

MYSTERY



An untold story of love



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1. SECRETS OF LOVE

The spring session at the university was safely over, and Ruslan and Arthur, sitting in the small kitchen of Ruslan's apartment, drank cool sodas and chatted relaxedly, discussing new music.

"Hey Rus, what's that song you are listening to?" Arthur asked suddenly, listening to the words with some skepticism. "School, school, thank you'... I don't think you've ever listened to something like that before..."

Ruslan paused, smiled and winked at his friend with a mysterious look:

"I was in one interesting place. Do you remember when I told you about Tantrics?" replied Ruslan.

"Yes, I remember you said you went to some practices and met a girl there... What's her name? Karina, I think?" Arthur got up from his chair and walked across the room, stretching his stiff legs.

"Angela," the boy said with a dreamy smile, "She's really cool, and what we do in class is just cosmos. I've never had that with any girl before..."

Arthur looked at his friend in surprise:

"What do you guys do in your classes? What, like sex?"

Ruslan laughed, seeing this reaction.

"No, not sex," he shook his head. "We are practicing working with sexual energy, in pairs."

"So interesting." Arthur came forward. "So are they... naked or what?"

"No, they've got clothes on," Ruslan replied in a serious tone and, suddenly looking at his friend with a questioning look, proposed: "Do you want to go together? They have class again today."

Arthur thought for a few seconds, assessing the pros and cons.

"Ok, why not," he agreed at last, and Ruslan saw that his friend's eyes lit up with genuine interest.

Cheerfully talking, they walked into the hall where the lecture was about to begin. There were a lot of people, and almost all the seats were

occupied. Having found two free chairs, the guys paid attention to the stage, where a beautiful tall woman came out, smoothly swaying her hips.

Her long hair with golden curls waterfalled down her shoulders. Her bright green long dress swayed with every movement, emphasizing the grace and feminine curves of her body. A silver necklace with a large blue stone glittered around her neck. From wrist to elbow, her arms were adorned with colorful bracelets.

“My name is Lyria,” she said in an energetic, mesmerizing voice. “I am very glad to see you in this hall. Bright souls who seek the True Knowledge have gathered here. I see in your eyes love and aspiration to the Truth.” The woman paused briefly and looked at the guests with warmth. “Many people think that Tantra is exotic sex,” she continued softly, “but it is not. Tantra is the art of living. Although it is believed that we live in an advanced civilization, people even with three degrees do not know the basic things. They don’t know how to eat properly and that’s why they get sick. They do not know anything about the science of breathing and therefore are constantly under stress. They don’t know how to fall asleep properly and study the meanings of dreams. They don’t know how to interact with each other properly and are in conflicts. So, Tantra is the art of living and knowing how to do anything correctly: whether it is business, or prayer, or meditation. To do them not just mechanically, but with awareness. To use any action, even bickering, as a spiritual practice. Tantra, among other things, teaches the proper interaction of the sexes and the use of sex for one’s development.”

Lyria’s voice sounded like an iridescent mountain stream. Listening to her, Arthur was suddenly fascinated by this beautiful woman. He felt something great and at the same time very familiar, as if he had found something that he had been searching for a long time. Ruslan was also listening attentively to Lyria, although he was distracted from time to time looking at the girls sitting in the hall.

“I was taught by the Priests in Khajuraho.” Lyria continued. “There are some Temples in India, whose walls show pictures of intercourse. It proves that in the past sex was treated like a prayer; sexual partners worshiped each other and truly embodied the images of Gods and Goddesses. And lately when barbarians conquered this highly developed civilization, they destroyed many of these Temples. Until now the Priests and founders of Tantra have had to hide to protect themselves from persecution. Tibetan Buddhism still has images depicting Buddha and His tantric part-

ner's Tara intercourse. These images point to the fact that Tantra used to be very common in previous times, though a large part of it has been forgotten nowadays. In India, they still make Shivalinga statues, which represent an erect phallus conjoined with yoni, a female reproductive organ. In our country it would be considered obscene and dirty. But Indians worship it, believing it to be Shiva's phallus in His wife Parvaty's yoni. It demonstrates the fact that relations between sexes used to be seen as a way to God. Not all relations may be this way: if the choice of partners is wrong, if there is no love between them, no harmony, if they cannot control their sexual energy, these relations will lead to the degradation of both, to their destroying of each other. This is why we will study how to make these relations a true way to God. We will learn Tantra as an art, to perform any action in the practice of developing. We will begin by practicing finding our Onome," Lyria looked around at everyone and explained: Onome is a creature of the opposite sex who exists in the subtle world and is the embodiment of the human ideal. To meet your true love in the physical world, you should first establish contact with your Onome from the subtle world."

During Lyria's explanation, Arthur was eagerly catching every word she said. When she asked everyone to stand up, inviting them to practice, Arthur tried to relax and tune in as much as possible to the upcoming practice. Following the ringing and enchanting voice of the woman, he sank deep into himself and remembered the amazingly pure romantic feeling of elation, the sincere delight of the first youthful love. Suddenly the boy felt the presence of someone good, light, beautiful – holy.

The next moment Arthur saw his ideal vividly and felt an emotional connection with it. He began to cry, experiencing a surge of joy, admiration for beauty, tenderness, and kindness. He cried with delight that he had found in himself what he had long sought and did not know where to find. He began to communicate with Onome, and beautiful poems were born in his heart, which he dedicated to her.

Other people around were having similar experiences. Some, like Arthur, wept crystal tears of purification, others had their faces illuminated by a bright inner light, and still others felt emotions so strong that they felt a small shiver run through their bodies. When the practice was over, Lyria instructed the women present to choose a partner who resembled their ideal.



“It is not a man who chooses, but a woman,” she explained. “A man is just seeking ways to satisfy his lust, and picks the easiest available option. A woman looks for a worthy partner to live all her life with. And if she is not in a hurry to get married, and does not care much about a ring and the

other biases of society, then she will be much better at choosing an ideal partner, for she has an inborn sensitivity for this. In our society it is the other way around: women are taught to be passive and wait for the male to choose them, paying attention to only one aspect, whether or not he's already married. So now during this practice women should feel who is suitable for them and choose their soulmate themselves."

The hall was filled with enchanting music, and people began to dance, lining up in two circles, with the women having to look at their partners. Then each of them chose the man who most resembled Onome.

A good-looking girl with silvery hair came up to Arthur.

"I'm Alice," she said and smiled tenderly to the guy.

Arthur introduced himself to her, and they began to do a joint asana ritual, trying to feel the movement of energy between their bodies.

After that they created a common reality, looking at each other with a parallel gaze and caressing each other with etheric hands.

Arthur was enchanted by Alice, and they walked hand in hand out of the building, where the classes were held. He decided to walk her home. On the way he bought flowers for the girl and recited romantic poems that arose in him.

He had never thought that he could fall in love so much during one evening, but Alice awakened in him very light, reverent feelings. He felt his soul waking up and reaching for this girl. He felt a desire to do something nice for Alice, to please her, to express his feelings.

Then Arthur took the money he was saving for an expensive Japanese motorcycle and took Alice shopping, buying her jewelry, gifts, outfits and anything else she wanted. In the evening, the lovers could not part for a long time...



2. A CAMPING TRIP AND A NIGHT OF LOVE

Alice called Arthur early in the morning and said:
“Honey, I’m inviting you to go hiking with Lyria. Will you come or not?”

“Yes, of course, my love!” Arthur exclaimed excitedly, once again experiencing a strong rush of the most reverent feelings towards this fragile girl with silver hair. “I am ready to follow you to the edge of the world!”

After talking to his beloved, Arthur called Ruslan and invited him and his girlfriend Angela to join the hiking trip.

Gathering at a designated spot at the beginning of a mountain trail that could only be traveled on foot or horseback, they waited with several other couples for Lyria. She appeared a few minutes later, fragrant and radiant, wearing a comfortable hiking tunic and loose coral pants. The woman’s golden curly hair was gathered into a high, neat style.

After greeting all present, Lyria began to explain:

“You and I, my dear ones, are going to practice Tantra right now, trying to be conscious in every action. Now we have a long hike on a mountain road. And I give you the task not to be distracted by thoughts and empty conversations, but to contemplate the beauty of the surrounding places. Take this difficult practice responsibly and seriously.”

“Ohhh, nothing could be easier!” Arthur said, turning back to his friends.

Alice shook her head doubtfully, seeing her boyfriend’s arrogance, but said nothing.

And so they set off.

Arthur began to contemplate the nature with enthusiasm; he admired the snow-white mountain peaks in the distance, the mountain river flowing in the gorge below, the clouds floating in the sky, and the rhododendron bushes blooming on either side of the path.

But very soon he forgot himself and was about to start chatting with Alice, but she shushed him, and then he remembered what he wanted to contemplate. He focused again on the scenic views, but in a few minutes

he was back in his thoughts, and if it hadn't been for Lyria's reminders, he might not have remembered that he wanted to observe the surrounding beauty until the end of the hike.

The beauty around them was truly mesmerizing. They climbed up the mountain path through a thicket of boxwood, covered with a shaggy beard of moss. It was truly a fairy-tale forest.



Arthur was surprised at how difficult it was for him to just look around without going into his thoughts. He kept forgetting that he had decided to do so and couldn't think of it without Lyria reminding him.

"So that's why I remember so little of my life! After all, I sleep all the time," a realization dawned on him. "What can I accomplish if I can't even do such a simple task?" He could see from Ruslan's face that he was having the same problem.

By evening they reached a mountain lake of amazing beauty, surrounded on three sides by snow-capped mountain peaks. Its crystal ice-cold water reflected the tall fir trees growing along its shores.

From one of the slopes, a bubbling waterfall fell into the lake in the distance, and right next to the travelers, a swift mountain stream rushed noisily down the rocks from the lake.

After a few moments of contemplating the surrounding natural splendor, Lyria turned to the group again:

“Now we will set up camp as consciously as you were before,” she said. “Talk to each other only for business. You are to pitch your tents, gather firewood, draw water from the spring. And while you are doing this, observe your body movements, thoughts and emotions. Don’t lose your awareness. And to help you, I will sometimes say ‘Stop!’ Then you will need to freeze in place and not move for a while. This will help you remember the task at hand.”

Everyone readily began to settle in, trying not to fall asleep in their thoughts. When they heard the ‘Stop!’ command they froze, and their gazes immediately became clearer, more focused. Arthur froze too, keeping the same expression on his face, the direction of his gaze, his posture, feeling his breath. He was suddenly surprised to find that he had lived all his life without remembering himself, without seeing or realizing that he was doing everything completely mechanically, like a robot, without being aware of his thoughts and movements.

In the evening, when it was dark, they all sat around a cozy crackling fire. Lyria explained briefly how to eat properly.

Silently, after the prayer, they began to eat, savoring the taste of the food and chewing it thoroughly. Arthur realized that even though he considered himself a cultured man, he ate like an animal: indiscriminately shoving hot dogs and fast food into his body, undermining his health, and not understanding what he was doing and how he was eating.

After dinner, the guys and girls started singing songs and telling interesting stories.

One guy – a shaman, whose name was Yarilo – sang an unusual cheerful song, which Arthur liked very much:

*Here you were born on Earth, the whole world welcomed you,
And even the early morning sun dissolved the clouds.
You’ve looked at the world, but you don’t understand a damn thing.
Why the big crowd all gathered around you
They watched, smiled, and dissolved in ecstasy,
Drinking, eating, picking, singing, arguing, scolding,
How to name their creation, so that you’d learn in the institution,
So that you would have for sure a happy destiny.
So you’d develop slowly,
And obey your mommy and daddy
So you don’t do anything stupid
So you don’t swear or curse.*

*So you would study well and give way to elders,
So you would die in the factory and follow in your parents' footsteps.
And now I live on Earth, I'm an adult now.
And if the truth be told, I see only cripples.
Everywhere I see a dull, stupid look on the background of gray cities,
And I realize now that we've been made slaves!
I'm tired of shooting and choking in the factory,
I quit drinking, smoking, lying around,
I started doing yoga. I started doing yoga –
I started to develop spiritually. I started to develop spiritually –
I'm all right now!
Money began to appear,
A lot of girls fell in love with me.
But I didn't get seduced
I didn't get carried away by the world's vanity,
I left everything to my friends, brothers, sisters and enemies.
I didn't want to waste the time and went to the Ashram.
I'm evolving even more,
I'm practicing shamanism,
I'm communicating with the Higher Power,
I'm dedicating to Tantra yoga,
I'm getting into astrology,
To derail the destructive effects
Of the punishing planets.
And the other day, we were sitting around, Having fun and enjoying ourselves,
Meditating on the blazing fire.
But the fire suddenly dissolved, and out of it came to us
The Great Northern Shaman.
Come you all to the ashram,
To purify your soul there,
To gain power,
To develop superpowers.
To not be a dumb sheep in the gray social herd,
To renounce the programs you've been brainwashed into!*

When the shaman finished his song, everyone applauded in a single, heart-felt burst. In spite of the jocular humor of the song, there was a simple but profound meaning in the words, which Arthur had only recently discovered.

And then suddenly someone pointed up into the sky, and, looking up, everyone froze in amazement. Right above their heads, a real UFO was moving across the dark sky. The flying saucer stopped, hovered above them, and a few seconds later, it swerved and veered sharply to the left, moving away from its previous trajectory.

While everyone was recovering, Alice told an amazing story about how she had been abducted by aliens when she was a child, after which she began to see auras of people and objects.

A mystical, mysterious atmosphere was created around the campfire. Garlands of stars dotted the sky. Fireflies flew around, cicadas crackled, and a warm, fresh wind blew. The big round moon looked majestically at the people, illuminating the space with a mysterious cold light. After admiring this splendor, Arthur and Alice went to their tent to sleep.

Catching Arthur's concerned look, Alice told him with a smile:

"Darling, today you and I are going to practice Maitkhuna. But don't be in a hurry, because sex should also be a spiritual practice." Arthur looked at his beloved with tenderness and awe, feeling the passion inside, as a powerful flow of sexual energy was coming from the girl. But this passion was not like what he had felt before with other girls. It was backed up by a deep feeling – he felt his soul reaching out to Alice, he felt that everything would be different with this girl – every minute with her was filled with meaning.

Arthur knew that he would remember this night for the rest of his life...

Alice woke up in the morning and didn't find Arthur near her, and she came out of the tent. The sun had not yet risen from the horizon, and there was a thick, milky-white mist in the lowlands surrounded by the mountain slopes.

She found Arthur sitting on the bank in a very depressed state. He had his face in his knees and his hands were clasped around his head.

The girl came over and, dropping down on the grass, gently touched the boy's shoulder:

"Honey, are you feeling bad?" she asked softly.

The boy raised his head and looked at his beloved with unspeakable pain. Their gazes met, and Alice could almost physically feel his regret, his anger at himself, and his guilt.

"I've spoilt everything. Forgive me, my love, if you can," Arthur said quietly, and then lowered his head again. "I shouldn't have... I couldn't control myself, I lost my head and allowed such a stupid drain of sexual energy."

Alice hugged her lover's shoulders.

"Don't worry so much, honey," she said softly, comforting him. "Yes, you had an orgasm, and as a tantrik you shouldn't have let it happen, but you are just beginning to learn Tantra. It takes practice to learn to control your sexual energy."

"So you are not angry with me for what happened?" Arthur asked, raising his eyes to the girl again.

She smiled gently.

"Of course not, sweetheart," she said, running her fingers through his hair. "It's hard enough to do it right the first time, but we'll do the ritual of Maitkhuna again when you're ready and can control your energy better."

Arthur smiled back, and in his gaze his admiration for this girl, tenderness, and sincere reverent love shone with renewed vigor.

"And what did you feel after the orgasm?" Alice asked suddenly.

Arthur thought for a while, staring at the milky-white shroud of mist that enveloped the lake surface.

"Emptiness and weakness," he said at last. "It was a very strong drain of energy. I even felt for a moment that my feelings for you were dulled... there was so much indifference, so much apathy. It was unpleasant, and I just wanted to turn away and fall asleep..."

"I understood your feelings, my love," Alice said. "That's why we learn to manage our sexual energy, to restrain ourselves and control its flows... The main thing is that you should draw the necessary conclusions from this experience."

Arthur looked at the girl with adoration:

"You know, I suddenly realized that all my feelings, emotions, experiences are based on unrealized sexual energy, and without it they are immediately dulled and there is only indifference and pain in the lower abdomen from de-energization..."

"That's a very valuable conclusion," Alice nodded again. "So, you didn't live yesterday's experience in vain..."

Alice nodded at the misty surface of the pond.

“Would you like to go for a swim?” she suggested. “The cold water of this lake at the Place of Power would help to cheer up and cleanse yourself of negative impressions.”

The boy got up from the ground, threw off his clothes and slowly entered the scalding cold water.

He was floating in the fog, in a peculiar state. It seemed to him that right now he was in some unearthly mystical space. When he came out of the water, he felt energized and invigorated. A wave of goosebumps ran through his body.

The harsh aftertaste left by Maitkhuna’s unsuccessful practice was completely gone.

When he came ashore, Alice was still waiting for him on the shore.

“Hush, look,” she whispered to him, pointing with her palm towards the mountains.

Arthur looked in that direction and was stunned: the outline of someone’s huge face was clearly visible in the fog.

“What is that?!” he blurted out.

“It’s the Spirit of the land – Ayami,” Alice explained in a whisper.



They prayerfully folded their hands in reverence, greeting her, and then the image began to slowly dissolve into the air.

Arthur felt better than ever. He began to realize how hard it was to live in the city and that nature brought him closer to God.



3. FLY AGARIC MUSHROOMS AND TV

Returning home in a sublime state, Arthur sat down to watch TV as a habit, then went to the Internet and caught himself watching entertainment videos uncontrollably. And again, as after the first visit to the tantric class, after two hours of sitting in front of the screen he felt that the sublime emotions were leaving. Instead of subtle experiences, the same old meaningless state arose in him.

“So why are TV and the Internet so effective?” he wondered. “What’s the matter? Perhaps it is better not to watch TV or go on the Internet at all, if it deprives me of the sublime states I have found after the hike, Tantra, and contact with Alice.”

The doorbell rang, and Arthur headed out into the corridor, going over in his head who it could be. Ruslan stood on the doorstep.

“I’ve brought something,” he said, pulling a liter jar full of mushrooms with dotted red caps from behind his back with a solemn look. “Look!”

“What are these?” Arthur was surprised when he saw the fly agaric. “Are you out of your mind? Why did you bring them to me?”

“You don’t know anything,” Ruslan began to explain. “These are not poisonous mushrooms, as people think of them. They are guides to the subtle plane. In ancient times they were taken by the magi, and they are still eaten by shamans. Try them and you’ll see for yourself. But the main thing is not to eat them just like that, otherwise you will see nothing but hallucinations. Tune in to something you want to know, to see, and fly agaric will reveal it to you.”

Arthur looked at his friend skeptically at first, but seeing his seriousness and determination, he decided to give it a try.

The friends began to eat the mushrooms carefully, but first Arthur tried to tune into the subtle plane and understand why he was so influenced by the television, which was just working on the pedestal, showing another series.

Soon Arthur felt that everything in front of him swam, became somehow transparent, unreal. He stared at the screen of the working TV and

saw his energy flowing there as he watched. Through his eyes it was going somewhere into the screen, and from the screen an endless stream of numbers and letters was coming at him.



He decided to figure out what it was, and suddenly he heard a voice giving him directions, “You can’t live without TV! You want to be like

everyone else! You are easily influenced by everything! You don't have the strength to resist! You don't have an opinion! You do what you are told!"

Unable to bear it all any longer, Arthur made an attempt to smash the zombie TV, but his body did not obey him, and he simply turned away, so as not to see this stream of stupefying compulsion.

And then he began to have various visions, and in one of them he saw a huge fly agaric that was smiling at him. Then worms began to crawl out of it. They gnawed on the mushroom until it completely disintegrated into small pieces.

When Arthur came to his senses after the visions, he felt sick and vomited. After that, he saw his friend Ruslan sitting on the sofa with a green face and fear in his eyes. As it turned out, he had a nightmare.

Ruslan saw himself as a sick old man, and how he died and lived in the grave as a corpse.

Arthur shared his vision, and Ruslan agreed that he too had experienced similar things after watching TV.



Coming to the university the next day for an organizational meeting, the friends went to the assembly hall, where several streams of students, teachers and even the rector had already gathered. When they saw that the podium was free, Arthur climbed onto the stage, took the microphone and emotionally addressed the people:

"Friends, I want to warn you: don't watch TV! It is a zombie machine! It takes away your energy and transmits to you the attitudes of the authorities, who want to keep you in line, so that you do not think and are will-less sheep, dancing to their tune. I don't know what they do, maybe they use the twenty-fifth frame, but we are constantly being drugged from the screen."

"Give me the microphone and get off the stage at once!" The rector immediately attacked Arthur, shifting his eyebrows angrily. "You'd better study hard for the session! What do you know, you C student!?"

"What are you talking about?!" Arthur parried fearlessly and with a clear challenge in full view of the entire hall. "I get dumb after every session because of your cramming. You clog our brains with useless, not applicable in life 'knowledge.' What you can read in a reference book or look up in an internet search engine, there's no need to cram. It's dulling. It would be better to teach us to think creatively, to develop logic, to solve riddles. But you think thinking is dangerous. Don't you?!"

"Get him out of here!" The rector shouted, addressing the guards.

Two sturdy men in uniforms marked "security" immediately went to Arthur and, climbing onto the stage, began to drag him off. In the meantime, there was a general clamor, noise and applause in the hall.

"Well done! That's right! That's it!" students shouted from their seats.

With a general clamor, Arthur was led out of the hall, and Ruslan followed him to support his friend. When they found themselves in the spacious hall of the university, Ruslan slapped Arthur on the shoulder in a friendly manner.

"Way to go, man! Well done!" he said, expressing his approval of his friend's brave act. "By the way, I was thinking: we have a rap festival coming up in the city. Do you want me to arrange for you to perform there before the concert?"

"Wow, you can do that?" Arthur was amazed.

"I know one of the organizers," Ruslan replied with a smile. "I'll talk to him about it, I think he won't mind."

On the appointed day, Arthur came to Alice's house and invited her to the rap festival.

"I'll be performing there. Ruslan has already arranged it. He's waiting for us."



They took a cab and drove to the place, but at the crossroads something terrible happened – a truck crashed into them at full speed. Arthur saw with his side vision how the huge truck flew straight at their car, and

felt fear first of all for Alice, who was sitting next to him. He rushed to her to protect her, to shield her from the impact with his body, but it was too late.

The last thing Arthur felt was an attack of sharp burning pain. Then there was tinnitus and a sensation of being pulled into a tunnel.

He found himself hovering above the intersection. He could see the crumpled car and his mangled body lying next to it – it had flown through the windshield during the car crash. He saw three men nearby and immediately realized that they were the ones responsible for the accident.

He knew their thoughts. These people worked in the secret service and were just now calling to report to their superiors. Arthur wanted to know who was behind all this, so he was instantly transported to a scientific laboratory.

