



Melinda Jones

LIFE AFTER LIFE
The Book of Magic Knowledge

This book is a result of channeling and speaking to Ian's spirit.

Everything in this book is fact and can be verified by the names of the characters and dates of events.

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“This book really changes your destiny! There is so much useful and real-life information in it. So much wisdom. After I read the book, I got rid of many illnesses. I recently visited my physician who confirmed this fact, and my family relationships have improved. Several months ago, my husband gifted me a romantic trip to Thailand, and it was marvelous. Maybe for others this is normal, but for me this is a gift of destiny!”

Marylyn, Los Angeles

“Not long ago, my employer wanted to lay me off, so I decided to reread this book. Not only have I kept my position, but I became the head of the department! The most important thing for me now is that I want to live life to the fullest, valuing each moment, and not just existing. I urge everyone to read this book – MANY TIMES!”

Silvia, São Paulo

“Helping to edit this book has been the most incredible experience of my life. When you finish this book, you will understand the greatest secret of life: Why are we here? This understanding will change your perspective on everything. You will find gratitude and happiness in life because you will know why things are happening to you...”

Brian, Boulder, Colorado

“This book answers questions that every person, every soul needs to know: Why do I feel there should be more in life? Why am I here? What is my purpose? It reveals the deepest ancient mysteries and will rewrite your understanding of God and religion. You will understand what Heaven, Hell, and reincarnation are, what they aren't, and why and how we experience them. READ five minutes every day and your life will change too.”

Adam, Canada



This book has a special code.
The more you read it, the sooner you will navigate
through your problems and obstacles.



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INTRODUCTION

I am a qualified specialist in channeling. I have thoroughly studied the possibilities of hypnosis in a group setting. The group, focused on channeling, is something I have a gift for. The group consisted of well-known Russian specialists in the hypnosis sphere, and I have mastered many of its methods. During one session of contact with discarnate souls, I was contacted by the soul of Ian, a young man, who became the protagonist of this book, and his soul asked me to tell the story of his life and death. It turned into a bright and unusual narration about the afterlife, which was confirmed by my other contacts. Ian also asked me to share his end-of-life story, where he described his propensity for suicide. At first, I did not want to talk about this in my book. But Ian insisted, explaining that this way, many people inclined to suicide would understand themselves better and that it would help them avoid this inclination. It will also help the people around them to better understand these tendencies, which will lead to fewer suicides. People who commit suicide do so because they do not understand themselves, their tendencies, and the people around them. I spoke with many leading psychiatrists and psychologists, who confirmed that this would be helpful in eliminating this problem. I kept this part in my book, just as Ian asked. This book also sheds light on how the creatures of the subtle plane affect us. It helps us understand the reasons for the many psychological states and acts performed by a person under the influence of these creatures and the souls of the dead. This is very important in understanding how they affect your thoughts and motives. Ian was walking among the cemetery graves and monuments, admiring the yellow foliage of autumn. It was cloudy with a bit of rain, and yet he liked this weather. He enjoyed wandering about the cemetery in the peace and stillness of the night with no one to distract him from his thoughts of life and death. He stopped, smoked, and began reading the inscription on a grave. "Ivanova Tatyana Ivanovna was born in 1918 and died in 1999." Well done, Tatyana Ivanovna; you lived a long life. In this life of yours, there were revolutions, wars, and probably the evacuation or military occupation. You suffered the post-war hunger and rationed bread. You, Tatyana Ivanovna, didn't live but struggled to survive, and your head was probably free from the thoughts that have settled in mine. And here is the child's tomb: Stepanov Seryozha. You, Seryozha, are the lucky one. You did not have the time to understand anything. You came

here, smiled, and left. I think that you did not have the time to realize that life is a real hell. Here I am, Seryohza, still very young, and already I don't want to live any longer. I'm tired of all of this, Seryohza, don't you see? No, you, Seryohza, will not understand me, while Tatyana Ivanovna – she could. He thought, "I am so young and already don't want to live anymore." Adults say that I am crazy and that I am not the only one. Now there are whole groups of goths and emo. They write poetry and sing about death and their reluctance to be in this world. It was not like this in the past. Apparently, this world has become completely corrupt, false, and artificial. More sensitive people like me do not want to live in this dead and plastic world, among people who live like zombies, like robots, and do not want to wake up from their sleep. They are constantly lying and pretending that all is well. It is clear to everyone that the world is moving towards self-destruction. So, everyone puts on their rose-colored glasses and refuses to see things as they really are. It got dark as the rain intensified. Ian raised his collar to protect himself from the cold drops. He exited the cemetery, staring at the gravestones and thinking, "They're fine; it's all over for them now, and I have to suffer more."

"Emergency Case" was an amateur rock band. Today they were rehearsing in a small and empty university hall. Music, for them, was a means of self-expression rather than a way to attract attention to themselves.

Ian was the band's lead singer. He was tall with long blonde hair and blue eyes. He sang with an otherworldly voice as he played the guitar. Inna, Ian's girlfriend, was sitting in the audience, watching him perform. She always sat close so that Ian could notice her immediately and know that she was listening to him.

Inna had fallen in love with Ian at first sight. And now that their relationship had lasted for more than a year, she kept thinking about how much she loved him. She loves him, and he wants to die. This thought brought such sadness to her that she wanted to cry. She lowered her head into her hands. "It will be fine," she mumbled aloud and looked back up to the stage.

As Ian was singing, there came a sound of clapping in the hall. Inna recognized Sasha, one of Ian's friends. Ian always said

that Sasha liked weed more than girls. Ian himself would not refuse a smoke, so Inna assumed that tonight would end traditionally: the guys would get high and pretend to speak about the meaning of life. They, in fact, only told each other about how meaningless their existence was while trying to find the point of it all. Inna had found this purpose when she had met her teacher. But Ian was not interested in such simple and clear ways. He preferred to think that life was going nowhere.

Recently, Inna had started to think that she wasn't holding onto Ian as much as clinging to him. She felt like she was a stupid fish, caught by a sharp hook in her mouth. The hook was scratching her throat, and she wanted to cry more and more.

Sometimes she wanted to tell Ian, "You're not the only one who sees this senseless void in front of you. I faced it myself when I was fifteen. I was awakened one night by a strange feeling. My whole body ached, and the blood was rushing to my head. I felt like I could not breathe. I sat up on the bed and thought that at that very moment, I would die. And this was a comforting idea to me."

After that night, Inna dyed her hair pink, cut her bangs, and started wearing black eyeliner. Her parents were shocked. "What is this?" they asked. Their daughter looked like a scarecrow! She began to listen to weird howls that she called music. These ragged rhythms were constantly heard from her room. Inna thought that she had found what she was looking for – love, tears, and death. And if you think about this, it seemed very familiar. She met with similar guys and girls who smoked weed and talked about themselves a lot, hardly listening to each other. Almost all the girls suffered from anorexia.

They talked about the cult of a thin body, and soon Inna almost stopped eating as well. It lasted for almost a year. Her parents would drag her to psychotherapists, and she would stuff herself at lunch, just to throw it all up later. The therapists tried to talk to her about responsibility and love, and she just laughed. What could those fat women know about love? It was funny, really funny until she met Ian.

She fell in love with his back first. He had very straight shoulders and blonde hair that easily touched his shoulders. It was the first time ever that she had wanted to bury her face in someone's hair. He turned around, and she choked, confronted by those dreary blue eyes.

She felt really weak and helpless. And at that time in her life, she really was. And she remained the same today.

They talked for the first time a week after they had met. He grimly looked at her and said that weak little emo girls did not interest him. "I'm not a wuss," she replied. "Well, then, prove it," he said, looking down at her with a mocking glance.

His eyes remained bored, "Like melting water," she thought, peering into his face. Then abruptly, she bent his head towards her and kissed Ian on the lips.

Tonight, Inna was looking out of the dark audience and recalling their first night together. Inna's parents had gone to the countryside, and she invited him to her house. As soon as she opened the door and looked into his dilated pupils, she knew that he was high. Drugs would become a normal part of their sex and love life.

"They really get you into it," Ian explained to her. But since Master had appeared in her life, she understood that there were other things that could get you into something that was worthwhile.

During their first night together, Ian was rude, impatient, and cheerful about it. It was not what her body had been waiting for or what she had romantically fantasized about. Ian apologized afterward and hugged her for a long time, but Inna did not believe him. She felt that he loved her, although it did not fit the ideal of her teenage dreams. So what? She didn't care. She didn't care about what her parents and a few friends were thinking. She had lost most of her friends when Ian appeared in her life. He demanded everything—time, emotion, energy. Sometimes the girl was so tired that she wanted to send him to hell just so she could relax. And then Ian would come, smiling with his mouth only, pulling her close to him, and she would forget everything.

As the band finished playing their improvised concert, Inna came back to the present moment. All the band members sat down in a circle and lit up their tobacco blends. Then someone lit up a joint and passed it around. Inna refused, clinging to Ian even stronger. In moments like these, she thought that nothing could separate them. And Ian had already forgotten her and began arguing with Vanya, the drummer.

"Each person has the right to decide to be or not to be," said Ian. "Our freedom of choice lies in the question of 'to live or die' and is absolutely natural. And this is the first thing that each of us has to decide – should we be here. Should we live alongside the lying politicians, the dirt, the betrayal, and the

human exploitation? What kind of life is it? Don't forget that we live in peaceful times, and there's no worldwide hunger. But people still suffer. And for what?"

"Chill out, Ian," said Anton, casually slapping Ian on his shoulder and passing him a small white pill. "I think you've smoked too much. Here, take some X, and cheer up a bit."

"No, I don't want any," refused Ian. "It won't help. I will still see the reality of this world. You are just too young and look at everything through rose-tinted glasses. I've taken mine off a long time ago." Suddenly, the door flew open, and the Dean of their faculty walked into the hall. Seeing the young men stoned, he started to yell at them. "What are you doing here? Get out of here now! I will notify the Rector and your parents!" At this moment, he saw Inna, who was trying to hide behind Ian's back. "Inna, why are you here with these hoodlums? I always thought of you as a nice girl." Ian was already on edge, and the Dean's words angered him even more.

"I'm not going to study here any longer. Don't worry! What do you teach here? I want to be rich, healthy, happy, and social; do you teach that here? What exactly do you teach?" Though the Dean was shocked to hear such words from the usually quiet Ian, he said, "We try to teach you a profession so that you don't become a blue-collar laborer, so that you have a career."

SUICIDE

Ian loved Inna, but he loved his own thoughts more. After his first unsuccessful suicide attempt, when he had swallowed pills, Ian had continuously thought about death. He imagined how he would immerse himself in it and became increasingly convinced of the meaninglessness of human existence. Today's conversation with the Dean had finished him. He had laid next to Inna, listening to her breathe as he waited for her to fall asleep. "Forgive me," Ian said quietly and tiptoed to the bathroom.

Having locked the bathroom door from the inside, Ian filled the tub with warm water, submerged himself in it, and cut open the veins on his wrist with a razor blade.

"This is the end," he thought.

The blood was trickling down his arms into the water as the young man smoked yet another cigarette filled with a special smoking blend.

Ian took another drag and realized that he was stoned. The feeling was nice. He felt as if he were swimming in a sea of lead with crimson serpents coming out of his veins and escorting him into the wonderful world far from reality. His body no longer existed, and he became a part of the molten lead. His thoughts fell apart into a million pieces. There was no complete being named Ian; he was now just a feeling and nothing else. He was hearing weird sounds that resembled a word: klenya, slenya, mneya, glenya... Everything real ceased to exist, and he fell into the darkness...

When Inna saw the door locked, she knew at once what was going on. She woke up Ian's parents and watched as they broke the door down, rushing into the bathroom. Ian was lying in the red water, eyes closed and smiling.

Seeing this, Inna grabbed her head and quietly fell to the cold white tile.

Ian woke up on a hospital bed with an IV stuck in his left arm. "I'm alive again," he thought, disappointed. "Bastards! You didn't let me die again," he screamed and started to fight to get up, but his arms and legs were tied down to the bed.

"I'm at the nut house!" He was angry at the thought and could barely stop himself from growling.

"Let me go!" he screamed.

After a few minutes, the door opened, and Ian saw a doctor who came to give him a sedative shot.

"Stop sedating me! Let me die in whichever way I want." But he was already falling asleep.

A while later, Ian was seated in front of the hospital psychologist. He was wearing a straitjacket and couldn't do anything other than yell profanities and argue.

"What do you want? I will decide if I should live or die! I'm a free person!" "Think about your parents," said the psychologist calmly to Ian.

"Why should I think about them? They only set limits and make me do things I don't want to do. They make me go to school and work; they don't let me live with my girlfriend, listen to loud music, and use drugs. I didn't ask them to have me, so they can get out of my life!" "Suicide is a sin," said the psychologist trying another angle.

"Sin?" said Ian ironically. "All that is a fairytale made up by the church so that people will be too afraid to leave their slavery. Where is this God? The world is full of all kinds of shit: wars, revolutions, terrorism, crime, hunger, epidemics,

poverty, and the lie that is told by those better off than those at the bottom of the food chain. It seems to me that God either doesn't care about us or is dead! I don't want to live in this world. What holds you here? The fear of death or an illusion that everything will get better? Nothing holds me anymore, so get this thing off of me and let me go!"

But he only succeeded at getting another shot of tranquilizers from the nurse.

LAWFUL STATE

Distraught that Ian had tried to commit suicide again, Inna visited her spiritual adviser, guru Master, to ask him for advice on what to do. Inna sat in front of the teacher and wept bitterly. Guru Master did not stop the girl; he just took her hand and pressed it to his chest. Inna felt the despair gradually leave her heart.

"Do you remember Ian?" she asked the guru. "He's my boyfriend. We came here together once."

"Yes, of course, I remember him," Master warmly answered her. "Well, he started using drugs again and tried to commit suicide," she said with tears in her eyes. "Can you tell me why this is happening?"

"Don't worry," said her teacher. "He hasn't found his purpose in life yet. The one that is being forced on him by this terminally-ill society isn't what he's looking for. The suicide attempt is the way he chooses to protest against the evil and unfairness surrounding him. He needs to know that the world can be changed if one starts with himself. As far as the drugs... People take drugs to change their reality into something that has no restrictions, contradictions, problems, complexes, and lies. Again, all that is forced upon us by society from the time we are children. The poison turns off the part of the brain that houses societal identities, and the person taking it enters into the subtle body to feel something unavailable to him in his daily life. However, you don't need to use drugs to get that feeling. Ian needs to start practicing meditation and learn how to go into a trance. This knowledge will help him forever rid himself of the burden of the cancerous society and its problems. Maybe I can help your friend if you bring him to one of our sessions." After talking with the teacher, Inna felt relief and elation. She also felt a fear that if she was going to help Ian, she needed to hurry.

Finally, Ian was released from the psychiatric ward. While he was getting dressed, he looked out the window and saw Inna

not far from the porch. Seeing the light-colored raincoat and curls of dark hair under the hood, he realized how much he had missed her. “If I die, I will never see her again,” he thought, and a heavy feeling clutched at his heart.

Seeing Ian come out of the hospital, Inna smiled and went to him. After a pause, she told him about her dream that night. “I saw you as a child.” Inna then brought him to one of Master’s Sunday sessions. There was a lot of people seated in the spacious and bright room. Ian looked confused and told Inna, “I never thought there would be so many people.” “People love him very much because he has helped them greatly,” Ian replied. “The guru was wearing a priestly hat and a black tunic with a special sign (S) embroidered on it.

He started his sermon with the following: “All of the human sufferings, the ignorance, and the blindness towards one another—all the evil around us comes from the fact that we feel separated from God, the environment, and those who surround us. We feel isolated and don’t understand that the world is a union and that everything is intertwined. Isolation is an illusion; it doesn’t exist and only gives birth to egoism and the false feeling of self-worth. When two such selfish people meet, they start forcing on each other their truth and, as such, give birth to a conflict—one wants to subjugate and or use the other.

If he cannot force his opinion, he starts using lies, politics, religion, and the idea of riches and total happiness. This is how all of the problems and unfairness of a sick and egoistic society appear. We need to fight this illusion of isolation if we want to reach a true vision of the world, felicity, and divinity. We can only fight this illusion with love, love for everything – for ourselves, the people that surround us, for God, for nature. I call upon you to open your hearts and let the hidden love out. Let it shine like the summer sun and warm up those around you. Today, let’s start with the love meditation practice. Make sure to fill your lungs with love when you inhale and let it all out when you exhale.”

The people got ready for the meditation. All of a sudden, there was the sound of glass breaking and people in masks with machine guns entered through the broken windows. They were members of the local SWAT team.

“Everyone down! Hands behind your head,” their captain was screaming.

They started to kick and hit those who hadn't obeyed the orders. "Here's the main terrorist," said the captain and kicked Master, who was quietly lying on the floor.

"Don't touch him!" screamed Ian, running up to the SWAT captain and pushing him away from the teacher. "He's a man of God! He hasn't done anything wrong! You are a terrorist here. You force your way in, hiding your faces, so no one recognizes you while you commit any crime your heart desires, any crime that you are ordered to commit by the demons that lead you." Having said this, Ian was beaten unconscious and dragged towards the exit.

"Ian," cried out Inna.

"Try to take this with all the love that you have inside you," proclaimed Master. "Noise only points out the quiet; chaos emphasizes the calm." "Shut up, you shaman!" said the cop, and he started to hit the guru. "You've trashed these people's brains with your stupid ideas. We will lock you up and put an end to this cult."

Ian woke up on the floor of a dirty jail cell. A grimy homeless man in torn pants sat behind him. Seeing that Ian had opened his eyes, the man asked, "Got a cigarette?"

"Fuck you!" yelled Ian, and he tried to sit up. The headache was unbearable, and nausea was rising in his throat. The homeless man obediently crawled away into a corner. Ian felt unbearably sick.

Clanging doors saved him from throwing up, and Ian was called in for questioning. During the interrogation, the fat cop tortured him. Disposing of the toothpick, the cop pushed a blank sheet of paper towards him. "You need to tell me all about how you were being trained to become a terrorist here," the cop said. "If you testify to that, we'll let you go. But if you don't, we'll easily find something to put you behind bars for five to seven years; that's not a problem. We were given orders to shut down your cult. If you all aren't stopped, others may start to listen, and you can't control a mass of people who believe the same bullshit, can you? Your testimony will include your explanations of what was going on there: orgies, rapes, extortion, and murder. We've even made a short film about you bastards."

Ian stared at him, holding his tension. His trembling hands were clenched into fists. "I'm sorry," the cop smirked. "Were

you waiting for someone to tell you to start writing? There will be no movie rights to this story.” The cop was laughing at his own joke while he pushed a pen to Ian again.

“I’m not testifying to anything,” Ian said. I know what you are up to.” Ian was revolted by the bold lie of the officer. “If you are ordered to put someone in jail because you have to make a quota, that’s your problem. I know that the teacher is a saint and didn’t do anything criminal. Everything you say is a bunch of crap. If I’m going to testify, it will be the truth, including what’s going on here. You can shove those fake films up your ass. I’ve always known that everything on TV is a lie.”

“Lock him up,” ordered the officer. “Cuff him, and beat the crap out of him. Let’s see what you say in a few hours.” Ian was violently dragged out of a room by three other police officers.

THE GHOST

Ian was severely bruised after another beating, and he still wouldn't testify against Master and other members of the center. Since there was nothing they could hold him on, after beating him half to death, they let him go.



The beastly officers escorted Ian to the front door of the station. A lieutenant wryly smiled and poked Ian in the ribs. He winced from the pain; any touch to his body burned severely. He turned and faced the lieutenant, focusing all the hate from the previous night into one glance. The lieutenant looked away first, and Ian pushed the heavy door and went out.

“This is what life is,” Ian thought, feeling pain with every step. “There is no justice. Deception and violence rule this world; there’s no democracy. Osho was kicked out of America and locked up in prison because he was teaching the truth and wanted to free the people. He died in prison!

Now they want to do the same to Master. I’m tired of this life. We will all be judged harshly during Armageddon.”

He bought a bottle of vodka and drained it outside the store. “I don’t want to live this shitty life anymore. What is there to do, except to wait for the end of the world, another world war, or death by a meteorite? No, I think not. I’m done.”

He was very drunk when he got home, and there was no one there to shame him. His parents hadn't even noticed his nightly absences. They were distracted by their endless arguments over where the love in their relationship had gone.

He opened the closet door and got out a piece of rope that he knew was there. "Cutting the veins is foolish and useless. I will make sure this time," he decided.

Ian tried not to think about Inna. "She'll survive," he told himself, turning the music up louder. Ian found a lot of pleasure in preparing to hang himself while listening to his favorite music. "I'm tired of everything. This is what I have to do," he thought.

He tied the rope to the chandelier, put his head inside the loop, and kicked the chair out from under him. The rope suddenly became so tight around his neck, and Ian started to feel the horrific burning of being suffocated. Propelling his arms and twitching his legs tightened the rope more, and Ian thought the torture was never going to end. Suddenly, he heard a rumbling noise, as if he were going through a large tube and felt a lightness and a sense of freedom. He was in the room, and he was conscious. "Damn it," Ian thought. "I'm alive again. What the hell happened?"

Looking around, he saw his dead body hanging on his mother's favorite chandelier.

"I hung myself, so why am I still here? Maybe I'm in my subtle body now. Is there really no death?" Ian was horrified at the thought. "I had hoped that everything would finally be over, but it looks like I'm immortal. What is this body that I'm in? It feels strange. The usual feeling of being heavy and somewhat constrained is gone."

He started to pull on the skin of his face. His body felt soft like rubber, and the skin could be pulled in any direction. He could move and bend in any direction too. He stretched his arm and was surprised to see it become longer. "This is amazing," Ian laughed.



“How fascinating,” thought Ian. His whole body felt like a sensory organ. He could see with his hand. Ian placed it over a book that was lying on the table. He was able to read it and see the pages without turning them. When Ian looked at a cup of coffee on the table, he could taste it. He tried to grab the book, but his hand went completely through it. Ian discovered that he could walk through objects. He wanted to walk up to the window, but he found himself instantly standing next to it. After some experimentation, Ian concluded that his body was completely under his control. He could transport himself wherever he wanted to go. These new sensations consumed his interest so much that he forgot that

he had wanted to die. The feeling of being in this new body was so light and wonderful that Ian didn't notice that it had gotten dark outside. Someone started banging on the door. By focusing his attention on it, Ian was able to see right through it and saw his mother and father on the other side, calling out for him. He told them that everything was fine, but they could not hear him.

Then Ian's parents broke down the door and saw his dead body. His mother started wailing over him while Ian's father took the rope off of him.

"Mom. Dad. I'm right here," yelled Ian. He tried to get their attention by touching them, but it was useless; they couldn't see or hear him. He finally realized that his efforts were useless and just observed as his parents ran around the room.

He then noticed a whole swarm of what looked like flies in the room. He quickly realized that these were thoughts. Giant beetles and slugs the size of basketballs flew into the room and attacked Ian's parents. They greedily fought with each other to drink the substance that was oozing out of them. "They must be feeding on their emotions and suffering," thought Ian. He tried to stop them by hitting them away from his parents. He succeeded at first in scaring them away, and every time, they would just return to start attacking his parents again.

Ian watched his parents. He was surprised that he could see their naked bodies through their clothes and didn't want to look. He was even more surprised that he could see all of their insides – their organs, circulatory system, and nerves. He could also see areas of pulsating light. These areas corresponded to the maps of the body that one can see in an acupuncture book, but there were many of them, and they were woven all over his mother and father. His parents' bodies were surrounded by glowing ellipses, and there were light spheres around their heads.

"That must be the aura," thought Ian.

The auras kept changing colors. There were also dark spots floating in and around them, and at times Ian could see spiral-like formations that reminded him of small whirlwinds. Ian noticed that depending on what he focused on, he could see either the aura, the light channels, the intestines, the naked body or everything at once.

When Ian's relatives started arriving, he began to feel a growing sense of uneasiness and anxiety. Soon he understood that he could feel his relatives' emotions, even the ones his mother transmitted over the phone. When Inna arrived and embraced his dead body, Ian felt her pain as well.

"I'm here. I'm alive!" Why are you all gathered around the corpse? That's not me," Ian yelled, but no one could hear him. However, Ian did discover that he could read everyone's thoughts, especially when they were about him. He could also catch the thoughts about him from the relatives that weren't in the room but had heard the news. They were worried about him and thought about him incessantly. Inna ran out of the house, and Ian knew that she was headed to see the Teacher. Ian became interested and started following her. On the way there, Ian saw other people in the streets, and they were all being attacked by beetles, slugs and jellyfish. These parasites penetrated them and forced them to experience negativity, producing bad thoughts and feeding off their emotions.

Ian could see people's intestines right through their clothes and saw that many of them were pitch black. Only Inna and younger people had lighter innards.

"The black must be sickness," thought Ian.

Inna ran into the hall where Master was conducting his training with students. She stood before him and cried. Master immediately understood everything and gave her a hug.

"Don't worry," he said. "Ian isn't dead. He is alive. He is right next to you, and he feels very good. He's in a better place now, but your suffering is affecting him. He can feel it."

Master called his students to come closer. They all hugged Inna and surrounded her with their love and compassion. Master resembled a sun. He emitted a ring of light that had a rainbow along its edges. Above Master's head was a halo. The students were also surrounded by light, unlike regular people who were enmeshed in a gray cloud. Instead of bugs and larvae, there were balls of light in the hall where the teacher was present. The balls of light directed their rays to individual students and transferred positive thoughts.



“Let’s pray for Ian and send his soul to the better world with happiness,” said Master.

The students began to pray. Each one started emitting a column of light that shot up into the sky. Ian’s soul could feel all of the love and grace, and he felt very good. At the end of the prayer, everyone rejoiced and sent Ian their best wishes for his ascension.

When everyone left the hall after meditation, Ian again began to feel the negative thoughts of his relatives. As soon as he remembered them, he was transported back to the apartment. He was only able to get away from the anxious uneasiness when night fell, and everyone went to sleep.

Ian continued experimenting with his body. He imagined himself to be a dog and instantly turned into a dog. Then he imagined himself to be a frog, and his body obeyed. Then he returned to human form and imagined clothes upon his body, and there they were.

Everyone went to sleep, but Ian didn’t feel the need to sleep. He never felt tired.

FUNERAL

When his body was taken to be buried, he decided to come along and see what would happen. On the way, he saw his relatives being devoured by huge jellyfish, bugs, snakes, and worms. He understood that human misfortunes and unhappiness are directly linked to these creatures that influence people with feelings of misery and try to provoke them to do stupid things. When one person was angry or envious of another, he sent parasites toward the object of his hate, and they started to attack the victim like hungry dogs attacking a dead lamb. If the victim was a positive person, the parasites were unable to succeed and were repelled back towards their master. Rarely did he see balls of light next to some people and thought that these people were kind spirits or maybe angels. The coffin with his body was placed in the ground, and his relatives were throwing handfuls of dirt on it. Ian saw a white shadow with an imprint of his face on it right next to the tomb.



“Is it a ghost?” Ian wondered.

He looked around, saw that other tombs had similar shadows over them, and remembered that Inna had told him about the etheric body.

“That’s probably what it is,” Ian thought.

Some of these shadows were brighter, while others, older ones, could barely be seen. It looked as if, with age, the etheric body got older and faded.

Inna was at the funeral. She didn't cry anymore and just prayed to God for his soul. She went with Ian's parents to the church after the funeral. There was a white cloud over the church that was being fed by the prayers of the people inside. Occasionally a swirl of energy would leave the cloud and enter one of those who were praying.

"What is that? Is that God?" Ian wondered. But he didn't feel that it was God.



Suddenly, Ian saw a lightning bolt that formed in one cloud and struck another one that was close by. Wondering what it was, he flew up towards the lightning strikes and saw they formed over a mosque. The clouds over the church and the mosque exchanged energy that formed the lightning. Ian saw that similar clouds were formed over a synagogue and a Baptist house of prayer.

"These are egregores that are fighting with each other. They are still so far from God," he thought.

Ian already knew that he could simply think of a place or a person and be transported there.

Once when he thought of Inna, he ended up in one of her astral karate classes that was being taught by Master. He was teaching his students how to get rid of slugs and clean their aura from different parasites, hitting them with waves of energy, as well as how to break contact with energy vampires and egregores. Ian saw that each person had what looked like wires coming out of them from one person to another and to the egregore clouds as well. These wires delivered electricity that controlled the person like a puppet, entangling them to the point that there was nothing left of the actual self. The person would do, think, and worry about the things that were dictated to him by others and not what he actually wanted to do or feel.

THE ROAD TO HELL

Once Ian visited his old university and saw an enemy of his who was bragging about how he humiliated Ian. He said that Ian was gay and that he even had sex with him. Ian became enraged and wanted to kill him. As soon as he thought that he saw black clouds surround his enemy and drag him somewhere.

“What is that?” Ian asked himself.

He saw a dark place, which was filled with horrific creatures that reminded him of winged gorgons and hyenas. The creatures attacked Ian and started to devour him, which brought horror and great pain to him, which only made his attackers even more violent. They were tearing Ian apart, their claws penetrating him, their breath burning his skin. Ian understood that he was in hell and didn't know how to get out. His misery only fed the demons more, who came up with new tortures for him. He started seeing how Inna was being raped, how his enemy was attacking Ian, or how his friends were humiliating him. He was sinking further into that illusion, forgetting that none of what he was seeing was real. Ian finally remembered Master and started to scream for help, praying to God with every inch of his soul.

Master appeared like a cloud of light in the midst of the darkest night, scaring away all the demons.

“Look at my face. Look at me,” said Master.

Full of hope, Ian stared at his teacher's face. “Calm down. Try to remember something pleasant – a park or one of our seminars. You need to think positive thoughts.”

Ian started to feel calm and relieved as if someone had lifted a heavy load off of his shoulders.

“Now, look around you,” said the teacher.

Ian looked around and saw a meadow with a stream running through it. He saw the sky painted with the colors of a sunset. There were images of a church far away. “You see,” said Master. “In the subtle body, where you are depends on how you feel – heaven or hell, the past or the future. Any part of this world or parallel realities – obey your wish, and you can find yourself anywhere with just one thought. What you see

here appeared from your mind or the mind of another being. Unfocus your vision like you do when you look at a candle. You see, it's just a field of energy."



Ian did what he was told and realized that he was looking at an iridescent field of light. It was rippling like waves on a lake, changing colors and contours each second.

"So, the river and the church are not real?" Ian asked.

"They are real, just like hell is. If you wanted to, you could swim in the river or pray inside the church. They are just made of energy, being born by the power of your imagination and your thoughts, or by the power of the thoughts of other people that make you see what they wish." "What is real then? How can I see the world the way it really is?" Ian asked with interest.

"God is true reality. But it's not easy to see Him. If you don't know how to tune into the energy around you won't be able to connect to Him. If you didn't commit suicide and continued to visit my school, I would have taught you how to meditate and

go into Samadhi to reach God. Everything is divided in the subtle body, and teachers are located on a different level from other beings. It all depends on the energy field. Their paths can cross for a moment but only with the help of a special practice. I can't teach you how, but I can take you with me to my Samadhi, so you can see the true reality, even if it is only for a split second. If you try hard, you will have another destiny in your future life, and you will be able to know Eternity. Now look into my eyes, and don't be distracted."

Ian looked inside his teacher's dark eyes and started to feel like he was sinking into their warmth of them. Suddenly, he saw a glowing white ball that was radiating beams of light. The ball was glowing in front of a dark abyss that reminded Ian of the eternal Cosmos. Ian's life flashed in front of his eyes, and he saw the horror and shame that was his life. Sadness filled Ian's heart, sadness for a life wasted, a feeling he had never felt before. However, the light of God didn't seem to judge him for it. It enveloped him with love and hope – the hope that he would understand the truth and be able to reach the greater good. The light didn't make a sound, but Ian understood that it was talking. He understood what it was saying and feeling with his heart and every part of his soul.

"This is what you could have received, my son. If you had longed for Me in your life, you would have become Me," God told him.

Though words were not spoken, Ian understood Him better than if someone was talking to him. He felt the meaning of what he heard completely, without the need to worry about whether he understood Him correctly.

Suddenly, the light started to become wider and embraced Ian. He felt such an endless love that he started to dissolve in it and disappeared completely. Now, there was only the eternity of the Universe. And though Ian was gone, he felt as if he was a god. He felt that he was everywhere at the same time, that he was a part of space that was endless in all of the worlds, galaxies, stars and beings that lived on earth and elsewhere, knowing everything about them and could live their life. He was the past and the future of everything he ever made. He was eternal. He didn't see his creation as a single deed. He saw it as his own life in its entirety until it was one with him. This is how he felt himself, or rather himself, in everything he

formed. He was full of the great creating power that could make thousands of worlds in one moment, the power that was full of the incomprehensible sense of knowing everything, the power that was full of incalculable feelings of love, bliss, sanctity, and all other possible emotions and states.

What Ian was able to comprehend was just a small part of God's thoughts. Everything else couldn't be described. It was like an endless, grand, and all-encompassing feeling, which to describe a person would need an eternity. This feeling changed each moment, and to understand and explain the next moment of God, one would need another eternity. This was incomprehensible and immeasurable.

The light became a bit duller, and Ian started to feel like himself again. He felt as if he was squeezed into a tight coffin and buried in a tomb. Compared to the feeling he had felt just a few moments ago, being human felt like nonexistence. It was so hard to lose God that he wanted to die again at that same moment. He loved and adored Him. He could no longer live by himself but didn't know what to do and how to go on.

"This is what happens when an unprepared soul sees God," said Master. Ian turned around and saw his teacher's face in front of him. After getting back to his usual state of being, everything that he saw felt like a dream, and Ian couldn't believe that he had just met God.

"This is better," said Master smiling at him. "I thought you were going to go suicidal on me here, too. Although, it's not possible here. Now you need to go back to the subtle body where you can handle your abilities, the abilities that you developed in your short life. Remember, you need to control your emotions and thoughts, or you can once again end up in hell, and it will be very difficult to get out of it. What you see here is the plot of your imagination. Don't let it play an evil trick on you again. Now, I must say goodbye, but I think we will see each other again soon," said Master, and he disappeared into the air.

Ian looked around in surprise and saw the same view with the meadow, the stream, and the church. He saw people floating towards him. Some of these people he knew as his long-deceased relatives. Some of them even talked to Ian. "You've finally come back home," said his grandfather hugging him.

“Now we can be together again,” his grandmother yelled and kissed him on the cheek. “Your hardships in the world are finally over.”

Ian was surprised at how young his grandparents looked – not any older than thirty, and though he didn’t say anything, they could read his thoughts.

“Yes, grandson,” his grandfather said. “Your soul is different from the body; it has no age. We are forever young here. Your earthly body starts to look like your soul between eighteen and thirty-two. Even a baby has a soul of a grown person. Only the body and brain don’t let an infant grow up right away. You can’t be ill or handicapped here; the soul is always healthy. But we can take on any appearance if we want to.” And Ian’s grandfather became old again, coughing violently and leaning on a cane. Seeing Ian’s surprise, his grandfather started to laugh. “Let’s go inside the house,” said his grandmother and they were instantly moved to their old house, which Ian could remember from childhood.

“Why do you live in such an old house?” he asked.

“We are used to it,” said his grandfather. “Although, we can live wherever we want– in a palace or the middle of a lake – whatever we can imagine.”

His grandmother put out a plate of hotcakes, and Ian suddenly remembered the taste that he associated with his childhood.

After taking a bite of the hotcake, Ian discovered an incredible property of the local food. He could feel his grandmother’s state of mind from the time when she had made the treat. He was very surprised to feel her emotions and hear her thoughts.

When Ian’s grandmother noticed this, she offered him an apple.

“Here, try this. It isn’t materialized, a local delicacy.”

Ian took the apple and didn’t have a clue what could be the difference between a materialized and a non-materialized apple. However, when he took a bite, he immediately experienced the apple’s full state, its life, as if he could feel its feelings, its thoughts, and its relationship to life. He could also completely feel the tree from where it came, its life, and its state of being as well. He was very surprised that he could obtain such knowledge from food. Ian noticed that everything seemed alive to him, like in a fairytale, and that he could communicate with everything. Ian recalled experiencing

something similar when he ingested LSD. Then, the world came alive and talked to him. That was back when he was an adolescent, when everything seemed amazing and alive, and he could talk to things, and they would answer back.

“Yes,” the thoughts of his grandmother replied. “Everything around us is full of life. But man forgets this because he lives in civilization. We call those people savages, those who live in nature and maintain such an outlook on life. Small kids wonder why the things they imagine don’t appear out of thin air. They retain this habit from living in the subtle plain where everything appears from our imagination. The adults discourage them from this idea because they think that the child doesn’t comprehend that this is impossible. However, everything in the world is alive, and nothing dies; it just lives in a different way from man. But civilization has robbed humanity of this ability to perceive things.

People have even gotten to the point that they don’t believe that women or animals have souls. From this misconception comes all the evil that we are currently experiencing and a lot of destruction on the earth and of each other.

Priests had an election to determine whether women had souls. This speaks of their complete blindness, which was the root of the inquisition and Crusades. Despite Moses and Jesus telling people, “Thou shalt not kill,” they still didn’t hear them and perceived things from their own position. They sanctioned war and blessed soldiers headed for the front and ready to die for the sake of some ruler who was busy worrying about maintaining power and hiding behind slogans about patriotism. Now they are fighting against any sort of nonconformity in thought and deed.

Do you remember what they did with Master? They needed slaves, but they didn’t have iron chains, so they used the information to enslave people. They have completely drowned people in information, and a person doesn’t know that he is enslaved; he thinks he is free. Nonconformity and thoughts that differ from theirs will break these chains, and they fear this. They try to discredit any alternative thought and make it look outlandish. They try to pit the crowd against any such thinkers and destroy anything that may lead people out of their enslaved condition.”

Ian listened in disbelief, surprised by how much her perspective had changed. She had been an Orthodox Christian and went to church religiously and bad-mouthed any sect and any person that thought differently. Back then, she didn't even want to hear any opinions or theories that differed from her understanding.

"Yes, grandson," Ian's grandmother replied to his thoughts. "Almost everyone who lives on earth lives in complete ignorance and is enslaved to ideologies. Up here, though, one becomes aware of the truth." "What do you do here?" Ian asked.

"We rest, my dear. We watch what's happening on earth, travel in time, and visit different worlds."

"That's a great life!" cried Ian. "Why did we live on earth then? What is there to do there? Who came up with this way of existence?"

"We are at home here, and earth is somewhat like a business trip," said Ian's grandfather. "Like a gym where we learn the lessons given to us by God and get the experience that we can't get here. God bakes our souls like a pie, and not all of the stages of this process are pleasant, but they are all needed to develop us, to make us wise."

"That means that I was wrong to commit suicide," thought Ian.

"A lot in life is predetermined by God. Your suicide was as well. It's not your fault. You could have lived a different life if you had listened to Inna and started to grow spiritually. Then, you would have lived a different version of your life and could have possibly even reached a higher level of being, the level where angels, gurus, and saints live, the level of eternal felicity."

Ian remembered Master's lessons and Inna with sadness and instantaneously found himself next to her in the meditation hall. All of Master's students were seated in a circle, holding hands and practicing pranayama. They were in sync with their teacher, who was in jail at the moment but sent them distinct vibes of love.

Suddenly, Ian saw his grandfather next to him.

"Here you are! You just disappeared, and we couldn't figure out where you went. Here's your Inna. We used to look at you two and feel the joy that you were friends. She's learning how

to get in tune with the higher vibration of love. She may even become an angel.”

Inna was crying quietly, feeling sad about Ian’s death and the fact that Master was in prison. Only the stream of God’s love could make her feel better. Ian came closer and hugged her, trying to calm her down. But she couldn’t feel his touch; his hands just went through her.

“Don’t touch her,” said his grandfather. “Since our energy is not from this world, it’s harmful to her. Also, her energy will flow into yours. Remember the stories about vampires? Well, we are vampires for living beings; we just don’t drink blood. Their energy dissolves from our touch. Some of us that are especially fond of earth start to feed off of human energy to remain in the physical field. Do you feel how difficult it is to be here?”

Ian moved away from Inna and, indeed, felt a sense of heaviness. This was a sense that he didn’t feel in the world where his grandparents remained.

“Everything is difficult here,” explained his grandfather. “You need a lot of energy to do anything, and there is nowhere to get this energy from. People take this energy from the body, using pranayama, and all we have left to do is leech off of them.” “How do we get out of here?” Ian asked.

“Think of your grandmother’s face.”

Ian did as he was told and found himself next to his grandmother. “I’ve been waiting for you,” said his grandmother kindly. “Eat the hotcakes. They don’t get cold here, but still.”

Ian remembered how it felt having sex with Inna and felt shame, realizing that everyone knew what he was thinking about.

“Don’t be ashamed,” said his grandfather. “You need to get used to the fact that everyone knows what you think about. There’s no place for a lie here, and people know everything about each other. This purifies the soul.” Ian wasn’t used to everyone knowing what he was thinking because, during his life, he was always hiding something inside him.

“A lot of what we always thought of as bad turns out to be quite good here,” said his grandfather. “Truly negative thoughts and emotions take a person to hell right away, so he gradually learns to get rid of them.”

“How do angels live?” Ian asked. “Can I find out?”

“It’s not easy because we don’t have enough sublime emotions to be taken to the angels. There’s a priest named Khadjur here. He knows how to transport to the angels.” “Can I meet him?” Ian asked.

“Of course!” Ian’s grandfather answered. “Just think of my face for a while, and I will introduce you.” Ian’s grandfather thought of Khadjur and was right next to him in a few seconds. Because Ian concentrated on his grandfather’s face, he followed him.

Surrounded by strange people dressed in different colored tunics, Khadjur was seated inside a temple that looked like a pyramid and was covered with mandalas and other symbols on the inside. Khadjur understood right away who Ian was and why he was there. Looking at him closely, the priest said, “You have great talents and could have become a very spiritual person. Unfortunately, you took the wrong road. But I don’t blame you. Not everyone can find his fate at such a young age. You will be able to meet the angels, though, because you were lucky enough to meet one of the greatest teachers of humanity. He will help you even here. Join us.”

Ian sat down between a very beautiful woman and a tall thin young man.

“Max,” said the young man.

“Sapphire,” said the woman.

“Take each other’s hand to form a circle,” said the priest.

“Tune in to God’s love and selflessness. Feel these feelings with all of your soul and use them to propel your desire to get inside the angels’ field. Start singing the Illa mantra.

Ian felt a devout emotion that changed everything around him. It was as if he was swimming in an ocean of goodness, and there were iridescent waves of energy around him with bright balls of light floating on them. Beautiful music came from everywhere, and the air was filled with a heavy scent. Slowly, the iridescent shine turned into a gigantic temple, and the balls into the priest’s students were all floating in the air with a halo around their heads and a colorful aura around their bodies. They each had flowers hanging down from parts of their bodies.



“I welcome you,” said one of them, looking at the newcomers with infinite love. “We’ve been here for an eternity, living in an endless feeling of felicity. But each of us wants to be revived among humans to teach them how to evolve spiritually, cultivate their souls, and save them from the tortures they live through because they don’t know any better. Despite the fact that we will suffer on earth and die the horrible death of Jesus, we ask God to return us to the human world to save them. You can join us in time if you can learn to think similarly and dissolve your ego with love towards those around you.”

Ian started to feel very heavy, as if he were falling from a tall building and found himself back inside the temple, next to Khadjur.

“We weren’t able to remain in that field for a long time,” said the priest,

“But now you know what to strive for – who you can become if you try.”

Ian was shocked. He felt sorry for not listening to Inna and not becoming Master’s student sooner. He didn’t even think then that he was losing so much – so much that he couldn’t catch up with now.

“I will see you soon, my dear students,” said Khadjur, and then he disappeared from the temple.

SPIRITUAL SE'ANCE

“Why are you upset?” the beautiful woman named Sapphire asked Ian. “We all made a wrong choice in our earthly life, but now we can learn here and have a chance to evolve spiritually in our next life. Let’s take a trip to earth; it will help to get our minds off of things. My relatives there are holding a spiritual séance, and we can see what it’s like to be a human living within a subtle body.”

Ian remembered how they used to call upon the spirit of F. Scott Fitzgerald with elevating interest.

