciously a human feels that suicide is not a solution but an aggravation of his internal crises with absolute impossibility to change something later.

First Sensei listened as usually to Nikolai Andreevich. But when he started to talk about the ‘black box’ Sensei strained himself and began to listen more attentively.

“The conversation with the true ‘I’ has really stricken me! A few more of such evidences and we might talk about the scientific discovery of this phenomenon. Can you imagine how this knowledge might change the human life and the life of society in general?! This is a practical scientific evidence that the Personality continues to exist after the death!”

“Stop it!” Sensei abruptly broke the speech of the admiring psychotherapist. “I think we had once a conversation with you about using of this technique and scientific discoveries regarding it.”

“I understand everything! I’m sorry I promised that I will not use it. But it happened so ... And I have found that! It’s ... This knowledge is priceless! You should understand how the world will be changed ...”

“Sure it will change the world. But to which side, have you thought about that?”

“What do you mean ‘to which’? To the better one, for sure.”

“To the better one? With domination of cacodemon in the society?! The value of this knowledge may be understood only by a few people, but the time for the society hasn’t come yet. And I have already told you about that. Each plant grows at its time.”

“But it’s so important for people, for the nation. It’s for the common good...”

“Common good? For people? Do you remember how much common good did you bring with you PhD thesis? As soon as you have finished it, it was immediately classified as secret. Though there was no actually any serious knowledge in it. And you say, for people ... Everything happens at its time.”

Nikolai Andreevich sighed heavily understanding that Sensei was right. But he recalled that didn’t tell the most important thing and continued, “Well, so the main thing I have found ... But let me tell it all step by step. When I started the dialogue with the true ‘I’ of the girl, I talked to the Personality of the man who lived recently in Kaluga district. He died in 1979 when he was forty eight. It was a failure heart operation. He was an engineer. He lived like everybody, by standard scheme: childhood, school, army, institute, marriage, children, work. He remembers his previous life till smallest details even being in the new body. He told a lot about him, his feelings after death, during reincarnation and especially during his present life. Surely this information shocked me a lot!”

Sensei smiled and remarked this time more softly, “Don’t worry, you weren’t the only one shocked. For him it was also a quite unusual experience to have such a conversation.”

“Really? I feel sorry that I didn’t tape this conversation ... He said that after his after-life experience he began to understand and to value life in quite a different way. But this understanding came too late since he can’t change anything. When in a new body, he feels paradoxically. On one hand he clearly feels the closeness of the eternity and of the huge spiritual power. And he really wants to dip into this Divine power and to get rid of the permanent sufferings begotten by his thoughts and actions from his previous life. On the other hand he feels as an internal observer of the new Personality with a new body. And he sees with horror that the new Personality, that is Alina, makes the same mistakes. But he can’t influence at that. Domination of bad thoughts and deeds of the new Personality his sufferings get intensified. According to his word this state is what we call the hell.”

“That’s not all,” Sensei shrugged his shoulders. “If you dig deeper this Personality, you will find another one from the previous reincarnation who suffers not less than this one. And behind this there is another sufferer. And so on.”

“Well, well ... How could it be explained?”

“It could be explained. But you see if I start to explain it with the language of my science you willn’t understand anything.”

Nikolai Andreevich smiled and sighed.

“I know that. But I don’t expect it. Explain it to me just simply and figuratively.”

Now it was the turn of Sensei to smile.

“Simply you say?” and in a while he added with humour. “Well, alright. Just imagine that the soul is kind of an ovule, while spermatozoa are like Personalities in the body after reincarnation. During its life the Personality, in our case is a spermatozoon approaches to the ovule. It turns and spins around it but doesn’t manage to impregnate it. So the poor spermatozoon loses all its life energy and stays near it, let’s put it so, dried as the Personality with the full set of his inferiority complex. The reincarnation is over. The next spermatozoon- Personality strives to that very ovule-soul. But he again waved with his tale all his life and strived to material direction. So instead of spiritual impregnation of the ovule he spent all his life energy to his own egoism. When his life energy is over, this Personality experiences the same story of inferiority complex and suffers emotionally even worse than in hell. Again a new reincarnation. The third spermatozoon strives towards the ovule. His attempt fails again. And so on. In certain period of time in case that none of them manages to impregnate the ovule-soul, all these dried spermatozoa with emotional complexes which stay near the soul are just annihilated.”

“And the ovule?”

“In a way too. Because who needs such an unimpregnated ovule-soul if it didn’t fulfill its mission? Therefore it’s also annihilated into another state. Because the main goal is that the Personality could unite itself with its soul due to power of Love and pure Faith. Why is it needed? Because in this case a completely new spiritual being is born, let’s name him an angel. He manifests in the reality the genes of eternity of the soul and genes of powerful vital force. Of course all of that sounds very primitive and rough. But I suppose it’s quite clear ... So in general it’s similar to chemistry – if you know the laws of ongoing

processes and skillfully combine two different chemical elements, you get a completely new substance with endless energy supply.”

“Chemistry is of course a good example. But let’s regard it on the physiological level. Funny enough but now it’s really more clear,” responded Nikolai Andreevich with a smile. “But I would like to ask you, if a human spiritually strived all his life long towards this ovule-soul but didn’t manage to do it during his life? What’s then?”

“Actually everybody has a chance during his life to impregnate his soul and to become a new creature. The main thing is really to wish to reach this goal, to reject the negative thoughts and doubts and to fully concentrate on one goal on growing inner Love of your Spiritual nature ... If a human goes along his spiritual way slowly but persistently, so figuratively saying, the shell of the ovule-soul starts to give in to the pressure of the Personality. Even if this ‘spermatozoon’ didn’t manage to impregnate but broke through a small breach on the way to spiritual, the next ‘spermatozoon’-Personality takes his place. He has a bit better conditions than his previous co-brother. It means that he will be more kind and positive from his birth.

“Look at children. There are two kinds born in one family. With the same conditions of upbringing one of them is egoistic, bad, tries to get everything for himself, indifferent to pain of other people, while another kid is kind, generous, open to people. This is a result of work of previous Personalities in them. The first child has still to work hard during all his life in order to become kind at least a little bit. Or roughly saying to depart from the garage of cacodemon. While the other one is already on the spiritual path and has all chances to strengthen his agathodemon with power of love. And after life each of them will live with those fruits of feelings which they nurtured inside during all their life.”

“Well ... That’s really so, that true ‘I’ told me something about the ‘fruit of bitterness’. The only thing which diminishes his pain was the moments of splashes of Faith and Love inside the new Personality. It’s not just a relief for him but kind of some soothing, sweet dozing of the suffering creature which experiences temporary cease of pain. But as soon as the new Personality turns on his center of negative thoughts, this pain comes again.”

“Exactly. That’s why it was always said that Spiritual way and domination of agathodemon are very important in people’s life,” added Sensei.

Nikolai Andreevich listened to him attentively and expected Sensei to add something more but it didn’t happen so he said, “If people knew what awaits for

them beyond to border, they wouldn't do these mistakes. All the saints used to say in every generation – “Believe!” but we still keep having doubts.”

“Exactly. But there should be no doubts in the Belief! Doubts can happen in the world of the Animal nature. But in the Spiritual world, in the world of serious energies, any doubt is fraught with global consequences.”

“Yes ... But the most interesting thing in this case is that this internal observer has seen a completely different picture. There was some mightful negative force which exerted pressure on the girl which has changed her reality in the deep layers of subconscious. And namely this force reigned in her mind and pushed her to commit suicide.”

“You say, a force...” uttered Sensei with a stern expression on his face.

He kept silence for a while thinking about something and then wanted to say something but at this moment the group of guys came in to his office and Sensei just said, “Alright then, we'll see.”

He agreed with Nikolai Andreevich upon coming to him in order to examine the girl and switched his attention to listening to the news from the guys.

* * *

Nikolai Andreevich greeted Sensei at the entrance of his clinic and guided him along the twisted labyrinths of the medical center. Finally they came to the department with potential self-murders and people who suffered deep depressions. Sensei was walking deep in his thoughts along the long corridor together with psychotherapist. Nikolai Andreevich has been telling him about the last results of examination of the girl.

The door of one of the wards was wide open. In its corner a shaggy middle-aged man lay on the corner bed and looked indifferently to the open door. Passing by the ward Sensei suddenly stopped, looked to the eyes of this patient and turned to him.

“Where are you going? We have to go further,” Nikolai Andreevich thought that Sensei took the wrong direction.

But Sensei didn't react to his words. He purposefully entered the ward and took a seat near the patient. Nikolai Andreevich followed him with astonishment. The man didn't even glanced at his visitors and continued to look indifferently to the open door.

“How long have you been idling here?” asked Sensei looking at the man as if he knew him for long.

“Almost one month,” Nikolai Andreevich replied instead of him. “He made a third attempt of suicide. He is in deep depression. He is absolutely asocial and lies here all the days long...”

But Sensei ignored the words of psychotherapist. Suddenly he began to recite a strange poem: “Not to be born at all / Is best, far best that can befall, / Next best, when born, with least delay / To trace the backward way.”

The first verses evoked a sparkle of interest in the eyes of the patient. He turned his head towards the unusual visitor and hardly he finished to recite, the man uttered with delight, “Sophocles?! You have also read the poems of this ancient Greek dramatist?!”

Sensei just smiled mysteriously.

“I’m glad to meet a like-minded person,” the patient muttered with admiration as if talking with himself. But after that he exploded with an impetuous speech, “I have not expected that I will here in these walls a voice citing these priceless verses of a man who wrote his masterpieces almost two and a half thousand years ago! It’s amazing! I have been just thinking about them. What a true words...”

“But as far as I remember he uttered also other words, ‘The mind can be dreadful if it doesn’t serve to a man,’ remarked Sensei.

“Stop it ... the ‘mind’ ... The mind is a gift of the man and his perdition as well. Do you remember the words of François de La Rochefoucauld, ‘The mind is always the dupe of the heart.’ How can’t I agree with that? People always try to humiliate somebody’s mind. But they don’t manage to do it well. And then they cruelly avenge on him and start persecution. And only the death is his rescue! As Cicero said, ‘The death takes away from misfortunes but not good things.’”

“There is a clause in Ecclesiastes 9:4, ‘Anyone who is among the living has hope - even a live dog is better off than a dead lion!’”

“A hope?! A hope is just an empty sound,” sadly uttered the man. And suddenly he began to complain about his life. “Nobody understands me, neither friends, nor colleagues or relatives! Why do I need to live then? Why are some people lucky but the others like me get just troubles? Maybe I’m worse than the others. Why should I live longer if the whole world is so hostile towards me? If even she has left me ... My life is senseless. Can you experience such a mental anguish like me? This pain swallows me from inside and tears me into parts?”

My life brings me only suffering. And nobody is able to dissuade from it ... I want to die.”

“You want to die? But what have you done in this life? You will die now and what is next?”

“I will not suffer.”

“You won’t?! You suppose that you will find peace over there? You think that you will be able to free off the bunch of your evil, the bunch of your pain? You are a naïve man! You will suffer over there even more. **Since everything what dominates in you here, will grow there manyfold. You have a CHANCE here, but beyond the border you will have a fruit of your choice. As you sow, so shall you reap...**”

“All of that is just empty words. When I fall asleep, I feel good. When I get up, I feel bad. I want to take a last sleep, and I will feel good there. And your words are just words.”

“Just words?!” Sensei took his hand and tugged. “Then let’s go to the reality.”

After his words the man looked like switched off. His body was cramped and his head fell down lifeless on the pillow.

Everything has disappeared. Only the feeling of infinity and endless freedom fully crept over the mind. Insouciance, calmness pleases with its harmonious breathing from all the sides. What a bliss! There is no body, no problems, no sufferings. “This might be a paradise! I’m free, finally free!” a long-awaited aria sounded somewhere from inside of his mind. But suddenly he heard a melodious voice from nowhere, ‘You are a naïve man, are you really free?!’

Something terrible has happened. He was drawn somewhere against his will, against his wish to stay in this blessed state. What a powerful attraction! As if someone strains your mind, splits it on something similar to you. You experience again with terrible pain all previous negative, not fragmentary like during the last minutes of life but tough total as if concentrated for all the life in some terrible painful cluster of feelings, hatred, evil, fear.

“Is it possible that the old pain came back?! My God, it became so heavy and unbearable! This burning mental suffering exerts pressure beyond my strength!” A feeling of despair, fear, panic and aggravating tragedy of inevitability. “But what is that? It’s impossible ... I have no vital force! How

can I suppress the suffering?!” Sharp feeling of heart-breaking mental pain and not a single drop of vital force in order to change something!

The fear grows like a snow avalanche. Mental pain becomes stronger. “Was it so strong during my life? No, no ... It can’t be so ... These thin shells- Personalities under my – it’s their pain! So why do I feel such a pain?.. Because it’s me! This negative is so depressing, it produces such a pain ...I can’t stand it anymore!..”

“Where am I? It’s strange ... The pain eased a bit, but suffering of my soul remained. Soul?! O my God, it’s so close! Here it is, it quivers under the layer of thin membranes as if under the thin film of a soap bubble. I feel so clearly vibrations of its eternity and peace ... It’s so close and unreachable! I feel unbelievable anguish about the true home! Since I need just a drop of the vital force in order to plunge into the native eternity, to get rid of the torturing pain for ever ... I feel this sensible contrast so strongly ... No, the soul has no sufferings, God is there, peace is there, there is no place for pain there. All the pain is in me...”

A loud children cry was heard in the air. “Where am I? Am I in the body of a child?! In the new body?” But the joy was followed by heaviness and depression. A spasm took the body of a baby. “But it’s so painful! What is that?!” “The heavy form of cerebral spastic infantile paralysis...” echoed the tall man in a white gown to a woman who bent over the child. “It’s impossible! CSP?! It can’t be!” A strong spasm twisted again the helpless body.

“What a terrible pain! Oh, God, what for? Was there too much of negative?! Was my drop the last one in the chalice of balance? What have I done! What for a terrible payment for my past! I was such a fool that locked myself all my life in my own Ego! And what will happen now? I have a clear mind in this helpless body all my life long?! What have I done?! I have destroyed myself, put myself to much heavier conditions of existence. I added myself even more sufferings.

But my soul was so close... Oh, God, forgive me!!! You have always been with me together, but I... Forgive me!!! I have wasted so stupidly and uselessly Your priceless gift – the Life, I have done so little of good deeds in order to come closer a bit to Your really free Eternity... How precious is every second of the life... How shameful and painful it is now for the lost saving Chance...

What can I do now when my force and possibilities are left in irreversible past?! And now I can only painfully observe one and the same stupid mistakes which are repeated already by the new Personality, its growind anger which

intensify sufferings of all captured Personalities. And they in their turn aggravate its sufferings with their pain. It's awful to be an Essence without vital force! I can feel everything, suffer inside of my new Personality but I can't change anything... It's like a vicious circle, a circle of hell which I experience now by my stupidity and which became now for me a burning eternity... Now I see that Death doesn't save from pain, it aggravates your 'inner' what you stored during the Life. My God! Forgive me... Forgive me if it's possible..."

At this moment of sincere repentance something enormously strong and mighty began to pull out his essence from the disabled body of a child. Having freed off with difficulties from this matter he felt some unusual freedom and ease. But he still had a fear to be a helpless observer of life of his own essence.

*Then some strong invisible power again began to put him to another body. What for a happiness – it was his own body! He felt the smell of life, felt falling down to his bed and being connected with his strong body with young blood. And all that unusual experience, previous fullness of his vital force embraced his mind. Suddenly he understood with great ease that he is ALIVE, that he is in his own body and he has a creative force of life in his hands. **And what is more important – not everything is lost for his own soul, for release of all his Personalities who experienced great pain and were prisoners of their choice. He was inflamed by the great wish to LIVE for the sake of people, for the sake of his soul. To love for the sake of the Love and to live for the sake of the Love to all living beings!** Having realised that he felt not just joy but exultation of all who were captured in him already for eternity in the shell of their own hell, with anguish and repentance contemplated through its transparent wall a saving ark of the Soul. And he felt the movement of this mighty ark, with him as a captain on it driving it to the eternity of the Creator.*

The man opened his eyes. He looked at the One who took his hand. He saw the shining of the Great Light in His eyes, his soul was also reflecting in the beams. He understood Who was before him and cognized at that moment all the fullness of the Divine gift as a given to him Chance. For the first time in his life he experienced the true feeling of full all-embracing happiness. He was unable to express it in words and squeezed strongly with gratitude the hand of the One Who lighted up his Path. And He, understanding him without words, replied with the same sincere handshake as if wishing a good luck to the captain. During this silent moment it was said everything which couldn't be shared with words since it was a true communication of souls.

The man jumped up quickly from his bed, threw his cloths to some plastic bag and ran to the exit.

Nikolai Andreevich couldn't understand what could have happened to his patient during a minute of unconsciousness and shouted to him, "Hey! Stop! Where are you going?"

The man turned around, looked at him happily and came back to the doctor. He shook his hand with gratitude and uttered, "Doctor, you can't even imagine how much should I do in my life! Doctor, you can't imagine yourself what is LIFE! LIVE, doctor!"

With these words he ran from his ward. Shocked by this sudden change of the patient Nikolai Andreevich looked perplexedly at Sensei, "What has happened to him?! Corps men!"

Sensei smiled and stopped him, "It's not necessary. He is just healthy again."

They came out to the corridor and looked after the quickly disappearing man.

"I haven't understood what had happened," uttered Nikolai Andreevich still puzzled.

Sensei answered in a quite mysterious way citing the verses by Omar Khayyam, "Already on the Day of creation beyond the heavens my soul / Searched for the Tablet and Pen and for heaven and hell; / At last the teacher said to me with his enlightened judgment, / Tablet and Pen, and heaven and hell, are within thyself".

"I didn't get it..." Nikolai Andreevich kept looking with a question at Sensei.

"Just relax, doc," said Sensei and clapped on his shoulder in a friendly manner. "The main thing is that your patient got it."

"And what has Omar Khayyam to do with that?" he shrugged confused.

"Well, Omar Khayyam has definitely nothing to do with that," answered Sensei with a good-natured smile.

* * *

When Sensei and the doctor entered Alina's chamber, the girl noticeably livened up greeting them affably. Sensei sat down and started chatting with Alina passing insensibly to her problem. In some time she began not simply

telling him about her life, but opening from inside trying to set forth what oppressed her at that moment.

Once again Nikolai Andreevich admired Sensei's manner of conversation. Sensei freely communicated with people of different ages, and he did it in such a way that everybody not only held up an open dialogue with him, but eagerly discussed the innermost topics. It seemed that besides simple talking about the problem, people felt great relief, satisfaction and even pacification. In Sensei's words they found not only sympathetic understanding, but what was most important – they got extremely simple and clear answers to disturbing questions. Nikolai Andreevich got the impression that not the words as such were important in the process of this dialogue, but some invisible threads of internal communication. Being present at such talks as an observer, he himself felt an inexplicable emotional rise. It looked like some peculiar blessed waft emanated from Sensei and influenced salutary upon the people surrounding him.

And now, during Sensei's talk with Alina, Nikolai Andreevich rather felt then understood that the real Sensei's therapy was held on a nonverbal level. While the girl was eagerly telling Sensei about her adventures, describing in details her heart-affairs and sufferings of the youthful love (which by the way was not narrated to the doctor in such a detail), Sensei was looking attentively into her eyes. It seemed to Nikolai Andreevich that Sensei's look was constantly changing somehow, as if he was not only looking, but struggling with something invisible.

On completion of the talk even Nikolai Andreevich had some inexplicable feeling of relief, not to mention Alina. Like a burden has been taken off his heart. At this moment the doctor felt the appearance of some unaccountable internal confidence that since then everything would be all right with the girl, though his mind, full of medical skepticism, still doubted the happy outcome of this patient's treatment.

When they left the chamber, the psychotherapist asked, "So, what is your opinion?"

"What are you talking about?" asked Sensei, turning away from his thoughts.

"How's the girl?"

"Well... You may discharge her from the hospital without any doubts."

"Look, how skillfully you do that! Not accounting the time of the wards' confessing, we get two recovered patients within ten minutes. Give up your

vertebrology! Join us! Can you imagine how much good you may do to the country?!”

Sensei smiled, “You, people! You always prefer that somebody should come and do everything instead of you. Can’t you do such things yourselves?”

“Well... Judging by statistics, we can’t,” said Nikolai Andreevich laughing.

“Hum... Judging by statistics...”

“Yes, numbers rule over the world,” Nikolai Andreevich tried to joke.

“You are wrong. They just show how people rule over the world,” Sensei objected seriously.

“You are right,” Nikolai Andreevich smiled. “So what actually happened to the girl? She really looks like a normal child. What was the starter of her suicidal actions?”

“Are you asking to satisfy your scientist’s curiosity?” Sensei asked with a strange expression.

Nikolai Andreevich even got at a loss.

“Not only, why... I am interested also as a practical psychotherapist. You can’t imagine how critical the problem of auto-aggression and suicide stands at present, especially among children. Unfortunately, Alina’s case has become typical recently. Absolutely normal children from happy families, with optimistic plans for the future, in high spirits suddenly commit suicide. And medicine seems to be powerless in these cases.

“And how do we treat them? Traditionally – with psychopharmacotherapy... And objectively saying, psychopharmacology’s success has not principally changed the level of suicidal activity. What’s the use if taking tablets gives temporary symptomatic relief to the patient? As a matter of fact, due to these tablets the doctor often obtains a chronic patient needing periodical or constant lifelong treatment. You know how in our professional slang we call the habit of the patient to obtain the medicinal support? “Brutalizer”. It is due to the fact that without tablets patients become even more irritable than they used to be before they started taking the drug permanently. In a good way, to overcome the anxious state one should train oneself, cultivate self-reliance, apply will-power to overcome this state. Of course, it’s the easiest way to take a pill and get a supposed light-heartedness and illusory protectability. But the question is what will happen to the man after the termination of the pill’s effect. After all, the problems as such will not disappear. And the questions are left without answers... True, at present we try

to use physiotherapy as a non-medicament method of auto-aggression therapy. But the number of suicidal cases does not decrease. And the problem is not in those who have left this world already. The problem is in people who go on making such attempts. This is a real epidemic!

“Yes, it troubles me as a scientist. But it’s not out of curiosity. For your information, as per the data of the World Health Organization in the second half of this century suicides have taken the fourth place among the causes of death, showing the tendency for growth within the last decades. During a year on the planets more than six hundred thousand people commit suicides. Let’s take the states of the post-Soviet area! We’ve been included into the group of countries with a high level of suicidal activity. Can you imagine anything like that in the past? Within the last century in Russia there were only two or three suicides in a huge region... And the main thing is that now, along with pensioners, the able part of population in the age of thirty to forty year dies. And most often suicidal attempts are made by the young people in the age of eighteen to twenty nine years. But the most sorrowful thing is that during the last years there was an abrupt increase of suicides among the children in the age of five to fourteen years, and very often with long procedure of preparation for suicide. It’s an absolutely anomalous and inexplicable process! That’s why it’s so important for me to know the real reason of making suicidal actions. Believe, in case if thanks to knowing this reason I manage to help and save at least some of these people, my life will not be useless. That’s why I’ll treat the knowledge got from you as the Honour done not only to me, but to those whom it will help.”

Sensei looked attentively into the eyes of Nikolai Andreevich.

“OK. But be ready to the fact that everything I’ll reveal to you is much more serious than you can imagine.”

* * *

Sensei’s narration shocked Nikolai Andreevich indeed. During several days he couldn’t feel quite himself thinking over what he heard. This information gave the possibility not only to see a hidden side of the problem of mass suicide in the society, but it let him see the root of this evil. The doctor began to analyze strange details from history cases of some of his patients. He was beside himself with surprise at what was obvious. Many things became clear. It turned out that the secret wish of many people to commit a suicide during some periods of their life is far from being their own wish in all cases.

And it is not particularly a secret thought, especially for some ‘individuals’ surrounding them

Nikolai Andreevich even remembered a case from his youth. He might as well confess that while being a student he lived through a period when everything went topsy-turvy, and further live seemed absolutely meaningless. It cannot be said that the future doctor tried to commit a suicide then. No. But the thought about it was running importunately in his head, in spite of his firm vital optimism. If only he had this information in those years! He wouldn't have had such painful excruciating torture of depressing thoughts inclining him to tragic consequences. At that time he was saved by an unexpected situation which could be called a happy chance. It arose unexpectedly and drew all his attention. Was it really a chance? It was rather the trace of Providence...

After recalling and analyzing the events of the have-been days, Nikolai Andreevich understood why at that time such baneful thought was so persistent in his mind and who of his close surrounding was really eager to “dine heartily” on his death. Besides, he was worried about the fact that in contrast to the past when an encounter with such negative fellows had been a rare case, at present time the world became swarmed with them and their shady dealings. Seeing the gravity, globality and danger of the problem for the society, Nikolai Andreevich couldn't refrain from retelling the talk with Sensei to Farther John. Farther John was shocked by what he heard no less than Nikolai Andreevich, and in his turn he told Sergey about that.

Sergey was a friend of Sensei and Farther John. He was included into the close circle of people from Sensei's surrounding, who took interest not only in spiritual development of their essence, but he also cared much for the destiny of his motherland, though it sounds strange nowadays. He was about thirty. He looked as an ordinary man having no distinctive features. In spite of his young age, Sergey had a sufficient store of military experience. He had seen and gone through much in his lifetime, and there was a certain period when he almost lost faith in the purport of his life. But unforgettable meeting with Sensei turned over not only his world-view, but it gave a powerful urge to his life, and, above all, added meaning to his life.

Being a devoted patriot of his huge motherland, feeling inside a great wish to help people and serve God, Sergey couldn't stay indifferent to such information. Nikolai Andreevich, Farther John and Sergey gathered together and decided to inquire Sensei in more details about this problem. They wanted, as it is said, to learn everything from Sensei's lips and think over what good

they could do at least for the town where they lived. That was why all the three came to Sensei's medical office in the end of the working day.

All medical staff and patients had already gone away. Sensei invited the friends to his room. Upon hearing their request he stood up from his chair and walked up and down in reflection.

"You don't imagine what serious and laborious spiritual task you intend to lay upon yourself."

Nikolai Andreevich shrugged his shoulders.