There were many different devices in the room, and in the very center of the room there was a tube with a socket extending to the end. He realized that it was a psychotronic generator. A man was sitting in front of the tube and speaking the settings that Arthur had already heard when he ate the mushroom. A general was standing next to it, talking on the phone to the bastards who had caused the accident.

“Where am I?” Arthur thought, and to him came the knowledge that this is a closed research institute, from where the zombie influence is transmitted to all TV channels, the Internet and cellular communication.

At that moment the guy felt as if he was being sucked into some tunnel again, and he woke up in the intensive care unit.

Arthur recovered quickly. He had a severe concussion and head injury. As soon as he recovered enough to be able to walk, he immediately ran away from the ward and started looking for Alice, despite the severe dizziness and nausea.

Ruslan met him and told him that things were bad: Alice had been trapped in the car and it had taken a long time to get her out. Her spine was damaged and her legs were paralyzed.

Having more or less returned to normal, Arthur felt that now he simply had no right to stop fighting, that he had to open people's eyes to what the authorities were doing to them, how they were being zombified and indoctrinated with slave programs using a psychotronic generator. Then he went to the university again and, going into one classroom, where

there were two hundred students, began to tell them about his experience of clinical death and what he had seen. But no sooner had he finished his story than security guards and orderlies rushed into the auditorium. They grabbed Arthur, put him in a straitjacket and took him to a mental hospital.

Lyria came to Alice when she heard of her grief. Alice, who was sitting in a wheelchair, burst into tears when she saw her. Lyria hugged her.

“Don’t be upset, dear,” she said.

“Why is this happening to me? I must have bad karma and have been a terrible sinner in my past life,” Alice said tearfully.

“No, my dear. Difficult situations are not a sign of bad karma. After all, God created us as we are. He created the world as it is. And if someone sins, then it’s God’s fault too.”

“Maybe it is the Devil who has created such severe sufferings for me?”

“Yes, the Devil creates them,” Lyria confirmed. “But he does not act on his own, but does only what God permits. If the Devil were acting on his own, then God would not be omnipotent and omniscient if He had so carelessly created Satan. But God allows suffering so that we may reflect on life, learn to see things correctly, and become wiser. Because if there were no Evil, we would always stay in a careless, meaningless state, not even thinking about the meaning of life, not striving to change ourselves and develop.”

“What should I realize?” Alice asked, continuing to sob.

“Each lesson is deep and multifaceted,” Lyria replied in a calm, soothing voice. “I can’t explain it in two words. But think about it: you suffer from comparison. You compare your present self with your former self, yourself with others. If you were born disabled and everyone around you was the same, you wouldn’t have to worry about it. Let go of comparisons. Live in the here and now. And you also suffer, like any healthy person who is doing well, from thinking about yourself, worrying about yourself. Try to think about others – what good you can do for them, how you can help them. Right now I want to publish a magazine about Tantra and spirituality and things like that. You can be a journalist, an editor, work at the computer – you will help a lot of people to develop.”

Alice raised her red, tear-stained eyes to Lyria and, smearing tears down her cheeks, spoke in a shaky voice:

"I'm afraid that Arthur will not love me any more now. No one will want me."

"It could have happened even when you were healthy. We are not immune to trouble and misfortune. But if you can rightly accept this hard lesson from God, maybe your situation will change."

"How?! How can it change now?" through sobs, Alice asked.

"Calm down, my dear," Lyria hugged her. "God works in mysterious ways. But we will all help you in any way we can. And you'd better think not about suffering and possible blows of fate, but about how you can help people, how you will love them and the whole world more and more every day. Then there will be fewer bad situations, believe me. Here, take this flash drive," Lyria held out a small silver thing to Alice, "there is spiritual music recorded here that will help you in this difficult moment. Try to turn your suffering into compassion for people."

After Lyria left, Alice opened the flash drive in her laptop and began listening to a concert of spiritual chants. The song, "God will not give us burdens beyond our strength," was especially helpful:

*God will not let you carry burdens beyond your strength.
When things are hard, say a prayer.
All bad things will be replaced by good things,
Strive to merge your soul with God
Ask Him in humility and hope
And don't grumble at the burden of your trials.
All your troubles will go away and you'll live as before,
When your heart and soul are united
All things are for the best, you must remember.
And in trials you'll grow in spirit.
You'll easily enter the world of goodness,
If you understand the lesson correctly.
Pray, ask not to be relieved,
Ask for the ability to understand
Ask for the ability to accept the Teachings,
To comprehend it with your soul and pass it on to others!*

Tears of purification flowed down Alice's cheeks, a light elevated state appeared, in which it became easier for her to accept her situation and tune in to love and help people.



4. ZOMBIE PROGRAMS

When Ruslan found out that Arthur had been released from the mental hospital, he went to visit him. His mother opened the door and led him into the room, where Arthur sat staring at the TV like a mesmerized man.

"What's the matter with you, friend?" Ruslan was surprised to find him doing that.

"I'm fine," Arthur repeated mechanically, like a zombie, without taking his eyes off the screen. "I was sick, now I'm better..."

"Hey buddy, you said it was a hell of a pipe, didn't you? Do you remember your speech at the university?!"

"Me?" Arthur replied apathetically. "I don't remember anything like that."

Then Ruslan realized that the mental hospital had done a good job on Arthur and made him a real zombie.

"Let's go to a place," he said to his friend. "I know people who can help you."

"Well, let's go," Arthur answered indifferently, as if he didn't care where he was going or what he was going to do.

They came to the hall of the Cultural Center, where a lecture was going on. It was led by a dark-haired middle-aged woman with a graceful figure, swarthy skin, and deep brown eyes. Her name was Naya.

"A person is entirely made up of suggestion and imitation, one has almost nothing of one's own, everything is reciprocated," Naya explained from the stage, addressing the audience. "Only bright individuals and thinking people have something of their own. The rest of us live by what is imposed on them. Imagine if you were born in the jungle in the wild tribe of Mumba-Yumba. Would you be the way you are now?"

There was a buzz in the hall, many of the lecture participants shook their heads negatively in response to the lecturer's question.

"Why not?" Naya asked again and, after a short pause, continued: "Because the culture there is different, and you would have the patterns of

imitation and indoctrination that existed in that tribe. Any imitation becomes a habit, and the adult human being is made up entirely of such automatisms. Here, say, smoking – everyone knows that it is harmful, but imitating they start smoking. And those who do not smoke, maybe they were simply under the compulsion of strict parents who forbade them to do it.”

“And how can we get rid of these programs of society?” asked a thin, intelligent-looking man with a short beard sitting in the front row.

“To get rid of all these compulsions and imitations that control a person like a puppet, through the media, fashion, various advertisements, the example of people around you, you must learn to observe yourself and see all the mental processes taking place. Then they will lose their power over you,” Naya answered confidently and, having looked around the audience with an attentive eye, continued: “They control you when you do not notice them and are identified with them. Psychology has sophisticated suggestion systems like Neuro Linguistic Programming (NLP). But usually a person’s entire worldview is formed in childhood from the most primitive compulsions on the basis of which a person perceives the world.”

“So our worldview is also a kind of habit?” the girl with the neat glasses asked, raising her hand tentatively. “Like smoking?”

“That’s right,” Naya confirmed. “There are many bad habits in a human being that are worse than even smoking – these are negative emotions, such as resentment, jealousy, anger, fears. Although a person realizes that they are bad, one learns them from early childhood, imitating adults and their peers – children like themselves. And then it poisons the life of this person and their loved ones. Collective negative emotions create wars, revolutions, terror, pogroms and other crimes. The most powerful of the methods of suggestion is hypnosis. It can change a person’s whole personality, remove complexes, habits, mental illnesses, and reveal super-powers.”

“Are you going to teach us how to stand up to all this?” the audience asked again.

Naya smiled softly and nodded:

“Yes. We will learn how to protect ourselves from all unnecessary compulsions, and we will also learn the Gyud method and how to be in a harmonious, correct state.”

At the end of the lecture, Ruslan approached Naya and explained the situation with Arthur, who was standing behind Ruslan’s back in a sense-

less indifferent state. Naya called him over and laid him on a couch on the stage, and in front of the entire audience began to conduct a Gyud session.

“Arthur, you hear my voice and you relax,” the woman began to say, and her voice changed – it became deeper, more magnetic, attractive. “You hear my voice and you fall asleep... You hear my voice and your body becomes hard as stone.”

Naya continued to speak, moving her hands over Arthur, her vibrating, cosmic voice were filling the entire space.

“That’s it,” she finally announced, and turned to her assistants, two short Asian guys standing at the side of the stage. “Now take him and put him between the two chairs.”

The assistants lifted Arthur from the couch and carried him to the chairs. They placed his head on one chair and his feet on the other. You could see that his body was as strong as a board.

“Sit on him,” she said to Ruslan.

He looked at Naya doubtfully, but when he saw the calmness and confidence in her eyes, he sat hesitantly on Arthur’s stomach. It didn’t even bend.

“He can hold up to two tons of weight now,” Naya said, watching the scene, and turned to the assistants again: “Now put him back on the couch.”

When Arthur was carried back, Naya came closer and spoke to him in a deep, hypnotic voice:

“Arthur, can you hear me? Stand up... You are now the singer of a Chinese opera, sing to us in Chinese.”

The boy rose from his seat and, to the amazement of those present, sang in a well-pitched voice in Chinese.

“Okay, Li?” Naya turned to the Chinese assistant. “Ask him something in Chinese.”

The short Chinese man, Li, eagerly approached Arthur and asked him a couple of questions in Chinese. He immediately answered them in Chinese.

“Now, Arthur, go to the nearest past. What happened to you in the mental hospital?”

“They gave me an injection and I fell asleep,” Arthur began to tell. “When I woke up, there was a man in a suit standing over me, with doctors standing next to him. He began to hypnotize me. He told me that I

really like watching TV, that I don't remember what they did when I was in a state of clinical death, that I don't remember what I said from the stage to people."

"Good. Now you remember everything well again, and your previous thinking and state comes back to you. I'm going to count to ten, and you're coming out of your altered state of consciousness."

When Naya said, "Ten," and the boy came to his senses, Ruslan saw his friend Arthur, whom he had always known, standing in front of him, not the indifferent zombie he had been before the session.

At first he was a little confused, but he quickly oriented himself and began to thank Ruslan and Naya, who had removed the zombie compulsions from him.

"Can everyone become a hypnotherapist?" he asked the woman.

"Anyone can become a hypnotherapist," Naya replied, "but not everyone can be hypnotized. There are ten percent of people who are very hypnotizable, ten percent of people who are weakly hypnotizable, and eighty percent of people who are moderately hypnotizable, who only after many sessions can enter a deep state in which hidden abilities are awakened."

Arthur told Naya about Alice's situation, what he had seen during the clinical death, and asked for her help.

"I can't help you, but I know someone who can – it's Prajna. She lives far away from civilization – in a cave high up in the mountains."

Naya explained the way to the friends, and they began to pack for the journey.

After Arthur's departure to Prajna, Lyria visited Alice again. She was sitting in a wheelchair and listening to divine chants in a blissful state. Seeing Lyria, she turned off the music and greeted her warmly.

"Well, how are you, my dear?" asked Lyria, handing her a bouquet of meadow flowers.

"I feel better," said Alice, "these Divine Chants are helping me a lot. My soul is floating in grace. And as long as I listen to them, I am happy, and my situation recedes far away. I even began to think that it is not accidental, but sent to me to make me closer to God. I do not understand: why is there so much evil in the world? Why don't all people want to abide in grace and love? Where does so much evil and hatred come from, if God is love?"

“The thing is, my dear,” said Lyria, embracing Alice, “when Divine love is narrowed, limited by the ignorant ego, all kinds of negative emotions arise from it, and from them all Evil.”

“How?” Alice did not understand, looked questioningly at the guest.

“You love yourself, you love Arthur, and your love is narrowed by that, confined to you and your lover,” Lyria began to explain. “And you become afraid for yourself, for your relationship, jealous, resentful if you think he’s looking at someone else, paying less attention to you. But this fear, this jealousy still arises from love. It is the same love, but narrowed, closed on one person or a group of people. When you love someone or something so much, you have greed for this person or object, envy that someone has more, that someone gets more attention. But this is also a manifestation of the same Divine love. And if we open it without limiting it to an object or a person, it will shine with grace again. So-called “positive” emotions, such as pride, arrogance, conceit, smugness, gloating, arise from the opposition of self and others, one’s own and others. But these emotions can quickly turn negative, into anger, hatred, if the other person tramples on your pride. But pride, too, is nothing but Divine love, closed on yourself or what you consider to be yours. You should try to remove this painful fixation, this limitation, this ego, and then all negative emotions will turn into God’s love. If you feel negativity, think what lies and identifications are limiting divine love and making you suffer, and remove them to abide in grace.”

“Thank you,” Alice said with sincere gratitude, “you help my soul so much, without you I would still be sobbing inconsolably over what happened. But now I feel that God is with me!”



5. SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS

Arthur and Ruslan's off-road vehicles traveled along a broken mountain road. Even when the bad road ended, they drove off-road, crossing and wading through streams, removing debris and sawing trees blocking the way, and winching their way out of deep mud.

In this way they reached the river, whose bed had overflowed because of the rains, and the river overflowed its banks. The flow of water was so powerful that it washed away a cow that wanted to cross the road. The friends had to spend a few days sleeping on the shore to wait out the bad weather and continue their journey again.

The journey was very difficult and challenging, but the friends did not lose heart and finally reached the place Naya had told them about.

They wandered for a long time in search of the entrance to the cave of the wise Prajna, but could not find it. At the end of their search they walked along a mountain path, then descended into a canyon with very high walls of up to a hundred meters, which gradually narrowed until it became a dark gorge.

"Do you think this is the place?" Ruslan asked his friend doubtfully.

"I think it is," Arthur replied, pointing to the surroundings. "There's the lake, and into it falls the waterfall of three streams, just as Naya described. But where is the cave?"

"Oh, look, Arthur!" Ruslan suddenly exclaimed and pointed upwards with his palm. "Do you see bats? They live in caves, so it is where they fly."

The friends climbed up to a rock ledge and found a grotto there.

As they walked along it, they saw a silhouette at the back of the cave. They shined the flashlight on a woman in white robes with long hair, sitting in the lotus position on a haystack. Opposite her, in a recess in the wall, was a small portrait and a lighted candle. Long stalactites hung from the vaults of the cave. Stalagmites in the form of rounded pillars rose from the floor to meet them. Bats hung from the ceiling with their heads hanging down and their webbed wings folded.

The woman did not move and the friends decided to wait for her to come out of meditation.

It was Prajna. After an hour she opened her eyes and, noticing the guests, greeted them kindly.



Arthur described the whole situation to her in detail and asked for help. Prajna listened attentively to the guest and spoke:

“Yes, you are close to solving this mystery. The fact is that the Earth is ruled by a small group of black magicians – they are also called the Devil’s servants. And they operate through the secret services. And different presidents and ministers are just pawns in their hands. Today they act through mass media, and earlier they acted through religions. As people fanatically believed in the ministers of cults, they put their priests in charge, and they perverted the essence of religions, turning them into formal rituals, saying that one should just go to church on Sundays, put candles, read prayers in the evenings, and it is enough for spiritual development. They removed from religion the most important things that allow the development of the human soul. This perversion led to the emergence of jihad, crusades, inquisition, destruction of dissenters. But still there are people who keep the True Knowledge. I see that you are Light souls and it is possible for you to reach the True Understanding.”

After listening to Prajna’s explanation, the friends drew her attention to a small portrait standing in a corner of the cave.

“Who is that?” Ruslan asked the woman, pointing to the portrait.

“This is my Master,” she replied. “When you are ready, He will appear to you. In the meantime, prepare for the retreat, the great practice of Pratyahara, which will reveal your hidden powers. The fact is that the flow of information that acts on our senses prevents us from revealing clairvoyance and other abilities. When a person is in a dark cave in the Place of Power and fasts for forty days, they have no external impressions, and hidden sensitivity and telepathy begin to awaken in them, the third eye opens. Due to fasting the subtle channels are cleansed and a person feels energy and their subtle body better and can even learn to leave the physical body.”

After listening to Prajna’s instructions, the friends left the cave with the woman and went towards a beautiful mountain lake, into which a gushing waterfall flowed from a high cliff. All around stood gigantic liana-covered trees. Birds swirled and sang in the blue cloudless sky.

The travelers sat down on the bank on three flat stones, and Prajna continued her explanation:

“In the cave, the subtle plane will be revealed to you. But whatever you see, remain calm and detached. The lower spirits want to frighten, seduce, excite a person with their images and then feed on this person’s energy – so they can even drive this person crazy. Therefore, one must maintain a detached contemplation. But if images and emotions seize

you, then it will be necessary to make a kata of a ray strike from the Sam-po system. Now contemplate the lake. Visualize something pleasant, joyful,” Prajna taught. “Feel the state of your body, feel your aura.”

Arthur began to breathe deeply and calmly, contemplating the surrounding beauty. His body relaxed and his spine straightened. He felt light rays of energy flowing from his body in all directions.

“Now remember this state,” Prajna said again, “and to reproduce it easily, make an anchor: put your index finger and thumb together and chant, ‘OM,’ linking this state mentally with the anchor.”

Arthur and Ruslan did all this, and their faces lit up with a bright inner light.

“Now imagine something unpleasant that is troubling you,” Prajna said in a deep, vibrating voice.

Arthur remembered the conflict with the rector and the bitter truth about the actions of the secret services, and an unpleasant feeling arose in his chest: his body tensed, his breathing became constricted, and an unpleasant clot of energy appeared in his aura as if in front of his chest.

“Now it is necessary to push this state out of you,” said Prajna, “this hostile twist of energy. Take a breath and on the exhalation sharply strike mentally at this state, at the negative energy in your aura, shouting: ‘HA!’ Do this several times, visualizing an energy beam coming from the body and destroying the hostile phantom of the Evil Spirit, negative sans-contact.”

Arthur exhaled with a sharp “HA!” His body contracted and gave a volitional energy impulse that knocked that negative field out of him. He repeated this several times, aiming the blow where he felt discomfort until his state was free.

“And now,” said Prajna, “make your anchor and enter a harmonious state.”

The friends folded their fingers and chanted “OM” and entered a harmonious state of peace.

“That way, if something happens, you now know what to do. But try not to be affected by anything by cultivating detachment.”

Then Prajna showed them a ritual of mudras by which they were to raise Kundalini and open the chakras to enter the subtle plane while being in Pratyahara.

Prajna showed special breathing and physical exercises, explained how to do purges during fasting, how to meditate, and escorted the friends to two caves where they were to have a retreat practicing Pratyahara.

For the first few days Arthur felt the wild pangs of hunger, and old thoughts beset him.

But then the hunger passed, he felt peace and lightness, and a subtle plane began to open in front of him. Arthur began to see monsters that flew past him. Visions of ancient cities and beautiful dancing hetaras appeared before his eyes. He tried to remain calm and not get involved in these visions.

Soon he couldn't tell if he was sleeping or dreaming: "Could this be reality?"

He saw bizarre spirits of the dead floating around him, outlandish buildings and temples, ancient rituals of priests. He realized he could tune in and see what he wanted. Then he tuned in to Alice and saw her, crying, sitting in her room in her wheelchair. He saw his family, as if they were right next to him and distance didn't exist.

And then Arthur tuned in and saw the Black Magicians ruling the world. Gathered together, they were plotting to zombify people, to create more misery and suffering in the world.



“We’ve already started incurable diseases, AIDS,” the oldest magician with knotty fingers and a hooked nose said in a creaky voice. “We need to invent new diseases that kill people. Allocate funds for our research institute to create new viruses. Keep an eye on this gathering.”

Hearing these instructions from the chief magician, Arthur returned to the cave. His practice continued, and one day his whole cave was illuminated by a shimmering light – a glowing ball of light flew into it.

The light softly condensed and the very man he had seen in Prajna’s portrait materialized in front of Arthur.

“Are you Bhagavan?” Arthur asked.

“Yes,” replied the guest. “You have already learned clairvoyance, but you do not know what you should try to see. All earthly knowledge is nothing before the most important thing: the vision of God, and He is not somewhere – He is in you, in your heart. And the way to Him is love. When it reaches a great intensity in you, God will awaken in you. Now feel love for the whole world.”

Arthur tuned in and faint rays of love began to flow from his heart.

“Now I will intensify this feeling of God’s awakening in you with my energy so that you know what to strive for,” Bhagavan said.

He touched Arthur’s chest with His fingers and he felt a great all-embracing love. And then the Divine awakened in him. He himself, the walls of the cave, Bhagavan – everything around him was God, from atoms to galaxies. A sense of sacred awe overwhelmed him.

He fell on his knees in prayer to the Creator, unable to express his delight and understanding.

But Bhagavan withdrew His finger, and Arthur’s previous state of mind returned.

“God is love. He who abides in love abides in God,” He said majestically and vanished into a radiant blob of Light.

Then the faint light of a candle flickered in the cave and Arthur heard Prajna’s voice.

“Enough, my son, it is time to come out of the cave. But for now, get used to the candlelight so you don’t get blinded by the light of the sun.”

After leaving the cave, Arthur met Ruslan, and the friends shared their impressions. It turned out that Ruslan had also had an amazing experience: he had seen the insides of his body, the stuff the cave was made of. He left his body and floated under the vaults of the cave, and then traveled through the subtle plane.



Ruslan also saw Bhagavan and experienced the highest degrees of God's grace, becoming the God Himself for a moment.

However, after the friends came out of the retreat, a flood of external impressions fell upon them, and gradually their abilities began to disappear. And when they came out of the hunger strike and went on a normal diet, all the subtle states disappeared altogether.

“You have a long way to go to make what you have experienced your own,” Prajna told them. “But I will wait for you again. Now go back to your homeland and pass on your knowledge to others.”

In parting, Prajna taught them the practices that would help cure Alice and gave them instructions to pass on to the people.

Enriched by the new spiritual experience, the friends set out on their journey back.



6. CIRCLE HEALING PRAYER

When he arrived home, without even changing his clothes, Arthur rushed to Alice.

“My love, I know how to help you!” he exclaimed.

Alice immediately cried with joy at seeing Arthur again.

“Don’t reassure me,” she told him. “If you stay with me, I don’t need anything else. I accept this test from God.”

He knelt down and kissed her feet.

“We are going to be alright! Know this!”

Then Alice showed him how she makes a journal to communicate ideas that are important to people.

“Write an article,” Arthur asked her, “that you will create an eco-settlement in the Place of Power, where we will protect ourselves and our children from the corrosive influence of the Dark Ones through television. And we will live, improving spiritually, creating a space of love around us, realizing God.”

He told his beloved all that he had experienced in the cave and what he had learned from Prajna. Alice was glad for him and happy that he was with her again.

The next day Arthur and Ruslan gathered all the people they knew from Lyria and Naya’s group, as well as other people who were not indifferent to spirituality, in one of the halls of the Cultural Center. Arthur went on stage and told people about his journey. Ruslan occasionally added to his story.