“Connect with me,” said Sapphire, looking at him with wide eyes.

Ian imagined her face, and moments later, they were in the room of some old house. Several people were seated at a round table with their palms on a saucer plate, which moved around a paper with letters and numbers drawn on it.

“The spirit of Tutankhamun, I summon you,” said a young man with long hair and a narrow nose.

The man half closed his eyes and continued. “Tell us, oh Spirit, how can we earn the greatest riches in history?” The saucer plate spun around the paper, and Ian saw many spirits circling around the people participating in the séance. Each of the spirits tried to communicate its answer to the question. The most interesting spirit was one that looked like a statue depicting Tutankhamun. This statue resembled what we see on postcards and magazines that tell stories of the great pharaoh. Despite the presence of the one called upon, the medium of the séance made contact with a furry, winged toad that was, doubtless, a spirit of the lower world. A spiral vortex appeared between the spirit and the medium, and the toad began answering the medium’s questions in an unpleasantly screeching voice.

“Well, that’s sad,” sighed Sapphire with disappointment. He wasn’t able to tune in to the séance and now has to listen to a lower spirit instead of Tutankhamun.



“Why is Tutankhamun so strange?” Ian asked.

“That’s not really Tutankhamun,” said Sapphire looking at the lifeless statue that circled the room.

“He reincarnated on earth a long time ago, but his memory remains in the world of spirits. When a person reincarnates, he leaves his memory in the subtle field, which is why he doesn’t remember anything about his former life.”

“Tutankhamun spoke an ancient language. How would they understand him if he talked to them?”

“There are no languages in the subtle field. Everyone speaks the same tongue and easily understands the others. You don’t even really need words since we all feel each other’s emotions. Look. They can’t hear what the spirit tells them, but the medium’s brain will interpret the message, and his hands will move the plate towards the correct letters. Even plants, insects, and animals speak the same language, and you can understand now that they are much like telepathic people whose brain was never blocked from this ability. You can talk to rocks and extraterrestrial life forms as well. It’s much easier for a human being to receive such information with the help of a plate, rod, frame, or just to listen to his body. In such a way, a person can find out things that the brain cannot comprehend,” preached Sapphire.

The toad continued to answer the people's questions, but another spirit that looked like a mole with a fly's wings was trying to push it away.

Ian remembered that their "Fitzgerald" sounded like a blacksmith and laughed. He now understood how important it was to tune into the correct spirit and how difficult it is to do without the right knowledge.

"How do you tune in?" Ian asked.

Sapphire, starting her lesson, continued. "You start tuning in with the words, 'there are three of us.' "This means that you have to start tuning in using three centers: your mind, your heart, and your body. Your mind has to clearly see the image, your heart has to feel it, and your body needs to be connected with what your mind sees, and your heart feels. It's best to start this practice by trying to connect to your relatives – people that are close to you, places that are dear to your heart, or things that have belonged to you for a long time. You imagine a person, feel your emotional connection to her, and believe that she's close to you, that you are touching her. Practice this way until you get familiar with the feeling, and then you can start doing the same with people you don't know and places you've never visited." "I see," said Ian.

At this moment, Ian noticed a strange group of people approaching them. They were covered with blisters and sores throughout their bodies, used foul language, and pushed and hit one another. When they saw Ian and Sapphire, they went quiet, looked at each other, and started to move toward the couple.

"We need to return to Khadjur now! Think of his face," she ordered, squeezing Ian's hand. Instantaneously, they found themselves in the priest's pyramid.

"What was that? Why did we have to leave?" Ian asked.

"Those were horrible, demonic creatures," said Sapphire. "They are capable of anything because they were murderers, maniacs, and other criminals, and their sins don't let them enter our world, so they have to remain close to earth with the spirits. Did you see their sores? Those are strong negative emotions mutilating their bodies."

"How long will they remain in the world of the spirits? Why can't they atone for their sins?" Ian asked.

“If a person justifies himself, holds on to his negative emotions, and thinks that his vices are a societal norm, he attaches himself to the lower spiritual world and remains morally debilitated. Only if he repents can he reject these spiritual illnesses and enter the higher world. Otherwise, he will remain there among the demonic spirits until he decides to get rid of his evil. It is during life that one has to repent and ask for forgiveness and not try to justify his vices but condemn them and work on being clear of them. First of all, you have to be clear of envy towards other people and negativity towards love, good, and compassion.”

CREATORS' WORKSHOP

Once Sapphire took Ian to a lab of creators where the young man saw many former scientists, artists, and musicians who were showing off their inventions.

Ian was surprised to see the artists drawing three-dimensional pictures using only their imagination, while the musicians could reproduce the musical pieces of entire orchestras. The scientists, on the other hand, could demonstrate their new inventions in such a way that even Ian, who didn't understand anything in science, found simple and clear.

When professor Bed finished his demonstration on how to change DNA, Ian walked up to him and asked, "Why do we need all this here? We don't have a physical body to test out your theory."

"Of course, my friend, we can't use my theory here," the professor answered. "Right now, I'm working to help those who remain on earth. It's a lot easier to invent here than it is there – there's no need for financing, expensive laboratories, and other things that are necessary on earth. All I need is my knowledge. I can create anything that I need using only my imagination. It's also easier to get information that is necessary here."

"I agree with you, professor," said Ian, "but how will people on earth know about your discovery?"

"It's simple," said Bed. "I learned a trick back in high school on how to transmit your thoughts. I would think of a number between one and ten, then walk up to a person and say that I had telepathic talents and could guess any number between one and ten that he would think of. At the same time, I would concentrate on the number that I came up with. Most of the time, the person I was talking to would think of the number that I was holding in my head since his mind was in search of what to think of, and I was repeating my number as if suggesting it to him. Many thought I was truly a telepath. This is the same type of trick that we use on scientists, musicians, and artists – they think of something, and if this something has to do with changing DNA, for example, I find that person and transmit my thoughts to him.



The most important thing is that he is trying to find an answer to a problem and is developed enough intellectually to be able to receive the answer. Then he can be like Mendeleev, who saw the periodic table in his dream. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I do. That's very interesting," whispered Ian. "Now, I understand where everything on earth comes from."

"Not everything comes from here," the professor answered. "But everything that happens on earth does come from higher fields. I must say that the spirit world's influence on the living world is quite great. Before we get here, we don't understand that everything happening on earth comes from the subtle

field. Of course, besides us, there are demons here, and they affect the world of the living too. That's why it's so difficult to live on earth. When I first came here, I was very sad and lost. I missed my relatives and friends and didn't know what to do. Now, I have found myself and know that the possibilities here are infinite. I can really help people. I used to think that the world of the dead was something dark and lifeless, but now I see that we only truly live here and that the earth is the other world that is dull and limited by old age and decay."

ATLANTIS

“Are you getting used to being here, young man?” Khadjur asked, getting a long staff out from under his priestly robe.

“Yes. I think I am,” said Ian. “One thing I don’t understand, though, is why was the harsh earthly world created? Wouldn’t it have been better if God made us angels right away?”

“Unlike human beings, angels are restricted in their experience,” proclaimed the priest. “They don’t know what evil, deception, desire, and sadness are. They never felt anguish, hope, hunger, cold, attachment, or satiety. They never faced insult, passion, anger, and many other negative and positive sides of earthly life. This experience is very important in evolving the soul and developing understanding and wisdom. The soul can reach perfection only by receiving the entire spectrum of worries and pleasures. One must take the long road from existing as a mineral to reaching Buddha. It becomes the individual’s responsibility, unlike other souls. All souls were the same when they first separated from God, and in the end, they become very different. Each has its own experience and memory of all the lives it lived. And though they all eventually reach God, think of the difference between Christ, Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna, Mohammed, and Laozi,” said Khadjur.

“Still, the world is very unfair,” said a man in a white tunic that was seated next to the priest. “I was killed by thieves, and now I’m here. Here I am happier than I have ever been before, and I don’t understand why the thieves have to be in prison, suffering for what they’ve done for decades.”

“You are right, Bohumil,” the priest answered. “The drama of earthly life is based on ignorance, misunderstanding, and human blindness. If people knew everything, this drama would not be possible. The whole drama of human life is based on the fact that they don’t know their past or future. The soul of another can be dark and complicated for a person to know, but even more important is the fact that the person doesn’t even know himself. Humans can easily learn to know themselves. It all starts with self-observation, contemplation, and a detached and impartial view of all thoughts, feelings, and sensations that come to them. That’s when a human can

awake and transform into Buddha. A person is an actor and a member of the audience of the drama that is life, but he doesn't understand that he's an actor. That's where his problem lies. We have to remember, though, that life's drama doesn't happen in vain. Everything that happens in life remains forever. Today, we can look at one of the most interesting parts of this drama – the birth of civilization, kept in the Akasha chronicles.”

“Sit down and form a circle,” Khadjur asked his students. “Take each other's hands and think of the beginning of the civilization that was Atlantis.”

Right away, the group found itself next to huge pyramids still in the process of being built. Large stone blocks were floating in the air one after another. Without any help, it seemed the blocks were placed on top of the pyramid right where they needed to be. This looked like the building process of a Lego house. Taking a closer look, one could see the process was organized by little green men with extended eyes, who were standing next to a large, white flying saucer.

“This is who built the pyramids?” Ian exclaimed.

“Yes,” Kadjur answered. “All of the megaliths like Stonehenge, the Sphinx, and Machu Picchu, were built by them to bring spiritual energy to earth. This energy is especially strong in places where the streams of each of them is intertwined. It is where new priests were initiated and transformed. The megaliths are still operational and don't allow the planet to die in the absence of spirituality and knowledge.”

With these words, Ian turned around and saw a group of priests seated on a hill in front of a gathering of ancient peoples. One of the priests was dressed in a black tunic with the familiar S symbol on it and was preaching the Ten Commandments to the people.

“Teacher! That's Teacher!” screamed Ian pointing in that direction.

“Yes, I know,” said Sapphire, smiling. “This great soul was reincarnated to lead the lost people towards light. Today, souls reincarnate one a at a time, which is much more difficult than at the dawn of civilization when they reincarnated in groups and gave birth to great religions, the remnants of which we

now see in Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, and other religions.”

They got closer to hear what Master was saying, and Ian was surprised that the Ten Commandments sounded completely different than the way they were told by Christian leaders. Sapphire read his mind and said, “Yes, Ian. God gives all the people almost the same commandments so they can evolve spiritually and live life in harmony. But from the time of the death of Atlantis, the meaning of these commandments was either lost or misinterpreted. Today, only teachers such as Master can restore their meaning.”

“One of the most important commandments is the commandment to honor the calendar,” said Master. “According to the teaching, the calendar is a time machine. Time is the movement of the earth relative to the Sun. Any other movement is still time. Time is not uniform since the movement of the planets is included in it as well as the positioning of the stars relevant to the earth. There is a time for creation and for destruction, for action and inaction, for slow and for fast motion – there’s time for everything. Each one of you must know when the time comes for you specifically and for humanity in general. Let your children study astrology that explains all this. Our brothers from other galaxies are already building observatories to calculate time and know all of the mysteries of it, as well as the influence it has on everything in the Universe.”

Ian thought of Stonehenge and other ancient structures that served as observatories. He didn’t understand in life why ignorant savages could have needed them, but now he saw that the ancient people were more spiritual and knowledgeable than modern people in many important areas.

“Yes,” Sapphire affirmed Ian’s thoughts. “Gods were on earth then. Today, civilization is spiritually degrading. Despite the development of technology, people are preparing for mass suicide. It’s becoming more difficult to find true schools in the piles of fake prophets and popes that gave up God long ago for a good-tasting lentil soup.” They listened to Master and watched the interesting way of pyramid building for a long time and finally decided to leave this world and go back to their own.

After visiting the Akashic records, Ian and Sapphire spent a long time asking Khadjur questions about birth, free will, and the meaning of life. Khadjur answered.

“In order to choose your birth, you need to have attained complete self-awareness. Most of those who have oriented themselves to the will of God and what He chooses then becomes His will and act according to His desires. If a regular person could choose their life, they would probably choose wealth or traveling a lot. They possibly would even choose to evolve spiritually, if only to not have to go back to purgatory or reincarnate in poor conditions and spend their life suffering. But as we see, the majority of people live completely empty, purposeless lives without a goal and without meaning. It is doubtful that they would choose a life of serving God’s purposes if given a choice. Animals, or very ignorant people, could make such a choice – to commit themselves to a purposeless life.

God chooses for us, and He gives us exactly the type of lessons we need for our development. Negative experiences are just as valuable, if not more than positive ones, and all experiences have a purpose. If you only use the idea of karma and not God’s will to understand reincarnation, then life would lack meaning. There would only be senseless suffering or pleasure. But this experience would lack purpose. There wouldn’t be a lesson hidden within the experience, and a person would just go through cycles of life infinitely. There wouldn’t be evolution and development, just repetition. Instead, we see that life has a higher organization and reason to it.

God’s divine wisdom is present in everything, and it is doubtful that this Force would allow for the senseless repetitions of situations. It doesn’t punish or reward people but rather propels them forward, giving them the crucial experiences needed for self-awareness, even if it comes after death. Humans absorb these lessons in their emotional centers and carry them to their next incarnation because, unlike cerebral memory, these emotional memories do not get erased. When he is up in the subtle plane, the human knows why he reincarnated and what it showed him and can understand exactly why he needed the experience.

TRUE LOVE

Ian was more and more fascinated with Sapphire's manners, beauty, charm, and intellect. Sapphire felt this, flirting with him more obviously each day. One day, they were walking in a beautiful garden filled with flowers. There were mountain peaks far away and a bright blue lake right in front of them. The sun was setting and painted the sky with the most wonderful colors. Ian watched with surprise how Sapphire's dress changed color and pattern, fluttering in the wind and how suddenly it turned into an erotic outfit. He took her hand and turned her towards him. She looked at him with her big black eyes. Their bodies felt an intoxicating wave of energy and started to merge, penetrating one another in ecstasy. There was no need for them to merge their genitals because their bodies exchanged such high energy; it gave birth to a euphoria that is unknown to a human. Ian felt everything that Sapphire was feeling, and she felt everything in him as they merged completely.

Their sexual experience needed no ejaculation since they had no physical bodies, and it ended with an orgasm that could be felt by the entire body. They laid down on the meadow, holding each other and looking at the starry sky.

Cicadas chirped in the grass, and a warm wind wonderfully wrapped their bodies. There was a swarm of fireflies in the air that formed an intricate parody of a lighting fixture. Ian remembered that he had once had a similar experience with Inna, who suggested they try Tantra and just caressed each other without touching genitals at all. At that time, his body had stood in the way of complete pleasure. He now started to read poetry dedicated to Sapphire, and she played music to him that he could hear in his mind. Both the poetry and the music were perfect for the moment. "I love you," said Ian. "I'm so happy that I'm here."



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THE PLACE OF POWER

Ian noticed for quite a while that some of the dead had what looked like rays of some sort coming out of them and going into the earth. “What is that?” he asked Sapphire, pointing to the different colored rays.

“Those are the ties that remain to the relatives of the dead. They are called sans-contacts, and usually, only the people who have died recently have them because their relatives still remember them. You and I have such a ray going between us as well.”

Ian looked and saw that there was a ray connecting him from the navel. “The stronger our feelings are for each other, the brighter the contact will glow. All such things in life have these contacts, even inanimate objects. Each master is connected to what he creates, and not just physical objects, even things like music,” as Sapphire pointed towards a cloud. “This is what a melody looks like in the subtle plane. It also has a material body.” The cloud radiated different colors and rays. Ian concentrated, heard music, and realized that the colors changed with the different tones. The cloud appeared as a colorful pattern.

“What are those threads of light? Why are there so many of them?” he asked and pointed towards the rays coming out of the melody.

“Those are the types of people who like this specific music, its fans. They feed it energy, then they, in turn, feed off of it. All people are connected to certain things, even if that connection is one of hatred towards something. Sans-ties are energy contacts. Usually, nothing good comes out of this connection because people pass their emotions to each other and end up weighing each other down.

Ian and Sapphire flew to earth and saw that all people were connected in a web of glowing rays.

“A woman can have a greater influence because her energy center is stronger than that of a man. If she concentrates on an emotion, she can stay in it for hours, sending influence to the one she thinks about.

Men can't hold an emotional state for that long, which is why they say that a man is the head, and the woman is the heart of

a relationship. If a woman can control her emotions, she can control men and other people. Let's say that she wants to get a raise at work or a present from her loved one. All she has to do is concentrate and send the wish filled with love to her boss or her partner. Their emotions will start to turn in that direction. However, often it happens that a woman just waits and then gets her heart broken. Then her resentment and anger push away the one she loves, the one she thinks about in a negative way. Of course, rage can subdue another person and make him do what you want if he's weak. But it's simpler and better to help him do the right things with love. We are taught negative emotions, and it's easier for us to feel them than positive ones. This is our curse."

Ian saw that most rays of the sanscontact were colored in negative colors. Even a mother and children and a couple of lovers were sending each other thoughts of complaints and unwillingness to understand each other.

"What needs to be done?" Ian asked, looking at the pulsing rays that were carrying negative emotions.

"Most of these contacts act in a destructive way."

"First of all, the person has to feel this negative sanscontact and not be influenced by it, but rather, try to cut it off. This isn't simple, and one has to learn the Sampo system to know how to do it. Sampo is astral karate, which is a way to fight and protect yourself in the subtle plane. Using it, a person can protect himself from demons, parasites, and the energy connections that destroy him and the people around him."

"It's also important to visit Places of Power and look for the connection with God that can protect and cleanse us from negative influences and evil powers," added Sapphire. She took his hand, and they found themselves by a sacred cave.

"Look. This is a place where a saint lived and prayed. Although he's in the world of the angels now, this cave is still connected to him."

Ian saw that the entire mountain where the cave glowed with the saint's goodness and prayers. From the cave and everything that belonged to the saint, there were rays of the sanscontact coming out and connecting them to the world of the angels where the saint now lived.

There was also one very thick ray that connected the cave with God.

“What’s that?” Ian asked.

“The saint prayed to God, and his prayers formed a channel with this place through which God’s grace comes down to earth. Such channels can only be formed by those saints who know God. Others can only form a channel with an egregore of their religion.”

Ian saw the egregore cloud that was also connected to the cave. “If a saint knew God, then people can get clarity in the places where he lived and prayed,” continued Sapphire. “But one has to live there and practice the same practices that the saint did because God’s grace transforms us.”

Ian saw a woman and a sick child entering the cave. Their auras were dirty and filled with negative energy, but the cave’s golden rays entered the auras and began to fill them with light. The dirt slowly dissolved in this divine light. A nasty creature was sucking on the child’s navel, and the child constantly cried in pain. The woman began to pray to the saint, and rosy flashes started to exit her heart and go up to the sky through the sanscontact. The ray began to pulse, and the next thing Ian saw was a rainbow ball coming down from the sky. The ball came down, and the saint, who now lived in the world of angels, appeared in the cave. He pointed his hand towards the child, and a bolt of lightning struck the creature on the child’s navel. The creature fell off, and all that was left on the child was a black bruise that began to fill up with the light radiated by the saint. The saint slowly ascended back to the sky, and the child stopped crying.

“Mommy,” he said. “My tummy doesn’t hurt anymore.” The mother hugged her son and began to cry, thanking God for this miracle. The cave enveloped them with its light, filling them with God’s grace. “Why do these creatures attack even the smallest of children?” Ian asked.

“Children have very weak protective energy fields,” Sapphire answered. “Negative adults, especially drunks and drug addicts, pass their parasite on to their children. They end up infecting them with these parasites on the subtle plane. Children have to be protected from the influence of such people. Unfortunately, there are many negative people on earth, and in the case of this woman, she’s trying to save her family that has such a man, and in turn, puts her child at risk.”

“Who can save children besides saints?” Ian asked.

“Parents have to unite and create a Field of Love together. Groups of parents can concentrate on the good in life and pray for their children by putting them in the middle of a prayer circle and creating a protective energy field around them. This field will protect their children from everything negative. One person or even both of the parents can’t do this, but if ten or twenty people gather together, they can create a very strong phantom, attract God’s goodness, and set a guardian angel in place for their children and themselves. But this has to be done with the whole heart and performed regularly. It is the same as people who wash themselves every day, understanding that if they do not wash, they will become dirty. The subtle body has to be cleansed regularly, much like the physical one, because it will also become dirty, especially in our modern lives, with the negative environment and the abundance of dark energy that is radiated by angry people.”

“Was the saint using Sampo when he killed the child’s parasite?” Ian asked.

“Yes. That was the art of interplanetary karate. It’s very important in the fight against such parasites, much like medicine is important in the fight against viruses and bacteria. It’s not enough to get rid of the parasite, though. One also has to cleanse his energy field by visiting Places of Power, creating the Field of Love, and practicing Sampo. Also, nature that has not been touched by human hands can help people cleanse their auras, especially those places where the spirit of nature, Ayami, lives.”

She took his hand, and they found themselves on the shore of a mountain lake. Everything around them was filled with a silver glow of clean, subtle energy and harmony. A shepherd who brought gifts to Ayami was standing by the water, bowing to the spirit and thanking her for help. A glowing female figure appeared on the mountaintop behind the lake.

“That’s Ayami,” thought Ian.

She pointed her hand at the shepherd, and a glowing yellow ball of light began to flow towards him, entering his aura and filling him with light.

Ian noticed that the shepherd’s aura was a lot cleaner compared to the city dwellers whom they had just seen. He was calmer and kinder than most of the people who lived in

large cities. His life close to nature cleansed him and made him closer to God.

Ian saw that the forest was being cut down a bit further from where they were standing. People from the city wanted to dig a mine there to make themselves rich. All of nature was under great strain here, and Ian felt that every tree, every plant, and even the earth did not want to be destroyed. He also felt that Ayami was very angry at the newcomers.

“Yes. The entire planet cries because of the stupidity of humans and their destructive lifestyle,” said Sapphire, reading Ian’s thoughts. “Do you know how the famous Indian epos Mahabharata started?”

“No,” Ian answered.

“It started with the description of how the earth pleaded to the gods because humans were destroying it, and the earth asked them to cleanse it from the human presence. A great war began between the gods and humans. I think that people are on a similar path right now. The human population is growing every day. We destroy natural resources and change the environment. People think only about themselves and care nothing for nature, the very nature that helps them to exist on this planet. Back in the day, people were a lot closer to nature and respected it. A hunter asked for forgiveness from the animals and Ayami before he hunted. A traveler took a piece of soil from his home before he traveled to stay connected to Ayami.

Today, we are far from nature and live in a world full of negative energy, so we can’t see or feel that demons control us. We are cutting off the branch that we are sitting on and finding various good reasons for doing it. Those reasons are fed to us by evil powers. Do you know that Omar Khayyam wrote a great poem about the stupidity of a human’s belief in his own power?

*Our life is like a desert,
Naked, we roam
through its sands.
Mortal, you are full of
pride, and you are
worth mocking.
You seek a reason for your every step,*

Without knowing that it has already been decided from up above.

Everything is predestined by God or evil, and we choose that predestination.”

“What can we do to not be influenced by evil powers?” Ian asked.

“My dear, people need to cleanse their bodies and souls. They need to be closer to nature and God. There was a time when people remembered that, but today they don’t think much about their sexual and emotional contacts. A connection with a weak and negative person can lead to emptiness and illnesses,” Sapphire answered.

A SHAMAN'S RITUAL

Ian and Sapphire became inseparable. They always wanted to be together, talking, laughing, and touching each other. They shared many exciting journeys through different worlds. Once, they went to observe a shaman's ritual. A small tribe of deer-raising people gathered inside the shaman's chum because they were worried about one of their own — Tapir, who didn't come back from hunting.

Ian and Sapphire were floating outside the chum but could see everything that was going on inside it. The shaman, Kham, took a tambourine in his hands and started to drum on it while performing an ancient dance ritual that called upon the helping spirits. He sang with a low voice, explaining what he was seeing to the people around him, who united in one field of energy and were helping Kham.

Suddenly, there came the croaking of a crow and the screech of an owl. These were the helping spirits that were summoned by the shaman. They were joined by a squirrel that ran around the chum, a fox that barked at the door, and many other spirits.

"Is Tapir alive?" the shaman asked. "Alive... Alive... Alive..." said the spirits in their strange voices.

"Where is he?" the shaman asked.

"He's where the Black River bends," the spirits said one by one. The shaman started to drum the tambourine even harder, calling on Tynbur, the shaman spirit of ecstasy. Tynbur came to the shaman as a deer. Kham saddled him and started to call on the spirit of his ancestors. In minutes, the former shaman of the tribe that had died a while ago appeared in front of him.

"Show me the way to Tapir," Kham asked.

"I will show you the way," came the answer.

Kham then asked Ayami, the spirit of the terrain, "Oh, great, Ayami! Help me! Do not destroy the hunter Tapir. Our tribe serves you well and doesn't hurt your animals and lands without reason. Be kind to us."

Ayami appeared as a huge figure covered in white and looked like the Snow Queen. She towered over the tundra and gave the sign of her approval by waving her hand towards the

Black River. Kham gave orders to get the deer ready for the journey. It was dark and stormy outside. Wolves howled somewhere far away, and even the deer were afraid of going out in such weather. Kham went outside fearless, wearing nothing but a thin shaman tunic. His son, Keate, was seated on the plank, wanting to escort his father. Kham started to run in the deep snow in front of the deer, calling them after him. The helper spirits followed right behind. He ran like this for several miles, led by the spirit of the old shaman, right to where Tapir was. Without even looking, he was able to go around ravines, potholes, and fallen trees. With the swarm of the spirits in front of him and his deer behind him, Kham was majestically riding his Tynburdeer in the middle of this divine pack.



Ian and Sapphire also saw the road that Kham had to travel. He couldn't tune in to them and was only tuned to his deceased relative. Neither Ian nor the shaman paid any attention to the storm. They knew the way to Tapir and were ready to go the several kilometers there. Tapir was lying unconscious by the river and was almost frozen to death. There was a pack of wolves not far away waiting for their prey.

Kham picked up the hunter, placed him on the wooden plank behind the deer, and started to run back to the chum, where he was awaited by his people. When they arrived, Tapir was placed close to the fire, and the shaman started to perform his

ritual, drumming his tambourine. To return Tapir's soul to this world, the shaman had to go to the lower world of the dead. His subtle body left his physical body, and then Kham, riding the Tynbur-deer, entered the subtle field, followed by the helper spirits. With their help and the help of the spirit of his ancestor shaman, Kham was able to find Tapir's soul.

"It's too early for you to go to Erlik, brother. Let's go back home," said the shaman to Tapir.

Tapir had been floating around worlds that were unknown to him, so he was happy to follow the shaman. They flew into the chum, and Kham pushed Tapir's soul back into his body. Tapir came back and was still very weak, so Kham started to drum his tambourine, calling on Ayami, the helper spirits, and his ancestor to help return Tapir's kut — the power of life that would help him get better.

The tribe's people were worried for Tapir, but Kham was able to concentrate their emotions on making the hunter better. Each person emitted a bright wave that entered Tapir's body. Kham sang his songs and told the people everything that he was doing to ensure their participation which was essential to the ritual. With his songs, the shaman focused the people and their energy on helping Tapir.

Feeling that Tapir was better, Kham let Tynbur go, gave his recommendations to the hunter's family, and finished the ritual. The people of the tribe started to leave, and Tapir was taken to his chum.

"He wasn't like this from the beginning," explained Sapphire. "Of course, he was spiritually talented from birth and was chosen by the spirits to help his tribe, but he resisted and didn't want to become a shaman. So, the spirits would take him into the subtle field and communicate with him. It seemed that he was going insane, and he had the shaman sickness. Then the spirits taught him how to enter the subtle field, and he accepted his destiny to become a shaman."

Ian was even more surprised by this explanation. "Can you make someone evolve spiritually against his will?" Ian asked.

"You can't make someone evolve spiritually, but you can make them obtain knowledge. These are two different things," explained Sapphire. "The shaman is simply serving his tribe, its egregore, and its spirit, which would perish here without a shaman. This is why the spirits give him power. There is no

need for a shaman where civilization exists. This power and help are only given in order for tribes to survive.”

Ian and Sapphire came closer to the shaman, and he noticed them. Ian asked the man how he became a shaman.

“When the elder shaman of my tribe died,” said Kham, “he started to appear in my dreams. Then I started to see him during the day, and my grandmother told me that I was chosen to replace the shaman. I did not want such a fate because a shaman doesn’t belong to himself; he lives to help others. If anything happens to someone, the shaman has to help right away, and it’s very difficult to refuse when spirits start urging you to do what you don’t want to do. I refused the call, but my ancestors saw the abilities of a medium in me and started to pull my Jula, or soul, out of my body. I began to have visions. I would see spirits, my ancestors, and the subtle energy in the middle of the day. I started to hallucinate and got the shaman sickness. I was delirious. The spirits talked to me and tried to convince me that I needed to become a shaman because they wanted to help their tribe, and they needed a live shaman for this.

I ran away into the tundra and sat by the arancas.

“Do you do anything to help people without the spirits?” Ian asked.

“Yes, sometimes. For example, Bia’s son died recently, and she was grief-stricken. Her Jula flew away to the world of the dead; she was lost and didn’t react to anything in this world. I went and got her soul back into her body and broke the contact with her son, so she got better. Sometimes I bring sacrifices. If a person is sick, that means an evil spirit has control of his soul. I have to transfer this evil spirit into an animal — a deer, for example, and then send it to the tundra, so other animals can kill it. Sometimes, if the illness is very strong, the relatives don’t have any energy left to fight. So, I kill a deer and let them feed on its blood, which gives them strength to fight the evil spirit that lives inside their loved one.”

“I always thought that illnesses were caused by bacteria,” said Ian.

“Viruses and bacteria are the physical forms of the evil spirits; that’s all,” the shaman answered.

Ian looked into his tired eyes and understood that it was time to go back to his world. “Do you think I could be a shaman in

my next life?" he asked Sapphire. "Maybe," she looked at him in surprise. Ian thought that he saw sadness in her eyes but didn't ask anything else.

SATAN'S TIRED OF WALKING

Once, when Ian visited his grandfather, he found him in the company of Hans.

“Grandpa, I remember you hated Germans when you were alive!” said Ian. “You served in the second world war and said you’d never talk to a German in your life. Did your point of view change there?”

“Yes, my boy,” said Ian’s grandfather. “Hans and I talked for a long time and figured out that we were lied to and maneuvered into fighting each other. Hans served in the same war as I.

Now we know that the demons named Hitler and Stalin taught us how to hate and fight, and if we were thinking for ourselves, we would have chosen peace, even if Hitler took over Russia, or Stalin took over Germany.”

“Your grandfather is right,” said Hans. “One was no better than the other. Hitler didn’t destroy churches, but their concentration camps were similar, and they wanted the same thing – to torture people. One used the Gestapo, the other the NKVD, to humiliate and oppress the people.”

Ian understood them both but was very surprised to hear how the opinions of the two nations had changed.

“Let’s go and see the Akasha chronicles,” said his grandfather. “And you will see for yourself what these parasites did against humanity.”

Suddenly, they found themselves in the 19th century at the assembly of demons, who were seated in a dark hall with a very heavy atmosphere. There were skeletons and dead bodies hanging on the walls with dried blood splattered around. The room was lit by a flickering torch, and Ian could see the horrible monsters that were in it. These were hairy creatures that looked like bats, hyenas, and monkeys. They had horns, webbed wings, fangs, and claws instead of fingers and toes.

Beelzebub sat at the head of the table. He was the master of all the demons and had a horrible hairy face that looked like a gorilla, with a hooked nose and two glaring red dots instead of the eyes. He was wearing a black satanic cloak, grinning demonically, and showing his fangs.

“A great banquet is coming where we will sacrifice millions,” he screamed with his hollow voice. “The idea of communism,

or the bright future, is being introduced to millions of lost souls as we speak. A war will start on earth that will be propelled by this idea. This war will bring violence and death. It will destroy churches, and anyone who doesn't obey Satan will burn. And that's not all. Gafarg (Lenin) will lead the demons and hold the bloodiest revolution ever, drowning the planet in blood. Then, Gafarg will die, but he will be followed by Gusun (Stalin), who will be even more power hungry and will torture people, making them believe that he's doing them good. He and Butz (Hitler) will have a long bloody war that will make people's lives even more unbearable. One side will fight for communism and the other for fascism. People will destroy each other, devastating the earth. Each of the leaders will have an army of demons and will exterminate their people thinking that they are serving them, but in reality, they will be serving our evil." With these words, the demons started to scream and howl, approving their master's decision.



"You see, my boy, what happens in reality," said Ian's grandfather. "When leaders are dividing power, only the little people suffer. What's left is not to believe any ideologies or politicians' promises, don't become involved in wars, revolutions, or coups that are started 'for the good of the people.' What we need to do is think about how to be more loving and compassionate because love and compassion are true happiness. You can also help the people around you, but not financially; that doesn't last long. You can teach them the

canons of love, mercy, and patience. Then the world will be a better place, and no demon will be able to lure people into his treacherous realm where there is violence, wars, and evil.”

“He’s right,” added Hans. “You can’t change anything with violence. No one even thought about overthrowing Stalin, Mao Zedong, or Kim Il-sung, because they ran such a tight ship. Only a righteous and democratic ruler can be overthrown. Think about it. How many times did people try to assassinate Hitler? No one succeeded. On the other hand, the Russian Tsar Nicolas II abdicated as soon as he saw that the people were unhappy with his rule because he was a good ruler.

“Why does God allow all this evil to go on?” Ian asked, puzzled. “Well, in that specific instance, it was a vaccine against evil so that people could see how bad it could get and not delude themselves with ideas that Stalin was Russia’s best friend and Hitler wanted to actually do good for the Germans. These ideas say to us that everyone will live happily ever after if they believe in such delusions. Of course, it was very difficult for Hans and me, but the good thing is that the people understand now. I hope this understanding will remain in our memory, and we can tell people about it in our future lives.”

“That’s right,” approved Hans. “We are going to learn how to love and teach the people around us the same.”

“I lived in Leningrad during the Siege and can tell you that Stalin tortured the Russian people. The city could have surrendered and been occupied like Kiev and Odessa. The people would have lived under the German regime for a while, while the war was still going on. The Germans weren’t worse than Stalin, and people could have survived, but everyone was lying to themselves and believing that they were heroes. The demons need such moments in history so they can convince people their deeds are noble.” Violence, wars, and human suffering are bred among people. Foul pretenses are covered over with the ideas of nationalism, religion, freedom fighting, and justice. We can see all that from here very clearly.”

Ian remembered a song, “Satan Got Tired of Dancing,” that was popular years ago but seemed fitting at the moment.

“Is it all over now?” Ian asked.

“Oh, no, my boy,” said his grandmother. “Throughout the planet, demons are broken up into packs and continue to breed wars, terrorism, and coups, covering them up with the righteous ideas of freedom. This will not end.”

IAN – MOTHER

While Ian was visiting his grandparents and enjoying his grandmother's cooking, he said, "You know, I remember when I was a child, you cooked for me."

"I think it's time for you to visit your relatives from another life," said his grandfather. "They haven't been reincarnated yet and are waiting for you."

"That's so interesting!" Ian yelled. "I would love to see them. Why didn't they meet me when I first arrived?"

"They live in a different area, in the tundra," his grandfather answered. "They were people of the north and are used to the cold and snow. There are no seasons here, and everything is divided into areas. One place will always have summer, another spring, another fall, and another eternal winter. People can live wherever they wish or travel, depending on their mood. Today, they can be where it's always spring, and tomorrow where it's summer or fall."

"That's so unusual," Ian replied.

"Yes, it is," said his grandfather. "The earth doesn't revolve around the Sun here, and everything is created by the thought of people, animals, and spirits. Another reason is that your relatives didn't want to shock you before you got used to being here." "How could they shock me?" Ian asked.

"You will see. Concentrate on me, and we will visit them."

Ian imagined that his grandfather's face filled his entire being, and they moved to a place that looked like the taiga. There was snow everywhere, and small coniferous trees grew sparsely around. There were reindeer and northern owls too. Ian felt the cold of the snow and was very surprised at the feeling. It was strange to see winter here, and it felt unnatural to walk around the tundra in his summer clothing.

They saw several small huts and entered one of them. There were several people there dressed in deer furs and sitting around a fire. "That's our mother!" screamed one of the women looking at Ian. "Do you remember how we lived together?"

Ian was stunned by her words but suddenly began to see different pictures in his mind, where he was a woman taking

care of her children. These children were now sitting around the fire right in front of him. Ian was even more shocked when he recognized his own husband sitting next to his children. His perception of himself split, and in one, he was a man, while in another, a woman. One of his identities looked at the people around him as Ian, and another, as the woman who was looking at the people she loved. He sat down on the floor, not knowing how to react. His head started filling with memories of how he, or rather she, lived in the taiga, how her husband was killed by a bear, how they all met in the world of the dead, and how happily they lived there until she was reincarnated.

At the same time, Ian was struggling. He couldn't accept himself as a woman and how he could continue his existence here, communicating with other people that were close to him. "Don't worry, dear," said the man at the table. "You can go mad from this duality. Live in your new identity; what's passed has passed. We will be reincarnated soon as well, and who knows who we will become and on which planet we will live. We can be people, insects, or angels. Don't worry about the past, and go back without suffering. When everything is settled in your head, you can come back here."

"Yes, mother, don't worry. You will soon be used to these things, and you do not need to worry so," said the children.

"I have to think about all of this," said Ian and looked at his grandfather.

"Let's go back to your grandmother," he said.

When they returned, Ian didn't want to eat or drink. He was so stunned by the news that he was once a woman.

"Yes, my love," said his grandmother. "Many stereotypes have been formed on earth that narrow our perception of life. All of those stereotypes are destroyed here."

"My so-called husband said that there are reasonable insects," said Ian. "Is that so?"

"Yes, of course," his grandfather answered. "And your brother from a former life has been reincarnated in their world. Concentrate on me, and we can go see how these insects live." Ian saw huge pyramid-like houses and many different insects running around them. There were caterpillars and fireflies here, as well as bugs and butterflies. All of them were very

big – the size of a dog. It appeared that all of them lived happily in these houses.

Ian and his grandfather approached an ant that had three fingers on his two front feet. Other insects also had fingers on their feet. When Ian looked closer at the ant, he began to remember scenes from a past life where this creature was his brother. A strange feeling of connection began to form with the ant. So, the two began to communicate telepathically.

“Vert, is that you?” Ian asked.

“Yes, Oma, I live here now,” his former bother answered. “I see that you were a human in your reincarnated life. You died so young.”

“Yes,” said Ian. “I was reincarnated as a man but killed myself and am now back in the subtle plane. How do you live in your new world, brother?”

“Quite well. I’m getting experience in how to be an insect. We are much more spiritually evolved than humans on earth, so we have much better lives. There was a time when different types of insects destroyed each other, but then God sent us his reincarnations or avatars, and they began to help us spiritually. Thus, we began to live in peace and happiness. Now we communicate telepathically and can see you and the subtle plane. Before, our hearts were closed with egoism and stupidity, and we were similar to humans on earth.”

“Are you telling me that you can spiritually evolve as an insect?” Ian asked, shocked.

“Of course,” said Vert. “Plants, animals, insects, spirits, and non-organic things all go through a path of evolution. They all get the experience they need through different types of lives. Perfection is an endless experience. Even crystals have evolved from regular rocks to such stones as Chintamani. They are alive as well.”

“Did God really reincarnate as a bug, a cockroach or a fly?” Ian asked.

“Yes, Oma. The form doesn’t matter, you see. Your spirit can reincarnate as any being, and so can God’s. Only the level of your spiritual evolution matters.”

“I heard that only the human form can develop spiritually and that we have to value the fact that we were born human.”

“That’s a trick,” said Vert. “Religious schools tell us that, so people value themselves more than plants and animals, but

that's not right because, without this trick, ignorant people wouldn't try to get better. They can only be controlled by the fear of hell and punishment. Humans can learn the truth only when it is mixed with lies. They are unable to perceive it otherwise. The more ignorant a nation is, the more lies it has to be told to it to try to connect it to spirituality and harmony."

"I never thought that insects could be so big," said Ian.

"Size also gives experience. There was a time when dwarfs and giants lived on earth, as well as dinosaurs. Dinosaurs are just lizards that evolved. They had to be that big to get specific experience. God knows who needs to experience what and what they need for evolution. He gives them the form and size that they need at that time. The same goes for religions. There are primitive ones for barbarians and more evolved ones for spiritually smart people. There are some teachings, like Buddhism, for example, that refuse the existence of God-the creator and the existence of a soul. This had to be done because people began to think of God in an incorrect way and needed to be pushed in the right direction."

"Which religion is the correct one then?" Ian asked.

"There isn't one," Vert answered. "There's only a right religion for each different human. If an ignorant person tries to learn a very evolved religion, he will not understand it and not evolve."

"How did it turn out that you began to live in peace and stopped trying to destroy each other?"

"God's avatars explained to us that any division into races, nations, traditions, and ideologies is evil. Even if beings are divided into families and clans, there will be wars that will make everyone suffer. When there are no boundaries, no ideologies or traditions, no countries, or governments, then peace begins. There can only be saints that teach us to love each other and their students. Thus, there can only be a spiritual hierarchy but not a formal one."

After several more minutes of talking to his former brother, Ian and his grandfather returned to their home.

"I envy such creatures as Vert," said Ian's grandfather. "I looked at my life before I died and thought, 'This was my life, but I don't know why I lived it. I always thought that something great was going to happen, but all that happened was old age and illness. I never had a goal or a great meaning

in life.' That's when I felt sorry that I didn't believe in God, didn't try to know Him. If it weren't for the existence in the subtle plane, I don't know that I could have learned anything at all." Ian thought about his grandfather's words and remembered his life on earth. He also had no goal or purpose at that time.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER

“I also wanted to introduce you to your great-grandfather and great-grandmother. You’ve never met them, but they’re your relatives nonetheless,” said Ian’s grandfather.

“Oh, how interesting,” said Ian. “Where are they right now?”

“They used to be academics. Then they were sent to one of Stalin’s camps and died there. Now they teach kids at a school. Focus on me, and we will go there.”

Ian and his grandfather appeared in front of an old castle. There were children and adults acting like children running around, calling out to each other in youthful voices. There was an authoritative-looking gentleman standing next to Ian and his grandfather on the porch. He was dressed in nineteenth-century clothes and had a monocle in his right eye. “Ian, say hello to your great-grandfather, Gennady Ananyevich,” said Ian’s grandfather.

“I’m very pleased to meet you,” said Ian. “It’s wonderful to get to know my relatives who are living here.”

“Very good, Ian. I’ve observed your life on occasion, even though we’ve never met.”

“Who are these people?” Ian asked and pointed to the adults who were behaving like children. “These are our students,” said his great-grandfather. “When an old person comes here, he immediately starts to get younger, and when a child comes, he starts growing very quickly and his body grows quicker than his personality. That’s how you get these grown adults with child-like personalities. Our job here is to educate and guide these people so that their spirit and body can correspond and coexist in harmony.”

“Very interesting,” said Ian.

“Now, let’s go to see your great-grandmother,” said Ian’s grandfather. “She’s teaching literature right now.”

The two of them were immediately transported to a new setting and found themselves in the seventeenth century.

Ian saw four musketeers who were talking to adult children. Intuitively, Ian knew that these musketeers were from Duma’s book. An older and strict-looking woman dressed in old-fashioned clothes was standing next to them.

“This is Olga Petrovna,” said Ian’s grandfather. “She’s your great-grandmother.”

“Oh, is that you, Ian?” she asked. “I’m so happy to see you. What are you wearing?”

Oh, it’s horrible! Here, try this on,” she said and handed him a dress coat and a top hat.

“But this is so old-fashioned,” said Ian.

“You look great in it.”

Ian didn’t want to disappoint his great-grandmother, so he accepted this new look.

“Are those the real three musketeers from Duma’s book?” he asked.

“Yes, they are. But they’re not real people. They are phantoms,” said Ian’s great-grandmother. “When a writer creates a character for his book, he also creates phantoms of those characters. Then readers transfer their energy to them in the process of reading the book, and the characters start influencing the readers back with their energy. Although Duma was writing about historical events, the heroes of his books are a little different from the people he was describing.”