"We won't retreat in the face of difficulties."

"And there is no space to step back, our motherland is behind us!" added Sergey.

"No place, really," Farther John heaved a sign. "These evil spirits have multiplied immensely. They are crawling from different cracks. If we stay the same indifferent sleep-walkers, as all the others are, then who will awaken people from the sleep, who will point out the disastrous gap to which they are approaching in their indifference?"

Sensei hesitated for several minutes, looking attentively upon each of the sitting friends, weighing all pros and cons concerning their personalities, and finally said, "Ok, I'll do as you wish..."

The three friends cheered up exchanging supporting glances. Sensei walked over the room again and began to speak seating himself comfortably in the arm-chair.

"Well, to understand a problem we should study it from inside... Many so-called human disorders, sudden depressive states, suicidal attempts (including the case which happened on the way of our inimitable Susanin), suicides, accidents, murders are often the consequences of manifestation of the actions made by Kanduk's circle.

"Who is Kanduk? In different corners of the Earth he is called in different ways. All the people's tales about the most terrible vampires are just baby-talks in comparison with what Kanduk does. Basically, all these superstitious ideas about werewolves and vampires have a certain foundation. In the folklore vampires are represented as dead people who leave their graves and suck the blood of living people. Though these tales have many imaginary details, we should admit that they are not far from the truth. Kanduks are really doomed to their complete spiritual destruction meaning final death. But during a certain period of time they are capable to re-born consciously in new bodies and feed on people's prana.

“Prana, prana...” Farther John murmured. “Is it vital force?”

“Yes, once I told you about prana’s being vital energy obtained by a man at the moment of his conception. Generally, its quantity sets the terms of his life. It means that prana is spent during the life, and when it ends, the man dies. Practically it is not replenished by its own, but it’s a powerful and efficient force, that’s why it is valuable.”

“That’s it,” Farther John nodded. “I remember it’s a known notion...”

“So... Kanduk steals prana from people and uses it not only as “forage”, but also as a force for his conscious re-birth from body to body, figuratively saying, for recharging of his accumulators, and also for tricks of all kinds of supernatural rubbish giving him the power over his victims. Kanduk is not a simple man. He is rather a former man turned to a kind of parasite. It’s natural. Wherever the confluence of the animal and spiritual nature takes place, for example, like in the man here on the Earth, there are always such creatures parasitizing on this confluence... We can say that all these evil spirits worship thirst and insatiability of the material world. Though in essence Kanduks and their circle have nothing to do with the system of Lucifer. These are neutral intermediate creatures standing apart from any side. As a rule, they act warily and secretly.”

“You said about their circle...” Sergey noted. “Does it mean they don’t act by their own?”

“Sure, they don’t. Kanduk is fully directly interested in assistants. In the first place, they are free forage for him, as he gradually takes human prana from them for himself. In the second place, replenishment of prana collected by them is necessary for him for the time of moving from one body to another... As a rule, he tries to recruit the so-called three circles of his assistants for himself. The first circle includes Lemboys. These are trusted people. He initiates them into his mystery of “eternal life” in a material body and opens the technique of energy-replenishing with prana, dropping out only the main thing – the fact that he gradually takes prana from them as well, and that the life in material bodies is far from being eternal. Lemboys, in their turn, recruit the second circle making their own replenishment – Klokhtuns. And Klokhtuns gather a more massive circle – Iznyl. And the further any circle stands from the Kanduk, the more exploitation and less knowledge it has. As a result, this entire crowd serves as a peculiar storage of energy for Kanduk, a kind of prana condenser which is also used by Lemboys, as I have already said. And the older by the

lived lives Kanduk becomes, the more prana he requires to keep up his existence.”

“It means that real aims and intentions of Kanduk are known only to Lemboys making the first circle. And the rest are simply exploited in ignorance of all this,” Farther John made a conclusion for himself.

“Exactly so. And the hardest efforts to recruit a certain number of Lemboys are made by Kanduk when he moves from the old body to a new one, before biological death of the old body...”

“I wonder if this Dunduk, or Kanduk has a soul?”

“Yes, he has. Don’t forget that he is a former man. But with each re-birth his soul becomes smaller and smaller. The thing is that Kanduk uses it as a... well, to make it clear for you, let us say he uses his soul as a transport facility. He clutches at it with all the might of the collected prana and consciously governs the process of re-birth, moving to the body of a baby. They “stick”, like parasites, swallowing up the vital force of the small body and replacing it with their own energy. I should admit that they can penetrate after the eighth day from the child’s birth when the child’s own soul comes to the body. And Kanduks force it out.”

“It means they are re-born consciously...” Nikolai Andreevich said in reflection.

“Yes, they do. Kanduk saves memory, emotions, experience of the former lives in full volume.”

“And does he go on stealing prana from the surrounding people being in the body of a child?”

“The thing is that while Kanduk is being re-born, during his stay in the body of a child and while this body is growing, Lemboys feed him with prana from their circles, having no idea of the fact that this energy leaves for him coming through them. They think that they collect it for themselves.”

“Wait, what about the distance separating them? As far as I understand, they don’t know where their master has been re-born?” Sergey asked.

“In this case distance is of no importance. In the world of energy everything is quite in a different way... So until the body reaches the age of pubescence, Kanduk can’t get into energetic contact with people by himself. And at this time he especially needs the feeding from Lemboys and their surrounding. Only at the moment of pubescence of his body Kanduk can start using energies.”

“And happens to his soul?” Farther John asked.

“Nothing good, surely. With each reincarnation his soul becomes smaller and smaller. And the smaller it becomes, the bigger quantity of prana Kanduk needs for his next transition, and the worse heartless beast he turns into. He becomes a monster with persistent clots of negative energies which press down on him with dreadful force in case of insufficient quantity of prana meaning a kind of hanger for him.

“Coming through the process of reincarnation consciously, being aware of the existence of the higher spheres, he actually can’t come out of this tin of human being into which he voluntarily soldered himself up when he was a Lemboy and listened to the tales of his master Kanduk about enjoying mighty power and “eternal” reincarnations. It turns out that he can’t become a man any more and he is not capable to break away from this shit either. That’s why his spiritual suffering becomes even stronger. In contrast to a man with his soul tumbling in reincarnations who still has a chance to get out of this material world, to mount the upper stage of spiritual development, to join the real creating power of God, Kanduk deprived himself of this chance with his conscious choice. So Kanduk makes the most of his life in the material world. It’s happiness for him. He has more than enough power and no future, that’s why he spreads outrage. He is doomed, and he is aware of that. That’s why he takes pleasure of each spent moment. Kanduks take life as the last breath before the total death of their individual.”

“But what happens to them at the moment of total death?” Farther John asked.

“Well...” Sensei got up, took bottles with mineral water from the refrigerator and asked his friends. “Will you join?”

“I will,” Nikolai Andreevich agreed, the rest refused.

Sensei opened two bottles and gave one of them to the doctor. Then he sat down in the arm-chair and continued to talk taking a couple of gulps of cold water.

“After living ten or twelve lives which only about a thousand years meaning generally a meager term in comparison with eternity, Kanduks completely lose the ability to process prana. The soul diminishes to minimal sizes, and then gets fully annihilated. Having no soul they just become rubbish. As you see, they have a paradoxical situation. In principle, they exist as individuals due to the fact that they have a soul, but the soul’s development is constantly depressed with fixed dominant of cocodaemon in their mind. Their soul tries to resist this clot of evil all the time, that’s why this creature goes

through incredible suffering. But at the same time it can't exist without soul either. So they get doomed to hellish torments in the full sense of the word... Kanduk can't do anything for his soul, because their process of materialization is going on at full speed. He remembers that he used to be somebody, but in fact he is neither a man any more, nor monster, he is nothing... With the time being prana becomes a kind of anesthetic pill in fatal illness for him."

"Can this Kanduk be physically eliminated?" Sergey asked in reflection while listening to Sensei.

"Yes, he can. The thing is that physical elimination of his body is equal to a great gift for him, because after that Kanduk will go to another reincarnation with a big volume of untapped prana of his body. But struggling at a spiritual, energetic level means a real possibility to de-energize him."

"How can we figure them out?"

"Basically we can do that by means of acting at a spiritual level, from another side of consciousness. In general, it's very difficult to differentiate Kanduk and his circle from ordinary people. They are just like all the others in their look or way of life. They can be whoever possible: friends, close people, relatives, colleagues, bosses. And after their experience of reincarnations social position becomes not very important for them. They are just fed up with power. For example, under our conditions, they can be either millionaires, or street-cleaners. It is of no importance for them. They keep their mystery a great secret. And it's very difficult to figure out Kanduk's close circle and himself by visible traces."

"Pyramidal structure?" Sergey asked.

"Yes, with a strict hierarchy. Only Lemboys forming the closest circle of Kanduk know him by sight, because they contact him directly. He teaches them corresponding techniques of others' prana absorbing, ways of manipulation with people's consciousness and subconsciousness, methods of creating people's psychological and energetic depending on Lemboys themselves, coding keys and so on."

"What a chilling set of picklocks!" Farther John clicked his tongue. "It smells of aiming at the world domination."

"They don't care about any domination." Sensei waved his hand. "Their main aim is to satisfy their hanger – you may call it as you like – hanger for energy or hanger for prana. Another matter is when in reaching this aim they get some fusion of common interests of their circles' activity with Destroyers who are more known to you as Arhonts. Then hard times come to people surely. Evil

spirits are always strangely quick in finding common ground and amalgamating in reaching their selfish ends.”

“That’s true,” Farther John agreed.

“That’s the question which has troubled me for a long time,” Nikolai Andreevich noted. “Why do these evil spirits join together much quicker than spiritual people?”

“It’s not surprising. To reach a true spiritual amalgamation people included into this circle have to chain up their own animal nature. But it demands great efforts. It’s a constant control of oneself and one’s thoughts.”

“You mentioned that Lemboys also have their own circle... Klokhtuns, if I am not mistaken,” Sergey reminded and continued, “Hence they know Lemboys by sights...”

“And how do Klokhtuns swallow the bait of Lemboys?” Farther John interrupted the discourse with his question.

“Mainly due to financial motives, thirst for power, and attraction of “suggestive ideas” with their inherent material baits of the animal nature, swallowed by their Ego,” Sensei replied.

“It means that they are psychologically liable to ideazation, and afterwards they are capable to put forward their own ideas in a certain direction,” specified psychotherapist thinking over what he had heard.”

“Exactly so. Klokhtuns idolize their Lemboys and have no idea that there is Kanduk behind this structure, and naturally, they don’t know his real intentions... Klokhtuns get entirely under the energetic influence of Lemboys. With the time being Klokhtuns start feeling relief, a kind of satiety in the presence of their “tutors”. And if afterwards they make an attempt to estrange themselves from Lemboys, they start feeling such internal depression... figuratively saying, as if they were drug addicts, having a kind of withdrawal pains, with appearance of many physical and mental diseases. After they come back into the circle, everything gets to its places.”

Nikolai Andreevich bowed his head with the question, “Do they get a kind of physiological dependence?”

“It’s also included. If we put it in scientific language, a more precise definition will sound as endonarcotic dependence by means of stimulation of endorphin system with the irritants of ideological content with forming of endomorphine euphoria. So if they try to escape from Lemboys, it’s accompanied with sickly state similar to after-narcotic abstinence. In this way Lemboys encode their followers at the subconscious level strenuously activating

their animal nature. They don't give them any serious knowledge. Lemboys teach them only destructive psychotechniques and some limited methods of influence upon people."

"In short, they use them in their selfish ends at full scale," Farther John said.

"Yes. For the highest ranks of this structure including Kanduks and Lemboys, Klokhtuns are like semi-conductors. They are privately charged with their mission, but they have no idea about the essence of it. Their main target is to open the access to prana of a number of people by means of stimulation of people's cacodaemon providing for Kanduk's close circle replenishment."

Listening to Sensei, Sergey folded his arms, and when the last phrase was pronounced, he said, "Hum, to do that Klokhtuns should occupy some position in power at least, or at the worst they should be at the head of some organization..."

"You are thinking in the right direction," Sensei nodded taking several sips of mineral water, "It often happens that Klokhtuns are initiators, organizers or leaders of political, state and, more often, public, religious, sectarian associations or movements including groups playing aggressive music, different circles... An example of such groups can be even foreign language training courses that may seem totally harmless. Teachers for these courses come from another country pretending to be, for example, "real volunteers" with completely "innocent aims"... Klokhtuns assemble crowds around themselves. And at first sight they can look absolutely pleasant peaceful people respected in certain circles of society. Klokhtuns subtly play on people's subconscious motivations skillfully adding negative tendencies. But as soon as people start trusting them, they immediately move people's thoughts to cacodaemon dominant. A man becomes open in his negative thoughts and negative tendencies splashing out his prana. And Lemboys take it for themselves through Klokhtun's energy field, which is connected to "victims"."

"And what happens to the man from whom prana is pumped out? How to recognize "the victim"? Does the man somehow feel the loss of vital energy as psychological oppression? Or it can be felt as obtrusive thoughts of suicide?" Farther John asked.

"Yes, and it's not only him who can have such thoughts, but also his near relatives or friends with whom he is closely connected. Sometimes this influence of prana's stealing is so strong that it results in sudden serious illnesses befalling "the victim", due to which the man can suddenly die.

“In general, after the Klokhtun’s work, “the donor-victim” starts living through the continuous run of bad luck due to which he opens up even more, becoming extremely nervous and irritable. It often happens that “the donors” or their family start suffering from one illness after another. And the doctors rack their brains over the problem: one disease is healed over, another one clings, another one is cured, the third one appears. And they ascribe all this to the syndrome of a chronic invalid meaning that he makes up everything being a cranky person. But in actual fact the man is just “in contact”. Somebody of Kanduk’s circle manages inside of him. And all his illnesses appear at most just due to the forced pumping out of prana. The body starts giving signals, tries to resist in every possible way, so to say, shouting “SOS!” at the top of its voice. That’s why the man gets this “continuous health problem”.”

“I can enumerate dozens of such patients,” Nikolai Andreevich said in horror shrinking back in the chair, “Are all of them “in contact”?!”

“Most of those who have psychological problems are... Surely, we can’t ascribe all the disorder cases to the actions of Kanduk’s circles. Body is just a body. Some malfunctions are natural in it like in any material objects. And chronic ailments are inherent in it. It’s just necessary to take timely care of our biological machine, take preventive measures and not to neglect it. But the main thing is to keep only positive thoughts in the head despite the wishes of the Animal nature. One should live with love in his heart, with love to God, and create positive field around him. In this case no pest will stick to him.”

Sensei stopped talking. He drank up mineral water and put the empty bottle on the table.

“And what about the third circle... Iznyl?” Sergey asked Sensei full of gloominess.

Farther John shook his head smiling.

“What strange names these fellows have – Klokhtuns, Iznyl... Iznyl – does it come from the Russian verb “iznyvat” meaning “to languish”? Are they pining morally?”

“That’s the right point!” Sensei nodded.

“I knew that. They are just like “Koschei the deathless”...”

Sergey looked at Farther John inquiring.

“What does it mean?”

Farther John turned his head to Sergey and said with his irresistible gap-toothed smile:

“‘Koschei the deathless’ is a Russian name for an Immortal Vampire from fairy tales. You should read folklore tales at night at least instead of doing some other things.”

After a second pause all the four burst into sonorous laughing.

“A good name for them,” said Sensei sarcastically and changed for a serious manner of conversation. “You are right, Iznyls are really called by people as “difficult men”. They are constantly complaining that everything is going bad, that it’s hard to live. They are always dissatisfied with everything, having perpetual problems which they try to hang up on other people. They are hysterical, easily start scandals and often provoke quarrels themselves. After that they feel great relief, even a kind of burst of energy, while their opponent feels completely broken.”

“Such people must have poor health,” Nikolai Andreevich remarked.

“Quite right.”

“Then how does Kanduk use them if there is nothing to be taken from them?” Sergey asked shrugging his shoulders.

“Surely, they are not of energetic value to Kanduk’s circles, though their prana is also being taken off. But these people have outlets, access to energetic fields of their acquaintances, friends, relatives and, besides, they are also active individuals having active cacodaemon. That’s why Isnyls are useful for Kanduks and his surrounding. They easily provoke stresses, depressions, aggression in surrounding people and correspondently become conductors of their prana. In general, they are small mass petty thieves.”

“That’s clear,” Farther John said slowly, “So they are filching in petty quantities.”

“So it turns out that all these evil spirits act according to the same principle,” Nikolai Andreevich made a conclusion, “They become close to a person...”

“...they often become his best friends,” Sensei added.

“...Provoke him to aggression,” psychotherapist went on, “And as soon as a splash of negative thoughts of cacodemon arises in a person, they break through his aura at the energetic level and start absorbing released energy of prana. After that this person falls ill, or gets into a depressive state.”

“It’s in the best case,” Sensei nodded in agreement, “In the worst case, if Kanduk or Lemboy acts himself, he urges his ‘victims’ to commit a suicide or provoke deliberately an accident for themselves. At the moment of the victim’s death he takes all vital energy of the man... Others’ physical death is like a gulp

of fresh air for them. Others' pain is their replenishment. We can say it's a kind of narcotic for them."

"Well, wait a minute!" Sergey said raising his forefinger, "What does it mean when Kanduk or Lemboy acts himself? It means that sometimes they contact their victims directly, not through their circles?"

Farther John looked at him with animation and followed his thought:

"It means they give up any conspiracy going to hunt. And it gives us a chance..."

Everybody looked at Sensei. He smiled and joked:

"It's not interesting even to talk to you, as you know everything in advance... You were right in noting that sometimes Kanduk makes a blunder and shows himself among people. He does it either out of starving for prana if he can't manage to create his own accumulative circles, or he just wants to regale himself for his own pleasure. Surely, in this case it's much easier to detect him... If he gets into contact with people, he does much more serious things than Klokhtuns or Iznyls. The same concerns Lemboys."

"Can you give an example?" Sergey asked looking at Sensei intently, as if he was keeping in mind the thread of his own calculations.

"Well, for example, a Kanduk does not need to gather a crowd and make a psychological treatment or coding to take out people's prana, though it's not a problem for him. It's enough for him to meet somebody's look. And if this man is open with dominating cacodemon, he is caught like a rabbit into boa's mouth."

"Do you mean those phases of openness when a man is too excited, or receptive, or angry with anybody?" psychotherapist asked.

"Exactly so," Sensei confirmed, "Why? All this is due to the fact that during such states the man's 'protection' becomes weaker, and he becomes accessible for any so-called 'virus' from outside. The more aggressive and spiteful the man gets, the less protected against Kanduk and his circles' influence he becomes. Let us investigate such simple example: a man got angry somewhere in a queue. He starts rebelling, grumbling. And at this moment he feels somebody's look. Many people do not notice from where it comes, but they feel it upon themselves. And people get some additional splash, as if something were flaring up inside. He feels burst of energy, he starts proving his case. Actually, nobody is interested in this case of him. But people, like magnets, are attracted to squabbles and quarrels till hoarseness and frenzy. So they become open for Kanduk and his accomplices. But how many times people

were warned, they were told over and over again - never bear ill will to anybody...”

“Right you are,” confirmed Father John and added instructively, “That’s why Jesus said that If someone strikes you on the left cheek, turn to him the other also. It will be more safe this way for you, child.”

Everybody smiled at that.

“Exactly ... So,” went on Sensei. “When a Kanduk or a Lemboy finds an open man, and then it’s so to say easy to do technically. In one or two days the ‘victim’, even with welfare and in good family, having good job and position in the society, suddenly commits suicide, an open one or a camouflaged as an accident. That is this man is blocked...”

“As experts used to say, a man shows unconscious suicidal behaviour,” added Nikolai Andreevich.

“Exactly,” agreed Sensei. “He throws himself under the cars, or jumps from the window and so on. And what is most important the ‘victim’ acts in these cases so that it ends with absolute lethal outcome. At the moment of death a Kanduk keeps human energy in his hand and fully takes his prana ... But an adult is nothing, it’s his prey either when he has prana hunger or byside ‘game’. When he goes for hunting himself, normally he chases after babies and children, that is victims who have a very big reserve of prana. The younger they are, the better for him.”

“What a vermin!” Father John couldn’t help expressing his indignation. “They have nothing sacred ... They even kill children!”

“That’s the matter...”

Nikolai Andreevich sighed heavily and shook his head, “Do they catch little kids by eye contact or provoke a child to a splash of aggression through someone?”

“What happens in this world ... it’s crazy,” Father John couldn’t calm down.

“Wait but how is about babies?” Nikolai Andreevich went on discussing. “They don’t have yet a fixation of their thought. During the first year of their life they have only simple emotions.”

“A Kanduk can’t really have a direct impact on a baby,” replied Sensei. “But people who surround a baby are good conductors. Since on the sensible level a baby is closely connected with his mother or people who take care of him from his usual surrounding. Therefore a Kanduk catches someone from members of this surrounding when they have a domination of negative thoughts.

And then when for example a family with a baby goes somewhere with a car, a father caught by a Kanduk, by some ‘unexplicable reason’ speeds up and suddenly drives to the ditch. At the moment of baby’s death a Kanduk takes a lot of pure energy.”

“What a scoundrel! How can the Earth bear such creatures?!” muttered Father John.

“Or here is another example of evil deeds of Kanduks or Lemboys after connecting to someone from baby’s surrounding. A family goes to bed. Everybody is happy, all the evening they were laughing and making plans for future. However during the night a mother gets up and kills her baby and commits a suicide, or takes a child to her hands and jumps out of the window of the multistorey house.”

“Yes, unfortunately, it happens often so. I have looked through statistics,” nodded Nikolai Andreevich. “One can’t call these cases as a typical suicide.”

“You are right,” remarked Sensei. “This is an example of direct influence of a Kanduk or a Lemboy. These cases differ clearly from usual suicides when people die from depression, alcohol, drugs, mortal diseases or mental disorders.”

“By the way, according to statistics a wave of such strange suicides happens mainly in industrial cities,” remarked Nikolai Andreevich.

“It happens so because Kanduks settle down as a rule and net their circles mainly in big industrial cities. If there are about three hundred suicides in a city, be sure that bigger part of them happened because of direct activities of Kanduks and their circles. It’s without taking into account of accidents which often happen not occasionally if this evil creatures exist in the city.”

“Yeesss,” drawled Father John. “When an accident, it’s difficult to prove that it was namely a suicide. As they say in police, it’s much easier to suspect a suicide than to prove it...”

“I have also dealt with such cases of death recorded as accidents but which looked more like camouflaged suicides,” uttered psychotherapist.

“It became more a fashion to mask a murder as a suicide,” added Father John with sadness in his voice.

After hearing to him Nikolai Andreevich continued, “Once when meeting some friends I got acquainted with a chief of regional patrol force. He mentioned that camouflaged suicides often happen with drivers and even are called by them as ‘autocide’... Still it’s a controversial point whether these

accidents were occasional. Since in many cases they ascribe it to psychological context: driver's lack of attention, excess of speed, mistakes in evaluation of the situation, driving the car in a state of intoxication. Often it stipulates a consequence not only of conscious but unconscious self-destructing behaviour of a driver. But as it seems, everything is not so simple, if you start to find the reasons."

"Not everything ... is ... simple," echoed Father John in perplexion.

Meanwhile the phone rang.

"One moment," Sensei said to his friends.

He stood up, came to a telephone and took a receiver.

"Yes... It's me... Yes... Yes... It's better in the afternoon... Well... Good-bye."

Sensei put down a receiver, took his chair and continued a conversation, "So here we are."

Sergey massaged his temples and said slowly, "As far as I have understood, there is a simple scheme in this structure. It's even similar to the bee-garden... A Kanduk is a chief of the bee-garden who collects and eats honey. A Lemboy is a queen bee in the beehive. And Kanduks, as far as I understood, have a few beehives. Klokhtuns are honeycombs which attract, organize bees and feed Lemboys and a Kanduk. While Iznyls are mass working bees who 'fly' among people and collect 'honey' from them."

"It can be said so too," agreed Sensei. "By the way, a human from whom they rob this 'honey' is called by their secret terminology as 'prisoner'."

"What a joyful guys," bitterly hemmed Father John.

"One could roar with laughter when meeting with their activities," seriously uttered Sensei.

"According to statistics of suicides, this evil creatures are so numerous," emphasized Nikolai Andreevich.

"Unfortunately... Some time ago Kanduks didn't live for long at one and the same place. They always migrated. And their migration could be quickly calculated. When they arrived somewhere, a wave of unclear suicides took place. So first there came one wave, then it calmed down. Then again a second wave took place in another district or a city. Thus they migrated leaving their followers who continued to steal life energy from people... Today these 'administrative activities' are provided mostly by Lemboys and Klokhtuns. Kanduks as a rule settle down in big cities and hide themselves, so one needs to spend a lot of time in order to find them."

Sensei became silent.

“There are so many evil creatures around nowadays,” uttered Father John.

“Right... Too much,” added Sergey.

“And what is the most important,” said the psychotherapist addressing mainly Father John and Sergey, “One hundred years ago Russia was at the last place of suicide level among European countries. There were accounted only three cases for a hundred thousand people...”

Sensei nodded in agreement and added, “And only one of the three was provoked by Kanduk’s surrounding.”

“Look what is going on in post-Soviet states!” lamented Nikolai Andreevich. “They account thirty one case for a hundred thousand people when already twenty cases are deemed to be a high indicator! And this figure increases each year. And not just increases but the self-murders become younger. It’s a disaster!”

“Yes,” Father John nodded with understanding. “But people ignore this problem, they don’t see it and don’t want to take it into account until they get into trouble.”

“Sure,” continued the doctor. “Only some psychiatrists who specialize in suicidology speak openly about this problem. But who listens to them? It’s clear that they didn’t talk about suicidal topics in the USSR till 1985. Even statistics was a secret. But they also noted the fact of growing number of suicides in the country. It couldn’t be left unnoticed.”

“And what has happened in 1993? Even if to take into account information taken from church channels,” Father John frowned. “It was a real outburst of obscurantism! And nobody cared about it like in our days.”

“However that year could be explained somehow by ruin of ideals, impoverishment, desorganization of social life,” replied Nikolai Andreevich. “It was always like that in the society with a low social and economic level.”