“Prajna told me an amazing method of realizing any desire, any good intention. She said that together a group of like-minded people is a great power. And if you unite the energy of the people of the group in one aspiration, you can solve any problem. The main thing is to tune in together to one goal and to wish very strongly that it will be realized, praying to God. And if it will be sincere, from the heart, with faith and strong emotions, the common energy of the group will create a phantom that will realize their intention.”

Arthur put people in a circle and showed them how to hold hands. He told them the story of Alice, showed her photo and asked them to tune in to help her.



They began to cultivate a common intention by repeating the healing mantra “Dadjita” given by Prajna.

For an entire hour they prayed and tuned in with tears in their eyes. And, oh a miracle! At that very time, Alice felt a powerful wave of energy pass through her body. She felt the heat and vibration, and then she began to feel her legs.

After the Circle Healing Prayer, Arthur rushed to Alice without even saying goodbye to the group, but when he saw her in her wheelchair, he was stunned.

“How come?!” he exclaimed in anger. “Did the ritual not work, and you’ll be crippled forever?”

Arthur wept with despair and hopelessness.

“No, that’s not so, calm down, honey,” Alice said with a smile. “I sat there, and suddenly I felt a wave go down my spine, and I could feel my legs, and I could even wiggle my toes.”

Arthur rushed to her feet and began kissing her feet.

"We're gonna do another ritual, and it's gonna help you! It will!" Arthur kept saying.

The next day he and Ruslan began to gather the people again, telling them what a wonderful effect their first group prayer had had. However, not everyone wanted to come again; some were disappointed and told him:

"Well, it doesn't mean anything, it's not like she's back on her feet. We knew it wouldn't help, we didn't want to waste time on it. But most of us decided to get together."

This time Alice wanted to attend the ritual herself.

Ruslan gave them a ride in his car. Arthur lifted Alice in his arms and they entered the hall, with Ruslan behind them carrying her stroller. The girl was seated in the center of the circle, and the people in the group began to perform a ritual, praying and repeating the healing mantra "Dadjita," directing their energy to Alice and bringing down the Divine flow.

Suddenly, in the middle of the ritual, Alice stood up from her chair. The people present gasped. Arthur immediately ran up and grabbed her hand happily:

"My love, have you recovered? Can you walk now?"

"No, not yet," she answered with a smile. "I can still feel weakness in my legs, but I felt again as if an electric shock went through my spine and legs. And I realized that I could stand up."

Here she leaned on Arthur's arm and sat back in her chair.

"Thank you, people, for helping me," Alice said warmly. "I am grateful for this difficult situation, for it has opened my eyes to life. And this was the smallest payment for the great revelation I received. I used to consider myself a spiritual person, but secretly, even afraid to admit it to myself, I was more attached to my partner, to my career, to my well-being. And then I saw that I could lose it all in a moment, that it did not belong to me, that God gives it all, and everything depends on Him. And I realized that this situation arose because I had put other things above God. I didn't give serious importance to my development. I was looking for happiness outside of myself. But that was self-deception. And now, in this situation, I began to pray, to cultivate sublime emotions and love for everything with the help of holy chants. And I felt great grace and happiness in my heart. And now no one can take this state away from me, for it depends only on my attunement to the Highest. And even after the death of

the physical body this jewel will remain with me in the postmortem. And I urge you, my dear ones, to see by my example the impermanence, the fragility of everything in this world. Gather the treasure in your heart, the jewel is in the union of your soul with God.”

People listened to Alice in fascination, and Arthur looked at his beloved with awe and admiration, prayerfully folding his hands. As she spoke, a spiritual Light flowed from her, illuminating the souls of all the people present.

Tears were streaming down the faces of many of them and their souls were illuminated with the True understanding of life.

Arthur and Ruslan gathered people several more times for this spiritual practice, and finally Alice began to walk. There was no limit to the joy of her friends and gratitude to God. And the whole group was happy that they were able to help Alice in her grief.



7. EXALTATION

“Darling,” Alice said to Arthur one day. “I found out that Lyria and the guys are going to the countryside. I’d like to go too, because I’m already walking.”

“My precious, will you be able to reach the place? To get there, you may have to walk a couple of kilometers on the trail, and you should take care for now.”

“Yes, I feel like I will,” Alice replied with a gentle smile. “I want to be in nature so badly.”

“All right,” Arthur agreed. “Ruslan and I will support you on both sides, and if anything happens, I’ll carry you. I’m so glad you’re getting better, my love.”

And so they set off. Alice was as happy as a child as she walked along the path, surrounded by fragrant flowers and snow-capped mountains in the distance.

“Honey, I can walk again, I can see this beauty!” she exclaimed. “I am so happy, and I thought I was going to spend my life in a wheelchair in a room and see nature only in pictures. Yes, the healing “Dadjita” mantra and the Circle Healing Prayer work wonders.”

They came to a clearing where all of Lyria’s students were sitting around a fire. When they saw Alice and her friends, they jumped up and greeted them with shouts of joy. Many of them rushed over and hugged Alice.

“We’re so glad you’re doing well,” Lyria said.

“I want to tell you something important,” Alice said as everyone settled around the fire. “When I was sitting in the wheelchair, I began to feel that I was not my sick body. I felt that I was placed in it like in a spacesuit, very heavy and uncomfortable. In the dream I was in a different body, it was healthy, and I was walking and dancing quite freely. But when I woke up in the morning, I felt imprisoned again, not even because my legs were not obeying me and I could not walk, but because the physical body was not as light and comfortable as the dream body.”

Alice paused and glanced at those present, who were listening to her with bated breath.

“I realized that we are slaves of the physical body and have to live its life,” the girl continued, “to depend on it all the time, to spend all our strength to serve it, to look for food, shelter, clothes, medicine and many other things. And if, God forbid, it catches a cold or simply gets a headache, then the soul cannot think, feel, perceive the world, experience positive emotions, enjoy life as before because of its ill-health. We are dependent on the state of this body; because of it we live in this hard world, where we have to get food, eat other creatures, fight for the survival of this body. And this identification with the body and its needs makes people greedy for food, clothing, shelter, transportation. For this body, people have to fight each other for these resources for its life and well-being. To fight, to hate each other, to envy if someone has more, to take offense because of it. To experience fear that they may lose something belonging to the body. That’s where all Evil comes from, everything. And I ask you, do not identify with the bodily things, live the aspirations of your soul. Although, of course, you should make sure that the body is healthy. Do the katas of the Sampo system, which will help you to be healthy, because only a healthy body allows our soul to live and develop harmoniously.”

When Alice finished speaking, there was hearty applause.

“I am glad, my dear,” said Lyria, “that you have passed this lesson of God with such dignity, that you have learned so many Truths from it. That must be why God has brought you back to health so quickly. Let us all pray together and thank Him for this miracle.”

With hands folded in awe, the people deepened in heartfelt prayer, praising the Creator.

Afterwards, sitting around the campfire, people started having fun, telling anecdotes and interesting stories.

Arthur especially remembered an anecdote told by Victor, a lean, wiry man with long hair gathered in a ponytail on the top of his head: “The husband is lying on the sofa watching TV, and his wife says to him: ‘Our daughter smokes, drinks, doesn’t sleep at home, and recently they found a syringe with drugs on her.’ ‘It’s no big deal,’ the husband replies calmly, waving away as if nothing is going on. A month later, the husband again lies on the couch, and the wife again tells him: ‘Our daughter does not smoke, does not drink, sleeps at home, reads some prayers.’ ‘Oh, so she’s

in a cult, we must save her!’ the husband said and jumped up from the couch.”

When Victor finished his anecdote, a ringing laughter sounded around the fire. And then Ruslan picked up his guitar and sang a song of his own composition:

*How happy is he who has met someone in his life
The one who will always lead the way.
He whom God has marked with a special gift.
Who carries the Truth, who carries the Truth!
Master, reveal the Truth,
Master, be a light to me
Master, reveal the Truth!
And through the hardships of transformation
He always leads to freedom.
Through misunderstandings and doubts,
Through misunderstandings and doubts,
Always onward,
Only forward!*

Everyone liked the cheerful song very much, and again the people applauded appreciatively. When the applause died down, Arthur took the floor.

“I have been meditating and observing myself for a long time, and this song was born out of it,” he said, taking the guitar from Ruslan’s hands. He began to sing, and everyone listened to him with interest and attention.

*You live in a beautiful world,
With your mind dulled by dreams
All in an illusory shell
Walking on the edge of the abyss
Blissful in a dream of madness
In somnambulistic hypnosis.
You think you’re sane
With a drug in a lethal dose
You carelessly kill time
You quietly indulge in death.*

The sacred seed of spirituality
The devils have long ago eaten away at you.

And again the space around the campfire was filled with sounds of applause and approving words. And after the songs everyone got up and went swimming in the beautiful mountain lake. Alice went into the water with tears.

"I already thought I would never swim again," she admitted to Lyria and began to kiss the water.

"God loves you, He will not leave you in trouble," replied Lyria.

Joyful and happy, splashing like a child, she went ashore. Arthur met her with a large bouquet of mountain flowers.

"Here, this is for you, my love," he said and held out the bouquet to her.

She took it gently and, admiring the flowers, inhaled their enchanting fragrance. Then, full of happiness and delight, she threw herself on Arthur's neck and began to kiss him tenderly.

The evening before sunset, Lyria suggested:

"Let us meditate on the sunset. Sit down and purify your True Self from identification with the mind, body and emotions. Look at them from the outside, study how the being in which you live is organized."

The setting sun colored the clouds in fanciful pinks, oranges, reds, and yellows. The light slowly changed shades of color as it descended to the ground. And the clouds, floating across the sky, changed their marvelous patterns.

It was truly a fairy-tale magic picture: weightless puffy clouds above and small cumulus clouds below, like shaggy cotton candy clouds. And somewhere small clouds floated by. The rays of the setting sun, passing through the edges of the clouds, formed a shimmering web of light. The darkness was already coming from the East, from which the first shining stars looked at the people.

A lovely iridescent melody played, further enhancing the meditative mood.

In this miraculous moment, it was as if Arthur had a gap between him and some observer he could not define, realizing that this was the true him, and he had always been only him, not his receptacle in the form of a physical body.

“How strange,” he silently thought, or rather, felt. “What kind of a man is this that I live in? I don’t like him very much. I wouldn’t want to live in him. He is so stupid, willful, weak, all made up of habits and complexes. Why do I live in it? Can I change him? But he doesn’t want to, he’ll resist. And how can I change him? After all, if I fall asleep again and consider myself this person, it will be impossible to change. I will forget about this desire and will live the contradictory desires of this stranger, thinking that it is me. I’m fed up with him. Why should I live his life instead of my own life of pure spirit? Everything about this stranger is so mechanical, he is so rigid, a puppet of external influences, a somnambulist. There is nothing genuine, nothing real about him. God, it’s horrible to live in this corpse I thought I was! God, there are people like that all around me. They don’t know who they really are. I’m living among puppets, zombies! How scary it is...”

Arthur stood up and looked around. People had finished meditating and were going about their business, preparing for sleep. He walked around them in exaltation, seeing that everyone around him was asleep, completely fused with alien shells, dreaming alien thoughts, reacting mechanically, taking offense, laughing. It seemed to him that he had entered an enchanted realm.

Ruslan tried to speak to him:

“What’s the matter with you, buddy?”

He turned around, but found it difficult to answer his friend. Then Lyria, seeing Arthur’s condition, pulled Ruslan back:

“Don’t disturb him yet. He had found himself, reality had revealed itself to him.”

Looking at Lyria, Arthur saw that she was in the same state as he was, only she had apparently gotten the hang of it and could act in it as if nothing much was going on. She was not sleeping like everyone else, so she understood what was happening to him.

“Be in this state as much as possible,” she said to him.

The men gradually went to bed, and Arthur sat down by Alice’s tent and gazed at the distant stars until he fell asleep. In the morning he woke up in his usual state and found that Alice had carefully covered him with a plaid. She sat beside him and watched over his sleep. Arthur smiled at her.

“I’m sorry, love,” he said, taking her hand. “I couldn’t come to you last night and go to bed. I had an insight.”

“I know, don’t worry, sweetheart,” Alice said affectionately. “Lyria told me that you had reached awakening, but you were not yet accustomed to it and were in exaltation. I was in the tent, but I was awake, worried about you and whether you were cold. And when I heard that you fell asleep, I covered you and I was sitting here, waiting for you to wake up. It’s dawn. Are you going to have breakfast?”

“I love you so much,” Arthur said, pulling her to him and hugging her to him, kissing her softly on the lips. She hugged him too, touching his hair with her hand. After the kiss, they looked at each other for a long time with loving eyes.

“I’ve lost that state since this morning,” Arthur said, “I’m having trouble even remembering what it was like.”

“Don’t worry, darling. This is the first glimpse. Gradually you’ll reach it forever, Lyria told me.”



8. A UNION FOR ALL ETERNITY

Arthur and Alice decided to get married and live together. But they didn't want to have an ordinary wedding with drunken relatives and other common things. They decided to undergo an ancient pagan ritual that would cement their union on a subtle level. When they learned that Mira could perform such a ritual, they went to her, but before that they attended one of Naya's classes, inviting their close friends from the School.

When they entered the hall where Naya was teaching, they saw that the students were performing some skits, like in a theater. Some were playing a family quarrel, others a businessman making a contract, and others a salesman and cranky customers.

"What's going on?" Arthur asked Nai with some surprise.

"It is an ancient spiritual practice of the Sampo system, based on the art of sansa control," the woman began to explain. "According to the teachings of Sampo, before doing something difficult, a person should play it out in the sans-theater. Do you remember how ancient people before hunting killed an animal drawn on the sand? With this they created a road in the subtle plane to their goal, that is, in the language of shamans, they sharpened the road in the body of Sur. And so it is here: practicing the situation in the performance, they learn how to play a role in life as effectively as possible, they look at what they lack. And, above all, they pay attention to the change of energy, for each role has its own energy. A leader needs to have more power than someone who is being led. And one must know how to create this power. As it is said: 'A lion among sheep, a sheep among lions.' The one who is energetically stronger becomes a leader."

"Is it bad to be a wingman?" Alice asked, listening carefully to Naya's explanation.

"Not at all. An apprentice, a subordinate, and any intelligent woman," Naya smiled enigmatically and looked at Alice, "must learn to be led, if she is with a worthy man. Or to pretend that she is a wingwoman, control-

ling with the help of cunning. This is another principle of the Sampo system, and we study it in our theater too.”

“It’s very interesting,” Alice responded enthusiastically, keeping her eyes fixed on Tutor.

“There are two of you now,” Naya continued, “and that means that your common energy is polarized into Yin-Yang. But it doesn’t mean that you, Alice, should always be Yin: if Arthur feels bad and needs your help, you will have to become Yang. And when you have a child, you will polarize into Sattva, Rajas and Tamas; that is, someone will be intelligent, someone will be active, and someone will be passive. When your child outwits you, they will be Sattva, i.e. intelligent, in this situation.”

“What if we have two children?” Arthur asked with a smile, casting a loving glance at Alice.

“Then you would polarize into the four elements. No matter how many people there are in a team, they polarize into opposites that complement each other. And you have to be able to adjust your energy to take the right role and harmonize the situation in the team.”

“How interesting!” Alice marveled, anticipating the upcoming lesson.

“We will learn from you,” Arthur added eagerly, and they joined in the practice of sans-theater.

Soon after Naya’s classes Arthur and Alice met Mira, a tall, russet-haired young woman with a tanned face, dressed in a light white dress down to her ankles, which was tied at the waist with a wide belt with fringe and embroidered patterns.

“Now we must get ready for the ritual. There is such an ancient megalith,” Mira said in a sonorous voice, “it is a stone in which two seats are hollowed out. Lovers sit on them and greet the dawn. And when the sun appears from behind the mountain and illuminates them with its radiance, a blessing descends upon them. The union of such people will be unusually successful and happy. In general, it is very important to meet the first rays of the sun and moon when it rises at night. It is the same when you greet a friend and they transfer their energy to you. That’s why the ancients always greeted the sun in the morning. But now people either sleep at dawn, or they are greeted by the zombie TV, irradiating them with negativity in the morning. That is why humans, having so much, have lost happiness.”



Before dawn, Arthur, Alice and their friends, as well as Naya, rode on horseback to the Place of Power. The newlyweds were dressed in the robes of ancient priests, as were their attendants. They rode through a beautiful oak forest until they came upon a huge, mossy, dark green stone. The travelers approached it in awe-struck silence, feeling some powerful and mysterious force emanating from it. They walked around it three times, bowing to it.

“This megalith,” Mira began to explain, “is the same age as the dolmens. The priests used to perform their great mysteries on it, and now it will help you.”

Arthur and Alice sat down on the seats of the stone and immediately felt the power of this place. The lovers plunged into some ancient un-earthly state, as if they had been transported to millennia ago, and before them, like a fog, floated the events of those old years, and they heard the noise and voices of people who lived in those times.

But now everything was silent. Mira performed the ritual, and Arthur and Alice, holding hands, waited for the sun.

When the first morning rays appeared from behind the mountain, the newlyweds raised their free hands in greeting, stretching them for-

ward and slightly upward, palms downward. They chanted the mantra "HURAY MANGALAM." And then the rays of the sun descended on the young ones. At the same moment they felt a powerful burst of energy, felt that they had become one being created from particles of shimmering light.

The people around them were surprised to notice the figure-eights of Light revolving around them. The descent of the Power was so powerful that the minds of all present fell into silence. But after a few minutes they came to their senses and began to cheer, congratulating the nuptials.

On the central part of the stone where the altar had been placed, the illuminated gifts were laid, and during the festivities around the fire each one took their gift and presented it to Alice and Arthur with good wishes. Unlike an ordinary wedding, no one was drunk – everyone was in an elevated and solemn state of mind.

"You see," said Mira, "people can have fun without vodka as joyfully as children do. Only a false personality with its roles prevents them from being free, makes them afraid of each other. One should be in one's own essence, not be a slave to the roles imposed by a sick society."

"Yes, friends, I feel so light and happy," Alice said with a bright smile. "I didn't want to get married, thinking about a drunken wedding that made me sick. I thought, why on such a solemn day should everyone lose their human form, explaining to themselves that they couldn't have fun without it? Is it really necessary to become an animal to celebrate?"

"That's right," said Arthur, "because we're creating a program, a plan for all our life. And what kind of a program is that if all the guests are drunk and out of control, fighting, lying on top of each other, and then everyone is vomiting? That's why people in marriage have become so unhappy, that's why the number of divorces is growing."

At the feast everyone ate light, specially prepared raw food. Only Ruslan didn't touch the food at all.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" Arthur asked.

"I'm preparing to die," he replied seriously.

"How to die?!" Arthur was frightened for his friend. "Oh, really?! You're kidding, right?"

"Yes, to die," Ruslan confirmed without a smile, "I wanted to take you with me, but you're getting married."

"Why die? Why?" people around them began to ask when they heard the talk of the two friends.

“You know,” Ruslan began to explain, “there are dolmens nearby. They were special tombs where every initiate went through the ritual of dying, that is, separating themselves from everything alien, imposed by society and upbringing. This ancient ritual helps to find your essence and yourself outside of all these lies that were imposed on me, that I am Russian, son, grandson, brother, brother-in-law, match-maker, student, friend, enemy... – all these are just my roles, not myself. I lost myself among these roles and external impressions, images, advertising, movies, books, other people’s views, habits, reactions.”

“Interesting,” said Arthur and added, looking at his friend carefully: “I want to go with you too.”

But then he looked back at Alice, who was standing nearby, and said:

“But perhaps next time.”

Ruslan nodded understandingly.

“Why don’t you eat?” Arthur asked again.

“I’ve been fasting for about forty days now, to cleanse myself before the practice, otherwise it won’t be deep enough. So I invite you on a wedding trip,” Ruslan’s lips finally touched a mischievous smile. “You can walk me to the dolmen.”

The friends began to prepare themselves, eager to see the dolmen and what Ruslan would do there.

Naya, who had suggested this spiritual practice to him, also went with them.

“I’ll be on duty at the dolmen while Ruslan is dying, to meet him from the other side of the world,” Naya joked.

They got into the jeep and drove along a picturesque mountain road.

When they reached the river, they started to cross it, but the stream was too turbulent and literally knocked them off their feet. They had to take sticks and lean on the bottom of the river to hold on under the rushing water. After crossing the river, the friends began to climb uphill.

Ruslan was weakened from hunger, and every now and then he stopped to rest. There were mighty, moss-covered trees, shrubs blooming, birds flying in the sky chirping.

They reached a huge oak tree. Standing around it and taking their hands, the friends could not put their arms around it. Nearby lay two more such giants.

And now on the top of the mountain the travelers saw several dolmens, and in the distance they could see the snow-covered peaks of the mountains.

“This is the Place of Power,” Naya said solemnly, stretching her arms out to the sides and breathing in the fresh, invigorating air. “This is where the ancient priests conducted their rituals. Gurdjieff had been here once, when he was traveling from Maikop to Tiflis.”



The place radiated wonderful power and peace. Ruslan received Naya’s last instructions, said goodbye to his friends and went inside the dolmen. He was given some hay to make a bed for himself. A stone plug, found nearby, was inserted into the hole and all the cracks were covered with earth to keep the light out. Ruslan lay down, relaxed and felt a special energy coming from the ground. He began to tune in to death and read the Atlantean prayer:

*I'm born here in the prison of the body,
I'm entangled in the web of desire,
I'm bound by the lies of men,
I cry out to You, O Heaven!*

*My thoughts are the breath of a fish,
The sound of a cat's footsteps are my accomplishments.
You are the Light that cannot be seen by the blind,
I'm made for suffering,
I'm here fitted for slavery,
I'm the abode of fruitless dreams,
I cry out to You, O Eternity!
My life is like a dream
My life is as if I were insane,
My life of intoxication lasts.
How do I come to You, O God?!
My purpose is like the roots of a mountain,
My meaning is like the saliva of a bird,
Thou art the voice of Truth that the deaf cannot hear.
You are the Bliss for which there is no heart.
How shall I know You, Great One?
Give me sight to see You,
Give me ears to hear You,
Give me a heart for grace,
That I may become like Thee.
Give me help to break the bonds,
Give me strength to serve You, God,
Give me death to disappear
To dissolve in You, One!*

It is not known how much time passed, but at one moment Ruslan clearly sensed that he was not alone here. Gradually the room began to light up with a dim glow, and he noticed that there were some dwarfs sitting in the four corners.

"Who are you?" Ruslan asked, a little frightened.

"We are the priests of the dolmens. We were the ones who built them thousands of years ago and performed our rituals in them," they answered in a chorus with bizarre voices.

"Why are you still alive so long?" Ruslan marveled.

"Our bodies are long dead, and you are lying on our bones," was the answer.

"But we are here in thin bodies."

"And what did you come here for?" the boy asked again.



“We have come to help you, for you have repeated our prayer, which the Atlanteans gave us. If you understand its meaning, the Truth will be revealed to you.”

Ruslan was just about to ask something when the dwarf put his finger to his mouth and spoke softly:

“Now you will see the ancient ritual of Sampo. It will help you to separate your essence from your personality. It will help you to make your personality begin to die, and you – to resurrect.”