“So, are these phantoms alive? Can we speak with them?” Ian asked.

“Yes, but they are like robots,” his great-grandmother replied.

“They play only one role and aren’t capable of doing anything else. A human being is similar to them in this aspect, but he has more roles he can play. Also, some roles can disappear, and new ones can take their place, especially as a human gets older or changes his surroundings.” “Wow, I would love to study in such a school,” said Ian.

“Well, it’s not too late,” said his great-grandmother. “We have many adult students here. We don’t give out grades because we believe that grades lead to insecurity complexes or ego development. When a person learns for the purpose of a mark rather than for the acquisition of knowledge, it becomes a problem. Here, learning takes place through interactive and interesting activities. Often, children teach each other because a child absorbs information better when someone of the same age gives it to him rather than an adult. The child teaching the information also understands the material better. We also choose the learning material based on the interests of the children. We don’t want to give the child information that will

only clutter up his mind. There's also no such thing as examinations or study drills here because these tasks only make a student dumb. He shouldn't have to memorize the information but rather absorb it through play, riddles, puzzles, and stories. This gives him a chance to participate in acquiring knowledge through active engagement. Only this type of education can truly benefit the student. Any education that is separated from life, from creativity, from the student's interests is not only useless, but it's also damaging."

Suddenly, Ian saw two women and a man approach his great-grandfather. The women were very emotional and, interrupting each other, told his great-grandfather that during their life on earth, they were both this man's wives. One of them had been his first wife, and when she had died, the man had married the second woman. They were fighting for their right to claim him here.

"I was his first wife, so I get to be with him," yelled the blond one. "No way," yelled the brunette. "He swore his eternal love to me." The husband stood nearby, completely emotionally drained from their fighting.

"Hold on, hold on," said Ian's great-grandfather, "What difference does it make who was first and who was second? The concept of order and separateness is an earthly phenomenon. Here it doesn't exist and is unnecessary. If you so desire, and he doesn't object, you can all be together at the same time. The only problem is your attitude towards this situation. You have been convinced that there can only be one type of relationship and that you need to save your marriage even if you're unhappy. This is all nonsense. People can do whatever they please as long as everyone participating is in agreement. A Muslim can have four wives. Likewise, there was polygamy in ancient times. In Tibet and wherever there was matriarchy, women had multiple husbands. Now, society has come up with many ignorant rules and stereotypes about what is accepted and allowed, and this is totally unnecessary. You can live as you please as long as everyone feels good about what they are doing and are not doing from the perspective of what is deemed "good" by society, but what's beneficial according to its essence. If a soul that desires to live in harmony and love and not in egocentric blindness feels good, then everything is all right."

They continued talking for a very long time until the great-grandfather could convince the man and the women that living as a trio was perfectly fine as long as everyone involved was satisfied and felt that they were living in agreement with their hearts' desires.

The three of them left in a peaceful state, and Ian's great-grandfather said, "See, this is how we must reeducate adults who have been completely brainwashed on earth. This sort of nonsense they are telling results in people suffering through their entire lives."

SUICIDE IN THE AFTERLIFE

Sometimes Ian thought that it was worth dying just to meet Sapphire. He could have never imagined that such a unity of bodies, feelings, and thoughts could be possible. He felt happy and calm next to her, and these two feelings were very unfamiliar to him in his earthly life. He enjoyed every minute with her and hoped that this feeling would turn into an eternity.

Once, after they had heavenly sex, Sapphire started to dance a wonderful erotic dance for Ian. She looked like she came off of a Valeggio painting in an outfit that was even more erotic than the dance itself. Ian imagined flowers that fell on her from the sky, and the petals started to fall like snowflakes made just for her. Sapphire imagined exotic music, and the sound of it could be heard all around. There were palm trees and flowers in front of a turquoise sea that washed up to the shore where Ian and Sapphire lie. After she finished her dance, Sapphire came up to Ian and put her arms around him and, gazing into his eye, said, "My love, I have to tell you something very important."

"What is it, darling," Ian asked, caressing her arms and shoulders.

"I've been here for a while now, and it's time for me to be reincarnated on earth.

"What does that mean?" Ian asked, instinctively feeling that his world was about to fall apart.

"I will have to die here for my soul to enter a new physical body. Death on earth is nothing more than a passage from the painful earthly life to Eden, the paradise of Adam and Eve. Death here is the second death or our reincarnation. It is the real death of a person who will never return to what she was. I will not remember who I was. I'll forget all about you, my love, and my former life. I will be a new person with a new destiny. I will leave my memory here, and there will never be this Sapphire whom you know. Of course, I will sense my nature and that I exist. My character will be the same. The things I like will remain similar."

Ian looked at her in disbelief. "But why? We are so happy together. Please stay!"



“It’s God’s will, and there is nothing I can do. We cannot go against God, who wants us to grow and evolve and become closer to him and towards enlightenment. That’s why he sends us back to earth — he wants us to learn.”

Feeling excruciating pain, Ian started to howl. He felt that he was losing himself and everything that he received after so much suffering. Why? For what? He jumped up and started to shake his fist at the sky, screaming, “I hate you, God! You only send me suffering and torture. I don’t want to be a clown in your horrific play that you set up to entertain yourself in your empty existence. I don’t want my lives and experiences to be food for your thoughts, to be a puppet that you control however you want. I didn’t ask you to create me!”

“That’s enough,” said Sapphire, holding Ian, who was crying on her shoulder now.

“But I don’t want this to happen. I don’t want to stay here. I want to die and be reincarnated with you. I want to be with you forever.” Ian proclaimed. “I will die with you!”

“Unfortunately, you can’t die before your time comes here. I’ve been here for a very long time, and now I have to go. Even if we were reincarnated together, there is no guarantee that we would meet each other and fall in love again. My love, we don’t know where and how God will grant us our rebirth or what lessons He has in store for us. Just accept it as one of His lessons, and don’t be sad. There is nothing that is eternal; our existence is very temporary. Try to live in the moment, and don’t hold on to the past. I will continue my path to learning about good and evil like Eve did when she went down to earth from Eden. I pray to God every day that He allows me to meet Master down there and makes me His student, as He is the incarnation of Buddha Maitreya. I believe that God has heard my prayers, and I will get a chance to live the life I have asked for.” Ian couldn’t take Sapphire’s words and started to howl in despair and curse the skies again.

“Why did you create such a world where people suffer, where there is so much evil? I damn you, God,” he screamed with tears in his eyes.

“Calm down, Ian,” said Sapphire patiently. “I’m still here. Nothing has happened yet. Don’t worry. I will be here for some time, and you will have a chance to get used to the idea. We know the time of our death here.”

Ian cuddled up to her like a child and started to cry.

“You shouldn’t curse God so fiercely. Don’t you see all the good things He has done for you? Look at the wonderful world you live in right now. You can become an angel. You can become God himself. He gave me to you, and you took it for granted without thanking Him for such a gift. You enjoy this Eden without even thinking about the one who created it for you. You shouldn’t curse Him.”

“But why do you have to die? Everything is so great. We love each other.” Ian couldn’t stop thinking about what he was going to lose.

“Unfortunately, our subtle bodies aren’t durable like our physical ones. Though we live in them longer, a moment comes when they disintegrate. Those who practice spiritual evolution, like yoga, for example, have stronger bodies. Those who live worthless lives don’t. We didn’t evolve spiritually during our earthly lives, and our bodies are disintegrating faster, so we have to reincarnate.

We cannot live here without a body. We aren't as spiritually developed enough to live with the angels, so we must return to earth. Everything is mortal. Even God dies and is resurrected from time to time. We need death to refresh our perception of things, so that we can look at life from a fresh point of view. This prevents our former experiences from influencing our experience of our new life.

Besides, a coin has two sides, and the duality of the world is what gives it its colors. If there is hot, there is cold; if there is sour, there is sweet; if there is a high, there is a low; if there is a hello, there is a goodbye. Life and death, meeting and parting, you and I — without one, there is no other. These are the two sides of the same thing, they are inseparable, and one replaces the other like day and night and happiness and sadness. Even angels have this duality, and only God does not. You are too caught up in this moment and can't see life as a whole. You can't see that it's larger than this instant. If you could accept it, you wouldn't suffer so. There were thousands of situations when you were given something and lost it. You suffered but then forgot about it and continued on. You don't know this yet, but you've lived through this same exact moment many times. Let's take a look at your former lives, and you will see. The problem is not in the world. It lies within you — you aren't perfect, and that brings you suffering.”

She took Ian's hand, and they were carried to the Akasha chronicles to see his former lives.

Ian saw a Roman warrior fighting for Pompeii against Caesar, whose army was about to take over his city. He's torn between the desire to protect his family and his duty as a soldier. He chooses duty.

Ian felt like he was the audience and a participant in this play at the same time. He saw his soul in another body but felt all the pain that was tearing him apart at that time.

The picture changes, and the warrior lie wounded next to his house. He tries to protect his wife and child, but the soldiers kill them right in front of his eyes. The warrior closes his eyes and howls in desperation, asking for God to send him death.

And there is no relief. He takes a knife, but instead of killing himself, he cuts his hand and swears on his own blood to get revenge for the death of his family.

The picture changes, and he's a warrior again, but now fighting on Caesar's side, for the one who was once his enemy. He has a new wife at home and two beautiful daughters. The past has been forgotten, and life continues.

The next episode shows Ian as a Byzantine merchant, slowly traveling through the desert with a caravan of camels. He is with his young and beautiful fiancé, who was brave enough to undertake such a difficult journey. She smiles at him and hands him a wineskin with water. They drink, looking at each other, and the drops of water shine on her lips. The merchant forgets about everything, kisses her delicate hands, and thinks that he has never been this happy. If only he were a bit more attentive, he would have noticed the dust cloud several miles away, the dust cloud that is created by the strong hoofs of barbarian horses. In a few minutes, he's beaten half to death and lying in the hot desert sand. His caravan, all the money, water, and food are gone.

And more importantly, the one he loves is gone too. All that is left is pain and despair, and it seems that he could die. He's seen by a passing caravan, and he refuses help in the beginning. Once the first drop of water touches his lips, he starts drinking and can't stop despite his persistent desire to die.

The picture changes, and Ian sees himself as a fat merchant with a young and beautiful wife whom he loves with all his soul. His former love has been forgotten. Her memory remains only in the desert dunes. The new scene shows him as the royal jester. He's young, healthy, and very influential — being a jester is a serious business. Everyone loves him, but no one knows that he hides his intelligence behind stupid jokes. No one is aware of how what he says affects the King's decisions. He's a bit absurd and somewhat silly, but the King loves him and calls upon him more and more. He knows all the secrets of the court. He is aware of who visits whom under cover of night.

He can destroy anyone's career in just one sentence. But his bed is empty, and only sometimes does he allow himself a look at Her. The gentle lines of her body, hands, long beautiful hair, and face. Oh, her face! Her blue eyes look like the sea; her lips radiate sensuality.

He wrote a poem for her and then laughed at himself. He's a jester, and she's a noble lady. He's supposed to laugh, and she should not pay any attention. No one is interested in a jester's love. But sometimes, he thinks that he catches her looking at him, and his jokes become better. He feels alive.

They run into each other so often that it seems that destiny wants to show them something. He blushes and kisses her hand. The bells on his jester's hat ring when he bows his head to her. Her chest rises under her dress, and he cannot breathe. Something happens, and she comes to him. He forgets everything. He slowly undresses her, caressing her beautiful skin and whispering to her the words of his eternal love. The jester's hat, much like her noble dress, is forgotten on the floor.

There's a grand scandal, wailing, and her tears. Her father insists that he's hung, but the King is kind and spares his life, simply banishing him from the court. It would have been better if he were killed.

He wanted to die then, but life had something else in store for him. Time passes, and he becomes a traveling actor, forgets his former love, and finds another woman that makes him happy.

The scene changes. He's an officer in the Napoleonic army after losing the Russian campaign. He was once someone who would follow his leader to the ends of the world. He had that much confidence in himself and his country.

But France lost the war with Russia, and he came back home humiliated and hungry, wearing woman's clothes so as to not die from the cold. He's sitting in his cold flat; his lovely wife Nicole is in front of him.

"Dear, I really want to leave here," he hears her say but doesn't understand the meaning of those words.

Where does she want to go? Why? Yes, they lost the war, and his family has no money, no hope for a better future, but they are together, and that's all that matters. They love each other and can handle anything. Maybe they can even get back on their feet. He almost got a job at the market today but couldn't carry the heavy sacks because of his wounded hand.

"I'm leaving. Do you hear me?" asks Nicole.

"Where?" he asks.

"Home. Back to Normandy."

Why Normandy? Does she think she'd be better off there? "Who needs you there? You only have your aunt in Normandy, and she can't do much for you."

"I don't want to freeze to death in this hole in the wall," Nicole screams. "I don't want to eat scraps and live in dirt. I would rather live in my aunt's brothel. I will go to Normandy with or without you, do you hear me? In fact, it would be easier without you. Who needs a married woman in a brothel?" She laughs nervously. "I will paint a smile on my lips with bright red lipstick. I will wear vulgar clothing. I will accept only the richest of men. I will start a new life."

"What about me?" He asks, understanding that his question is futile. She's already decided everything...without him.

"Leave," he says quietly. "I'm not going to talk you out of it."

"You will come later," she whispers. "I will make a lot of money, and we will buy a farm. Alright?"

He shakes his head, but they both know that he will never follow her. The door closes behind her. He takes a bottle of wine, pours a glass and drinks. He looks out of a dirty window into the gray sky and cries like a child. He feels that life will never be the same.

Ten years later, he's living in London and owns a firm that sells fashionable Parisian hats, lace, stockings, and other things. His business is small but stable.

He speaks three languages, including Russian. He knows Russian better than he did in that cold winter when he knocked on every door, hoping that someone would feed him. He deals with many Russian merchants now, travels the world, and meets many people. He's no longer a conqueror; he's a desired guest. Nothing remains from that life but the hand that still hurts when it's raining.

His partner has a beautiful daughter, and he marries her. They live in the prestigious West End and have two charming children. He's happy and doesn't remember his former life even in his dreams.

Ian sees his life change thousands of times in this way. He sees how hurt he was as a child, when his favorite toy was stolen, or when his favorite pet died. For each disappointment, he blames the world, God, or other people, not seeing that pain comes from his misunderstanding of the fact that nothing is eternal and that everything in life has two sides.

He understood that feelings couldn't exist without an object. If there is no object of affection, feelings would simply die or switch to something else. Rarely are feelings constant, like those of a mother or some women. Each person's feelings are different and can go on for longer or shorter periods of time. He learns that even in the spiritual life, a person wasn't constant in his feelings and that even after reaching God, a person can switch to something else because his feelings died. Ian was shocked to see a confession before the end of one of his lives in which he met Jesus but left him.

He was lying on his deathbed and talking to a priest:

"I walked with God and saw filth. And I asked God, "Can I enter this filth one more time, just for five minutes, and then I will follow You?" And He stepped away from me," he cried. "I entered the filth, but when I walked out, God was gone. He left m.! It's been twenty years. I've lost everything, and now I'm dying because I was weak and followed the devil."

"How could this be?" Ian asked. "Such strong feelings should be forever, but they end."

"Nothing is eternal, my love," said Sapphire. "Life goes on, and you need to take everything that God gives you with gratitude. You need to understand that everything is a lesson to evolve your soul. But when a serious decision has to be made, you need to rely on yourself to make you stronger. Because you can't live like a child, first wanting and then not wanting, first doing and then not doing. If you do, you live on shaky ground and are bound to be unhappy."

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE WARRIORS OF LIGHT

Ian was resting by a beautiful waterfall that fell from a cliff into a lake. There were intricate rocks with moss growing on them and trees that grew around the lake. Colorful birds were flying in the air, pleasing his ears with their magnificent songs.

He suddenly saw Sapphire walking towards him with two other beautiful women.

“Reia,” said one of them flirtatiously.

“And I’m Bhagavati,” said the other.

Ian welcomed the women as they sat in front of him. Sapphire’s friends were just as beautiful as she was and were looking at him with interest, showing themselves off to him.

“We came here to have sex together, to help you move past your sadness of my leaving,” Sapphire told him. “I want you to see the world as a whole, as God has intended it to be seen. Try not to concentrate on me but pay attention to everyone equally.”

The women got up and started dancing around Ian, constantly changing to the wonderful music of their dance, flirting with him, touching him.

At first, Ian was taken aback, not knowing how to react to the situation. Then he realized that Sapphire’s way of trying to help him came from love. He was thankful to her and began to flirt with the women, caressing them as they went around him in their magnificent and erotic dance. After the dance, the women sat around him and hugged him, after which they all joined in one ecstatic act of love. Ian felt dissolved in so much feminine energy and felt completely happy. He felt as if he were all of them at the same time. This was an amazing feeling, a feeling of having four bodies at once and feeling everything they were feeling.



Afterward, the four of them lay in the meadow that was covered with flowers and looked at the clouds that were passing by like translucent angels. Ian felt the women's energy inside him, the kindred spirit that they now shared. He started to understand that he was an egoist who thought only of himself and who hurt the people that loved him with his suicide. He didn't think of them or of their feelings. God gave him a lesson and showed him the situation from the other side. Ian began to think that he had no purpose and felt bitterness because of it. A prayer was born in his mind.

My God is all loving and all forgiving,
And I have no conscience to understand
That my life was not really worth living,
That all my sufferings come from my own hand.
I've been a bad student with the highest of teachers.
And I couldn't learn what I truly should be.
I'm the lowest of all; I'm the worst of the creatures.
His love I shall beg for and hope that he hears me.
In all of my life, so much I have
wasted, and I don't know if ever I
can repay such a debt.
I hope he forgives me for all I
have hated. I hope that one last
chance I shall get.

He remembered what the angel told him and decided to live for the people, to help them and bring them good, to dedicate his life to serving God. But he didn't know how to do that. He knew that he was tired of being idle and useless. The women read his thoughts and were very happy for him.

"We prayed to God that he would make you see," said Reia. "There's a way to help people," said Bhagavata. "We can help them deal with the dark substances that eat them alive and make them unhappy. We can show them how to get rid of the evil spirits that destroy their subtle body. If a person leans towards a destructive emotion, these parasites attack him and start to feed off his energy, making him feel even stronger negative emotions. Some of these feed off fear, others anger; the third kind like greed, while yet another type will enjoy sadness, and still others enjoy jealousy and the feeling of offense, making the person harboring these feelings go mad. This is why people on earth are so unhappy, and if they choose to be caught up in the negative emotions and do not try to develop spiritually, then no one can help them. We can only work with this person if he or she wants to be helped. He has to go to an earthly priest or a mage to receive this help because he will not hear us without a medium. Such a priest can teach him how to not allow demons to get a piece of him and then to get rid of these parasites. Sapphire intentionally took a passive role in the conversation so that her friends could talk to Ian. After listening to their conversation, she said, "I know a lot of such magi. They are Master's students and teach people the Sampo system, which helps them deal with all types of problems. Let's visit one of Master's students, Uyun, who's an astral warrior. He helps people get rid of parasites and start living a happy life."

So, the friends went to the Avatar school, where Uyun was performing an astral karate meditation. At the moment when the group arrived, Nandi came up to Uyun and told him that there was a woman that needed help. Ian and his friends watched this scene from afar. A young woman came into the room. She was pretty but very unhappy and stricken with grief. Her face was covered with a horrific spider that was feeding off of her energy, making her tired and pessimistic. When she walked into the room, she was completely devastated.



“I don’t know if you can help me,” said the woman in a low voice, looking around her.

“What’s your name, my dear?” Uyun asked with great warmth in his voice, already seeing the spider on her face. “What’s the problem?”

“My name is Olga. My drunk husband beats me every day and has sold everything there is in the house. I have nothing to feed my children. I was fired from my job and am sick all the time. I feel very tired.” She started to cry.

Uyun hugged her and said, “I can help you. Everything will be fine.”

Ian saw the entire situation with his spiritual vision and knew what Uyun needed to do.

“You will have to change your life and the way you think entirely,” Uyun said. “If you agree, your life will get better in just a few days.”

“What do I need to do?” Olga asked, still crying.

“Because of the decadence you live in, you attract misfortunes and such parasites as your drunkard husband. If you are ready to be happy, I will help you, but you will need to leave him and give your children to their grandmother for some time. You will also need to start going to the School of Goddesses and learn to be beautiful, attractive, successful, and active in life. Then all your worries will pass, and you will achieve what you’ve always wanted.”

The spider felt that there was something wrong and started very strongly to convince the woman that nothing was going to work. Olga started to think that she was wrong in coming to Uyun and that she had to live out her destiny and wait for death. She wanted to refuse the help. Ian felt how she was being devoured by fatigue and understood that she was about to leave and go back to her horrible life of abuse.

“Grab the spider,” screamed Reia.

“Let’s destroy it!”

The four friends started to pull on the spider and got it off the woman’s face. With all its might, the spider tried to return to its victim, but the friends materialized four astral swords and cut the parasite into pieces. Even in pieces, the parasite still wanted to reach Olga and convince her that she was a failure. Ian continued to hack at it until it was finally dead.

Olga shook her head as if trying to remember some forgotten thoughts. She looked as if she had just woken up from a deep sleep. She smiled and looked around the room.

“You know,” she said. “I am ready to become happy.”

Uyun taught Olga some of the Sampo system katas and showed her how to break the sanscontact with her vampire husband, who sucked all of life’s energy out of her.

“You need to hit these ties hard,” said the teacher.

They started to perform the kata together, but Olga was too unsure in her moves, and they came out weak. She had another spider in her life, her husband, whose tentacles entangled her energy field. These tentacles were like cancer metastases that destroyed her weak body. After they were cut, her energy stopped going to the drunkard, and the woman became stronger.

“It won’t work if she continues this way,” thought Ian and started to hack at the tentacles in order to stop the outflow of energy.

After the ties were cut, Olga took a deep breath and felt a lot livelier. Seeing that Olga was feeling better, Uyun took her to Padma, who made a goddess out of her. In just a few days, no one could recognize the woman who had looked so sickly. Her thoughts and appearance had changed completely, and she studied herself surprisingly in the mirror, feeling strength and confidence and knowing that she could attract anyone or anything she wanted. She couldn’t believe that she had changed so much.

Ian admired Olga, knowing that he had helped her transformation.

“It’s not as simple as it looks,” said Bhagavati. “She hasn’t gotten used to her new confident state of being, and if she leaves the influence of the school egregore, she will return to thinking her old thoughts, and the spider will attack her again. If that happens, her husband can subdue her to his negative influence. Let’s watch over her and protect her, scaring away parasites until she’s completely independent.”

“Now, you have to keep this fulfilling emotion,” said Padma. “Then you will be very successful.”

Olga went home feeling completely sure that she would take her kids and her things and leave. The four friends followed her to see what happened and take a look at her husband. When they saw him, they felt repulsed. He was completely covered with parasites like a worm-eaten apple.



“We could help him too,” said Reia. “But he doesn’t want to be helped. He might get better temporarily. Without going to a spiritual school and practicing how to change his thinking and how to stop drinking, nothing will help him in the long run. There are so many parasites on him that we can’t kill them all. Only he can stop being the victim of evil spirits by changing his life.”

“Where do so many of them come from? Why do they exist?” Ian asked in horror.

“There are so many of them because people don’t resist them. There is no spiritual culture anymore, and people are easily influenced by false teachers and dying religions that can’t give

humanity anything. Teachers like Master are being incarcerated and called terrorists.”

“Sometimes, I feel that this will never end,” said Ian. “It feels that humanity will never learn how to follow the light and will be in darkness forever.”

“I don’t know,” said Reia. “I think that even if we help just a handful of people, there will be a lot lighter in the world.”

Olga’s house was submerged in darkness. Cut off from her energy; her drunken husband was enraged. Their children were hiding on a cold, damp balcony, scared half to death. The man was throwing furniture around and screaming at the top of his lungs. “You are finally home, slut,” he said. “Go get me a beer.”

“That’s it. I’m leaving and taking the children with me,” said Olga courageously.

With these words, the man’s face turned red. His hands clenched into fists, and Ian felt some kind of primitive hatred that was radiated by this half-man. He stopped screaming and said calmly, “That won’t work, stupid! I’ll kill you if you try!” He broke a bottle to make himself a weapon and charged at the woman, who barely had enough time to hide in the bathroom. The drunkard started to beat down the door, cursing at her and promising to do the most horrible things to her when he succeeded at breaking down the door.

The four friends saw an angry dwarf sitting on the man’s head, causing him to go into fits of uncontrollable anger and aggression. They also saw the man’s body covered in worms and leeches.

“Get the dwarf off of him,” screamed Ian, and the friends started to fight the ugly creature off.

They finally succeeded in cutting him into little pieces with their swords.

“Let’s suck all the aggressive energy out of the man,” said Bhagavata, and the friends started to remove all of the aggression from Olga’s husband. The man went soft, fell down, and went to sleep in a matter of moments. Olga was able to leave the bathroom, get her children and her things, and leave the house.

When they left, her husband woke up, and the friends saw that a large scorpion had taken the place of the dwarf, and the man

became enraged again, taking an ax and chopping all the furniture in the house.

“We need to keep an eye on Olga,” agreed the friends. “If she changes her mood at all, another spider will attack her and eat her from the inside.”

For the first time since his death, Ian felt that he was truly tired. “Why do I feel so tired?” he asked.

“It’s very difficult for us to be next to earth because we don’t have an etheric or a vital body necessary for all earthly spirits, like houses and forest spirits. Everything for us here is very tiring. It’s a difficult and heavy world that tests everyone who’s in it. It’s located very close to hell, which is why there are so many demons here, especially today, during the age of atheism. Only an understanding of spirituality and connection to the higher egregores can save the world from parasites and demons. People don’t think about this and concentrate on the negativity of their lives. This destroys their happiness and health, and the negative result supports the negative focus and view of their lives. It’s a closed circle created by demonic lies that dictate the necessity of wars, violence, vengeance, insult, anger, and other things that make the world a place of fear, greed, despondency, and pessimism.”

Meanwhile, Olga arrived at her parents’ house to leave the children with them so she could figure out what to do next. Having heard that she was planning to divorce her husband, the parents attacked her.

“Why are you dressed like a whore? What’s all the makeup for?”

Olga’s mother yelled at her. “You shouldn’t look this way. You have a husband. Even if you don’t like him, at least you’ve got one. Who do you think will want you with your children? No one will even look at you.”

This was a way to work negative energy into Olga, and right away, the friends saw leeches, bugs, tarantulas, flies, and other parasites sent from Olga’s mother toward the poor woman.

“You are a cleaning lady and can’t do anything else. You don’t know how to do anything. Our family has always been poor, but we’re honest, and you need to accept this!”

“Why did you bring us your children?” her father asked. “They need their father, and you are thinking about getting

divorced. Don't you dare. Take them home, and raise them yourself. We are your parents, and we won't support anything that we know will be bad for you."

Olga began to give up under the attack of so much negative energy that was sent toward her by her parents. She started to feel tired and unhappy again but still had enough strength to get out of her parent's house and stop the brainwashing. She walked around for hours in the rain, crying, and thinking about what she was going to do. She didn't notice that she was wet and didn't think that she should find shelter.

There was a battle going on in her soul. She didn't know if she should obey her parents and return to her husband or start a new, much happier life. It was a battle between the powers of light and darkness, of the new and the old, of a familiar life of despair and an unknown way to happiness. She was crying because no one around her understood her. Everyone was just trying to make her do what they thought she should. The four friends wanted to help her and started to remove all the parasites that were sent to Olga by her parents. They were chopping them with their astral swords and cutting through the ties of sanscontact, which transmitted the desperate feelings and sucked the energy out of the woman.

"Only the school of Avatar can save her now," said Reia.

"Let's pray for her," suggested Ian. "Maybe we can help her make the right decision."

The friends started to pray to God, asking Him to help Olga go to Master's school, where she could get help. They were sending her rays of light, which warmed up her heart and lit her path. The poor woman started to feel better, and she decided to go ahead and start a new life. She went to the school right away to get help and support for her decision to lead a new and happy life that would be filled with positive emotions and energy. She was welcomed there by everyone, and Kubera held her in his arms to show how proud he was of her.

Mahapadma and Inna started to cheer up Olga with their chatter.

"It's so great that you are here again," said Brahma Nadi.

"You've won this battle," said Padma after Olga had told them what happened. "But don't relax yet. The dark powers don't give up that easily."

“Everything will be fine now,” said Uyun. “You just need to remember that everything in life is worth fighting for. You will have many obstacles, and the main thing is that you get connected with a source of power and energy. Positive energy makes a person happy and successful. As soon as you get connected to the school’s egregore, you will receive protection and be filled with energy that will help you get to where you want to be in life. Positive thoughts aren’t enough. You need to receive supportive emotions and be connected to a correct egregore.

Uyun taught her meditation katas and showed her Master’s portrait. “Tune into him with faith and hope. Be selfless, and you will get connected to the Power and go under the protection of the egregore.”

Olga started to tune in and felt something dear and intimate about Master’s image. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, and a ray of love and light went from her heart towards the large cosmic cloud that floated above the school, towards the egregore of Rigden Djapo, who sent back to her an entire waterfall of goodness and energy, filling her tortured heart with love.

Padma made a queen out of her again and explained how to find a fitting partner.

“Now, you can do anything. Don’t be afraid to start a new life.”

“The main thing is to get connected to a positive energy source, and everything will work out the way you want,” reminded Uyun. “Success or failure depends on your state of being and your personal power. Stay away from those people who fill you with negative energy, as they are the ones who bring unhappiness to our lives. If you have to communicate with them afterward, you need to perform astral karate katas and clear your energy field from hostile sans-connections. When you leave here today, you will need to do things that require a lot of luck.”

Olga couldn’t believe such a change in her state of being and the way she looked. She felt elevated, powerful, and sure of herself. She was full of happiness and harmony.

“You are a goddess,” said Inna. “You should stay with me for a while so the demons can’t destroy what you’ve started.”

Olga left the school, and in the first few hours, she was able to find a much better job than she had before. She noticed that all the men around were looking at her, and many were asking her out. She didn't look at them as her masters. She knew now what she was worth and that she could get the best out of life. Ian remembered about Master and went to ask him where evil comes from and why God allows it to exist.

WHY GOD ALLOWS EVIL

Master was praying inside a small prison chapel.

“Don’t let him in here,” a Christian chaplain angrily whispered to the prison guard. “He’s a cult leader.”

“He just comes here, prays quietly, and leaves,” argued the guard. “If he starts talking to you, you will become a maniac. A church is no place for him.”

Master bowed to God and quietly left the church. He sat down on a bench outside because he saw Ian was there and knew why he had come. “Evil gives birth to suffering and is that power that makes people evolve. Evil is what pushed Olga to come to the school, with the help of the powers of light, of course. Without evil, people wouldn’t come to any understanding and would live without purpose, dying without knowing what the meaning of living was, without believing that they need to improve themselves. God is fulfillment. He has created the most refined, sublime, and purposeful, and at the same time, He has created the harshest, most mechanical, destructive, and unconscious. There is an endless sky and space that can embody life’s creations. There are black holes that devour and destroy everything around them, where no life can exist. The physical world is just one step away from such black holes. The Devil lives there and gives birth to all evil. The Devil hypnotizes people, and they weakly obey his influence. They stop thinking for themselves and do not see the reality of the world around them. Instead, they see things through the distortion of ideology, propaganda, commercials, slogans, and false ideas. This is where the Inquisition and the Crusades came from and where jihad, wars, fascism, and communism come from today.

Ideas that breed destruction, hate and fear are all products of this distortion given to people by the Devil. It’s very important to wake up and get out of the influence of such lies. To do this, we have to be detached and study the thoughts and emotions that come to us to be able to control them and not become their puppet. We have to stop our thoughts and look at them from the side, not living them out right away. We have to be able to remain quiet, and only then can we wake up from the hypnotic dream that was forced on us by the Devil.”



Master entered the subtle field and called everyone to follow him. In a moment, everyone found themselves in a dark and lifeless place with the smiling Devil's face right in front of them. The Devil started to blow something out of his mouth, and the friends saw that it was a huge swarm of flies.

"These are dark thoughts that attack people, making them doubt their life and decisions, making them want to give up and sleep," said Master. "These flies grow on people's energy and turn into other parasites, like bugs, spiders, leeches, and evil spirits, who then grow into demons that torture people."

"Aren't there any good thoughts?" Ian asked.

"There are, but evil spirits often hide behind them. People have to wake up and know not to be blindly influenced by any thoughts, including good ones, because often, demons hide behind them, and with their help, enter the person's field of energy to feed off of it. The most important thing is to wake up and start to understand yourself, to see what the dream is and what is reality, and to see the Truth and the world as it is. The most important thing is to see yourself. Try to turn off all of your thoughts and images because they are the dreams that you see while you are sleeping."

"Why does God allow evil?" Ian asked, worrying for humanity.

"Suffering is the only power that makes people think of the meaning of their lives," Master answered. "It is suffering that

sets people on the path of finding the way to self-improvement.”

From that day on, Ian and his girlfriends started to help Master’s students fight off the dark powers regularly.

KOOT HOOMI'S LESSON

One day, the friends were resting after another journey to earth on the shore of a lake. It was covered with lotus flowers and located between beautiful tall mountains. An angel appeared to them in the form of a ball of light, which gradually turned into an ascetic man with a rainbow shining around him.



“Hello, bright souls,” he said. “I was sent here by the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators, which is located in Shambala.”

“Is that the wonderful Eridanus that we’ve heard so much about and have tried so hard to find?” Ian asked.

“Yes, it is,” the angel answered. “But you can’t find it by yourself. You have to be invited. Eridanus is the spiritual dwelling of the earthly powers of light, from where the evolution of your planet is ruled and where we fight the powers of evil.”

So, they followed the angel and ended up in Tibet, where the Dwelling of Light was hidden between the snowy peaks of the tallest mountains in the world. They reached the protective energy sphere that made the Dwelling completely inaccessible to anyone from the subtle field. This included parasites, spirits, and the dead. There were yeti walking around the

protective sphere, and Ian, who had been interested in these mythical creatures for a while, saw that they were etheric beings, which could become visible and even materialize for a while. People who came close to this place would instantaneously forget where they were and why they had come, and they would feel an uncontrollable fear.

The friends were waiting, and a guardian angel of the sphere opened a door for them and let them inside. Admiring the amazing snowy peaks of the mountains, they entered the cave and went deep inside its tunnels, where the walls were covered with mountain crystals. The King of Shambala, Rigden Djapo, was seated on a throne three meters high. The friends bowed to this high soul, and he welcomed them by raising his hand and pointing his palm outwards. He spoke in his loud, majestic voice that echoed in the large grotto.



“The Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators noticed your service to humanity, and I called you here to initiate you into the knights of Shambala and pass on to you the Great Teachings of Akharata, which I received from God when I was the main priest of Atlantis, during the birth of civilization. The Great Teachings are the art of being in the energy field, and astral karate is one of its focuses. It will help you fight the Devil. Our brother Master is working on earth at this moment and is saving its people from Armageddon.

The dark powers are afraid of him and try to stop him from succeeding in any way that they can. You’ve become his dedicated helpers and are worthy of being warriors of Light. The fact that you are acting as a group gives you additional

strength, and you can accomplish a lot more than a single warrior can. You use your sexual energy not only for pleasure but for fighting the dark powers as well. Koot Hoomi will teach you how to fight even better. Take my blessing and become part of the warriors of Light. Ian, I call you Knight of Shambala!”

With these words, Rigden spread his arms and gave them an energy that connected them to Shambala. Then, the friends began to glow. Rigden also materialized four astral swords and passed them to the four newly dedicated warriors through the air.

“Take these astral swords and fight the enemies of light,” he said.

Ian took the sword, and his aura became much brighter.

The four friends bowed to honor Rigden, who started to sing the Om mantra.

After the initiation, Rigden continued his speech.

“Since the beginning of civilization, when I was the main priest of Atlantis, God gave us a great ability to function in the subtle field, on the level of Sampo. Today, I am passing this ability on to you and your Shakti.” He pointed toward the women. “It’s very important to learn how to act as a group because the energy of a group is greater than the same number of people acting separately, especially if it is a tantric group of men and women. If you are worthy of each other and know how to cooperate, your energy can gain great power. You can use your sexual energy not only for pleasure but to achieve any goal. For that, you will need to learn the tantric kata. Koot Hoomi will teach you the art of Sampo. So be it! Om!”



Ian and his Shakti bowed to the enlightened one and together, with Koot Hoomi, flew towards the place where they could learn Sampo.

On their way, they saw a large cave with a crystal ball in the middle of it. Around the crystal ball, the friends saw the members of the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators: Christ, Buddha, Krishna, Mohammed, Moses, Morya, Zarathustra, Mahavira, and other great souls. They were watching what was going to happen on the planet, working to stop the evil powers, and sending help to the sons of Light in the form of divine energy.

After taking a look at the function of the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators, the friends followed Koot Hoomi to a cave with a large underground lake filled by a wonderful waterfall. It was dark in the cave, but being in their astral bodies, Ian and his Shakti could see everything quite well.

“The first thing that is needed in any astral action is being able to see the goal clearly,” stated Koot Hoomi. “Then you need to feel a unity, a solidarity and selflessness that creates one energy field between you. Ian will be the backbone, and you ladies will be the supporting power. You will then start performing the necessary astro-planetary karate kata and other magic actions in this state of being. You will act as one organism and feel the connection to and support of God and Shambala. When a man and Shakti are connected, they form a great power and can do great deeds. The man must be worthy, and the women must be connected to him. It is necessary for them to be accomplices and understand each other. In this unit, the man is the warrior. He’s Shiva – the backbone that leads with willpower and sends the feminine energy in the right direction. The Shakti must be his Khara – his energy field that supports his pursuit. The warrior sets the direction, and Shakti supports him emotionally and helps him to reach his goal. So, in the beginning, you must decide what you want to do, then feel the unity and common energy field. In this state, you will need to connect to God or the egregore through dedication and selflessness. Feel the sublime emotion, and start performing the astral karate to reach your goal.” Since there were four of them, Koot Hoomi showed them how to stand properly with the women forming a triangle around Ian. Then Koot Hoomi continued his lesson.

“The most important thing is that you learn to hold Akharata.”
“What does that mean?” Ian asked.

“First, you need to feel yourself. You need to pronounce and feel firmly that “I am,” “I exist.” Then you have to imagine and feel your willpower, your backbone from the top of your head to your tailbone and then all the way down your legs to the ground. You have to feel that you are powerful. Make sure your back and your shoulders are straight when you are doing this.”

The friends started to practice and could create an energy axis – the Akharata.

“Now, imagine, and feel your Khara, which is your aura, your energy field that surrounds the Akharata. Feel your chakras from top to bottom, and make them start working uniformly. Khara is your shield; it is what protects you.”

“Now you need to feel how Akharata goes up from your body and connects to the egregore,” continued Koot Hoomi. “You need to feel selflessness, connection, and service to the higher power.”

A ray of light went up from the friends’ aura. It was going from their hearts and through the top of their heads towards a cloud above them. A column of light went from the cloud to each one of them, filling their Khara with power.

“Remember this feeling,” said Koot Hoomi. “This is the basis for all actions and katas of Sampo. It is in this state that you can do anything you need to and can win any battle.” Ian and his friends felt very strong indeed.

When they returned to the Dwelling of Light and went through the protective shield, they saw the yeti again.

“What’s the difference between the yeti and the dead?” Ian asked.

“The yeti, much like other earthly spirits, have an etheric and a vital body, so they can be seen by people, make sounds, touch and move objects, and even attack people. Such spirits can be helpful or harmful, but usually, they are neutral. When a person dies, he is connected to his physical body for three days and can even be revived. That’s why people shouldn’t be buried for three days. Some yetis can leave their bodies for a long time while still keeping the connection to them. Nine days after death, the contact with the etheric body is broken, and it remains on earth as a ghost. In forty to forty-nine days, the connection with the vital body is lost completely, and the person’s strength goes to his relatives or loved ones. This is why mages and shamans can pass their knowledge on to their relatives. After this, the soul goes to the subtle field completely, and it becomes difficult for him to live on earth.

When a person dies in the subtle field before he is reincarnated, he leaves his subtle body – a part of his mental body and his memory behind. His spirit enters the reincarnation holding only the tendencies of his character and without memories or knowledge. You can say that a spirit, or God’s spark, has several subtle bodies and each of them has a

life term. But you can develop special abilities with certain practices, and these abilities make the subtle bodies capable of living longer and becoming more developed. This is called siddhi, or supernatural abilities. The siddhi doesn't belong to the physical body, but to the subtle body, to the soul.

The brain often blocks these abilities obtained either after death or through special practices, like the Akharata katas," prophesied Koot Hoomi.

The friends thanked him for his teachings and were filled with new knowledge to take back to their world.

When they came back from Shambala, Ian and the girls celebrated and congratulated each other.

"I'm proud of you," said Sapphire to Ian.

"We are also very happy for you," said Reia and Bhagavati.

The women surrounded Ian and started to dance. The friends were very confident and happy that they could help the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators.

FAREWELL

Sapphire's last day in the subtle world had come, and it was time for her to return to earth, to be reincarnated in another physical body and live another life. Her friends and relatives gathered to say goodbye to her in a beautiful meadow with a lake surrounded by snow-covered mountains. They were trying to be happy and celebrate to set a good mood for her reincarnation. No matter how he tried, Ian was sad that Sapphire was leaving. He stood in front of her, admiring how beautiful she was, trying not to cry and spoil everything with his sad mood. Reia and Bhagavati were there at his side, feeling the same emotions.

Although Sapphire was smiling, tears streamed down her face. "I will always remember you, my love," said Ian.

"Don't worry, darling. We will meet again. You will always be able to see how I am on earth, how I grow and develop. Will you protect me from parasites?" she asked.

"Of course, I will," he answered, trying hard not to cry. "I will never forget you and will always be right next to you. When you grow up, I will come to you in your dreams, and you will see me because your soul will be resting in our world when you are sleeping."

"But remember, you are a warrior," said Sapphire strictly. "You need to remember your purpose."

Even animals that Sapphire loved came to the meadow to say 'Farewell.' Her favorite deer, Capri, came up to her and put his head in her hands while her favorite cat, Baro, was rubbing himself on her leg. Birds sang their beautiful songs to support her. They were all worried for her because they knew what was ahead. She tried to soothe them all in return for all of the comforts they were giving to her.

People were happy and entertained each other with colorful illusions, pictures of the world's unseen, fireworks, and large frescos in the sky that they created using their imagination. Those who had musical talent created music. Others created wonderful desserts. Yet others were able to reproduce smells that brought everyone back to the happiest moments of their memories. Everyone participated in whichever way they could. People sang, danced, and created a happy atmosphere

to drive off the sadness that is natural when you lose someone you love. An angel came, and everyone understood that the time for Sapphire to leave had come. Everyone started to wish her a happy reincarnation, many spiritual achievements, strength, and the ability to go through life's lessons. They were trying to pass on positive emotions and what they felt in their hearts towards her: love, kindness, compassion, happiness, tenderness, and selflessness. This was the best way to prepare her for her journey.

Then, the angel started to show everyone Sapphire's future reincarnation with all the possible outcomes. Her friends were focusing closely on one of the most important moments of Sapphire's life. Some things went by fast, yet others, more important moments, slowed down and were noticeable. It didn't take long to view her entire life because the audience could use its higher receptors, with which a moment could embody an entire year.

"No luck with the parents," said the priest Khadjur.

"But she met Master."

"At 12 years old. That's incredible," commented all involved.

Seeing her future life, Sapphire entered a state of peace and happiness about all the perils and trials that awaited her, which would allow her soul to grow. Though a lot of her future was quite painful, it was necessary to become wise and develop love and compassion towards people.

They saw Sapphire's life end and her return back to Eden, where she was awaited by all of her friends who hadn't yet been reincarnated.

She now could see her entire life cycle and understand that her time had come. Sapphire put her hands in the Namaste position, saying her goodbyes to everyone and disappeared from the world of the dead. All that remained was her image that was frozen like a statue, her shadow, and her memory that would forever remain in the subtle field. A small bright ball that was the spark of God, or Sapphire's soul, left this statue and floated towards the earth. Ian and some of her other friends followed it to see the moment of reincarnation. At this moment, a woman was giving birth to a child on earth, and when the child was out of the womb completely, Sapphire's soul entered the body, and the child started to glow. There was now a symbol of the mandala on the child.