Sensei shook his head and turned to him, “If you thoroughly analyze statistics of self-murders starting from ancient times, you will not find a direct connection between living standards and suicides. Suicides in general are a byside result of activities of Destructors and a natural consequence of activities of circles of Kanduks who provoke a domination of cacodemon in their mind. People are guilty themselves that they wish and allow bad thoughts and negative mood in their mind and ignore positive. That’s why they suffer.”

“But let’s not touch examples in ancient times though there were a lot of them in all human civilizations, let’s regard what can be observed today. For example, Switzerland seems to be one of the richest countries with a high level of social and economic development. But despite the wealthy life of its citizens for many years it is one of the leaders in suicides in Europe. And in European countries which seem for us to be examples of a civilized life, suicide belongs to one of ten most widespread reasons of death. I don’t even mention the USA with their imaginary freedom for people and real freedom for raging of Destructors and Kanduks with their surrounding. By the way today the USA is one of the main world shelters for Kanduks and their Lemboys. And namely in this country there are a lot of destructive psychotechniques which were already tested in different countries of the world.”

Father John squinted shyly and smiled with his gap-toothed smile, “Do you mean they do it under the cover of that aggressive woman with a baton named ‘Democracy’?”

“As well,” replied Sensei.

“Right, today Kanduks have all freedom for actions,” complained Nikolai Andreevich.

Sergey nodded in agreement, “If to take into account all this information we heard their pyramidal structures grow in the whole world by leaps and bounds.”

“You see, this evil creatures even had their eye on Slavayan territories,” hemmed Father John thinking about something of his own. “They are so brave ... They think nobody will resist them...”

“And what is most important, they use all means for their goals,” Nikolai Andreevich showed his indignation.

“That’s true,” Sensei supported him. “They use all possible means ... They call their organizations with stilted names using the name of God or spiritual leaders of mankind! They distort the truth in all possible ways, pervert the meaning of Love, Freedom in order to attract as much of prana as possible to feed themselves! They don’t disdain anything and found even Satanic sects. They use everything including the knowledge of humankind stored for centuries for spiritual goals.

“They attract people with these nice ‘wrapping’ of their ‘candies’, I mean the names of their organizations, lectures, seminars using popular and world-known brands. But when a human is caught by their hook they start to work with his mind and invisibly change the Truth for the Lie. And a human

becomes a slave of his Ego, his cacodemon. Look how Klokhtuns attract people to their organizations! They secretly or obviously play on the strings of the Animal nature, on deep feelings coming from the needs of the soul and substitute them with their directives.”

“Right,” said Father John. “Under the ‘pious’ cover and propaganda of ‘universal love’ and resigned submission to leaders of these organizations people are taught subconsciously to show aggressiveness towards the surrounding society.”

“Exactly,” confirmed Sensei. “They even have sects which use the names of Shambala and Byelovodie. It’s really ridiculous! What do they think? Do they hope to fool illiterate crowd, naïve people who don’t have any slightest notion what is Shambala? Shambala will never found any sects or religions among people, moreover to collect donations, hold lectures and seminars! All of that is just activities of people with non-noble goals...”

“As far as Shambala concerned, the paradox is that all world religions use one and the same spiritual grains of knowledge and Shambala is a primary source of it. But Shambala itself will never influence life of humans and grants to people the right of choice. If it ever influence global processes, this influence is indirect, and nothing more.”

Sensei kept silence and then began to talk looking at the empty chair as if explaining something to the fifth person who was absent, “So Shambala is Shambala. It’s not a wealth resort, nor an exhibition hall or a museum. The one who is looking for Shambala has to look inside of himself. For people Shambala means first of all pure knowledge which comes from another side of consciousness and open up to any human to works over himself, over purity of his thoughts and keeps domination of agathodemon and Love to God... So don’t look it in external world to be handed on a silver platter with a sham smile by those who use the name of Shambala in their greedy goals as their just another ‘religion’, only because they are simply ‘too hungry’. You just have to look inside of yourself and to find out who you are in fact and why you came to this world.”

There was a long pause broken by an unexpected question asked by Sergey, “Is it possible that people will ever reach the full extent of Shambala’s knowledge?”

“You know ...” answered Sensei with fatigue, “people are too far from the full extent... Let’s hope so that once at the best circumstances people will approach to one hundredth of this knowledge if they manage to win over their

cacodemon. Then they will have a chance. But the question is whether they will be able to do it... They don't manage to pass the simplest exam... Shambala has tried to give to people the pure knowledge for so many times! And what did people do with them because of their blown up egoism and enormous megalomania?" Sensei made a pause and then added more calmly, "Knowledge is not a problem... The problem is with a human, with a level of his spirituality... Shambala can show the way of course. But it will never push anybody to take it. People will choose what they want, they go where they like. They will get what they have chosen."

There was a short pause again broken by Sergey who switched once again to the main topic of the conversation, "I think this way: if there is a problem with Kanduks, there should be someone who should solve it..."

"By the way, does Shambala take part in solving of this problem for the human society?" tactfully asked Father John.

"Shambala?" Sensei got surprised. "Shambala has nothing to do with it since it completely a personal choice of each human and humankind in general. And the right of choice is granted to humans by God Himself. Kanduk and his surrounding can enter a human only when he voluntarily opens them a 'door', that is allows them to come to his mind through domination of negative thoughts in his mind. Who can prevent people from living inside with domination of agathodemon, Love to God and to all living beings? First of all you are a master of your thoughts and you should decide what will dominate in you. By your egocentrism and domination in the mind of thoughts of the Animal nature a human begets by himself such intermediate parasites and suffers because of that.

"But for Shambala these parasite creatures aren't of any interest. Kanduks don't break the energy balance, human souls aren't touched and just go to another reincarnation. Therefore for Shambala these evil creatures are of no more interest than for a busy man a flea on the running by dog," said Sensei and looked with a smile at Father John. "Bodhisatvas can only inform people about this 'unfair game' but they will not solve this problem instead of them. If people want they can do it by themselves. If not, they will continue to live further with this evil creatures. I repeat it once again, **the life of a human is his choice and he should solve his problems by himself.**"

"But these Kanduks steal life energy from people!" protested Father John.

“So what?” calmly replied Sensei. “What is the life energy for a human? Figuratively speaking, it’s like a gas. When a human has gas, he can drive a car. When it’s over, a human goes out, change for another car and drives again. So the evolution of the soul will not stop because someone poured out some gas, it will just slow down on the ‘highway’ for a certain period of time. But in general there is nothing tragic. What is the most important thing in this driving? The direction. If he takes the right direction, drives along central streets and leaves his car at guarded parking places, it’s the one thing. But if he loses his way and drives in some nooks, leaves his car in inappropriate places and gasoline tank is left open, he is guilty himself if the gas is stolen.”

“You use such peculiar comparisons,” grinned Father John.

“But they are quite clear,” smiled Sensei. “So people are guilty themselves in their troubles. All Kanduks have to do is just to put a clap-net and to wait for their prey.”

“By now they even don’t have to wait if to take into account statistics,” sighed Nikolai Andreevich.

“Exactly. People show stupidity which exceeds all bounds when they follow their Animal nature. Therefore Kanduks and Lemboys celebrate banquets. That’s why they become impudent and hunt even little kids without any punishment.”

“Without any punishment?” Sergey caught the last words of Sensei. “It means that there were still some people who punished them. Who were they if it was not Shambala?”

“There were some days some brave people who challenged them...”

Father John straightened his shoulders and threw out his chest.

“Why do you say ‘were’?”

Sensei looked at his straightened bearing and slightly smiled.

“Because nowadays there are almost nobody left of them. That’s why the general balance is broken and that’s why all these evil creatures began to flourish.”

“Could you tell us in detail?” asked Sergey.

“Sure... Once upon a time these people were called as Geliars. From ancient times it was a secret union of people who chased after evil creatures, including Kanduks and their surrounding and complicated significantly their life.”

“They were like invisible warriors?” uttered Father John with mysterious smile.

“Something like that,” smiled Sensei and added more seriously, “Geliars acted in a very secretive way. Their struggle wasn’t similar to ordinary human struggle since it was held beyond the border of consciousness.”

“Beyond the border? It’s much more serious,” Nikolai Andreevich commented thoughtfully.

“Those negative forces are much worse than a personal Animal nature because they distort so much the human perception and mislead him with Lie that he disorients completely in his search for the true spiritual ways. As a rule his mind zombied by evil creatures can’t objectively estimate the reality...”

“That’s true,” Nikolai Andreevich agreed with Sensei.

“There are not only Kanduks with their surrounding but also a lot of other evil creatures on that invisible side. Therefore the task of Geliars was not only to help people to survive but to secure their mind from such parasites so that a human could personally choose his way of development of his Soul.”

“That means to give people a chance to develop themselves in a natural way and to make their personal choice?” specified Sergey.

“Exactly,” nodded Sensei. “Moreover Geliars didn’t push people to the spiritual way, didn’t influence at their belief or choice. They didn’t even start any conversations like Lemboys, Klokhtuns, Iznyls but they acted from another side of consciousness, figuratively saying they protected people from behind. And what is most important due to their activities people experienced natural process of internal spiritual growth and all artificially stimulated things by evil creatures just disappeared like a husk.”

“How did these warriors live? Who were they?” asked Father John.

“They were just good and honest people who lived like any other people. They played such roles in the society in different times which enabled not only to act for the welfare of their Motherland without rising any suspicions but also to realize fully their spiritual potential. For example during the domination of religions Geliars served often in different religious organizations which teachings were typical for the local place where they lived. In Middle Ages for example, in the countries of Western and Central Europe they often served as knights and organized their secret spiritual knights orders. Much later closer to our times they worked in organizations with long-term business trips. A hundred years ago they hid themselves under the cover of some scientists, civil servants or wandering monks – it enables for them to struggle with evils creatures in different regions. So in general they adapted themselves differently in different times. But in fact they were simple people of Knowledge... In

principle, their social position if it wasn't connected with their true activities wasn't that important for them like for ordinary people. Their main goal was their inner work."

"Well, they were the true Warriors of Light serving to God..." thoughtfully said Father John. "They were comparable only with the true Saint fathers who were doing God-pleasing deeds."

"Everybody has his own way to God," softly replied Sensei to him. "In a sense the way of Saints can be called as the egoistic one since they care about salvation of their soul waiting for the Judgement Day. Despite the fact that they do God-pleasing deeds, teach other people and even pray about them. But to teach others and to struggle by yourself is so different like the gap between words and deeds. Maybe it's difficult for you now to understand it but you will feel it with the time... The way of Saints may be called as the way of weak people, but Saints can't be call weak in comparison with the rest bigger part of humankind. Moreover it's not a secret that many famous personalities were just ascribed to Saints but they weren't in fact (it's not by occasion that a certain group of people nominated someone to a Saint and canonize him only after death and as a rule in many cases much later when nobody is alive among those who knew this man). But people never forget the path to the true Saints whose relics are really miracle-working.

"Therefore the ways of Saints and Geliars are two different ways which lead to God. And everybody has right to choose the way he is able to overcome. Though Saints reached only something which was cognized by Geliars on the first stages of their struggle, it doesn't really matter. Because not everybody is able to choose the life feat taken by Geliars. Geliars differed from Saints because they didn't wait for the last fight between the Light and the Darkness, but participated in it here and now. And they not only fought for their soul but helped significantly to millions of other souls contributing to their natural development. It's a difficult way of course."

"What are the hardships of this way?" asked Nikolai Andreevich.

"If to put it briefly... First, a Geliar played the same role of an ordinary man for his surrounding as before, he conducted the natural way of life in order not to provoke as I have said the animal aggression of people against himself. Second, a Geliar should always control himself not only externally but what is most important internally so that his Spiritual nature would prevail over his Animal. Third, despite all of that, a Geliar should daily work with complex meditations in order to guard people of his region from evil creatures. So being

in the society and living ordinary life he constantly existed and worked on another side of the reality. So this is a very difficult way... But in spiritual life it was a considerable step forward, I would say, a jump on the spiritual steps.”

“Yes,” uttered Father John. “It seems that the very Holy Spirit supported their efforts.”

“Geliars did real good... Even Boddhisattvas of Shambala, including Rigden Djappo, had a special respect towards them for their warrior’s inner feat. Already during their life Geliars deserved the right to leave the circle of reincarnations and to freely go to Nirvana. Or if to put it in Christian terms the Gates of paradise were always open to them and Archangel Gabriel himself led them through these Gates...”

There came to a small pause in the conversation.

“As far as I have understood, Geliars worked in groups,” summarized Sergey. “What is the inner structure of Geliars then?”

“Almost the same like among Kanduks.”

Sergey arched his eyebrows in astonishment.

“If there is one force,” said Sensei, “it is opposed by the equal force and as a result the monad is balanced. When Kanduks appeared in the human society Geliars in fact balanced the monad and the relative balance happened in the society.”

“I haven’t understood what is similar in their structures? They have the same external circles?”

“No, not external. They have similar inner circles of force. Like Lemboys have a Kanduk, Geliars have an Etimon, so to say, their commander. Etimon means ‘keeper of basis, truth’. In general it was the most experienced and the most spiritually developed Geliar. Etimon coordinated actions of the group, directed Geliars on their way and helped them to learn the stages of the struggle and personal development mastered by himself. When some of Geliars grew to the level of Etimon, he either replaced their commander if the latter after fulfilling his work was going to go to Nirvana, or founded his own group and chose Geliars from worthy people who showed high moral and strived to spiritual knowledge. Like Kanduk tried to gather twelve Lemboys around him, so Etimon gathered twelve Geliars.”

“It means there were twelve Geliars and the thirteenth Etimon?” vividly uttered Father John. “It’s like Jesus had twelve Apostles and He was the thirteenth.”

“Right. Because this is the way to form a circle of power. It’s difficult to understand it to ordinary people but people of Knowledge know it well.”

“But if these are two equal opposing forces, they should use for their struggle one and the same energy,” Sergey began to reason with animation. “It means that Geliars use their prana as well. Therefore when spending a lot of their life energy and taking into account the force of their enemies Geliars had to replenish somehow their prana, otherwise their bodies would die in the first battle.”

“Right you are,” agreed Sensei. “The difference is in the methods of prana replenishment. Kanduks and Lemboys steal it from people depriving them often their lives and not letting their souls to grow. While Etimons and Geliars obtain it by a method harmless to people.”

“Why can’t Kanduks obtain it by a harmless method?”

“Because this method is possible only for absolute domination of agathodemon and strict control over cacodemon... This life is a permanent struggle for Geliars while for Kanduks it’s a pleasure... Do you notice the difference?” Sergey nodded. “This is the way how the monad is built.”

Sergey kept silence for a while and then asked, “Why was the Order of Geliars lost?”

“Why? The society changed its values. The newcomers to Geliars were chosen from ordinary people. Look at the modern society. It shows obvious domination of the Animal nature. People strive to get more material treasures than spiritual ones. Therefore the Order of Geliars gradually began to decrease. Hundred years ago the last Geliar closed the tamga of Pravi for human society since however simple it may sound,” Sensei sighed heavily, “there were no spiritually wishing people to continue further this work...”

“... which was really God-pleasing,” uttered Father John with sympathy.

“Exactly. In one word, at that time the balance of the monad was broken. And that’s why the society got its usual result.”

Sensei became silent. His interlocutors also sat in silence plunging into their thoughts. Finally Sergey uttered, “What does it mean that the tamga of Pravi was closed? If I remember correctly the tamga is kind of a sign...”

“A medallion,” specified Sensei.

“And Pravi...” continued Sergey, “I guess it’s something from terminology of ancient Slavyans.”

“Yes,” Nikolai Andreevich went on, “that’s true. There are three worlds mentioned in cosmogony of ancient Slavyans: the world of Pravi is the world of

Light, good gods, the world of Yavi is the visible world and the world of Navi is the world beyond the grave. Slavyans glorified the world of Pravi, that's why it is considered that even before Christianity they were called as *pravoslavny* (orthodox).”

“Frankly speaking it was much later that ordinary people worshipped Pravi as a deity,” said Sensei. “While Pravi was for Geliars and Etimons ... for you to better understand it someone like the chief commander. He headed and coordinated the work of all Etimons who headed Geliars. Though the word ‘headed’ was not a correct one for this kind of activities. Since all these people had more than friendly or kindred relations among them. Nobody was among them higher or lower than the others. They were disciplined in their thoughts and actions. Just more experienced took bigger Responsibility... Pravi controlled and was responsible for coordination of actions in the general spiritual network.”

“What do you mean?” Father John didn't grasp it.

“It's something like Internet but the spiritual version of it,” answered Sensei.

“So what does it mean that the tamga of Pravi was closed?” again asked Sergey.

“The tamga of Pravi is a special medallion with which many generations of Pravi worked. Of course its crystals accumulated the very powerful energy. When the tamga of Pravi is used in work it's opened. And it's opened always when Geliars work. When they stop to work with it as it happened hundred years ago, it's closed. Simply saying the tamga is left in the capsule for the future generation of Geliars.”

“In the capsule?” asked Nikolai Andreevich with amazement.

“Not in the one you have thought of,” explained Sensei. “Let's say it for you not to be confused with terms, the tamga is kept in the mountains, in the inaccessible place.”

“Are these mountains far away?” asked Sergey with a smile and added at once. “Frankly speaking if it's necessary I'm ready to go for it to the world's end.”

Sensei smiled, “The tamga is just an instrument. The main thing is a desire to become a Master.”

Sergey nodded with confidence and seriously uttered, “I have it...”

“... and not only you,” Nikolai Andreevich added.

“Sure,” confirmed Father John.

“This is the most important thing,” said Sensei in a good-natured manner. “And the rest will come.”

Part 3. Pravi Tamga

(written based on the excerpts of Anastasia’s diary)

Spring set in. During one of training classes it was rumored that the following weekend classes were cancelled because Sensei would be away somewhere together with Nikolai Andreevich. Nobody would have paid attention to the news if the doctor’s name didn’t appear in it. However, his participation made our company so interested that we not only found out where Nikolai Andreevich and Sensei were going, but invited ourselves to be their fellow travelers as well. It would certainly be unpardonable for us to miss a Crimean mountains journey along with Sensei! Furthermore, as Nikolai Andreevich explained, a reason for the trip was not simple. He said that he’d lately become very enthusiastic about speleology, and so Sensei agreed to show him one of remarkable caves.

Truth to tell, the young additional staff gave Nikolai Andreevich a lot of additional trouble. In our imagination, a cave tour was something purely romantic, and we had no idea of the reality. Why would any special preparations be needed? Just take your rucksack and go! Nevertheless, Nikolai Andreevich, to give him his due, approached the equipment matter very seriously. In his professional work, he often cooperated with a militarized mine-rescue crew in our small town where everyone knew each other. So, thanks to the doctor’s efforts, we were provided with all the necessary underground descent equipment: canvas overalls, miner helmets with torches attached to them and additional flashlights. This equipment later appeared to be more than useful during our trip.

It turned out that, in addition to our group consisting of Kostya, Andrew, Tatiana, myself, Stas, Eugene, Volodya and Victor, Valera, Father John and Sergey were also going along. We were explained that Sergey was Sensei’s old friend who joined his circle for a while then.

It was decided to travel to Crimea by cars. The way definitely wasn't short, but it was not too tiring for everyone, perhaps since we departed late in the evening.

In the morning, the Crimean Peninsula socially welcomed us with its inimitable nature. The spring was in bloom here, covering surrounding space with fresh покрывая greenery. The changing landscapes behind the car window were one more charming than the other. They seemed to be competing in front of us like on a beauty contest. The mild climate allowed a vast variety of trees and bushes to grow here, including some relic ones, at times licking them into very intricate shapes.

Soon we entered a little village and stopped near the gate of a house. Sensei and Nikolai Andreevich agreed with the owner, and, having parked the cars in his courtyard, our small group loaded ourselves with tents and foodstuff and moved towards the mountains. We had to walk quite a long time, however the march was only pleasant.

Everything around was buried in verdure. Every now and then, there appeared meadows studded all over with blooming spring flowers. And the air was simply splendid, remarkably light, pure and saturated with subtle natural aromas. In one place, the air had a breath of mountainous freshness, of invigorative ozone; in another one, the wind capfuls were delivering an inimitable smell of the sea; still in the other one, a fragrance of a whole bouquet of blossoming plants essences was reigning.

The bottom of the chine which we were heading for was not far already. However, Sensei proposed to stop and to spend a night on a glade close to a forest, since already growing dark, and the twilight in the mountains usually ensued fast. While we were bothering with tents installation, it got completely dark. Luckily, the guys had collected brushwood on the way, and so we were able to cook hot food and drinks. We decided not to arrange any campfire gathering which we all loved so much because firstly we all were quite tired, and secondly our physical endurance was again to be tested the next day as Sensei said. Thus, everyone went to sleep right after the supper.

The morning greeted us with a dense milky fog, so we were packing our things and continuing our way just like the main characters of a favorite national cartoon "Hedgehog in a fog". Nevertheless, the weather in the mountains usually changes unpredictably fast, so soon the fog lifted, and we found ourselves right beside the bottom of the chine. Yet, instead of moving towards the mountain tops, Sensei led us along the bottom.

The sun was already quite high. The sky was cloudless. Birds were piping manifold tunes. All this in addition to the beautiful mountainous landscape gave rise to an excellent spring mood. Throughout the way, the guys were discussing the heights of rocks they could master with the climbing equipment they had with them. Yet, although they were keen on the idea of mountain tops conquest, calling forth Vano's and Eugene's incessant comments and jokes, Sensei did not hurry to mount and continued leading our small group along the chine bottom.

Soon we came up to a salient rock formation where Sensei said that we had reached the destination point of our "surface" walk. We looked around in amazement. There was no huge semicircular grotto which we had imagined as a supposed entrance to the mysterious cave. There was not a single trace of a crevice! We were intrigued with such puzzle and began putting on woolen clothes with spelunker suits above those. Eugene was the quickest to get dressed. Waiting for the others, he started to explore the place, but, having found no look of a crevice in the rock, the guy asked perplexedly, "Sensei, are we supposed to say "Sesame, open"?!"

Sensei grinned, "Let's dispense with formalities."

Once we got dressed, Sensei proposed to abandon the "excessive load" including tents, additional equipment and stuff which our group had brought from home just in case. We began to sort out our things. Then we packed the food and other necessary things into our rucksacks more portably and "camouflaged" the rest behind a heap of stones. Once everything was ready, Sensei approached one of big stones rambling near the rock and seeming very heavy by sight and easily moved it aside.

"Welcome," Sensei invited, showing the opened manhole.

We exchanged glances in surprise and came up closer, examining the gaping dark hole. Eugene was showing the greatest zeal. He even lay down on his stomach and half-squeezed into the manhole, having shouted "hey!" couple times in jest. Then he backed out, squatted on his knees, mechanically shook off dust from his overalls and confessed with a smile, "Now I understand what Winnie the Pooh was feeling visiting the rabbit's house."

Everybody laughed, and Father John said merrily and didactically, "Look what the gluttony sin may result in! If you continue pleasing your flesh with proteins and carbohydrates, you'll soon be able to squeeze neither into a cave nor into the Heaven's Gate..."

"It's OK," Eugene cheered himself up. "Where it's impossible to squeeze, we'll take by storm."

“Would a storm be possible for such a “squeezer”?” Vano asked, squinting “old-mannishly”.

Another wave of laughter muffled the answer of smiling Eugene. Having laughed and taken a little rest, our company got prepared to plunge into for the manhole. Sensei demonstrated how to attach a haversack to one’s leg so as to move more comfortably. Having switched his helmet torch, he was the first one to get in. Valera followed him. Both of them managed to do it quite neatly despite the seeming narrowness of the gangway. Then there followed Stas, Eugene, Andrew, Tatiana and I, and then all the rest.

We were crawling upon our stomachs, setting elbows against the walls just like scouts on the front line. The mountain embraced us with a tight ring of its stony vice. The gloomy cave greeted us with morose silence. The grave quiet was disturbed only by our groaning and by the overalls and haversacks rustle. Inside of this narrow manhole, the mountain seemed to be testing its uninvited guests on strength, self-control and composure.

Truly, getting inside such stony nippers, one experiences a heightened feeling of transfer into a completely different world. Still several minutes before, your body has been sensing freedom, residing amidst the bright colors of nature and the sunlight, and your ear was being pleased with the birds pipe and the buzzing of insects awaken after the long hibernation, whereas now you feel yourself imprisoned in stony shackles under large-tonnage lumps of the mighty rock. Darkness reigned far and wide. The smell of stones was felt in the cool air.

In the beginning, it was hard to get accustomed to such an appreciable difference. Under the enormous monumental rock layer which menacingly hung over our flattened bodies, you feel yourself a tiny insect whose destiny totally depends on the nature’s caprice. Thoughts and feelings became more acute. Even some fear paralyzed slightly movements. Yet, curiosity overpowered the ancient animal instinct, and the thirst for seeing the mysterious underground world lent confidence and determination to pass this first test all the way to the end.

Having covered nearly twenty meters upon our stomachs and having grabbed five meters farther, we got out to a little cave where it was possible to stand up straight. While Tatiana and I were crawling out and waiting for the others, Eugene and Stas were already laughing and sharing their sensations and aptitude during the manhole passage with Sensei. Tallness and corresponding vigorous build in such conditions were not very advantageous indeed. Luckily, both guys had strong arms, otherwise not only themselves, but all of us would

have been in trouble, since we had been crawling behind them. Stas called our passage “alive skinning”. According to the guys, on some passage sections they’d had to demonstrate real miracles of respiratory gymnastics trying to exhale the air in such a way so as to significantly decrease the thorax volume and, due to that, to squeeze through narrow chinks. The guys had had their own experience of quite unpleasant minutes of meeting with the underground world. And they were not the only ones. Judging by the faces of Kostya, Victor and Nikolai Andreevich, not to mention Tatiana’s and mine, the others had also experienced some unforgettable feelings. Volodya, Sergey and Vano were the last ones to get out, but those three had such peaceful and natural looks as though such manhole passage was a mere trifle for them. And, while most of the company was slightly downcast after the unexpected meeting with the mountain, Sergey and Vano on the contrary seemed to have had a great pleasure of the passage as if they’d had a chance to recall their playful youth age.