The dwarf waved his hand, and he and Ruslan found themselves outside the dolmen on top of the mountain. It was undoubtedly the same mountain, but everything was different. The dolmens were new, there were more of them, the trees along the edges of the clearing were growing differently, and the time of year was different: autumn, the leaves were all yellow, and many of them had fallen off.

“What is it?” Ruslan asked curiously.

“We’ve been transported back thousands of years, when our civilization lived here,” the dwarf explained readily.

Then twelve more masked dwarves appeared in the clearing, and another sat on a dais and watched the others. At first the dwarfs lined up in a triangle, and then they danced a bizarre ancient dance, spinning around each other and exchanging masks to the unusual music.

Ruslan managed to see the mask of a vulture, a deer, a dog, a fox, a lion, a rooster, a jackal, a pig, a goat, a fish, a horse, and a crow, which were all different colors.

“What does this mean?” he asked his guide.

“These are your twelve major roles you play in life. They are all within you. But when you find yourself in a certain group, in a certain situation, you play one of them and, unfortunately, you can’t help but play it. Every situation, every collective evokes one of the roles in you, and other people in that collective play opposite roles. But you do all this unconsciously, like puppets, and you are slaves to these roles. Cosmic influences control society, which controls the collective, and the collective forces the individual to play the desired role.”

“How do you get free of it?” Ruslan asked.

“Do you see the priest sitting there, watching everything?” The dwarf pointed to the figure of a sage clad in a long robe. “You must learn to observe your roles, so that you will be outside of them. You are such an observer, but you have forgotten it.”

Ruslan was silent, pondering over his companion’s words, while the dwarfs again stood in a triangle in a clear order.

“What does this triangle mean?” decided to clarify the guy.

“These are the three main forces: active, passive and neutralizing. It is their combination that creates these twelve archetypes, roles,” explained the priest. “Any role depends on the ratio of your energy to the energy of the collective.”

Ruslan wanted to ask something else, but the priest put his finger to his lips.

“Shh... That knowledge will come to you later, but for now it’s time to die.”

He waved his hand, and Ruslan found himself back on the straw bedding inside the dolmen. He could not tell whether he was asleep or awake, whether he was alive or dead. Thoughts and images that he had thought were his own were rushing around him. But now he saw where each thought, each image, each impression, reaction, habit had come from. All this had once come to him from the outside: from parents, friends, educators, from books, from the TV screen. Often the first impressions became the basis for evaluating the subsequent ones. He considered the oldest and most often repeated ones to be himself, but it was not so.

“Who am I?” he began to wonder, but felt only emptiness inside him.

"Where am I? Where am I?" he questioned. But he was nowhere to be found.

"I don't exist," he realized.

"I'm dead! I don't exist!" He shouted loudly and immediately came out of this state. His body was still lying on the hay in the darkness of the dolmen.

"Let me out of here!" he shouted fearfully, crawling in the darkness, looking for a way out. "I want to get out! I want to get out!" he was thrashing about.

But at last Ruslan found the stone plug and pushed it out. Blinding daylight immediately hit him in the eyes. He looked around and saw the familiar clearing, the tent, Naya, but it was all alien, unreal. He crawled out of his confinement and crawled on all fours across the grass.

"What are you doing?" Naya called out to him.

He looked at her in surprise, as if seeing her for the first time.

"I don't know," he mumbled as he continued doing something.

"Let's go to the tent," Naya said patiently, helping Ruslan up off the ground and examining him. "Look at you: you've got gray hair."

She took the guy by the hand, took him like a child to the tent and laid him on the sleeping bag, covering him with a woolen blanket.

"Soon you'll remember everything, and everything will be alright," she lulled him as if he were an innocent child. Ruslan relaxed, lay down and fell into a deep infant's sleep.

When Ruslan woke up in the morning, he couldn't come to his senses for a long time. Naya suggested that he come out of his fast, but he didn't feel like eating. He was lost and did not know how to live.

"Who am I?" he asked Naya. "I realized that nothing is mine, that everything is taken from somewhere else: thoughts, feelings, habits. How to live now? And why? Who will live?" he asked. "It turns out that this alien thing lives in me. Or I live in other people's things. Where am I?" he wondered.

"You didn't notice the most important thing," Naya said softly, "who was looking at these alien thoughts, suggestive reactions, borrowed habits?"

Ruslan thought deeply.

"If you hadn't been there, no one would have seen it."

“Yes...” Ruslan was surprised. “So who am I? The one who sees it?” he said thoughtfully.

“What about it? You’re just a seeing witness of it all,” Naya confirmed. “Try to be in that state more often, when you see and understand everything. Now, let’s go for a walk, you need to get moving to regain your senses.”

They went down to the river, and Naya nodded in the direction of the water and suggested:

“Do you see a nice waterhole? Watch how the river swirls the water in it. It’s not deep here, swim. Swirl around in the current, it will help you come to your senses.”

Ruslan began to swim with pleasure, spinning in the whirlpool as if in a merry-go-round, and began to rejoice like a child. And then he lay on the shore and looked at the snow-white clouds floating across the sky, looking like huge shaggy animals.

There was an ancient box tree growing around him, all wrapped in a clean beard of green moss.

Suddenly there was the rumble of an engine on the other bank, and then there were long signals. Ruslan looked up and saw that it was Arthur and Alice coming in a jeep to get them.

“We have to go,” Naya said with a bright smile, and they went up the mountain to get their tent and things.



9. CONCEPTION

“I can’t conceive a child,” Alice complained to Mira, “it’s already the second miscarriage, I don’t know what to do.”

“Don’t worry, my dear, it means that the time has not come yet, you don’t need to hurry with it,” answered the Tutor. “After all, the main thing is not just to give birth, but to attract a great soul for incarnation, and this requires a special combination of stars. God tells you with this situation that you have to prepare yourself to attract such a soul, that is why you cannot conceive yet. But I have good news for you: soon Prajna will do a great ritual and you can take part in it. She will do it in a special Place of Power, where an ancient temple is still preserved. But the way there is difficult. I’ve already arranged it, and they’ll give us quadricycles and buggies to test drive.”

“Oh, thank you!” Alice rejoiced. “I am so anxious to see her, for she has lifted me up, and Arthur has told me so much about this woman!”

At the appointed time, the caravan of ATVs and buggies set off. Mira, Naya, Lyria, and their best students were in it. Every available space was filled with equipment, backpacks, tents, and gasoline canisters.

When the arduous journey to the Place of Power came to an end, the companions came to a clearing where Prajna was waiting for them. They threw off their backpacks and clothes and happily washed themselves in the waters of the waterfall, collected firewood and made a fire. Then they, nourished with food and herbal tea, listened attentively to Prajna:

“This is an unusual time, the summer solstice,” she said. “The most powerful rituals have always been performed at this time. Just now the cosmic influence of the sun on the Earth is intensifying, and a new program is being set, which we can contribute to by performing rituals.”

Mira told Prajna about Alice’s problem of conceiving.

“Yes, Solstice Day is perfect for that!” The woman nodded, touching the large yellow-red stone on her pendant. “And today before the solstice,

in the evening, we will conduct a ritual of sacrifice to get rid of all unnecessary, negative, bad habits. And tomorrow morning – for the attraction of the great soul, for conception. Tomorrow's ritual is a ritual to attract any desires."

Prajna explained how to prepare for the rituals, and the people, seated in a clearing, began to bake together the bread to be offered as a sacrifice during the ritual.

In the evening, when it began to become dusk, everyone went to the sanctuary. A fire was burning around it in a special trough, as if separating the sanctuary from the world of people by a wall of flame, the fiery river Smorodina.

But at one place the fire was not burning – there was a bridge of calamus, which represented the entrance to the world of the gods.

After reciting the incantation, the people followed Prajna into the sanctuary beyond the wall of fire. There were three ancient idols and an altar in front of them, where fire was also burning.

Having performed the ritual of sacrifice, people felt relief, having parted with their negativity, diseases, vices and bad habits, surrendering them to the sacred fire together with a sacrifice in the form of recently baked bread.

The next day people began to prepare for a new ritual to attract wishes from the morning and also baked bread together.

When Arthur had a good moment, he asked Prajna:

"Why do we celebrate Ivan Kupala on the twenty-second of June and not on the seventh of July, as the Christians do?"

"The fact is," explained Prajna, "it is the Solstice Day, and the priests have even forgotten about it, because they reject astrology. And since they did not take into account that there are not exactly three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, but a few hours more, they accumulated two weeks of time difference, and all the holidays of Orthodoxy were also shifted by two weeks. Catholics were a little more aware, and they have no such displacement. They celebrate both Ivan Kupala and Christmas more correctly, although they do not take into account that there are small shifts in dates and celebrate always on the twenty-second. And the solstice always comes differently – in the interval from the twenty-first to the twenty-third day. Therefore it is necessary to check all dates with astrological indications, and not blindly follow the calendar."

Arthur nodded, thanking Prajna for her detailed account.

When the preparations were complete, the spiritual disciples, led by the Tutor, went to the sanctuary again.

There were three idols standing just like the first time. In the center was Rod, the main God who gave birth to the whole world. His body was divided into three parts, three worlds: Pravi, Yavi and Navi. Pravi – the worlds of the Gods or the worlds of the Future, Yavi – the Earth world or the world of the Present and Navi – the world of the Ancestors or the world of the Past.

The very body of Rod formed a square, symbolizing the four sides of the world, the four elements that made up the entire creation.

To the right of Rod was the idol of Svarog, and to the left – the idol of Lada – the Gods of harmony, who maintain order in these worlds.

In front of Rod there was a sacrificial stone, and a little farther – Kra-da (fire pit) for burning the sacrifice.

People stopped in front of the idols and began to pass the bread around the circle, making a wish. At the same time they thought about what they would sacrifice to fulfill this wish: someone wanted to sacrifice his own laziness, someone was going to give money for a children's center, someone decided to do spiritual practices for an hour every day. One could wish for anything that would help to live and develop better in this world.

Then the bread was placed on the altar, and Prajna recited an incantation over it and offered it to Rod. The same was done with a cup of kvass. Then, after sprinkling the kvass on the bread, Prajna put it on the fire, and the bread was quickly taken up, releasing puffs of smoke to the sky. Alice looked up at the smoke and saw in it the face of her future child. She was overjoyed and greeted him, folding her hands in a gesture of prayer. In the evening, she and Arthur secluded themselves in a hut on the sacred place to conceive a child.

“Now we will have the future savior of mankind, the great messiah,” said Prajna, smiling happily.



10. SECRET

Once during a spiritual conversation Arthur asked one of the Tutors of the School, Diana:

“I saw the movie ‘Secret.’ It says that one wish is enough to make a goal come true, and there are a lot of examples. But it doesn’t work with me? For example, we saved Alice not just by one thought, but by doing the Circle Healing Prayer many times, as Prajna taught us.”

“In the movie ‘Secret’ there is only one idea, one slice,” the Tutor began to explain readily. “Yes, sometimes, if a person’s thought is strong, and a person has good aspects, that is, at the moment the stars favor such a person and the environment does not interfere, then there are cases when a wish is fulfilled. But often a person’s thought is not strong enough, one cannot keep their attention on it for a long time; one has opposite desires, sometimes unconsciously. And that is why a ritual is needed to strengthen and concentrate the wish. And if it is done by a whole group of people, and several times, then success is guaranteed. However, we must also take into account the influence of the planets. It is not for nothing that in the past all rituals were done at a strictly defined time, which was calculated by astrologers: on the full moon, say, on the solstice, equinox and so on. That’s why the Circle Healing Prayer is much more effective than the method described in the ‘Secret,’ although the method itself is similar in some respects. The ‘Secret’ also lacks the understanding that success requires strong emotions and connection to the Higher Power, God, egregor. In general, this ‘Secret,’ as well as everything modern, is another one-sided narrowed view – only a part of the real great method, which was given out as another panacea for all troubles. Besides, one should remember the Law of Volume.”

“What is that?” Ruslan asked with interest, who, like Arthur, was listening attentively to Tutor’s explanations.

“It means,” Naya answered, joining the conversation, “that each person has his or her own God-given amount of well-being. Let’s say God gave a person an average income. But they were not satisfied with it, stole

money and started to live richly. But the volume of well-being remained the same, and wealth displaced their health. The person became sick or lost the joy of life, the ability to enjoy, ‘earned’ potency. Or, say, a man



stole a beautiful wife from a friend, and then his career went into turmoil – he was demoted or his business partners were framed, he suffered losses, someone close to him died. In general, there is still a balance: if something is added somewhere, it is taken away elsewhere. Of course, there are people who are given a lot from birth: billionaires, say, stars – and it is normal for them. But they should sacrifice, help people, if they have been given a lot. Otherwise, first their spirituality will be taken away from them, and then other misfortunes will start. That is why many spiritual people renounced wealth and all worldly things. That is why they treated what they had with detachment, without attachment, in order to purify their volume of well-being to receive spiritual gifts. It is not for nothing that Christ said to those who asked Him how to reach the Kingdom of Heaven: ‘Leave everything and follow me,’ ‘Give everything to the poor.’ But in the world there are some very stupid people who do not even think about spiritual development: they fill their volume with empty dreams, envy, resentment and because of this they cannot receive what they were given from birth.”

“What should they do?” Alice asked. “How to fix the situation?”

“They need to sacrifice all this junk, and then their lives will be filled with happiness,” Naya answered, and a bright smile touched her lips.



11. THE MILLION-DOLLAR CASE

Once Arthur and Ruslan came to Diana's house.

"You know," Ruslan began, "we have a million-dollar case for you."

"Really?" Diana was surprised. "What kind of business is it?"

"Prajna has given us a secret compound for all diseases, including cancer, AIDS, and hepatitis C. But we need a million dollars to mass-produce this medicine," Ruslan blurted out.

"Yes, I know that recipe, too," Diana smiled softly, looking at Ruslan as if he were a child making his first timid steps. "I myself and many people have already been cured by it. But official medicine and the dark structures behind it won't allow it."

"Why not?" Arthur was surprised, joining the conversation.

"The thing is, you'd have to shut down the entire pharmaceutical industry and most hospitals, and it's a huge profit to profit from people's illnesses and suffering. And the dark ones are hungry for suffering, they feed on it. They do not need a healthy generation."

"What should we do then?" Ruslan asked in confusion.

"Well, first of all, you shouldn't call it a medicine, but you can release it under the guise of food supplements," Diana advised expertly. "And you should also talk about curing all diseases in a veiled way. Spread it more through your friends, relatives and acquaintances – by word of mouth between friends. And secondly, I don't understand why you need so much money – a million dollars?"

"Well, of course," Ruslan began to explain, "for an office in the center, two or three hundred thousand. The same for a store. And another for a shop with equipment and personnel to produce several tons of products."

"Yes, guys, you don't understand anything in business magic at all, and you're already going to do business," Diana laughed without malice. "And where will you get such money?" she asked.

"Yeah, we don't know. Perhaps we should take out a real estate bank loan."

“Yes,” Diana shook her head, “that’s quite silly. Business should be done not with the initial capital, but with the initial mind. Why do you need an office, say?”

“You know, to be like everyone else, like in the movies,” Arthur explained.

“No,” Diana replied, “it’s just unnecessary pathos, a tribute to fashion, dust in the eyes. You don’t need any office or store, because now you can sell everything on the Internet, just sitting at home at the computer. Use the experience of network structures, which do without all these unnecessary costs and much more effectively do their job. And why do you need the shop? After all, you won’t be able to sell that many products right away. You need a small machine that can be put in the garage and start by selling a small batch of goods. And then gradually increase the volume as demand grows. Have you thought about advertising? How much does it cost?”

“No,” Ruslan waved his hands in frustration, recognizing the rightness of his interlocutor.

“So, and this is the most important thing: all the money should be invested in advertising, because if there are no customers, there will be no one to sell to. But advertising should be done smartly, better also on the Internet. First make a website, then form a network structure and an online store on it, and then start to promote it all, so that your customers become sellers of your products. In advertising, you just need to hook a person to go to the site, to find some intrigue, to attract attention. For example, say: ‘A cure for AIDS or cancer has been found.’ And write about it on the website in detail telling the examples of this ancient remedy. And do not hire workers immediately, but rather try to do everything yourself to learn from the inside how and what is happening. Also be sure to study business magic, especially ‘Star’ and ‘Law of Octaves,’ – then you will be successful in business.”

Ruslan and Arthur thanked Diana for her valuable advice and asked for some more recommendations. The woman thought for a few seconds and then asked:

“How are you going to spend the profits?”

“I’m going to buy myself a fancy car!” Ruslan said proudly.

“And I’ll buy an apartment for my mother,” Arthur replied.

“What do they teach you at university?!” Diana splashed her hands. “You’re studying economics!”

“They have some kind of knowledge that is disconnected from life,” Ruslan admitted, “debit and credit.”

“They take absolutely no account of the specifics of business in the former USSR,” Arthur added. “Maybe it still works in the USA, but it hardly works here.”

“So, listen, would-be businessmen, all the profit should be invested back into the business,” Diana explained confidently, “first of all in advertising, then in the business itself: in increasing the volume of production, in machines, etc. As sales increase, you can already think about expanding the business. In your case, you can make phyto teas, herbal collections, infusions, bio supplements – what is related to your profile. And only later, ten percent can be spent on yourself. And so that you do not have strife and disputes, who gets that and who spends that and where – it must be decided, as they call it, ‘on the shore’ – immediately draw up a contract, take everything into account. And do not deviate from it, because this is how many companies collapsed when there were such disputes and profit sharing between partners. And who will you hire?” Diana asked.

“Well, of course, relatives and acquaintances,” Arthur answered without delay.

“Or beautiful girls,” Ruslan added.

“You don’t seem to be worrying about business again,” Diana said. “The relatives, acquaintances, and girls you’ll be flirting with may not be in a businesslike mood. They’ll think that because of their status, they should be paid, just because they’re on the payroll. And they’ll take offense if you remind them that they have responsibilities to fulfill. You need people who want to make money, and they need to be paid a percentage of the profits. Some of your relatives and good acquaintances may be suitable if they are very honest and responsible people, like Alice, say. They can control those areas of business where stealing, working on the left and other dishonest manifestations of workers are possible. You need your own trusted people there, but they have to be smart not to be cheated.”

“Yes, they don’t teach you that at the university. We’re wasting our time there,” Ruslan said.

Diana nodded understandingly and, after giving her friends an appraising glance, decided to give them some more advice.

“And also be careful not to be cheated by scammers, there are plenty of them now,” she warned. “When I started out in the early

nineties, I decided to set up my own center. One scammer offered me a room free of charge and without a contract, but the premises were not repaired. I made repairs there, and then he said: "Now either pay as for the rent of new premises, or move out." It turned out that I just made repairs for "the man" with my own money. You should think about the bad sides first of all, because we all have people brought up in the spirit of stealing. Everyone wants to grab a bigger piece, and then whatever happens. Almost no one thinks about reputation and the future, only how to rob someone. This must be constantly taken into account. And such people are always making friends, so that it would be easier to frame them later. I've probably had about ten people like that as husbands and fiancés. And all of them asked for money, to take a loan for themselves, to drive my car. And as soon as they got money or refusal, they disappeared immediately. Those are the kind of "universities" I went through in my eighteen years. And then I began to trust only those who gave me money or help when I asked for it, or even by themselves "from the heart."

"Thank you for your warnings," Arthur thanked the woman sincerely. "Yes, one should never relax, we will keep that in mind..."

"Do you have a plan of action?" Diana asked.

"Well," Arthur thought, "in general terms..."

"Yes, maybe we'll figure it out as we go along," Ruslan said.

"It's not good, guys," Diana shook her head. "There used to be a fashion for psychics and contactors – so much so that anyone could pretend to be one. Now it's fashionable to be a businessman. Even a janitor sells his broom and thinks he's a businessman," Diana smiled ironically. "You need to make a plan of action in several variants – step by step, taking into account the negative situations, all the pitfalls. Since it will be difficult for you to do it now, I advise you to work in different firms. For example, one can work in a network company and find out how and what they do there regarding sales of, say, bio supplements. And the other could work somewhere in the pharmaceutical industry to understand how drugs are made, how they are registered, and how raw materials are bought and stored. With your university knowledge you won't get far, except as a janitor," Diana joked again. "And who will be your salesperson, who will work with customers?" she asked.

"Well, it doesn't have to be high tech. We'll find someone," Ruslan said smugly.

“Uh, no, that’s where you’re wrong,” Diana shook her head sadly. “A bad salesman can scare away all the customers, but a good one will sell anything you want without advertising. You have to look for such talents and teach the rest the art of trade. It’s a science. It is necessary to constantly send your people under the guise of buyers, so that they constantly check how the seller behaves, that the seller does not sell something from under the table, does not scare away customers, see what the seller’s shortcomings are to know and teach the seller how to act. You can hang surveillance cameras – they discipline. But first you have to be in the skin of a salesperson yourself, to experience it all for yourself, to understand all the kitchen yourself. The same goes for different managers who conclude contracts for raw materials, say, transportation, equipment. Everyone has to be checked and you have to do more of everything yourself. And learn, learn, learn. And what may seem particularly strange to you, it is necessary to take into account astrology, favorable and unfavorable moments for the case. The mere fact that you are offered to do something at an unfavorable moment says that something is wrong here. And that it is not a favorable suggestion. However, you need to know astrology very well for this. Cheap predictions from the Internet and TV programs will not help you – it is a real profanation. But do not believe in different fortune-tellers either – there are many charlatans among them, you need to know a little bit about it yourself.”

“Do we have to become astrologers ourselves to do business?” Arthur asked with a smile.

“Not necessarily. There are other ways,” Diana smiled enigmatically. “For example, you can use a special method of influence that allows a person to get the key to their own subconscious. And when you have psychological or intellectual difficulties in finding an answer to a question, you can enter a special state and set a program to your subconscious.”

“Is that hypnosis?” Ruslan raised his eyebrow doubtfully.

“Yes, this method is based on post-hypnotic suggestion. Naya will explain it to you in more detail. I think she will agree to help you.”



12. GYUD

“U sing the Gyud Method, I will bring you into a special state of consciousness,” Naya began to explain, “and I will give you a special affirmation. When you put the index finger and thumb of your left hand together and say ‘OM RAM,’ you will enter a deepened state in which you can give yourself any attitude. For example, you will be able to fall asleep for five minutes and quickly rest, feel a burst of strength. Or, let’s say, you will get an answer to a question that has been tormenting you. Or you will enter a strong and harmonious state before an important meeting with business partners. Or you will turn on your intuition and you will feel whether a person is lying or telling the truth. You can indoctrinate yourself insensitivity to pain, but it is dangerous, because you can burn your hand, putting it on the stove, and not even notice it. In general, having mastered this method, you will be able to set yourself any goal and quickly achieve it.”

“Could you, for example, set yourself the goal of learning English quickly?” Arthur asked.