“The influences of the stars and the planets have been set in her subtle body,” said Khadjur. “Now, the person will live through these influences and incarnate them on earth. But this program won’t be seen right away because, in childhood, a person lives on the level of the past lives and goes through all of the development stages of the soul, the way it was before the reincarnation. Only a very spiritual person can have a grown soul at a young age, a soul that can start developing

past its prior levels. This is why people do stupid things when they are young. Later, they may not understand how they could have been so thoughtless. A human soul goes through all of its stages, again and again, learning lessons. Only when she grows up will she reach a higher level and completely develop. She then will be able to move forward. It all looks like a spiral, which a person progresses along every year, becoming wiser and receiving new levels, depending on how she develops.”

“I thought that a child has a soul while it’s still in the womb?” Ian asked. “The church scares people with the thought that women cannot have an abortion because they will kill a live human being. Is that so?”

“No. That’s not so. It is only an etheric double; the shadow, a memory, and life powers are created during the conception. These are the lower bodies. The soul only comes to the child at birth when she separates from her mother and receives an individual destiny. Abortions and miscarriages are also predestined, but those who are meant to be born are born.”

“What if the child dies very young? What happens to the soul then?” Ian asked.

“That’s meant to be a test for her parents. If Mora came, it means it was determined by God, and even if the child dies early, the death is meant to be a test for the parents; it’s meant to teach the living. Staying in the body of one child for a while, the soul will move onto another body, in which it was meant to go through the path of life.”

“What about physically and mentally handicapped people?” continued Ian.

“These are also lessons from God,” Khadjur answered. “On one hand, they are lessons for the person himself, on the other, for his relatives. Even if the person is mad, he gets the necessary experience. Although, of course, he tortures himself and those close to him.

In antiquity, such children were often killed. At times, the mentally challenged were allowed to live because they could absorb negative energy and teach people compassion. At times, there are geniuses that are born handicapped. But that happens once in a thousand times; otherwise, people just live an unhappy life, though they shouldn’t – God knows what he’s doing.”

Having seen the reincarnation, Ian and his friends returned to their world. Ian was upset and didn't know how to continue his existence without Sapphire. He decided to be alone to straighten out his thoughts, and Reia and Bhagavati understood his desire.

“Remember that we are close. We are your Shakti,” said the women and left him alone.

Ian was grateful for their support. He imagined a fast sports car that materialized instantly, got behind the wheel, and sped off down an endless road that led to eternity. Outside his window, the picture changed very quickly, but Ian didn't see the wonderful astral worlds that surrounded him. He was completely self-absorbed.

THE LAST JUDGMENT

Khadjur suddenly appeared before Ian and the women. He walked up to Ian and said in a grave voice, "I have come to tell you that it's time for your Final Judgment."

At first, Ian got scared, imagining hot cauldrons, frying pans and fire that would surround him for an eternity. Then he thought that Khadjur was joking.

However, the priest said, "Yes. Sooner or later, all of us have to go through the Final Judgment. Only the gravest of sinners go through it right after their death. For them, it is true hell, and they are either reincarnated into lower beings right away or live in the lower levels of the subtle plane. The Final Judgment is not a punishment; it's a way to spiritual evolution. God doesn't want to punish anyone. He brings reason to a person and opens up the Truth to him, allowing him to see life as it should be seen. The sooner you go through the Final Judgment, the sooner you will stop suffering and begin to live within God's Grace."

Angels flew up to Ian and took him to a magnificent white temple filled with God's light and God Himself. As soon as Ian entered the temple, it was like he was split into his regular self and higher self. His higher self was the part of his subtle soul that was dormant until this moment. Now he was able to see himself from aside, and all of his life was flashing in front of him. The feeling was incredible – simultaneously, he felt all of the participants of any given event, with their thoughts, emotions, worries, and points of view.

He saw how his parents were worried and scared for him and how they tried to make him do 'what was best' for him. He felt great sympathy for them and shame for his actions, for the fact that he didn't care enough about them when he was alive. On one side, he saw his own way of protecting his freedom and individuality by being rude and repulsive. On the other, he saw that his parents only wished him the best by acting the way they did, even when their actions were unpleasant to Ian. Ian saw how they made him go to school and study and how he always resisted any attempt to raise him into a decent human being. He saw himself as a student in school, where the teachers were trying to make him 'better.' They were

trying to teach him something and raise awareness in him but couldn't fight his character. Now, Ian understood how futile that character was.

He saw how he cursed at his algebra teacher and walked out of class, dropping his books in the middle of the room and slamming the door. He saw how he and his friends poured superglue on their biology teacher's chair. When she tried to get up, she fell and hit her arm, cringing in pain. Ian felt that pain and turned red from shame for his actions.

He saw himself positioning a bucket filled with urine over a door. When his chemistry teacher walked in, the bucket fell and covered him with urine collected from several of the boys in the class. Ian felt the teacher's embarrassment and anger resonate in his soul as pain and feelings of guilt.

Then he saw him and his friends beating up a weak guy from their class. Ian pulled the boy's nose and kicked him in the back, but the pain and confusion that the boy felt transferred to Ian. His heart filled with compassion and sadness.

He saw how he was beaten up by some boys from another school right in front of all of his classmates. They threw him into a puddle, and everyone made fun of how dirty and weak he was. Looking at all this from the subtle plane, Ian felt sadness for the fact that these boys allowed such anger to enter their souls.

Here he is, imagining in anger how he would torture his enemies, and though it's only his imagination, the feelings he has are real. Ian feels the pain and suffering his enemies would feel if his fantasies were able to come true. He repents for allowing anger and vengeance to enter his heart and destroy him.

He sees that he met Inna only because he wanted to have sex. He remembers the violence of their first night together, how he had torn her clothes off and thrown her on the bed, piercing her abruptly, despite her obvious pain. Their following nights together had been the same. He felt this great anguish and caused her so much pain as he fought with himself. He was either demanding money from her for his next high or pressing her to the bed, forcing her to submit to his rage. She truly loved him, and now he felt shame for using her for sex and not having any feelings towards her except for jealousy and the feeling of owning her.

He remembers the first time he insisted she give him money. She had tried to explain that she had no money. Her parents gave her about \$3.00 a month, which she immediately gave to him, but he didn't want to hear it – "Bitch, bitch! Give me the money, you dirty bitch!" She had only stared into his dilated pupils, watching the vein on his forehead pulse.

"What are you staring at?" he yelled as he grabbed her by her pink hair and yanked her downwards. She banged her face against his knee, and blood began pouring from her nose. Inna had tried to catch the blood with her hands, but they were shaking as she bled onto the floor.

She realized it was the same color as her hair and threw up. A week later, they reconciled. She had probably forgiven him because of the teacher, and she had never reminded him of that day. He realized that he hadn't loved her, and his feelings for her were only on the level of his own worries and problems. Now he felt what she felt during their relationship – her pain, her fear, her worry, care, compassion, and desire to help. Now he understood how much he hurt by the way he violently treated her, by the way he ignored her, and by not giving her enough attention and love.

He saw himself cheat on Inna at a drunken party. When she found out, she cried, but all he did was spit at her and leave her there all alone. Now Ian felt every inch of her soul and her worries and saw the world in her eyes. He was horrified by the fact that he had no idea who she was the entire time they were together. Looking at what he did, he couldn't understand how she could love such a rude and violent person. He felt her attachment to him and saw that he was the most important person to her. This made him bitter and sad. How could he have treated her this way? Why did she stay? How could anyone have loved him at all? Looking at Inna now, he felt compassion and pity for the fact that the poor girl had to meet him in her life.

Seeing things from Inna's eyes, Ian realized it was a completely different reality from his own. She needed to love someone, to have a partner next to her. This was the first time Ian saw things from a woman's point of view, and he was stunned by how different it was from a man's.

For him, Inna was just another girl who was there to satisfy his needs. The only reason Ian was with her was because of

the convenience of it. She was there all the time and wanted to be with him. He allowed her to be with him, to be like everybody else who had boyfriends. For Inna, on the other hand, he was important and loved. She thought of him all the time and thought of things that Ian could never have imagined – the way he looked at their tone when saying something. When they slept next to each other, she listened to his breath and heartbeat.

During his earthly life, all Ian saw in her was a cute girl who was always ready and willing to have sex. He didn't care about her emotions, her thoughts, or her inner world. All he cared about were his emotions and thoughts. When he killed himself, Inna felt so much pain that she thought her life had ended as well. Ian could never have thought that she would be so worried and hurt by his death. He felt deep sorrow for his callousness and heartlessness and the way he treated the person who loved him so much. He felt that he didn't deserve this girl and that all he deserved was condemnation, judgment, and disdain. He was suffocating in tears of remorse for the way he treated people, for his egoism, and that all he ever thought about was himself. He saw how he treated his friends – with arrogance and pride – and how he measured himself to everyone based on money and possessions. He was jealous of those who were more successful, had more money or prettier girlfriends, and had better cars. Now he saw how silly that jealousy and comparison were. He understood the effect that mass media and the feeling of jealousy had on him as well. He saw how futile the desire to be better than everyone else was, or to have what was advertised to him and to do what was shown to him in movies. He thought it was pointless that he used to want to be like all the coolest movie heroes or successful people that he knew. He wanted to laugh and cry when he realized that he had spent his entire life comparing himself to others and trying to be what he was not. He was trying to become what the ill society was convincing him he should become. And while he didn't want to be like everyone else, he ended up being a clone of his friends, with someone else's thoughts, gestures, and words. Back then, in his earthly life, he felt that he could not go on any longer but didn't know how to stop pretending and change.

He didn't want to be who he had become, but he didn't know what to do. So, he distorted his perception through drugs and alcohol. Now he felt horror and grief for the way he lived.

After the Last Judgment, Ian asked the Angel, "I saw that sin was not the human deed, but rather the destructive process that goes on in our heads and our souls. This process provokes us to lead bad lives and commit sins. But it's much more sinful to have negative thoughts and torturing emotions. I understand now that they are like a physical illness and probably bring on all of the chronic illnesses we have in our earthly life. I saw myself as a greedy, jealous, vengeful, and cowardly person. All these feelings, much like pride and egoism, feel pleasant at first. Then they begin to torture you because you see that someone is better than you and you don't have enough. I see now that I couldn't be happy because of these negative processes. I couldn't feel God's love that was given to me from birth. Tell me, what do I need to do to stop feeling these negative emotions and reach happiness, inspiration, and the sublime that live in a healthy soul?"

"You first need to see all of the negative emotions that you have inside of you and realize that they are wrong," the Angel said. "They exist while the person believes that having them is normal. While the person holds on to these feelings and tries to justify them, while he thinks that having them toward his enemies is the norm, he will never be able to win. When the person admits that he wants to be rid of the filth, he will see why these feelings exist and what lies they hold. Maybe he believes that being bad is normal when people around him don't do what he wants. Or he thinks that everyone owes him something and has to treat him in a specific way. Or he tries to elevate his mood by cultivating his own pleasure but doesn't understand why no one around wants to do the same. He becomes suspicious of and angry at those who, in his opinion, want to stop him from feeling good. He doesn't understand that his place and mood, much like everything else, are given to him by God and can be taken away. When you begin to see all the lies in your life and stop giving in to them, when you exchange the lies for positive thoughts, you will rid yourself

of sins. You will feel the eternal felicity that was given to you by God.”

Ian suddenly understood what was gifted to him by God.

“God is eternal in everything,” the Angel said. “He created with heaven such painful worlds as ours because He couldn’t have created good without creating evil. He couldn’t have created heaven without hell because he is complete. He uses hell and heaven, evil and good, and stupidity and understanding to give his creatures the understanding of what he truly is, that he is eternal, and that they need to strive to be like Him. This isn’t a punishment or a reward because God gives knowledge not through books but through experience. Once we have experienced evil, stupidity, and suffering, we will not return to them because there is no point in repeating the same experiences over and over. It’s like mountain climbing, where we see all of the beauties of nature but run into difficulties and tests. These tests are temporary and will not be repeated because we learn how to overcome them.”

12 YEARS LATER

“...The kingdom of heaven may be compared to a man who sowed good seed in his field, but while his men were sleeping, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat and went away. So, when the plants came up and bore grain, then the weeds appeared also. And the servants of the master of the house came and said to him, ‘Master, did you not sow good seed in your field? How then does it have weeds?’ He said to them, ‘An enemy has done this.’ So, the servants said to him, ‘Then do you want us to go and gather them?’ But he said, ‘No, lest in gathering the weeds you root up the wheat along with them. Let both grow together until the harvest, and at harvest time I will tell the reapers, “Gather the weeds first and bind them in bundles to be burned, but gather the wheat into my barn.” (Gospel of Matthew 13:24-30)

“...He answered, “The one who sowed the good seed is the Son of Man. The field is the world, and the good seed stands for the people of the kingdom. The weeds are the people of the evil one, and the enemy who sows them is the devil. The harvest is the end of the age, and the harvesters are angels. “As the weeds are pulled up and burned in the fire, so it will be at the end of the age. The Son of Man will send out his angels, and they will weed out of his kingdom everything that causes sin and all who do evil. They will throw them into the blazing furnace, where there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then the righteous will shine like the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Whoever has ears, let them hear...” (Gospel of Matthew 13:37-43)

Ian and his Shakti listened to the speech by Rigden Djapo at the celebratory symposium of the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators in Shambala. There were many warriors, angels, and great souls gathered at the grotto, and everyone knew that something important was going to happen.

“I have gathered you here today to inform you that Armageddon is close,” Rigden said, who was seated at a tall throne. “There will be a battle between the warriors of Shambala and the warriors of the dark powers to keep life

going on our planet. You know that not all people are human; sometimes, angels and gods are incarnated in an earthly body. Often, demons can be incarnated as people too. There are times when for every twelve people, there is one demon in an earthly body roaming the streets right next to them. These demons only want one thing: to bring evil, suffering, and torture. They often strive for power and start revolutions and wars, creating horrific laws that make people suffer. You've heard of some of them like Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mao Zedong, Mussolini, and others.

Demons are often incarnated in large groups to put people in repression, creating concentration camps and prisons, rooting for inquisitions, hunger, and destruction. They instill unnatural ideologies and promote alcoholism and addiction because they feed off of human suffering and pain.

Now the powers of darkness have decided to destroy the earth by starting a nuclear war, and our goal is to stop this from happening. I gathered you here to bless you and send you on your way to this decisive battle between light and darkness. Om!"

Rigden's voice echoed in the cave. He spread his arms wide and sent the participants his energy that was shining out of the palms of his hands. Bowing to the higher priest, the warriors received the gift of Shambala and left to protect the planet.

At the same time, a demon that was incarnated as a prime minister of an influential country was convincing its president to start a war. Winged demons that looked like hyenas, monkeys, and other creatures were flying around the two figures. They were sending out negative energy with the main thought, "You will become the ruler of all of the world if you strike. Start a war!" The demons were repeating these words like a mantra with their hissing and croaking voices.

The president had just started to fall under their influence when the warriors of Light appeared and started to destroy the demons with their astral swords. The warriors were also cutting through the connection between the president and the prime minister.

A battle began, but the powers of Light were able to win, driving the demons away. The president realized in horror that he had almost started a third world war in which all of humanity would have perished.

“Don’t relax, my brothers,” Koot Hoomi said. “We need to keep an eye on the demons. They will start a new attack soon.”

Isabel was the girl who was the reincarnation of Sapphire’s soul on earth. She was now twelve years old. Her friend Kelti invited her to meet an enlightened master, whose name was Master. When Isabel walked into the large, lit hallway and saw Master dressed in a tall priestly hat and black tunic with an S symbol on it, Isabel felt something very familiar and warm. It was as if she had returned home after years of travel. She saw in Master her true spiritual father, who she had just now found. Everyone at the spiritual school felt like relatives to her, though she couldn’t understand why she was feeling this way. Somehow, she felt that she knew everyone and that something similar to this had already happened to her, but she couldn’t remember. Surprised, she sat down in front of Master and started to look at him with her large, beautiful eyes.

Master recognized her at once and smiled at her, filling the space around them with love. He couldn’t tell her that he recognized her, but his wise and noble face radiated light and compassion.

“My dear students, I’m very happy to see you here today. I see love and aspiration for truth in your eyes. Let’s start this lesson with a prayer.” Everyone got up and repeated the words of Master’s prayer. Passing on divine goodness through his words, the teacher sang and bowed with his high-pitched, unearthly voice, “Lord, give us that which is good for us, even if we don’t ask for it, and please keep all the evil far away from us, even if we beg for it. Om!”

Sublime tears were streaming down the people’s eyes during the prayer. Ian was here, too, wanting to be a part of an important moment in Isabel’s life. He was filling her aura with vibrating rays of happiness and joy.

“If you could have only one wish,” Master said, “think about what it would be. It can only be one wish because anything more than that often disperses your energy and ends up being contradictory. If all you want is money or fame, think about what a mad person would do with these things. He would probably waste them all. Even if a mad person could levitate

or go through walls, he cannot use these abilities for his own good. And remember that many people are close to madness and use everything they have to harm themselves. I saw this happen many times. When a poor person gets his hands on money, he ruins himself with debauchery, drunkenness, and addiction. Sometimes such behaviors even lead to death, so think well. Try to realize which wish will be truly good for you and which desires will lead you to certain death. The understanding of this will open your eyes. But don't stop at one answer. Continue to look at it from many different angles. If a person wishes for something truly good, and it comes from the heart, not from the brain, he will strive to make this wish true, not just come up with an answer. People in this time are a result of circumstances and act as slaves to the wishes of others. If people understand this, they will become truly free and be capable of receiving what is good for them.” Master spoke for a long time, and Isabel found a strong feeling growing inside of her. All that she wanted was to be with the teacher forever. After leaving the lesson, the two girlfriends talked about everything they saw and heard, and Isabel shared what she felt toward Master. “You are having a déjà vu,” Kelti said.

When they got to Kelti's house, the two friends started to fool around, getting dressed up like grown women. They put on makeup, and Isabel forgot to take it off before leaving for home. At home, her drunk mother was dressed in a dirty robe and smoking a cheap cigarette.

“Why do you have makeup on?” she screamed. “Did you decide to become a prostitute? Go take that off immediately. Don't you dare try to look better in front of all the morons out there. They need to be fine with how you really look.”

Isabel felt sad that her attempts at being beautiful were taken in that way, and she started to cry. Ian was watching over her at that moment and hated what Isabel's mother was doing. He wished that the girl would not listen to the drunkard and know that everything she was doing was fine. He wanted to tell her that she needed to follow her feminine nature and do what she feels is right.

But he couldn't tell her anything because she wasn't able to hear him. Ian really liked the way Isabel put the makeup on, and he could see the resemblance to Sapphire, who was always beautiful and took very good care of herself.

Isabel started to share her feelings about meeting Master and was once again cut off.

"Don't you understand that that's a cult," screamed her mother. "I forbid you to go there. You need to stay home, go to school, and do your homework. It's way too early for you to be doing whatever you want. You are still a child. You have to listen to what I say."

Isabel felt very hurt that her mother did not understand her and would not let her do what she felt was right. She felt grown up and enlightened enough to do as she pleased.

"Why do I need to go to school? We are taught things we don't use in life there. Did you like logarithms, trigonometry, geometry, and algebra? Did you use them? They are worthless in life, and I want to study what will be useful to me in the future," Isabel said.

"Shut up," her mother said. "Teachers know better what you need in life."

Isabel stopped talking and decided never to speak to her mother openly about how she felt.

She had a dream where she was walking in mud, trying to go up a high mountain. Ian waited for her at the top and helped her with the last few steps. She remembered that she'd seen him before in her dreams.

"Don't listen to your mother," he said. "You are doing everything right. Your soul is a lot older than many grownups. Just tell them what they want to hear, but do what you think is right."

Isabel thought about her dream for a long time after she woke up. Ian seemed strangely familiar to her, but she couldn't remember where she had met him and why he was coming to her in her dreams. All she knew was that she felt close to him and wanted to see him in her dreams more often.

After he met Isabel in her dream, Ian went back to his world and told everything to Reia and Bhagavata. They were very happy for their friend and sad at the same time. They were sad because she was falling under the influence of her mother, so they decided to help her.



“Let’s perform a tantric kata,” Reia said. “We can make a phantom of our intention so that Isabel can withstand the crippling influence of the people around her and can develop her individuality better.”

They sat down in a triangle in front of each other just like Koot Hoomi taught them. They began to exchange energy much as they did during sex, though they weren’t doing it for pleasure but to reach a certain goal. They were raising the energy of Muladhara, Swadhisthana, and Manipura, one at a time, and sans-vortexes in the shape of a figure eight started to appear between their chakras.

Their Akharatas, or Khara energy fields, became one, and they cultivated the desire to create a phantom of help. During prayer, a cloud of energy and power separated from their field and started floating toward Isabel, who was being punished by her parents for her willfulness at that moment.

Her parents were mad at the little girl for not wanting to go to school, for starting to use makeup, and for visiting Master's sessions that they thought were a cult. Isabel was crying and completely crushed by their energy. All she wanted to do was die and never have to endure them screaming, humiliating, and beating her. At this moment, the phantom entered her, and she stopped crying. She felt vigorous and capable of telling her parents off. "I will do whatever I want. You can kill me if you want to. And if you won't allow me to do what I think is right, I will leave this house and live on my own."

Her parents were shocked by her words. Her father even dropped the belt that he had used to hit Isabel with just a few moments ago. They turned around and left the room, slamming the door. Now Isabel understood that she was starting a new life, that she didn't have to obey anyone or be afraid of anything. She knew that even death couldn't stop her desire to follow her heart or be her own person.

MEETING LITTLE GREEN MEN

Once, the friends went to the planet that was populated by little green men who were the most developed creatures in the entire Universe. When the three friends arrived at the planet, the green men were meditating in a large field, charging themselves with the energy of their star. They were small, like children, with thin arms and legs and big heads. Their eyes were oblong, their noses as small as a bead. They didn't have any clothes, and like plants, absorbed the star's energy with each pore of their bodies.

The little green men lived in round houses, the upper part of which was transparent, so the star could penetrate the house and fill it with its energy.



Because they were telepathic, they noticed the arrival of Ian and his friends right away. Ene was the wisest of them all and their leader, so he started to talk with Ian and the girls.

“Why can't earthlings reach your level of enlightenment?” Ian asked.

“It's because you have to feed yourself with the dead bodies of animals or plants, and we fulfill our needs with the energy of stars like your Sun. The more refined the food, the more enlightened the creature that eats it,” Ene said in a voice that sounded strange to Ian. “There are creatures on your planet that are similar to us – these are the plants that grow there.

You can live on earth only due to the existence of these high beings. If a person can go into contact with them and feel their atmosphere, he becomes more spiritual, renews his soul, and feels better. Miracles can happen to someone who spends a lot of time outside among plants and trees.

But when we look at you, we see people doing the opposite. You look for happiness inside crowded cities, not in the woods that are empty. The Devil created illness. God created a plant that cures illnesses. Herbs can save people from all the perils and misfortunes. Today, humans spend every free minute in front of the television, computer, or telephone, submerging themselves in a virtual world that destroys their identity.” “Then what should the people of earth expect?” Ian asked with sorrow.

“Their destiny has not been decided yet,” Ene answered. “There are several possibilities for them in the future because the powers of darkness and light are fighting over them right now. Only people can decide if they will commit mass suicide or become free. A catastrophe doesn’t have to happen. People can die from overpopulating the planet, but they don’t think about that. They follow the principle of being like everyone else, and this is their worst problem. Though they call themselves intelligent beings, they are ruled by a herd instinct like animals.”

“What do they need to do to survive?” Ian asked.

“It’s very important to worship women, to learn from them, because most of the misfortunes of earthlings come from men who start revolutions, wars promoting genocide, and breed terror. Crime is much higher among men than women, and so are alcoholism and addiction. Men are more inclined to be violent egoists, and though they consider women stupid, it is not so. When you look at who visits churches and spiritual schools more often, it is women. It is also women who are capable of maintaining the harmony of life on earth,” continued Ene. “Women radiate love, kindness, and compassion. This is what will preserve life on earth because these feelings are a part of paradise.”

“Then why are there so few women among spiritual leaders?”

“It’s because, since the times of the patriarch, women have been subdued by the power of men and were not given a chance to get educated. There were times and places when

women weren't allowed to enter temples because they were considered to be lower beings. They were forced to get married at a very young age and kept as slaves. Ignorant men, fearing their desire for women and the love that they felt towards them, proclaimed women evil. Educated and free women were called witches and burned. People didn't understand that sexual energy and the love that it breeds are the work of God and should be worshiped. What the world is today, the fact that it's on the brink of extinction, and the fact that there is so much unfairness and pain are a direct result of the way men treat women. The fate of earth depends on a woman. Only if a man sees the goddess in a woman will the planet live.

Boys and girls should be raised separately because boys are violent from birth and humiliate girls, and girls grow up believing that it's normal."

It was getting darker, and the friends saw two flying saucers in the sky.

"When our star goes down, we get dressed," Ene said, putting his clothes on. "When it goes up, we walk around naked to absorb its energy, much like your nudists. This is something people can do to make their lives better. Touching minerals and going to lakes, rivers, and mountains is also beneficial because they experience the energy flow and the energetic bodies of these non-living things. Many planets are homes to such energetic bodies, though humans think that there is no life anywhere but their planet. There is life everywhere; it just exists in different forms, many of which people cannot comprehend. They get caught up in organic things and believe that their bodies are the most important thing, not knowing that they can live without them. The human soul catches on to the heavy burden of a body and tries to find the elixir of youth, prolonging its tortures in this prison that is the human body. It's the most absurd thing I've ever seen in my life – watching the earthlings try to prolong their lives. They are driven by blindness and their identity to their physical form. Instead of striving to become closer to God, people get closer to everything but Him: alcohol, drugs, fear, and ideas. All people view the things around them through the perspective of their identity and can't see the world as it truly is."

ANCIENT MAGICAL ART OF ORPHISM

After the incident with her parents, Isabel went to Master's lesson knowing nothing could stop her, and she would do whatever she thought was necessary.

"How are you?" Master asked when he saw her.

She remembered what had happened and started to cry. Master hugged her and said, "Don't be upset. This is your battle for your freedom and individuality. We all must live through our battles with ignorance, evil, and the herd mentality that is forced upon us by society. But we grow, thanks to these obstacles, and our willpower becomes stronger through battling darkness, lies, and evil. You should think of this as an exercise and remember that you are not only fighting for yourself but for the good of all other beings as well. Become free, and you will liberate many of the people around you."

Master invited her into the room with several other students and many interesting musical instruments. There were harps, tambourines, Tibetan trumpets, cups, bells, didgeridoo, berimbau, and others that Isabel had never heard of before.

"Here, I make the music of Shambala," Master said. "This music is magical and can change people and the world around us. There's an ancient science of orphism, which teaches you to embody your intentions through art. Through orphism you can reach any goal and get people into a higher state of being."

With these words, he picked up the harp and started to play it. Incredible and charming music filled the room. Other musical instruments accompanying Master suddenly started playing. No one could understand what was going on.

Ian was there with his Shakti and saw how angels came down from the sky, picked up the other musical instruments, and began to play them. Reia and Bhagavati started to dance, and Ian decided to meditate. The wonderful music played by Master and the angels flowed through space in the form of a rainbow glow.

Isabel felt moved by an unseen power, picked up a flute, and began to play it in sync with Master. This was incredible because her parents never allowed her to practice music.

“No one needs musicians,” her father used to say. “You will need to sleep with the producer to ever end up on stage. I’m not going to allow that. You will become an accountant.”

“That’s so boring,” Isabel would answer her father.

“Get used to it. Life is boring. That’s how everyone lives and so will you.”

She played and was very good at it as if a talent suddenly appeared out of nowhere. She saw a vision that she was dressed in a beautiful Indian sari and danced in front of Master, who was playing a sitar in front of peaked Indian temples.

“What is that?” thought Isabel.

Ian saw her thoughts and knew that she was visualizing one of her past lives.

The charming music continued, putting all that were present into a trance. After the concert, Isabel told Master how her father had humiliated her desire to learn to play an instrument.

“You almost became a victim of the way your parents raised you,” the guru said. “Just think about how many talents suffocate children, whose parents had a different idea for their future! You have to fight for your self-realization and overcome any obstacles. Music can create, but it can also destroy, much like Jericho was destroyed by the sounds of a trumpet. Snake charmers control their animals with the sound of music, and even people can be controlled by music that is more complex in form. Among other things, music can develop the human soul.”

“I wrote a poem while you were playing,” Kelti said.

“And I thought of my future painting,” Antuan said.

“You see,” Master said, “the music of Shambala awakens the hidden talents and strengths in people. The art of orphism lies in the fact that it connects the person to God, an egregore, or any other higher power. During prayer or meditation, God’s goodness comes to the person in the form of a muse or inspiration. Thus, God himself inspires you. Sometimes you have to wait a while for this to happen. You have to fast, visit places of power, such as temples, and feed your soul with higher impressions. But when the stars align in just the right

way, you can feel an enlightened and artistic idea born and will be realized. This masterpiece will hold in itself the power of the emotions that were felt during its creation and connect people to the Higher Power, to God. Orphism can help bring life to any intention, as art is the connecting element between the idea, the thought, and the world. It helps to give an image to the idea and fill it with a feeling. It transfers the emotions to the audience and creates a field of energy around it. This helps the idea become realized as something real, allowing it to penetrate the hearts and minds of many people, who, in turn, create a field of energy around it. The theater, for example, is a combination of all arts. This is why ancient theatrical mysteries were a great way to bring an idea to life. The most important thing is that you are serious about everything that you create and all the ideas that go through you because if you are not, you can create a monster. Let's now create our own music. Everyone needs to take an instrument that he or she likes the most and accompany me."

The students took up their instruments and started to play together with Master. Though not everyone was good at making music, everyone could see artistic abilities awaken before their eyes. Ian saw and felt the harmony brought by this music to the aura. He saw the joint energy field of all of the participants starting to glow and spread love and the feeling of peace. It seemed that if anyone would make a wish at that moment, it would definitely come true.

At the end of the improvised concert, Master came up to Isabel and gave her a memory stick.

"Take this, and it will be your individual music," he said with great love in his voice. "It will be your astrological code and will help you to open your talents and your true self."

Isabel was very grateful for the present, and tears started to stream down her face. She felt that only in this school could she get the much-needed support and understanding she never got from her family.

PARALLELS

After Isabel's birthday, Reia introduced a friend of hers to Ian and Bhagavati.

"Leila," announced the stunning young woman. "Leila likes to travel to parallel universes and is inviting us to come with her."

"That sounds very interesting," Ian said in excitement. "Do these universes look like ours?"

"Parallel worlds can help you realize the things you cannot realize in this world. There are worlds that look just like ours but are further behind in time than ours. The souls in that world are there because they didn't pass their lessons on earth. They have almost the same relatives, friends, and circumstances in life. Almost the same because no worlds are exactly identical. Though these people's parents, friends, and enemies look the same, their souls, which play the most important role in our lives, are different. There are, at times, a few that will end up in a parallel universe for a second term. There are worlds ahead of us in time and live, for example, in the fifth millennium. Some of these places have already lived through Armageddon, and life starts from the beginning there. Some worlds can avoid the end of time and are developing further. I really love this one particular world where there is still matriarchy. Women rule, and Tantra was not destroyed like it was in our world. This world is now living through the Golden Age without revolutions or wars. There are no criminals and liars, and people live happily and spiritually. "That's fantastic," yelled out Ian. "I want to see this world."

"Then let's go," Leila said. "The entrance to these parallel universes is located in the center of our galaxy. I also want to show you the beauty of the cosmos. I'm sure you will enjoy it. The friends soon found themselves far away in space, where they could see the solar system in its entirety as if it were something very small. The planets and the Sun hummed like Tibetan chalices, slowly changing the key, creating wonderful spherical music. The planets are live beings that live slower than people do, and during the time it takes for human life to pass, only a minute has passed on a planet.



Nevertheless, their perception is quicker than that of humans. What takes a person years to understand, a planet can understand in a second. The level of the Sun's intelligence, by the same measurement, is infinite. Flying further into the center of the galaxy and faster than the speed of light, they passed by star systems and asteroids. The friends got closer to a glowing ball that was the size of millions of suns. The center was a great life being, for which a thousand years would seem like a moment in time. It was the God of stars and planets who saw everything that happened in the galaxy.

In awe of being so close to a divine being, the friends entered the center and saw a large star, with each side an entrance into a parallel universe. If one didn't know where exactly she wanted to go, she could get lost in the endless labyrinth of corridors that lead to other worlds and other lives. When they flew into one of the corridors, they found themselves close to a planet and saw small houses and green hills. When they got even closer, they saw the area of a temple with several women and one man practicing yoga. The people were all dressed in what looked like Indian clothing.

Leila led the friends to an older woman that was meditating. "This is Zarma Devi," she said.

The woman was clairvoyant and started to communicate with the friends through thoughts.

"I thought you'd have cars flying through the air in this world, but it looks like you are still living in the Stone Age," Ian said.

“Technical progress is not a measure of intelligence; it’s just a necessary step to deal with the overpopulation of a planet. It’s much more important to develop spiritual technologies. Unlike the people of your world, we control the population and keep it at a minimum. Additionally, we know how to control the gender of the children being born and have a lot more girls. Have you heard of the saying that if there are a lot of boys being born, it’s time for war? We want and do live in harmony and happiness. We eat the food that is given to us by nature and materialize the things we need. We communicate through telepathy and can teleport ourselves to any place we need to go. We rule animals with the power of thought.”

“Why can’t the people of earth do that?” Ian asked.

“It’s only possible to do if you are highly developed spiritually. If regular people could do what we do, your planet would stop being an exercise machine for their souls, a place where they grow and learn why they suffer, where they look for a way out of their ignorance and limitations, such as poverty, sickness, slavery, prisons, and anarchy,” explained Devi. “The human mind and understanding are only able to enter the true path – the path of love, kindness, and compassion – through this search out of a difficult situation, the path out of suffering. Your people have convinced themselves that the way to happiness is long and difficult, that it lies through the acquisition of money, possessions, power, and fame, and they continue to suffer. They don’t understand that a person is only happy when she wants to make another person happy. God created our souls in such a way that if you want to grab everything for yourself, you will drown in negative emotions. No matter how much money you have, only love will make a person happy, not consumerism and egoism. Despite the scientific developments on your planet, no one understands these simple facts of life.

In our world, several women of different ages live together. We choose one woman, who is the highest of all in spirituality, and one man, who deserves us, to satisfy everyone in the family. Only the best of people raises our children. These people can communicate with no aggression or manipulation. They only use love and understanding as tools for education. What kind of a person can grow up through lies and violence? Such people should neither have nor raise

children. On the other hand, from birth, our children have their own contact with God, because they have just come from the subtle field and are much more alive than we are,” finished Dharma Devi.

“Tell me about the creation of life. I think my friends will be very interested to find out,” Leila said.

“As you wish. There was no beginning because the world is infinite,” explained Devi. “But for you to understand better, I will explain life as if there were a beginning. Much like everything else in the world, God is a material being. But there are different materials – rough materials, like metal, minerals, liquids and air, and subtle materials. The subtler the material is, the more alive, intelligent, and divine it is. God is the subtlest of all materials and is present everywhere. His initial atoms, though, are one. They are connected into one organism and everything that He has created. He did so from his own material. First, He created the world of Archangels, Cherubs, and Seraphs by thickening his atoms and making a harder, subtle material. Though this material contained almost the same elements as the material of God, it was not infinite and, thus, not God. These were separate beings that had boundaries and limitations that God did not have. Then, God thickened his atoms even more and created the world of Angels, who had even higher limitations, though they were still more divine than humans.

Thickening His atoms even further, God created the rest of the subtle materials, one of which is your world, the world of the dead. Below it is the world of spirits and demons. Limitations and boundaries grow on each of these levels, while intelligence and consciousness become weaker. Thus, ignorance and limited love for God started to turn into negative emotions. People used to live in the subtle field, and angels kept their bodies from decay. People used to be happy, but they didn’t grow spiritually and were naive like children. Then God thickened his atoms yet another time and created the physical world, where limitations, divisions and decay are at their highest. Ignorance was complete, strength was minimal, and the love of God stopped and turned into suffering. Though a stone doesn’t feel like God, it is He, nevertheless. He is everything, and everything is He. When a

human stops being ignorant, he sees God, and he sees that people are a part of God. They are Him.”

“One of my reincarnations sent me to your planet,” continued Devi. “People tell a beautiful story of Adam and Eve but don’t know that they first lived in the subtle field, which is the Eden you talk about. But their intelligence grew, and they could see both good and evil. So, they were banished from paradise and reincarnated on earth. It was God’s will that they know good and evil. The serpent is an evil spirit that tries to stop the people from seeing the good in the world and plunge them into ignorance, so they start living in sin. The apple is a combination of everything in this world – money, fame, power, partnership, family, work, and other things. Today, people suffer because they are trying to understand good and evil, but when they know everything, they will return to God and will no longer need to remain on earth. Each child is like Adam, who fights the temptation of this world and tries to find himself through the perils that exist.”

It was prayer time, and Devi and the friends entered the temple. Ian looked around and noticed that there were several paintings, icons, and mandalas, unlike anything he’s ever seen. One especially amazed him. It was a painting of a pile of burned bodies with a naked god lying on top of them. A headless goddess was sitting on top of him, copulating with him. In one of her hands, she held her severed head; in the other, a sword that she used to sever it. To each side of the god, there were other goddesses who caressed him. Three jets of blood spurted out of the neck of the headless goddess. One was being drunk by the goddess on the left, the other by the one who was to the right, and the third was being drunk by the severed head.

Ian was shocked to see such a painting in a temple. Devi read his thoughts and came up to him and his girlfriends, who were also in a stupor.



“Only earthlings think of sex, which creates life, as something bad and sinful. You should be ashamed of the weapons that you make, which destroy life and breed violence. But you are proud of them and teach your children how to use them. It is your weapons that are the true evil. Sex should be an art because it is one of the forms of divine love. This painting depicts this art. The god that lies on top of the pile of bodies shows that the man should control himself during spiritual intercourse. He shouldn't give in to passion but work with the energy to be like the dead. The headless goddess shows the woman should sever her personality from pretension, possessiveness, and insult and work with her man's energy. The three streams of blood depict the three main channels of energy – the left (lunar), the right (solar), and the center is the channel the Kundalini moves up through during intercourse (stellar). The headless goddess gives the lunar and solar energies to the other two goddesses and concentrates with her partner on working with the stellar channel, sending energy through it to open the Sahasrara chakra and unite with God and the entire Universe.”



Devi explained this technique to the friends, and they were surprised to learn the rational way in which the dwellers of this planet thought about the relationship between the sexes and used this relationship to become closer to God. At the end of the explanation, the girls looked at Ian, giggling. “There are three of us and one of you. We should try this out.” Ian smiled, agreeing with their plan and took the hand that Leila was giving him.

DON'T BECOME LIKE YOUR ENEMIES

The friends were still traveling across various parallel worlds as they admired everything they could see. They visited worlds without intelligent life, and the magma was bubbling, and volcanoes were erupting around them. They saw more developed worlds inhabited by advanced and perfect creatures that had achieved the peak of technical development. Their people already flew around with curious devices that are usually called “flying saucers” on earth. They didn’t have to spend resources at all to burn the fuel to get energy; they took it from the plentiful sources around them. The population of that planet understood the main principle of energetic activity: the magnetic torsion field is the basis of any living phenomenon, be it an apple, a human, a planet or a star. While this field is active, while the energy is moving inside it, this creature is alive, developing, and growing. When the energy slows down in it, it causes old age to fade and slow disintegration. With the knowledge of that principle, inhabitants of the amazing planet had learned to tone up the energetic flow in fields of people, thereby achieving longevity, living for eight or nine hundred years. They were able to move in space without expending any fuel. They just used the energy of magnetic torsion fields of other planets and stars. They were easily gliding through energetic threads in the right direction. So, the distance didn’t matter much to them. Their everyday life was very easy. They didn’t have to fill their dwellings with furniture or make repairs. It was enough to enter the room and say a word aloud. For example, “this or that waterfall,” and it immediately appeared in front of the home’s owner. The stuff was stored in separate sections supported by the same torsion fields. One may say that they were just hanging in the air and moving with the single motion of the owner’s hand. Magnetic fields were also used instead of habitual sofas, armchairs, and chairs. It gave the impression that a person was just hanging in the air. Someone was ok with such situation. But someone gave them the forms they believed they needed, from the classic furniture to the

most exotic forms, like half of a watermelon, cucumber, or other fruits. Someone gave them the form of the ancient imperial throne. It was just infinite space for imagination! The food was also cooked quickly by simply using the same energy. It was enough to put ingredients into dishes, to say what dish you wanted to get from them, and voilà! Your meal was cooked the next moment.

The planet was surprisingly clean. There was no garbage; it was just not produced. Our friends were very surprised by this phenomenon as they compared that kingdom of cleanliness and harmony with the long-suffering polluted earth. As they looked more attentively, they saw everything that was bought in stores wasn't packed as usual. All products were sold in magnetic packages. So, for example, grains and sugar were held as a single solid mass as if they were in a bag. But that was not it. The stores where you bought products also gave magnetic keys to them. They could be used only by the person who had paid for a purchase. So, thieves had no opportunity to do their business. Doctors treated patients using torsion therapy. A special device showed them what part a defect appeared. They smoothed down that area using special methods. When the area was smooth, the disease ceased. Because it was a very effective medicine that treated not symptoms of a disease, but its reason, the population of that planet was very harmonious, healthy, and, one may say, even perfect. Their faces were illuminated by an unusual spiritual light. Spirituality and faith had a special and great significance on that planet.

Jan was a little upset. "Well! I had no idea that you may live like this."

"It's all right," Reya comforted him. "It's much more difficult for savages in other worlds now."

"You are right," he sighed. "But if I were not aware of that, I would still believe that a man was the apex of creation. Now I've seen how you can live, and I've become upset. I've become upset and ashamed of how we live on earth."

"You are right, but what can we do? A man has recently learned to melt iron. And electricity appeared a week ago."

"A week ago? How can that be?" the youth wondered.

"According to the space measures," Reya laughed.

“Oh, you mean this. Yes, it’s true. But we are still somehow wild. And the most terrible thing is that we destroy the place where we live – our home, our planet because the planet’s population doesn’t behave like this.”

“You are right, my friend. But a man still has everything in the future. The time will come, and he will change his mind.”

“When? When will it happen?” he desperately asked.

“When fuel sources of earth run out.”

“Do you mean oil?”

“I mean oil, gas, and coal, even when all earth’s trees are cut down. When everything runs out, it will happen much faster than you think. Man will think about where he will have to take resources for survival. He will come to new technologies. And he will also rethink his attitude towards the environment.”

“It is typical. Until they rub his nose in it, the man will not think about it.” “But what did you want? The one who wants to come will come. Who does not want is dragged.”

“It is exactly like this.”

“But let’s not speak about sad things. We should visit our friend and see how she is doing.”

The friends flew one by one from that amazing world out of the beams of the huge, beautiful star. Then they went back to the edge of the galaxy, to the place where the planet earth was located. They rushed with dizzying speed. Huge globular star clusters surrounded by wonderful planet systems, gas, and dust clouds rushed alongside them. They saw multiple creatures that were easily and freely moving around the galaxy using the same magnet and torsion field. As they marveled at it, they continued their flight almost to the very edge of the galaxy. Meanwhile, the light of the spiritual center was fading. The feeling appeared like earth was really in a kind of cosmic exile. The cosmic darkness became stronger and denser. It seemed that the galaxy almost ended there.

“Stop. Here it is,” Bhagavati cried.

“Oh, yes.” The friends slowed down and saw how earth was rushing along them.

“Brake! Reverse,” Jan, who was already a little happier, commanded.

“First, I am earth. I am coming down,” the youth was chatting. But he felt a little anxious in his heart. The journey ended

soon. After they came down to earth, they went to see Isabel. They immediately almost found the house where she stayed. The windows were lit up. After they peered into one of them, the friends immediately saw the girl. She was up and telling her friends how her father had been torturing her. The guys were very indignant, and Antoine and Alex volunteered to punish him.