When everybody gathered together, Sensei led us farther. We were moving in line along a low-ceiling stone corridor which started to widen insensibly after some fifty meters. We walked for just another several minutes along the monotonously extending walls and finally got rewarded with the first marvelous view which somewhat elevated our mood. A small hall decorated with stalactites and stalagmites appeared on our way. Amidst the dreary darkness, it was quite thrilling to see a snow-white islet being like a mirage in a desert.

Exclamations of delight unintentionally broke from the group. We dropped our things and dispersed around the hall, viewing this natural creation with interest. Long thread-icicle-like stalactites were attached to the ceiling, whereas amazing stalagmites which resembled palm trunks towered above the floor from where the water was dripping to. It was very interesting to see the nature’s superfine artwork in a hem-stitch fringe along the fissures. And in some places there hung down such intricate stalagmites that seemed to be enchanted by a magician and totally unaware of any gravity laws.

“What a beauty!” Andrew said.

Everybody was strolling about the hall enchanted.

“What a laborious work!” Nikolai Andreevich noted, examining a next stalagmite. “Drop by drop, year by year, millennium by millennium. A whole chronicle of the evolution by centimeter per year.”

“The evolution of what? The cave?” Kostya wondered.

“Of the Crimean coast.”

Kostya scrutinized the stalagmite from every side and adjusted his eyeglasses.

“Are you saying figuratively?”

“No, why?” Nikolai Andreevich shined an adjacent stalagmite. “Look here. Here you can better see the rings, just like trees have in cut. There are the chemical records of how the climate was forming outside the cave throughout the entire period of the stalagmite growth. This information is supplied from the surface by rain-water and water from melted snow.”

“Great! Where do you know it from?”

“Read more, and you’ll also know.”

Andrew who was also standing beside our doctor stretched his hand to the stalagmite, but Nikolai Andreevich hastily stopped him, “Don’t touch it! Even if you simply touch a stalagmite, particles of your sweat will be destroying it during many years.” Ashamed, Andrew pulled his hand back. “You see, there is an invariable environment here. Even our breathing changes the air chemistry here.”

“Do you understand?!” Kostya teased Andrew. “Freeze and don’t breathe!”

Having heard this talk, Eugene promptly put forward a “rational proposal”.

“A door-plate should be placed here at the entrance: “Breathing, sneezing and coughing with human air is strictly prohibited”.”

Vano’s chuckle resounded in the dark, “Indeed! Regardless of the fact that humans abandoned caves long ago, some individuals including those in our group are still not abandoned by the troglodyte consciousness. This level of consciousness still totally occupies their brain.” And, having appeared from the darkness, he tapped on Eugene’s shoulder. “Let’s go now... you, cave infection.”

While we were admiring the underground hall amenities, Kostya suddenly squatted, laid hold of his stomach and started to respire rapidly.

“What’s wrong?” Sensei asked, having noticed his state.

“I’ve suddenly felt uneasy...”

“Maybe, you have claustrophobia?” Nikolai Andreevich wondered.

“I don’t think so. As a matter of fact, I don’t suffer from any closed space disease. I’m just feeling somewhat uneasy ...”

The conversation attracted attention of the other guys.

“Hey, watch out!” Volodya threatened jokingly. “You can’t have poor health inside a tank.”

“I’m all right,” Kostya waved his hand in light of the flashlight beams aimed at him. “It’s just an uneasiness... It’ll pass now.”

“Well, it happens,” Sensei said tranquilly. “Even those who don’t suffer from any disease sometimes feel uneasy inside caves, especially when they come there for the first time. Human imagination can play big tricks here...”

“It’s true. Imagination can cause such a fear,” Nikolai Andreevich echoed, “that a person may run very fast from here.”

The guys laughed, and Kostya raised smiling, yet confused with such an unexpected general attention to his person. Little later when the guys spread around the hall again, Kostya began talk with Tatiana in whisper and then approached Sensei. He hesitated for a moment and then mumbled confusedly, “Well... hem... maybe, Tatiana and I will stay... We’d better wait for you here on the surface... Say, we’ll guard the stuff.”

“As you wish, it’s only your decision,” Sensei said with a smile. “We shall not be back soon.” And then he added more seriously, “Do you need help to get back to the “surface”?”

Kostya shrugged his shoulders hesitatingly, “Well, we’ll manage... I hope.”

“It’s clear. I’ll take you up now.” And, having found Vano, Sensei told him, pointing at Kostya and Tatiana. “You’ll stay the one in charge, and I’ll take the guys to the “surface”.”

Vano smiled and uttered quietly, “Are they through? Is the underground romanticism over?”

Sergey heard their conversation and offered his service.

“Sensei, let me take them back, it will be faster this way. We’ll get bounded into a chain with a rope. I’ll go first and then pull them up.”

“It’s correct, let Sergey go!” Vano echoed and said to Sensei jokingly. “Since you are our Susanin today, we should cherish you.”

“OK,” Sensei grinned, turned round to Sergey and asked. “Please, be careful.”

“I got it, don’t worry.”

Kostya, Tatiana and Sergey got bounded with one rope. When everything was prepared, they started making their way back. Rest of the group used the temporary rest relaxing or continuing the cave stalactites and stalagmites examination. Soon, Sergey returned and jokingly reported to Sensei that “the operation” had been successfully completed.

Our group moved farther. We were moving in a chain one after another, quite fast as it seemed to me. I even thought: “We’ve come here to see the caves, and now we are having a speed tour like on a jet airplane”. Sensei as an experienced guide was leading our group with full confidence. Gates passed into small halls, the halls passed into galleries. Our route changed direction several times: sometimes it ran up a slope, sometimes it went downhill, then it sharply turned and ran through some narrow fissures which we got out from and seemed to have gone in the reversed direction. Sometimes we entered stone traps that seemed to be impassible at first sight, but Sensei confidently took us out through utterly unnoticeable paths, not troubling our wits.

It was felt that temperature changed from place to place. In some places the air was more humid, and drops of water sparkled by the light of torches on the walls of such gangways. Some places were draughty. And on one of crossroads we kind of heard a distant sound of an underground waterfall.

At first, I was trying to orient myself somehow, but then we changed direction several times and passed crossroads with extensively ramifying paths, and I understood that my orientation efforts were vain. Yet, the interesting part was that, despite such a meandering, complex-direction route, we were walking along a hardly noticeable path, mostly in our full heights, although now and then we did have to squeeze and to crawl upon our stomachs or to grabble. Where the path abruptly descended or went up steeply, certain rough stair-steps could be noticed. Stones next to the steps were perfectly smooth. Due to our haste, I couldn’t clearly discern whether those steps were natural or artificial. To our greatest surprise, we were moving quite comfortably, though I had been preparing for some improbable ordeals both psychological and physical.

And I made another important observation with respect to my own human nature’s behavior under such circumstances. From the very beginning of our way, especially after the manhole passage, I constantly experienced strange sensations of an unnatural fear. As a consequence of this, my movements were constraint, and I was endeavoring to walk necessarily in the middle of the group, moreover I was mostly looking down on where I stepped. The surroundings seemed somber and frightening to me. And, the further I was thinking in such a way, the more I was quaking with fear. On the move I was seeking reasons of that fear, blaming mainly the strange influence of the cave. At long last, I reached such a panic state that I was nearly about to rush to the exit if I’d certainly knew where it was.

However, my theory of the negative effect of the cave on human psyche eventually burst like a soap-bubble when, during a next five-minute rest filled with customary jokes of our guys, I noticed the Olympian calm of the majority of the tour participants who were obviously enjoying their sojourn in the cave. As for Nikolai Andreevich, he was not wasting his time at all and used every opportunity to examine the surrounding walls rock and layer. Once I noticed all this, the surging negative thoughts retreated, and I understood that these thoughts being the Animal nature's nasty aggressors were simply lying in wait for a moment when they would be able to taunt my imagination. Fear gave place to curiosity...

It's interesting what cave I was really trying to escape – the natural one or the cave of my own “troglodyte consciousness” as Father John neatly called it? What was I so afraid of? It's completely evident that wherever a person would be — underground, about the ground surface and in whatever environment — the power of his or her fear consists in his or her thoughts. As the saying goes, what a person thinks of is exactly what he or she is. And I started to feel that my fear was simply absurd for it was a mere trivial dirty trick of the Animal nature. Having calmed down, I concentrated my emotions and feelings on the Lotus Flower meditation, and after a certain time everything sorted itself out. Even my mind started busying itself with a useful work of appreciating the amazing creations of the underground world.

As soon as the shroud of fear abated, a wonderful world opened in front of me the existence of which I hadn't even assumed spending my humdrum life above the ground. Viewing fantastic stone arches and walls that had been skillfully graven by the water during many centuries, I was delighted with such a vast scaled work. The landscape inside the cave proved to be extraordinary diverse. At least, what the beams of our flashlights managed to snatch from the eternal darkness was impressive. Contemplating that beauty, I felt like I was absorbed in a feeling of admiration, as if interflowing with the invisible life of the enigmatic bowels.

Now I realized why underground travels attracted speleologists and spelunkers so much. It was exactly the inimitable feeling of delight and admiration, of discovering wonderful spots of the underground world where, perhaps, man had never trod. It's the staggering feeling of the eternal mystery, of the enigmatic integument which reveals its treasures only to daring, determined people for whom overcoming obstacles became a rule. The tremendous will power and perseverance makes one's exhausted, tired body

persistently move forward, sometimes balancing on the verge of life and death. We were walking in a group and, nevertheless, were experiencing a certain thrilling tremor. But what if one goes alone? How much courage should a person have in order not just to cover an underground route, but to be an integrated, strong-willed person inside, a person who's ready to overcome, first of all, himself or herself and his or her fears for the sake of the great mystery of nature!

Caves firmly isolate from the outside world. Their absolute quiet and impenetrable darkness automatically force a person to plunge into one's own self, to look into one's own soul. By their life, their millennial existence under permanent conditions of the internal climate, caves somewhat resemble a human being with his duality. No matter how a person's destiny and circumstances change externally, no matter how his or her body has developed and then has grown old, inside the person's soul there remain darkness, yearning, silence and eternal if such person does not address there. And no one except yourself has the access to all the splendid and divine that is concealed in the dark underground of your subconscious. Only you yourself, through the immutable Love for all the existing, are able not only to find the true treasure inside yourself, but also to facet it into a brilliant crystal which will illuminate the Divine path in the darkness.

On the other hand, such perfect cave isolation from the outside world resembles the isolation of one's consciousness during meditation or prayer when a person becomes disconnected from the external and concentrated on the internal. There is same seclusion from usual bustle, from life troubles, same perfect silence inside the consciousness where the prayer words are being pronounced. Striking coincidences! But what if, for the nature globally, such places with invariable climate are exactly certain safety-valves where, regardless of the external conditions, the nature can preserve the embryos of the primary life on the Earth which are the most important and precious for it. At that, the soul is as important for a spiritual person as life for the nature. Truly, at times we miss or undervalue so many interesting things, concentrating only on consumer attitude to the nature, on what this or that place on the Earth can given to humans. Not many people ever think of what such places mean for the nature itself. And, unfortunately, our mass egoistic thoughts and deeds apparently leave traces both for the nature and the humanity as a whole.

* * *

Our group was walking quite a long time. Having covered another tunnel-like gangway, we found ourselves in a cave hall with numerous stone partitions. There, Sensei announced another long stop for twenty minutes. Somebody sat on the stones, some others just took off their haversacks, looking around, while Eugene started strenuously shaking down his overalls from dust.

“God gracious! Dust is all over!” the guy was downright angry, but then smiled and switched to joking, “I could never understand the two things: where the dust appears from, and where the money disappears?”

Settling down for the rest, Sensei uttered as if among other things, “If people were not so lazy, they would have created a “dirt repeller” long ago. They should learn from the nature, say, from a lotus flower. Its leaves excellently self-purify, pushing away water and dirt.”

“Well, you’re talking about the nature which has everything arranged reasonably,” Nikolai Andreevich stressed the last word, sitting on a stone and trying to release his foot from the boot. “Whereas humans are mostly occupied with chemistry endeavoring to improve soap.”

“Exactly,” Sensei grinned, having squatted and leaned his back against a stone partition. “It can’t be helped – business is business...”

“And what is this “dirt repeller”?” Stas wondered.

“It’s an elementary thing,” Sensei said, having half closed his eyes. “It’s a protective coat having a form of a pellicle. It may be drifted on any clothes. It’s very convenient... And it’s very easy to make it using contemporary technologies. One should just take polymer and combine it with nanoparticles of silver...”

Since Sensei became silent trying to take a nap, nobody dared to disturb him with further inquiries.

While he was resting, we were examining the cave. It should be mentioned that it created a special impression upon us, first of all due to its uncommonness. The cave resembled a voluminous labyrinth. All its corners looked similar, and, once you step aside somewhere, you have to search for the return way quite a long while. You seem to be following the torch lights reflected on the cave cupola, but then you find yourself just in another dead-end corner. Even our joke-masters, after having passed the cave test on such disorientation in the space, endeavored not to go far from the group without a special reason.

Nevertheless, Eugene was true to himself even under such circumstances. First, he decided to frighten Vano when the latter went to examine the labyrinth. As soon as Father John disappeared behind the stones, Eugene gesticulated to us that we were about to hear a thriller screaming, and walked right after the priest. However, no expected sound effect followed. Vano returned quite fast, but from a different side, while Eugene was still absent. In the end, his plaintive voice resounded somewhere from dark: “People, where are you? Halloo! Somebody! The battery in my flashlight has run down along with vocal cords. Help! SOS!!! Oooh...»

Sensei opened his eyes, listening to Eugene’s persistent howling, looked at the contented face of Father John who had settled himself beside Sergey and said seriously:

“Please, take him out of there before he gets totally lost, otherwise we’ll have to search for him for a week.”

Vano smiled, sat up and directed his flashlight towards one of the cave ceiling corners.

“Walk towards the light, my sinful child...”

After a certain time, the guy appeared before us, radiating with a happy smile. And, right on the spot, in jest he played an image of a blind beggar, having stretched his hands forward. He started to bow jokingly and to thank everyone for his “sick” body rescue. And, when he approached the priest, he even fell to his knees and began striking his head against the ground. During one of such bows, “the blind beggar” suddenly “regained his sight” when he saw a breach on his overalls trouser-leg.

“Oops! What a quality, damn it...”

Having covered the hole with his hand, to the accompaniment of the guys’ laughter, he came up to me and asked a thread and a needle as “a one-time compassionate allowance for his suffering person”. Having received what he needed, Eugene moved off to a neighboring dead-end and hid round the corner so as not to confuse anyone with his tailoring. It took him quite a while to seat himself. Then a shadow of the guy laboriously sewing up his trouser-leg appeared on the entrance wall, casted by the flashlight beam. Meanwhile, we started talking on everyday subjects. All of a sudden, Stas asked, “Look! What’s wrong with him?”

Everybody looked towards Eugene’s “workshop”. According to the guy’s shadow, it could be supposed that he was chasing away an enormous hairy spider which was attacking him from above. Muted hoarse sounds were actually

heard from around the corner as if a man was making every effort to fight “the carnivorous insect”. Stas even half rose. Then he smiled and noiselessly sneaked up to the dead-end, being followed by our vigilant stares. He stole a look inside and returned as noiselessly, hardly restraining himself from laugh. It turned out that Eugene was strenuously playing a tragicomedy of a theater of shadows, having converted my terry-tasseled light hat which he had obviously filched from under my nose on the sly while asking the needle and the thread into a huge shadow spider. When Stat told us about such spicy details, we couldn’t further control ourselves and started roaring with laughter, applauding our devoted comedian. Having heard the roar and the applause, Eugene understood his venture was an ignominious failure. Yet, he promptly reacted to the situation and performed a sedate bow of “the spider” and its “tormented victim” in his shadow play.

Everyone enjoyed Eugene’s latest joke so much that the guys began frightening each other with shadows of “revived” cave lions and enormous bears. It did not really matter that those mammals had dwelled thirty or forty thousand years before. The play process itself was surely the main thing for it was exactly the one to create unforgettable impressions in the unfamiliar place.

Our wags livened up. The new entertainment notably added adrenaline into the blood and brightened the time during the march. “Brightened” was just the right word, for our route did not require making any super-efforts. There was no crossing of underground rivers, no overpasses of bottomless pits which some of us had secretly expected. For example, Volodya was carrying water moccasins in his rucksack, assuring Sensei they would obligatory be needed. Stas and Eugene had taken ropes and some rock-climbing equipment, just in case as they had explained. Sensei had decided not to object then, having given up on them all. Now, after having covered quite a long way, the guys apparently came to realize the uselessness of all the lumber they were carrying on their shoulders. Probably, we somehow fortunately outflanked dangerous places in the cave, for our way was mostly, I’d say, quite civilized in a natural version.

We came across “big water” only once. Having passed another muddle of reservoirs, slopes and turns, we squeezed through a narrow fissure winding like an eel and found ourselves on a small platform. It immediately grew damp, and it felt like we had got into a bulk space. Lights of our torches started gliding through the darkness, highlighting immense stalactite amenities. At that moment we were above, on a rock terrace. A magnificent lake with a lacy snow-white mount and stalagmites inside it stretched before us. Seven enormous

snow-white stalagmites located in the middle of the lake, ideally resembling lotus flowers by their shape. If it were not for their tremendous size, one could think those were indeed the natural flowers.

We carefully descended down the stone ledge with peculiar burl-like steps. A barely noticeable path extended along the lake. The staggering beauty of the elegant tracery hall made us slow down notably. How could we really proceed? Perhaps, we would not see anything better on our way. Very likely understanding our mood, Sensei started walking slower, giving us an opportunity to discern the gorgeous ornamentation of the fairy-tale “palace”. From the ceiling, there majestically hung down stalactites shaped like eccentric upturned candelabra. And among those, there overhung bouquets of unfading flowers in a form of enormous racemes of magnificent white lilies. The hall walls were densely studded with original snow-white tassels and pompons, and in some places were covered with a thin layer of white crystals as if with a light veil. And all this charm was sparkling and shimmering with blinding fireworks under the lights of our torches. Everything looked so lacy, delicate, brittle and tender that I involuntarily held my breath, peering at this amazing heavenly spot, ever-flowering for many thousands of years and lovingly guarded by the bowels of the mountains.

Yet, the most striking were stalagmite lotuses with their enormous size and ideal shape. It was impossible to take eyes off their snow-white beauty. Never in my life before I saw such amazing, pure flowers which had been grown from minerals by the nature itself. Judging by delighted exclamations of our group, nearly all of us had similar thoughts about the unusually beautiful vision. The guys simply couldn't believe that this miracle had been created by the nature, so unrealistic it seemed. Nikolai Andreevich said against their doubts, “Indisputably, it's the nature's work! It is likely that these lotuses are sub-aqua formations, accumulated scurf. It's a totally natural process. A thin tiff pellicle arises on the lake surface. Then it accumulated on stalagmites which reach the water level. Adhering to board of the “tubs”, the tiff pellicle gradually increases their height...”

However, even with Nikolai Andreevich's comprehensive explanations and firm scientific interpretation, it was hard to believe such lotus-like beauty with exactly seven flowers had been created by the nature only. Although, who else could have create it, but the nature? Who else could have estimated the direction of dripping so precisely thousands of years in advance, so that

eventually such a miracle could have arisen through thanks to that incessant work?!

Truth to tell, nobody wanted to leave the captivating and charming lotus lake. Yet, Sensei gave us just a little time for the sight-seeing and resolutely moved farther. We surely followed him, not willing to fall behind. At parting, this place gave us one more unexpected surprise. In the direction we were going and aiming the light, some majestic sculptured figures of tremendous accrete stalagmites and protecting the lotus lake.

When we came up closer, we saw that one those situated in the middle and jutting out from the rock looked like the lying Sphinx resembling the one guarding the eternal peace near the Egypt pyramids in Giza. For some reason, its sheer mystical figure attracted attention the most of all “the sculptures”. A weird impression was created that the snow-white Sphinx like a living ghost had half-moved forward from the wall of the enormous cave in order to stare from its height at those who dared to trespass its millennial peace territory.

It simply gave the shivers when our poor beams of light were illuminating the huge Sphinx’s head of about five-meter height. Big icicles of accrete stalactites looking like royal head-dress were coming down from its nape to his shoulders. And on its forehead there towered a snow-white figurine of something like a cobra with a spread-open hood. As for the expression of its “human face”, it wasn’t clear enough, but this only intensified our impression. Such “obscure” mystique of the facial relief was even more attractive, because it gave everyone a chance to mentally finish drawing one’s own imaginary appearance of it. Yet, perhaps, the most impressive on this enigmatic face was its eyes playing with freakish reflections from the light we were directing. Owing to such lighting effect, the entire stalactite-and-stalagmite sculpture was coming to life and really turning into a mighty Guard protecting the centuries-old secrets of its underground world.

Its eyes created an impression on everyone. Our group began to whisper to each other gingerly. Somebody considered there were diamonds on the spot of the eyes, and so the eyes produced such an astonishing brilliance, someone regarded it just as a reflection of light from the natural convexity of the stalactite, and somebody persuaded the rest that such effect could be created only artificially. Only Sensei was keeping calm silence throughout the discussion.

Oddly to say, our way ran straight towards the Sphinx. As we were approaching this natural statue closer and closer, I started feeling even some

slight superstitious fear. Our group passed its stalagmite right forefoot, feeling ourselves like an ant formation. And, once we came up to its left forefoot, all of a sudden we turned into a very narrow and cramped gangway imperceptibly situated between the second and the third “claws”. I suddenly thought that, should I appeared in this cave on my own, I would have hardly had the sense to look for a gangway here, near the statue the appearance of which provoked an unintelligible fear. Possibly because each of the march participants was urged forward by the same thought, everyone endeavored not to fall behind, following one in another’s tracks. Nobody was happy with a prospect of staying face-to-face with the Sphinx the stare of which was not simply frightening, but was rooting to the spot. And, though each of us was swaggering while disputing what the eternal Guard’s eyes were made of, the dispute at bottom was a mere reassurance of our terror in front of the impressive gigantic figure.

When we got through the Sphinx’s forefoot into a more spacious gangway, somebody even recalled a legend about Sphinx, or rather Sphinga from the ancient Greek mythology. She was a winged half-woman and half-lioness who was residing on a cliff near Thebes and set one and the same riddle to all passers-by: “It walks on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three legs in the evening. What is it?” She ate up everyone who didn’t know the answer. Only Oedipus was able to solve the riddle, having responded that it was a human – in childhood, in maturity and in the old age. After that Sphinga threw herself from the cliff... Yet, one thing was to read the legend, sitting at home with a cup of tea in a comfortable arm-chair, and a totally different thing was to revise the legend after a psychological shock when you had just experienced a whole range of emotions during the meeting with a not less mystical stalactite-and-stalagmite Sphinx. Under such circumstances you surely perceived everything completely differently, just as if you were that very passer-by for whom the Sphinx’s riddle remained insoluble and became the reason of his or her death.

If we ponder over this deeper, it has more to do not with Sphinx, but with a person taken by surprise. What does exactly cause such panic fear in us in the face of the unknown? It’s our internal verdancy to such phenomena and our spontaneous thinking which switches on imagination and creating horrifying pictures casted by the Animal nature. And it’s exactly the Animal nature which absorbs our attention and overshadows with forced fear the enormous source of spiritual power capable of surmounting any obstacles in this world. Therefore, a person who is taken by surprise switches on *habitual* dominant in his or her

consciousness. *And, if he or she turns out to be an “ordinary passer-by” having the habitual Animal nature dominant in the consciousness, he or she will suffer the same fate as most people for whom this material life is their sole reality, and for whom death means not only physical, but the “spiritual end” as well. On the other hand, if a spiritual personality would appear in their place, any obstacle seeming irresistible for an “ordinary passer-by” will be just another step towards the eternity for such spiritual personality.*

* * *

After the impressive snow-white hall we plunged into dim, dark gangways and galleries again. Stone became habitual for the eyesight. And again I started looking down more than around. Habit is obviously one of the most distinctive features of the human nature. For how long were we underground? Just for several hours. We experienced so many impressions because of the stone at the beginning of our way – of the panic fear and the feeling of true admiration! And what’s now? Just a little time passed, and everything became habitual again, certainly with the exception of the karst caves where almost every icicle seemed to be a work of art, a fantasy flight of the great painter and sculptor – the Nature. Although I was pretty sure that, should the karst caves be as endless labyrinths as the stone galleries which we were moving along, our imperfect mind would have made even this snow-white beauty habitual. At that, habitualness would have led thinking to the depth of “the unique Ego” over again, and each one of us would have been again pondering over what he or she secretly considered to be the most important.

At Sensei’s head, our group passed several more underground marches. In some place the tunnel became so narrow that we had to grabble again. Nevertheless, the outcome of our efforts exceeded all our expectations. We found ourselves in a sufficiently spacious hall. Although there were neither stalactites nor stalagmites, this room amazed us quite strongly as well. Its surface constituted an oval bottom of a long-ago withered lake in the middle of which there located a strange conglomeration of huge vertical boulders.

Sensei led us down the hall along its left side. Nearly in the middle of a side wall, we discovered stairs which went about three meters up, cut into a rock and ended beside the entrance into a peculiar loggia. As for the Sphinx’s eyes, there had been arguments and doubts whether they were natural or artificial; as for the stairs, nobody doubted at all that some unknown experts had worked

hard on the rock ledge. Sensei proposed to encamp here for a prolonged rest. We started clambering up the stairs which seemed nobody had stepped on for a very long time. At such moments you usually have a strange feeling as if you are coming into contact with an innermost mystery of the unknown past that had been witnessed by these taciturn ancient stones, as if you yourself are a part of this history having flashed by like a shadow in the centuries-old chronicle of this cave.

In “the loggia” there were three long rows of monolithic stone benches shaped like big stairs. Tired, we dropped the rucksacks from our shoulders and happily sprawled out on the benches, stretching our overworked legs.

Yet, we didn’t have to sit long. As soon as the light of our torches slipped around the cave room, we froze open-mouthed with astonishment of the view that had opened up. The boulders which we had regarded as a simple stone conglomeration appeared to be located in a certain pattern in the middle of the hall. At that, the pattern was clearly observable exactly from above, because the tops of the monoliths were as if cut at one and the same height. The priest was the first one to make his supposition with regard to the pattern, “Hem, it looks like an Old Slavic letter “ж” with a crossbar in the middle.”