“Yes, of course,” Naya nodded. “Very often our subconscious itself prevents us from doing something, limits our energy, makes us sleepy, or distracts us with impulses of hunger, sex, unhealthy hyperactivity or, on the contrary, morbidity, which makes it difficult for a person to concentrate and achieve a goal. And here you program it yourself, and it begins to help you, to realize the task at hand, up to the disclosure of magical and psychic abilities – the ones you have. However, not all people can equally immerse themselves in the subconscious: some people have a phenomenal ability to see without the help of their eyes, while others are limited to their well-being and psychological mood. Everything depends on a person’s hypnotizability.”

“And how can we get out of this state?” Ruslan decided to clarify, having listened attentively to the Mentor’s explanations.

“To get out of this state, you open your fingers and say: ‘Amen.’”

“And if I forget?” Arthur asked worriedly.

“It’s all right,” Naya reassured him. “Then you will fall asleep and then wake up. That’s what happens with any hypnotic session: if you don’t bring a person out of it, a person just falls asleep and then wakes up on their own. In general, all parents need to know the Gyud method to help their children. As soon as the child is able to understand human speech, at about seven years old, they can be hypnotized. For example, to relieve fright, if they were bitten by a dog. Or to cure bedwetting, sleep-walking, to remove fears, insecurity, to remove mental trauma, or anxiety, which often adults themselves instill, scaring the baby or saying: ‘You are small, you will not succeed.’ Unconsciously, even without hypnosis, they set the kid up with a lot of attitudes, sometimes very harmful, which cripple the kid’s psyche, and then wonder why the kid is sick, does not obey, does not learn well, why the kid has psychological problems. All this happens because of thoughtless indoctrination. And adults would have to know how it all works and how to remove negative attitudes afterwards. A child is very suggestible, hypnotizable. And instead of putting them in a corner, frightening them, depriving them of love or their favorite toy, or even feeding them with neuroleptics or tranquilizers, you can just hold a session of Gyud. Or simply, lovingly stroke the head, to give the right attitudes. It’s especially bad when there are contradictory attitudes going on. For example, Dad says, ‘Don’t be a coward and bravely take on the task!’ and Mom says, ‘What are you going to do? Didn’t you think that you are still small, and you won’t be able to do it?’ This is how neuroses, mental deviations and, as a consequence, diseases arise.”

“Listening to you, I just wonder how parents are allowed to have children without special training! After all, this is how many maimed destinies!” Arthur said emotionally.

Of course,” Naya confirmed, “but what I told you is only one percent of bad parenting. And it brings a lot of pain and grief, loss and disappointment. From it grows crime, alcoholism, drug addiction. And when it concerns millions of people, it leads to wars, revolutions, pogroms, violence and destruction of all achievements of civilization. Therefore, instead of useless study of algebra, trigonometry, valencies and the structure of the atomic nucleus, people should be taught psychology, suggestion, hypnosis, principles of healthy lifestyle and other important disciplines directly related to real life already at school. By the way, this was the case in ancient times: people were trained in just such disciplines. To this day, people in Tibet are still trained in astrology and Tibetan medi-

cine. And also religion. After all, in any religion there are all these things about correct suggestion, psychology, revealing abilities, harmonious relationships in the family... But it is a pity that modern priests do not know it – they learn six dead languages, conduct services in a language not understandable to modern people and are far from what they do. Hence the spiritlessness of modern society, and the abundance of so-called ‘sects’ that these priests fight against. But how can sects not arise? After all, they carry the knowledge that should be carried by the ministers of the cult. And people are hungry for True Knowledge. And instead of the priests themselves learning esotericism, they act by political methods: simply seeking to ban everything, vilify and intimidate the people.”

Arthur and Ruslan listened attentively to the Tutor, fully sharing her regret about the lack of proper education and upbringing in society.

“Naya, thank you so much for agreeing to give us a session and putting positive attitudes in our heads,” Ruslan thanked the Tutor enthusiastically. “This is important for us and will help us a lot in our business endeavor.”

Naya nodded, accepting the gratitude.

“Let’s get started on getting the key,” she said and nodded at the two wide couches along the wall. “Lie down and relax.”

The friends took a horizontal position, and Naya began to immerse them in a special state using the Gyud method.

When Ruslan and Arthur fell into hypnosis, the Tutor gave them necessary affirmations and then quickly brought them out of that state.

“Now sit up,” she said cheerfully when the boys woke up and came to their senses, “let’s try it.”

The friends sat up and looked at Naya, intrigued.

“Put your thumb and forefinger together,” she commanded, “and say ‘OM RAM.’”

When he did as the Tutor had said, Arthur immediately fell into a trance-like state of half-sleep. He was aware of where he was and what he was doing, but his perception was muffled, as if he was immersed in himself. The boy decided to give himself the attitude that he would now hold himself together no matter what happened. In a firm and determined voice he said to himself, “I always keep my composure. I am the master of my will.” At the same moment he felt an invisible rod of confidence and peace appear in him, as if it were rooted somewhere inside, where everything is calm and harmonious, and a storm may rage around him, but it

does not affect him. Feeling the change, he opened his fingers and said: “Amen,” and smoothly returned to his normal state.

Ruslan did not manage to enter the same state right away. Naya said that he was less hypnotizable, so she promised to give him more sessions, after which he would also receive the key.

The friends thanked Naya once again for her invaluable help and happily went away to do the good deeds assigned by Prajna.



13. RAP FESTIVAL

“**R**uslan, I’ve heard that there’s going to be a rap festival in our town soon, and you’re a DJ there,” Arthur turned to his friend. “Could you organize my performance before the concert?”

“What do you want to say?” Ruslan asked.

“I want to explain to people the senselessness of the modern form of education. After all, think about it: now science is developing so fast that our textbooks are instantly outdated, they lag behind modern knowledge by an average of ten years. And this gap is growing. Why, you might ask, should we memorize material that is no longer relevant and that no one will need? I see this as a special plan of the dark forces, just like with television – a way to make fools out of people.”

“Wait,” Ruslan warned me. “I understand it, but you’re going to have a child. Why would you get involved in all this? Do you remember how it ended the first time?”

“Yes, I remember, of course,” Arthur answered and looked at his friend carefully, “but I can’t keep silent anymore, I can’t hide the truth, and I’m asking you to help me, friend.”

The young people of the university gradually gathered in the spacious hall, waiting for the rap festival to start. The event was attended by well-known groups, so there were a lot of people, and the space in front of the stage was quickly filled with fans of modern music.

The musicians were already setting up the equipment on the stage when Arthur stepped up and took the microphone.

“Friends, we are all students now, and before that we all went to school,” Arthur said to the people. “But think: why are we doing this? If even an excellent student after sleepless nights before the exam, exhausting himself with cramming and consuming liters of energy drinks to stay awake, having received ‘A’ on the transcript, immediately forgets everything they crammed. And in a couple of months, without preparation,

they would get a 'D' on a repeat exam, because all their knowledge was gone the next day. And everybody knows it. But this vicious system continues to work. Who makes us do this Sisyphean labor!?"

Arthur spoke very emotionally, ardently, igniting the flame of struggle in the souls of his listeners.

The audience listened to him as if mesmerized. People fell silent, and even the musicians stopped fiddling with the equipment.

"And there are more and more of these useless subjects that we are forced to cram," Arthur continued his bright speech. "The amount of information is growing. Now, instead of ten years of schooling, it is now eleven, and they want schooling to last thirteen years! I wouldn't be surprised if they extended it to fifteen! But what will it do if a person forgets all this knowledge anyway? Why are we not taught to think, to create, to develop imagination, to find solutions to complex problems by straining our brains? Why are we not taught to practice? In the past, if a person wanted to be a painter or an architect, they went to be an apprentice of someone who could do it and learned by experience! Practically! They did not sit and cram ten years of textbooks! But the whole point is that a thinking person is dangerous. Such a person can see all the imperfections of society, the evil forces that rule it. One can find a way out of the situation and change the world. But such a free-thinking person is not acceptable to the ruling power, which fights against any dissent: whether it is a sect or an honest thinker who sees the real state of affairs and does not want to keep silent about it. For such reasonableness will destroy the system of hidden slavery, where, instead of chains, slaves are bound by attitudes, conventional wisdom, authorities, traditions, lies and promises of politicians. The question is: where do these chains live? And they are precisely located in memory! Consequently, the more emphasis on memory and less on reason and creative thinking, the more obedient and controllable a person is. That's why from the nursery school onward, we strive to develop only memory. No one will say: 'Think, find a solution, how to make it better for you and everyone around you.' On the contrary, they will say: 'Mind your own business. There is someone to think for us. There is someone who will decide how we should live and what we should do. That is why many people, when they find themselves in a non-standard situation, get lost. They have not learned to think, cannot find a way out, and because of this they cannot earn money or achieve anything in life, going to work for 'the man' who can think, but often thinks only

about himself and how to rob those around him. Therefore, I advise you to quit useless education and go to learn from people who will teach you to think, to create yourself, create your life, to explain the True laws of life management, not algebra and trigonometry. And maybe such people are now called sectarians, detached, psychotic and stigmatized in every possible way or silence their existence, but only they can help you to develop your mind and see this world really, not through...”

Arthur didn't finish. Several big guards climbed onto the stage, grabbed Arthur under his arms and started dragging him down.

When he was taken away, the organizer of the festival came out and said that a mentally unhealthy person was performing in front of them, that he had a brain injury, so there was no need to listen to him.

He offered to start the concert, but the people were outraged and beer cans flew onto the stage.

“Bring him back! We want to hear him!” screamed the crowd. “He's not the one who's crazy, you are! Enough of making fools of us! We want to know the truth!”

At that time Arthur was dragged to the police. The administrator wrote a report against him, saying that he became disorderly and had attacked the guard, even though Arthur had put up little resistance.

While Arthur was being taken to the police station, lines of a poem began to appear in his head, rhyming and adding to each other:

*You don't live like everyone else: school, army, factory.
You strive for God – few people will understand you.
They will forbid you, condemn you, accuse you of all sins,
You'll get through it, because you're Shambhala's disciple.
Remember, brother, who you are,
You're a messenger!
Forever! Forever!
In the big city and in the small village
With shining eyes you bring the light that is imperishable.
Difficult aspects, we were born in Evil.
Everyone here is painted into a sect to enslave us.*

After the incident at the rap festival, representatives of the special services urgently gathered to decide what to do with Artur.

“We should put him in jail for a long time,” said the lieutenant colonel.

“I think it is premature,” objected the presiding general. “So we’ll make a folk hero out of him. And we have publicity, democracy. First we need to discredit him in the eyes of the public, to fabricate dirt against him and against those with whom he is associated. They brought me information that there are two groups: some Lyria and Naya, to which he belongs. So, it is necessary to make them all look bad – they are drug addicts, they practice fraud, debauchery, people get bad after communicating with them, someone even died. We need to find people who will agree to become ‘victims’ for money, so we can accuse them of terrorism and the like. And when there will be a lot of negative information about them in the media, when people will start to turn away, thanks to this slander and vilification, then we will start to imprison Arthur and those who will try to open people’s eyes to the truth like him. It’s not the thirty-seventh year anymore, it’s not the Inquisition. This is the time of information wars. And the main thing here is to destroy not the person, but their reputation, their good name, to discredit them in the eyes of the public and by their example all the other truth-tellers who have a loose tongue or may have one in the near future.”



14. FIELD OF LOVE

Once in the morning Lyria made a call to Alice:
“We are going to have a meeting today, my dear,” she informed her. “I will proclaim the great knowledge that Prajna has imparted to me. Come with Arthur and bring as many people as you can who have children or are planning to have children. It is very important.”

Alice was excited about the upcoming event and, anticipating the acquaintance with the new sacred knowledge, called Angela, Ruslan’s girlfriend, as well as other acquaintances, inviting them to the meeting.

At the appointed time many people gathered in the bright spacious hall, wishing to touch the ancient secrets and receive knowledge that would help them to protect their children from negative influences, give them strength to develop and achieve their goals.

When all the seats were filled, Lyria took the stage. She was as majestic and sublime as ever. Her face seemed to glow from within with a steady, measured light.

“My dear ones,” she began her speech in a deep, enchanting voice. “Today is a very important moment in the life of our Earth. Its future, and therefore our children’s future, is being decided. The Forces of Evil are not slumbering on the Earth. There is a lot of negative energy and false information. Old good movies and cartoons, on which we were educated, joining with Good, have disappeared from the screens. They have been replaced by scenes of horror and violence, scenes of constant war and destruction, stories about ghouls, demons and vampires. The same themes are supported in computer games. Children’s toys in the form of various monsters appear from the basis of modern computer games. The child is thus placed in a destructive atmosphere of aggression, destruction, violence, and images of the lower demonic world. Children have almost no contact with nature – it has been replaced by an artificial urban world with dead energy. Parents, busy with work, have less and less time for soulful communication with their children. At best they are taught by indifferent educators, and often by people who give examples of aggres-

sion and intolerance and who should not be allowed near children at all. Schoolchildren are exposed to the negative impact of television and computers. That is why there are so many sick, mentally retarded children with mental disabilities. Even seemingly prosperous parents grow up criminals, selfish or degenerate, affected by laziness, drug addiction, and gambling addiction. However, there is a way out of this depressing situation.”

Lyria looked around the audience with a burning gaze. The people listened to her with awe and excitement, eagerly absorbing every word.

“We, all parents and those who are preparing to become parents, even if the child has not yet been conceived,” continued Lyria, “must unite together and form a Field of Love that will protect our children from the negative energy and nourish their beings with the Highest Divine energy of love. And the more we gather, and the more often we do it, the more benefit we can bring to ourselves and our children. No expensive toys and things, no prestigious colleges can replace the energy of love, tenderness, kindness and harmony for a child. No medicines and expensive clinics can give this to sick children, for whom this energy is a real salvation, and a salvation from any diseases, even those considered incurable. Even very good parents alone cannot transmit as much energy to a child as they can receive from a group of people. The power of a group, according to Cosmic Laws, is multiplied by the number of its members. Besides, the group, unlike a single person, is able to attract the Highest Divine energy of the Cosmos and form a phantom field from it, which even in the absence of parents will envelop and protect the child. And for adults themselves, there is no better practice of transformation than creating a Field of Love for themselves and their offspring.”

The deep vibrating voice of the woman was filled with the light positive energy of love. In the silence of the hall, it filled the whole space, inspired, gave people hope for the best, showed the way to happiness, to development, to finding the true meaning of life.

“A child can’t be alone,” Lyria continued. “One needs a group of children. But what kind of community are our children surrounded by now? When even in the elite colleges of Harvard, Cambridge, and Oxford, children using drugs, gambling, violence, lying, and cruelty are the norm. By gathering together in a united group of creators of the Field of Love, we will be able to unite our children so that they not only become friends with each other, but also stay together in our nurseries, kindergartens,

and schools, where the educators will share the idea of the Field of Love and other harmonious good methods of caring for children. Without such unification, we ourselves and, most importantly, our descendants, will be defenseless against the surrounding Forces of Evil and destruction, which are now destroying and decomposing millions of people. Now, my dear ones, the most important and decisive hour has come for us to form this good field. Sit down, forming a big circle, and place the children with baby sitters and photos of your children, who are not here now, with hairs and fingernails from them to strengthen the astral connection, in the center of this circle. Interlock your hands correctly, and let us begin our prayer to God, opening our hearts to Him and asking Him to give us and our children the energy of love. On the inhalation fill with this energy, and on the exhalation transfer it to the center of the circle to our children.”

All those present sat in a circle just as Lyria had said. They tuned in to the upcoming action and began to create the Field of Love.

“Alice,” Arthur called in a whisper, “I see the big black cloud of negativity leaving and dissolving into the air. The children and we are cleansed.”

“Darling, I see a pillar of light descending on everyone,” Alice whispered back and smiled affectionately at her beloved.

Arthur felt a state of grace that embraced everything around him.

“Arthur, look, an orb! I see a golden orb that is descending – rays are coming from it to everyone,” Alice whispered enthusiastically again.

Arthur tuned in and suddenly felt the same state of mind as he had when he had met the same ball of Light in the cave.

“I know,” he answered then, “it is Bhagavan. He is here, He is with us.”

As he spoke these words, tears of purification flowed down his cheeks. Many of the creators of the Field of Love present also wept with the grace that overflowed. A strong and undeniable sense of harmony and protection began to emerge, grow and expand. It was a certainty that everything would be fine, as if something heavy and oppressive had gone, making way for Light, unconditional love and boundless joy.



15. THE FOURTH POWER

More and more people with children came to the next classes. Many of those who had been at the first ritual of the creation of the Field of Love now spoke from the stage about the miraculous results: children's incurable illnesses disappeared, parents began to feel better, peace and harmony prevailed in families, children began to learn better, their creative abilities began to open up...

Lyria taught people how to conceive, nurture, bring up children, and to discover the genius of the child in the created Field of Love. She talked about how to keep it in the family, in one's home, how to include other members of the family – even those who do not believe and do not attend the classes.

But one day there were far fewer people in the room than usual, and those who were there looked tense. When Lyria asked what was wrong, one of the regulars, Valentine, stepped forward and handed her a newspaper with a gruesome article about the activities of the Love Field cult.

It turned out that there was a TV program defaming Lyria. Her activities were called sectarian, and her assistant Arthur was labeled a crazy debauchee. Lyria picked up a newspaper with the screaming headline "Sex Guru infects children with AIDS." She was horrified to read the vicious slander and wept over the paper with her arms around her head.

Arthur jumped up on the stage and, running his eyes over the article, unable to restrain his emotions, exclaimed from his heart:

"I'll punish those unscrupulous journalists so that they don't dare to defame a good cause."

"Calm down, Arthur," Alice said softly, putting her arm around his shoulders. "You realize that this is an order from the special services, which fight against any dissent. Journalists have nothing to do with it, they could not even write it. The article was fabricated by those who unleashed this information war."

Arthur took a deep breath, trying to calm his emotions and look at the situation from a different angle.

“You’re right,” he exhaled, sending his beloved a look of gratitude.

And then Alice stepped forward and addressed everyone present.

“People,” she began to say, “you have been here and you have felt the grace of creating Field of Love. You have seen the good changes in your families. Your children have recovered, have become more harmonious, have discovered their abilities. Why do you not trust your eyes, do not listen to your heart, but immediately believe any newspaper hoax? Those who wrote these false lines have not even been to our classes, have not created the Field of Love. What can they know about what they are writing about?

“Remember: not so long ago, we were still living in the USSR, and back then, the media used to muddy any bright endeavor that contradicted the policy of the Communist Party. And now nothing has changed, the same thing is happening. The state wants to preserve its way of upbringing, its ideology, because all this keeps people in subordination, in line. After all, it is much easier to rule ignorant, unhappy people, immersed in solving their own problems, than a happy free people.”

“That’s right! That’s right!” resounded from the hall.

The people who came to the next class, and were not afraid of anti-propaganda, fully shared Alice’s words. The girl looked around at everyone with an excited, burning gaze and continued:

“And modern education does not give answers to the highly important human questions: how to be happy, healthy, how to give birth and bring up children, how to have harmony in the family and be successful in life. Answers to all these questions you get here and in other ‘scary sects.’ Scary for those who are afraid that you will remove your information chains and become free. And now it is worth only to print something in the newspapers or show it on TV, and people, like zombies, instantly believe in this lie, even forgetting their own experience, not thinking reasonably, not trusting and not listening to their heart. And I beg you,” the girl turned to Lyria, “don’t be upset. We need your knowledge, we believe in you, we love you, and we ask, please, please, continue to teach us, despite these intrigues of the Dark Ones. Because now it depends on these lessons whether the Field of Love will be preserved, whether it will continue to help all of us and our children.”

“Yes, please teach us!” cheers erupted from the audience. “We are with you! We do not believe in this nonsense! We realize that this is the work of the Devil, who wants to destroy the fledgling germ of a good cause.”

Touched by everyone’s support, Lyria began to come to her senses. She threw away the false newspaper, stood up and, taking the microphone, called the people to universal prayer.



16. WHERE DOES LOVE GO?

Once before the class began, the Tutor chalked on the blackboard “Where does love go?” and the students waited with interest for her explanation, as there was not a single person who was not touched by this topic.

“You have all read and heard about eternal love,” Lyria began to talk in her enchanting deep voice, “but we find few examples of it in life. Let’s look into this topic to clarify and realize how such love can be achieved. Or is it impossible? Nature has laid in a person the instinct of reproduction, and it is often confused with the concept of love. Its most primitive manifestation is lust. Energy is accumulated in the sexual center of a person, and he wants sex. And even if people are not suitable for each other, they can have intimacy. In this case, the man just wants to get relief, and the woman thinks as she was taught by the sick society: ‘We’ll get along,’ ‘a plain one and a heart of gold,’ ‘It’s time,’ ‘We should have children.’ But as a result it does not lead to anything good.”

Hearing the words of the Tutor, many women began to actively express their agreement, recognizing Lyria’s rightness. Some of them had tears in their eyes. They remembered their sad experiences and regretted that they had suffered for a long time, living according to the programs indoctrinated by society.

“But the sexual center is a much more subtle instrument,” Lyria continued to explain. “And it is not only for reproduction: at the moment of puberty a person’s creativity, desire for knowledge and even religious ecstasy are awakened. Raising Kundalini and mastery of subtle energy is not the subject of today’s lecture, so we will focus on such a manifestation of this center as passion or love. With this great feeling, the sexual center signals that one has found the right partner. The sexual center can better discern what is needed for us, what type is right for us. But such an infallible determination can only be made by primitive peoples, completely devoid of lies, or by people who know each other well. In our habitual society people wear masks, and so a person can be deceived. A person has

an indoctrinated image of what their chosen one should be like. For example, they should be unmarried, not be a relative, belong to the same caste, behave in a certain way. Often even jealousy of a friend makes a woman feel a semblance of passion. But when people get closer and get to know each other, the passion disappears because it was false. Sometimes a man, in order to seize a woman, imitates passion: gives bouquets, reads someone else's poems, trying to deceive her to use her. But she should ask him for an expensive gift, and he immediately begins to humor. He lies to her, saying that he has just gone bankrupt or that he is in favor of clean relationships, hiding his stinginess behind these lies.

Listening to Lyria, Alice remembered how Arthur, a poor student, had sold the last of his money to buy her jewelry, and she looked at him expressively with a sense of feminine pride. Once again she was convinced that she was not wrong about him.

She felt grateful to Lyria, who had told her that she should choose the partner herself, not wait for a man to choose her. Her feminine intuition had not failed her, and earlier, when she had expected masculine behavior from those who paid attention to her, nothing good had come of it. She forced herself to tolerate those who approached her first, thinking that she didn't understand something, that she would feel for them later.

"Sometimes a woman deceives a man too," Lyria continued. "For example, at the beginning of a relationship, she shows herself very brightly, but when she thinks she has already captured his heart, she relaxes and walks around the house in curlers, an old robe, and no makeup, causing him only rejection. And it ruins their relationship."

Alice took a quick look in the small mirror and decided that she would always be on her best behavior so that Arthur would like her.

Meanwhile, Lyria continued her explanations, and the people in the hall listened intently, afraid to miss a word.