“He has no right to call himself a father and must pay a dear price for this,” Alex cried out, furious.

“We’ll come and do to him everything he’s done to you,” Antoine chimed in.

“Will they become like the father and act using his methods? What are we doing? We’ll have to make them understand it. They are on the spiritual path, but they behave like ordinary laymen, like savages.”

Passions were running high. The guys started plotting revenge.

“Let’s track him down. It’s not difficult. We’ll put out a beacon. We’ll know where and when he goes. Then we’ll wait for him in a deserted place and...”

Jan and his friends saw how the people’s auras were deflected, compressed, and colored in dirty bloody red nuances.

“I agree. It is very simple now,” a tall, bespectacled guy said. All guys became more involved in the common reality. The Master heard them talking. He entered the hall at the very moment when everybody became indignant.

“The teacher,” the students greeted him with respect. They immediately became silent and were waiting for him to speak. “Oh, finally,” Jan sighed with ease. “Everything will be in their places now.”

Master approached the guys and put his hands on their shoulders. His noble and intelligent face reflected divine love and infinite compassion for everyone who was in the hall. At that moment, their wave of energy was somehow broken against his silence and the whole group that had just been ready to do ill-conceived acts suddenly calmed down. The forceful silence seized the hall.

“Try to see in a person the thing that God created, not the manner of how the diseased society distorted her,” the Master said calmly. “For example, when you see fire, you know that it may burn unless you treat it carefully. But nobody is

offended by the flame. Nobody wants revenge because they don't expect any other thing from it. If you really see the person, you also won't expect anything from her and won't have any claims against her."

"But the father's behavior is completely ignorant," Antoine could not stop. "And it's dangerous! He is dangerous to society. He nearly killed his daughter, and he needs to be punished."

"Yes, ignorance can be dangerous, but we are servants of humanity. Now, in our amazing and difficult time, when the destiny of our civilization is at stake, it is very important for everybody to think not only about themselves. We need to understand our mission, our duty to the whole earth, and our responsibility for tomorrow, for all people of earth. Our task is to become servants of humanity, to be people that emanate love, understanding, and kindness, and to help people, mostly with their spiritual improvement. Because it affects the preservation of life on the planet and achievement of happiness."

Everybody, even Jan and his companions, stood still as they absorbed the simple wisdom explained by Master.

"Every ignoramus tries to get happiness for himself. But because he is overwhelmed by selfishness, greed, and possessive feelings and the fear of loss, envy, offense, and anger caused by them and directed to the people who, according to him, didn't give him enough of something or may take away something, he loses happiness and gets only suffering instead. But selfless servants full of love and devoted to their neighbors' well-being already achieve the happy condition of joy and bliss through this very endeavor. Altruism always gives birth to exalted emotions and fills hearts with bliss. Servants help God in His intention to create a harmonious world full of mutual love. God helps them as He holds out His helping hand. Our task is to help people, to pray to God for them, to learn to forgive and to love even when it is very difficult. And by responding by the evil to the evil, we become like this ignorance, and there will be more trouble on earth because of this response of the evil to the evil. In any case, we live in a world already at the verge of death due to human ignorance. And we can save it only by facing love."

“Whoa! Where have we been coming to?” Antoine asked, shocked. “I’ve almost done an incorrigible thing.”

“I’ve also given myself up to the fury and can’t cope with my feelings,” Alex drooped his head, crushed.

“And we haven’t understood anything too,” the guys from the group chimed in.

“Everyone makes mistakes in their lives,” the Master supported them. “But our task is to see our mistakes in time and better before we make them. However, negative thoughts and emotions are sins, and we have to work with ourselves and not let them into our minds and hearts.”

Everyone sighed as they were crushed down.

“It’s great you’ve stopped us in time,” Isabel said with repentance in her heart as she was looking at Master 266 with eyes full of tears. He smiled at her tenderly and with compassion.

“My dear friends,” he said to them again. “Let’s pray that Isabel’s father’s soul, which is full of egoism, possessiveness, and abuse, will come to God, that the Angel of charity and compassion would knock at his heart, and he would see the light and the Truth. Students were attentively listening to Master. Their faces reflected understanding and sympathy to all lost souls of earth and repentance for their bad thoughts and intentions. They made the prayer together with their Teacher.

HOUSE OF SORROW

The battle between Isabel and her parents went on for a long time, but they couldn't break the girl's spirit. Finally, her mother and father made a plan to subdue her willpower and make her obedient.

One day Isabel started performing a Dharma Lakshanam ritual that allowed a person to live through all stages of a human's life. Her father suddenly burst into the room with orderlies from a psychiatric hospital.

"Here she is. Look at her. She's gone completely mad. Take her with you. She needs a doctor's help."

The orderlies started to grab Isabel's arms and pull her outside.

"Don't touch me," she screamed, trying to get away. "I'm perfectly fine."

"Don't listen to her. You don't know what she's been doing here," yelled her father as he tried to help the orderlies. "She wanted to commit suicide. She needs help!" The orderlies got a hold of Isabel and took her to their car.

"I'm a free person," Isabel said. "You have no right to commit me." But no one listened to her. She continued to struggle to get away, but the orderlies gave her a sedative, and she felt her body going into a dream.

When she woke up, she found herself in a hospital bed.

"Where am I? What's going on?" she thought and remembered what had happened to her with horror. Thinking that she shouldn't oppose the doctors, she decided to trick them and escape from the hospital. At the same time, her father, armed with a statement from the doctors, went to the police to testify against Master and other participants of the center. He stated they had made his daughter paranoid, and they needed to be brought to justice.

CYCLOPS

“There were giants in the earth in those days; and also, after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.” (The Book of Genesis 6:4)

Traveling through the subtle field, Ian and the women entered the world where giants and Cyclops lived after death. Cyclops had an eye where humans normally had the bridge of the nose. They were huge, hairy, and lived in caves. They were something of a mix between humans and animals.

“This is so strange,” Ian said. “I’ve read about these creatures in Homer’s *Odyssey*. Did they really live on earth?”

The friends flew up to one of the creatures.

“What’s your name?” they asked.

“I am Asphet,” the giant answered. “Everything that was described in the *Odyssey* is true. We lived on earth and are now reincarnated in parallel worlds and sometimes in other galaxies.” “Why did you die out on our planet?” Ian asked.

“At the time we lived on earth, dwarfs lived with us, as well as other beings that looked like people. Little green extraterrestrial men would check to see how many human-like creatures could survive on the planet, and they would then insert fertile eggs into animals. These animals gave birth to us and others like us, including your ancestors. This is where the meaning of totem comes from. You and I were born from different animals, and our genes still show a connection to them. I believe the Chinese even have a horoscope that connects people to specific animals. Then it turned out that only people could live in earth’s hard conditions. Angels saw this and started to reincarnate in human bodies. The little green men took such children with them and returned with them when they had grown up, so the primitive people of earth thought they were gods. They had supernatural powers and became the leaders of tribes and teachers who brought culture to the world of men. This is how the first civilizations, like Atlantis, Egypt, China, Maya, and others



were born. The children of these reincarnated angels were also different and had many special talents. There is much written about this fact in Babylon's sacred texts and in other civilizations. You can also read about them in the Torah, though it shortens the legends about them quite a bit, which makes them difficult to understand. Then we started to reincarnate on planets that were more suitable for us.”

“That’s fascinating,” Ian said. “Now I know how physical bodies and civilizations were created on earth. Why does the Bible say that people were made in the image and likeness of God? Is he a dwarf or a Cyclops? Or maybe he’s one of the little green men?”

“No,” Asphet answered. “This phrase describes the eternal Spirit, the spark of God, the monad, the atman, all of which we are. The Bible is not talking about the physical body or the subtle one. Archangels created subtle bodies, but as an eternal Spirit, we were created by God. We are gods ourselves, and the ancient scripts talk about that too. The scripts say that when the Spirit recognizes that he is outside of a body and knows that he has always been part of God, he will become a god himself.”

“I understand a lot better now what I should strive for,” Ian said. “My goal is the reason for my existence.”

“Does that mean that Eve wasn’t created from Adam’s rib?” Reia asked.

“Of course not,” Asphet answered. “Women were created first so they could have children. The Jews in their Torah say that God created Lilith first, and she gave birth to Adam and Eve. It was she who gave them the apple, not the serpent, to give them the understanding of good and evil, the concepts that today are taught to you by your parents.”

“Why is the Bible so confusing then?” Bhagavati asked.

“The reason is that the Jews were vagabonds and didn’t have a written language. They passed on the myths of Egypt, Babylon, and Sumeria from generation to generation, telling them to each other. Only millennia later did they write them down. That’s why the ancient scripts come in such pieces and aren’t quite as clear. But even what you have now cannot be explained by the church because it doesn’t match what you are used to thinking about the Bible.”

During their conversation, they were approached by a centaur named Gnor.

“This is amazing,” Bhagavati said. “Centaur’s were real too? And after death, you live alongside the Cyclops?”

“Yes, we do,” Gnor answered. “There were a lot of mythical beings that lived on earth at that time. Today, your scientists have found the remains but are afraid to say anything because they think they will be judged. For example, when they see a centaur skeleton, they say that it’s a headless horse, or a legless human. That’s why you only know about us through legends.”

ESCAPE FROM HELL

Isabel was given strong tranquilizers, which put her in a vegetative state, and she couldn't think for herself. Her eyes stared in one space, and her tongue was hanging out of her mouth with saliva slowly trickling down her chin. In the short periods that she could think, she realized that if it continued this way, she would shortly become truly incapable of ever making her own decisions.

Ian watched what was happening with great pain in his heart. He and his girlfriends made a plan to help Isabel. When the doctor was getting ready to give Isabel a shot, they confused his thoughts, and he gave the girl a glucose shot instead of a tranquilizer.

Slowly, Isabel started to feel normal again, and the only thought in her head was to run. Ian and his Shakti helped put that thought in her mind, placing all their energy into the phantom with this message.

"The nurse has a key in her pocket," thought Isabel. "I need to steal it somehow."

Hiding the fact that she wasn't tranquilized and still letting saliva trickle down her chin, she went for a walk in the hospital hallway.

The friends helped by putting the nurse to sleep, and she was snoring on a couch that was located in the nurse's station.

Isabel came up from behind, carefully pulled out the key from the nurse's pocket and went for the door. She opened the door and stepped outside, starting to run as she got further away from the nurse. As she exited the hospital, an orderly saw her.

"Where are you going," he screamed. Not willing to wait for him to grab her, Isabel ran towards the fence and began to climb it, but the orderly grabbed her robe from behind. Fighting him off, the girl ripped the thin cloth of the robe and jumped over the fence, losing her shoes as she went. She was now dressed only in a small, ripped piece of the robe that barely covered her body. She tried to avoid being seen by anyone as she walked towards her house, where she decided to get some of her clothes, hoping not to be noticed by her parents.

When she arrived, she peered inside the window and saw that no one was home. She climbed in and began to pack her things. Suddenly, a clear thought entered her mind, "Run through the window."

It was Ian who was projecting that thought to her because he saw that Isabel's father was walking towards the house. The hospital director had called him and told him of the incident, and he was forced to leave work and come home looking for his daughter. Isabel pushed the thought away, as she still hadn't changed her clothes or collected any of the things that were so dear to her. In a moment, she heard the door to her room open and saw her enraged father. She tried to run through the window, but he grabbed her and pulled her back inside.

"You little bitch! You aren't going to run," he screamed, shutting the window and door and dialing the hospital.

Isabel jumped up from the floor and bit his arm. He dropped the telephone, which Isabel quickly threw inside the aquarium.

"You snake," yelled the crazed man as he hit her. "I will show you what happens when you disobey me."

He grabbed her and pulled her towards the barn that stood at the side of the house. There, he pulled out a set of handcuffs and cuffed the girl to a large metal staple that stuck out of the wall.

"You can stay here while I get the orderlies back out here," Isabel's father said, as he locked the barn door from the outside.

Isabel tried to pull the staple out of the wall and set herself free, but her attempts were futile. Finally, she pulled the wooden plank that held the staple out, and she ran around the barn, trying to find a way out. She noticed that there was a small space between the wall and the floor and decided to crawl through it. For her to fit through, she needed to widen the space, so Isabel started to dig. Before she could get her escape route wide enough, she heard the sound of a car that pulled up next to the barn. Knowing that she had little time, she tried to crawl out, but the wooden plank stopped her midway. The door was already being opened by her father, and Isabel could hear the orderlies telling him that they were going to make sure she could never escape again. Finally, she

was able to get out, but her father saw her escaping, ran outside, and tried to grab her. Isabel was quick to jump the fence into the neighbor's yard and started to run.

Isabel ran past the neighbor's dog that knew her well and only wagged its tail as a sign of affection. But when the dog saw Isabel's enraged father chase her, it growled and attacked him. The man yelled and fell down to the ground, trying to fight off the angry creature. Isabel was able to run to the nearby forest with the wooden plank still attached to her hand. Finally, safe, she tried to get the handcuffs off but was only able to break the plank by attaching it to a tree and pulling on it. She hid her handcuffed hand inside her pocket and decided to go and ask Kelti for help. Something in her mind told her that it was dangerous to meet with Kelti, but she thought it was only paranoia caused by fear and stress. She didn't know that it was Ian and his girlfriends putting the thought into her head. They knew that Isabel's father had told the police about all of her friends, and their houses were being watched.

"You need to go to the town of N," she thought. "I wonder, why to N? I have heard that there are Master's students there, but how will I find them?" She thought that she should probably listen to her intuition and go in the direction of the nearby highway.

Ian and his friends were grateful that Isabel had understood their message, though it was quite difficult to project it.

A truck that was heading towards N passed the girl at that moment, and Ian sent him a thought to help the girl that he saw on the side of the road, who was dressed poorly and seemed very dirty. She held her hands as if praying, begging him to stop. The driver was surprised by his desire to help her but stopped, nevertheless.

"Will you take me to N?" the girl asked.

"Get in," the driver answered, opening the door for her from the inside. She got into the truck, hiding the handcuffs that were still on one of her hands.

"What happened to you? Maybe I should take you to the police?"

"No! Please don't," Isabel said with great fear in her voice. "I'm fine. I fell when I was running, that's all. Can I borrow your phone?"

“Yes, of course. Here it is,” the driver said, giving her the phone.

With her shaking hands, she dialed Master’s number. When she heard him, she started to cry, feeling happiness flowing into her heart from the voice that was so dear to her. The teacher knew who was calling him and said, “Don’t cry. Everything will be fine. I will be waiting for you at,” and he gave her an address.

“Thank you,” Isabel said and passed the phone back to the driver. As she did this, the handcuffs fell out of her pocket.

“What’s that?” the driver asked.

“Oh, this? This is nothing. My friends and I were just fooling around,” Isabel said with tears streaming down her cheeks.

“What if she ran away from the police? Maybe I should take her back...” thought the driver.

“If you let me, I can take it off,” he said and stopped the car. He was able to get the handcuffs off of Isabel’s hand using a piece of wire that he pulled from inside his glove compartment. “Are you hungry? Here, take some money.”

“No, I’m fine. Thank you,” Isabel said.

“Do you have a place to live?” He didn’t know why, but he was worried about the girl.

“Yes, I do. My friends are waiting for me,” she answered.

Master met her outside of N. When she saw him, she started to cry – the stress and fear of everything that happened came pouring out of her.

“Calm down, my dear,” the guru said, giving her a hug. “You are safe now.”

“Why? Why are they doing this to me?” sobbed Isabel.

“You see, we aren’t placed here for pleasure,” Master said, getting Isabel inside a building. “We have to go through various lessons and become wiser. Our lives are meant to be difficult. Why do you think God created insects? They hurt us by biting us, and when they do, we remember the reality that is around us. People like your parents are big insects, and they bite your soul, but this helps you see yourself and the world that you live in. You’ve lived with them for so long and didn’t know them. You didn’t know that they could do such things because you didn’t really see them. You lived in an illusion. This is God’s way of telling you to look around yourself and become wise. Only in school do you learn by memorizing

textbooks. God teaches you through situations that touch you completely because only in this way can you truly learn.

You didn't know yourself before this happened. You were so trustworthy that you believed them and other people that lied to you. You didn't know that you are tempted by this world and your position in it. You didn't know that you get upset about the smallest things and wonder why the world is not the way you want it to be. You got upset and angry. If you take situations like this the way they are meant to be taken, you will open your eyes and see, first of all, yourself, the way you are, and who you are. These lessons help you wake up, and they will continue until you understand everything. I pity your parents. They reincarnated from animals not so long ago and still try to get their way by violence and lies. They will only suffer if they continue that way. You and I were higher beings in our prior lives. It's difficult for us to understand them."

"But it's impossible to learn any of this without your help," Isabel said.

"It's very difficult but possible. I'm here to help those who are ready, who have already reached the end of the road. Others have not had enough playing in life yet. Suffering is an important part of understanding yourself and the world. Without suffering, our lives wouldn't have a stimulus and wouldn't have meaning.

Buddha started to look for a way to enlightenment and started his school because he saw how much suffering there was in the world. Suffering sobers us up and makes us see things the way they really are. Without it, we live in an illusion and only dream.

We often don't want to see anything because reality takes from us the feeling of security that everything will be the way we want. I'm not saying that people should be masochists. We need to look for a way to rid the suffering that is within us, a way to be connected with everything that's inside us and around us. We need to want to be enlightened and to know and serve God. But let's stop talking about all this. You have completely forgotten that today is your birthday. Your friends prepared presents for you.

"Look," Master said, taking her inside a room that was full of beautiful clothes, jewelry, and other things.

“Thank you so much,”- Isabel said, jumping with joy and seeing all the wonderful things that were now hers.

“Go and get dressed,” the teacher said.

She took off her dirty rags and started to try on the outfits, looking at herself in the mirror.

When she was dressed in one of the most beautiful dresses that she’d ever seen, she went out of the room into a lit hallway and found herself stunned by what she saw. Her new friends, Master’s students, were there, welcoming her with such joy that her parents had never shown her. She started to cry again, but this time from the happiness that she had such a wonderful new family.

Ian and his girlfriends were there, too, feeling joy for the way Isabel’s life was changing.

RAGE OF THE DOMESTIC TYRANT

Isabel's father couldn't calm down. The longer she was out, the stronger and frantically he craved to make her come back. NO MATTER WHAT!!! That "no matter what" played a cruel jock on him. He was generally a nervous and violent man. He almost never controlled his emotions. All the people surrounding him suffered from that – his wife, his children and even, strangely, his own mother. He was often abruptly rude to her because he didn't want to cope with his negative emotions. Of course, he made her suffer and upset her a lot. She got a lot of gray hair, but she was always patient because he was her son! It spoke for itself.

Because she had the patience of a saint, his mom taught her daughter-in-law and his wife to behave like that. And the saying, "beating your wife is a sign of love," was not just an adage from folk wisdom but a real motto for their lives. They both were patient, mother and wife. They supported each other in their troubles. They consoled themselves by the thought that other people lived worse. They brought hope for the better, as millions of women around the world do.

They tolerated everything. But not young Isabel. Their rebellious girl was in a period of rapid bloom. Her youthful energy was gushing out of her, and she didn't want to put up with her fate. If her father were a little more tolerant of her, if he accepted all her hobbies, he wouldn't have to act with rude force and pressure.

Instead of becoming her best friend, he was becoming her archenemy. And the gap between the father and the daughter was growing more and more from year to year. The hapless father couldn't act in a flexible manner, so he met the detective to trace down where his daughter was and to make her come back to the family: WITH FORCE.

As he arrived at the appointed place, the square at the embankment, he was clearly nervous. He was pacing up and down and chain-smoking cigarettes with shaking hands. He was very agitated and worried.

He was always glancing at his watch, looking around as if he wanted to notice from where “reinforcement would come.” But it didn’t come, and the time was running slowly, very, very slowly, tragically slowly. At some moments, he started wondering whether it had stopped. The victim of his own fury started losing patience. For some moments, his brain turned off for a while, and he stopped at the edge of the water. As he was glancing with motionless eyes at waves floating along, he didn’t notice how the man he had been waiting for so much approached him.

“Good evening, Stepan Evgenyevich,” he said behind his back.

The father suddenly shuddered and faced him. He saw a short middle-aged man. He wore a low-key suit and shirt. His appearance had nothing that immediately caught the eye. In short, he was a “standard” man. The only thing that made him a little bit different from others was his eyes. They were calm and grasping. It seemed that he noticed every detail, every tiny thing. And he keenly caught the moods of his companion’s soul, every hidden emotion. He caught and remembered them. The father woke up from a stupor.

“Oh, yeah, hello. Where have you been? I’ve been waiting for you for a whole hour,” he got steamed up. Then, as he didn’t wait for the reply, he pulled his daughter’s photo out of his pocket and showed it to the detective.

He was furious. “That is her. You must find her and make her come to my house. She has to live with me.”

“But it’s not enough,” the detective objected. “We need the addresses of all her friends.”

“Yes, of course. Here they are,” the father shouted despite the fact the stranger could hear them. “Take them! Put a tail on them. She is somewhere with them. Bug their phones. Put on the surveillance, whatever. Keep an eye on them day and night. Do whatever you want, but I want her to be here. The sooner, the better.”

“Okay, but we might need a month,” the detective warned him.

“That’s too long! I’ll be driven mad with anger without her! I don’t know where she is. What is she doing? I need to control her. Do you understand? She has to be saved!”

“All right, we’ll try to do it quicker,” the detective replied and said goodbye to Isabel’s father when he took all the information he had.

Once he came back home, the father immediately rushed down to the cellar and started welding an iron door with a feeder and peephole, like a prison.

“Do you want to eat?” his wife asked, wanting to understand what he was doing.

“What do you mean, “to eat”? I am busy,” he grumped. Now the father was beyond himself with fury. At such moments like that, it would be better not to approach him. He blocked the window with boards and fiberboard so Isabel could not shout out to people or leave out of it. He put the bracket with the long chain to the wall and attached handcuffs to its end so his daughter could always be on a leash.

“Maybe it’s too much, isn’t it?” the mother asked with reproach in her voice.

“No. It must be like this. Shut up. I know how to do it better. IT IS OKAY! She’ll sit here for a couple of years until she stops being so stupid, and then we’ll see. You know how much I love her.” He was crying while clenching his fists.

“I see, but...”

“No ‘but’. Shut up, I said. I am the father! My duty is to set her on the right path. I’ll save her.” He was shouting while gnashing his teeth.

His face turned crimson with anger. His eyes turned red. His breathing was uneven. The sweat was dripping from his forehead and his dimmed eyes. He wiped the sweat with his dirty sleeve, and the father muttered, “Don’t mess with me, wife. My whole family has already backed me up, so I’m right. We must join our forces to fight off this evil!”

The mother was afraid for Isabel, but she couldn’t find the strength to oppose her husband. As she remembered how it usually ended up, she calmly and silently turned her back and left the cellar.

Jan and his faithful companions were watching this scene in terror. They saw very clearly that the father was completely beyond himself and became a toy in the hands of dark forces. Disgusting black larvae were sucking him like leeches, and they were excited to know what he was feeling at that moment. The entire crowd of demons occupied the father’s

mind because they had found an ideal guide of the evil through whom they decided would destroy the Master's school.

KILLER

“I will give you fifty bucks now and fifty bucks when you bring me Master’s head on a silver platter,” screamed Isabel’s father to the hitman. “This man has to die! He doesn’t deserve to live. He must be destroyed because he’s destroying our children, and they’ve stopped listening to us – the ones who gave them life!”

“It’s not difficult to kill,” the hitman replied. “But I’m not bringing you his head. To do that, I would have to be alone with him and make sure no one sees me.”

“Whatever. I will give you 200 now and 200 after you bring me his head. Do you agree?”

“It’s a deal,” the killer answered.

Later, Isabel’s father met with a police officer to show him a photo of his daughter.

“You have to find her and bring her back home! She has to live here!”

“This isn’t enough,” protested the officer. “We need to know the addresses of her friends, the people she’s close to.”

“Yes, of course. Here they are,” the father said. “Follow them and find her. She must be with them! Tap their phones if you have to.”

“Ok, but we may need a month to find her,” the officer said.

“That’s too long! I will go mad by then. I don’t know where she is, I don’t know what she’s doing! I have to control her! I have to save her!”

“We’ll try to find her.”

Isabel’s father went to the cellar and started to make a prison cell for Isabel. He filled up the window so she couldn’t scream for help or climb out. He mounted a brace with a long chain to the wall to hold Isabel and make sure that she couldn’t run away. “Maybe that’s too much?” his wife asked.

“No, it’s not! She can stay here for a few years until all the stupidity is out of her, then we’ll see. You know that I love her!” he screamed clenching his fists. “I’m her father! I have to show her how to live right.

I will save her! All of our relatives are on my side. We have to unite to fight evil!”

Ian was horrified watching this scene. He saw that an entire crowd of demons were in control of Isabel's father, having found an ideal conductor for their evil energy. They wanted to destroy Master through Isabel's father.

MEETING

Isabel, Kelti, Inna, and some other Master's students were gathered together to learn how to open their third eye. They were sitting in a large hall with a picture of the Sri Yantra. There was music that helped them work with their subtle planes, and their teacher was Ananda, one of Master's closest students.

Isabel was hiding from her father and was now living with Master's students. She thought it was great because it helped her move faster in her spiritual evolution.

"All of your thoughts, images, feelings, and dreams are objects of the subtle plane where you are located. First of all, the subtle plane is your conscience and everything that comes into and out of it. Regular people don't think about this. They stay fixated on their physical life. But if you pay attention to your thoughts, images, and emotions, you will see that you are a receiver of subtle waves, images, and ideas. The curse of people lies in the fact that they can't control their conscience; they can't focus on getting the information they need from the world they cannot see. People have a special organ that sends and receives information – their third eye. Today, we will begin to learn how to open it, how to deliberately communicate with subtle objects, and get telepathically connect with people and places. Look at the Guru mandala. This is a special image that will help you open your third eye and connect to the teacher. Light a candle and look at it. Unfocus your vision and try to see the candle's aura. It's the easiest to see the aura of a lit object, but you will learn how to do this with people and regular physical objects."

Isabel unfocused her vision and saw a double rainbow that was surrounding the moving flame. She felt happy that she could see unusual things.

"Now, close your eyes," Ananda said. "Look at your inner screen. You will see the negative image of the candle and its aura if you focus."

Isabel closed her eyes and saw a greenish-yellow image of the candle.

"On this inner screen, you can see anything that you focus your third eye on. As soon as you see the image of a face or

an area, you have connected telepathically with that person or place. In order to strengthen that connection, you need to feel the emotions that you have towards that person or place. It's best to start working with a connection with Master. As soon as you get connected, the teacher will send you waves of energy to help you in anything you need help with. He will feel that you are working with your third eye."

Isabel imagined Master, and he smiled at her. He put his hand on her head and began to fill her with white energy until all of her body and aura were full. She felt very calm and peaceful. Then he touched her between her eyebrows, and she saw a white flash of light. That's how he helped her to open her third eye.

"The brighter the images you see, the stronger your connection is, and the better you can communicate with the subtle plane, increasing your telepathy. When you visualize the image, listen to your emotions, and they will give you the information that comes from that person or image. Your intuition is the ability to listen to your heart and body. Later, you will be able to see from far away, and images will come to you that are often symbolic but sometimes real.

These images will tell you what the person you are thinking about is doing at the moment."

Almost every student in the room saw Master with their third eye and felt the unusual connection with the subtle plane.

Having received this experience, Isabel really wanted to try and find out about the man that she continued to see in her dream. She told Ananda about her thoughts.

"That's interesting," the teacher answered. "This person is probably connected to your former life, but not on earth, but rather in the afterlife, where you lived before you were reincarnated. He remains connected to you and helps you. It would be great if you learned how to have lucid dreams and could contact him. Padmini can best help you with that."

Kelti, Inna, and the other students heard this conversation and decided to learn how to have lucid dreams.

Padmini lived alone in the forest, in a house that she built far above the ground. The house was placed on the trunks of pine trees, and one could get to it only by a rope ladder.

The group of friends was walking down the forest, enjoying nature and the fresh air. It was getting dark, and there was a full moon in the sky.

They walked deeper into the forest and felt a bit scared. Somewhere, an owl was hooting, and a wolf was howling. But the friends continued to walk towards Padmini's home. When they called her, she looked out and opened the door, throwing the ladder to them. There was only one oil lamp in her home, which made it look like something was glowing high up in the trees.

"You came right on time," Padmini said. "One has to learn the art of a lucid dream during the night."

"Why do you live in such a house?" Kelti asked.

"The forest, nature, and solitude are ideal for communicating with the subtle plane. It's best to be higher from the ground to see lucid dreams, as the earth, much like our physical bodies, blocks subtle energy and prevents us from entering the astral world."

Padmini turned on a record player, and the group heard magnificent music and a very strong voice saying the word "Tynbura" every few moments.

"This music was written by Master specifically to practice lucid dreaming and shamanism," Padmini said.

"Tynbura is the shaman spirit of ecstasy and connection with the subtle plane."

The music filled the space with a strange feeling.

"In order to have lucid dreams, one has to be conscious of what he is dreaming about. He can't sleep in his thoughts. Even a regular person can do this when he is half-sleeping. To enter a lucid dream, one has to go to sleep not too late, not too tired, and keep his sexual energy. It's best to sleep sitting down," Padmini said and showed them to their places, where they could sit down comfortably.

"Sit down in a way that when you are falling asleep, your head doesn't fall down; otherwise, you will wake up. Concentrate your emotions on what you want to see, and then concentrate on the area of your third eye. When you breathe in, raise your energy to your heart and when you exhale, send it to your third eye."

Isabel concentrated on Ian and began the breathing technique. She felt warm feelings for him in her heart and pressure between her brows. Then she saw a light.

“Now, close your eyes and relax. Breathe as a sleeping person does,” Padmini said. “Go into a sleep keeping your concentration.”

At first, it was difficult for Isabel to go to sleep and keep her intention, but then she saw Ian. They were right next to each other by a beautiful lake with pink lotus flowers.

“What’s your name?” Isabel asked.

“My name is Ian.”

“Why do I see you in my dreams?”

“We were very close,” he said, looking at her with loving blue eyes. “We met in the afterlife when I died, but then it was your turn to be reincarnated, and we were separated.”

“Will you soon be reincarnated here as well?” Isabel asked.

“No. We have lived here for hundreds of years, and you will come back to this wonderful world before I ever leave it. And then we will be together again,” Ian answered.

“What has to happen for a person to be reincarnated?” Isabel asked.

“It depends on how strong their subtle plane is. If a person has low thoughts, destructive and negative emotions, or leads an unhealthy lifestyle, then their body becomes weak, and they are reincarnated faster. If they cultivate elevated thoughts and practice yoga, then they live longer and can even go into the world of angels, where they can choose the time they are reincarnated. For this to happen, a person has to be a saint, but not in the way you are used to. It also depends on the positioning of the stars and the situations that can be a lesson.”

Isabel woke up at that moment. Her dream stunned her with the realization of why she saw the man so often in her dreams. She asked Padmini, “How can I see him every time I dream?”

“You won’t be able to see him all the time because, in a regular dream, you can’t control where you go in the subtle plane – you go to the future, or the past, your inner world, or images of your emotions. Only in a lucid dream can you focus on what you want to see. You will need to practice.”

WHERE GODS ARE BORN

When they came to Shambala again, Ian noticed that everyone was more excited than usual. News had come from the center of the galaxy, Orilna, and the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators was gathered. Rigden Djapo was sitting on his throne and speaking in his majestic voice. "My dear friends, very soon, all earth's sufferings will be over. We will build a new civilization and have the United Government. We will start from a settlement of happy families in Tibet, in a special Place of Power, where ancient rituals will be combined with the latest technological advances, such as solar batteries and panels, vacuum water heaters, and others. But this isn't the most important news. Only super humans will be born in this settlement. Many great hierarchs want to be reincarnated on earth in order to make it a blooming garden of kindness, love, and wisdom. This settlement will become their home, where the great Buddha, Christ, Mohammed, Krishna, El Morya, and others will be reincarnated.

The highest priests of Tibetan temples will raise them and teach them according to the methodologies of Karmapa, Panchen Lama, Dalai Lama, and many more. This education will continue until they are nine years old, and then we will begin teaching them. Some of us will materialize; others will perform their education from the subtle plane. Our brother Master will be there in his physical body and ensure the evolution of these great children. By the time they are twenty-one years old, they will be divine and with the help of the green men, will overthrow the evil powers that rule the earth right now and will install a civilization of love and light, where there will be no wars or suffering, races or borders, lying, illnesses, or other earthly problems.

There's only one problem. We have to find and prepare good parents for these children. Such people have to be pure of heart and very spiritual. Master has already opened his school and will be preparing people for this mission. Our goal is to help him and guide pure souls to his school, who can then reach the level of wisdom that will be needed to reincarnate the great hierarchs. Right now, the future of our planet

depends on these future parents. The couples that will become parents will be the happiest on earth. May it be so! Ohm!”

Ian sighed and looked at Reia and Bhagavata.

“It’s a pity that we will not be reincarnated yet on earth,” Reia said. “We could have such great children. How happy it is for the parents to raise them! But it’s ok. We can help this good deed from here.”

After the meeting of the Parliament of the Planetary Coordinators, Ian and his friends came up to El Morya and asked, “Why does such a settlement have to be created? Can’t great souls be reincarnated without it?”

“Great souls do reincarnate on earth, but it’s very difficult,” El Morya answered. “First of all, similarities attract, and for great and pure souls to reincarnate, the parents have to want such children. But most people don’t want to have a Christ or a Buddha. They think that the child has to be at the same level as they are, or, at most, be like a great politician or artist that they know. Their own level of spirituality is very low, and they cannot attract such a soul. The settlement will unite all of the most spiritually evolved people on earth. They will practice and lead a healthy lifestyle and become even more spiritually elevated. The way a child is raised is also very important. Tibet has very spiritual people living in it, and a lot greater teachers are born here. After such people are born, they are taken away from their parents and are taught at special schools. For example, that’s what happened to Dalai Lama and other great lamas and teachers.

There are special methods used in their development, and theosophists have found out about them. They decided to put a man equal to Karmapa at the head of their movement. They found such a soul, attracted it, and raised it by these methods. It was Krishnamurti who became higher than all theosophists, who only read and theorized. Because he was a very bright individual, he separated from them and taught people. He truly became a Great Teacher. However, if he, or the Dalai Lama, were not taught according to these special methods from the time they were little, their spirituality would have only developed by the time they were older, and they wouldn’t have brought any good to the earth.”

“Why are there four Karmapas on earth today?” Ian asked. “I even heard a fifth one was found.

THE EARL

“Yes, unfortunately, this movement is being too politicized, as so many spiritual practices are these days,” El Morya said. Each of the Buddhist schools wants to become well-known, and it can do so by having the Karmapa. That’s why each school fabricates its own Karmapa. This is exactly the reason we want to create a special place where gods will be born. Now, I will tell you an ancient legend that will shed light on the problem.” “There was a settlement of Ganeshas that was ruled by a horrible tyrant named Earl. He was a black mage and served the power of the devil. The devil told him how he could prevent an uprising by his subjects, which of those subjects were planning to escape the settlement, and how to torture them. Earl knew everyone’s thoughts and tortured anyone who tried to bring change. He blinded his subjects, broke their bones, and pierced their ears, but they still wanted change. Then Earl decided to do a horrible thing – he wanted to castrate all the males and begin to inseminate the females with sinners, rapists, and murderers.

As soon as a female was pregnant, Earl would imprison her, beat her up, and terrify her each day, so that negative qualities began to develop inside her womb. If boys were born, he would take them away to prevent them from experiencing any love and kindness. Earl made his slaves raise the child in hatred and cruelty. If girls were born, he took them away and made them work day and night to provide food and clothing for Earl and his servants. But Earl was getting old and couldn’t impregnate the females anymore. His subjects prayed to God that their ruler would die, and they would be set free from his evil. But the devil taught Earl how to get a new body, and the tyrant knocked the soul out of a young warrior and took his body. When the subjects found out, they cried in horror, understanding that there was no getting rid of the evil that was tormenting them. But there was an old priest named Manu who was given a plan through prayer, which revealed how to end the tortures. He had a magic stone ring that didn’t let the devil, Gagtungr, know his thoughts. So, he got everyone together and said, “I know a way that we can get rid

of this tyranny. All women who can bear children and all men that can hold weapons, follow me!”



Soon, Earl’s warriors came to take the women away to be impregnated but didn’t find anyone but older people and small children.

They went to Earl and told him what they found, so Earl asked Gagtungr to help him. Gagtungr saw that Manu was taking the younger people into the country of Eve and sent Earl’s warriors to stop them.

Manu and his followers had arrived at a narrow valley. Manu told the men to stay and throw rocks and trees at the warriors while he took the women further away. The men only had sickles and hammers, so they were defeated by Earl’s warriors, but the battle gave Manu an opportunity to get across the river and cut down the bridge so they would not be pursued. Gagtungr wanted to follow them, but a good spirit that lived in Eve prevented him from doing so. Manu and the women got to the cave where a hermit named Tilu lived. Manu asked for his help because he was aware that Tilu knew

the art of Sampo. He told Tilu everything about the horrible things Earl did and asked him to inseminate the women and attract warriors of light into their wombs.

“I have given the vow of celibacy and cannot break it, or else people will stop believing in the divinity of monks. Young monks will be deluded into thinking that they are attracting bright souls through fornication. I cannot do this.”

“That can happen, indeed,” Manu said. “But isn’t it more important to fight evil? Prestige cannot help people, but doing good can. I believe it’s more important to do good than to keep a tradition. It has been done before. In ancient days, saints stepped away from celibacy to bring a great soul to life. At that time, there were many spiritual people on earth and our world was better. Priests would deflower young girls after weddings to attract bright souls. Barbarians came and destroyed the temples and forbade the ancient civilization’s traditions. They made the higher priests remain celibate to change the world and fill it with ignorant beings. You know this, Tilu, and I ask you to stop your celibacy for a time and allow great souls to be born and defeat evil.”

Tilu prayed for a month and asked God to give him an answer. When he came out of his cave, he said, “In order to attract great souls, a woman has to become spiritual and practice with me, as that will help spirituality to develop in her womb.”

The women happily agreed because they wanted to give birth to a great nation to help prevent their kind from becoming monsters like Earl. They all wanted their nation to be happy and kind.



On special days Tilu calculated, with the help of many ancient rituals, he inseminated the women in a Place of Power near a destroyed temple built by a great civilization with God's help. Strong and kind warriors were born from this ritual, and they were capable of defeating Earl.

Tilu taught the Sampo boys from the time they were children until the moment came when he was going to die, for his body was old, and his time had come. He called upon the two best warriors, Nar and Mil, and told them, "The three of us must die so we can get rid of Gagtungr in the subtle plane. It's impossible to do so in the physical plane. When we kill him and send him and Earl's soul to hell, the rest of the warriors can easily defeat the evil that remains on earth. Your brother Gomun will become the king and priest of your people. I will explain to him what to do with Earl's children that have not yet grown and teach him how to raise them right."

So, Tilu exited his body. His body remained on earth in the cave that he lived in. It is still there.

Nar and Mil threw themselves into the abyss to get rid of their physical bodies and joined Tilu in the fight against Gagtungr. When they defeated him, they sent Earl's soul to hell and ensured their people that they would win on earth.

Earl went to hell, where he was very afraid and paid for all of the evil he committed for thousands of years. He went through all of the pain he inflicted and all of the fears his victims felt.

Though he felt many feelings, he was always in an empty, black, and cold place, completely alone.



At times, there were monsters that would come up to him and bite his fleshy soul, inflicting great pain on him. The pain that people felt when he was alive was now inflicted upon him. There was a lot of pain. Only when he went through this purgatory could he be reincarnated again.

So, he waited and prayed to be reincarnated as any creature so that he didn't have to experience all that pain.

As far as his children on earth, Tilu had said they couldn't be corrected with any punishment, imprisonment, or infliction of pain because this would only make them eviler. If any one of them did anything bad, everyone had to pray for him and feel compassion to awaken the conscience in him. Only in this way could their evil souls become pure. This evil lived among people for many years until Earl's sons began to feel "conscience and remorse." So, El Morya finished his story.

The friends listened to the legend with great surprise but realized how important conception was and that people first have to become spiritually evolved. Only then could they attract great souls into their unborn children.

"I would like to tell you of another secret of evil," continued El Morya. "Not only in antiquity did such things happen. Having found out the mysteries of conception, Stalin and Mao Zedong used special laboratories to inseminate women with

their sperm and attracted many lower souls into our world to strengthen their powers.

Their children were filled with their energy, which is why they lived for such a long time in great health and could continue their evil. Children and their parents are connected in their energy, and even if they don't know about it, the energy of the children flows into their parents. This is why rulers sometimes have large harems with many children. And although these children cannot be successors of the king, they are used as energy donors. This is also why men subconsciously want as many women to have their children as possible. Such energy transfers happen only for men because women's bodies and energy fields get divided during birth. Women give their energy to the child and the men with whom they have had relations. Especially if they have romantic feelings towards these men. If these men are weak and unworthy, she gets their dirt and weaknesses. If she gets connected to a spiritually strong man and sends her energy to him, she gets support and help from him in the subtle plane."

"Is hell the same for everyone?" Ian asked.

"Hell is very different. Usually, special angels determine what kind of an experience a soul needs to get in purgatory in order to learn from its sins. Then they place that soul into whatever tests it needs to evolve. For example, some of the inquisitors that had tortured what were then called witches were placed into their victims' positions. They felt the same spiritual and physical tortures. Many of the inquisitors were psychologically sick people and felt sexual pleasure from being sadistic toward women. In hell, they got to go through the same tortures and feel the same pain.

MAO AND THE DESERTER

After a small pause, El Moria continued.

“I want to open another secret of the evil,” he said as he looked attentively at the friends. “Such things happen now, not only in ancient times.”

“It is not true,” Leila said in surprise.

“It is absolutely true! After they knew the secret of conception, Stalin and Mao Tse Tung fertilized women with their semen in special scientific labs under the disguise of “experiments.” It not only prolonged their lines and helped to distribute their genetics but also attracted a great number of low souls in our world. So, it enforced the energy of these leaders.”

“How terrible,” Reya exclaimed. “Like there hadn’t been enough evil on earth before.”

“It’s true; it is true,” El Moria nodded. “Everything was thoroughly planned. Those children unwillingly fed them with their energy. That’s why they lived so long because they had good health and a lot of power to do evil. Because a child and a parent are energetically interconnected even if they don’t know it, and the energy of children flows to their ancestors. That’s why kings used to have huge harems where many children were born. Of course, they were recognized as heirs of the throne, but they were energetic donors to kings. That’s why a man subconsciously wants all women to give birth to his children.

“Is this the reason why men are such great rivals,” Jan asked.

“Of course, it is.”

“And do the women also get replenishment from their children,” Bhagavati wondered.

“Your thoughts are correct,” El Moria smiled. “However, I must disappoint you. Such replenishment is mainly for a man.”

The girls sighed, upset.

“The female body is destroyed during childbirth. A woman is made in such a manner that she gives her energy to her baby and feeds it with herself, both in a physical and energetic sense. She gives her energy to her children and to the men

who had sex with her, especially if she had a close relationship or long communication. Even after a breakup, if she remembers these men in a sentimental manner, she still feeds them with her energy. If they were weak and disrespectful men, instead of sending energy to them, she receives only their energetic dirt and weaknesses.

“How terrible,” the girls yelled at once.

“But it is not all bad, my dear,” El Moria smiled to them. “If she tunes into a strong spiritual man, she receives his assistance, protection, security, and support as she forwards her energy to him.”

The friends sighed with ease.

“Tell me, please,” Jan asked El Moria. “Can the person choose the time and place where she is to be incarnated?”