“Yes, there is indeed such similarity,” Sergey nodded.

““Zhyvitsa”, “zhivite”, “zhivot”...” the priest murmured.

“What you say?” Andrew didn’t get it.

“This is how this letter is called in Cyrillic alphabet,” Father John explained.

“A-a-ah,” the guy drawled.

“More simply, it means “life”,” Nikolai Andreevich concluded.

“In antiquity this letter meant not only life. It was a certain symbol of the World Tree including the two sacraments: Life and Knowledge,” the priest specified.

“Well, sure,” the psychotherapist uttered, “it’s same above and below. Just like Reality (Yav) and Nav.”

“To me it looks like two stone lilies upturned one relative to another,” I noted.

“It resembles a huge insect,” Victor expressed his vision.

While we were guessing, Sensei seemed to pay regard to neither our amazed exclamations nor the general panorama of the boulders. The only thing he seemed to be interested in an opportunity to use the situation for a full-blooded rest. He rubbed his feet with his hands, having performed a short

relaxing massage right through the clothes. Exactly at that moment Victor, keeping his delighted eyes glued on the boulders, asked with astonishment, “Sensei, what is it indeed?”

“Go and look,” Sensei proposed genially, massaging his feet.

Everyone liked such idea. Our group simultaneously descended, having left our leader to rest. Having taken a fairly big doze of adrenalin while observing the magnificent view, we totally forgot our tiredness and began wandering around the hall, scrutinizing its main object of note with mute bewilderment. The two-meter monoliths were located in a certain sequence one after another. Nearly equal gangway spaces were situated between them. Only the gangways between some of them located in the middle were little different in space. The boulders neatly worked up, almost to smoothness. Eugene reached for the chamfered top and touched it with his hands.

“So?” Volodya who was standing near asked him.

“Smooth as if it’s polished... The only thing is there’s plenty of dust,” the guy shook off his hands and grinned. “What I can tell you with a hundred-percent confidence is that “cleaners” have obviously attended this place quite a long time ago.”

“Yeeah,” the doctor said thoughtfully, examining the boulders. “How much labor and knowledge have been invested to create such thing! Knowing just geometry is certainly not enough for such construction.”

“It’s likely that the one who constructed this possessed a remarkable artistic talent, too,” Vano echoed, having entered the very center of the boulder accumulation where there was a peculiar internal passage between the two longitudinal halves of the letter “ж”.

We rushed towards him, squeezing between the stone blocks. Enigmatical symbols, hieroglyphs, ornaments and an unusual carved relief appeared before us in the light of the torches. Stiffened with astonishment, with our mouths open, our company started examining the neighboring monoliths. Many of them were written upon, but not all. As it seemed to me, no special sequence of the filled-up and empty boulders was observed.

“It’s a true fount of mathematical codes,” Sergey noted, scrutinizing the drawings.

“Why do you think so?” Vano asked, putting his hands together behind his back as if he was a rector questioning a student.

“Look. Do you see the seriated equal number of wedges? Here, and here... And on this column, there are more of these. There is obviously a semantic load

of mathematical kind... The only task remaining,” Sergey grinned, “is to learn the key.”

“Hem, as Polish mathematician Hugo Steinhaus said: “Mathematics mediates between the spirit and the matter”,” Father John remarked efficiently, at that having pronounced the quotation author’s name with great difficulty.

“Interesting, interesting,” Nikolai Andreevich mumbled delightedly, solicitously stroking the embossed relief with his hand. “If it’s indeed a mathematical code, then... It’s a marvelous idea to create a message not attached to any specific time. Yet, at the same time any rational being can read it, if such being can apply the basics of mathematical calculations...”

Their intriguing conversation automatically compelled our attention to the drawings. Of course, I saw nothing mathematical in particular there. There were seriated symbols, but they told me nothing. Images and reliefs appeared to be much more interesting to me. It seemed that the inventiveness of people who had been drawn them on the stone surface had no bounds. There were spires and triangles; there were wavy coil lines interlacing with each other; there were furrows resembling a giant fingerprint; there were also concentric circles, intricate figures and incomprehensible hieroglyphs. At that, interestingly enough, some monoliths were as if solitary in their joint picture, while the others, vice versa, represented only a part of the general big picture the extension of the relief of ornament of which was visually seen on the neighboring blocks. Still in some places, especially where the monoliths formed a turning angle, the picture extension was on the boulder located through the empty monolith.

The influence of this place upon us was quite interesting, too. Without any mutual agreement, we walked from monolith to monolith one after the other as if being afraid of falling behind or shooting ahead, though it was actually impossible to get lost there, and though our guys usually didn’t display their fear even when they felt it. But now... Only Valera, Sergey and Vano were wandering around the monoliths on their own, examining the drawings. Meanwhile, the rest of us were following Nikolai Andreevich as if he was a guide on a tour, without even noticing that.

Having glanced over the walls of this original complex, with an evident sense of relief, we started to clamber up the stairs back to Sensei. Well, being under such an avalanche of impressions from the monoliths, we surely couldn’t refrain from inquiries. Having taken sits on the stone benches, we simply

bombarded Sensei with questions, but he just replying with jokes and laughing at our emotional outbreak.

“Sensei, how did you come across this cave?” Andrew wondered.

“And what are those symbols drawn on the boulders?” Victor asked.

“Who has worked up the stones so neatly?” Father John archly showed his interest.

“Yet, truly, what is this strange bunker?” Eugene tried to discover, gazing around.

“Well, it’s nothing,” Sensei waved his hand. “Just a room for rabbits.”

“In what sense?” Andrew didn’t get it. “Were they breeding rabbits here?”

“Well, something like this,” Sensei answered evasively, laughing together with everybody else.

“Aha, now you’ll tell,” Father John muttered quizzically.

We were teasing Sensei with our endless questions for about ten minutes, but he was just laughing off like a steadfast tin soldier. And, since we never succeeded in getting any clear answers from him, our intellectual “heavy-weights” plunged into a fight of reasoning and guessing.

“It is undoubtedly quite an old structure,” Nikolai Andreevich began to put forward his version. “It looks like an ancient religious complex.”

“And who, do you think, built it?” Volodya wondered.

“Well, Crimea is one of the most ancient settlement regions,” Nikolai Andreevich shrugged his shoulders. “People from Eastern Europe lived here from the earliest times. As I remember, Crimea was inhabited by Cimmerians from the end of the second millennium B.C. In the first millennium B.C., there lived Tavrs, later – Scythians. And then numerous nations were here including Greeks, Romans, Goths, Huns, Armenians, and also descendants of Alans, Pechenegs, Mongols...”

“What about Russians?” Andrew couldn’t resist asking, listening to that list.

“And Russians, too, when Crimea got under Russia’s patronage in 1774,” Nikolai Andreevich paused and returned to the subject of his interest again, “However, any of the listed people could hardly build all this. It seems to me that this complex is much more ancient...”

“I agree,” Father John nodded and looked at Sensei expectantly.

But the latter kept imperturbable silence, patently enjoying the spontaneously opened discussion.

“H’m, much more ancient?” Sergey repeated and grinned. “Much more ancient means Neanderthal men already.”

“Aha, in the Stone Age!” Volodya uttered with laughter.

“Why not?” Vano picked up the idea and earnestly began to develop it, “everything is possible. Neanderthal men were special people. I’ve recently heard a version that we are not their descendants, because it was a separate dead-end branch of the human kind. They have found some serious differences in genes. To cut a long story short, they are related to our homo sapiens kind as cousins. They did have some culture though. They were familiar with fire. By the way, they lived in caves, and they were quite skilled in stone processing. The processing technique was very special, not like the one the homo sapiens had... And, generally, Neanderthal men inhabited Europe,” the priest put forward the main supporting argument for his witty hypothesis. “It was their Motherland.”

“Hello!” Eugene uttered in an ironically claiming manner, “Where did the homo sapiens hatch in such case?!”

“Well, I don’t know the *hatching* place of the ancestors of some “most talented” sapiens who still dirty the earth with their terrible mutation,” Father John said with a smirk, accenting on the word “hatching”. “So far, the nature conceals the genuine story of that dreadful experiment. Yet, Africa is considered to be the homo sapiens motherland.”

“Africa?!” Eugene asked in bewilderment as if it was unexpected news for him, and burst out laughing right on the spot, “There you are! Bananas to all of you! It turns out we are Negroes!”

“Well, somebody is “Negro”, while somebody’s a “homo sapiens”,” Father John uttered archly and, looking at the guy’s dirty face, he added, “As a matter of fact, I’d kindly ask you not to unite the mass with your swarthy relic individuality.”

We laughed in unison at one more clownery of our humorists and, once those two became silent, we directed our gazes on the stone complex again.

“Yeah, in order to build something like this, an efficient labor organization is needed along with the appropriate machinery and equipment for procession and installation of these blocks,” Nikolai Andreevich repeated his assumption. “All this certainly requires possession of a serious knowledge, first of all in the fields of geometry, mathematics,” while listing the sciences, Nikolai Andreevich started to tick off on his fingers diligently, “and, probably, of astronomy...”

“Physics,” Sensei added in the same manner as if helping the doctor with listing.

And, given it was the only Sensei’s serious word amidst his jokes, everybody looked at him with interest. The general attention made Sensei fall silent, but, since he had no place to hide as the saying went, the word had been already pronounced. Yet, instead of explanations, Sensei glanced at Vano and asked jesting, “Would you like to experience a local practical joke?”

“With pleasure,” the priest willingly agreed.

“Go there,” Sensei directed his flashlight to where we had entered the cave from. “Do you see those hollows in the wall? Use them to clamber up to the niche which is not seen from here though.”

“And what will happen?”

“You’ll see.”

Vano looked at his friend with distrust, apparently trying to guess some dirty trick and, to be on the safe side, warned with a smile, “Well, remember I’ve trusted you, child!”

He walked in the indicated direction. We started curiously watching him and his subsequent, quite adroit climbing on the steep wall. And then some of us (Eugene, Stas, Andrew and I) even went down to see where the priest had climbed, because from the loggia we could see only the overhanging part of the rock behind which Vano disappeared. It turned out that he had clambered nearly to the cave vault and got into quite a roomy niche made in a wide balcony form. When we came up closer, Father John was already examining it using his flashlight. Having obviously found nothing particularly notable, he shrugged his shoulders. Leaning against the stone “balustrade”, Vano looked at us from above and asked loudly so that Sensei could hear him, “Well, what’s the point?!”

A roaring echo resounded all over the cave so as if someone had given Vano a high-powered microphone and switched it on at full capacity. We automatically gave a start, and Eugene even jumped aside and bent down as if hiding from an explosion.

“Oh, my God! The end of the world has arrived! The priest’s voice has come through...”

Vano was surprised at such acoustical effect himself and exclaimed, “Oho-ho-ho-ho!”

The echo mightily swept around the hall and made Eugene cover his ears in horror at all.

“Let’s leave this place before he makes us deaf,” the guy proposed with laughter.

It’s noteworthy that on our way back we distinctly heard not just the priest’s warming-up for signing, but his quiet talk with himself as well. All sounds from that place excellently resounded all over the cave.

Having returned, Eugene promptly asked, “Sensei, have you turned the priest’s into Gelsomino?” We laughed, recalling “The Magic Voice of Gelsomino” – the movie of our childhood. Meanwhile, the guy continued, smiling, “He has been quite annoying for some descent people anyway, and now he’ll be able to outdo anyone just with his decibels.”

We settled down comfortably in “the loggia”, having stretched our work-weary legs with unconcealed felicity. The accumulated tiredness was prevailing. After so many kilometers of walking on foot, even a stone seemed to be softer than a feather bed to me. In the meantime, Father John was delightedly mumbling at his balcony, “This is the true acoustics! Splendid! I wish I had such acoustical effect in my little church...”

And then he repeated louder, “Do you hear, Sensei? I say, I wish I had such acoustics...”

In Sensei’s place, Sergey shouted, “We hear you very well! Just don’t shout, please, for we’ve already become deaf.”

“Really?” Vano was amazed. “This is the true acoustics, indeed...”

He cleaned out his voice again and tried various volumes. Having adapted himself to an optimal sound intensity which he obviously liked the most, Vano uttered in a priest manner, “Glory to be Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit, now and forever, and forever more. A-a-me-en...”

His voice spread around the hall, filling up the space with its solemn phonation. The priest got silent for a while, apparently listening to the echo, and, being patently satisfied with it, began reciting the prayer to the Holy Spirit, “Heavenly Father, Consoler, the Soul of the Truth, be everywhere and perform everything, the Treasure of all good and the Bearer of life, come and fill us, and purify us from any filth, and save our souls.”

The prayer tone resounding around the hall produced a really staggering effect. Mighty vibrations of Father John’s voice ringing out from the darkness even gave the shivers. The sound generated an internal inspiration, penetrated the very depth of the soul, as if making every cell of the body vibrate in harmony with it. When Father John finished reciting the prayer, an absolute silence set in owing to which the last prayer words echoed inside the

consciousness, accurately repeating the priest's voice timbre. We were sitting enchanted and motionless, enjoying the amazing sound effect. Meanwhile, the priest got so excited that he began to conduct a whole religious service. He changed the intonation and gradually switched to low, monotonous prayer singing. His voice became velvet, soft and sedative. I closed my eyes, and a light overcame my consciousness.

* * *

"Excellent acoustics!" the priest couldn't help admiring, when he finally came down from his "sound" balcony.

"Oh, it's not the most interesting thing possible," Sensei said inscrutably, glanced at his watch and then added, "All right, so be it. Would you like another hocus-pocus?"

We began to nod.

"But, in such case, everybody will have to do some work in order to make everything operational," Sensei noted in advance, rousing our curiosity still more.

Without disclosing what it was all about, Sensei took out a long soft rag from his haversack, tore it to shreds and handed over to each of us. Keeping the secret of the forthcoming "hocus-pocus", he led our group to "action stations" as he jokingly called them.

"So, whom are we going to fight against with such an awesome weapon?" Eugene asked with laughter.

"Against Lady Dust," Sensei answered with a smile. "You've been the one to complain there were no "cleaners" here for a long time."

"Me?!" Eugene resented feignedly. "I've said it with no serious implication. For, what is dust in fact?! It's a decoration of the hoary antiquity. It's a valuable part of the rich past of this cave..."

Eugene started expounding the entire life epic of a speckle of dust and telling about the speckle's "immunity in its old age in this sacred cave", and Volodya smilingly gave a brief resume of his ardent speech, "A human being is capable of inventing anything if only not to work."

We thought a vast work would now start on cleaning the complex from the dust. However, contrary to our expectations, Sensei did not lead us to the monoliths, but instead posted us from the right and the left sides of the oval hall relative to the stairs, having given the assignment to thoroughly wipe the spots

on the stone he indicated. And, while the other guys got the spots on the walls, Volodya and I got strange hollows located between the stairs leading to “the loggia”. We set to clean the indicated spots strenuously. The spots constituted flat, round hollows, each shaped like a tray one edge of which was slightly sunken into the rock on a certain angle. Once I started removing the dust and dirt layer from the assigned area, I discovered thereunder a smoothly polished crystal resembling rock crystal. Volodya and rest of the guys discovered the same thing. All the crystals looking somewhat like motor-vehicle headlights were of different sizes and were built into the cave walls at various heights and on various angles. As we were removing the dirt from them, illuminating the area with our torches, the cave hall started to revive in a shadow-and-light play. Delighted, we were gazing around and thinking it was exactly the hocus-pocus promised by Sensei. In the meantime, having taken a sit on the stairs, Sensei was busying himself with some two strange items, rubbing dust off their tiny parts and attempting to regulate something in them. When Sensei finished his work and lit their “wicks” with his cigarette lighter, I understood those were the two, apparently ancient, quite unusual lamps which created an unnatural luminescence.

“Oh, surprisingly, they still work,” he wondered to himself, having checked and then put out the ancient “lamps”.

Once we handled our assignment, Sensei invited us to take sits in “the loggia” and charged Eugene to collect the duster shreds. The latter assumed a mask of a strict inspector, or rather of an over-the-hill lady inspector, and, mumbling funny monologs, started to collect the shreds from us as he was collecting tickets at the entrance to a summer cinema.

Sensei placed Volodya near one of the crystals situate in the right wall not far from the cave entrance. First, he helped him to direct the flashlight to the crystal at a certain angle. A phenomenal optical effect appeared before our eyes. The light reflected several times from the mirror-like crystals, passed through the monoliths complex and... At the opposite stone wall on the right, there appeared two shadows looking like human figures with peculiar environmental helmets on their heads. Besides the figures, behind them, there could be seen a landscape with sea, mountains and some heavenly body hanging above them which was either a moon *луна* or a sun, or, more precisely, a circle bright on the inside. A murmur of amazement resounded among us.

“Who are these? Divers?” Andrew wondered.

“Why necessarily divers?” Victor echoed. “Maybe, cosmonauts...”

“Exactly, these are cosmo-divers!” Eugene nodded his approval.

Meanwhile, Sensei stationed Stas near the wall opposite to the one where Volodya was standing. When Sensei had adjusted the light angle of Stas’s flashlight and directed it to another crystal, the light again slid around the cave in its numerous reflections and added the volumetric highlight of the monoliths complex. And suddenly, on the “screen” to the left, there appeared an immense shadow of a pangolin-dinosaur. However, the most interesting thing was that there were already four big circles hanging above its head, and several smaller, not so clear circles were behind them.

At Sensei’s request, we put out our flashlights. He lit “the wick” of the ancient “lamp” again and replaced Stas’s flashlight with it. The dinosaur shadow became indistinct, but Sensei probably adjusted the light angle somehow, for soon the shadow not simply regained clearness, but became as if alive. The dinosaur’s movements were so real as if it was indeed present in the cave. Once Sensei adjusted Volodya’s light in the same way, having replaced his flashlight with an ancient “lamp”, the helmeted figures on “the screen” also came to life. They seemed to be discussing something regarding the dinosaur and the circle objects in “the sky”. Here we surely regretted there was no sound, although, as soon as we overcame the first shock of what we saw, Eugene successfully filled this gap and promptly invented a funny story about the big walking shish kebab. To that, Father John remarked on Eugene’s account that “”На что отец Иоанн заметил по поводу Женьки, мол, «it’s impossible to throw a shawl over a dirty mouth”.

Sensei joined us, having taken a sit between Nikolai Andreevich and Vano.

“Well, how do you like the hocus-pocus?”

“It’s cool!” Victor answered for everybody.

“It’s quite entertaining,” the priest nodded assent. “Is such a live illusion indeed created of the “wick” fire twinkling? It’s even hard to believe.”

“Yeah, it’s not a simple circuit of wave optics,” Sergey added, estimating the way of light movement and reflection.

“What else have you expected?” Sensei uttered contentedly. “The hoary antiquity was not as primitive as some people think...”

He looked askance at Father John. The latter smiled.

“The hoary antiquity, you say... Well, how hoary was it?”

“If I tell you, you won’t believe anyway,” Sensei waved his hand, grinning. “So, let’s not, as they say, spoil the air with numbers. The essence is the main thing. And the essence is in front of your eyes.”

We watched the live picture on “the screen” silently for a while.

“The light and dark game is the eternal subject,” Nikolai Andreevich noted “the essence” philosophically. “The ancients believed that the visible world had been formed from an amalgamation of the two natures opposing each other – the light and the dark, the good and the evil.”

“It may be said so as well,” Sensei agreed. “The first one, i.e. the light gives birth to a human soul, the second one, i.e. the shadow gives birth to a human body. When the imprisoned light is released, the end of the world will ensue.”

“What are those circles above?” Volodya wondered.

“It’s a reminder and a warning for the descendants about what has been and what will be.”

“And what exactly has been and will be?”

“Well, everything just as always. The end and the beginning. Destruction preceding the world renewal.”

“And what do the five circles have to do with it?” Nikolai Andreevich didn’t get it.

“A simultaneous appearance of several luminaries in the sky, like you see there, above the dinosaur, means the beginning of the end, the destruction of the world which has become obsolete, whereas the single aloof “sun” means the beginning of a renewed life.”

“It’s an interesting interpretation of the symbols. I’ve never heard anything like this before,” Nikolai Andreevich confessed.

“Oh, come on! It’s as old as the world,” Sensei replied to him. “There are plenty of legends about it in the East. Take the buddhistic ones at least. They clearly tell that the world destruction ensues in consequence of the world capture by the fire. “...When the seven suns rise one after the other, the spring waters dry up, and the fire becomes dominating in the world even on the inside. Life ensues when the fire abandons this world and moves to the other world...” And there are such knowledge not only the East. This information is fixed in the memory of nations on most of the continents. For example, the maya had a legend about the five suns. It stated: “The sun had been given to people four times. However, the time had gone by, but people hadn’t changed: they hadn’t become better, and their vices hadn’t decreased. So, the gods decided to destroy

people. But one of the gods, loving people more than all of them, decided to give people the last chance. He jumped into the fire and turned into the fifth sun which started shining for people and giving them life”.”

“The fifth sun?” Sergey uttered. “Is it the one we live under? Well, truly, given the maya calendar finishes in the year 2012... we do have something to ponder over, indeed.”

“It’s just as they say: “Everything is not as bad as you think. In reality, it’s much worse”,” Father John commented as an afterword.

Sensei grinned again and said skeptically, “Well, you are interpreting everything too tragically. Some people, for instance, consider all this to be mere “groundless legends”.”

The men smiled, but didn’t reply anything. For some time, our company was sitting tacitly.

“And who are these guys?” Sergey asked, alluding to the “cosmo-divers”.

“Oh, these are very tough fellows,” Sensei looked at his watch again. “But I’ll tell about them some other time... Well, too much of a good thing, ha? Time to finish... Volodya, Stas, put out the lights.”

We switched on our flashlights and started preparing. A “total void” set in inside our heads because of the befalling wave of impressions and the information excess. We needed time “to look into it all and to sort it all out” as Nikolai Andreevich used to say. We put our rucksacks on and followed Sensei farther along the left wall, round the rock ledge. It turned out there was another gangway behind it.

This quite comfortable and wide gangway somewhat narrowed, creating a round hole of about two meters across diameter, and then it widened again. There was nothing usual on the face of it. It just was one of ordinary gangways which we had already come across many times on our way. Sensei passed through it easily. Valera who was following him passed through without any difficulty as well. As for the others including Volodya, Victor, Vano, they obviously braked near the narrow hole, creating a traffic jam. Suddenly, a strange confusion started among our little group. All of a sudden and without any reason, the guys began expressing a wish to stay in this cave and to examine everything in more detail. There was no need to hurry, they said, for there would hardly be another chance to see anything like that. Victor proposed to have a long rest here and to have a snack, too. Eugene actively supported him, saying that his bowels had been cocking big snooks at each other for a already a long time, and so his stomach manifested its utter discontent in the form of

continuous rumbling. Even Father John who had been having a dig at Eugene's fortitude the whole way through, surprisingly agreed with him, though motivating the stop with the necessity to examine the cave points of interest more thoroughly.

While the guys were inducing Sensei and stepped aside from the ring gangway, I acted vice versa and hurried towards it, not intending to remain behind. What rest were they talking about if we'd had enough of it already? Yet, once I approached the ring, I suddenly felt an intensification of some inexplicable fear. Something there inside me seemed to be restraining, impeding me, evidently not willing to cross this verge. In this unintelligible fright, I moved back a little, having felt a substantial relief straight away. Having summoned all the remains of my will, I resolutely approached the ring again, firmly intending to overstep it. And again I felt that unspeakable panic fear which besides intensified several times. I moved back again, being unable to comprehend what was exactly wrong with me.

Observing our stupor and listening to utterances of the guys who had got upset so suddenly, Sensei ordinarily stepped over the ring and started supporting their spirit with his untiring humor. At that, he approvingly clapped Sergey, Nikolai Andreevich and me on the back. As for myself, it seemed to me he had clapped me just because I accidentally had happened to be close at that moment. Sensei's clapping hit me somewhere around my scapulas. And, all of a sudden, I felt an unusual surge of strength. I got so easy as if I'd completely lost all my fears. A feeling of incredible freedom seized me, as though no barriers existed in front of me, as though an omnipotent power had awaked in me. I heard Sensei's quiet voice in my ear, "Come on, do it..."

I directed my look towards the impassible ring and, while the guys continued persuading Sensei to stay, I rammed with some perseverance. To my greatest surprise, this time I easily passed through the ring as there had never been that invisible insurmountable barrier which had barred my way in my own mind. Moreover, I could even descry the ring gangway, having illumined it with my flashlight. It was an ideally even circle of an evidently artificial origin. It seemed like somebody had superimposed the ring into the rock in some incomprehensible way, and then had extracted it, having left an ideally smooth, as if fused gutter of thirty-five to forty centimeters in width. After the circle, an ordinary tunnel widening followed.

Once I had overstepped the ring gutter, my mood significantly improved. But the main thing was that I felt myself so fresh and vigorous as if there had

not been those many hours of wearisome track around the underground caves behind me at all. I approached Valera who was waiting for Sensei. Soon, Sergey, Nikolai Andreevich and Sensei himself joined us in the same good cheer. As for the rest, they decided to wait in the cave for our return with “greatest pleasure” as Eugene said. Almost immediately, they went to the hall farther from the ill-fated gangway. Sensei smiled, jokingly reproved them for having lazy bodies and ultimately said, “Well, then, wait for us here. We’ll be back some time.”

While we were walking along the tunnel, the internal freedom feeling which had appeared after I had passed the ring, started to vanish insensibly. Analyzing everything that had recently happened, I began to roll it in my mind in the smallest details, recalling what exactly had preceded it. I was curious whether I’d been the only one to experience such strange changes in the mood. Nikolai Andreevich was trailing, walking behind me, and so I decided to share my observations with him. It turned out that he had experienced the same mixture of opposite sensations, feeling fear, then inspiration and burst of vigor. The doctor made a supposition that we had probably passed through some force field happened to be around the ring.