"Passion and youthful love are very important – they rejuvenate the organism, a person blossoms, creativity and even superpowers appear in a person, contact with God arises. That is why one should try to be in this state as much as possible, not to calm down, and even if there is no partner, one should find an ideal for oneself in order to stay in this Divine state. And if you have found a worthy partner, you should not try to get married sooner and start a family life with him. You should not let the passion and flight of love slip into depression, jealousy or other forms of suffering because of the patterns and stereotypes of society, like, for ex-

ample, the desire to be “like everyone else”. Love should be given a religious connotation, elevated, made idealistic, i.e. not aimed at selfishness and possessiveness, but at serving one’s ideal.”

“Lyria, please tell me, is it true that living together and keeping the house together kills the passion in a relationship?” A young blonde woman from the audience asked.

The Tutor nodded:

“Yes, that’s right,” she confirmed. “Passion is an energy field between two poles. If the distance between people is completely removed, the field will immediately discharge. And if there is a distance between them, the attraction of the sexes will increase. This is how ancient people lived: they had male and female parts of their dwellings, even poor people. And they tried not to contact each other for nothing, to be at a distance - it helped to keep the passion alive. Even girls and boys studied and lived separately, for constant household contact makes relationships mundane and their fire dies out. It is not for nothing that there is a saying: “With good friends meet less often”. In order to keep the novelty and brightness of the meeting, people should prepare for it, be filled with positive impressions, so that such a meeting was a real holiday.

Alice thought: “Arthur travels a lot, he has a business. I need to find something where I will be filled with new impressions, so that I will have something to share when we are together.” And that’s when she decided: “I will help the School more in creating a ‘Field of Love’ so that I will have something to tell Arthur when we meet”.

“But whatever passion is, it also has its time,” Lyria went on to say. “And this is also related to the physiology of reproduction. In a man, it can pass quickly, because his natural task is to fertilize more females. In a woman, passion lasts longer, but it also has a limit, because she needs a man while she carries and nurtures the child. But after a few years the passion can pass, and people often stay with each other because of social templates: “it is necessary to preserve the family, to live for the sake of children”, “it is already age, it is too late to change something...”. But this all indicates that between them there is no real love, which exists in the emotional center and does not depend on sex. Even deep old people can feel sympathy and deep affection for each other. This is what eternal love is, as it persists even in the world of the dead, and passes into the next birth. Of course, often people do not immediately meet each other in the next incarnation, it may happen already in mature age, but there is a for-

mer feeling between them at once. But such feeling is a valuable gift. It arises only in people with a big heart, in kind, responsive, cheerful people. In a dry stale egoist, filled with negativity, it is unlikely to arise. And people must be like-minded to have such love.

Alice looked at Arthur with warmth and thought, "It's so good that we met in Lyria's class and have the same worldview. And now that we're developing together, it's even more solid."

"In general, when people start living with each other, the emotional center takes over, and they start interacting on it. There's also an expression: "They didn't get along with each other," Lyria continued to explain. "If people have constant squabbles and quarrels, fights, jealousy scenes, it means that their emotional centers are not suitable for each other, and they need to separate from each other not to torment themselves. There is no need to turn your life into hell, deprive yourself of the opportunity to find true love. One should also remember that love is not subject to social patterns, which can change over time and be different from one nation to another. For example, in the East, polygamy is the order of the day, and a man can love several of his women equally. A man can be very temperamental and prone to casual liaisons, but that doesn't mean he can't love. Often seriously he treats only one woman, and with others just spend time, and you should not make him scandals, remake him to please the templates of society. You can just accept his nature, if he suits you in every way and shows the stability of his love for you. Rarely, but sometimes such things happen in women. Therefore, it is necessary to remember that true love is not connected with sex, that it is the prerogative of the emotional center. And scandals, quarrels, desires that everything should be according to the pattern, only destroy love. Just like the substitution of love with a template: when there is no feeling, but people peacefully and quietly continue to live according to the social standard. But this is the peace of the grave, which does not give true happiness.

Alice thought, looking at Arthur, could she accept that he would have more women? Somewhere in the back of her mind the answer was yes, because she felt that he was her ideal partner and she would never want to part with him. But the other part of her, infected with the pattern, protested, "How can it be so?" In such cases, it is necessary to arrange a fight, hysterics, as she saw in her parents and in the movies, try to change Arthur by any means or break up. Just thinking about it made her feel sick, tears streaming down her cheeks.

“What’s the matter, my love?” Arthur asked, looking anxiously into her eyes.

“It’s all right, I was just thinking about bad things,” Alice replied with a bright smile, wiping away her tears.

She immediately realized that this pattern was created to cripple people’s lives, to torment them, even when nothing was happening. Ninety percent of all suffering arises when a person starts to tense himself up, thinking about what will happen if he falls out of love, cheats, finds someone else, leaves me. The girl realized that it is necessary to eradicate this poisonous pattern of life and do not let play out a sick imagination, created by devils to feed on the energy of suffering people.

And at the same time she felt how much she had become fused to this pattern, how it would not be easy to get rid of it and live happily and freely, accepting life as God had created it.

Alice clearly realized that all evil, all human suffering lies in the existence of this template. People torture themselves to conform to the imposed standards, push their children, loved ones, relatives and acquaintances into this Procrustean bed, making them suffer too.

Only the Devil could invent such a cunning way of suffering, when a person tries to mutilate himself to meet the next demands of society, and mutilates others, his own loved ones, thinking that he is doing a good deed: swaddling a child when he wants to move; feeding him, depriving him of health when his body resists it, breaking the natural rhythm of his being; putting him to bed when he does not want it; depriving him of walks, love and communication with his peers in favor of school cramming. Parents make the child suffer so that he strives to get an unneeded “A” instead of teaching him to enjoy life and do what he has a calling - a talent from God. And so from childhood grows up a little cripple, living an unnatural life, tormented and not understanding where this torment comes from, why he has such a difficult life. And all because he is a slave, living not with what is given to him from God, but with the imposed programs of a sick society. And until he is free from this marasmus, from orientation to patterns and stereotypes, he will never be happy. And it is impossible to become free without spiritual development....

After the lecture, when Arthur and Alice went outside, the girl confessed to her lover:

“I understood why my father became an alcoholic, and my mother is always depressed and drinks neuroleptics. It was the social matrix that

ruined them. My father wanted to be a painter and my mother a ballerina, but they were told that it was not serious, that they should work in a factory. And there was never any love between them. They just happened to meet one day, had a drink, gave in to physical desire, and the mother got pregnant. She was very much in love with another man, and the father with another woman, but they were told that they should get married, because they would have a child. So they live like that, two unhappy people, pouring vodka and handfuls of pills on their grief.

“Yes,” Arthur sighed understandingly, “I wanted to get drunk as a pig too when I was preparing for the session, because it was very hard for me, I didn’t want to do it, I saw the uselessness of such cramming. I wanted to drunkenly go to the university and say everything to the rector’s face, but I realized that it wouldn’t solve the problem.

Alice nodded, fully sharing the words of her lover.

“Yes, drunkenness, drug addiction, paranoia - these are the reactions of people who feel that they are being made slaves. They are looking for a way out of this slavery, but not where it really is.....”



17. THE MOUND

After making the arduous journey over the mountains to the Place of Power, the disciples met Prajna at an old mound.

This time Prajna was not alone. She introduced to the visitors the holder of ancient knowledge - shamaness Atynsa. She was not young, but very beautiful woman with a royal straight posture, long black hair fixed in two braids and wise eyes that were a little faded, but still had a luster. Her light brown loose dress was tied at the waist with a belt, on which hung various amulets on leather laces and bird feathers. Feathers and natural stone jewelry adorned the ribbon that ran down her forehead and was lost in her hair.

The mound was surrounded by individual megaliths and the moss-covered ruins of an ancient temple.

Atynsa began to share her wisdom with the travelers in a picturesque glade strewn with flowers and offering a beautiful view of the nearby snowy peaks.

“Ancient people knew that a man, dying physically, continues to live in the subtle world, where he has powers and abilities inaccessible to us, the main of which is omniscience. And, realizing this, they wanted to keep in touch with their ancestors, especially with the most prominent of them: priests and shamans, as they could help those living on Earth in many ways. To establish such a connection, ancient burials in the form of mounds, mausoleums and pyramids were made. Ancient people kept stupas with a part of Buddha’s remains, kept in temples holy relics or any other objects belonging to a saint or a magician. Through this they kept in touch with his subtle body. Even modern church funeral services and parents’ days, when people visit cemeteries, are echoes of such rituals, the meaning of which has long been forgotten,” Atynsa said.

The people listened to the amazing revelations with bated breath.

“Some nations buried their relatives right under the house they lived in,” the shamaness continued in a measured voice filled with power. “But evil people and sorcerers were buried far away and such places were avoid-

ed, because even after death they could do Evil from the subtle plane. Then the tradition began to be forgotten, and in mounds, mausoleums and other ritual constructions they began to bury just rich or powerful people, who could be even evil and who should be buried somewhere in perishing places. In stupas instead of things or remains of Buddha or other saints they began to put sacred scrolls, relics were falsified, and the essence of the rite of connection with the dead began to be forgotten.”

The shamaness looked around at everyone present and solemnly said:

“Today, on this important day from the astrological point of view, I have gathered you to reveal this ancient knowledge. The priests, in order to get the help of the dead from the subtle plane, conducted rituals to tune into them and to saturate them with energy. With this energy they could give better help to the living, for both here and there any work requires strength. And the power that both spirits and the dead feed on is psychic energy. On their plane, of course, there is a certain amount of this energy. But it is obviously not enough for many magical actions and helping people.

“Tell me, how is it possible to transfer this psychic energy to spirits?” Alice turned respectfully to the woman.

“There are two ways,” Atynsa answered eagerly. “The first is through blood sacrifices, because during the death of living beings a large amount of this energy is released. Sometimes after great sacrifices and special rituals the living were helped by whole groups of ancestors and spirits. Nowadays this method of the ancients is practically lost, but in all ancient writings, such as Vedas, Bible, texts of Sumerians, we find a reference to this. The sacrifices were also used to placate evil spirits so that they would not harm or kill people. Such rituals often prevented wars and epidemics, which were organized by demons to find food for themselves. Sometimes the animal was not killed, but simply dumped on it the negative energy of a person or tribe, and then let them go. Sometimes the priests also made human sacrifices. For this purpose a pure sinless person was taken and given a task, what he should do in the subtle plane to help the family after death, as a young sinless person in the first time after moving to the subtle plane possesses great power and gets to high levels, where he can get help of higher beings - Angels and Archangels. There were myths that said he was sent to the Gods. It was never a violent act, but an act of heroism and self-sacrifice. Though, life in the subtle plane is much simpler than in ours,” Atynsa finished her story.

The disciples were very surprised by everything she was talking about, and they did not even notice the little rain that started during the sermon.

"However, there were also cases when people were sacrificed instead of cattle," the shamaness added. "They were usually captives or slaves, as their lives were valued less."

"And how did the young sinless man understand, going into the subtle plan, how exactly to help his native tribe and what to do to attract the help of angels?" Arthur asked.

"He was specially trained by the priests, and only those who passed the training were sent on this mission," Atynsa replied.

"If we took a goat, would it be possible to perform a ritual and dump our negativity on it?" Ruslan asked a question, looking at the shamaness carefully.

"For this purpose," Atynsa began to explain, "people remembered all their sins, offenses, jealousy, anger, fears and, feeling them, put their hands on the animal, giving it this negative energy, and themselves, renouncing these bad qualities, gave it the energy of disease and suffering, spoilage, curses. But before doing such a practice, you should feel, see in yourself what you want to get rid of, and transfer this feeling from yourself to the animal. Some animals themselves take away the negative energy of people, for example, cats."

"Does this energy harm the animal?" Alice asked.

"Yes, in large quantities it is deadly, and the animal dies," the shamaness admitted. "But in a small amount, such as a cat takes, it is imperceptible to the animal. That is why it is good for sick and unhappy people to communicate with animals, to take care of them. In this way they can purify themselves, if of course they do not hold on to their misery, as is often the case. It is especially useful for children, and in the case of mental illnesses it is especially effective. The same purification occurs in nature, in communicating with plants, bathing in clean rivers and lakes, while staying at the Places of Power. One can notice a special difference between a place where there has been no human being for a long time and places of mass recreation of people in nature. There is a completely different atmosphere there: where there have been many people, it is as if it were stuffy and dirty, although everything around may be clean and tidy. This is how one feels the psychological dirt left after a person. Ablution and grounding also help to get rid of impurity and negative energy."

“Why, then, in the story of the scapegoat in the Bible,” asked Lyria, “did they first kill one goat and smear its blood on another goat, which was then driven out into the wilderness and the sins of the people dumped on it?”

“The first one was killed in order to use his blood to collect larvae, evil spirits tormenting people and then, having baited them with their blood, moved to the scapegoat, which was after kicked out, covered with larvae and other evil things,” explained Atynsa.

“Why did the Mayan priests tear out the hearts of living people and put freshly peeled skin on themselves?” Victoria, one of the students, asked.

“Thus,” began to explain omniscient Atynsa, “they enriched themselves with the energy of the victims and took their Kut - personal power, and it can be taken only while a person is still alive, as in the dead it is already dissipated. But you have to know how to do it, you have to know the ancient rituals and be a shaman. If any maniac wants to repeat this ritual, he will not succeed. But a person can enrich himself with energy without killing, it is just necessary to communicate more with children and young people, trying to establish good relations with them, because they simply emit a huge amount of this energy.”

“So maybe it’s vampirism?” Angela suggested.

“In fact, any sick and old person is an energy vampire,” answered the shamaness, “but here children just give their extra energy, which they don’t know where to put anyway, and just radiate it into the space. Of course, if one child is placed among sick old people and they touch him physically, he may get sick. But if there are many children and one old man, then everything will be normal. I will explain to you all the techniques for working with psychic energy.”

“Wise One, tell me, what other ways are there to transmit the energy of the dead?” Alice asked, wanting to understand the subject as thoroughly as possible. “You said that there are two main ways. The first is blood sacrifice, and the second?”

“Besides blood sacrifices, there is another effective way of transmitting the energy of the dead in order to get help from them and also to help them,” Atynsa answered readily. “It is prayer for the deceased, accompanied by a request to them. Group prayer, in which people have strong sincere feelings, is especially powerful. It is important that what a person wants is something he or she really cares about and has a strong desire for.

However, if it is a selfish or bad desire, one should go to the grave of a black magician or villain. But in this case a person can suffer from connection with him - this is the basis of black magic rituals and the so-called "sale of the soul" to the Devil. If a person turns to the Light Powers, saints, great priests, deceased shamans, then his goal should be altruistic. He should tune in to the Good, to help people, to do something good and Light for everyone.

The shamaness finished her explanation, looked around at everyone present and smiled enigmatically:

"Now formulate your wishes as clearly as possible and we will begin the ritual," she said.

Arthur could not immediately decide what he wanted. He walked around the clearing for a long time, looking at the mountains and clouds, and finally decided to ask for a plan to organize the production and sale of "miracle drops". And also that the spirit would help him to realize this plan. And in gratitude he decided to give all the received surplus money for the creation of the children's center of Lyria "Field of Love", where the harmonious development of children will be carried out according to new, or rather, ancient educational systems based on love and understanding.

When each of the students had mentally conceived his or her wish, under Atynsa's guidance they lay down on the ground and merged with the spirit of the place, then walked around the mound three times around the Sun, sat down on its northern side facing south and began to pray for the deceased. Suddenly it seemed to everyone that the mound became alive.

Suddenly the wind blew, and Alice saw a whirlwind going into the sky above the center of the mound.

"Now ask for your wish," announced the shamaness Atynsa.

Arthur began to pray and waited for the plan to reveal itself to him. He felt some energy on the top of his head that gave him a state of clarity, but no thoughts or images came.

"What is it," he thought, "where is the plan?"

At the end of the ritual, Atynsa said that everyone all together should thank the spirit of the deceased.

The disciples put their palms together in a gesture of gratitude, sincerely said: "Thank you" and said goodbye to him. No one wanted to leave, everyone was in some unusual altered state of consciousness. Everyone wanted to share their impressions and feelings with each other.

“I can see,” Alice said to Arthur, “a glow on the top of your head and the heads of others too.”

“Oh, how interesting,” said Arthur. “What is it?”

“I don’t know,” said Alice, waving her hands.

Then they approached Atynsa, and Arthur asked:

“I wanted the spirit to give me a business plan, but no thoughts came to me. What does that mean?”

The shamaness looked at the guy with a wise smile.

“It gave you the energy to make a plan,” Atynsa explained. “And when you start thinking, it will appear, because now you have what is called ‘inspiration’ or clarity of mind to see it. All wishes do not come true immediately, but if the spirit helps, they will definitely be realized,” she assured.



18. PATTERN OR LIFE

Once Lyria and her disciples were going on a hike. Prajna invited them to the ancient Place of Power, where an ancient observatory was located high in the mountains.

Angela, Ruslan's girlfriend, brought her grandfather. He was a sick old man of about seventy, with a completely gray beard and hair. There was something refined and spiritual in his face, weary from old age and illness. The monk's robe and the staff with which the righteous are usually portrayed seemed to suit him well.

"I want to go hiking with you," he said, turning to Lyria with an anguished face.

"Grandfather, it's a hard trek across the mountains," she replied softly, worried about his health.

"Yes, I know," he replied in a creaky, aged voice, "Angela told me. But I want to see Prajna, I want to know the Truth." There was in his tone an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, mixed with a longing for the lost time and wasted youth. With a pleading glance at the Tutor, he explained: "I am old now, I have not long time to live, but I regret that I have lived my life so miserably, and now I want only one thing: to know what I have lived for, what is the meaning of this life. This may be my last chance. And I beg you: take me with you!"

Lyria looked at the old man sympathetically and said:

"Well, all right, let's go. I think the boys will help you carry your things."

The day of the hike came. The disciples and their Tutor drove their cars to the beginning of the trail and followed it into the mountains. The old man, who asked to be called Ivanich, walked with great difficulty, panting now and then, often stopping for a break. However, his eyes showed great persistence and a decision: it was better to die than to retreat.

In order not to tire the old man, Lyria took a break at every beautiful place, keeping her students busy with various practices. When they were drinking herbal tea by the fire, the old man started to talk and began to tell about himself:

“You know, all my life I wanted to go hiking, to be in the woods, but I kept putting it off. I had to finish university, get married, raise my children, earn money for an apartment, buy a country house, a car, and raise grandchildren. And then I reached retirement - it seems that I had time, but my health was gone. I didn’t have the strength to do what I wanted to do. But now I’m happy that I went after all. And even though I can’t enjoy hiking like all of you because of my health, it’s better than dying on the couch. How happy you are that you don’t put anything off for later, but live life the way you want to live it. “Later” will never come, there is only “Now”. “Later” means “I’m sick and old, that can’t do anything anymore and getting ready to die”. Don’t postpone life, live now, there is nothing ahead.

The old man’s reverent story impressed the students. They tried to support him in every possible way, but at the same time they felt the transience of time and the necessity to live in the moment “here and now”.

The travelers walked along flowery mountain meadows, crossed clear and turbulent streams. On the way, the sun shone tenderly and birds sang softly. Mountain eagles soared in the sky above the procession of disciples, and snow-white clouds sailed majestically by.

But here a marvelous mountain lake appeared before the travelers, and next to it spread out a flat plateau, above which, as if some fairy-tale giant had stuck huge blocks of stone onto the ground, forming two circles - one inside the other. This was the ancient observatory.

As they were looking at it, the disciples did not notice Prajna approaching them. They greeted her joyfully. The old man fell on his knees before her and wept. Prajna lifted him up and asked him what was the matter. Ivanich told her how he had lived a mediocre life and now he did not know what to do.

“Here it is, a pernicious example of the Devil’s pattern,” said Prajna, seating the old man beside her. “The man was not living the life he wanted, not the way he wanted, not the way God had commanded him. He was imposed a program and made to think that it was his desire to graduate from university, then to get married, have children, work to buy a car, an apartment, a country house ... and everything else. But university is use-

less, they don't teach anything really useful for real life. And it turned out that the man remained in ignorance and continued to suffer. And instead of traveling and hiking, he worked in two shifts, saving money for a furniture set like his neighbor had, but in one month stopped noticing this furniture at all."

"Yes, yes, it was," the old man nodded sadly.

"But surely the forest was close by, and you could go there every day for mushrooms," Prajna continued. "In fact, every person can realize this Devil's pattern and see what he wants without imitating his neighbor. What are his true desires? And start to fulfill them without waiting for retirement, living "here and now". You don't need to be rich and earn millions to enjoy life, celebrate and dance right today, without any reason, without postponing or waiting. No one will give us happiness until we start to tune in to it ourselves, until we find something and friends that make our heart content - you cannot learn this at university."

Ruslan raised his hand.

"What do you want to say, my dear?" Prajna addressed him.

"You know, if people think about what they want to do, the first thing they will think of is bad habits. They will not want to go to the forest, but to drink, get stoned, eat, lie on the couch and watch zombie TV."

"You are right, Ruslan," Prajna nodded regretfully. "Since childhood, society's templates and malicious programs have disfigured the human being, destroyed his essence. And a person needs to restore it. In the classes with Lyria, you learn to rejoice in the things that come from God: nature, prayer, communication with light people. Until the pattern is destroyed, a person cannot realize what he really wants. There are exceptions, when especially strong personalities feel their purpose. But most people need cleansing from the corrosive influence of a sick society in order to find joy in what will be good for themselves and others."

"People, this is the Truth!" The old man cried out and fell on his knees and wept inconsolably.

"Get up, old man," Prajna said softly to him.

Together with Lyria they lifted him up and seated him on the trunk of the tree where he had been sitting before and embraced him on both sides.

"Be appeased. What has distressed you so much?" Lyria asked.

"I am old, my body is weak, I can't even be joyful and happy like I used to be. I'm in pain all the time. God didn't give me time to fix things. Why did he create old age and death? It is only at the end of life that a man

realizes that he has lived his life for nothing,” the old man explained through his sobs. “But when he realizes this, he has no chance to change anything.”

“Don’t worry, old man,” Prajna began to console him. “When a person is young, he is intoxicated with power, he is full of energy, and like a madman, he does not think about life. But with each passing year his energy wanes and he begins to sober up. It is old age and illness that allow a person to look at life realistically, to see it truthfully. And if a person does not brush aside this bitter truth, but comprehends it with his whole being, without trying to forget himself in wine or worries and excuses that he lives for the sake of his children, this understanding will pass with him into the next life.”

“Yes, you are wise,” said the old man. “I thought: what’s the use - I live for my children, my parents lived for me, my children will live for their children. But who will just live, be happy and enjoy life? If we all have been living for thousands of years just to raise our offspring, while putting our own lives on hold.”

“You see, Ivanich,” said Prajna, “you have seen this Truth. Yes, this is a part of the Devil’s matrix, when a person lives all the time for the sake of something else: building communism, the triumph of Islam, future generations. But a person does not think about why he is here? Who is he really? What is his mission, except to be another step of the Tower of Babel? Yes, we are compelled to seek our bodies for food and shelter. But that doesn’t mean we have to be limited to it. The meaning of life is to realize the Truth, and above all, to know oneself, God in oneself,” Prajna said. “Only this can bring eternal bliss to any human being.”