“That is a good question. Only very supreme, advanced souls that have achieved complete freedom from limitations of ego and mindfulness can choose their birth. But they still listen more to the will of God, to what He wants, not to what they want. Otherwise, egoism may become involved so that they are not completely free. So, although they may choose the place and time of their birth and whether they are to be incarnated or not, they still act upon the will of God. They do what He wants. If an ordinary person could choose where and under which circumstances to be born, they would probably choose a rich or interesting life, live Golstis’ life, a spiritual life, to grow spiritually, to develop, not to go into limbo anymore, or not to be incarnated under bad conditions where she lives in a passive and meaningless manner without any knowledge of why and what for.

“Yes, it would be good to have such an opportunity,” Jan said musingly.

“But, as we see, most people live an absolutely empty, meaningless life. People even live without a purpose or meaning, only to survive. Nobody would hardly choose it if they knew in advance what and how it would turn out in their next incarnation. Thus, it is obvious that most people didn’t make any choice before their incarnation on earth in all their previous lives. However, they don’t make it in this life either. Such a choice could be made by either animal who doesn’t know anything about human lives and is first incarnated in the human form, or completely ignorant people who chose to be

incarnated in such condition on earth only because their family would be somewhere, or due to other similar reasons, despite the fact that it's absolutely useless. But then, such a choice and life wouldn't make any sense. What sense is it to always choose a bad incarnation under hard meaningful circumstances? Only to suffer and be tormented? Do you get it? It indicates that the person doesn't make this choice by themselves.

"But who does it then? God?" Jan wondered.

"You are right, my friend. It is Him and nobody else."

"Now I see."

"And if God makes it for us, He gives us the lesson needed for development."

"Even if it is the life of an imbecile?" Leila asked.

"Of course. Even if it is the life of an imbecile, it means that he needed such experience in this life. It helps to develop his soul. The negative experience is an experience, too, and maybe it is even more important than the positive one. Because of this, our soul develops and strengthens."

"Excuse me, but what about karma?" Bhagavati wondered.

"If we explain incarnation only with the law of karma, not the will of God, life will be meaningless for most people. They would either suffer all the time or enjoy it, but it would not have any purpose, lesson, or experience needed for further progress. The law of karma is blind, and the person would just move around the same thing. There wouldn't be any evolution or development, just endless repetition. But we see that the world is made in a very reasonable, multi-faceted, and complex manner. The Divine Supreme's wise power that rules everything is present in it, and it would hardly allow useless repetition of the same situations. But it does not give punishment or award. It pushes the soul of each living being forward. Everything that happens in their life is the necessary experience they lack. They need it to have the necessary understanding, at least after their death. This understanding would be attached to the emotional center and would pass into the next life because of it.

The experience of the emotional center is not erased like the memory of the mind. It rests with the person in her after death existence. It somehow forms her soul. However, while being in the afterlife, the person knows how it will be incarnated in

the next life. They show it to the person immediately before it is going to happen. And there, the person can understand why it needs it. Of course, they explain it to her beforehand.

The friends were thoughtfully silent. They remembered how Saphira's farewell ceremony had been, and they understood that they would have to pass it again.

After a while, Jan asked El Moria, "Is hell similar for everyone, or is it different for each soul?"

"Hell is very different for all living beings. And the degree of sufferings there is different too. It is predisposed by the person and by the experience it has accumulated. Everything depends on how the person behaved during their life, what thoughts the person had and what emotions prevailed in it. Special Angels usually watch it. They watch what useful experiences the soul has had to get in limbo and to be aware of its sins. Depending on this, it is placed in this or that area of hell. They give the person the opportunity to pass these or those tests. For example, some inquisitors who tortured "witches" were made to live in their victim's skin after death. They experienced the same spiritual and physical tortures. Many inquisitors were spiritually unhealthy people and experienced the sexual satisfaction unavailable to them at the moment when they were torturing their victims. As they were monks and sexual relations were banned, they were getting unhealthy, perverted joy while torturing women.

They found satisfaction not due to ordinary relations between men and women but due to sadism.

Just like they did, they were interrogated in detail and asked the most tricky and absurd questions like "Have you ever had sex with the devil?" or "Are you in a plot with him?" They were rushed into the court hall, put on the podium, took off their clothes in public, and peered at their naked bodies with perverted interest as they were looking for "devil marks" on them – "the places the witch used to feed its beast with." As fanatics do, they certainly found it. This place could be anything, a scar, birthmark, wart, or mole. They pricked them with needles to find out if they belonged to "the plot with the devil." They made them confess to it. When they didn't get a confession, they ran tests. To be more precise, they did the most fastidious, barbarous, and sadistic tortures.

Like they had tortured witches, the same tortures were placed on them, and they felt the same pain as their victims, like when their stomachs were forcefully filled with water because they were trying to force a confession. When it didn't happen, they beat their bodies. They were under the water test when they were thrown into the water with hands and feet bent crosswise. If they didn't sink, it proved they belonged to the devil, and they were destroyed. They were deprived of food and sleep and brought to an extreme degree of exhaustion, madness, and then finally, death. Their bodies were put on pyramidal devices that wedged in them and caused unbearable suffering. They, like their victims, were losing consciousness. They were tortured by buck jumps, a "witches' armchair," a "cradle," and many other crafty appliances that caused the most unbearable, terrible, and inhumane sufferings. They survived the same number of tortures as they caused to their victims. It lasted until they redeemed their guilt for their deeds and repented to the Creator for the evil they did.

They were at the same torturing devices in hell as their victims and got the same number of tortures they gave to their victims.

"Well," Jan said thoughtfully. "It's great that I haven't been an inquisitor." "But you've also had your own hell. Do you remember?" Reya asked. "Of course. How could I forget it? But, on the other hand, it was not so dreadful for me."

"So, does every person have its own hell?"

"Of course," El Moria smiled at them. "So, you need to live in such a way that you won't be ashamed to God for the life you've lived."

The friends talked a lot with the Great Master and asked their questions. But it was soon time to say goodbye. They thanked him with all their hearts, made the "Namaste" gesture, and returned to their world, where they were going to stay until the next incarnation.

DESERTERS

“Peace to you, Kadjur,” Ian said when he and his friends entered the pyramid.

“Peace to all of you,” the priest answered. “I’m in a rush to get somewhere and cannot be hospitable. You can go with me if you’d like.”

“Where are you going?” Bhagavata asked.

“To see the deserters,” Kadjur said.

“Deserters?” Reia asked. “Who are they, and where do they live?”

“Deserters are the poor souls that fear reincarnation. They hide in different places between the worlds, trying to avoid being reincarnated.”

When they got to the right place, the friends saw strange cloudy formations that didn’t look like people.

“Why do you look like that?” Ian asked.

“Our subtle planes are falling apart,” the one named Tess said.

“That’s why we look like this.”

“Why don’t you want to be reincarnated?” Bhagavata asked.

“Nothing good is waiting for us on earth. I will be an invalid, and everyone will make fun of me.”

“And I will be born in Africa in a war-torn country,” said Ibza. “Soldiers will torture and rape me when I’m still a child. They will give me HIV. I will marry a tyrant, and he will continue to torture me. More importantly, we would not have any spiritual teachers around us who could help us. It will take many years of pain for me to die.”

“But it is right if that is God’s wish, and he sees that these are the types of tests necessary for you to get the needed experience,” Ian said.

“I don’t believe that God rules everything. There is too much unnecessary evil and pain on earth and too small of a chance to learn and find a way out. The devil rules the earth. It’s obvious if you look at how worthless people’s lives are.”

“You are wrong,” Kadjur said. “Suffering makes people smarter and more spiritual. It makes them look at reality and not just wish for pleasures. earth is the true school for our souls.

Through suffering, people become less egotistical and proud. They stop trying to please only themselves and begin to understand other people. Compassion and sympathy are born through suffering. The rich will never understand the poor. The smaller a person's ego is, the less isolated they are, and the closer a person becomes to God and knowing Him. Angels don't have to be reincarnated, but they ask to do so to help people."

"I still don't believe that we have to suffer so much. God has left us. There are so many people who pray to Him, and He doesn't answer most of their prayers. He has left us on earth for the demons to torture us, and I don't want that life," Tess yelled.

"That's because people pray to God and ask that he will make two plus two equal five or seven, which is impossible. That's why He doesn't answer. If people prayed to understand more, to change so they could be happy and live in peace, God would answer. If people prayed to Him and asked to help others, to help them evolve and find the Truth, to be filled with love, grace, and inspiration, He would help because that means the person doesn't want something just for himself but for others. Often, people hold the hot coals and ask why they are getting burned, why it hurts. How can God help in such a situation? He can only blow on the coals to make them even hotter so the person will let go of them."

"Yes, Kadjur, you are correct in some of your words," Ibza said. "But we will forget what you just said on earth and will not have a choice or a way out. We will pray for two plus two to equal five. We will not have a teacher who can help us, and even if we did, we wouldn't believe him or could tell him apart from all the charlatans that will surround us. We may realize something only at the end of our lives, but it will be too late. Thank you for your concern for us, but we will stay here."

"That will only make your destiny worse," Ian said. "You are egoistic and want to remain parasites. You don't want to serve people, which will mean that your suffering will be much longer."

"Yes, that is true, and we will stick to what we know. If I'm smart enough on earth, I will kill myself. I'm tired of God's

games; He's tortured us long enough. I don't agree with Him."

The friends spent some more time talking to the deserters but couldn't convince them otherwise.

"The distance of one mile seems like a thousand miles for an ignorant soul," the priest sadly said. "Most people don't understand words, which is why earth was created with its sufferings. Only experience can make people understand, which is why there are so few teachers and so few students."

"Yes, unfortunately, not everyone was ready to learn the truth," thought Ian and remembered how he didn't choose to become Master's student even though God gave him plenty of chances to do so.



RAJA RETURNING HOME

An old mage named Raja was dying in an Indian town surrounded by his students, wives, servants, and relatives. During his life, he tried to distance himself from them since most were only interested in his money. His true friends had died a long time ago. Raja was Bhagavati's brother, and though it wasn't necessary since he knew the other side quite well, she brought her friends with her to meet him in the subtle plane.

He hadn't walked for a long time and had spent his last days in his bed giving orders to those who served him.

"Don't worry about me," he said to his wives. "We will be together soon, as we have done many times before. Continue with your spiritual practice, and I will communicate with you through spiritual séances. Urusvati is a good medium, and she will convey my words and presence to you. Many people will try to get my school and my riches from you but be strong and stay together. You must continue what I have started."

"No, no, Raja. Please don't go," begged Prithvi. "We will perish without you."

"I'm not leaving. I will be right next to you. All I'm doing is leaving this old, sick body that is giving me so much discomfort." Raja began to wheeze and lose his breath.

"Doctor! Call the doctor," screamed Rainika.

"No. Don't do anything," Raja said in his wheezing voice.

"Let me die in peace."

His eyes closed. He heard a roar in his ears, felt in a constrained space and saw Bhagavati.

"Are you waiting here for me?"

"Yes, brother. These are my friends, Reia and Ian."

"Nice to meet you. I'm finally done with another life."

"God willing, the last one," Bhagavati said.

"We'll see," Raja answered. "Someone has to be reincarnated to help people in the hell we call earth."



His wives were crying over his dead body; his students felt lost with their heads bowed. The old butler snuck into Raja's office and was going through his desk, looking for anything valuable.

"Poor man," Raja said. "He doesn't understand that his riches depend on his soul's state. He has always been poor and will die that way. A good person attracts money without having to steal. This man's insignificance is his curse. Only the elevation of the soul brings you to true riches that remain even after death."

Raja's young lover was standing apart from everyone else. She was worried about who she would be with now. Raja looked at her and shook his head.

"God has given her a difficult task. She will have to find someone else to "plug into," an object for her feelings. I only hope that she's smart enough to find someone who isn't a scoundrel, for there are many nowadays. Most likely, it will be a pauper who is pretending to be a minister. Even the stupidest of fools think that he knows everything and can figure life out. Only a wise man says that he knows nothing."

"Look at that. The butler has found your money and is running away with it," Ian screamed.

"Ha, ha," Raja laughed. "I will meet him here in several years and ask, 'Where's my gold? Did you bring it here?' And he will answer, 'No, I couldn't.' I will show him the sores on his subtle body and say, 'Yes, you did. Here it is.'" Raja's wives were still crying.

"No matter how you prepare people for death, their hearts still mourn. I feel so sorry for them. But that's life, and nothing is eternal. God gives everything and then takes it away, and even that isn't permanent," he said.

Ganesha, one of Raja's students, was thinking to himself, "The Teacher has left us, and now I should be the Teacher. Why did he say that the school should be ruled by a council of students? It's unfair. If I cannot convince them that I should be the Teacher, I shall open my own school."

"Here's another fool. He's full of egoism and pride. What could he create?" Raja asked.

"Only a school that develops the feeling of self-importance," laughed Reia.

"The birth of another false guru," Ian said. "If he could've accomplished anything worthwhile on his own, he would've done it a long time ago. But he was hiding behind Raja, thinking that he would be left to run the school after Raja's death."

Many students felt doubt and despair. They were worried that they would not be able to evolve spiritually without Raja's leadership.

"Why do they not understand that I'm here right next to them?" complained Raja. "The most important thing is that they continue to desire to evolve and concentrate on my spirit."

I'm even closer to them now than I was in my old, sick body. Of course, if they only remember me once a year, then when they need my help, I won't be able to do much for them."

Raja looked at himself and saw a young, glowing subtle body. "It's been a while since I felt this free. I've spent so much time in bed, but now I can fly!"

The group of friends went with Raja to walk in his favorite places from his earthly life. They walked along forest paths towards the sea.

"It's even better to travel this way," Raja said. "I don't get tired or feel heat or cold. Although sometimes I do wish I were in my physical body – there was something special and unusual about it. Now everything seems as if it is painted on a canvas. But I do see better now. Look at that! I can see every leaf, every beetle, even if they are ten thousand miles away. I take it back; it's great to be in my subtle body." Raja was greatly enjoying his new state.

"Here's the playground where I spent so many days as a child. Here's the school where I studied and played tricks on my instructors. How quickly life goes! It seemed to go so slowly while I was living. All of my school teachers are gone. Just think how much energy they spent trying to teach me to be a fool like everybody else. I'm glad I didn't listen to them."

"Look. Who is that?" Raja asked, flying up to a man who was going through some trash. "Oh! It's our best student Max!" "Best student?" Reia asked.

"Yes," Raja answered.

"And he became a bum?"

"Of course," Raja said. "With everything we were taught in school, one could only become a bum. They don't teach you how to think or how to live. You can only learn how to memorize, and that doesn't do anything for you in life. Schools zombify people, and they become an obedient herd of sheep who are afraid of taking the initiative. Oh, this schooling. In a theater, the decorations change, but the actors remain. In life, it's the other way around; the decorations remain, and the actors change."

A teacher was screaming at some children in a nearby class, trying to get them to do what she wanted.

"Just look at that. How can anyone learn like this? It's only possible to teach by example. What kind of an example is she

setting for her students? A child has to desire to learn. He has to be interested in it; only then will he get good grades. All they are doing is creating a bunch of losers and bums.”

Raja looked at all of the places he used to love, including an old stream that was now overgrown with weeds. It had been a while since he was here last, back when his legs were still working. It felt great to have the entire world opened to him. He visited a former student of his, a traitor named Sukra. Sukra had betrayed him a long time ago and had spent his life slandering Raja and lying about what Raja was doing. Sukra’s envy was so great that he always wanted to become better than Raja, but he hadn’t succeeded at anything except for feeling more anger and resentment.

“Look at this poor man,” Raja said. “If he wanted to be anything like me, he would have tried to be positive towards people, tried to help them. But all he did was spread anger and lies, thinking that if he could blacken my reputation, people would follow him. But what could he give them? Nothing. So, people had no reason to follow him. He will soon find out about my death. Since he believes so strongly that I’m a bad man, this news will make him happy. I feel pity for him. In his next life, he will once again have to try and learn God’s lesson, where his pride and envy will be provoked. It will remain so until he learns that lesson.”

“My friends,” Raja said. “I feel that I’m being summoned to a spiritual séance. Will you follow me?”

Using Urusvati as a medium, many people were trying to contact Raja through a séance at his mansion. The people who were gathered could not sense Raja’s presence since they were so distracted by their feelings and worries. Raja had to repeat several times, “Calm down first, and then we can talk. You aren’t connecting with me properly.” It took a while for this thought to be received by Urusvati.

Raja always liked to impress people, and now he entered the world of the dead on a white horse. Wearing a red cloak and a golden crown, he galloped towards his mansion, which was glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. His wives and students ran towards him.

“We are so happy to see you,” they yelled. We can finally be together again!” “We could kiss every inch of your body!”

They were screaming and jumping with joy at Raja's return after such a long parting. Many of them had spent several lives with Raja, and they had met in both the subtle and the physical worlds. There was a great feeling of kinship between them.

"Hold on. Hold on," Raja said happily. "I am also very happy to see you all here, but let me take a look around. It's been so long since I've seen my domain here that I've forgotten what's what. Where's Rachel?" he asked, looking around.

"She very recently reincarnated. Unfortunately, she couldn't wait for you," Rubina answered.

"Mahta, you have changed so much! You are so young and beautiful now. I remember how you wanted to be my wife on earth, but you were very old then. Your wish can come true here!" Mahta began to shed tears of joy.

Rada came up from the side with her new husband standing a bit behind her.

"I want to be your wife again like I was before."

"No, Rada," said Raja. "I understand that seventy years is a long time, but who have you chosen to be your partner? He's a pitiful man. If your new husband were worthy, I would take you when he reincarnated. But you have chosen an unworthy man just to avoid being alone. You have not been true to yourself, and I will not have you as my wife."

Rada fell to her knees and began to weep. Her husband came up to her and tried to comfort her.

"Leave me alone, you slug," she said, pushing him away. Agatha approached Raja.

"Raja, I'm sad that I will soon have to reincarnate. This time around, I will not enjoy many moments with you."

"Don't be sad, my love," said Raja. "Be with me until you reincarnate, and we will be happy together as long as we can."

Agatha leaned towards him as if she were trying to enjoy every particle of his being and every moment that was given to them.

Nanda's figure was seen from far away.

"He couldn't deal with his envy," Agatha said.

"It's a pity," Raja said. "He's a smart man but is holding on to his ego and his machismo so strongly. He could have reached great heights in his spirituality by now. He could have realized that all of his egoism and his inferiority complexes are

laughable here. He could have long been rid of this sickness.” Ignis came up to Raja and kneeled.

“Teacher, please forgive me! I understand now that I was a complete fool when I left you. I used to laugh at Sukra and Nanda and think, ‘What else could they want?’ We lived in paradise, traveled to the most wonderful places and had you as our teacher. But my male arrogance overpowered me. It would have been much easier for the other male students and me to have had you as our teacher if you had been a poor ascetic man. Then we wouldn’t have had anything to be envious of. But you were a tantric man and had a lot of gold and beautiful women. Nanda and many others came to learn from you, hoping that they would learn your magic and become just as successful. That was a futile goal. You said that the most important thing was not to compare which of us had more material things but to renounce everything earthly, and many of us didn’t understand that.

We didn’t understand that your luxury was something given by God to show us all of our filth. We couldn’t renounce our envy, and instead of gaining something, we lost everything. At first, I tried not to compare myself to you. I even laughed at those who did. I felt so blessed just being with you all the time. You were so kind and took such good care of me.

Then you gave us a task to learn how to court women since that was the object of our greatest envy. Neither I nor Sukra nor Nanda could ever talk to women. Muta lived with Shuna, who was so unattractive that he wouldn’t even touch her. He spent his entire life masturbating to pictures of naked women in magazines.

You wanted to help us get out of that life, but we were such cowards that all we did was complain to each other that you wouldn’t make women be with us. Sukra and Muta said that we needed to leave the school to become real men, but nothing changed when they left. I drove around in your expensive cars but couldn’t approach women. Many whores thought that I was the owner of the car, a rich guy, but when they learned that I had nothing, they left me. Instead of listening to you and learning how to act toward women, I blamed you for not giving me money or not sharing your women. Now I understand that there was nothing I could learn

by going to a whorehouse. Then, I became angry at you, and this anger drove me mad.

I became the person I used to laugh at, but God played a trick on me. I was so set on having a woman that it became my only goal in life. So, my sister introduced me to a single mother of three children. She was still young and beautiful but very naive. She thought I could be a good man, that I could take care of her. I couldn't even take care of myself. When we tried to have sexual relations, I learned that I couldn't even get it up. We tried everything, and nothing helped. I panicked and thought that it was the woman's fault. So, I used the last of the money I had to hire three of the best whores, thinking that everything was going to work fine with them. I was wrong. The whores were drunk and laughed at me when they saw how hard I tried to get it up. Instead of taking a look at myself and trying to figure out the reason for this problem, I became angry with you. I looked for the reason for my failure outside of myself and began to see doctors. Nothing helped. There was no joy in my life because the only purpose for me was sex. So, I hung myself. And only now do I understand that there are many meanings of happiness and that I should have listened and learned from you. Teacher, please forgive me! I still want to be your student if you will allow it."

"Don't be so upset, Ignis. The most important thing is that you understand everything now. Perhaps others will also learn, and they will stop trying to find meaning where there isn't any. I'm sorry, my friends, but I must leave. I feel summoned to another séance," Raja said.

Now that his students on earth were calmer, they could summon Raja through Urusvati and ask their questions.

"What should we do with your body?" Ida asked.

"I used to want to be buried in the old forest," Raja said. "But now I understand that it would be silly for you to worry about a grave. Cremate me, and carry the urn of my ashes with you."

"What should we do with your school? Many of your students want to leave now that you are no longer with us," Azalea said.

"What do you mean that I'm not with you?" Raja exclaimed.

"Here I am, talking to you right now. I am a lot closer to you now than I used to be in my sick body. I can help you more now than I could before. You must want this help from me."

Stay closely connected with each other, keep the school, and continue my work, and each of you will receive power and success. If you each go your own way, you will become just like the gray mass of people out there. You will not learn anything. If you stay in the school, you will find your individuality and evolve spiritually. I have already met many of my former students in the subtle plane. You will all eventually join us here, and we shall be together. This is just a short period where we must communicate through an astral connection. This is God's plan, and you should follow it. Remember that I'm always with you."

THE MEANING OF ALL RELIGIONS

Raja's students gathered in a bright hall in his castle. Urusvati was passing on the knowledge she had received during the spiritual contact.

"The following is the meaning of the religions and spiritual teachings.

First, a man living in his normal state on earth suffers.

Second, there is a way to avoid having to be reincarnated on earth and continue the suffering.

Third, this way is to become closer to God, to love Him and His creation, and to be closer to goodness, love, compassion, and happiness.

Fourth, God helps us reach this state in our earthly life and fills us with wisdom. He gives us the possibility to be united with Him after death, which will give us the greatest feeling of happiness ever. We have to remember about God and strive to be with Him, live according to his laws, and feel his presence.

Fifth, the demonic powers that exist on earth, prevent human development from both the inside and the outside. They want to destroy spirituality by means of torture, lies, and negative emotions. The first of these dark powers is sleep, which makes the person forget his desire to be closer to God and spirituality." At this moment, Urusvati rang a bell and asked everyone if they were present in their minds and felt their bodies.

Indra raised his hand and said that he was listening to her so attentively that he had forgotten where he was.

Shiva also raised his hand and said that he was thinking about other things and didn't even hear the last phrase.

"This is the feeling of sleeping," Urusvati said. "Only if you are with a group of like-minded people can you rely on someone to wake you up and remind you of your goals."

Raja, Ian, and the girls were watching this gathering. Raja was happy that his students were glowing and sent some of them positive energy. The friends were making sure that no parasites could penetrate their auras.



“The second dark power that stands in our way are things such as weakness, a lack of zeal or enthusiasm, and not having an emotional connection to our goals. People do so many things mechanically and formally, just wanting to check things off their to-do lists, which is why they don’t get results. This is another way a group helps you by charging you with positive energy that helps cultivate a united goal. This energy will help those who have lost the connection to the goal. The third dark power is the different earthly influences: the human desire for power, fame, money, family, and the destructive desires that go against spiritual evolution. People should not go along with

charlatans. And if they have fallen under the influence of a cult, they should ask their friends for help.”

At the time of this gathering, Ganesha was talking to some of Raja’s other students. He was trying to slander the spiritual school and destroy the ties that people had with it in order to turn them to him and gain power over them.

“Can’t you see that Raja has fooled you?” Ganesha asked. “He taught you to be healthy, but he died of an illness. He talked about being young, but he himself got old. He told you that he was a mage, a magician, but he died! He took your money and then he disappeared. He is a scoundrel who used all of you.”

“Will you not die?” Putra asked.

“Of course not. I am eternal, I will not grow old or ill, and I will help you to become like me. Raja is gone, and his followers are fooling you all. They don’t know or understand anything.”

“How should we evolve now?” Sharara asked.

Ganesha thought about it for a while. He didn’t know anything except for what he had learned from Raja. And since he hadn’t studied with the Raja for a while, he had forgotten most of that as well.

“It is important that you stay with me, listen to me, and do everything that I tell you to do. You mustn’t communicate with any of Raja’s students. You should all change your phone numbers and addresses. And if you should see any of your former friends, you must run away from them because they are evil.”

Raja and the friends were listening to this conversation and saw how a big octopus attacked Ganesha and dictated evil thoughts to him. They saw that the light that existed in the souls of Raja’s former students was going out and that they were attracting many different parasites.

“How could they not see that he is lying to them?” Bhagavati screamed. “Don’t they feel they are losing positive energy and going into darkness?” Reia asked.

“They are becoming the victims of evil,” Ian said.

“Yes,” Raja said. “He has gathered only the fools that lean towards negativity. These people are too trustworthy and enjoy judging others, which is why Ganesha could lure them to his side. Why would they not want to communicate with my other students if they were convinced they were right?”

They aren't sure and are afraid of being convinced otherwise. It's not their time to evolve yet, it seems. They will have to suffer longer and learn how to differentiate good from evil." Meanwhile, Raja's students were practicing the "Time of Tears" and praying for those who had left the school.

"My dear brother, I saw how many enemies you had," Bhagavati said. "My friends and I tried to stop their intrigues against you. Forgive me that I couldn't protect you from everything."

"Don't ask for forgiveness, my dear," Raja answered. "Everything that happens is God's lessons. We live on earth to learn these lessons and then to be with God."

"Will you now revenge yourself upon them as you did in your previous life?"

"No, of course not. I was stupid then and didn't understand that vengeance, jealousy, and resentment are evils that kept me suffering. It is infinite – first, you are killed, then you kill, then you are killed again, and so on until you understand the circle has to be broken to stop being reincarnated in the world of torture. Though I had to protect myself from my enemies, I prayed for them afterward and tried to love them in order to not attract any negativity towards myself. God is love, and those who love are in God. Love has no fears because fears are suffering. The one who fears isn't perfect in love, but perfect love defeats fears. Those are God's words, and I want to be closer to Him because only that is true happiness and unconditional. I tried to do good every day – give money to the poor, clean up forests, and help old people. And I did that with love and not judging anyone. If I would have said, why are these paupers not working or why are people throwing their trash everywhere, all my good would have been pointless because a good deed has to come from love and be full of love, not judgment."

"What does it mean that the one who fears isn't perfect in love?" Reia asked.

"It's simple," Raja answered. "You love Ian and are afraid to lose him. You are afraid for him because your love is egoistic. You love Ian for yourself. When perfect love wins over egoism, any addiction, fear, and jealousy are gone. All you

need to do is love Ian and the entire world, and no matter what happens – Ian’s reincarnation, separation, or if he stops loving you – you will be calm because you will continue to love him and help him in whichever way you can. You will love him the same way God loves us. This is why God is love. If your ego is gone, you will be one with God. For your love to be perfect, you should try to use it to rid of any negativity in your communication with people, such as jealousy, resentment, or pride. And don’t say that you have now become better because you love everyone in the same way that God loves you, for this is also egoism.”

CRYOCHAMBER

Once, an entire crowd of people entered the pyramid of Khadjur. They and their deceased relative had a question they couldn't answer themselves. When the deceased relative met Khadjur, he said, "My name is John Betton. When I was on earth, I had stage four cancer and knew I was going to die. I decided to freeze my body in a cryochamber, hoping that in the future when science made a leap in curing cancer, I could be revived. I was hoping to be healthy and live in a future world. Now that I'm here, in the subtle field, I don't want to go back to earth and live there. I don't want to be revived.

I don't know what will happen to me if my body is taken out of the cryochamber – will I live or not? I didn't know how wonderful it was going to be here. I also didn't know that my relatives were going to be here and that others would soon join me here as well."

Ian was observing the situation with interest. He wanted to know the answer to these questions as much as the man himself.

"This is a difficult question," Khadjur said. "If your body is simply revived, you will not return to it. A powerful mage or shaman would need to work on getting your soul back into the body. If you are reincarnated by the time your body is revived, the only way to get your soul back into the old body would be to kill the new person you had become. I've seen cases of such revivals, but most of the time, shamans put the souls of lower beings into the bodies, as this is easier to do. Of course, this was not the same person anymore, but a spirit that lived in the person's body. Such beings are called vampires and can attack people like animals do, trying to kill and eat them. Evil spirits usually have animalistic or demonic habits and are used to feed off of human energy, so they attack and drink blood, eat flesh, and do other evil things because they are used to living that way.



PYRAMIDS

Once Ian and his Shakti went to Kadjur's pyramid, Ian asked him, "Why did the ancient people build pyramids and no other temples?"

"A pyramid has the ideal form to receive divine energy," explained Kadjur. "It is oriented according to the sides of the world and receives the energy that flows from the north to the south pole, as well as the energy produced by the earth spinning, the energy that goes from west to east. The pyramid's form helps it receive the energy exchanged between the earth and the sky, with its strongest point being precisely where these energies meet. Let's go to the last remaining active pyramid on the planet – mount Kailas."

In an instant, Ian and his friends found themselves in the Tibetan mountains. Ian unfocused his vision and saw the energy streams Kadjur told them about, with the strongest stream being between the earth and the sky. In reality, there were two streams, one coming up from the ground and the other going down from the sky. The one going down looked like a column of light; the other one moved from the sides of the pyramid and then went up in a vortex from the peak of the pyramid.

"This is why rock climbers are so attracted to the mountain tops," Ian thought. "They feel this stream when they are up there."

"You are correct," the priest said. "This is also the reason temples used to be built on top of mountains."

Ian and his friends saw Buddhist pilgrims walking around Kailas. When Kadjur looked at them, sadness came over his face.

"Look at how they perform their spiritual practice. They are almost like machines. It has to be performed willfully with a full understanding of the ritual."

Millions of Buddhists have been practicing prostration for many centuries. However, none have reached the promised enlightenment because they do this mechanically, without understanding this practice's meaning. The meaning has been long forgotten, but our Teacher, who has a spiritual vision, was able to revive this ancient practice and explain to us its

true meaning. Each of you can reach spiritual realization with the help of prostration and help others by explaining the correct form of this ritual. It's better to perform prostration three times, understand its meaning, then do it a thousand times without knowing how and why you should do it. The only thing such a practice will give you is physical exhaustion.

The surroundings are very important for the Ritual – it needs to be in a temple or a place of strength with icons, candles, incense, music, and proper clothing. All this allows the person performing the ritual to leave the day-to-day perceptions, which activate his essence and tune in to the higher powers. Things that belonged to saints, relics and such will help you tune in to these saints. You can tune in to other people as well by using their photographs, nails, hair, articles of clothing, and other personal items. Sacrifices are often made during rituals because they take away the negative energy, sins, and evil spirits that have been inside the person. They cause illnesses and suffering, and they have destructive influences on other aspects as well.

Inanimate objects can be brought to sacrifice, but a live being is more useful because, during its death, the spirits would feed and be distracted from the person. A live sacrifice can also strengthen the good influences of spirits that are kind during the Ritual. A spiritual person does not need a live sacrifice. He must sacrifice that which stands in the way of his development, freeing his attention from the earthly world and concentrating it on learning the higher Truth.

“So, the most important thing is one's attitude and not the setting?” Ian asked.

“The setting is also important for the ritual. The church, the location, icons, candles, incense, music, and clothes are all important to the ceremony. It presents a way to separate oneself from the normal life and get into the ritual mindset, to focus on heightened awareness, otherworldly matters, and the divine essence. Objects that belonged to saints or relics are also ways we can focus our attention on the divine.

“Do cupola-shaped temples have a meaning?” Ian asked.

“Yes, cupolas also attract vertical energy very well. For example, extraterrestrials from Sirius built temples in the form of a half-sphere. They built such a temple in Atlantis when

they started our civilization. It was destroyed during the death of Atlantis. But objects, much like people, reincarnate, and today, that temple is coming back to the living world. It has been in the world of the dead and the worlds of the past and is now going to the future. Right now, it only has a mental body, but soon it will be granted other bodies as well. Its reincarnation will start when the stars in the sky align. Much like the formation of a cloud, at first, there is just an idea, a phantom, which is a cirrus cloud. When the idea gets inside the head of a being, that starts to incarnate the thought. The cloud becomes filled with emotions and energy and becomes much thicker. So, a cirrus cloud turns into a storm cloud and is incarnated into rain. This is the process of materialization.” They went into the world of the future and saw vague forms of future things and events.

“This is why it’s difficult to see the future,” Kadjur said. “Many of its events haven’t formed yet and are still in the subtle field. Often, the future comes to us in our dreams in its symbolic form.”

Kadjur, Ian, and the girls went further down and saw clearer objects and events that were ready to be incarnated.

“Look, there it is,” Kadjur said, pointing at the temple’s outline.

“It’s beautiful,” screamed Reia. “It’s amazing,” Bhagavati agreed.

“Whose temple will it be?” Ian asked.

“God entrusted Master to build it. It will be a temple of all religions.”

They looked at the temple and saw that it was in the form of a pyramid.

The white color at the top symbolized God’s wholeness. It was placed at the top of the temple because God is the Highest Divine Source. Then there was a rainbow, and below it was black, signifying the unfinished and imperfect world. The rainbow stood for the seven levels of life.

The church had four entrances that corresponded to the four directions of light coming from the upper sphere. Each of the four represented the four paths one can take in life, whether it be a fakir, monarch, yogi or tantric.

Then there was an image of the earth on the rainbow. The dark purple represented the dark night sky with constellations and

galaxies. That color became blue and light blue, representing the sky. There were pictures of the sun, moon, and birds on it. Green represented the trees in the forest from all over the earth. There were animals on the grass, flowers blooming, lakes, and waterfalls glistening in the sun and reflecting all of the beauty.

Yellow was the desert. There were ancient cities, pyramids, the temple of Khajuraho, and other temples – the Ziggurat, sphinxes, and small yurt houses. The desert represented human activity. Below the desert were orange and red flames representing fire, the energy that moves everything on the earth and its transient and constantly changing nature.



The entrances were raised, and underneath in black, hell and the underworld were depicted in the way that different cultures imagined them to be. There were stairs leading to the entrances. This showed that religion is above normal life, and if the two mixed with each other, it would turn into politics and result in things like the jihad, Crusades, and the Inquisition, causes for repressions and war, and forming the foundation of the misunderstandings and prejudices.

There were seven steps in all, each one depicting a chakra symbol and an octave, and the seven chakras would lead a spirit to reunite with God.

When they looked inside the temple, they felt God's goodness and calm envelope them, similar to how they felt in the world of angels. Kadjur asked his young friends if they wanted to

pray in the temple and started to tell them about the art of praying.

After they prayed, Ian and the girls fell into a sublime state and didn't want to leave the wonderful place they were in.

ENSLAVED BY ILLUSIONS

Once, the friends were visiting Kadjur and began talking about the danger of illusions.

“You see,” Kadjur said. “The human mind is ill and fueled by the opinions of society. This creates many illusions throughout a person’s life that he will continue to live even after he dies. Until people develop consciousness, they live in a world of illusion and are happy or sad solely based on their imagination. They don’t see the world as it is and continue to follow fashion, political slogans, nationalist ideas, etc. All these distort reality.”

“That’s interesting,” Reia said. “How can it be that people live in their illusions even after death?”

“Let’s take a look. There are some people who live in the same world after death that they created in their life on earth,” Kadjur answered.

Their journey brought them to hell, where a monk was being tortured by the phantoms of demons. Kadjur protected the monk with an energy sphere, so that the demons couldn’t get to him.

“Don’t you see that you are free?” Kadjur asked. “It’s not necessary for you to continue to be in the hell you have created for yourself. These demons are all in your imagination.”

“No,” the monk screamed. “I’m a sinner; I deserve this. Get away from me, Satan!”

The monk thought that Kadjur was the devil and wanted to buy his soul.

“You are not a sinner; you are a fool,” Kadjur said. “You have created an illusion of hell and convinced yourself that you must suffer forever.”

“No! Be gone, Satan!”

The demons broke through the protective sphere and began to torture the lunatic again.

“Yes, this man cannot be helped,” Kadjur said. “There are also those who have created a false heaven. Not the real heaven where angels live, but one that was created in the subtle plane through imagination.”

“That’s amazing,” Bhagavata yelled. “The miracles that happen here are endless. I’m still surprised by everything that I learn here.”



Next, the friends found themselves among Buddhist pagodas with people sitting around heavenly gardens and underneath trees. Men and women danced around the garden, and in the middle of all this beauty was a monk meditating.

“Friend,” Kadjur said. “Let’s leave this place. This world is all in your imagination. We can show you all the diversity of the subtle plane and its dwellers. Aren’t you bored of sitting here surrounded by your illusions?”

“No! Leave me alone, Mara’s servant,” the Buddhist said. “I’m in the heaven that Buddha created. I have renounced the world and everything that happens in it. I am now in the truest and most godly reality.”

“You are very far away from reality,” Ian said. “Look at those people. They are just subtle material; they aren’t real.”

He began to destroy the phantoms, which disappeared into thin air.

“You see, they aren’t real. These are phantoms that were created by you.”

“No. You will not lead me to delusion. I’m in Buddha’s heaven and will not leave it.”

“You are a slave to your own illusion,” Ian said.

But the Buddhist didn’t listen to him and continued to read his mantras. The pieces of the figures that Ian destroyed realigned and became images again. Everything started over.

“Let’s go,” Kadjur said. “Only a new reincarnation will rid this man of his illusion. He won’t see true Buddhists and yudams that live on the higher planes for a long time. He will not find out that his conscience is the only thing that is real and that has the spark of God. At this moment, the images that he creates are more important to him.”

“What are yudams?” Reia asked.

“They are similar to gods,” Kadjur said. “Each of them reflects a certain plane of the Absolute, such as detachment, wisdom, love, strength, patience, destruction of the past, destruction of connections, and many other things.”

“Do Christians have an illusionary heaven?” Ian asked.

“Of course! There are so many illusions that the brain creates during life that continue after death. These are the illusions of fanatics that have placed themselves in a prison.”

“I have an idea,” Reia said. “What if Ian pretends to be Christ and leads that monk out of his hell? I read that Christ went to hell after he was crucified and saved many sinners. Perhaps the monk will believe this, and we can rid him of his sufferings and take him into an imaginary heaven.”

“That’s a great idea,” Bhagavati said, clapping her hands.

Ian imagined that his face looked like that of Jesus Christ and became Him.

“Wait. Christ can’t wear jeans and a T-shirt,” Reia said.

“He needs a robe and sandals,” added the priest.

“And a halo,” Bhagavata said.

The group changed into Jesus Christ and some angels and went back to the hell that the monk’s illusion created. They scared off the demons and pretended they disintegrated.

“Get up, my son,” Ian said in a deep voice. “I have come from our Father to save you.” The monk dropped to his knees and began to pray to the faux Christ.

“My heavenly Father has sent me here to tell you that you have paid for your sins and can now live in heaven,” Ian said. The monk cried and kissed Ian’s robe and feet.

The friends raised the man and took him to an illusionary heaven with temples and angels. Beautiful flowers and trees grew everywhere, and there were phantoms of Christ and other saints sitting on clouds. God was sitting high above on a golden throne.

The monk looked around with surprise and continued to thank God for his miraculous savior. The friends hurried to leave this ‘heaven’ and continued on their way.

“This is similar to the illusions that people create during their earthly life. Not all people can get rid of them and continue to hold on to them, like a pope to the cross. They don’t want to understand they live in a mirage they have created. Some are happy, others are sad, but none of them want to go through the pain of entering reality and leaving the world of fantasy. Even God is seen by people in the image they are used to. Christians see Jesus, Hindus see Krishna or Shiva, and Buddhists see Buddha.”

“How can you differentiate what is real and what is not, what is an angel and what is a demon in disguise, what is an illusion and what is not?”

“First of all, people need to listen to their emotions. A real angel will radiate clarity and light. A demon will radiate a negative emotion. This will only happen if your mind is clear, and you don’t live according to stereotypes. Otherwise, you can see everything backward.”

OLIGOPHRENIC PERSON

Once, Ian and his friends went to visit his great-grandfather at the school that taught people who had died as children. He was standing with Ian's great-grandmother, and they were discussing the imperfections of earth's educational system and how it leads to so many people's aversion to education and prevents them from forming harmonious personalities.

A group of people now arrived at the school. It was apparent that these were the relatives of a new candidate coming to the school. He looked like an adult but was behaving like a child. He was screaming and trying to escape from his relatives, and his face contorted in expressive grimaces.

"We have brought you a new pupil," the poor guy's grandfather said.

"No, no, no! I will not teach him," Ian's great-grandfather said. "He was mentally challenged down on earth, and this caused his personality to develop deformed. He needs a personality transplant. Take him to the surgeon."

"So, what kind of personality should we transplant?" the man's grandmother asked.

"I think one from a previous life will do."

Ian's grandfather visualized the surgeons in his mind, and they materialized. The school turned into a panel of doctors.

Everyone was examining the new student, trying to decide what to do. Khadjur came as well to give his opinion on the matter.

"Why does God allow for such people to be born?" Ian asked his grandfather.

"The Absolute is infinitely diverse, and this is an example of its variety. These people are born to show how different people can be."

"But what purpose does it serve for the person?" Ian was struggling to understand.

"Well, the person, or rather his soul, experiences life through another dimension because he has access to another world perspective. And other people, in the presence of mentally challenged people, show their souls differently. It's really easy to tell what kind of person one is when you see how he

treats the sick, weak, or bereaved people. Some people feel disgusted, while others laugh, thinking they're better than a mentally challenged person, but not realizing that every person is imperfect. Everyone has their own issues, worries, complexes, psychological problems, delusions, and ignorance. Only saints have a perfectly harmonious personality, and there aren't many of those.

In our world, those who express understanding, compassion, and generosity are already closer to saint-like behavior and a well-formed personality. And so, this person here has experienced people's hate, disgust, and laughter, even though they are just like him. The compassion and understanding that some people express is also an important experience. For this is how we come to know who God is, which is important for the development of the soul."

The friends were now seeing the subtle body that this mentally challenged individual had left behind, moving into his last reincarnation. The doctors were able to put the man to sleep using magical manipulation, and then they switched out his current soul for the one he had left in his previous life. When the person woke up, everyone saw that this was a totally different person, with a different expression on his face, different mannerisms, and capable of clearly communicating.

The friends flew up to him and asked him how he was feeling. "It's as if I just woke up," Gorab answered –his name in his previous life. "I'm in the subtle body again! I remember saying goodbye to people up here and then going into reincarnation...and then my memory got cut off, and I don't remember anything. And now I'm back here."

"Did you know that you were a mentally challenged person and that we just now changed your personality?" Bhagavati asked.

Gorab thought for a long time and said, "I never thought I'd be back in my old personality. I can vaguely remember this last life on earth. It's as if it didn't happen to me. How strange it was to be mentally challenged. It's difficult for me to completely recall the sensations and perceptions I had on earth, but I can still see some of the things from my previous life. I didn't understand anything and couldn't comprehend what was occurring to me. How horrible! I'm so glad it's over! I'm home again," he yelled.

The doctors examined Gorab with the help of a priest and determined that the transplant was successful. The amputated soul was removed from the school's property, its face stuck in a horrible contortion.

"Who were you in this life that you have returned to?" Rheya asked.

"I was a criminal and responsible for many crimes," Gorab said. "Only on the day of the Last Judgment did I understand how badly I had acted. I repented for a very long time. I didn't know what to do and couldn't forgive myself for the horror I caused that brought so much pain to people on earth."

"Maybe you reincarnated as a mentally challenged person for the repayment of those deeds, of the horrible karma that you accumulated?" Ian asked.