The tunnel began to ramify. Shortly after, we found ourselves in an intricate labyrinth much resembling cheese with many passages which were all alike. We started facing very uncomfortable gangways on our way which only one person was able to pass, zigzagging between rock crevices. At that, as soon as we got out from there onto a solitary patch, we faced a new surprise – several narrow passages of the same kind. There we had to make our way with the help of a rope connecting us together in a sole chain with Sensei. It was very easy to get entangled in those manholes and to turn in a wrong direction without such a security measure. I thought how horrible would be to get lost in such labyrinths. One could perish there not just because of the multiplicity of deadlock ends, but because of one’s panic thoughts themselves. My Animal nature seemed to be constantly watching for a convenient moment to play me a dirty trick. And, although I was trying hard to resist such thoughts, a slight fear automatically crept over me when we were passing difficult and intricate areas. Truth to say, when we later successfully got out of the labyrinth, I felt not only significant relief, but even some amazement on account of my fear. What I had been afraid of, as a matter of fact? Sensei and other men were always alongside. By the way, Sensei was walking along the passages quite confidently, and it looked like he had been there more than once.

We entered another gallery of caves. A hardly noticeable path was bending round a heavily protruding rock ledge of a quaint shape. I thought our unknown way was lying farther, however Sensei suddenly stopped. Having asked us to wait a little, he illuminated the rock formation with his flashlight, then he climbed up its slope and disappeared behind a big boulder. In a minute, from there resounded a strange noise resembling turning of a heavy stone. A click was heard next, and a rhythmical hum followed, having lasted for several second. Sensei appeared from around the boulder again and asked us to come, illuminating the path where it was the best to climb up the rock.

When we reached Sensei and passed round the boulder, we saw an open vertical manhole having a form of a hatch. There were even stone stairs seen inside it, stretching deep down to the pitch darkness. We started carefully descending one by one to the abyss of this stone well. I was already doing everything almost automatically. Where were we going? Why were we going? Such questions were losing any sense. Just some internal work was taking place, aimed at our moral and physical endurance.

After several meters, the vertical manhole fluently turned into horizontal. It was narrow, but later began to widen noticeably. However, we still had to move on all fours. Sergey and Nikolai Andreevich already started joking regarding our interminable crawl down the shaft, telling corresponding anecdotes and thus digressing from heavy physical work. Their jokes made it much funnier for all the rest to descend as well. Having emerged from around the next turn seemingly to the “homestretch”, we saw daylight in front.

“Oh!” Sergey grinned. “Have we passed throughout the mountain? I thought we were crawling to the heart of the bowels.”

We laughed at such an unexpected finish of our adventures and redoubled our efforts for the final dash. The manhole was further widening as we were approaching the daylight. Finally, being able to go up straight, we walked towards the light. However, once he reached the “daylight” source, we had nothing to do, but to stop dead and to forget everything in this world including our long hard travel and overworked, tired muscles. We froze in dumb wonder, not expecting and even not assuming that destiny would ever give us a chance to see such a delightful miracle.

There was a vast hall in front of us, resembling a sphere half. Its walls looked like monolithic black glass which was so smooth as if someone had fused it. Yet, the most staggering was a gorgeous snow-white temple made in a form of a blossoming-out lotus flower which was situated in the middle of the

black hall. The temple was about twelve meters across diameter and about seven meters high. It had been made of a stone looking like white marble, but that marble was somewhat unnatural, semi-transparent.

The temple was placed in the middle of a tremendous monad which decorated the floor. All the hieroglyphs and complex patterns of the monad were graven so clearly and exquisitely that I got imbued with unintentional respect to those who had performed such a complicated work. By the way, the floor was also made of some not simple material same as the walls. At that, no sharp edge in hieroglyphs or patterns was seen. Everything was smoothly orbed as if burnt. The intricate hieroglyphs were as skillfully made, having been graven above a wide arched gangway which we went into.

The marvelous combination of contrasting black and white colors created an extraordinary harmony of the room. Still, the most stunning was the daylight which seemed to be coming from the interior of the temple. The light was so tender, soft and pleasant it automatically generated some blissful, sedative state of pacification and all-embracing joy.

There was a semicircular entrance in the temple inside which there was seen a white partition screening the farther view. This secretive entrance into the luminous temple attracted our attention most of all.

“Well, have you come to your senses?” Sensei asked merrily and, not waiting for our answer, he said, “In such a case, let’s go farther.”

We rushed to the temple entrance simultaneously without any mutual agreement.

“Hey, fellows, where are you heading?” Sensei stopped us with a smile. “We are going another way.”

Contrary to our expectations, he led us to an enormous ring of the monad around the temple. We could not take our eyes off such a grandiose work and its delicate beauty. The light emanating from the temple was diurnal light which didn’t blind, but was bright enough to illuminate everything around. And, what was most remarkable, there were no shadows cast neither by our bodies nor by the temple. I moved my hand in the air trying to cast a shadow on the wall, but in vain. Furthermore, in some unintelligible way my hand was well illumined from both of its sides. Even when I brought my two palms together, I saw the same soft light between them instead of a shadow.

On the other side of the hall there was exactly the same arched exit, but with different hieroglyphs on its sides. To our greatest surprise, on the reverse

side of the temple there was also another entrance. However, except the same white partition, we saw nothing else there, too.

We left this extraordinary place through the second arc and found ourselves in a cave tunnel. At that, we passed just several more meters and a few turns. My curiosity increased, for, given we had walked by such a magnificent temple, it meant a more staggering sight was waiting for us ahead. Yet, our little group entered just a small room neatly carved and finished with the same black material as the hall walls. On the left and on the right of the room walls, there were located two big white circles having a form of convex semi-transparent shields. To my delight, in the middle of the room, a little farther in its hollow, on a stone pedestal there rested a horse skull with a horn on its forehead, behind which there was a peculiar niche neatly carved in the wall.

“Oh, my!” Sergey uttered, once we entered the room. “Have unicorns really existed?”

“Who told you this?!” Sensei grinned. “It’s a myth!”

“And what is it?”

“Oh, this...” it seemed to me that Sensei casted a warm, kind look at the skull. However, hereon he pronounced the words which were totally contrary to his state of mind, though having a note of humor. “Don’t pay attention. It’s a Chernobyl mutation.”

Everyone looked at Sensei in bewilderment. He smiled.

“I’m joking, I’m joking... It’s just a forgery!”

Sergey attentively looked at the skull, shining it from all sides, and then hemmed to himself, “Aha, “a forgery”, sure...”

“Better look here,” Sensei proposed, calling his attention to a white, slightly convex shield of some three meters across diameter which was built into the wall.

Once Sensei directed his torch light to its center, the shield began shining from within, illuminating the room with a soft light. But, as soon as Sensei directed the beam away, the light softly went out, having immersed the room into its initial state.

“Great,” Sergey responded. “And, if we shine there, will the effect be the same?”

And he pointed at the shield built into the opposite wall.

“Yes.”

We experimented on the light play on the second shield as well, and then on the two shields together as though we were a group of primitive people who were first shown a switch, and they were clicking it by turns, wondering at such a “miracle”.

“As I understand, the ultimate aim of our journey is already close?” Sergey asked Sensei quietly, while Valera and I were watching Nikolai Andreevich’s light experiments.

“Yes. Right behind this shield,” Sensei pointed at the left shield.

Sensei tried to undo the knot on his haversack.

“Is it a safe?”

“Well, something like this. It’s an Entrance.”

“An entrance?” Sergey looked at shield with curiosity. “Is there an entrance there, too?”

He alluded at the second shield.

“Yes. Yet, I wouldn’t advise a single living creature to get there.”

“I see. What do we need to do to get inside *here*?”

Sensei glanced at him, slightly squinted and proposed, smiling, “Think about it.”

We got also interested in Sensei’s proposition to open the left shield. While Valera and I were maintaining full illumination in the room, Sergey and Nikolai Andreevich started looking for a mechanism setting the shield in motion. They felt the wall and the shield itself all over. Sergey even tapped the shield around. Everything was smooth. There were no ledges, stone blocks or anything of that sort. The shield seemed to be soldered in the wall. Only a thin rim made of the same white material fringed with it. Sergey stopped in front of the shield thoughtfully, having folded his arms. Then he rubbed his chin, glanced back, and suddenly it dawned upon him.

“The skull should be moved!”

“Don’t touch the antique rarity!” Sensei stood up for the skull, grinning. “It has nothing to do with all this.”

“Really? Well, in such a case I don’t know what to do. In my opinion, plastid would be the best picklock for this safe.”

“Useless,” Sensei said, toiling at the unyielding haversack knot. “This material is neutral to any chemical or mechanical impacts... It was produced at the absolute zero. The mixture included certain ingredients owing to which the substance became quite fluid. That allowed casting any forms of it. The substance preserved plasticity after congelation for a while. It was totally

possible to complete its processing. Yet, after the final crystallization, the substance became extremely solid. One might say its solidity has no match. And its durability is very high, too.”

“How high is it?” Nikolai Andreevich wondered.

“Well, for example,” Sensei glanced at his boots, “if we would apply just one micron of this material on the sole, say, on the heels as the most vulnerable spot on your boots, you would be able to wear these boots your entire life without getting a single scratch on them.”

“Nice stuff!” Nikolai Andreevich appraised it thriftily, being astonished.

“It’s a dream for a military man,” Sergey mentioned in his turn, flapping on the shield, and then he asked perplexedly, looking at Sensei, “But how is it possible to open it?”

Sensei smiled inscrutably and said still more intriguingly, hard to tell whether in jest or seriously, “You see, it’s not some hoary antiquity of this civilization. These are the high technologies of the previous civilization...”

Having undone the knot at last, he took out a strange small item from his haversack. The item was shaped as a fountain pen, but later it turned out to be a miniature flashlight with high capacity though. He gently drilled it on its axis, and, as soon as the flashlight kindled, he passed it to Valera, “Hold it, please!”

Afterwards Sensei pulled a piece of cloth and a rag sac out his haversack. He neatly spread out the cloth on the floor and shook out the sac contents onto it. Figured plates made of a silvery metal fell down therefrom.

“What is it, platinum?” Sergey wondered, having picked up one of those and fiddled with it.

“No, it’s much more valuable,” Sensei answered, having started to put the figures together into a sole item. “Don’t puzzle over it. So far, there is no such metal in the periodic table you know...”

Having assembled an item of some unusual configuration which somewhat resembled an improper indented circle, Sensei stood up and placed it against the center of the shield.

“Valera, please, direct the light right here,” he pointed at one of the figured holes in the item.

Valera complied with his request, having directed the beam of his flashlight onto the indicated spot, but nothing happened.

“H’m,” Sensei removed the item from the shield and fiddled with it as if computing something in his mind; then he remembered and enthusiastically said, “Aha-a, wrong... Valera, direct the light here, please!”

Sensei turned over the silvery form and rested it against the shield otherwise, having showed where the beam was to be directed. And, as soon as the light hit the indicated hole, the entire silvery metal got as if filled with radiance from within, and a bright luminescence blazed up in all its indented configurations. Thereafter, a dull sound was heard as though a locomotive had let out the steam, and the shield slightly opened, having separated from the wall a little. We rushed towards it, but Sensei stopped us and asked everybody to enter a niche which was located behind the pedestal holding the skull. In the meantime, while opening the shield door, he quickly covered his nose and mouth with a handkerchief and ran off. While the door was opening, it was deviating towards us.

“It has to refresh there,” he explained to us, folding up the handkerchief.

Strange enough, I felt no special smell and even no stuffiness. I thought: “What if there is a dangerous gas there? In such a case, why haven’t we left the room at all instead of standing behind the pedestal like a small group of idiots? This way we can soon join this horse skull for many long centuries”. Nevertheless, Sensei was behaving easily enough as if nothing terrible had happened. In ten about minutes he declared, “Well, now the capsule is ready to receive guests.”

“Why do you call it a capsule?” I wondered.

“Because it is the capsule,” Sensei uttered with a smile. “Even if the entire Earth explodes, only the capsules will remain.”

We left our peculiar shelter and headed for the room, now cautiously following Sensei in order to avoid other unforeseen surprises. We put our flashlights out almost immediately because there was sufficient light inside. The room proved to be rather small, skillfully finished with the same material as the temple. On its two opposite walls, there towered quaint incrustations shaped as glowing white bumps which were obviously the ones to create such a bright illumination. One of the walls was made in the form of a long white cupboard with open cells. They were holding numerous ancient rolls, papyruses, small amphoras with mysterious drawings on them and many more other strange items. Sensei entered the room habitually and, not paying any attention to the items, made his way straight towards the cell where a dark little cylinder was lying. He opened it carefully, gently took out an ancient parchment sheet from there, glanced over the text on it, then put it back into inside with the same neatness and covered it with the cylinder lid. All of a sudden, Sensei handed this intricate item over to me.

“Here, take it. This is what you have asked for.”

“Me?!” my person was ineffably astonished.

I started to rummage in my memory, strenuously trying to recall when I had asked anything from Sensei. Not having remembered anything specific, I said with confusion, “Thank you... But what is it?”

“Agapit’s manuscript.”

And then it dawned upon me. My heart began to thump rapidly inside my chest of the surging emotion. I gently took the priceless treasure over. It was impossible to believe my hands were holding the manuscript of Boddhisatva Agapit which had been written by the Holy Spirit himself as the legend said! It was the manuscript of that very Russian Boddhisatva who had become famous far beyond the bounds of the Kievan Rus not only for being the most skillful physician, but also for being a person of tremendous spiritual power. So many secrets and legends were connected with this manuscript and its possessors!

I learned the remarkable story of Agapit, when our company was on vacation at the seaside together with Sensei. It took place in the year of my high school graduation. It was exactly then when Sensei told us about Agapit, XI century Old Russian physician, the monk of the Kiev Pechersk Lavra, whose undecayable relic continued curing people up to nowadays. Agapit was not a simple monk. He was Boddhisatva from Shamala who was living the rest of his days in the monastery. People said that the Holy Spirit itself resided inside Agapit. Owing exactly to his extraordinary Personality, the Kiev Pechersk Lavra later on became not only a center of science and culture, but a large-scale spiritual center of the Old Rus as well.

My curious person intended to open the cylinder promptly, but Sensei restrained me and said, “You’ll look at it later.”

I carefully packed up the cylinder into my rucksack, being followed by Sergey’s, Valera’s and Nikolai Andreevich’s interested gazes, while Sensei approached another cell where there was a stone casket of a very beautiful carved quality. Having opened it easily without any keys or picklocks, he extracted a golden item from there. He fiddled with it and gently rubbed it against his jacket.

“Oh!” Sensei said with satisfaction, “it shines like brand-new.”

Everybody crowded around Sensei.

“Is it the tamga?” Sergey asked.

“Yes, it is!”

We started scrutinizing this item with great curiosity. It represented a golden plate shaped as a lotus flower bud consisting of three petals. A truncated pyramid with an eye in the middle was situated inside the flower. Above the pyramid, on the central petal, there dominated a volumetric triangle looking like the cut top of the pyramid. Three embossed circles were located inside the triangle. Parallel curved lines were drawn on the petals and the foundation of the lotus. A pebble looking like a diamond was cased in the eye pupil. Cries of admiration automatically broke from us of viewing such a beauty.

“A splendid work!” uttered Nikolai Andreevich delightfully.

“Oh, all this is just a trifle,” Sensei said. “All this gold is... just a frame which is constantly restored.”

“And what about the pattern?” Sergey displayed his interest.

“The pattern simply means affiliation with Shambala. But this pebble in the eye... is truly precious. It’s the main thing here.”

When Sensei turned the tamga in his hands a little, the pebble charmingly flashed as if confirming the said words.

“Diamond?” Sergey asked.

“No. It’s just that the cutting was skillfully done like they do with diamonds. In reality, it’s not a diamond. It’s an artificial stone of extraterrestrial origin. By its structure, it’s something in between a glass and a crystal. There exists no diamond in the world which would be worth this stone, – Sensei uttered seriously, then kept quiet for a little while and added, “It possesses wonderful qualities for those who have enough personal power and knowledge in order to use it. As for the rest of people, this stone represents no value for them... For them, it’s a mere piece of glass.”

He took a box out of his pocket, pulled out a soft cloth from there and started to wipe the tamga gently and lovingly.

“This crystal is a very special stone. It is capable of preserving energy eternally, and not only to preserve, but also to increase the power encapsulated in it. This crystal is very old. Besides the fact it has an extraterrestrial origin, more than one generation of Pravi has been meditating with it. It renders invaluable assistance especially to those who works on serious meditations... The crystal changes frequency characteristics of the energy field of a person’s who comes in contact with it during meditation... It intensifies the action of energies. As a result of continual work with the crystal, its possessor achieves the spiritual level of those who has previously possessed it and has left for Nirvana... This crystal contains the power of many generations of Pravi.”

“Interesting thing,” Sergey said. “I would not wonder if this stone turned out to be the only one on the planet of Earth, so to say “the last of Mohicans” having arrived from the distant rational worlds.”

“It’s by no means the only one,” Sensei returned. “Altogether, there are seven stones like this on the Earth. Five stones are in the tamga of the Shambala Sovereign, one in the Navi tamga and one here, in the Pravi tamga.”

“In the Navi tamga?” Nikolai Andreevich was astonished and asked cautiously. “The contiguous party possesses the stone?”

“Yes,” Sensei responded. “This is necessary to balance the monad. Truth to say, that tamga has different symbols on it. Nevertheless, the pebble is nearly of the same size as on the Pravi tamga.”

“Unbelievable!” Nikolai Andreevich said, being dumbstruck.

“It means the current opposition will be won not by the power of the stones, but by the power of spirit of the rivals,” Sergey drew his conclusions.

“Quite right. It’s all about the accumulated personal power of possessors of these stones.”

“What are Navi? Are they Kanduks?”

“Not at all,” Sensei said. “In the dark forces, Kanduks occupy the lower stage, while Navi are a really serious problem.”

“So, it turns out that Etimons and Geliars fight not only Kanduks?”

“Exactly. One might say they are universal Warriors of Light.”

For a while, we kept silence and watched Sensei thoroughly wiping the tamga and engrossed in thought.

“What does the tamga of the Shambala Sovereign look like?” I finally decided to ask, having disturbed the silence.

“The Sovereign’s tamga?” Sensei asked and started explaining, “Well, the Pravi tamga basically resembles it in some details. In the Sovereign tamga, there is the same lotus flower with the pyramid and the eye inside, but in the eye there cased a stone of a much bigger size than that of the stones in Pravi and Navi tamgas put together. It’s the symbol of “the all-seeing Eye” signifying Shambala. And above the pyramid, on the central petal, there located a small eye inside which some more interesting stone is cased. Its density much exceeds that of diamonds. Its small size, compared to bigger stones, by no means belittle its significance. It’s like the Po particle, and the power encapsulated in it is inexhaustible. This pebble symbolizes the absolute power of God over everything including “the all-seeing Eye”... In the tamga of the Shambala Sovereign, the lotus flower is attached to a round monad on which there are

three big stones situated in a triangle. They symbolize the Orion constellation from where the little pebble has been delivered, and not only... These stones point to the divine triplicity, to the power over life and death. In the physical world, this sign is also called the sign of Grail... Actually, in the complex of symbols drawn on the monad, including the lotus flower, there are symbols of all global religions for it's an indication to the fact that everything spiritual in human world comes out of Shambala... What else? On each side of the monad, there are sculptural imprints on the Egyptian theme which have been made, say, as decorations during the last renovation of the tamga."

"The Shambala Sovereign has a massive tamga," Sergey said and added with simulated sarcasm, "And it's entirely made of pure gold."

"Of course! It's the tamga of the Sovereign himself, you see!" Sensei answered in the same tone, smiling, and then explained genially. "Generally speaking, gold was used in it as a convenient material which is exposed neither to erosion as iron, for example, nor to oxidation as silver. So, gold is just a suitable material. Whereas the signs..." and he uttered with a chuckle. "Yet, nowadays the meaning of the tamga signs can hardly attract anyone's attention. At best, if people saw it, they would think some nouveau riche shows off."

"And where is the Sovereign's tamga kept?" Nikolai Andreevich wondered.

"It is now kept in just the same capsule, at the Lotus Temple," and, obviously foreknowing the subsequent question of Sergey who already open his mouth to ask it, Sensei added, "located in the area of the third eye of Osiris's head."

Sergey scratched his nape and said with a snicker, "Either this fellow Osiris was so large-headed, or you are jeering at me again." He looked at Sensei beggarly and uttered, "Honestly, my brain does not work properly now to solve your rebuses. You better tell everything yourself voluntarily."

"I'm not jeering at you at all," Sensei responded genially. "The Lotus Temple is really located in Osiris's head."

"Well, I hope you say figuratively? Or do you actually mean it?"

"I almost mean it," Sensei smiled, "to be precise, I mean it from relief and geographical point view." We stared at him inquiringly, while he sustained a short pause and said, "On that spot there now stands the capital of the Old Rus, i.e. the city of Kiev."

"Kiev?!" Nikolai Andreevich gave a gasp.

"Where is the third eye situated in such a case?" Sergey asked.

“This area is located straight in the place on which Andrew the First Called placed the lotus seeds as Jesus had requested. Nowadays, the Kiev Peshersk Lavra is situated there,” Sensei specified.

“There you are! I’ve been to Kiev so many times and haven’t even known about it,” Nikolai Andreevich wondered at himself.

“Who could imagine that Kiev is the head of Osiris?” Sergey was pondering over his thoughts. “I mostly associate this city with the Chernobyl disaster events...”

“Yeah, that Chernobyl nearly muddled the entire game up,” Sensei said pensively.

“What game?” Sergey didn’t get it.

“Well... The predictions about Osiris’s head... The point is that the reactor began to kindle rapidly after the explosion. Naturally, no firemen were able to put it out. The situation became so critical that Shambala had to interfere. And, unfortunately, this process was recorded by specialists, because, contrary to any physical laws, the nuclear reaction started to converge intensively instead of expanding...” And, having been silent for a little while, apparently pondering over something, Sensei added, “On the other hand, if it were not Shambala... Kiev would not exist any more... And the predictions would never be realized.”

“What predictions?” Nikolai Andreevich asked.

“It’s a long story. I’ll tell you some other time.”

Sensei finished wiping the Pravi tamga, admired the results of the done job and said addressing Nikolai Andreevich.

“By the way, speaking of legends... Have you heard a myth about Gor’s magic eye?”

“Yes,” the doctor answered affirmatively.

“And what is the myth exactly about?” Sergey displayed his vivid interest.

Nikolai Andreevich hastily explained.

“It’s an Ancient Egyptian myth. Gor, the son of Osiris, was fighting Set, the evil god of the desert. At first, Horus was defeated, and Set pulled out his eye in battle. But then Horus overcame Set and won his magic Eye back.”

“Right,” Sensei said. “And do you know what this “magic Eye” was?”

Nikolai Andreevich shrugged his shoulders perplexedly. Sensei alluded to the Pravi tamga.

“This is that Eye! And they were fighting for possessing the power of this stone.”

“So... it was not a myth... It’s the truth!” Nikolai Andreevich uttered in bewilderment. “There you are! So, that battle proves to be the battle between Pravi and Navi?!”

“Exactly. But I’ll tell you more about it later,” Sensei said, smiling.

He cautiously wrapped the Pravi tamga into the cloth, put its inside the casket and slipped it into his pocket. We were standing in total amazement and watching his actions.

“Well, let’s go back,” Sensei proposed suddenly, bringing us back to reality.

We even became slightly confused, for none of us evidently wanted to leave this place in such a hurry. It had taken us so long to get here, and now we were offered to “go back” at the most interesting point.

“E-eh...” Sergey drawled.

“How come? Already?” Nikolai Andreevich wondered.

“Is it all?” I asked disappointedly almost simultaneously with him.

“Haven’t you had enough?” Sensei grinned, looking at our reaction. “Come on, let’s go. We still have quite a long way to go until we get to the guys... And, as a matter of fact,” he smiled, “I’ve already had enough of wandering about these mountains with you...”

Nobody particularly objected, and it was a useless affair anyway. We indeed had a long and difficult route ahead. At that, I noticed to myself that on our way here Sensei had never complained of being tired or displeased. Quite the contrary, he had been walking so fast that we’d hardly managed to follow him. Yet, now his mood abruptly changed... Still, I was leaving the stone cell with a secret hope of attending at least the temple. When would be another chance like this again? Probably, not only I had such thoughts. While we were moving along the corridor connecting the room with the big hall, Sergey started questioning Sensei about the temple.

“And what is that temple?”

“It’s of the Lotus temples.”

“What is inside it?”

“Nothing special, just a shadow Eraser.”

“May we go inside?”

“There’s truly nothing interesting there? Just an ordinary temple,” Sensei laughed off.

Meanwhile, we were already approaching this ancient building, charming with its exceptional beauty and soft light. Having plunged into the ocean of

light, everybody automatically stopped, observing this miracle with sinking hearts. The temple entrance particularly attracted our attention, evoking a desire to go up its white-stone stairs and to delve into the cherished mystery of this gorgeous flower. We looked at Sensei with the silent prayer in our eyes. He hung his head, thought for a moment and said seriously, "All right. Who'll be the first?"

"Are we supposed to enter the temple by turns?" Nikolai Andreevich was surprised.

"Yes."

"And what is inside?"

"You'll see."

"Then I'll go first," Sergey volunteered.

He glanced at Sensei gratefully and slowly walked towards the entrance as if enjoying every instant of approaching this marvelous mysterious creation of the unfamiliar civilization. As he was drawing closer to the light, his figure was becoming darker and less distinct, being embraced by the light from all sides. He walked upstairs. And... the wonderful flower took him into its sunny arms. We were standing without a word for about a minute, peering into the enigmatic passageway of the temple. However, it was shining with its astounding light just as before and gave no faintest sign of any living creature's presence inside.

"Next," Sensei said easily and looked at me.

Honestly, at that moment I experienced a slight fear. Nevertheless, there was much more trust for Sensei in me than my own fright in front of the unknown hidden behind the temple entrance. I walked towards the entrance, being little nervous and at the same time anticipating what I was about to see there. The emanating light was soft and caressing, and it was somewhat comforting me. I confidently went inside. The gangway was turning the right, then to the left, inviting to walk along its meandering labyrinth filled with light. Oddly enough, the farther inside I was going, the more I felt an inexplicable growing inner coldness, though the air I was breathing was warm. My hands started to freeze.