19. THE SECRET OF YOUTH

It was time to prepare for the astrological ritual, and the students went for ablution. Angela and Ruslan helped her grandfather to undress.

“If youth knew, if old age could,” he grunted.

The waters of the mountain lake were crystal clear. At the bottom, you could see colorful stones that had been carved by the water. Small fish swam around .

Ivanich went into the cold water, squirming, and dipped three times.

“Oh, that’s cold water,” he said as he stepped out of the lake and onto the shore.

“The water washes away all the harmful emanations from a person,” Angela explained, helping him dry off.

“That’s why in India they do ablutions all the time. And even Arabs in the desert, where there is no water, wash their feet before namaz,” she said.

“Yes, indeed, I feel so light, as if I had cleansed myself of something,” Ivanich remarked.

Ruslan and Arthur swam to the other shore, overcoming the unpleasant sensation of the icy water. The glistening surface of the lake reflected the clouds in the sunset rays, the beautiful fir trees standing along the shores, the distant snow-capped peaks of the mountains glittering in the sun. The night of the full moon had come, and people were seated in the ancient observatory in a certain order, preparing to accept the cosmic influence.

“The Earth is intimately connected with the Cosmos,” Prajna began to explain. “And at certain moments planetary influences descend from there to the Earth. And if at that moment you create a program of thoughts, images and emotions, it will be strengthened by this influence and will be embodied on the Earth. In the past, people knew it well, that’s why a lot of rituals were performed at full moon, when the Moon forms a certain interaction with the Sun and the Earth, and its influence is especially strong. Both moonless nights and eclipse are also important. But they are destructive, and in these moments, it is good to discard everything unnecessary -

unnecessary bad habits, relationships, diseases, unnecessary contacts, bad thoughts. But in the modern world, only Easter and Catholic Christmas occur during such influences; and birthdays, if a person celebrates them on the right day. But what program does he set during drunkenness, general debauchery and senseless state? Only destructive. That's why we all live so badly. The ancients sacredly honored all such dates and conducted rituals during them. That's why it's said they lived in a golden age. And although they did not have atomic bombs, they had the knowledge that gives prosperity and happiness, now lost by people. And this is what the ancient priests taught their neophytes. And if modern universities do not give this knowledge, they will not be useful, and even on the contrary - will cause harm to people. After all, technical progress without spiritual progress has brought the Earth to the threshold of destruction."

Prajna paused and smiled enigmatically, looking at the old man.

"Let us perform a ritual to rejuvenate the elder Ivanich, because he needs help now more than any of us, so that he has time and health to complete his life spiritually. Imagine him young and healthy, and at the moment of the moonrise, when its rays pass between the two guard slabs," Prajna pointed with her palm at two ancient stones embedded on the ground, "send this image, pumped with good energy, to him."

"Don't do it, don't do it!? I'll die peacefully as it is," Ivanich protested. "I'd rather let this ritual help other unfortunate people."

"No, old man," said Prajna confidently, "it is not for nothing that God brought you here, this ritual is for you."

"Yes, yes, Ivanich, we want to help you," Prajna's disciples began to say in unison.

They sat down and, repeating the mantra with concentration, began to cultivate the desired image. After a while, the students felt that a special flow was forming around them, and the whole space was filled with a shimmering energy field. Alice, as one of the most sensitive students, saw the crossing spirals of cosmic currents.

The moon was rising. The disciples gathered in the clearing and by Prajna's sign chanted a mantra.....

In the morning Ivanich was unrecognizable. It was as if he had become ten years younger, moved and talked more vigorously, swam across the lake, and helped to gather wood for the fire.

When everyone had settled down for a tea of healing herbs, Lyria asked Prajna:

“What is the rejuvenation and aging of the body connected with?”

“First of all, it is connected with the work of Svadhisthana-chakra, i.e. the sexual center. It is clear that when a person is sexually mature, it is a sign that he has become an adult. And when the activity of this center stops or decreases, he becomes old and prepares for death, as the body has fulfilled its program of reproduction. Some primitive creatures die immediately after reproduction, giving room for new individuals. The human body has almost the same mechanism, except that humans are designed to reproduce repeatedly. But the work of Svadhisthana can be renewed and strengthened by special Sampo exercises. Women go through menopause, wrinkles are smoothed out, the body becomes younger. Men also regain lost sexual function and return ten years back. Yesterday’s ritual is a part of this ancient system, and I will show it to you and Ivanich. It is closely connected with the acceptance of cosmic influences,” Prajna explained in detail.

“And at what age does a person’s sexual energy usually awaken?” Alice asked. “Is it necessary to prepare a teenager for this?”

“There is no proper sexual culture now,” Prajna admitted regretfully. “A child is sexually mature by about fourteen, that is, an adult. But his upbringing is directed that he should mature only by eighteen, and this creates a conflict between body and upbringing. The child wants to prove his adulthood, independence, and the so-called difficult age begins. He rebels, wants to be recognized as an adult. He starts smoking, drinking, swearing, showing aggression to prove that he has grown up, and he falls into the trap of bad habits. And aggressive challenge can lead to crime. In weak children there are mental deviations, schizophrenia, because the body dictates one thing, and education keeps it in the net, and there is an internal conflict. In ancient times much earlier a person was recognized as an adult, somewhere by the age of fourteen. And the child’s desire to assert himself was directed in the right direction. Boys were prepared for initiation into manhood through trials: they had to survive alone in the forest, get a beast, endure any difficulties. The child prepared for this and channeled his sexual energy in a positive direction, mastering weapons, acquiring the ability to survive and other useful skills. In modern society, this can be replaced by sports, not only physical but also mental. When a child achieves certain results, he or she is considered an adult. But it

should not have such a detrimentally formal character, as is currently practiced at school. Because of this, such competitions are often rejected by the adolescent himself, considered something imposed, not corresponding to reality. The same should be true for girls, only in their sphere. Otherwise, they just dream of a prince, having read books, and at the same time still play dolls, not preparing for real life, to a sober look at the partner and the art of interaction with him, because of which many marriages are almost immediately broken up. And the rest live in squabbles and scandals, torturing each other and not understanding how to live in love and harmony, because it is not taught neither in school nor in university. And parents talk only about storks and cabbage, without preparing their children for life together.

After the spiritual talk with Prajna, the practices of merging with the elements and trees began in a pure place far away from people. They were particularly impressive and brought the disciples a new unusual and very valuable spiritual experience.

Ivanich embarrassedly admitted that he had a sexual desire.

“This is normal,” said Prajna, “your rejuvenation is in progress, and this energy will be used to improve your body.”



20. CULTURE

Ivanich asked Prajna when they were once again sitting by the fire:

“I will become younger, but what is the use of it? I don’t know how to live and what to do. I was taught only to work like a wild beaver and provide for my family. But that can’t be the purpose of life. Then how am I better than an animal?”

“Yes, you are right, old man,” answered Prajna, “people have no real culture, they don’t know why they live. They don’t even know what the word ‘culture’ means. It consists of three parts: “cult”, “u” and “Ra”, that is to cultivate only those qualities that God has, that is Ra - the main God of Egypt, the Sun God. Or more simply: the cult of Light, spiritual Light.”

“What kind of cult is this?” Ivanich inquired.

“Everyone has a spark of God, a part of God. More precisely, you are this particle of God in its embryonic state. The center of your attention, where your perception, consciousness comes from, is this spark, particle, Atman, Spirit. You are the perceiving witness of what happens to the mind, the senses, the body. But as long as your witness has not realized itself and is identified with mind, feeling, body, it has not yet awakened, has not separated itself from all this. And your task is to create such a gap between you and your mind, feelings and body, or rather, not yours, but given to you for temporary use from outside. But it is difficult to do this, and the first step on this path is to make the spark ignite a flame: a flame of love, grace, compassion, repentance, joy, happiness and other higher emotions. Culture, i.e. songs, poems, literature, music, theater, temples, worship, should serve to awaken them. Sublime emotions will not come by themselves; they must be cultivated through works of art, religion, spiritual practices, merging with nature. However, we are taught something completely different, and the whole modern culture is a demonstration and justification of negative emotions. In books and movies, the protagonist is resentful, envious, vengeful, fearful, jealous, greedy, possessive, selfish. This is often justified by the struggle for justice, war with Evil and the like. Naturally, being brought up on such “culture”, a person in-

stead of sublime emotions and awakening of the Divine “I” becomes an embodiment of negative qualities and thoughts. There is, of course, religious literature like biography of saints, ancient fairy tales and legends. But now such literature is very little used in the education of children. These tales taught the Good, lofty emotions, sacrifice and self-sacrifice. And it is necessary to search for and nurture these sublime states in ourselves and in children. In our society there is absolutely no intelligent literature that would show the real work on ourselves. It might even seem wild to a modern person.”

“Wild, how, why?” Arthur was surprised. “After all, it teaches Goodness, spirituality.”

“Yes, but it is incomprehensible to people. Let me give you an example,” Prajna began to explain. “Let’s say, for example, Shakespeare’s famous tragedy of Othello. A slanderer whispers to him that his wife Desdemona has cheated on him, and Othello decides to kill her without even investigating it. I would write it differently: Othello listens to the slanderer, jealousy and vindictiveness arises in him, but he decides to work on himself and thinks, “Jealousy makes me feel the pattern instilled in me as a child - I was trained to react that way. But I don’t want to be a puppet of the stereotypes of a sick society. I want to get rid of my selfishness and look at the situation from a position of love. If Desdemona cheated on me, maybe I didn’t satisfy her as a man, and I need to become a better man to give her what she lacks. Maybe I didn’t give her enough gifts, didn’t give her enough attention, didn’t pamper her, didn’t tell her I loved her. I need to fix myself, tighten up, get better. Or maybe she is just putting up with me because of the pattern, that it is necessary to keep the family, then I will talk to her, if it is difficult for her with me, then maybe it is better to divorce. Why should she force herself to play the role of a wife if she doesn’t want to? Because I love her and I want her to be happy. And I’ll do anything to make her happy. Let her go out with that man. If that’s what she wants, let them get married. I’ll even help them with that, organize the wedding. But the main thing is to talk to her kindly, to find out what she wants, what’s bothering her.”

Prajna finished her example and looked at the reaction of the disciples. All the people listened breathlessly to the unusual twist in the story of Othello and applauded Prajna at the end.

“Yes, and even that’s not all,” she continued. “When Othello would have talked to Desdemona, it would have turned out that he was a victim of

slander. And they would have laughed together at the slanderer, pitying him, that instead of being happy, he lives in slavery to negative emotions and is constantly forced to lie to himself and others to achieve foolish goals that will not give him happiness, but only more confusion in life. Then the spouses would go to him and try to explain the Truth in a kind way.”

“Genius!” Ruslan exclaimed in admiration, and everyone clapped again, marveling at such an unexpected turn of events in a well-known piece of literature.

“Yes, you see, my dears,” said Prajna, “there is no such literature, it would look inadequate, it would not support the pattern of a sick society, created to generate negativity, to justify violence and war. After all, these stereotypes were created by the Dark Demons to feed on the suffering of people, and all works of such “culture” now belong to them and serve their purposes. Therefore, we need to revive the ancient culture and create a new modern culture based on the principles of love and perfection. Then the whole society will be able to change, because it is culture, i.e. movies, books, TV, radio, variety shows that create a person’s worldview, teach him or her to react to life in one way or another, to perceive themselves in the world in a certain way, and practically educate the human soul.

After these words of Prajna, the old man wept inconsolably.

“What happened, Ivanich?” Lyria turned to him.

“I realized that I had lived my whole life for nothing! I had been made a fool, and now I had so little time and energy to change and attain perfection! Why do people like Prajna have to hide in the mountains,” he sobbed, “instead of teaching people the Truth from all the TV screens? Instead, they show us lies, teach us negativity and evil, stun us with stupid programs and soap operas that make us sick! How long will we endure the Devil’s machinations? After all, I could live like millions of people and not even know about the Truth.”

“Yes, you are right, old man,” said Prajna. “But this is a new time. The fate of the Earth depends on us alone, on those who have learned the truth.”

Prajna paused, glancing meaningfully at Ivanich and then at the other disciples, who continued to listen to the wise woman with awe and enthusiasm.

“True culture begins with the transformation of the self,” Prajna continued, “but person in his present state can do nothing, but he must try to

remember, to remind himself and others, and in this way, by the common effort and help of God, person can change. Prayers are an important means of such reminding and changing. But there are very few real prayers, and they must be understood. One must learn to say them with the heart, with the whole being, and not only with the tongue. And today I will give you the prayer of my Master, which He received from God in silent samadhi, and which He has already translated for us into the clumsy language of the Earth. Listen, people, to the message from heaven!"

And in a very solemn voice, seemingly experiencing each word with her whole being, Prajna began to recite the prayer one phrase at a time, as if to convey to everyone the state contained in each word, so that people could feel its meaning:

*God, help me to wake up and not fall asleep.
To see myself real and not to forget.
To separate myself from filth and lies.
To serve You and people for the rest of my life.
Let me know Your will. And give me the humility to accept it.
Teach me forgiveness and forgive my sins.
To love Thee and all Thy creatures.
Let me be forever dissolved in Thy grace.*

And let it be so forever for Thy glory and for the good of people. AUM!

It seemed to Arthur that a great insight descended upon him in every line, but immediately vanished. He could not hold on to it.

"You'd have to repeat that prayer for years to realize it all," he reasoned.

"It is a pity," thought Alice, "that I do not fully understand the meaning of each word, because I have to reproduce the state of mind that each line describes. Perhaps one should repeat it until one has experienced it completely. And try to stay in that state as long as possible."

"Yes, I will strive to recite a prayer like Prajna," Ruslan thought, "to experience it with my whole being, and also to make people feel it."

"Gradually we will study every word of this prayer," Prajna went on to explain, "so that you may be in the states it speaks of. For now, try to memorize it and highlight what you do not understand in it, and what is clear - try to do. For example, you should try to forgive, to love, to sepa-

rate yourself from what you consider bad, false, not to identify, to think about how to serve people and God, to tune yourself to know His will. In every action you should try to abide in His grace. And as you do this, you will understand the first lines of the prayer. You will feel every word. This will happen when you remember yourself, when you awaken from the dream of your imagination, when you see yourself real and not the false image created by society.... Only when you observe yourself will you see the filth and lies and be able to separate yourself from them. If you don't do that, you will continue to see the filth as yourself and the lies as truth. That is why the first lines here are the most important - without them you will not be able to master the next lines, to awaken, to see yourself, to separate. This has to be learned every day, every minute. And the love and grace of God will give you strength to learn it. Therefore, concentrate on sublime emotions, start from them, so that you have energy and mood to perform all other actions, prayers. This is how you will achieve the true inner culture that will make you God - men."

When Prajna delivered the last words of her speech, the disciples, inspired, began to applaud again.



21. LOST LAUGHTER

In a picturesque forest clearing by a crackling fire, Naya sat surrounded by her students, answering their questions and explaining the Knowledge to them. One of them, a strong elderly man, whom everyone called Andreich, asked her:

“Tell me why I was happy in my childhood, and all my friends and acquaintances say that they were happy in their youth. Now I seem to have everything: a house, a car, a family, a good income, but the state of joy has left me.”

“That’s the problem of all people,” Naya replied with a transparent smile. “The thing is that a child, unlike adults, is still free. He shows his individuality, but as he grows older, adults impose a generally accepted pattern of behavior on him and force him to follow it - with threats, persuasion, carrying out their desires. Often the child himself, trying to appear as an adult, copies this pattern from parents and people around him. And gradually he loses himself, his individuality, becomes a dead, faceless robot, but like everyone else. But God created him unique. God does not make identical people. He creates bright individualities, but society does not need them. It needs soldiers, all in the same uniform, soullessly following the commands of their superiors and marching in step towards the next massacre. It needs stupid labor force that works hard and fulfills its tasks...”

“But not all people accept these templates so easily,” Ruslan noted, “there are different youth subcultures - hippies, punks, emos, gothics, they protest, they just go against the template of a sick society.”

“Yes, you’re right, Ruslan,” Naya agreed, “when a child’s mind begins to form, he sees the ugliness of society, its lies, its falsity and mechanics, its lifelessness. He begins, somehow or other, to resist the imposed pattern. But his resistance is spontaneous, unplanned, often he cannot even formulate it. He simply feels that he cannot and does not want to live like everyone else. But society continues to press from all sides and finishes its dark business. Many teenagers become complacent and become a gray mass, subject to the pattern.”

"But there are spiritual movements," Arthur objected, "where people fight the template, develop a real vision of themselves and the world."

"Yes, Arthur," Naya agreed again, "there are such movements, which the proponents of the system have now labeled as sects and are actively fighting against them. Of course, not every spiritual movement teaches real vision. Most of them have long forgotten about it and teach their own tradition, that is, a slightly different pattern, not very different from the generally accepted one."

"But what does one do to free oneself from the pattern?" Alice asked.

"First of all, it is necessary to study it, i.e. to keep track of patterned thoughts, stereotypical reactions, public opinions, habits, and conditioned emotions. For example, praised - joy, scolded - offense. And it is better to observe oneself when a whole group does it, because from the outside you can see more clearly what you are identified with, what is ruining you. And we can point out to each other these mechanisms built in by upbringing, which are alien to the human soul."

"What should I do if I see them?" Andreich asked a question.

"We should try to separate ourselves from it, to see it from the outside, to trace how this disease has penetrated us, through whom, through what. And even better - to exaggerate it to the ridiculous and have fun, make jokes about themselves, because laughter - it is the best way to dissociate. It is always difficult to separate ourselves from Evil if we take it seriously. Then your individuality will begin to awaken from under the garbage and debris of the pattern, and the happiness and joy of life, lost in your youth, will begin to return to you again. The feeling of importance, pride, swagger, as well as self-pity, self-humiliation, depression - these are crutches, props on which the templates and stereotypes of society are based, which help the ruling elite to keep everyone in the grip of dark forces, to suck negative emotions and suffering out of us. Imagine that a healthy person is forced to walk on crutches, saying that it is fashionable, prestigious, that everyone does it. And he learns to walk on crutches, but at the same time his legs atrophy. And he can't start moving on his own legs right away, he has to learn it all over again. And it's not easy, it takes time. Another plague is the feeling of guilt, which we have been deliberately inculcated by calling some natural manifestations of the essence sinful. If we were indoctrinated that touching the tip of our nose is a sin, we would be afraid to touch it, ashamed of this desire, feeling guilty. So very many harmless human manifestations have been labeled as

sinful, such as nudism. A small child wants to walk without clothes, they bother him, but he is instilled with a sense of guilt, and he begins to feel ashamed of his body, although in many wild tribes people walk naked, and it does not cause a problem for anyone.”

“But won’t they take me to a mental hospital?” Andreich was worried, having listened attentively to his Tutor’s explanations. “For example, if I do what I want and stop following patterns? Even if it doesn’t hurt anyone?”

The Tutor nodded, recognizing the correctness of the student’s assumption.

“They could take you away as well,” she confirmed. “A mental hospital is one of the ways to force a person into a pattern.”

“But what to do then?” Andreich looked at Naya incomprehensibly. “It turns out that a person can’t give up patterns even if he wants to?”

“There are three ways you can get rid of society’s malicious programs and patterns. The first is suicide. Representatives of the emo subculture once talked a lot about it. The second way is to become a hermit, because even in a monastery the priests will impose their templates on a person. And the third way is to become a disciple of Sampo, that is an actor and at the same time a spectator of one’s life. A Sampo disciple knows the pattern in himself and in others perfectly well, but for the sake of appearances he can play the right role to be adequate in any circumstances. But at the same time he knows that it is a game and remains at every moment a spectator of it. He even becomes a master of such a game and can show himself in any circumstances as it will be necessary, creating the right opinion about himself, achieving his goals faster. Thus, a person frees himself from templates and at the same time masterfully reproduces any necessary patterns, being able to embody a bum and a minister, a priest and a bandit, a policeman and a club goofball. For this he practices sans-theater, where he learns to enter into any role - not only outwardly, but also energetically. For example, if he plays Christ, he tries to match him in his inner state, to abide in love and grace, to spread the teachings.”

“Couldn’t we learn Sampo’s methods?” Ruslan asked enthusiastically.

“Yes, we will learn this system,” Naya confirmed, and with a mysterious smile she looked around at everyone present. “And right now we’ll start playing sans-theater. We’ll start with you, Andreich. Get on all fours and walk in circles with the face of a complete idiot.”

The man was even a little confused by the surprise.

"Me? How?!" he spread his hands in surprise. "How could I do that? It's..."

Seeing the student's confusion, Naya sent him a reassuring smile.

"The main thing is to start, just do it," she said softly.

Andreich hesitantly got on all fours and, looking around embarrassed, began to make funny faces. Everyone present laughed out loud - it seemed so ridiculous. Such a strong man, and suddenly he behaved like a fool or a small child.

"Stop!" Naya commanded, interrupting the practice. "Andreich, watch your reactions, feel how the pattern constrains you. What is preventing you, tell me."

The man thought for a moment.

"Well, a sense of importance," he said after a pause. "I'm the director, it's not my status to behave like that. And then there's the fear of judgment, because I can't be seen as a fool. What if they don't listen to me, what if my companions turn their backs on me?"

"Well, good self-observation," Naya nodded approvingly. "Now exaggerate the importance, the fear, and laugh at them."

Andreich stood up and, pounding his chest with his fist, said hilariously:

"I am important, very important. Everyone should know how important I am."

It looked very ironic, and all the students again could not hold back their ringing laughter. Andreich himself also began to laugh at the absurdity of his statement.

"And now fear," Naya said.

Andreich shrank back and, looking around at everyone, squealed with horror in his eyes:

"Oh, I'm afraid, I'm afraid, don't judge me."

Again the students laughed spontaneously, and Andreich himself along with them.

"Well, now you can feel the gap with the template," Naya commented. "And it is clear that you have fully identified and considered your role in the firm."

After the practice, Andreich's eyes shone with sincere joy.

"Yes, it's much easier somehow," the man admitted. "I had become so attached to the role of director that I didn't even see that it wasn't me."

“Good,” the Tutor smiled. “Now get on all fours again and be a fool,” Naya said.

Andreich knelt down again, put his palms on the ground and crawled on the grass around the fire. He was no longer embarrassed as he had been at first, he didn’t look at anyone and started to fool around. The others even began to get the impression that he had really lost his mind.

“Good, very good,” said Naya, watching Andreich’s sans-theater. “Now, Arthur, play a drunken bum and speak rudely about Alice.”

“Me?” Arthur was confused in turn, completely not expecting such a task. “I cannot.”

“Why not?” Naya asked.

“I love her and used to behave gallantly.”

“Well, it’s not bad that you see it, but we’re playing a game and you have a game task.”

Arthur clumsily began to play a bum, hesitatingly being rude with Alice.

“Stop!” his Tutor interrupted him. “What are you identified with? What prevents you from playing?”

“Well, with the fact that I must behave nicely,” Arthur began to ponder. “Otherwise, what if Alice falls out of love?”