Khadjur stepped in. "No, it's just that he had experienced the role of the executioner, and now he would experience the role of a victim. God gave him these experiences, and it's not his fault; he didn't choose them. Just as the wolf isn't guilty of eating sheep, that's just the way God created him. And God created Gorab and placed him into this world with a destiny, a personality and an upbringing.

The only thing that Gorab could've done during the time he was a criminal was to stop doing what he was doing, repent and become a saint, but this rarely happens. It's very difficult to do this on earth and usually only happens during the time of the Last Judgment. This is the way of things on earth, what it was created for – for us to learn how useless our egoism, jealousy, envy, greed, fears, and other flaws are. Humans need to experience this in real life, not by simply reading about it. Only in this way will they absorb the knowledge and spiritually comprehend it.

Omar Khayyam wrote a poem that speaks about this. He captures the absurdity of some people's perceptions back then, but it can be applied today as well. It's such a deep poem, and most people can't understand it because it differs so strongly from the accepted opinion.

The friends and Gorab became very intrigued and listened to the priest read the poem.

If You created good and evil,
There is no point in punishment.

If You wanted us to be perfect,
Why would You have made the bad ones?
By my very nature, I am an iron ore,
And can't contain any diamonds within.
Try to melt me down a hundred times,
I'll still remain the same, and You'll still owe me.
You give us evil and receive evil.
What makes You think you are better than me?
I may be bad, but I am Your creation,
If You are displeased, then don't make me
so!

"That's blasphemy," Ian yelled.

"No, it's not," the high priest said. "On the contrary, it exposes the ignorant attitude of earthly priests that don't truly understand the ways in which God operates.

"Yes, it's a very deep poem, indeed," Gorab said. "It reveals the absurdity of human thought and its complete ignorance."

"How unfortunate that we don't think about these things on earth," Layla said.

"So where do attitudes and inclinations come from? How does a criminal become a criminal?" Rheya asked.

"It all depends on the planets at the time of a person's birth. They really are the puppet masters in our lives. They function like a giant clock mechanism that governs all of life on earth and in people's lives.

"How can one resist their power?" Bhagavati asked.

"One must be able to look at himself from a distance as if you were another person who was observing yourself," Khadjur said. "He must be able to separate his true self from the person who is living the life on earth. If he is able to detach from himself in such a way, he can have more control in his life and resist the powerful influences of the planets and his upbringing. He can then become a human free from a false identity determined by an unhealthy society. This isn't easy. It is a lifelong journey.

The other path to awakening comes from cultivating very strong emotions of love, compassion, charity, and self-consciousness. This can also help one overcome his fate.

However, any path must start with a connection to God, prayer, and a request for his guidance and help.”

KHADJUR'S ASCENSION

Many of those who were in the world of the dead gathered to celebrate Kadjur's ascension. Some were playing music, others created fireworks or rains of flowers, and others painted beautiful paintings. Everyone was an artist, because they were trying to pass on their happiness.

The priest was surrounded by his relatives and loved ones. Ian and his Shakti came to say goodbye, too.

"My friend, you are being reincarnated," Ian said. "We will miss you greatly."

"No, I'm not being reincarnated," Khadjur answered.

"What then?"

"Because I have worked on developing my subtle body during my earthly life, I will be ascending to the world of the angels. Right now, I'm getting rid of all the human attachments and desires that have kept me in my astral body. I will leave this body here and will remain in a mental shell of a subtle material. When that shell is lived out, I will leave it and ascend into the world of archangels. Later, I will get to the level of God but will not remain there long because I still haven't developed my nirvana body. I have not been completely enlightened and am not in Atman which is the spark of God to unite with God forever. Only from the level of God will I reincarnate."

"It's so interesting," Bhagavata exclaimed. "So, when you die here, you are reborn in the world of angels and slowly move towards God?"

"Something like that," Khadjur answered. "I will shed my shells like a snake sheds its skin. I will continue to live on higher levels."

"I congratulate you on becoming an angel," Ian happily said.

"Is that because you have good karma?" Reia asked.

"Karma isn't exactly the correct term or concept," the high priest said. "Of course, there are cause-and-effect relationships. If you put your hand in a fire, you will get burned. However, everything that happens is directed by God. It would be better to use the word "fate," which means something is "willed by God." He is the one that gives us trials and blessings in our lives. The purpose of these isn't to

reward or punish a person, but only to give him experiences through which he can grow and mature. Here on earth, we receive a vaccine from evil. We are introduced to a disharmonious, polluted, and ugly world where there are many trials and challenges. Here, we encounter evil, lies, injustice, sickness, mortality, and the transience of everything and all processes. We do not come here for pleasure; we come here to learn valuable lessons and to understand and study all forms of falsehood and evil. We learn to stand against these things and not become enslaved by them.

If you consider Jesus Christ or other saints, you see that their lives were lived in sanctity and holiness. And towards the end of their lives, many of them accept suffering and death. Does this mean that they accumulated bad karma? Of course not. They suffered because they withstood evil and lies, but they only suffered in their bodies. Their souls were close to God at the time of suffering. Many died with the expression of absolute bliss on their faces because they knew they were coming back to God. The people who serve evil through their poor deeds often thrive because they live in accordance with the ugly laws established on earth. They lie, cheat, and steal. They participate in political intrigues and games, corruption, murder, and other forms of evil. They follow these earthly laws, and although it might appear from the outside that they are successful and prosperous, on the inside, their souls are corrupted and suffering from constant negative emotions like fear, anger, greed, jealousy, pain, and revenge. This is why, unlike saintly people, they are always suffering internally.

Karma isn't about external success. It's about the inner state of the soul, which is much more important than all of the gold in the world. This is why we constantly see bad people living in prosperity while good people suffer. Life on earth was created with imperfection, with evil present in it.

The world presents a difficult lesson given to us by God, to understand evil and learn how to resist it no matter how many monsters you're up against, no matter how many forces try to destroy you for not following earth's ugly laws.

A kind person's life lesson is much gentler than that of an evil person. The villain has a hard role to play because sooner or later, and maybe even after his death, he must come to realize everything that he did in life before returning back to God.

Then he must confront his actions in front of all other beings and his own awakened conscience. This will be a difficult task. It's not a surprise that Judas hung himself when he realized he was an instrument of evil.

However, it is impossible to die in the subtle plane before one's time comes, and here, all the villains realize their evil ways on Judgment Day. And in doing this, they receive their lesson, their vaccine from evil. This is why external prosperity doesn't imply good karma but can rather be a difficult life lesson that has been chosen for the soul for its path to maturation, evolution, and knowledge. One way or another, we all have to play the role of the villain, and it can be very difficult. It's much easier to be a victim than an executioner, but it is necessary to experience the role of the persecutor. The quicker a person understands evil, the less he will have to suffer upon this earth, and the quicker he can go to a better world, God's domain of harmony, love, and grace."

"Can one improve their life on earth?" Bhagavati asked.

"Yes, but one must really strive for this. In material form, one will always encounter difficulties such as old age, sickness, and need. Currently, there is a lot of technological advancement on earth. It would seem that everyone can be provided with what they need. However, you can see that in the East, where the economy and medicine are improving, the birth rate is increasing, and so is poverty. In the West, people are suffering from illnesses because the environment is becoming polluted. People move around less and don't communicate with nature. And although their level of material wealth grows, they remain unhappy. Primitive people who live in nature are generally happier because they live in their natural clean environment.

The most important thing is the state of one's soul. People don't give enough attention to it, and their emotional lives remain stunted. People need spirituality in their lives to truly become happy and to discover love. Traditional religions have lost touch with their origins and have become mechanical and are unable to respond to modern problems. This is why there are so many new religious movements occurring. Even so, demons have done their work here as well. They have brought a lot of attention to the few crazy, unstable individuals that have used their organizations to reap monetary gains from

people and thus have deemed all new spiritual tendencies as cults.



They have pitted public opinion against these new groups, and as a result, spirituality is suffering. The lower the level of humanity's spirituality, the closer to death the civilization is as a whole. While people remain ignorant, they are easy to manipulate with media and political slogans. These people will not be able to avoid death. The only way to survive is to learn how to think independently, listen to the heart, and resist information coming from the top government officials that is meant to dumb down and enslave the people.

Karma is a law of tendency that is connected to rewards or punishments. For example, a person becomes a businessman and is rich, which brings happiness and sadness, possibilities and problems. If he develops that streak, he becomes richer and richer with each life. But he is also suffering, just like all other people. Spiritual evolution is not the development of just one tendency or the performing of good deeds; it lies in the ability to see all karmic mechanisms, thoughts, emotions, and reactions and not to be controlled by them. Rather, we should control them. A regular person is a puppet controlled by many powers. It begins with parasites and demons and ends with upbringing, commercials, and propaganda. Often, he doesn't

just do good or evil alone; he reacts to influences and can't even be rewarded or punished because he isn't at fault for them. To become an angel means to see the game of these powers and overcome them. Angels are those who have learned to not be enslaved, but rather the master of their own feelings and actions."

"That's very unusual," Bhagavati said. "So, people aren't at fault for what they do?"

"Yes, ninety percent of the time, they are under the influence of collective karma. Most of the time, this happens when a person hasn't become an individual and can't separate himself from society – he's just a cog in a big machine. The person who stops being a cog and develops his own 'will,' becomes an Angel."

"Why are you moving to the mental plane?" Ian asked. "Doesn't everyone have a mentality or mind? Why are we here and not on the mental plane?"

"Yes, everyone has a brain and a mentality," the priest said. "But almost no one can control their mind and thoughts. People can't stop their thoughts and calm their minds. They don't control their mind and thus don't live according to what's right. Or they live based on other people's beliefs and stereotypes. Only the one who has learned to control his mind can develop his mental body and go into the world of angels. She is one who can't be controlled by evil and be used as a puppet of the dark powers."

Seven glowing balls descended on them, and everyone realized that it was time for Khadjur to leave.

"Visit us, please. We will miss your wisdom," Ian said.

"We will meet again," Khadjur said and put his hands in the Namaste position, saying goodbye to everyone. His astral body remained in that position as a glowing ball ascended from it up to the sky, joining the other seven.

Everyone was watching this scene in awe until the balls of light disappeared in the sky. Many of them stood there motionless, in silence, taking in the influence of this great experience.

Khadjur's astral body remained where it was like a statue, a cocoon from which a butterfly had evolved.

Ian remembered his earthly life and realized that almost everything he did was a result of someone else's influence:

smoking, drugs, music, the relationship with Inna, and much, much more. Even his protest against his parents and teachers was the result of trying to imitate others. All of his negative emotions and suicidal behavior were the result of being eaten by parasites.

“Where was I during all this? I only appear when I separate myself from all the thoughts, emotions, reactions, and stereotypes – when I set myself aside from the body that has received negative tendencies of laziness, overeating, and lust. When I separate myself and look aside all these emotions, I can see the real ‘me.’ When I identify myself with everything around me, I cease to exist; I’m just a puppet, an ant, a bee that is controlled by the will of others. How horrible,” Ian thought. “I lived my life without noticing it, thinking that I was the one controlling my destiny, my mind, and my will.”

He imagined that if he were born an Eskimo or a pigmy, he would have had a completely different identity, behavior, and point of view because he would have been under the influence of a different society. These thoughts made him feel uneasy, and he decided to fight the herd instinct that molded him into something that he was not.

THE TRANSITION

One time, Ian and his girlfriends were hanging out at the lake. They were floating on the water's surface on giant lily pads. All of a sudden, Reia stopped laughing and became very serious.

"What's wrong?" Ian asked.

"I have received a signal that one of my relatives has passed away," she said. "I must go and help him get accustomed to his new state and transition into this world."

The friends immediately went to the location of the tragedy. They saw a room and a child's dead body surrounded by its relatives. The spirit of a five-year-old boy was flying around them and crying.

"Please don't cry, Toby," Reia said.

"My mom and dad won't answer me," Toby cried. "I keep yelling at them, but they can't hear me! There's two of me here," he cried and pointed to his dead body. "They're playing with him, and they've forgotten about me."

"That's your physical body, Toby," Reia tried to explain. "You're in your subtle body now, and your mom can't see you. It's like you've hidden from her in this place."

"But I don't want to hide," Toby cried. "I want her to see me!"

"Don't worry," Reia said. "Do you remember me?"

The child thought for a minute and then replied, "Yes. I was a grown-up then, and we lived in a very bright world. I want to go there."

"We will go there soon. You just need to wait forty days," Reia said.

"Why?" Toby asked.

"Do you see this silver string? It connects you to the material world and doesn't let you come up with us."

Toby looked at the silver string that came out of his back and connected him to his dead body.

"In nine days, this string will rip. You will detach from your vital body, and after forty days, you can return to the world where you were a grown up."

"Where is my vital body?" Toby asked.

“You can’t see it right now. After forty days, you will separate from it, and then you can see it, just as you can see your physical body now.”

“I’m going to bring my toys,” the boy said as he tried to grab a few but couldn’t hold them.

“Why can’t I take my toys? My hands are going right through them. How am I supposed to play now?” he said, starting to cry.

“Don’t worry,” Reia said. “There will be other toys where you are going. “Look here,” smiling as she created copies of his toys from the subtle matter. “See, you have toys again.”

The child took them and started examining them.

“They look strange. I can see through them,” he said.

“That’s how all objects will look to you now,” Reia replied.

“Neat. And no one will hide from me?”

“No one,” Reia confirmed.

“And we can bring my mom and dad along too?”

“Not yet. They will come later. But we can always come back and visit them.”

“How am I going to live without a mom?” the boy cried.

“Do you remember that you had another mom?” Reia asked.

Toby thought about it and then said with surprise, “Yes! I remember! She was totally different, though.”

“Do you remember your other father?”

“Yes, a little,” Toby said.

“What about your friends from when you lived in the subtle plane?”

“Yes. There were so many of them, and they were all adults.”

“We’re going to go visit them,” Reia said.

The friends remained on earth for forty days, helping Toby defend himself from evil spirits that kept trying to attack him. During this time, the friends witnessed many beings reincarnate into several different forms. Larvae and other small evil spirits came back as mosquitoes, worms, bugs, fleas, lice, flies, and other parasites. When the friends saw blooming flowers or trees being chopped down, they saw good, angel-like spirits leaving them. Sometimes they saw people reincarnate as animals, fish, and bugs.

“Why does this happen?” Toby asked.

“God sees the kind of experience a soul needs to mature,” Bhagavati said.

“Does that mean my pet Murka was also a human being before?” the child asked.

“Not necessarily. She could’ve been a butterfly or an alien. The form in which the soul manifests is arbitrary. It’s not the actual soul, which always remains its true self – a spark, a part of God – no matter what form it reincarnates.

“And larvae are parts of God, too?” Toby asked.

“Of course,” Bhagavati replied. “There are people whose souls are no better than the souls of demons. They go through this experience to understand what evil is.

“And then what?” Toby asked.

“And then, after they go through the necessary number of reincarnations and receive the experience they need, the soul will return to its nonmaterial existence and return to God to merge with the Essence that it was always a part of. God has made it so the soul forgets its true nature, and it can fully participate in the game of life and take on the human, animal, or insect form and receive the full knowledge of that experience.”

Some teenage boys were not far away from Toby’s house, hitting a stray dog with sticks. The dog was running around, whining in pain, and trying to hide, but it was hit again by a stick and fell over.

“I feel so sad for the doggy,” Toby cried.

“Don’t worry. In just a second, the dog will feel very good. Its suffering is over, and it doesn’t have to experience hunger, cold weather, pain, or people beating it anymore.”

The dog’s subtle body separated from the physical body and started running away, not realizing that the danger was already over. The dog was dead. It couldn’t be hurt anymore, but it kept on running from its enemies and hid behind a garbage can.

“Poor guy,” Ian said. “He doesn’t understand what happened to him and that he is in another world now. He’s free.”

The dog tried to dig in the garbage can and couldn’t. Then a cat walked by, and the dog started barking and chased it but went completely through the cat. The cat didn’t see the dog but felt something and hissed.

“Look. Animals, unlike people, can feel beings from the subtle plane,” Leila noticed.

Soon a whole pack of astral stray dogs appeared. They had long since passed away but came down to help this dog transition into a new state of being.

“Animals become just as smart as humans in the subtle plane,” Ian said. “Toby, do you recall reading about animals that can speak with humans in fairy tales?”

“Yes.”

“Those are animals that have passed away and now live in the subtle plane.”

“Why are some people so cruel?” Toby asked, remembering the teenagers who killed the dog.

“A human is a complicated being. Within him, there are many energies. He contains animal, angel, and demon natures and his own identity that he learned from where he grew up,” Ian said. “If this identity lacks spirituality, the demon and animal part in him will rule over him with bad urges and lowly desires. This causes a human to feel negative emotions like anger, jealousy, ego, hate, fear, and greed. However, if a human has spirituality, he won’t fall for these bad tendencies within him and will work to become like an angel. And he will have more positive emotions like good thoughts, wisdom, and determination.”

“If they could beat a dog to death, did those teenagers have stupid souls?” Toby asked, again remembering the incident.

“No, a soul is very wise. It is divine and keeps the memory of the many lives it has lived through the physical and astral planes,” Ian said. “God has made it so that the soul only forgets this for a short time and lives without knowing or seeing that it is apart from the whole. Otherwise, the soul would not fully experience the life of a human, cat, dog, butterfly, or any other creature that God chose for it.”

“So, when does the soul remember its true nature?” Toby asked. “When it decides that it really wants to know this. When it wants to know itself, to reach God.”

“Look,” Toby cried. “I see a ghost with my face!”

He pointed to a foggy formation that had separated from his physical body.

“That’s not a ghost; that’s your ethereal body,” Leila said.



“Sometimes people call it a ghost when they see it at a cemetery,” Reia said.

“And sometimes it returns to the house where the person died and scares the people still living there,” Bhagavati added.

Toby became worried as he saw his body being placed in a coffin. “What are they doing to my body? Why are they placing it in a box?”

“Your body is only your outer layer. Aren’t you still living, and don’t you feel great? When clothes become outworn, they are thrown away, and likewise, we place our bodies in coffins when they die. Some cultures give them away to wild animals or birds,” Ian explained.

“Don’t scare Toby,” Leila said.

“I’m not. Why should it go to waste? At least an animal can get some food out of it,” Ian laughed.

“I’m not scared,” Toby said. “I’m just interested. What about the body that I have now? Is it like clothes also?”

“Yes, Toby, it is,” Bhagavati answered.

“So, who am I?” the child said, worried.

“You are a spirit, a witness that observes life through these bodies. It isn’t an easy task to understand this, though. They have to observe themselves from a distance and say, “That’s not me.”

“How interesting,” Toby said. “I will try.”

“Good job, Toby,” Reia said.

On the fortieth day after Toby’s death, there was a sudden crack, and the boy’s vital body separated. He felt some discomfort as if he was wearing very tight clothes and wanted to get rid of them like a snake sheds its skin. He started moving around and trying to shake off this discomfort and then came out of the vital body like a butterfly leaves the cocoon. The vital body looked exactly like Toby and started moving away from him.

“Oh, what’s happening?” the boy asked.

“This is normal,” Reia said. “Everything that kept you connected to earth is deconstructing. You are leaving your vital form and can now return to your homeland, the astral plane, where your friends and relatives live.”

At this time, three evil spirits that were hanging around came and grabbed the vital body and started playing with it. One got inside of it and started imitating Toby by speaking in his voice and using his expressions. He could do so by using the vital body’s memory. One of the evil spirits said, “I’m your dad, and I’m going to give you a spanking, Toby!”

“And I’m your mom,” another said. “I’m going to pour boiling water on you!”

“No! Don’t!” cried the demon in Toby’s vital body. “I’m a good boy!”

“See, now they can pretend to be you,” Ian said.

They all laughed at the demons' game and then flew back to the world where they belonged.

The friends brought Toby to the school, where souls that have died as children transition to the subtle plane. They decided to stay awhile and help him make the adjustment. When they arrived, there was a history lesson taking place. Ian presented Toby to his great-grandfather and the diverse class of students. After a warm welcome, the lesson continued, and everyone followed the teacher to the Akashic records of the ancient Mayan civilization.

They observed a human-sacrifice ritual taking place. It was ordered by the high priest, and they watched him rip a still beating heart from a victim. As he stood at the top of a conical pyramid, the high priest growled like a wild animal and started eating the heart.

Many people gathered to watch this ritual. While the priest was finishing the heart, his helpers skinned the victim. Then the priest put on the skin and started dancing.

Ian and the students watched a cloud of energy, the victim's life force, transfer to the priest. They saw his aura light up with this life force. The priest shook his arms and yelled, "Fear me! I am omnipotent! I can fulfill my every desire!"

The people fell to their knees. The victim's corpse was thrown off the pyramid, and it tumbled down the stairs.

"See, children," Ian's great-grandfather commented. "We can see why there were sacrifices, both human and animal. The high priest, or different spirits, fed off the living force of the being that was sacrificed and became stronger and more powerful. Sacrifices were also made at times to placate evil spirits so that they wouldn't harm humans."

Then Ian asked, "Grandfather, I've heard that the Mayan were a very developed civilization. They had the largest pyramids in history and a very exact calendar. How is it they did such horrible things?"

"Well," his great-grandfather replied. "aliens gave the Mayans the pyramids and the calendar. Also, any religion, no matter how light and good it is in origin, eventually dies out and becomes an imitation of its original intention. The Christians had the Crusades, and the Muslims, jihad. Religions degrade

and eventually disappear because they cease to apply to the world. New religions take their place with new and unpolluted ideas. Let's go to the birthplace of Christianity and watch this process unfold."

They flew to "Olympus," where all Gods and spirits of the Helios solar system were gathered in a meeting. Jupiter was heading the council.

He said, "The Almighty has given us the task of organizing a universal religion. Soon, an avatar of God by the name of Jesus Christ will come to earth, and we must make it so that his teachings spread far and wide throughout the world."

"How is it going to spread?" Uranus asked.

"Jesus will be born in the small nation of Israel. For his teachings to spread, Israel would have to conquer half of the world, and that's never going to happen."

"Here's what we can do," Mars said. "Rome can conquer half of the world, including Israel, and then the religion will spread throughout the Roman Empire."

"That's not a bad idea," Saturn said. "But, for the plan to work, we need to manifest many brave warriors and generals, such as Alexander of Macedonia on the side of Rome and many cowardly soldiers on the side of Rome's enemies. Then Rome will be able to defeat half of the world."

"That sounds like a good plan," Jupiter said.



“I will bring corruption and debauchery into the enemy’s ranks,” Venus said. “This will weaken them even more, and they will surrender to Alexander without a fight.”

“Great move,” Jupiter said.

Then Neptune said, “We will need to manifest many religious people that will follow Christ’s and his apostles’ teachings. The more they are persecuted, the stronger they will become. And those who die will continue spreading the word in the subtle plane.”

“Let it be so,” Jupiter said.

“It’s such a complicated game,” Layla yelled after observing the Gods’ council that Ian’s great-grandfather had shown the students.

“Yes,” the grandfather replied. “Humans think they are in control of what happens on earth, but you have just seen the puppet masters in charge. Life on earth is just the first stage of existence, and the most important part comes after death. Let’s take a look at another scenario.”

The students traveled to the burial ceremony of a khan. The khan’s spirit was flying in its subtle body over his corpse, watching the procession carry him to the burial site. There was a large burial mound prepared for him, and his servants were bringing his personal belongings to the site and breaking them. As they were doing so, spirits were leaving the objects and flying over to the khan’s astral body. The khan’s many wives and servants were drinking poison and were being placed in the burial mound with the khan’s horses, which had also been killed. The wives’ spirits, the servants, and horses flew up and joined the khan with great joy, happy to be reunited.

“This is a suicide,” Ian cried.

“Yes,” his great-grandparent said. “In ancient times, people knew more about life after death and weren’t afraid to die to reunite with their loved ones. However, this knowledge was lost in time because priests hid it from the people to make them fear death. They started scaring people with the idea of hell and suppressed people into obedience.”

“Does everything have a spirit in it?” Toby asked.

“No, son,” the great-grandfather said. “Modern items don’t have spirits. Only things created by the hands of great artisans have spirits or something that a shaman will have charged with their energy. Sometimes, a spirit decides to occupy a thing or a place of its own accord. It cycles through objects, transferring its energy from one thing to another. For example, if a spirit wanted to be an elephant, then it chose to be a dolphin; then a planet – became a person; then became a star or a snake. From the basis of this physical form, a subtle body can start to form. Then through the process of life and changing form, the subtle body can gain strength and continue to exist in the astral plane until all of its subtle forms become stable or permanent.

Through the process, this subtle body starts to gain a personality, say that of a whale, dog, alien, or flower, and it stores these memories as it cycles through reincarnations. If this being is stupid and negative, it has a hard time at first. It resembles an Eskimo trying to ski in the middle of Paris in the summertime. However, eventually, the subtle body accumulates experience and starts adapting and changing in a positive direction. Then you can see this same Eskimo wearing a dress coat and a top hat. And if the being has a high level of spirituality, it will start moving upward towards the higher planes of astral existence and seek to merge with God.”

VAMPIRE

Max called Inna.

“My mom is dying, and the doctors can’t do anything. Can you help?”

Inna immediately went to meet Max.

Max’s mom, Toni, was lying on her bed with a glazed look in her eyes. Inna sat down next to her, took her by the hand, and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I keep seeing my ex-husband,” she said. “Once, I saw him in the mirror, and every time I go to bed, I feel his cold body lying next to me. I get very anxious and scared because I feel his cold spirit entering me. It makes me want to run away, but I can’t because I’m home and have nowhere to run. I feel as if he took something away from me, and now, I’m bedridden. I feel as if I’m here physically but not fully present in spirit. The doctors want to place me under psychiatric supervision.”

“Is your ex-husband dead?” Inna asked.

“Yes, and before he died, he said, ‘Don’t worry, I won’t stop harassing you even when I’m dead!’”

“I understand,” Inna said. “We need to call the shaman Manuul. I can’t completely help you, but I can put a protective shield over you, so he can’t reach you anymore.”

Inna took a piece of chalk and drew a large circle around the woman’s bed and visualized it as a protective shield in a sphere form.

“How is this going to help,” Max asked. “A dead person can go through walls, can’t they?”

“Through walls, yes, but through this shield, no, because it is made out of thought-matter, just like the vampire, so he can’t penetrate it. It’s important to support this shield with energy; otherwise, it will eventually deteriorate.

After she created the shield, Inna focused on Ian and started to ask him for his help. She felt that he had heard her and went to call Manuul to ask for her help as well.

Ian and his girlfriends were happily flying around in the air, holding hands, and laughing. They flew into a cloud and started to explore its texture and moist composition.

Ian suddenly stopped and became very serious. He had received Inna's message.

"What happened?" his friends asked him.

A vampire is attacking living people, and Inna is asking for my help," he replied.

"Let's go," Reia said.

When they appeared next to the sick woman, they saw a vampire flying around her and trying to break through the protective shield. Every time he ran into it, he would curse and try to break it again.

"What are you doing? Stop wasting your time," Ian said. "Go back to our world and stop bothering the living."

"Who are you?" the spirit asked, startled. "Are you the astral police?"

"No, we're volunteers," Ian said, mocking him. "What did you forget here? Come. Let's go back to where we belong. It's so nice there. You'll find everything you need there."

"No way. I'm not leaving," the vampire cried. "I'm taking her with me. We shall be together forever."

"Leave her," Ian screamed. "Every person has free will and has the right to decide for themselves what they want to do and where they want to be."

"Free will? No. There is only the fear of death and the false belief that you must drag your existence on until the end."

"That's for her to decide," Bhagavati said. "Maybe she enjoys living in such a manner. Plus, she has a son."

"What can she possibly like? Life on earth is hell. She doesn't know how wonderful it is not to have a physical body. If she were to visit this realm, she would understand that she is living in hell. There is no place worse than earth. It's no surprise that people lose their memories when they reincarnate. If they remembered what it's like to live in the subtle plane, no one would want to live on earth for even a minute. And the solution is so simple, just destroy the body, and that's it; you're free. The body is a prison. I will help her escape. I will help her destroy the body."

“She’s too attached to it and is completely unaware of her true essence. I will correct this falsehood,” the vampire cried in great zeal.

“But she was placed on earth by God, which means he has reasons for doing so. He sees what she needs and why she needs this experience. She needs to live through it to mature her soul,” Layla said.

“I don’t know what plan God has and why he is torturing us,” the vampire said, clenching his fists and flashing his eyes. “I will achieve my goal. She will be with me! Don’t bother me, you hear? I love her!”

Suddenly, Manuul appeared. Inna told her what was happening, and Manuul put on her shaman’s garments and started beating her drum and calling the helper spirits.

“Answer me, spirits,” she said. “What happened to Toni? How can we help her?”

As she was beating the drum, one could feel energy and spirits gathering in the room.

There were whispers and whistling sounds, the vibration of wings beating and shadows moving around the room. The spirits told the shaman that the woman’s Kut, her soul, had been kidnapped by demons and vampires, and it needed to be restored to her. Manuul started beating the drum harder and faster.

“Spirits come into my drum! Drum, turn into the horse Tynbur! Take me to the place where Toni’s soul is. Ancestor shaman, help me take back her soul!”

Manuul flew out of the room in her subtle body, surrounded by her helper spirits, an owl, a squirrel, a fox, and a weasel. Her ancestor shaman was flying right behind her.”

Ian and his friends followed them. They flew into a dark, somber cave where they saw a whole pack of terrifying winged hyena spirits. They were biting and ripping Toni’s soul, her Kut.

The friends took out astral swords and started chasing away the hyenas from Toni’s subtle body. The hyenas wouldn’t leave and started fighting back. With great difficulty, they finally chased them away and took back the Kut, which was very tired and ravaged. Manuul put the Kut in her drum, and they all flew away from the terrifying place.

When the vampire saw that Manuul had brought back Toni's soul, he got very angry and started ripping the hair on his head and spinning around, screeching. Manuul approached Toni and hit the drum very hard over the patient's right ear. This caused the Kut to jump back into the body from where it came, and Toni started feeling better and coming out of her haze.

"Now we will usher the vampire back into the world where he belongs so that he doesn't bother the living anymore," Manuul said. She started spinning, dancing, and hitting the drum with all her might. Her astral body flew up and joined her helper spirits, and they all grabbed the vampire and started dragging him back to the realm where he belonged in. The vampire didn't want to comply and resisted the whole way back, screaming and cursing at them. However, the spirits succeeded and returned to the room.

Manuul's physical body had been dancing and beating the drum the whole time, telling people in the room what was happening in the spirit realm.

"How can the spell keep the vampire away?" Max asked Inna.

"In the subtle plane, everything is made out of thought-matter. Any thought is materialized and affects everything.

That's why the spell works. It's the same as putting chains on him. If the thought is strong and focused, it can create or destroy anything in the subtle plane. It will also affect the material plane in the same way.

"How fascinating," Max said.

Manuul dismissed the helper spirits with gratitude and finished the ceremony.

Meanwhile, Toni had completely healed and was sitting peacefully on the edge of her bed.

MEETING KHADJUR IN HIS NON-MATERIAL STATE

Ian and his girlfriends were resting in the woods among beautiful trees, wild grasses, and flowers. Not far from where they were sitting lay a river. Birds were flying and singing in the air, jumping from branch to branch. Grasshoppers leaped through fields of grass; bees were bumbling and beetles buzzing. Dragonflies were dancing in beautiful mating rituals. Suddenly, everything lit up with ethereal light, and Ian and the girls felt a wave of bliss passing through their bodies. They could feel someone's presence but couldn't tell who it was. Then the light consolidated into a sphere, and out of the sphere came the familiar face of Khadjur. At first, the friends couldn't comprehend what was happening, but then they realized that the priest was visiting them and happily ran to greet him.

"Is that you, friend?" Ian asked. "I'm so happy to see you!"

"Yes, we didn't recognize you at first," Reia said.

"And I thought, 'What could this light be?'"

Bhagavati said.

"I am glad to see all of you," Khadjur said.

"So, are you living in the form of light now?"

"Yes, I am now completely immaterial."

"How can that be?" Rheyra asked.

"It's great," the priest said, and he quoted Omar Khayyam:

Before birth you were not in need of anything.

After birth, you became needy of everything.

Only when you drop the weight of that cumbersome body,

Will you once again become free like God and rich.

"Does that mean that even the subtle body prevents us from complete freedom?" Bhagavati asked.

"Yes. Any limitation restricts the soul. I am still not fully free because of the concept of separation. Only the complete merging with God brings absolute freedom. I am one step away."

"So, what do you do, Khadjur?" Ian asked.

“I constantly expand, trying to capture the entirety of space. Sometimes, I bathe in God’s grace; sometimes I descend upon earth to look at how others are living. I try to help as much as possible. But now I see that things are different.”

“What do you mean?” Ian asked.

“Follow me, and I will try to show you,” Khadjur said.

The friends focused on Khadjur and immediately felt themselves dissolve into everything they were surrounded by – the trees, birds, ground, flowers, river, and insects. They could feel everything at once and could see each creature’s perspective at the same time. They could feel that everything was connected and made a unified whole. Every creature was connected with invisible threads to each other, and they all formed a singular entity. They understood that creatures couldn’t see this reality, and that was why they felt that they lived independently from other beings.

Ian was simultaneously a butterfly, a beetle, a dragonfly, the grass, the trees, and the birds. He also completely lost the concept of “I,” his sense of separation, and forgot who and what he was. Ian was experiencing and observing from a place of total harmony and love. He could see through one thousand eyes and move one thousand limbs, feeling the world through one thousand bodies. He was very surprised to be experiencing everything in such a way and without the burden of a separate “self.”

Then he started returning to his old sense of self and started feeling separation again. He was once again looking at the world from the point of view of “Ian,” his identity. He saw himself again as a man and remembered his personal past, his relationships, his social status, political views and usual thoughts and desires. This contrasted greatly with the sensation he had just experienced when his identity dissolved into a unified state of being. He saw that everything he related to and everything he thought was just an illusion.

At the same time, he felt he couldn’t just leave these self-identifying concepts and return to the state Khadjur showed him. His past lives and his subtle body were holding him like chains, keeping him from experiencing the unity of everything.

Then Ian noticed his friends were experiencing the same thing.

“Why can’t we experience the world as you do?” Ian asked.

“Understand, it’s like God is split between two parts. One side is the infinite space, love, consciousness, and power. This is the part of God we usually identify with, and it is his unrevealed state. His other part, the one that is revealed to us, is the one that exists in its infinite diversity in the form of various beings, worlds, and situations. Each of these things contains God within, but it’s as if they are asleep and unaware of their nature. Each of us is like this. And through experiencing thousands of reincarnations in many different forms, the sleeping God within us eventually starts to wake up and can finally return to her true essence and self-realization. So, we are slowly moving on this path to our true selves.”

“Is there any way to speed up the process?” Reia asked. “How can one achieve such expansion of consciousness?”

“It is possible. That’s what all of the sacred texts talk to us about,” Khadjur said. “The more we can love everything around us, strive towards being conscious and distance ourselves from egoism, negativity, and closed-mindedness, the more we can live true to our divine nature.”

“How did you accomplish this, Khadjur?” Bhagavati asked.

“I tried to look at myself from a distance. I told every single thought that arose in my mind, ‘This isn’t me.’ Because of this practice, I started feeling like I was inhabiting an identity that didn’t belong to me and a persona that I did not like. I realized that I didn’t want to live this persona’s life. I didn’t want to experience life through his lens. I wanted to escape from his limitations, his ugliness, ignorance, and egoism. I started feeling more and more alienated from this persona. Then I started to feel my consciousness expanding. I could feel myself become more and more expansive, all-encompassing. I felt love towards everything. Gradually, I started detaching from this false identity, my personal history, and the roles I played in all the relationships in my life. Master gave me this meditation course. It allowed me to reach non-material existence.”

“What else do you do in non-material existence?” Rhea asked.

“I mostly soar in the currents of universal energy streams and experience the different emotional states associated with

them. Here, it takes a great amount of effort for a person to achieve a change in his life that allows him to feel a certain emotional state. There, it's easy. You can travel between different states just by wishing it to happen. You can learn about the different variations of emotional experiences that exist. Some of those aren't even accessible on earth. A human being rarely allows himself to be happy without reason. I can experience many different feelings and states of being. People are often driven by the need for approval to feel good about themselves. This isn't necessary here. You can be happy here for eternity if you want to be."

"Just like that? Happy for eternity?" Bhagavati asked.

"Yes," Khadjur answered. "Here, feel it."

He then directed a beam of energy to her heart.

"How wonderful" Bhagavati yelled.

"I want to experience a very strong feeling of romantic love," Reia said.

"Here," Khadjur said and sent her another beam.

Reia looked like she was a flower blooming in this ray of love.

"I want to experience what it's like to be recognized for your accomplishments by a large group of people," Ian said.

"Sure," Khadjur said and directed a beam at him.

Ian felt like a triumphant leader like he was the ruler of the world.

"You can accompany me to swim in the energy currents right now if you want," Khadjur said and turned into light particles. He enveloped the group, and Ian felt that he was a million little energy specks floating around in an ocean of energy. He saw different colored whirlwinds and prana currents. Each one had a specific emotional charge associated with it. He had never felt such emotions in his life and couldn't put a name on them. Winds and currents went through his body and each one, enriched him with an incredible, unusual feeling of deep peace, grace, divinity, clarity, and many other feelings that he couldn't describe. They all carried some deep unspoken knowledge that had to be lived and experienced to be understood. He bathed in this ocean of energy and continued expanding into more currents and vibrations and different states of being.

He eventually felt himself become Ian again. He immediately felt limited in his body, perceptions, and power. It took him a long time to gather himself and gain the ability to speak again. “Wow,” he said. “I’m ready to evolve and self-improve for an eternity just to feel that again. It’s incredible!”

“That’s nothing,” the priest said. “When you achieve Samadhi with God, you will experience true understanding. Nothing can compare to it. God’s nature is our nature; we are all capable of experiencing it. This state we occupy now is not our true self; it isn’t our natural state.”

The friends remained talking to Kadjur for a long time. He said his goodbyes and turned back into a glowing light, but before he left, he gifted each one with the feeling of bliss. He disappeared into space, and the friends stood by with their arms folded on their chests in the “Namaste” position.

CHANNELING

All of Master's students were gathered in a large hall. The Great Teacher himself was in Tibet, where he taught the Truth to Tulka, Rinpoche, and to Tibetan hermits and yogis.

The lesson was taught by Master's wife, Arta, a very beautiful and sublime woman. Her face looked like the Buddha because Arta had been with Master for many years and through many lives. One rarely sees such beauty in a normal woman. At times, you might see a superficially beautiful woman who is empty on the inside and plays the role of being someone's doll. Sometimes beautiful women influence men because they are drawn to material wealth, which limits their consciousness of higher pursuits. Willful, determined women are often manly and rough.

Arta was different. Her face transmitted will, spirituality, and determination toward higher knowledge. Her face was soft, and her eyes were beautiful. She has a straight nose, impressive hair, and soft hands. She was dressed in religious garments that were covered in beautiful sparkles. The garment shimmered like a thousand stars when the light hit it. Her makeup was reserved and accentuated her natural features. Her jewelry was tasteful and harmoniously fit her whole image of wisdom and unfading beauty.

Master's daughters were here as well. They had been involved in spiritual practices since birth and were already at a very high level of development.

The teacher's sister, Sutra, was also present. Ian looked at the teacher's relatives with interest and noticed that they were all unified in the light they emitted. Their youthful faces shined with their inner light. It looked as if angels had come down from the sky and taken on human form. They were all very relaxed, polite, and friendly with everyone. The wife, daughters, and the teacher's sister were all very attentive and helpful with any request from the people in the hall. Their presence created an atmosphere of celebration, happiness, and clarity in the room. Their crystal-clear bright laughter sounded like a river stream and contributed to the feeling of festivity in the air.

Their spirituality wasn't showy or excessive, as it sometimes looks like with people supporting the empty traditions of some religions. No. It came from the very essence of their being. They did not have to pretend to be saintly or look like martyrs. That was banal. They weren't trying to fool the public. They were very natural in their spirituality because they truly lived it and their inner fires affected everyone around.

There were a lot of people at the lecture, and Ian and his shakti observed them with great interest. When necessary, they cleansed an aura from parasites and negative sans-contacts. This was especially important for new people who had come to the classes for the first time. They were plagued with doubts and fears about whether they had chosen the right path and if they had done the right thing in coming. One woman was sitting in the very last row of the hall. She was hiding behind a column so no one could see her. Her entire subtle body and aura were covered by some disgusting-looking slugs. These were her thoughts telling her that her efforts were useless and that she is destined to drag through her gray existence. Her insecurity and feelings of meaninglessness didn't allow her to experience what was really taking place in the hall. This greatly disturbed Ian and his friends because they could see that the woman had very high potential and that she had come here for a reason. There was a lot of positivity and brightness in her aura. This woman was yearning for the light, but the horrible creatures were suffocating her aura and weren't allowing her to experience the Truth.

"Attack those larvae," Ian yelled to his shakti.

They jumped towards the slugs and started peeling them off the poor woman's aura. Astral swords appeared in the hands of the warriors, and they chopped the larvae into pieces. The larvae hissed and squirmed in their last moments of existence and then disappeared into thin air, relieving the woman immediately from her suffering.

She stopped hiding behind the column and sat closer to the stage, paying great attention to the lecture.

One critical young man dressed in a suit and glasses was sitting sternly with his legs crossed and his head resting on a propped arm. He had a skeptical expression on his face, and due to his attitude, couldn't absorb any information being

transmitted in the lecture. Ian and his shakti saw that this man had a light blue, clear and beautiful astral aura, but there was a giant hairy spider sitting on top of it and stinging his victim. Every little sting made the young man more and more critical and skeptical and brought him further away from spiritually evolving.

Ian and his girlfriends winked at each other and attacked the spider. They pulled the monster off of the victim's head and started slicing him apart. The spider angrily screeched and shrieked until he disappeared. The young man stopped hiding behind his skeptical mask and felt a great openness and friendliness to everyone in the hall. He even took out a pen and paper and started writing down everything he heard to ask better questions at the end of the lecture.

The astral warriors helped everyone during the lecture to get rid of the negative emotions that were preventing people from spiritually advancing.

Ian thought that it was his duty to help Master and his students because he believed in the greater good of his teachings.

“Our Spirit is eternal,” Arta said. “But even our personality is not defined by the limited life of the physical body. After death, and until we are reincarnated again, we continue to have the same habits, memories, and points of view. These habits change a bit when we go to the subtle plane, but this happens in our earthly life as well. The transformation from earthly life into the subtle plane is like the transformation from youth to adulthood, and so on. He becomes wiser because the person gets a lot of new powers and abilities after death. It's similar to the transformation of a caterpillar into a butterfly. The caterpillar is forced to crawl on the ground, in the shadow of the trees, and eat plants. The butterfly flies in the rays of the sun and eats nectar. Life after death is similar – it's lighter, happier, and full of emotions and possibilities. But this would be impossible without the experience of the caterpillar. The difficulties and sufferings of our earthly life make us more experienced, so both forms of our existence are equally important for our soul's development. Most people's problems lie in the fact that they look at everything from their physical life's point of view, though it's one-sided and doesn't allow them to understand the Truth. This is why all spiritual

schools try to widen the human perception, letting people live through experiences outside of their physical bodies.

Such schools teach people how to travel in their astral bodies through the subtle plane, and this is based on ancient mysteries.

The word ‘trance’ used to mean the path from earthly life into the world of the dead. Such travel opens our eyes and shows us the true meaning of life, especially if you meet a higher being or even God during the journey. Many human sufferings are connected to isolation on the physical plane and the misunderstanding of the fact that our souls continue to live after our physical bodies are dead. The practices of trance, hypnosis, the opening of the third eye, traveling within an astral body, lucid dreams, and consumption of some hallucinogens allowed mystics to open an unknown world and learn the meaning of human existence. This greatly changed their perception of life and broadened their understanding.

Previous contacts with the subtle plane proved that not only angels and kind beings lived there, but lower spirits and demons did as well. These lower spirits constantly attack negative people by penetrating their auras. When we contact the subtle world, we see the true source of these negative events and understand how important it is to keep our thoughts positive. Lower spirits can break lives. It’s very important not to give into negativity and stay positive. Positive thoughts attract good powers that help us in our journey, starting with day-to-day activities and ending with artistic inspirations. Positive thoughts can open new horizons and evolve our souls.”