From the small labyrinth, I came into a round room which was probably located in the very center of the flower. It seemed to me that its middle was shining the most like a pillar of sunlight, and I terrifically wanted to dip into this streamy light, for I thought I'd finally get warm inside it. Not hesitating, I stepped into the middle, and... Instead of the supposed warmth, such chilling cold embraced me that I unintentionally clenched my fists. A strong shiver crept

over my whole body as if a thousand of electric needles pierced it. My head began swimming. The floor was rapidly moving away under my feet.

Something unnatural started to happen to my eyesight. The bright light was taking turns with some dark stains, while the speed of their movement was impetuously increasing. At long last, everything around disappeared. It turned completely dark. Thereafter, some bright spot began to blaze up. They expanded, became colorful, then they joined with each other, changing into three-dimensional live scenes. My attempt to open and close the eyes didn't give any result: the scenes remained just as they were. Moreover, I totally lost the sensation of my body. At the same time, my feelings and thoughts disappeared, too, as if I became independent and free from terrestrial world. And, although the scenes were more than awesome, I perceived them calmly for some reason. In place of anxiety, there was the extraordinary clearness and the deep understanding of what was happening around.

Events were replacing one another, appearing sometimes fragmentarily sometimes on the global scale. I saw crashing of an enormous bridge, death of a world-wide known religious figure, destructive earthquakes, floods, tornados, tsunamis wiping built-up areas off the face of the Earth. I observed volcanoes unexpectedly awaking and destroying all the living with their ashes and lava rejects. There were melting of ice tops on the poles and collision of huge icebergs. There was violent rise of ocean and river waters level. Whole coastal megapolises were going down underwater. Some littoral countries were totally disappearing from the Earth within quite a short time period. And all these cataclysms were taking place as if in a tidal wave – they surged suddenly and abated, then they rolled on again with greater power and heavier destructions and again damped temporarily.

Incredibly strong bursts were occurring on the Sun. Islands and continents were moving from their places, rapidly drawing together into a single dry land. Warm ocean currents changed their courses. Seasons got mixed up. Drastic rise of temperature gave place to abrupt cold spell. Failure of crops, starvation, ruin... A continuous reign of panic and chaos... The horror of global disasters enveloped the entire planet. Some parts of Eurasia were the only dry land spots which suffered of natural elements the least, being like the last spiritual bulwark and shelter of the dying civilization...

The scenes started to vanish as rapidly as they had appeared, parting into separate fragments and then converging to a dot. Everything became dark again. Suddenly, I had my physical body sensation returned. A bright light which

blazed up brought back both my feelings and thoughts. Strangely enough, I was still stably standing on the same spot, although my nails were painfully stuck into my palms. Once I realized all this and recalled the viewed catastrophe pictures, a terrible fear crept over me. I didn't understand why, but I was fully confident that *what I'd seen would happen in the years close ahead*. Grieve despair verging on languor seized me, when I was inertly leaving the light pillar and moving to the next labyrinth. The frightening disaster scenes were scrolling in my memory one after another, reinforcing fear and despair in front of the future in my mind.

Engrossed in that depressive mood, I didn't even noticed how I got to the temple exit. Under the arc which had recently first opened such an amazing, enchanting panoramic view for us, Sergey was standing pensively, waiting for the rest. I silently joined him. The entire seen nightmare was scrolling over and over in my head. Seized by the fear of inevitable death, with my heart aching, I was looking on the gorgeous construction of an unknown civilization, on the perfection of its shape, its inimitable radiance and snow-white purity. And, all of a sudden, I dawned upon me how striking was the contrast between the eternal spiritual values and all that was temporal, negative or depraved. How many civilizations, how many natural cataclysms had this building survived? And the most important was not the building itself, but the people who had created it. It's hard to imagine what kind of knowledge base should have been possessed in order to make this temple secure from any destructive impacts for many thousands of years ahead.

At that moment of my reflection, Nikolai Andreevich's figure showed up at the temple exit. It was astonishing that he was not simply circled with the light. There was an impression as if his body was enveloped with a dense rainbow ring which was casting shafts of sparkles. There were particularly many of them around his head. I reminded me of the Kirlian effect for some reason. However, as soon as Nikolai Andreevich left the temple, the luminescence vanished in a flash. Interested in such an unusual phenomenon, I somewhat diverted myself from my thoughts and began to watch the temple "entrance-exit" more attentively. In a minute after Nikolai Andreevich had joined us, Valera appeared at the doorway. His luminescence was a lot more volumetric and saturated. It was shimmering so beautifully that even Nikolai Andreevich couldn't refrain from a quiet commentary, "Oho! Yes, this guy has obviously cognized much more during these several months than us who have been close to Sensei for so many years."

However, when it was Sensei's turn to exit from the temple, all the present unintentionally had to hold their breath. It even took us some time to understand it was Sensei. In fact, it was Somebody with an enormous, glaringly beaming aura. He was wearing a white tunic. His blond hair was framing very beautiful, regular face features. But, perhaps, the most extraordinary were his eyes, his unique, sorely familiar gaze. And all of a sudden it dawned upon me where I had seen this gaze. Once a long time ago, we were resting on the seaside with our company. One night I had a very strange dream about the Red Rider descending from the mountains. His stunning gaze, the gaze of Rigden Dzhappo, now revealed itself to smallest details before my eyes.

The inner thrill embraced my entire being. The Lotus Flower suddenly evinced its invisible, yet fully perceptible "petal swaying" in my solar plexus. The feeling of delight mixed with the feeling of pacification from such a staggering, real vision of the genuine Face. It became so quiet and pleasant inside of me as if somebody wrapped up my very soul into a blanket of snow-white, most tender petals.

The extraordinary vision lasted for only several seconds. But what kind of seconds those were! Those were the seconds from a cycle of the unknown Eternity. Those were the seconds leaving their indelible trace in the most sacred corner of the soul. Those were the seconds the memory of which accurately reproduces its delightful shots with a joyful thrill even many years thereafter, making you experience the improbable range of sublime emotions not defying any verbal description. Time indeed had no power over that single moment.

As soon as the magnificent Creature stopped under the arc at the temple exit, the light seemed to have wavered, having blinded our eyes for an instant. However, once our eyesight got back to normal, we saw Sensei approaching and having the features habitual for us. He was evidently in an elated, enthusiastic mood, wearing his usual march clothes and his rucksack on the back. Wonderstruck with such an abrupt transformation, we watched him drawing near, being in mute astonishment, whereas he came up to us, looked back on the temple and said with a good-humored smile, "Well, are you satisfied?"

"You bet!" Sergey answered for all of us.

"Let's go then, my friends."

And he was the first one to go under the rock arc passing into the tunnel. As for us, we casted a farewell glance at the marvelous Lotus temple and simultaneously bowed down before it without any mutual agreement. Apparently, such sincere intention had arisen in the soul of each of us, and it

was obviously so strong that none of us was ashamed of doing this in everybody's presence. Sensei stopped, looked at us and smilingly uttered, "Let's go, fanatics!"

I hardly observed our return way with its complex passages, automatically surmounting all the obstacles. My thoughts, or rather fireworks of the two different states which had been generated inside the mysterious cave with the ancient temple, now became the true labyrinth which I was passing through in reality. The scenes of disasters and natural cataclysms intertwined with Rigden's tranquil gaze. And that gaze produced a striking effect: it was calming and comforting the soul with its extraordinary moving kindness. The animal fear totally vanished under its surge, as though it had never existed at all. Now, the scenes were already calmly scrolling in my mind, giving me an opportunity to analyze what I'd seen.

Our human civilization being so proud of its high technologies proved to be so fragile! On Earth's sigh is enough to replace big cities with ruins, useful machinery – with a pile of needless lumber, peaceful society – with clans fighting for a piece of bread and land. All the material, to accumulate which people spend their entire lives, appears to be so unreliable and ghostly. So much effort and mental energy are wasted! At that, people ejected so much black negative into the environment, forcing to suffer not only people themselves, but the nature and all living in it, too. After such evil deeds, should there be any wonder that Earth's patience comes to its end?..

Plunged in such thoughts, I didn't even notice how the time passed, and we entered the familiar cave. By the way, this time everyone passed through the ring gangway quite habitually, without any psychological problems. The rest of the guys were peacefully sleeping, having settled in various places inside the "spectator" logia. We quietly climbed to join them, endeavoring not to awaken anybody, and, tired, sat down on the stone benches.

"Well, we'll rest for an hour and then move farther," Sensei said, making himself comfortable.

He lay down on the bench, having put his rucksack under his head. We followed his example as well.

* * *

"Who is snoring so loudly?" I heard Sensei's voice in my sleep.

"Is it really Vano?!" Sergey said with laughter.

“It is him, the true inquisitor!” Eugene’s voice joined the others. “He’s already tormented to death with his snore! This “trite CD” starts to get on my nerves.”

The snoring resounding in the room was indeed so loud as if a sleeping man had a megaphone brought up right to his mouth. I opened my eyes. My state was such as though I had been awoken after a deep sleep and could hardly understand where I was and what they want from me at all. The reality seemed to be verging on the unreality of what was happening, and I didn’t clearly comprehend in which half I then existed. My head was “heavy” as they say. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. Most of the guys were still sleeping. Sensei, Sergey and Eugene were standing downstairs.

While the men were laughing at Vano’s snore, I somewhat oriented myself, having recalled the recent events. The impressive Lotus temple recurred to my memory, and my recollections revived. Yet, on the other hand, perhaps because I was not fully awake yet, doubts crept into my mind: “Was all that in reality?”

Exchanging jokes, Sensei, Sergey and Eugene went to the “sound” balcony from where obviously Vano’s mighty snore was heard. I decided to join them in order to get rid of sleepiness completely. However, while I was catching up with the men, a wave of doubts regarding the reality of the recent events came surging into my mind again.

I stopped and directed my flashlight at the rock ledge situated at the end of the left stone wall. At all appearance, the ring gangway at which we had started our exciting journey to the mystery of these mountains was right behind the ledge. In order to dispel all my doubts, I approached the ledge and went around the corner. The ring gangway in the heart of the tunnel was still in its place waiting for new daredevil visitors. I lit it up with the flashlight. And again I got amazed with the ideal smoothness of its gutter being skillfully “fused” into the rock. Suddenly, a unanimous burst of laughter resounded from the hall, and I hurried to leave this place in order to join them. All the doubts seemed to have vanished, but there was still a strange feeling remaining that something was different than before. Yet, I couldn’t understand what exactly was different.

Father John who had evidently settled very comfortably on the “sound balcony”, was sweetly sleeping. The marvelous acoustics of the hall was reflecting all the fugues performed by the priest with his rollicking snore. We were about to shout for waking him, but Eugene restrained us all and proposed

himself for such a special affair. He decided to get to the balcony and to deal with Vano by himself.

“Now I shall create a Judgement Day horror for him!” the guy said with a victorious smile. “Now he’ll experience all the hours of my nightmare on himself...”

Eugene rubbed his hands with foretaste, then he slightly worked up his limbs and enthusiastically and adroitly started to clamber up the vertical rock towards the balcony. We were following the course of events from below with great interest. Demonstrating a cat’s gracefulness, the guy noiselessly climbed up at the balcony “balustrade”. He was about to make the last movement to reach Father John and obviously got prepared for a jump like a fowling panther. Yet, right when he started to realize his “horror” idea, Vano’s hand abruptly darted out to meet his movement and seized Eugene’s throat in a death grip.

“Oh, my-y-y-y!” a muted sound was heard around the hall, and a massive body collapse resounded in the loggia.

The flashlight beam started gleaming on the balcony.

“Oh, it’s you, child! What do you need?” the surprised voice of the priest was heard being accompanied with a sweet yawn. “Oh, what’s happened to your face? You have your eyes popping out of your head...”

Eugene cleared his throat and uttered hoarsely, “What, what... I’ve brought him good news that it’s time to go back, and he...”

Sensei and Sergey roared with laughter of such an evident transformation of Eugene’s “true intentions”. Vano’s sleepy face appeared at the balcony.

“Oh, you’re back...” he said, seeing Sensei. “So fast? I have just lain down, just closed my eyes, and you’re already here...”

“Aha, he’s just closed his eyes,” Eugene grumbled rising to his feet, but then he rubbed his neck and imitated a toady squeaky voice, “We’ve had our pleasure of listening the sequel of your “unsurpassed preaching”, father, for a sufficiently long time...”

“Really?” the priest smiled. “It’s all right, my son. It’s even quite a useful thing for you all, for only resignation cuts off pernicious passions, and only bodily patience elevates the spirit...”

With these words, the priest began to abandon his “bed”, descending to join us. Eugene followed him and allowed himself to rebel gingerly only when he reached the firm ground. The unfortunate joke with Vano had stirred Eugene up even more than before. So, when Sensei asked him to awaken all the guys for getting prepared for the return way, he exactly used this chance to

demonstrate his entire wild imagination. Stas and Andrew were the ones to become “victims” of Eugene’s jokes. The others simply woke up because of the roaring laughter of the company. By and large, the story ended with merry jokes and laughter just as usual.

As for me, despite the overall merriment, I was still trying to grasp my strange sensations. And, suddenly, I had a brain-wave on what was different. For some reason, in the cave hall there was no trace of those wonderful mirror crystals which we had been cleaning from dust with such zeal. I quickly found the stairs between which there should have admittedly been exactly that “mirror” which I had been clearing from dust and dirt with my own hands. However, instead of the smoothly polished crystal sparkling in its dazzling purity, I discovered only an even round hollow slightly dented into the rock with one of its edges at a certain angle. At that, the hollow nowise distinguished itself in its color from the surrounding dullness. Doubts regarding the reality of the occurred events came surging into my mind again, and a tide of disappointment totally captured me.

I automatically rubbed the round hollow with my hand. A dim luster appeared at the “stone” surface from the flashlight beam. Inspired with hope, I took a handkerchief and wiped the dust off a little hollow spot more thoroughly. There it was! The familiar smoothly polished crystal was hiding under the centuries-old layer of dust and dirt. “How could it happen that all the crystals we cleaned have got covered with the same coat of dust and dirt again? Maybe, we haven’t been cleaning them at all? Maybe, it was only a dream? Yet, how can this be a dream if I clearly remember myself wiping this crystal?” Not being able to understand anything, my person went towards my things, convincing myself that, in spite of all the “arguments and reasons”, I’d most like only dreamt about all that. However, right when I was passing by the gathering group, I accidentally heard Vano asking Sergey in a hushed tone, “How’s your march? Is there an outcome?”

“Everything’s as expected,” Sergey nodded.

“An outcome?! What outcome?” and suddenly it dawned upon me, “The tamga! In such a case, there must be Agapit’s manuscript lying in my rucksack!” I ran up to my rucksack and hurriedly started to untie the ropes. Finally, I opened it, hastily dipped my hand into it, groped for and found the cylinder almost immediately. A thrill of excitement seized me. Nevertheless, as soon as I made up my mind to take the cylinder out of the rucksack, Sensei who had inconspicuously come up to me, covered my hand with his palm, restraining

its movement, and simultaneously uttered emphatically, “I’ve told you to look at it later.”

His words and sudden appearance at such a thrilling moment made me give a start. With the haste of a delinquent child’s who had been caught unawares, I pulled my hand from the cylinder and pointedly tightened the rucksack ropes into a taut knot. My doubts about our march to the temple dissipated again, not leaving any trace of their presence.

Later on I thought: “It turns out our travel to Crimea wasn’t as casual as Nikolai Andreevich managed to convince”. And should there be any wonder? Since the day I met Sensei I had plenty of opportunities to notice there was nothing accidental or casual happening around him at all. Furthermore, such “accidentalness” of his words, deeds and lifestyle insensibly caused a whole subsequent chain of events in the destinies of all people who came across him.

Having collected our things, we started making our way back. Going back was always somewhat harder than going forward, towards the alluring obscurity. At least, it seemed to me like that. Tiredness caused by the many-hours long march made itself felt. We stopped for a rest the further more often. The underground was already perceived as quite a habitual environment and, just like everything habitual, attracted less and less attention. That gave me an opportunity to concentrate on the interrupted thinking about the events in the mysterious Temple which had staggered me to the innermost of my heart. Repeated scrolling of those unforgettable moments in my mind, of the peak of the sublime feelings, were plunging me into an extraordinary state of inner lightness and openness. The memory of Sensei’s genuine look, of his unforgettable gaze penetrating the very depth of the human soul, generated an internal quiver inside me which grew into nearly a religious ecstasy. I was peering into Sensei’s figure walking in the front, and my sublime thoughts were automatically elevating him to the rank of a great Creature having descended to our fallen world for the sake of our salvation.

All of a sudden, Sensei injures his hand, having caught on a sharp stone. Everybody began to bustle about him, offering their help, but he only waved away carelessly as if implying it was a mere scratch, and the hand could be bandaged after we come outside which we were expected to do soon. In spite of this incident, my religious ecstasy didn’t end – on the contrary, it even intensified. Scenes of the Great people’s sufferings started recurring to my memory. In the meantime, we were already entering the karst cave with “the palms”. The route was more than familiar, and it was only a little of it left up

the exit. Sensei a little fell behind and, while the guys were forging ahead, he came up to me. My heart started beating without restraint, being agitated with another ascent of sublime thoughts about the Creature from a different world who would rescue the dying mankind. At that, Sensei shook his head disapprovingly and said the following, “I’m an ordinary human being... See, I bleed, I also feel pain... **Each one should take care of his or her salvation on his or her own, and not to wait until somebody comes and does something. The divine should be looked for not in the external, but in your own internal. And you should not simply look for it, but you should aspire to merge with Him and to become a good Creator of your own life. God is inside of every human. And we may cognize Him and reach Him only through our inner world.**”

These Sensei’s words somewhat cooled my ardor, forcing me to look at the world more realistically. Indeed, everything is inside a person, and no one, but such person, will resolve issues of his or her vital importance. We usually want everything to happen like in a fairy tale, i.e. when somebody comes and does everything for us, while we ourselves feel too lazy to change ourselves “from a creeping worm into a beautiful butterfly”, though we are given all the tools for this... The entire complexity is in simplicity...

As soon as the previous thoughts disappeared, my consciousness got overwhelmed with a new surge of reflections on the viewed scenes of mass troubles which gave me no rest. These disturbing thoughts were exactly the ones I hurriedly started to share with Sensei, not even taking care of telling him about the visions I had experienced in the temple.

“But people... They don’t know anything. They must be warned about the danger. There was so much trouble and grief. I want to help him... I want to let them know... I’m sure they will understand, they will become better, they will be able to save themselves...”

“Oh, my naïve child,” Sensei quietly sighed, looking aside. “You don’t imagine how many times it has been endeavored to do it before. And those who endeavored were the great Masters reigning over the mystery of human thoughts. Nevertheless, their efforts have never amounted to much. Humans remain humans. And, unfortunately, they haven’t changed even after the lapse of several millenniums.”

“But why do you say so? It is possible that those Masters were endeavoring in vain?!” I objected. “Maybe, just a little, but at least some outcome has been achieved. And it gives some hope! I understand that I’m not a

Master and not even the Human yet, and that I need to work at self-improvement the further more... But I really want to help people, to let them know what I've found out myself, because for somebody this may prove to be that single saving straw which will help him or her to view the main point. In any case, this is the Chance!"

Sensei kindly smiled, obviously to my frankness, and said, "Well, what can I tell you on the occasion? **Good thoughts combined with strong eagerness are forerunners of good deeds. Good deeds are the essence of maturing souls. Courage evokes the Power of the spirit. The Power of the spirit binds into Unity. Unity decouples the Power, the Unified Spirit changes the cycle. The general outcome depends on everyone's efforts. Everyone's efforts depend on the change of internal frequency. The frequency is a leap of a moment leading out of the Po boundaries.**"

Sensei became silent. And, though he had said seemingly simple words, a "total stupor" set in inside my head. At that moment, his phrases only got engraved in my memory because of their strangeness and their sense not quite comprehensible for me. Yet, later on my life itself became a key to nearly every word uttered by Sensei then.

* * *

When we were crawling along the manhole being the last mountain's impediment separating us from the exit, it didn't seem as frightening as the first time. Quite the contrary, we were overcoming the last meters with a special enthusiasm, wishing to get outside as soon as possible. Being guided by my subjective sensations, for some reason I thought we had spent twelve hours underground and expected to see the gloaming. But once we got outside, to my great surprise the sun was already shining. It meant we had spent there around 24 hours. And, I should mention I felt a great pleasure, having ended up in the native atmosphere of the boundless open space. The cave had been truly worth of attending, at least in order to understand the value of daylight after the long darkness when a whole gamut of manifold colors of nature exposed itself in front of us; in order to smell the invigorating fresh air, to feel a slightest puff of the wind, to sense the space with the body and to embrace its expanse with the eye, and in order to finally relax from the accumulated underground exertion of perpetual walking along the dark cave labyrinths.

Tatiana and Kostya thriftily pitched the tents not far from the entrance, awaiting our return. They happily greeted the exhausted group, making inquiries about our underground journey. But the people had the energy merely to describe the march in general, without any more or less significant details.

Since everybody was pretty exhausted, it was decided to dedicate the day to a major rest and to go to the village where we had left our cars only the next day. After all, the way which was still lying ahead was not short as well. Having had lunch, everyone settled in their tents. I dreamt of having a good sleep very much, but once I got into my sleeping-bag, I ended up having only some twenty minutes of “blissful relationship” with my pillow, and next my somnolence totally vanished. Tatiana was already wheezing with all her might near me, whereas I was still tossing and turning, being unable to fall asleep. Thoughts were emphatically scrolling the most exciting scenes of our march. At the same time, doubts were also on the alert. They were circling around the memories of the mysterious events of this journey like a swarm of annoying midges, and were trying to use every chance to “sting” with their questions. “Why the thick layer of dust was covering the mirror crystal as if nobody had touched it for thousands of years, although I clearly remember myself wiping it? Why was there no shade in the Lotus temple? Even when I brought my palms together, the soft light was between them instead of a shadow. Why didn’t we leave the room when the capsule shield was opening, saving ourselves from some unknown gas in the niche behind the pedestal with the unicorn skull? The unicorn?! Perhaps, those were just ravings of my brain. I got tired and fell asleep, so I could have dreamt about anything. What about the cylinder?! Well, Sensei could have handed the cylinder over to me when I was half-slumbering, and my person automatically placed that thing in her rucksack, having attached no importance to it then. Apparently, that was the reason my dream was so strange. However, given that was only a dream, where do I have such comprehensive information about what Sensei was telling in that “dream”? I had surely never heard and seen anything like this before! Though, as Sensei said, the subconscious sometimes plays many tricks on a human being... H’m, the artificial stone of extraterrestrial origin... Pravi tamga, Sovereign’s tamga?! The Warriors of Light... Horus’ “Magic Eye”... Kiev...Chernobyl... Shambala... Osiris’s head. A total nonsense! How can Kiev be Osiris’s head? And, moreover, how can the Lotus temple be located in that head?! No, it’s definitely my own ravings. Nothings like this may ever happen. It was only a dream!”

At long last, in order to divert myself from obtrusive thoughts, I got up and decided to take an airing. Sergey and Father John were sitting near the smouldering campfire on which we had cooked the lunch. At that, whereas Vano looked tired, Sergey vice versa looked vigorous and fresh.

“Do you mind if I join you?” I asked approaching the campfire.

“Come on, dear,” Vano invited with a smile. “You can’t sleep, can you?”

“Not for a single moment!” I waved my hand.

“Well, let’s indulge in tea-drinking then,” Sergey proposed.

In about five minutes, Valera and Nikolai Andreevich joined our silent tea-drinking. At that, when Vano asked the latter one: “You can’t sleep, can you, doctor?” he answered just as me: “Not for a single moment!” The events having happened on the march had obviously created an indelible impression on everyone. Soon, Sensei came out of his tent, too. He looked pretty rested despite the fact it had passed only around two hours after the lunch.

“Oh, you are already up!” Sensei said jesting, having taken a view of our company.

“In fact, we haven’t gone to sleep,” Vano responded to him as jokingly.

“Do you think we are able to sleep after everything that has happened?” our psychotherapist claimed. “As Bertolt Brecht once said: “No march is as difficult as the return to common sense”.”

Sensei laughed and said, “Well, if you don’t want to sleep, let’s go then... I’ll show you something else, also very interesting.”

“Something else?!” I roused myself. It was intriguing.

“May I go with you?” my person carefully asked Sensei.

“Of course, you may,” Sensei uttered as if it went without saying.

In spite of our weariness, any of the present neither protested against this stroll nor questioned where and what for we were going. On the contrary, everybody simultaneously began to move, rising from their sits as if there were no need in discussing anything. Sergey providently put out the smouldering coals with the teapot water in order to avoid conflagration.

“Shall we need the equipment?” Nikolai Andreevich asked.

“No, we’ll just walk as we are,” Sensei waved his hand.

First we promenaded along the slope, enjoying the mountain air and the unique landscape. Afterwards, our invisible path lying through a formation of amazing trees of various kinds led us to a glade covered with green grass. The grass not having faded in the sun yet was reaching out for the luminary, winning every piece of land over from the stones. The juniper, distinctly standing out

against the light mountainous and meadow carpet with the dark greenery of its needles, caught our sight, too. It seemed to be bowing before the mother-Nature, snuggling down to the ground and spreading its branches in various directions. The higher we went up, the more the beautiful panoramic view of the mountainous landscape opened up in front of our eyes, begetting a feeling of freedom and of a mental flight in this tremendous aerial space.

Vano and Sergey were telling funny stories, making our way still more pleasant. After all, perhaps due to the variety of natural colors and the ebullient life around, the path did not appear as difficult and fatiguing as the underground one. We even didn't notice the time pass, when we already reached the destination point of our mountain foot-walk.

"Here," Sensei motioned, pointing down the slope.

Our company descended to a big stone "memorial". The large-tonnage "handsome fellow" was apparently a very old structure. Its sides which once had been neatly finished had already come to ruin in some places. Yet, it couldn't be helped: nothing is everlasting under the moon as the saying goes. Everything falls to ruin once, and everything once comes to an end. Nevertheless, so far our long-living giant was stably standing on its stone feet, holding a heavy stone slab which had been heaped onto its strong shoulders by someone, just like Atlant was holding the sky.

"Yeah, an admirable creation!" Nikolai Andreevich said.

"I wonder who wasn't lazy to feel like constructing this," Father John uttered jokingly.

"Are you kidding?" Sergey resented with laughter. "It's a dolmen, don't you see? It's the great architecture of the antiquity!"

"The great architecture?! Give me a lifting crane, and I'll make as many of such "architectures" as you like."

"The whole point is that you need a lifting crane whereas those who erected it were managing without one."

"What did they need it for?" Vano shrugged his shoulders, evidently continuing to tease Sergey on purpose.

"What for?" the latter mimicked him, but then thought for a moment and responded jestingly, "Archeologists also guess: "Well, what was the need of building it?""

The company laughed. While Sergey and Vano were exchanging jokes, Nikolai Andreevich, Valera and I started walking around the dolmen.

“Well,” the doctor said quietly, lightly touching the stone blocks, “undoubtedly, those prehistoric constructors possessed some universal power or equipment.”

“Who was processing and installing them, I wonder?” I asked.

“It’s a mystery. Processing of some ancient dolmens is dated the Stone Age when only hunters and collectors lived, as our official history asserts. Although...” Nikolai Andreevich smiled, “as the saying goes, nobody changes history as much as historians do. Yet, the paradox of dolmens and other megalithic structures is that the older such complex is the larger and heavier it is. It means the extreme antiquity is characterized by gigantic, thoroughly considered and designed constructions, moreover having astronomical and geometrical knowledge embodied in them. What does this indicate? It indicates that in olden times people did possess serious knowledge.”

“How many people should be involved to construct such a bulky object?”

“The most interesting thing is there were much less people on the Earth before than there are nowadays. Besides, they were widely spread around the globe. Those were not our current milliards.”

“Why did they really need to construct these dolmens?”

Nikolai Andreevich shrugged his shoulders.

“These structures are considered to be “warrior burial places”, although most of the dolmens are empty. There are no traces of mortal human remains at all. Above all, such dolmens are scattered all over the world, on all the continents. In prehistoric Europe regions only, there are more than a thousand of such structures of approximately the same architecture. Scientists have even estimated by the measurement of such stone monoliths that in Europe of the ancient times there was a single generally accepted measure of length – a megalithic yard. It equaled to 82.9 centimeters. Consequently, we may easily assume that those who were building such structures were quite skilled in mathematics as well. Furthermore, it is not clear how they were installing all this.”

Having walked around the dolmen, we joined Sensei and Valera who had sat down on the stones lying nearby. Vano and Sergey settled nearby a little later. We kept silent for a while, enjoying the nature scene. The wind was imperiously strolling along the green mountain slope in waves, stirring tops of the trees located below. The charming mountainous landscape opening up from this place was captivating with its three-dimensional panorama. The

extraordinary peace, this eternal guard of the centuries-old memory, was reigning around.

“Yeah...” Sensei said pensively. “So many years have passed...”

Sergey glanced at him and asked somewhat timidly, “Indeed, how many centuries old is this dolmen?”

“Many... very many,” Sensei answered. “It’s the dolmen of Pravi...” He kept quiet for a moment and unexpectedly added, “By the way, if you draw a visual straight line... in that direction, it would lead exactly to Rigden Dzhappo’s former “residence” which once ages ago was situated in a truly paradisiacal place on a gorgeous lakeside. Unfortunately, the Black Sea waves splash there at present.”

“In such a case, is it possible to find the remains of this ancient structure at the bottom?”

“Everything is possible if there is a desire,” Sensei answered genially.

Sergey was silent for a while and then said, “And these blocks are obviously not local, judging by the rock.”

Sensei glanced at the dolmen.

“Yes, they were taken about ninety kilometers from here.”

“They are beautiful,” Sergey uttered.

Sensei nodded assent.

Everyone looked in that direction. Truth to tell, I never understood what beauty they were talking about. There were ordinary stones, maybe slightly different from local ones.

“One of the Pravi was buried here,” Sensei said.

“So, are his remains lying here?” Father John wondered.

“It was his body’s last haven on the Earth. From here, he went to Nirvana.”

“If the Pravi himself is buried here, this place should possess a mighty energy emanation,” Nikolai Andreevich remarked. “That little crystal felt so powerful, whereas here there is a whole dolmen. Yet, I have no special internal sensation.”

Looking somewhere afar, Sensei uttered, “These stones are very many years old. The energetic radiation which used to be here has almost disappeared by now.”

“Did the other dolmens have a similar purpose?” Nikolai Andreevich asked.

“It depended,” Sensei shrugged his shoulders. “Some of them were creations of Geliars and Etimons. Besides, the dolmens were used as the power traps.”

“In which sense?” Sergey asked.

“I’ll tell you some other time... Later on people began to imitate them, constructing already smaller dolmens.”

“So, are the Pravi’s remains lying in this one?” Father John asked again to make it clear.

“There are no remains here in reality.”

“What do you mean? You’ve just said he was buried here.”

“Here, he died in our understanding, whereas in actual fact he left for Nirvana, having destroyed his body into atomic and subatomic particles first. So, you won’t find even his ashes here.”

Vano looked askance at Sensei with distrust, “It’s impossible.”

“It is quite possible,” Sensei responded to him genially. “A human body is a mere illusion just like any matter. It’s a focused wave. And I’ve told you many times about this already. It is totally possible to do anything with the body, especially if a Human being residing in it has achieved significant spiritual elevation. Such person can easily separate his or her body into constituent energetic parts or to preserve the body in its best possible shape, to inhibit vital processes in the body to such an extent that its organics will remain almost alive for quite a long time, although the person actually won’t be therein. That is, his or her body won’t differ from a living person’s organics by the internal structure of neither the skin nor the hair, nor the nails. There won’t be even a smell evidencing the putrefaction process. On the contrary, such body will be purely fragrant! And it won’t matter where this body is placed: in the ground, inside a cave or in the open air. Plenty of things can be done with the matter, for, if the soul reigns inside a person, the power of God reveals itself. And for the God’s power nothing is impossible at all.”

“Well, I certainly agree with your last statements,” Father John said softly and raised an objection right on the spot, “Even the relics of the saints are subject to the process of organic decomposition.”

Sensei smiled secretively, looking at him with a particularly penetrating gaze and uttered, “There will be an incident in your life when you’ll personally get the evidence of my words. In five years from now, in Buryatia you will be present at the extraction of the body of a Buddhist monk buried there in 1927.”

“Me?!” Father John raised his eyebrows in astonishment. “In Buryatia? Why would I be there, especially near the tomb of a Buddhist monk?.. Are you kidding?”

“Not at all,” Sensei answered.

Vano looked at his friend with a smile, trying to determine the degree of truth in his words, while Sergey clapped the priest on his shoulder and merrily said, “Many of true words are spoken in jest. So, like it or not, your way lies directly to Buryatia!”

And he made an inviting gesture... to the nearest future. Everybody burst out laughing.

“Yeah, Sensei, you’ve given me short shrift,” Vano grinned. “As far as to Buryatia! You could have sent me somewhere southward of that place, to the Canaries for example...”

“Oh, come on!” Sensei waved his hand, keeping up his joking tone, “what do you need those Canaries for? It will snow and be cold there soon.”

“What do you say, Sensei? Those are the Canaries! It’s Spain, the northwest coast of Africa! What snow could possibly be there, in the middle of the everlasting summer?!” Vano resented with laughter. “You have no understanding of geography at all!”

“It’s not my fault that geography changes every time,” Sensei responded in the same tone with laughter. “It’s difficult to remember all the earthy fractions and sub-fractions.”

Everyone laughed over again.

“Indeed, life is very unpredictable,” Sergey said archly. “Say, some several hours ago I saw myself standing in a church, wearing a cassock, a beard and a cross on my belly. Why would this be?”

Sergey looked at Sensei.

“Well, the ways of God are inscrutable,” the latter answered imperturbably.

“And here’s what I’ve seen,” Nikolai Andreevich said in an unexpectedly serious tone. “First, there were strange, I’d even say unnatural signs of the nature. Supposedly, after an earthquake and a lunar eclipse, a poisonous snake which was completely unusual for our places, scattered a huge ant hill in the forest and settled in its middle, crushing the ants with its weight. It was lying, while black worker ants were creeping up to it from all sides. They were climbing up on it as if not noticing any danger. And the snake continued twisting its rings and crushing the ants with its weight. I took a cane and wanted

to chase the snake away, but it began hissing and rose in a cobra stand... It was so big, two human heights tall. I simply froze with terror. Then I looked and saw the Earth globe in the middle of its rings, resembling a monument. And, as soon as the snake started to attack, I was discarded from that horrible vision...”

“Hey, fellows, did you inhale some hallucinating gas there in the caves?” Vano attempted to jest. “One of you sends me to Buryatia, the second one sees a cross on his belly, while the third one coquetted with reptiles.”

Instead of hearing the due laughter, Father John saw only a pitiful resemblance of languid smiles.

“Maybe,” Nikolai Andreevich reluctantly supported his joke. “Yet, the scenes were too real... By the way, that snake was a snake only in the beginning. Since I somewhat fear reptiles, my brain obviously transformed some danger into such a figure associatively. And, with regard to the fact that my mind was lately busy with Destructors and Kanduks, it would be logical to assume that my subconscious was trying to report some information exactly about that subject to me... To continue, as soon as I jumped aside from the snake in my vision, I was transferred from that vision to another one with a still more frightening reality. I was standing amidst a vast crowd chanting something loudly. But people in the crowd were behaving strangely as though they were somnambulists. They were repeating the same slogans over and over again as if they had been recorded and retelling the same phrases to each other word for word. There was concealed aggressiveness behind the outward smiles, and there were utter lies behind the “righteous speeches” delivered from tribunes...”

Once Nikolai Andreevich finished his story, Sensei uttered, “Unfortunately, what you’ve seen is the nearest future, the beginning of the end.”

Sensei was silent for a little while, and all of a sudden, without any foreword, he started to recite a strange poem, “In the times of Crossroads / Falsehood will replace the Truth. / A year before the edge, the Word is given, / But its echo is a cry to the void, / Only few can hear. / A number amounting to infinity / Upturned to the vertical / Will open the gate of Anger. / A mistake is the key / Which unsealed Pandora’s box. / The sea sovereign will awake that day, / Having shaken up his hair, / And will swallow up hundreds of thousands of lives / As the first retribution for Stupidity and Ego. / The second retribution with abruptly overtake / The human world, plunging into greater horror...”

I was listening to that strange poem of continuous catastrophes, unsuccessfully trying to specify the geography and the forthcoming event in my mind. As soon as Sensei finished reciting, silence fell.

“Well, this time you’ve gone to extremes,” Vano was the first one unable to restrain himself. “You are very good at comforting, man.”

Sensei shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s really not the time for being relaxed.”

“What “being relaxed” are you talking about? Now I have sheer “Chinese hieroglyphs” in an Old European version in my head. What is this “anthology” exactly supposed to mean?”

“It’s perfectly clear! A total fucking end is coming soon!” Sergey expressed his opinion without hesitation and promptly corrected himself glancing in my direction. “Forgive me for such words, please.”

“Well, it is clear in general. But what exactly is to happen?” Father John insisted.

“Even if I tell you what will be specifically, you won’t believe me anyway,” Sensei said.

“Why do you think I won’t believe?!”

“Would you believe in the Soviet Union collapse, if I told you about it on the next day after Andropov had become the General Secretary?”

“Certainly, not.”

“See! And now you’re asking me to tell about the events which are much larger-scaled compared to the Union disintegration.”

“Will it really be so terrible?”

“Worse.”

“As far as I’m concerned, it’s seems impossible to me even to think up anything worse than the collapse of the Soviet Union, of my Motherland. Even natural catastrophes are not as frightful,” Sergey uttered.

“Unfortunately,” Sensei responded, “people are awaited by such ordeals which only God can help them to endure and to overpass! As for the Slavic territories, they will soon become a saving place for many climatic refugees of the globe. And Archons will particularly take notice of these territories as of a tidbit. They will make all attempts to take possession of these lands by hook or by crook and to become the Sovereigns there. They will invest enormous money into land purchase, because they clearly understand money will soon turn into nothing. It’s impossible to eat pieces of paper. Money will lose its significance. For instance, who will need dollars if there is no America itself? So, you don’t

need to accumulate money for your old age, – Sensei smiled, posing his gaze at Nikolai Andreevich. – Very soon the times will come when food, heat and shelter will be the only material values among people. However, this will certainly be a temporary phenomenon just like everything in this world. Once people lose their material possessions for the sake of which they used to live, they will acutely feel and understand the importance of quick discovery of the spiritual wealth.” He kept silent for a while and added, “Enormous, serious cataclysms await the planet. And only the spiritual unification of the Slavs, the nucleus of which will be formed by Russia, Ukraine and Belarus, will be able to rescue and to help many people on the Earth to survive. After all, the Slavs are the only remaining spiritual bastion of this world, capable of saving not just themselves, but the humanity as a whole. Otherwise, if the Animal’s domination further lasts out in the human world (yet, the Animal will naturally try to splinter the Slavs, to set them to quarreling and to transmute them into the Ego’s slaves), the final end will be put to the history of this civilization...”

The living scenes of the global catastrophes which I had viewed in the Temple appeared before my eyes again. The world was collapsing within a short period of time. Many people were dying in debilitated moments, caught unaware by the nature’s anger. I felt this world balancing on the verge of a tremendous disaster. I was perfectly aware that all people including myself had few chances to survive in this mincing machine of natural cataclysms and human rage. The intensifying sensation of inevitable death imparted a new impulse to the life and to the value of all its moments. And I wanted a single thing: to live these last moments with the maximal benefit for my soul, in the name of God and for the people’s good.

During such my thinking, to my further surprise, the men’s conversation switched to Geliars.

“...If such a global end ensues, it’s indeed better to please one’s soul before death and give spiritual assistance to people, serving their spiritual welfare,” the priest finished his speech.

“Yes, Geliars lived in a completely different, genuine reality, and not in the material illusion of endless daily troubles which the entire humanity lives in,” Sensei nodded, answering to Father John. “Through their daily struggle against the evil spirits they were improving and increasing their spiritual power. And the spiritual power is capable of not only governing the natural elements, but of moving the planets, too. **There is nothing impossible for a person residing in God’s reality.** Therefore, Geliars and Etimons were rightfully

called the Great Warriors. These people, having sprung from ordinary mortals, succeeded in overcoming the Animal nature inside themselves, in finding integrity and joining the fight against the evil spirits for all people on the other side of consciousness. Through their spiritual purity, through the real service for God, they merited the most valuable spiritual reward – they obtained the power over death and the right to leave for Nirvana, for the genuine God’s reality. Only the one who verges towards God through persevering daily spiritual work may appraise the happiness of closeness to Him.”

“Yeah,” Nikolai Andreevich said pensively, “it truly cannot be compared to any earthly reward including recognition of one’s merits by society. In fact, such recognition is mostly artificial like a meaningless shoulder-slapping...”

“... and a mighty kick on one’s ass,” Sergey finished his sentence.

“Exactly,” Nikolai Andreevich uttered dolefully. “Only a seeming outward appearance.”

“In many respects people are mistaken when they think recognition of their services by the surrounding society is the true reward,” Sensei said. “The internal essence of a human being can never gain its integrity of such outward subjects. On the subconscious level, a person still remains unsatisfied and preserves a set of his or her own problems... Life passes by quickly, and the values which seem important on its certain stage not only often change, but totally lose their sense with time. At that, dissatisfaction with oneself, failure to live up to one’s expectations, collapse of one’s own life illusions eventually just reinforce the internal oppression of causality and inanity of one’s existence. Everything that used to seem important, in the course of time loses its actuality and turns into dust, into a useless trash of the past. Evaluating the spent life, every person tries to console oneself justifying that he or she has lived not in vain. Why? Because in fact he or she understands that, despite all the life events, he or she remains dissatisfied, for his or her inner life has been void. A human spends all energy on the external, not finding time to work on the internal, but the external proves to be a haze, a mirage which dazzles with its appearance and then fades in the darkness...”

“The Animal nature will always find a way for deception, because this world is its patrimony, whereas a human is like a guest here. This world is temporary. It’s a mere illusion where each individual having got into it dreams of finding happiness. In different eras, people have different illusions of such happiness. Nowadays happiness means having money. Many people believe they will achieve the desired happiness when they earn a certain amount of

money. Say, a man does earn such amount, but in the end he still feels drearily at heart. He thinks: once I grow rich, I'll definitely become happy. He becomes rich, yet he still lacks something inside. He then dreams: well, I'll gain power over other people, and will need nothing else more. He achieves such power, but he still remains discontent. Well, he thinks, let me achieve the presidency. And then, once he becomes the president and stays alone with the same lack-of-happiness problem, he understands that all his endeavors have been vain. Nothing on the passed way has brought him the long-awaited happiness. Hence, a human may find the true happiness only inside himself or herself, living in harmony with his or her own soul.

“In this respect, there is a lucid parable, very old and long. But, if reducing it to the main point, it would sound approximately as follows in contemporary understanding: “When the nature was bringing a man into the world, it did not ask whether he wanted a gulp of life. However, he grew up and became an intellectual being among the same beings as himself. When he was attending kindergarten, he wanted to go to school soon, for he thought it would be much more interesting there. The men grew older and went to school, but disappointment quickly overtook him. Life at school turned out to be as boring, furthermore problems appeared. And so the men started dreaming of finishing school and entering a university. In his opinion, the real life awaited him just there. He graduated from school and went to the university. The life which he had dreamt of still didn't come, while more problems added. The men thought: “OK, I'll find a good job and get a prestigious office position, I'll marry a beautiful woman and have a family, and then I'll live properly”. Time passed, his intentions became realized. Nonetheless, he still didn't have a true life, but only daily fuss and endless troubles. The men thought: “Once I retire, I'll definitely see all my dreams fulfilled”. He lived up to the retirement, turned old and became unwanted for anyone. It appeared that death was already not far off, yet he still hadn't had an opportunity to live properly, and his dreams of happiness became only dreams. His life flew by from the kindergarten to the retirement, and the men never cognized what *the real life* actually was like. He came bare into this world, and he left it just as bare, having taken nothing with him. When the nature was taking the men to the other world, it did not ask whether he wanted one more gulp of life”. Nevertheless, the moral of this parable is the following: the greatest lies of the Animal nature is that it tries to hide the true power of the spiritual inside the human, and that sooner or later a

“now” moment will ensue when every human will die despite all the plans for the future he or she is making in the course of life...”

Sensei was telling this, and various feeling arose inside me. Yes, looking from the matter position, life seems to be priceless, only and unique. Yet, looking deeper into this, we indeed live in the darkness of our own illusions. And the main point is that we spent all our energy on the external, not taking care of our internal. We live with a ghostly hope that tomorrow life will be better. If we lose such hope, we are cast down because of the senselessness of our existence. At that, life is continual “here and now”. Above all, it is the life of one’s inner state, the life of one’s thoughts. However, when the soul is in permanent inner oppression of the perpetual material desires, is it the real life? No, it’s just endless suffering.

“... Geliars differ from common people exactly for the fact that they break the illusion of the Animal,” Sensei continued telling. “Life for them is struggle. They devote their lives to this struggle and spend no instant on the illusion. Geliars serve God and fight for common people’s lives, killing the desire of evil spirits to commit atrocities. From generation from generation people communicate legends about the last battle of the Good and Evil forces, whereas Geliars do not wait for that battle, but join in the fight “here and now” courageously. They sacrifice their lives in the name of people, for the sake of their peace, so that people could cognize the beauty of Creation and the Love of God. – Sensei reached for his pocket and took out a little box much similar to the one I’d seen in my “dream”. My breath was taken away of such a surprise. Yet, he fiddled with the box and wouldn’t open it. – Certainly, this *is* the way which allows one to get into God’s reality within a short period of time. But you don’t understand, fellows, how hard this way really is... Firstly, it is far from being a safe path. You can’t even imagine what the battle with evil spirits is like and how much courage and effort it will require from you. It cannot be compared even to the experience you have, for, in order to enter the fight with evil spirits, one should first of all endeavor to chain up your own Animal; otherwise it will destroy you. Secondly, you can’t conceive now what a Geliar’s life is like. It is a dual existence where, besides the everyday life usual for the eyes of those around, Geliar accomplishes intensive, exhausting daily spiritual work which will never be appreciated neither by your relatives nor particularly by those whom you defend. You see, humans remain humans. They all are busy with their objective reality, living their own life and wandering in the darkness of their Animal like homeless ghosts. One should come to love people very

much so as to be ready to provide gratuitous help even to those who will prove to be absolutely unworthy of it. Hence, this path is not an easy one indeed. Hardly everyone is capable of such spiritual feat. In the first place, one should possess a truly enormous desire to help people, have kindness in one's heart and a pure faith in God. So, think well whether you are ready for this. It's not late to refuse so far..."

As Sensei was speaking, I felt my "Lotus flower" as if opening its "petals" from a surge of some blessed waves, that's why my soul started to feel very pleasantly. Extraordinary clearness and purity ensued inside my consciousness. I suddenly understood on some deeply internal level how important and valuable the help which Sensei had referred to was for people! I thought the good that one did secretly was, first of all, necessary for oneself! Paragraphs from the Bible recurred to my memory: "Your alms should be in secret; and your Father seeing the secret will reward you patently". Everything truly faded in the face of such a good objective. I recalled how just several minutes before I had endeavored to be sorry for my own mercantile, personal interests in my life, and I had caught myself at still having a very strong Animal mature inside me. How could have I glorified the matter to such extent when the priceless eternity had been so close to me? What was the sense of the transitory material life in which you did not live in harmony with your soul, dragging out a miserable existence? What was the sense in the nearest future if the nature was going to rebel against the people and it everything would be worse than the most fearful war? Would I have time to live till the old age? As a matter of fact, what exactly could the old age bring during the impetuous current changes leading far from the best possible prospect? What was the sense in all those illusive plans for the future which the Animal was strenuously imposing in my thoughts while I had no real understanding of what could happen to me in a minute? And, all of a sudden, I felt like laughing: even in this growing wave of thoughts I noticed how my Animal started to fear. "Hell with all this matter!" I thought. "And, as for the future... What must be – must be. But, moving towards the end, I can use the chance to live with harmony with my soul, to live for my own conscience, in the name of God and for the welfare of people! Perhaps, this is the very last chance for me to save my soul during the impending global cataclysms and the civilization destruction". And, although Sensei in his speech was addressing not to me, and I evidently didn't know much in contrast to the others who were present, I anyway wanted to take the Geliars' path.

After Sensei finished his speech giving another notice of the difficulty of that way, Sergey said as if echoing my thoughts:

“I’ve decided everything for myself long ago. I’m tired of this world of the Animal! It’s like a toadstool – attractive on the surface, but poisonous inside. As for me, I’m tired of its hallucinogenes.”

Father John confirmed his decision as well, “It’s an affair much pleasing to God, it’s worth doing.”

Nikolai Andreevich nodded agreeing with the rest, “Whatever it is, I would be happy to have such a chance in my destiny.”

“Me, too!” my person declared, being on the general patriotism wave.

Everybody turned round in astonishment. Sergey and Father John seeing my “militant” look seemed to have hung their heads in order to hide the smiles, while Sensei did not hide his and explained as gently as possible, “Everyone, my dear, chooses his or her own way. Yet, the most valuable is the way which a person is not only strong enough to overpass, but on which he or she is able to realize his or her individual potential the best.”

He became silent and attentively looked at all the present with a penetrating gaze, especially resting it on the men as though he was studying the most undercover depths of their inner world. Afterwards he looked at the shining sun limb and uttered, “Well, if you have decided in such way, so be it! So, *it is time for Geliars’ ezoosmos to come into the world again.*”

He opened the box and released... the very Pravi tamga from the cloth! The beams of the luminary began to play socially on its surface. The air around seemed to have given a start when the ancient crystals blazed up in response with a blinding light, illuminating our faces with a marvelous glitter of its ideal facets. The shining pure beams were rapidly filling the surrounding space. It seemed that no obstacles existed for them. They impetuously flooded into our souls, generating an unbelievable inner surge of the might power of the Good.

Content.

Part 1. Uncommon fishing.

Part 2. Hidden reality.

Part 3. Tamga of Pravi.

The books by Anastasia Novykh:

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The books by Anastasia Novykh are well-known all over the world as spiritual, intellectual bestsellers that give answers to exclusively personal questions of every person, that give a deep understanding of the world and oneself, strengthen the best human qualities, inspire to inner self-knowledge, inspire to broaden one's outlook, win victory over oneself and do real good deeds. The books of the writer - **"Sensei of Shambala" (four volumes), "Ezoosmos", "Birds and a Stone", "Crossroads", "AllatRa"** are translated into many languages. They have become a handbook for people of different ages, nationalities, religions, living on different continents, in various countries.

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- *the nationwide initiative - "ALLATRA Global Partnership Agreement" www.allatra-partner.org;*
- *international Internet TV - "ALLATRA TV" www.allatra.tv;*
- *international web portal for bringing people together in common socially important affairs - "ALLATRA – Crowdfunding with Conscience" www.allatra.in;*
- *creative media space - "ALLATRA RADIO" <http://allatra-radio.com/en>;*
- *"ALLATRA SCIENCE" - modern innovative research in the spheres of climatology, physics, psychology <http://allatra-science.org/en>;*
- *International portal of global positive information space - "ALLATRA News" <http://allatravesti.com/en> and many others.*

We do not divide people into leaders and executors, every one of us is a leader and an executor, and together we are force.

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We invite everyone who would like to show kindness and to help the international community to take the path of spiritual and cultural development through socially important joint projects. Everyone who wants, who is able and who acts is with us. It is timely and fashionable to be a good person!

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**ALLATRA TV - International Volunteer Internet TV
of the ALLATRA International Public Movement**

Official website: www.allatra.tv

ALLATRA TV is the international, nationwide Internet TV with relevant and interesting videos on various subjects: psychology, science, good news, information and analysis programs, interviews with famous people, friendly humor, educational animated videos, family programmes, and many other sincere and positive programmes which increase humaneness, kindness, and unity in the society. The reality that affects us all!

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