THE BEGINNING

When the lecture was over, Sutra, Master's sister, started to show students how to practice. She was a tall, beautiful woman dressed in a lovely brown gown covered with glitter and beads. Her long hair was pinned with a beautiful brooch and fell down over her shoulders. Her calm and penetrating green eyes glowed with an acceptance and softness that gave her a mysterious, intriguing look. It seemed that she had come from a fairy tale and traveled a few centuries in time just to deliver her messages to the inhabitants of earth.

She smiled openly at people and knew many things about them. Sutra didn't tell them this, for she did not want to scare or worry them. Not every person wants to know their future, considering all things fated to a person are not always pleasant. Only whole, strong-spirited, and sincere people can peel back the curtain of mystery and catch a glimpse of the future.

Not only did Sutra know everything about them, but she also knew what each person needed at that moment and what they needed to work on. A normal person can only open these types of capabilities in himself for a brief moment and through specific practices.

One such practice is going into a trance and traveling through the subtle plane. This was what she was going to teach them. Sutra started to hypnotize the students, so they could easily go into a trance and open their super-abilities, which were blocked by a person's brain, upbringing, and habits.

There was a full moon that night, which was best for practicing hypnosis and going into a trance. The students lay down on comfortable couches that were set throughout the room, and Sutra began her hypnosis session. She had great talents since she had practiced alongside Master for twenty-five years. The students were calm and relaxed. They felt her confidence and ease that she knew what each of them needed.

One of Master's former students was in the audience. She was very interesting, and you could even say she was a magical woman who possessed inner strength, fortitude, and determination. Even with these qualities, she was able to be very feminine, charming, and considerate in her

communication. She was from a good family, and one could immediately feel her good upbringing, education, and intellect.

She was tactful, delicate, and attentive with people and strict with herself.

She always dressed with taste. She had flowing hair that framed her face gently, making a magical look, and her clothes brought out her natural beauty, making her look like a fairy godmother from a magical tale. Her development had reached great heights since she had been on her spiritual journey for twelve years. Her thoughts and feelings were clean and selfless. If she needed to find an answer to something, her egregor always sent her help and support.

She really wanted to know the secret of the subtle plane, and because Ian knew who she was, he came up to her and became her guide. He showed her everything he knew and told her about his futile and empty life.

He told her everything about how he had lived a purposeless, empty life full of meaningless strife. How he had searched for himself, argued with his parents and teachers in school, and that he missed his chance to go to the spiritual school, even though God had given him that chance numerous times through his girlfriend, Inna. He revealed how coldly he responded to her invitations. He told her how impulsive he was when making the stupidest mistake of his life, committing suicide, instead of using the opportunity to develop himself spiritually and help others learn their lessons in life.

He talked about his current existence in the astral plane and that he was trying to help people now, after his death, to redeem some of his guilt for everything that he did and failed to do. He shared what the afterlife was like and what rules and laws govern it. He also talked about his relationships with the people inhabiting that world. He talked a lot, about life after death, his second death in the subtle plane, and many other things.



It was a long story, but Ian didn't need words to tell it— one of the angels showed her a movie of the most important aspects of Ian's life on earth and in the subtle plane. All of his worries and thoughts were as clear to her as if she had lived his life. When the woman exited her hypnotized state, she told Sutra what had happened.

“You've had a unique experience,” Sutra said. “Not everyone can see things with that intensity. This happened because of your spiritual practices and the practice of opening the third eye. I think it would be best if you described what you saw in a book and shared your knowledge with people. It would be very important.”

THE WORLD OF LUCENT SPOTS

Ian and his female friends sat by the ocean and looked at the immense waves in fascination. The ocean was a gigantic living being, aware of all of its inhabitants. It greeted Ian and his female friends, who were witnessing its greatness. It was alive, like everything around them was – the sand, wind, light – all of it was filled with life. This awareness goes unnoticed by the people on earth, who are so constrained by their narrow perceptions of the world.

They suddenly heard a noise from behind them. They looked around and saw that a new tree had emerged on the glade. They realized that it had shifted there from another forest. It started to communicate briskly with the trees that grew there and began nimbly walking with a slight dancer's gait to come and meet the new dweller. In contrast to earth, the trees and other plants here could shift of their own volition and could even move. On earth, only the trees could shift, but its body remained in one spot. Leila suddenly appeared next to the friends. She seemed perturbed.

"Where did you come from?" Ian asked her.

"I was just thinking about it. I have just been to an amazing place, where life moves forward in a way different from here. Still, we have constructed our world from earth's model, and there's nothing there similar to what we have here."

"Let's take a look at it," Reia said.

They instantly transported themselves to the place that Leila had come from. They found bright golden spots shining in an endless expanse that was pitch black. Around this, colorful, ornamental patterns emerged that resembled guns firing into the air at a celebration – They flowed and poured into each other like they would in a kaleidoscope. They changed colors, forms, and depths. An amazing sound spread at the same time, which combined and then separated, changing its tones. It was composed of multitudes of sounds, tones, and melodies. The lucent spots produced this sound. It was their means of cooperative communion. Each spot interwove its own tone, weaving into a general harmony.

This sound looked like a creeping snake in the expanse, which was composed of multicolored gems, each of which shone a

ray of light into the expanse. It was a mind-bending spectacle. The lucent spots were live beings, and they noticed the emergence of guests in their world. Whimsical faces emerged from the spots, which started looking at the newcomers. One of the faces approached them.

“I, Ale, am greeting you in our world,” it said.

The others also greeted them.

“How interesting,” Ian said. “So, you have faces too. I assumed that you would communicate through thoughts as we do, that we would be so different.”

“These faces,” Ale responded, “were created by us only to communicate with you, so it would be easier for you to perceive us. And as the ornamental patterns you saw serve as our faces, they also reverberate our individuality.

“How unusual Your world is,” Bhagavti said.

“God created an infinite number of similar worlds in the subtle plane, where one is entirely different than the next,” Ale responded. “There is a difference in the levels of the worlds: the ones closest to The God, are more sensible, more clarified, and more blissful. Others are more remote, and there’s more darkness there. And the physical world where you’ve been – it’s the roughest world, the world that is the furthest from God, where everything is contrary to the way that supreme worlds are arranged. Instead of omniscience, there is ignorance. Instead of bliss, there is suffering. Instead of unity, there is division. I have been there once, and it seemed that I had gone to hell, but such places must exist in the balance of variety.

Then the friends witnessed a strange phenomenon – a mushroom with a face on its cap was flying through the world of lucent spots. It was carrying a human in its roots in the same manner that a vulture carries its kill. The human looked as if it was sleepwalking, gazing at everything with haunted eyes, and its arms were held sideways like a plane’s wings.

“What is this?” Leila exclaimed.

The friends understood at once that it was a drug addict that was being carried through various worlds by the psychotropic mushrooms’ spirit.

“Are nighttime dreams and the plants that induce daydreaming the only way of traveling through the subtle plane for earthlings?” Ian asked.

“No,” Ale objected. “You have shamans. If a human is not a shaman, then their journey is unpredictable. It is hard to tell what their dreams will be about, where the plant is going to carry him, to heaven or to hell. Logical perceptions get switched off when traveling through the subtle plane.

These perceptions help a human to interact with society. They put blinders on them to prevent them from seeing all that is beyond the scope of that particular world model, beyond what was shown to them during their upbringing. Meanwhile, the shaman sets herself up beforehand for the things she wishes to see, and she keeps hold of the proper intention when entering into a trance. Then the spirits carry them there, where they need to be. An ordinary human is unable to concentrate on the task, to create an attitude of the mind that will help with distractions. And if they take a fancy to flying in the trance, they might jump out of a real window, thinking they are birds. Ian recalled the things that had happened to him when he went to Amsterdam, and he burst out laughing. The friends and the lucent spots saw these events as well.

Ian and the friends now flew to Amsterdam’s airport, and he was surprised to see a crowd of people drifting around who had obviously taken mushrooms. A Russian man approached them, and he asked how he could get to the check-in desk. Ian explained it to him, and he immediately forgot and asked the same question again. He repeated the question three times. So, Ian asked him, “Where are your ticket and passport?”

The man couldn’t answer. Ian saw the ticket and passport in the man’s pocket. They had to take him to the check-in desk and do all the talking. The check-in agents were used to this.

The friends then set off looking for the mushrooms. They saw policemen that were getting high and approached them. One of the friends knew the language, and she asked where the hash was sold. As one of the policemen started to explain, the officer’s supervisor drove up to them. The cops tried to stand at attention, trying to hide the fact that they were high. A crazed face that looked like a school principal leaned out of the car window. He looked like he was high on LSD, and he made a series of inarticulate sounds and then drove off.

Ian and his friend could hardly refrain from laughing at the absurdity, that was until they also started eating a lot of the mushrooms. They couldn’t remember where they were or why

they were there, so they wandered around the city. The city and the people turned out to be plastic. Everything flowed with diverse colors and seemed to be alive. The world became connected; they were talking to the trees and the houses. Their bodies were like bundles of energy. Thoughts entered their heads and then floated away from them like small clouds.

Ian felt that he was no longer himself but that he was now God, who was observing the life of a strange being called Ian. They woke up the next morning feeling horrible and decided they shouldn't eat any more mushrooms before boarding the plane, or else they wouldn't be able to fly away.

They exited the plane with the same distorted feeling.

"Do you know where we should go?" Ian asked a friend. The friend directed them to a taxi. He told them they were supposed to go to Vasya. Ian scarcely recalled the name of the district where this person lived, but he was able to say it out loud.

Ian didn't know how to pay the taxi driver since he couldn't remember what money was. He randomly took something out of a wallet and gave it to the taxi driver.

They couldn't recognize anything, so they got lost in the neighborhood. And only after the mushrooms started loosening their grip were they able to understand where they were and how to reach the house, which was very close to them the entire time.

They couldn't recognize a familiar district as they aimlessly wandered around. It seemed to Ian that he was in some enigmatic world, inhabited by whimsical creatures with a nearby river that was swimming with multicolored fish.

"Yes," Ale remarked. "This doesn't accomplish anything. The ancient people on our earth considered the plants of daydreams to be holy ones. They consumed such plants on a special day with a ritual that was performed by priests. This ritual would give the person the correct state of mind. The plant's spirit would then help her gain the necessary knowledge to resolve an important problem. It could also disclose the exceptional abilities of the person. A shaman does it by simply entering a trance, and the spirits help him get to the necessary world to accomplish an important task.

The friends returned from admiring the amazing world of lucent spots, feeling content with what they had learned from its dwellers.

“When LSD was invented, the secret service of different countries did an investigation into it,” Leila said.

They saw that LSD shattered the prison of imposed perceptions of a person’s upbringing. As with other drugs, the person became free, unfettered by the chains of the generally accepted world’s view or ideology. She might become uncontrollable. So, drugs were forbidden in all countries because people were beginning to see everything in a realistic way. Their eyes were beginning to open.

“Yes, it was not only the secret services,” Reia added. “The popes were against them as well.”

When Timothy gave LSD to the young clergymen during a mass, they started seeing God and communicating with Him. The Patriarch of Rome concluded, “If everyone starts to see God, then they will no longer need us as a mediator to God. There is no advantage to everyone becoming free of these blockages of their perception.”

“Yes, and not only drugs,” Bhagavati continued. “They tried to forbid meditation and trances as well. They proclaimed that all spiritual trends were cults. They feared that these trends lead a human beyond the boundaries of the constricted world’s view, that they made him happy without the normal positive reinforcement from which the society manipulates him like a circus dog.”

“Yes,” Ian added. “A human can see miraculous worlds and everything as it truly is just by switching off their sense of reason, which was given to him by society.”

THE FIRST SAMADHI. WAR

Master was sitting alone and going into Samadhi by concentrating on God. Fighting his illusionary separation from God, he began to dissolve into an endless ocean. Though a drop and the ocean are one, God created a boundary for the drop to pass through as a separate existence, realizing its illusion and striving to become one with the ocean. Being enriched with the experience of ignorance and suffering, the constant wandering, and the search in the labyrinth of life and desires, it can find peace in only its beginning.

He was not yet able to completely merge with the Absolute, but he was close. There was still a thin boundary between him and God.

“I don’t exist; only He exists,” he realized in the first minute of Samadhi. “He is the one that gives birth to this eternity of separate pieces.”

When he stopped feeling himself separate, a great feeling of love and bliss came over him. He had always felt these feelings, but the boundary was now gone, and all that was left was complete calm and peace. The entire world of galaxies and stars was in the palm of his hand.

This time, He decided to play war. He played with each one of his creations.

Being God, Master saw everything through His eyes and through the eyes of each of the participants. This was an exciting feeling given to Master by God. Doras and Gosamas were at war with each other, and Doras had broken an agreement and was now winning. Gosamas’ king and the priest had been killed, and Doras entered the city to loot and murder the city dwellers.

“God, how could you have allowed this?” Master asked, feeling the great pain and suffering of the people. But he knew that this was God’s lesson for his people.

One after another, like butterflies leaving their cocoon, the souls of the dead were leaving their bodies and rising up to the subtle plane, following God’s light. They realized that there was no death, and they would continue to live in other bodies that were light and quick.



As they went towards the light, joining God, they could see themselves as they truly were.

Looking at each other, the warriors of two separate armies realized they were not enemies but brothers in God. They were horrified to see they were ready to kill each other just moments ago. They now felt only love towards all people in their hearts.

“How could this be? We were blinded with hatred towards each other, created by the lies of our leaders and priests. We weren’t enemies; we are sons of God and brothers.”

They began to embrace and cry tears of joy. Their priest was standing to the side, burning with shame. He and everyone

around him saw how he had lied his entire life, saying that Doras had a false god, that their god was real and that only their god should be praised. He preached that Gosamans were heretics and needed to be murdered.

The warriors were looking at him with pity. Doras and Gosamas were shocked to see that God is one, there are no other gods, and there are no heretics. They fell to their knees and began to pray to the light. The priest cried the tears of repentance and asked God and the people for forgiveness for his lies, which he had known were lies even during his earthly life.

The king also stood there burning with shame, like a gray shadow among his people. He saw he was only king due to his ignorance because his forefathers thought there should be a king, and a kingdom is passed from generation to generation. He now realized this was a delusion because there's only one ruler – God. And all of the kingdoms of the earth belong to Him.

Their lives were a lie, and everything they did was based on a lie. They couldn't understand the true course of things and were now repenting for that.

They looked down at the earth, where the looting continued. The warriors were looking for anything they could steal, and the ones that were now in the kingdom of the dead knew how futile the value of those things was. People were deluded into believing that everything except for God and love had value. They did not realize all other things were meaningless. They now look at those on the planet like an adult looks at a child, collecting shells they believe have value.

They saw the grief of mothers, wives, and children in the ravaged city, who thought they had forever lost their sons, husbands, and fathers. They didn't understand they would see each other again and would be close to God. They saw their relatives who had passed away right next to them. They embraced them and cried tears of joy. They saw relatives from other lives whom they now remembered. Everyone was happy to be reunited after such a long separation.

And they all felt much grief for the ones who were left on earth, the ones who didn't understand God's plan. Each one of them was receiving the negative portion of the lesson, which only the dead or the wisest of the living can understand. Most

of those that remained on earth were ordinary people and didn't realize they were actors and actresses in this plan of God. They didn't know they should strive to receive divine experience and evolve their souls. They were scared of the barbarians that were murdering, raping, and torturing them.

The dead were looking down with pity at the barbarians because they didn't understand they were bringing pain to their brothers in God. They were all relatives in past lives, and they will all feel this pain when they go through purgatory.

“When he was born on this earth in the land of sand and winds, a law existed for three thousand years that said, ‘an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.’ And everyone lived by this law, telling him that this world is evil, and one should always kill. When he grew up, he said, ‘you are wrong. This world and this life is love.’ Of course, he was wronged, and people said, ‘God will punish us for our deeds.’ But he argued, ‘He will forgive.’

People said, ‘we will all go to hell. There is no forgiveness for us.’ But he continued to preach that God was love and light and could not be convinced otherwise. So, people decided to punish him for his words and give him a torturous death. Such was the tradition of that land. And when he was told he would be crucified, he asked his Father to forgive them, as they knew not what they were doing.

On the morning of his death, love came down from his cross. It penetrated our lives and is right next to us now; it lives in our world. And if anyone tries to kill it, burn it, or destroy it, it will be resurrected just like he was. Spring always comes after winter, and love and light will always prevail.”

A swarm of angry spirits, barbarians, and victims were flying over the horrors that were happening on earth and feeding on the people's sufferings. The spirits were causing people to get angrier and more ruthless and made them believe there was no end to their pain.

Doras's priest lied and said their god had helped them win the battle, but Master saw that soon their people would be defeated by another clan.

The old and new souls of the dead were looking at those suffering and praying to God that He would send them understanding that could stop their pain and show them that there is no point in holding on to any earthly thing.

They wanted people to understand that nothing on earth is infinite and only God is eternal. People should strive to be closer to God and cultivate positive emotions and love, no matter what. The feeling of bliss, happiness, forgiveness, repentance, prayer, and calm will get them closer to God and the people around them. Only those feelings will help them get out of the earthly sufferings, where God holds his ruthless lessons and shows them happiness and unity.

Master began to exit Samadhi and came back to the sinful earth. He was filled with amazing feelings from seeing all of that through the eyes of God. He felt great compassion for all people on the planet. He remembered his students and had a great desire to wake them from their dream, so they could see the truth, get closer to God, and be rid of their future suffering.

He collected his students and said, "In his regular state, a man is in a dream. He doesn't notice what he thinks, how he reacts, how he walks, breathes, and lives. Until the man does something new and unusual, he doesn't notice that he acts out of habit, from a stereotype. When he does something new, he sees that he has to make an effort. He notices how mechanical his thoughts, emotions, and reactions were before. He sees that he is a robot that needs to be reset to think differently.

This takes constant attention and work, but this is the only way to see himself truly and begin the process of understanding. Until he understands what he is made of, he doesn't understand how to control himself and what he needs to change. The evolution of the self allows one to develop will and conscience. A transformation into the opposite sex is one of the most difficult and productive spiritual practices that will open many of the prejudices, fears, and complexes that are imposed upon us by society."

THE SECOND SAMADHI.

SECRET EVENING

Master retreated from everyone and felt happiness from being alone with eternity. His illusionary self that separated him from the Cosmos began to disappear, and he, once again, became God and saw through His eyes.

At that moment, he found himself at the secret evening, Christ's last supper.

"I must die," Christ said. "The high priests will crucify me."

"How could that be?" Peter asked. "Teacher, you can use just your thoughts to make them understand that you are God. They will worship you."

"Yes, I can do that, Peter," Christ said. "But they will worship me without understanding, like puppets. Such worship has no meaning. A man must come to God with effort, receive a higher understanding, and see that there is a difference between a true prophet and a charlatan who is wearing a mask. Such charlatans are just politicians that play priests. Any vagabond, fisherman, or prostitute is cleaner and closer to the Truth because they don't lie and just are who they are. If a man does not see this, then it would be pointless to hypnotize him. A man has to learn to see the Truth, and to teach him, God has decided to create this big game, this big mystery, where Jesus will die, and Christ will be resurrected."

"What's the mystery?" John asked.

"The mystery embodies the path of men. At first, a man is just a person who is created by the crowd's influence. But if he will always call upon you, as I have, and is always lucid, he can see that he is an illusion created by the crowd and begin to separate himself from the lie, negative emotions, connections to prestige, the herd feeling, egoism, and self-satisfaction. And then Jesus begins to die, but Christ, or the soul, individuality and consciousness, or the man's spirit, begins to grow. When Jesus dies, the Spirit – Christ is resurrected from the slavery of the crowd. He lives in a crowd like a dead body lies in a coffin, like a puppet lies in a casket, waiting for its strings to be pulled. My death and resurrection will embody this process. From the prison of the egoistic crowd, love

towards the entire world, compassion and devotion will be born in order to bring people to good and save them from suffering. My death is worth it.”

“Judas, you will betray me,” Christ said. “You have the most difficult role in this play. You will embody the fact that every teacher has a student who is a renegade. Having received a small piece of knowledge, this student is afraid of going further because he has to set aside his ego and dissolve in God. This student either begins to call himself a teacher, lying to people or begins to fight his teacher, not wanting to accept him, wanting his death not to see his own vices.”

“But I don’t want to betray you. I will forever be damned by the people!”

“Yes, Judas, that is a great sacrifice. You will be damned, but it will only be your identity, and when you are rid of it, you will be Christ yourself; you will be God. This damnation will move you along the Path and keep you from living the life of the crowd.

This deed will be a great push in your evolution because no spiritual person should accept the approval of the crowd. He should only be looking for God’s approval, even if that means that people will damn him.

Your role will help you because you don’t want to play it, and it’s difficult for you. People think that they act on their own, trying to find the reasoning behind their actions. In reality, their roles have been predestined by God, who has decided who will do what. The high priest will look for my death and scream into the crowd for me to be crucified, then Pilate will have to order my crucifixion, though he doesn’t wish for it, and no one will help me when I’m carrying my cross. Everything has been predestined, and each role, good or bad, will give the person playing it experience, which he will only realize after death.”

“You are blessed that you know during your life what you are doing. Most other people do not have this opportunity. People must try and see in life what their roles are, why they play them and try to look at life as a play, in which they are all actors.” “Can a man not play his role?” Thomas asked.

“Yes, in some cases, he can, if he understands not to go against the will of God. Often, when he knows what that role is, a man is free. So you must play your roles as they are

intended by God. Be lucid and pray that you are always capable of seeing what your roles are and that your heart is always full of love towards God. Later, people will sing songs about my death, knowing that when I died for the crowd, I stopped being dead; I gave my life for the people.

When people live according to a model, they don't truly live. They don't live according to what their soul, their individuality, wants. They don't even know what they want because they are led by the crowd. When people pray, they separate their soul from the crowd-induced role and become free. So must you, playing your role. Watch me and learn for yourself to pray and cultivate love towards God."

"Why is such a complex play needed?" Peter asked.

"God created it to begin a new religion because the religion of Moses is based on violence: a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye. Moses taught people to be afraid of God, while the new religion will teach them to love Him. Because God is love, it's time for the old religion to die and the new religion to be born. The time will come when this new religion, which hasn't begun yet, will also be dead, and a new mission will be needed. I tell you the truth that each religion is only true at its beginning while it is being resisted. When it becomes official and accepted by the government, it begins to die because it is politicized. Today, we are a cult among the Jews, and later you will become a cult among the Romans.

When I am accepted, a lot of evil will be done in my name. There will be inquisitions and crusades and much, much more. And only hermits that live in the deserts will hold the true sense of religion. Buddha was also considered a cult leader."

"Why is that so?" John asked.

"Because people are afraid of anything new, and rulers strengthen that fear because they can use the old beliefs to do evil. But the old must go when the new appears, in the same way that old trees die when new ones begin to grow."

Filled with a divine impression, Master came out of Samadhi.

THE THIRD SAMADHI.

MAHA-SAMADHI

Being alone in his cell, Master began to enter Samadhi, turning his attention to God.

“Here on earth, I cannot communicate with Him for very long, but when I die, I will become one with Him in mahasamadhi because the limits of a physical body will not exist in that world,” he said.

And his conscious again became one with eternity.

“I am He,” felt Master and submerged into the eternal bliss of knowing all.

This time, God showed him the entire Universe, and the larger worlds and galaxies seemed to be small clouds of smoke.

When he came closer, he saw a small star system called Helionia.

“Each planet is a live being,” God said.

Master felt each word with every particle of his soul. This understanding went beyond anything that can be achieved through regular speech.

“These beings are so much larger than humans and so much more evolved that they are gods to people. They rule destinies, which is why people believe in polytheism. If you remember what the gods in ancient Greece, Rome, India, and Russia were called, you will realize that the planets have the same names: Venus, Jupiter, and Mars. This isn’t a coincidence. The priests knew that they were the ones that ruled life on earth. Gods are named differently in different nations, but the point is the same. Jupiter is called Zeus in ancient Greek and Indra in ancient India.

Polytheism isn’t the lack of understanding that God is one, but on the contrary, a much deeper understanding of the hierarchy of energy.”

“What about the Sun? The Sun is a star,” Master said and knew the truth right away.

“The Sun is the god for the planets. It is a step higher than they are. But for people, its influence isn’t fully understood, which is why they think of it as any other planet.

The Sun was a part of the planetary gods and was called differently in different civilizations – Apollo, Helios, Surya, and Yarilo. It shows its great nature only to the chosen ones, those who were able to step out of the crowd and develop their thoughts.”

“Who is god for spiritual people?” Master thought and got the answer.

“The center of the Galaxy is the god for all of the stars. Truly spiritual people get their influence from the center of Nashgali Orilna. Those who are not spiritual lack the understanding to pray correctly, one of their parts during prayer connects to Orilna, while the other to Helionia, and the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth to planets because those parts are completely earthly. A constant battle goes on inside these people; it is the battle of the influence of the planets. While the spiritual ‘self’ remains undeveloped, people will continue to go from one extreme to the other, like a ship during a storm. Connecting to Orilna fully isn’t the end. Buagiria stands above the center of the worlds. Only the saints can reach it, and there aren’t many of them on earth. Even fewer can reach me, the Absolute.”

“Does this mean that your influence doesn’t reach the earth?” Master asked.

“My influence reaches it in a refracted state because it goes through the entire hierarchy of gods. Only in Samadhi can a person reach me when his earthly ‘self,’ created by the influence of the planets, disappears. I am like the general that commands an army. I give orders to Buagiria, who gives orders to Orilna, who gives orders to Helionia, who, in turn, gives orders to the officers, which are the planets. Then the planets take these orders to people according to the events that happen at that time. If you think of people as infants, you will see that even if they wished to understand what the adults around them wanted them to do, they could not. Older children understand, and they are under the influence of Helionia, and so on. So, everything depends on the level of the spiritual development of the person. The older in spiritual development he is, the higher of an influence he is under.”

Master saw how the planets used energy lines to control what happened on earth. Everything from the technical progress to epidemics and the growth of civilizations was under their

command. They created projects of all of the events in the subtle plane and then realized them on earth.

They gave an algorithm of the destiny to each person, animal, mechanism, and house on earth. Everything had its destiny depending on the planets, and every planet was filled with souls and non-organic beings.

Having come out of Samadhi, the teacher went to his students and began his lesson.

“The best way for self-growth is through life experience. If a person goes to a spiritual school, situations can be recreated for him to gain that experience. In these situations, he will work with those character traits that need to be changed or trained. Traditional schools teach a lot of unnecessary things due to tradition, and much of that is useless to people. Traditional schools have very few good teachers that see each student as an individual and can tell what that student needs. Today, most schools teach according to rules and limitations and do not encourage any real growth. Even if one becomes a hermit and starts practicing spiritually, there is little benefit to her becoming harmonious because only one part of her will develop in a solitary environment, while other parts will atrophy. For example, a hermit cannot pass his knowledge to others because he doesn’t know the different types of people there are and how to adjust the information according to the type of person he is dealing with. If she finds herself in society, she can lose what she has learned. This is why our school teaches according to real-life situations and creates practices that help people see themselves in reality—they can see all of their weaknesses and vices. A person that can truly see himself can no longer lie to himself and has to understand that he needs to grow. Self-awareness has to be used at every moment in order to understand how to grow.

THE FOURTH SAMADHI. THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

Master retreated into his cell again and entered Samadhi, the final unity with eternity that gives one complete bliss and understanding of the Truth. This time, God showed him how life began. Master saw a small glowing dot – the Atman, the Spirit, the beginning of a new being. In reality, this dot is the being because the subtle and physical planes, the memories, and conscience are temporary.

This dot had perceptions similar to a person's vision, but it was different in the fact that it saw God's presence everywhere. In a moment, it could penetrate a trillion light years into the future or one billion light years into the past. It could understand a small atom or a large galaxy in a second without words or thoughts. It had many of the emotions that were available to people, and there was no negativity.

These emotions brought the understanding of any event and of any being to which the dot oriented itself.

Its attention could transform and change everything around it. And this proved that God has eternal power and is in everything, while Atman could only be in one object.

Then God enveloped the Atman with a small ball of light, which was the causal body that contained the experience given to the Spirit during its life. Each had its own experience and formed the individuality of the Atman, the part of God. It saw and perceived the world through the experience it received. The first experience was the guide for all future experiences and formed the character and the perception of the world, its emotions, and its reactions to events. It gave birth to karma and destiny on the subtlest of planes.

Then God enveloped it with a larger sphere but duller light, which glowed in different colors like a spherical aura of the subtle plane. This was the mental body. It worked with these emotions and structured them into new ideas, understandings, and images. It could materialize them in the subtle and the physical planes. Archangels had a large sphere, angels a slightly smaller one, and other beings even smaller ones.

Strong mental bodies could create such events as earthquakes, volcanoes, and wars. It could cause people to build temples or move to other cities. It could start new civilizations. Everything depended on the strength and development of the body. It contained evolution tendencies that moved with it into the next life in the form of an inclination towards specific thoughts, images, and ideas.

God then enveloped the Atman with viscid or sticky energy that could be molded into any form. This was the astral body, which had a memory that was limited from reincarnation to reincarnation. It had the image of a being, be it a human, dwarf, or centaur. It also had different powers and could exist in the subtle plane. This is the body in which people live during their dreams. Angels also had this body, but they could give it any form, depending on the need. This body lived from one reincarnation to another but deteriorated with time. Only special spiritual practices could strengthen this body and make it live longer in the subtle plane.

To get such power, people had to become spiritual and learn to control all their wishes and living processes and become the rulers of themselves. They had to awaken and develop their will, attention, and conscience, which could be done through yoga and other practices.

Master was interested to see how life began on earth and how God created all of the six bodies of the simple beings from seaweeds on. This energy structure was placed into a favorable environment and used the sunlight to obtain its bodies as people saw them in life. Then more complex bodies were created using the simpler ones by the process of energy structure. And Master saw how this miracle happened. All of the subtle bodies of a frog were taken from it, and it was given the energy structure of a human with all of its subtle bodies. Then the frog went into a dream, like a coma, and its genes began to change until it became human. This human was very small, but it only took several generations to become a modern human.

This transformation required God's presence or at least a presence of an angel, who could guide its development and make sure that the transformation went well. It was much simpler to make a human out of an animal of a similar size. This took less of God's energy.

Everything Master saw had shaken him to his core, but that wasn't the end of the experience. God showed him how he created stars, planets, and galaxies, which were formed in a way similar to humans, starting from cosmic dust and ending with large objects and collections of objects. Each of them, from black holes to comets, had its own soul. These non-organic beings had very powerful astral bodies, much like the Archangels. Using these astral bodies, they influenced smaller beings and spirits that lived on the planets and created their destinies and the processes that went on between the beings.

THE FIFTH SAMADHI. DESTINY

Going alone into a cave with an underground lake, Master left his physical body and became one with God. He stopped being a separate wave in the large ocean and dissolved into everything surrounding him. From a small dot on earth, he was now the eternal God. He was everything: the ocean, waves, and the space surrounding them. This time, God showed Master how he created the destinies of all beings. Words were not required because every question was answered instantly through every feeling of perception.

There are three powers that create everything in the Universe. The first and most obvious one is karma, which is the law of cause and effect. Usually, only blind people see this power. There is also the will that living beings possess, or rather the possibility of will. It's very simple to see if one has will or not – one has to start looking at something for a long time, such as clouds, water, fire, sunset, or anything similar. He will see that he can't perform this simple task, that his thoughts are always in the way. This proves that he has no will, and his habits or other people's desires control him. Prestige, fashion, stereotypes, and wishes are all just someone else's will that is pushed upon people by society. Even physical desires don't belong to humans; they are the desires of nature, which act through the human body enslave him.

Sex is nature's desire to continue itself. Partnership, family, and children are all the basis of society and the wish of nature, which is fulfilled by people. What then truly belongs to a human?

The true parts of a human are his talents, inclinations, and artistic abilities. But these are often buried under the influence of nature and social beliefs. Only when a person meditates and can look at things like the sunset without being distracted will he develop his true will. At first, he will have to be reminded of his task by a teacher or fellow students, but then he can do this by himself without supervision. When he learns to meditate, a man can truly see what's around him: flowers, the sky, mountains, and their essence. He can then see the real self, that he is not her thoughts, feelings, and a body, but a part of God. This happens because the persistent thoughts

don't make him run around like a crazy monkey because he becomes victorious over them and comes back to his beginning, to the Truth, to Atman, and to God. But even in this powerless state, a person can call upon God for help, which is when the third power comes into play. This power is the Providence of God. And this is what people call a miracle, something that goes outside the boundaries of cause and effect, outside of karma. God helps a person and fulfills their wishes that come straight from the heart, from desires that are accompanied by strong belief and positive emotions. When people gain 'will,' they can also create miracles because they have access to their particle of God and become God-like. These miracles are created by saints after they have truly found God in them. Providence is most easily seen when man is reincarnated on earth. God gives him a destiny, which leads him to the Truth and makes him closer to divinity.

Master saw a coward who was supposed to be reincarnated. "Maybe he should be reincarnated as a strong man who isn't afraid of anything?" he asked.

"No," God said. "I will only show him how absurd his fear is. Each time that he is shy or scared, he will have bad luck. When he stops worrying about something bad happening, this will change. This way, he will see the illusionary nature of his fears."

Master was surprised at how God gave out destinies. He saw a greedy man who was going to be reincarnated. "Maybe he should become poor?" Master asked.

"No," God answered. "I will give him great wealth, but he will end up in a communist country and won't be able to use it. He will be afraid of even thinking about the money that he has. He will see the absurdity of greed and the uselessness of wealth." Then he saw a villain who was going to be reincarnated. "Maybe he should be an invalid who can't harm anyone?"

"No," God said. "I will make it so he can kill without being punished, but he will kill those he loves and then repent."

At first, Master felt sad because of this perspective because he didn't want innocent people to get hurt, but God told him, "They will go to heaven when they are out of the power of this tyrant because life after death is true freedom. Life on earth is a test." The thought of that made Master happy.

Then they saw a proud man, and Master thought that he should be made poor and meaningless, so he has nothing to be proud of.

“No,” God said. “I will give him everything to be proud of because if he’s poor and weak, he will envy and can learn to be proud of his poverty. I will take away the love and understanding of other people from him, and when he is alone, he will understand his inner emptiness and how futile pride is. An incurable disease will be eating him alive, and he will feel how meaningless his life is. Every once in a while, I will send him wise men who will explain to him that love and friendship between people are the true meaning of life. Eventually, he will understand a lot, especially when he is old, because old age and diseases are made so that people understand how frail they are and that they don’t need to attach to their earthly life. When they die, they will live in the subtle plane happier than they ever were on earth.

Master saw sick men who wanted to return to their former lives but couldn’t. Even if they tried to live a healthy life, illnesses ate them alive, and they were completely dependent on their health. “How is karma formed?” Master asked, and God answered:

“Let’s look at the case of murder. If a soldier murders because he is ordered, but he doesn’t wish for it, he doesn’t have a karma of a murderer; he has karma of weakness, fear, and being influenced by society.

If the soldier is a patriot who thinks that he kills his country’s enemies, he gets the karma of a lunatic and a fool. If a man didn’t want to kill but did so on accident during a fight, he doesn’t get the karma of a murderer. He may have the karma of anger. But a coward who has never killed anyone but wished for the death of others, does have the karma of a murderer because it is not the deed but the wish of a deed or the thought process and emotions of a person that decides how the person lives and perceives the world. The man’s perception of self creates the perception towards the world, which in turn creates the perception of others towards him. All this creates his karma. The man’s talk with God will not be about his deeds, but about his thoughts and emotions.

God chooses what type of destiny people have because it doesn’t depend only on the person’s character traits or mind.

It's predetermined by their birthplace or the society around him, his parents and friends, and the events and situations in which he lives. This is why people that are similar in character can have completely different destinies. The older and more independent the person becomes, the closer he is to living free. A regular man lives by his imagination or in a dream. But if he wakes up and separates himself from thoughts and emotions if he can control them and not be their slave, then his karma disappears, and he reaches the state of Anutara Samyak Sambodhi, which is the complete freedom of samsara and karma. When his ego is gone, and he becomes one with God, he reaches Nirvana.

Another thing that determines the level of spiritual evolution is how strongly and selflessly a man loves people and beings that God created. If he can radiate love towards everyone, he has reached complete freedom.”

THE SIXTH SAMADHI.ATMA

Master went into Samadhi again. This time he saw that God was silently communicating with atmas – the ones who had separated from him and were destined to go through a whole chain of reincarnations in the world God created.

“Father, why must we separate from you and go into the world,” one of the atmas said. Why have you made it so?”

“My children,” God replied, “without creation, I am just an infinite, monotonous nothingness, and space. Can you imagine having to occupy this space where nothing happens for eternity? We would become very bored and wouldn’t have any spiritual food for ourselves. This is why I have created such a diverse creation, where no event or being is the same. This creation nourishes us with the food of experience.

My characteristics are unity because, despite so much diversity in life, it is all Me. I am infinite because I am infinitely in everything, in knowledge, the amount of my manifestations, in time and space, and in life because everything I create from myself is full of life. There are no still images. Everything is alive. I am present in every being and event as God, and you, my children, are a part of me. This is why it’s important to manifest, to revive myself in every being that participates in this game that I have created.”

“But we don’t want to leave you, Father,” the atmas said. “We will completely forget our true nature and about You, and we will become completely immersed in whichever form of life you give us.”

“Yes, this is true. But it’s only temporary. And at the same time, it’s important that you play your role with full commitment. If you didn’t forget your true self and me, you wouldn’t be able to participate in life’s drama. This is why I have created maya – the illusion of separation from creation and your true nature.

But when you fulfill your higher purpose and your soul matures and accumulates enough experience, you will start remembering who you truly are, and seek to know yourself and God fully. This will signal that you are ready to detach from maya and return to your true nature and Me. And every single one of you will use your memories from your previous

lives and the lives of others, and we will forever rejoice from the experience of taking part in life's drama, just as we will rejoice from the experience of others whom I will create and send off to earth by the time you return to Me."

"Lord," one of the atmas yelled. "I know your presence is in everything, and you will always be next to us; however, I am scared that I will forget you and feel as though you have left my side, and I will wander through the world's deserts alone."

"Yes, you are destined to experience this as well, my child, but don't be disheartened. There will be many reminders in your life that I exist. I will not leave you. When the road gets tough, just pray for me from the bottom of your heart with full conviction. I will answer your prayers, and my love and grace will help you through the hardships you encounter."

"Father, why must we reincarnate?" another atma asked. "We are happy here with you. Please let us escape this fate."

"I understand your sorrow and pain, my child. But right now, each one of you resembles the other. It's very important that each of you attains individuality, and to do so, you must go through all of the experiences of reincarnation.

Only through the accumulation of life experiences, which will enrich you, can you become different from one another. You will come to understand the nature of good and evil through reincarnation. You will become fully mature god-like entities and not just sparks from My flame."

Then God directed the atmas' attention to his creation, and they looked upon the galaxies, stars, planets, and all the beings, spirits, demons, and angels inhabiting them.

"How quickly these beings live," one of the atmas exclaimed.

"They were barely born, and they already have to die."

"That's what it looks like to you from here, my child. For us, 1,000 years is like one day, but for them, life seems like a very long time."

"How blind and ignorant they are. How much they must suffer!" another atma said.

"Yes, blindness and ignorance are the main conditions of life because if a being were omniscient, it couldn't accept the limitations conviction. Where there is blindness, there is suffering."

The atmas were especially surprised by humans. All other beings, the stars, the planets, plants, spirits, animals, and demons, were completely and fully true to their natures. Only humans didn't align with their natures. Some resembled animals, some demons, and some angels.

"What are these strange creatures?" the atmas asked.

"A human is an advanced being," God answered. "He is like an archangel in his essence, but unlike other creatures, he must evolve to reach this point. He's not born in his final evolutionary state like other creatures. He must discover his true potential, and this is where the difficulties lie. This is the cause of the tragic nature of human life. At the same time, the human being is the most unique creature in the entire universe and can take many forms. It all depends on his upbringing and his self-discipline. If he is born among animals and chooses to live like one, he will remain an animal. If he is born among bad people, he will be a demon. Only through his effort can he become an archangel, and only if he realizes his full divine potential. To achieve this, he must place himself among highly evolved spiritual beings and take the path of constant self-improvement."

Then the atmas saw that one person on earth was surrounded by a crowd. He was yelling, "Brothers! I have realized that I am not this body. I am not this person that everyone thinks they know. I am Allah!"

"Have you lost your mind? Do not speak such blasphemy," the people surrounding him cried angrily.

"I see Allah in everything! He is within each one of us! You are God as well!"

"He is taking the Lord's name in vain," a Mullah said. He was the first one to grab a rock and throw it at him. Others followed his lead and started throwing rocks at the man.

"I love you all," the man cried. "Allah! You will not deceive me! You are everywhere! You are in all the rocks that are being thrown at my body! You created this game, in which I am now being killed by my brothers!

You are in everything, and I am You!"

Completely covered in bruises and bleeding all over, the man breathed his last breath. At that very moment, his atma left his body and started rising up to God.

“My son, you have returned,” God said and embraced him with his wings of love.

“Yes, Father, I have seen the light and have come to understand that I am You. I saw your game and saw You in everything and remembered when You sent me into this world. At that very instant, I came to understand that I am now free from further reincarnations and the chains of materiality, I am returning back to You, and that I am You.

To be continued...

EPILOGUE

When you meet a Great Teacher, your path becomes full of light and joy because the Teacher takes your karma and completes parts of the tasks for you. All you have to do is concentrate on the teacher and receive what he gives. This has to be done regularly and emotionally to constantly feel the Teacher.

You cannot formally perform spiritual practices. You should emotionally prepare for it, or nothing will work, and you will be submerged into even a deeper dream. When you are in the right state of mind you, can begin the Shri Bhakti Guru practice.

All people are deeply connected with each other, and each of us was a friend or relative in our former lives. You had a connection to your Teacher as well, and now it's time to re-awaken it. In the subtle plane, a Teacher has many doubles of his astral body, so he can come to several students at the same time.

To call upon the Teacher, you will repeat the mantra – Namaste Master. Visualize the image of the Teacher in front of you, and you will feel his presence.

Let's begin. Sit or lie down on your back with your head pointing to the north and call upon the Teacher. When you do this, feel your close connection to him. He is the closest and dearest person to you in the world. He is your spiritual family. He looks at you with his kind and loving eyes and wishes you well with every particle of his being. He radiates understanding and compassion. He wants to help you. Slowly move your attention to your heart, concentrating on his positive energy that he wants to pass on to you, and open yourself up towards his love and selflessness in return. Feel your respect for him and other positive feelings. Complete the emotional connection and bathe in these positive emotions and mutual love. The Teacher takes your hand and everything negative: bad karma, negative energy, negative feelings, illnesses, weaknesses, vices, voodoo, and the evil eye. Give them away without holding on to them.

In return, he will fill you with happiness, courage, luck, determination, love for all beings, bliss, health, and wealth. Take it from him.

Now your life will constantly change for the better, and each time you practice, you will notice how your day has changed for the better. The more positive emotions you have, the greater the changes will be. The more you open up to and connect to the Teacher, the greater his help to you will become.

Once your emotional state changes, luck, health, and love will follow. Of course, each of us has his own karma and it can be a difficult one, but sooner or later the Teacher will help you to overcome the difficulties. The most important thing is that your positive emotions grow every day.

At the end of the practice, you need to thank the Teacher and say goodbye with the Ohm Namo Guru mantra.

You can perform this practice at the end of the day when you need the Teacher's help – before you go to sleep, in the morning when you wake up, or during any difficult moment of the day. He will bring you his energy to improve your emotional state. It's great to accompany this practice with pranayama, which will strengthen the power of your emotions. To intensify the practice even more, combine it with the "Time of Tears." You can cry, laugh, and have any emotions because this will strengthen the power of the practice.

It is important to learn to distinguish between the sound of the Teacher's voice and the chatter that comes from your own thoughts and world around you.

Blessings to you and to your spiritual way. Aum!

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