“Exaggerate these traits then”

Arthur stuck out his chest and began to strut around like a peacock, admiring himself.

“I’m so nicely behaving myself, Alice will like me,” he squeaked in a silly voice, and then he laughed heartily with everyone else. “Oh, Alice will leave me, I’m afraid, I’m afraid, what to do then?” He frightenedly rushed around, exaggerating his own fear.

“Well, what? Did it get easier?” Naya asked.

“Yes! I could not even think that it was just a role! I couldn’t separate myself from it!” Amazed, he exclaimed.

“Now play a bum.”

Arthur got into the right character more smoothly and confidently - he began to stagger, spit on the ground, blow his nose, and then swore foul at Alice. It all looked quite natural, though there was still a certain lack of integrity.

“Well, that’s enough for a start,” Naya nodded approvingly, “Go on, give her a hug. You love each other, and that’s good. But you still need to see everything that’s going on inside, all the processes, fears, identifica-

tions. Now, Alice, it's your turn. Flirt with Ruslan, as if offering yourself to him."

Alice looked hesitant at Arthur, then shifted her gaze to Ruslan. It was obvious that she wasn't ready for this game.

"Stop!" Naya commanded. "What's stopping you?"

"I'm thinking about how Arthur will react," she said, "if he gets hurt or jealous and starts fighting."

"Exaggerate it."

Alice showed her fear:

"Oh, what will he think, what will he say?" The girl whispered, wrapping her arms around her head. "After all, I am so faithful, good. And he will not understand and condemn. It's awful!"

She was relieved, and everyone laughed.

"And now play," said Naya.

Alice began to be mannerly and flirtatious with Ruslan, fixing her hair, or flashing her eyes, or raising her miniskirt higher.

"Not bad," Naya praised the girl, "but it still looks like you're doing it formally. Add sincere feelings, sexual energy."

"But it's hard for me," Alice admitted, "feelings completely possess me. I can't summon them, especially sexual energy."

"Yes, now you can really see yourself, that's good," commented the Tutor, "Now I'll give you one 'crutch'. But I hope you will learn to control yourself on a deep level, and next time you will do without it. Imagine that Ruslan is Arthur, and show yourself to him in an attractive way."

"Yes, that makes it easier for me," said Alice, and she showed herself brightly and congruently with Ruslan, flirting with him in such a way that the people applauded.

Ruslan blushed and shrank from such frankness when Alice pressed her body to his.

"Stop!" Naya commanded. "Ruslan, what are you identifying with now? What's controlling you?"

"I thought, this is my friend's wife, and it is not good that we are in such a relationship."

"Now exaggerate."

"Oh, sorry, sorry, Arthur," Ruslan whimpered, "I almost slept with your wife."

Everyone laughed merrily, including Ruslan, who saw his own fears from a different angle.

“Do you feel freer now?” Naya asked with a smile, addressing all the participants of the sans-theater.

The disciples nodded joyfully, and there were cheers expressing the positive emotions that swept over them. The people felt lightness, a sense of happiness at being freed from the heavy load. It was as if they had been carrying a sack of stones on their shoulders for many years, bent over, and now they had thrown it off and squared their shoulders.

“You will have to work on your repertoire of mechanical roles for a long time to finally free yourself from the slavery of the template,” Naya explained, “It is ingrained in you with your mother’s milk, and it is not easy to get rid of it completely.”

Naya looked at the students and began to recite a poem that suited the topic of the class:

*How to separate the lie from yourself,
When it's become you
When all of life goes on
On a curve that's incomprehensible?
When you take a breath,
When you exhale,
When you think you're doing something
You suddenly become aware
Suddenly you realize
It rules you without a care
How to separate the lie from yourself,
When it's become you
When all of life goes on
On a curve that's incomprehensible?
Since childhood, from the womb
It came, warping space,
Preserving all the changes of life,
In you, faithfulness and constancy.*

“What do you mean, I haven’t been living my own life all these years?” Stunned by the realization that came to him, Andreich said. “My false personality was living instead of me? And it acted according to ready-made templates. And I lost my happiness because of this. But how can I see it, how can I become myself?”

Sincere regret and pain flashed in the man's voice that so much time had been lost in meaningless fuss.

"That is the true goal," Naya explained with a warm smile, "many people have gone into the forest, into the desert, into a cave, so that there their pattern could atrophy and they could recognize themselves. Among such people are Buddha, Christ, Moses... After all, freedom from the template is Nirvana, the Kingdom of God, enlightenment. It's no coincidence that Christ said: "You will not enter the Kingdom of Heaven unless you become like children", "You must be born again".

"So, in order to find yourself, do you have to become a hermit? Completely give up social life?" Andreich asked doubtfully, looking carefully at his Tutor.

"No, it's not necessary," she shook her head negatively. "You can achieve freedom from patterns here, without leaving your normal life. That's why we hold our lectures, seminars, practical classes... And in our groups you can get rid of templates even faster than in the hermitage. But the insidiousness of a template is that it has many roles, it divides a person into parts, does not allow him to be united, and thus weakens him."

"How so?" Arthur asked incomprehensibly.

"For example, you have the role of husband, which you play when you are with Alice, the role of son, which you play with your parents, the role of university student, friend of Ruslan, victim of enemies, rival. And there are so many more different roles. And there is one part that appears here in our group and wants to develop spiritually. But when your parents come here, for example, you can switch to the role of a son and completely forget that you have fallen under the power of the template again. And you will identify with the role of a son until Ruslan comes and reminds you that we have to watch ourselves to get rid of the influence of templates. And then you'll remember your decision and start observing the role of the son. And once you observe it from the outside, you're free of it. That's what a group is for, for people to help each other learn about themselves and fight the pattern. It is even funnier when a person sits alone and remembers, say, his enemy, and enters the role of a victim or a rival. And he starts mentally talking to his enemy, sometimes even speaking aloud and gesticulating, being completely in the power of imagination, even forgetting that he is actually alone. So the first thing to do in sans theater is to make a repertoire of your roles and start studying them. And then - not to let them take over, but to step back and try to control

them. It's especially important to control your roles that involve negative emotions. They are the worst, as they destroy our lives and lead to mental and physical illnesses."

"So where did the roles come from?" Alice asked.

"They were created as a result of adaptation to a certain social environment: school, family, work, friends. Of course, a person must play a role adequate to the environment, but at the same time he must remember that it is only a game. He should observe himself and his reactions, study himself. And the group should help in this, remind when a person forgets...."

"Did you hear that?" Ruslan said rudely, turning to Arthur. "Now I'm going to wake you up, get ready, you won't relax like before!"

"Yes, but you're no better," replied Artur, "you sleep and don't remember yourself. I won't let you live in peace either."

"Wait," Naya interrupted, "you have to treat it compassionately, trying to help. And a person must be grateful for such help, otherwise the result will be excuses, lies, and a desire to hide oneself from others, to preserve one's tyrant, one's roles. This requires understanding and determination to work seriously for one's liberation. We have all been shaped by the coincidence of circumstances and other people's desires. And now, if we want happiness and joy and freedom, we need to realize that. And cherish the group, in which it is only possible to free ourselves from everything alien, superfluous, which makes us suffer and live someone else's life. When you make a repertoire of your roles, we will play out here the scenes peculiar to these roles, say, how you interact with teachers, superiors, friends, so that you can better see the whole mechanism and learn to manage it."

"At work, when I interact with my superiors, I appear like a rabbit in front of a beast constrictor," Alisa admitted. "I feel paralyzed, I can't fully demonstrate my professional skills"

"Very well, let's try to practice it," Naya suggested. "Imagine that Andreich is your boss, and start to show yourself freely, speaking boldly about your suggestions and what you think you need to change to make the work better."

Alice tried it, but even in the game situation she felt her stiffness, uncertainty, shyness in front of the boss, which was fixed in the corresponding pattern of behavior.

"Now exaggerate your stiffness," said Naya.

Alice squirmed and began to repeat:

“Oh, I’m afraid, I’m afraid that I’ll say something wrong, and the boss will scold me, condemn me, say that I’m stupid... Oh, how scary it is....”

Alice’s exaggeration was very funny, which caused another wave of laughter among the students. The girl herself couldn’t stand it and started laughing, seeing the absurdity of her fears.

“You see, it’s funny,” Naya commented with a smile. “Now, get angry at your stiffness and say, “I won’t let you get in my way anymore. Imagine your stiffness as an image, as if it were standing right in front of you, and hit it as hard as you can.”

Alice thought for a moment, and then began to strike fiercely into space, as if she really was facing her stiffness, preventing it from manifesting properly.

“That’s good,” Naya commented on Alice’s actions. “Now try again. And you, Andreich, adjust your mood sternly, condemn and disagree.”

In a more active fighting state, Alice began to interact with Andreich and managed not to give up when he reprimanded her. She showed grit, determination, and was able to withstand her superior’s harsh rebuke.

“Fine,” Naya nodded approvingly, “now add a little charm, femininity, so you don’t have to be so rigid, be sly, ask, sympathize, if it’s appropriate.”

They tried to interact again, and now Alice was more harmonious. She did not push head-on, but showed her inherent softness and flexibility, but at the same time she continued to express her opinion openly and finally managed to convince the “boss” that her proposal would help improve the work.

“I would appreciate such an employee,” Andreich said at the end.

“Well, you see,” Naya summarized, “this is how you can adjust all roles, all relationships, so that they bring success and benefit. In this case, the person becomes the master of himself, he is no longer ruled by complexes, phobias, and stereotypes, but he builds his life creatively.



22. TREASURE

Naya was about to start a new topic with her students in one of the classes, but before she did, a few hands went up in the hall, to tell her how the classes with the Tutor had helped them solve their problems and change their lives for the better.

A young, slender brunette with a small, fluffy dog in her arms was the first who came to the stage.

“Once when I was a child, a dog bit me and scared me very much,” she began her story. “I was very little. After that I was haunted by fears all my life. I had nightmares every now and then in my sleep, and I even started bedwetting because of it. I could not communicate with people normally, because I had a constant fear that they could do something bad to me. I was afraid of the opposite sex, I didn’t want to get acquainted. I went to the doctors and they put me on neuroleptics, but it didn’t help. Naya put me in a state of hypnosis and took me back in time to the moment when the dog accident happened. Naya reprogrammed that moment and replaced the scene of the dog biting me with a scene of the dog licking me and playing with me. And from that day on everything changed: the fear disappeared, I fell in love with dogs and now I easily communicate and get along with people. Recently I met a nice partner and soon we will get married. I want to thank this wonderful woman who helps so many people.”

The student turned to her Tutor and reverently said:

“Naya, thank you so much for what you do!”

At that moment, the future husband of the “lady with the dog” came up on stage. He brought out a large bouquet of white roses and presented it to the Tutor. The hall burst into applause.

A couple with a child came on stage next.

A short, thin woman named Albina took the floor. It was she who wanted to tell her story.

“I had been having bad omens for a long time, nightmares at night,” she began. “I went to Naya, and she guided me on a Gyud session and guided me into the future, to the place where my nightmares always lead to trouble.

And I saw our house burning down with the baby. Then Naya traced the chain of events that led to the fire, and I saw the child playing with matches in our absence and then carefully hiding them in a place where we would not know about it. Then we put away matches and anything that could cause a fire, started sending the child to grandma's house when we are not home, and the disaster did not happen. Many thanks to Naya from our whole family for her great knowledge and ability to help people so much."

Impressed by Albina's story, the students applauded again.

Then the class about communicating with the dead began, and Naya asked for hypnagogic volunteers to come on stage. Arthur was among them.

He lay down on the couch at his Tutor's request, and Naya put him into an altered state of consciousness using the Gyud method. She began to ask him which of his relatives he could see. Arthur began to recount everything that was happening in his mind. He saw his great-grandmother. She was very young and beautiful and behind her back she had transparent wings like a dragonfly and she was flying. Great-grandmother showed him the house where she now lived: on the smooth surface of a beautiful mountain lake grew giant lilies in the shape of houses. In one of these flowers she lived.

"I have dreamed all my life," explained Great-Grandmother, "to be among the elves and live in a flower. Now my dream has come true."

"Where do these flowers come from?" Arthur asked in surprise.

"Everything here is created by our imagination," she answered. "Imagination is a great power, and it is by it that God created our world. And we are a part of His creation, as if we were His creators. Imagination organizes the energies of the subtle world, and then these images of objects or events can materialize on the physical plane. But bad and destructive things materialize faster, because it is easier to burn or blow up a house than to build it. A match or a piece of TNT is enough for that. But to build a house you need energy of many people, materials, time and efforts. That is why there is more Evil in the physical world. And here in the subtle plane, a single thought is enough to break something or create something. It's not like that with you. I lived in the era of revolution. Communists indoctrinated many people that the tsarist power, the rich and even just prosperous people were Evil. And people, being under hypnotic influence, began to kill the rich, officers, the Tsar, to destroy everything. They could do it, it was easy. But they could not make everyone live in palaces and work four hours a day, as the Communists promised. It was unrealistic, at that time such an image, and even after the general devas-

tation and hunger, simply it could not be realized. Maybe it will be realized in the future, when there will be fewer people and robots will work instead of them. That is why you should be careful when you imagine something, because if this image is filled with your emotions or energy of people who believe in it, it can incarnate on the Earth. Do you want me to show you the images that were created by your imagination?"

"Why, is that possible?" Arthur stared at his great-grandmother in amazement.

"Of course," she smiled and transported Arthur into the plane where his imagination was, into his mental sphere. He saw all his dreams and reveries and fears and images of negative situations he had ever imagined.

"Look," said Grandma, "you even imagined that Alice would leave you for someone else because you are so insecure and stupid. It is very bad that you have created a weak image of yourself and connected it with Alice's departure. Now erase it, destroy it, imagine the exact opposite."

Arthur began to imagine burning away that negative image. He began to smash it with his astral sword, imagining himself strong and smart with Alice, thinking that she liked him and she wasn't going anywhere.

"That's better," said the great-grandmother, "and now watch your mind so that it does not give birth to monsters."

Arthur thanked her sincerely, and then great-grandmother smiled kindly.

"And I also want to show you, grandson, where I have hidden the treasure. Though it is forbidden for us to do so, I will reveal it to you, for I know that you will use it for a good cause, not for yourself."

"What is the purpose of this treasure, Grandmother?" Arthur asked, intrigued.

"You are creating a great good for all people, especially for children - the Field of Love, and let the treasure be used for its needs. Look: do you remember our old village, where you were a boy, our old house?"

Arthur nodded, and he and his great-grandmother were instantly transported there. They saw an abandoned village where no one had lived for a long time and the house was completely ruined.

"Yes, that's the house," said Grandma. "And in that house there was a cellar, and in it in the left corner from the entrance - a barrel with royal coins buried. Remember where it was, go and get it."

"I see, thank you, grandmother! I'll use it all for a good cause, I won't take it for myself," Arthur promised with sincere gratitude.

Then Naya brought Arthur out of his altered state of consciousness and he came to his senses.

The students present at the session were amazed by his account of his meeting with his great-grandmother, for they heard everything while he was under hypnosis and spoke aloud what was happening to him.

Many of the students were amazed at the possibilities of the Tutor and after the session with Arthur, several more went to similar sessions.

At the end of the class, Naya asked everyone to lie down on their mats and led a mass Gyud session. People flew to Atlantis to see how our ancestors lived many thousands of years ago and to talk to the priests.

This session was special. It gave the students the opportunity to gain access to sacred knowledge known by the ancient people, but further was lost. Each of the students received a unique experience and valuable realizations for further spiritual development.

When the amazing class was over, people were under a strong impression. They shared their emotions for a long time and thanked Naya for the revelations she had given them.

When everyone had dispersed, Arthur approached Ruslan.

"You've heard the story about the treasure, haven't you?" He asked and looked carefully into his friend's eyes: "Can you help me? Let's go there, eh? We'll have to dismantle the collapsed house somehow to get to the cellar and get the coins out of there."

"What if it turns out that it's all just an imagination?" Ruslan asked doubtfully. "Maybe it's all just visions that have nothing to do with reality, and we'll be traveling so far away, and there's probably more than a day's work to be done. Are you sure it's worth it?"

"I don't know, friend," Arthur thought, "but I'd like to check it out. Help me if you can."

"Well, all right, just for the sake of our friendship," Ruslan smiled and clapped Arthur on the shoulder. "It's always nice to go to the countryside. Maybe we'll find something useful."

The four friends were happily discussing the class as they walked by the night city.

“I didn’t even think,” Arthur shared with the others, “that I could communicate so easily with the dead and see the subtle plane.”

“And Atlantis?!” Ruslan echoed. “It’s so amazing that we can travel there and study what was there. It turns out that great powers and abilities are dormant in us, we just need to be able to awaken them.”

“Yes, it’s incredible!” Angela exclaimed. “I never thought that I would be able to communicate with people from a lost civilization, and even get ancient knowledge, which was considered lost.”

“You know, and I realized that I also want to learn the Gyud method,” said Alice suddenly, “to help people...”



23. RAPING

One day Alice brought her friend Veronica to Lyria's class. "Can you imagine," Alice began to tell, "she had been raped by her uncle when she was ten years old. And now she has bitterness towards all men and fear of intimacy. She can't get involved with anyone because of that."

"Is that what you want?" Lyria asked Veronica. "To start a relationship with a man?"

Veronica thought for a moment.

"On the one hand, no, I hate them all," she said after a short pause. "But on the other hand, I want a family, I want a child, I want to be loved. But as soon as I see a man trying to get to know me, I immediately turn on fear and aggression, and I have a strong desire to avenge myself."

Lyria looked at the girl warmly, sending her the energy of love, acceptance, support.

"You know that this problem of rape is exaggerated in society," she explained softly, "it is given an unhealthy meaning, and thus creates phobias and complexes in girls like you. In fact, rape is no more than ordinary violence, when, say, a person is beaten. And even in principle it is not such a terrible action in comparison with when a person is beaten - he can be crippled, left ugly for life. But no one makes it a psychological problem if someone is beaten badly... But when the issue is sex, people do more harm than the rapist with their hypertrophied attitudes. A child might treat it more easily, as a simple beating. But adults themselves, with their exaggerated pity and lamentations, excessive emphasis on the tragic nature of the incident, create psychological trauma in a person, which would not have happened, had they taken a calmer attitude to what happened. Do you remember how your parents and other adults reacted to the situation?" Lyria asked.

"Yes, I remember," Veronica nodded. "At first I didn't even realize what had happened. My drunk uncle dragged me into the room, pinched my arm, threw me on the couch, and ripped off my panties. Then I felt

pain in my crotch as he shoved his... part in there. At first I thought he just wanted to beat me up or torture me. He was scaring me with a knife, saying he'd stab me if I screamed. But when he started poking it, I screamed involuntarily. He gagged me with a pillow and then quickly let go and walked away. I saw blood and some white liquid in my crotch. I thought he had poked me there with a knife and cut me. I told my mom. And then it started. Everyone started oohing and aahing, feeling sorry for me as if I was almost dead or about to be killed. At first I was really scared. I thought that if everyone was so worried, something terrible had happened and maybe I would die soon. But then, when they started talking to me, they started accusing men that they were all so bad, that they only wanted to do something bad, that they had done a terrible thing to me, that I could be killed for such a thing, that it was the worst thing that could happen. Gradually I began to "understand" what had been done to me, and at the same time I was being nurtured with hatred towards all men and fear that someone else might do the same thing, and that it was horrible."

Lyria listened attentively and gave her a warm look.

"Yes, you see, my dear," she said softly, "people created a problem for you with their attitudes, created a tragedy that you have to live with. You see, there are evil forces and demons in the world. They feed with people's suffering, their fear, their hatred. And they are very happy if there are victims like you. At the expense of experiences and sufferings of a person, they find food for many years. They deliberately push people like your relative to violence. After death you will stand before God together with him, and your uncle will be very ashamed of what he has done. He will repent and ask you for forgiveness. But perhaps you will also be ashamed before God for your hatred not only of him, but also of those people, those men, who did not do you wrong. What do you think?" Lyria asked Veronica.

The girl's face showed a concentrated thought.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said thoughtfully, after a pause.

"But everything can be changed, and instead of fear and hatred you can be happy and joyful. Do you want that?"

"Yes," Veronica said reluctantly. "I do."

"Then you should go to church and repent before God for your hatred, and forgive this misguided man, and all men. The others are not even to blame that this one turned out to be like that and succumbed to the influence of dark forces. Go to church with Alice and pray. Maybe it

will not come out the first time, but go to two or three temples. And when forgiveness will be in your heart, then come and I will help you further to make you happy.”

“Okay, I’ll try, thank you,” Veronica said with sincere gratitude.

After a while Alice came to Lyria and told her that Veronica had managed to repent and forgive her relative. And that she wanted to come again.

The Tutor was happy for the girl and set the day of the session.

“Can I sit somewhere so that I don’t disturb you, but I can hear you working with Veronica, because I want to learn how to help people, too,” Alice asked.

“Yes, of course, dear. Listen to how it will be. You can make a good psychologist too.”

The next day Veronica and Alice came to see Lyria.

“You know, my dear, there are two parts in every human being: male and female.” Lyria’s soft voice was full of energy and strength. “One is bodily manifested and the other is not. Since you are a woman, you also have an inner man. That’s you too. And in one incarnation you could be a man and in another you could be a woman. The unmanifested part is veiled, it is in the subtle plane, constantly near you. And you can feel your inner man. Remember how you imagined your ideal man, how he looks like, how he manifests himself. Do you have such an image?” Lyria asked.

“Yes, I do,” replied Veronica, “but I thought that he could only be in my imagination, and that in life all men were bastards.”

“This image is your ideal, your inner man,” she explained. “He is also called *Onome*. Now visualize him again, the more detailed the better—imagine how he meets you, how he talks to you. He does everything the way you want him to.”

Veronica closed her eyes and visualized her *Onome*. A happy, bright smile appeared on her face.

“Very good,” Lyria commented. “Now relax, lie back in the chair, and imagine him taking care of you, giving you gifts. He’s a part of you, and he does everything perfectly - just the way you like it.”

Veronica’s face seemed to glow from inside; gloom and tension disappeared, and she fell into a slight relaxed state.

Lyria continued to speak, gently guiding the development of their relationship with precise phrases:

“Here he gives flowers, here he reads poems,” she said and gave time for Veronica to visualize and experience this in her inner world.

Seeing the change in Veronica’s condition, Lyria praised the girl:

“Good, dear,” she said and gently pressed the wrist of her hand, anchoring this joyful light state. “Remember everything you saw, and now communicate more often with your ideal, and come to me again in a week.”

The next time Lyria laid Veronica comfortably in a large chair and asked her to summon her ideal again. As a smile played across Veronica’s face, Lyria gently touched her wrist, reinforcing the positive state anchor, and further developed Veronica’s relationship with her *Onome*.

“Your ideal does everything the way you want,” she said. “Imagine him kissing you tenderly, hugging you, stroking your hand.”

So gradually Lyria brought their relationship to the beginning of intimacy. When she saw that Veronica was changing her state to negative, she would step back and smoothly move on again, telling her that he was doing everything the way she wanted him to, so that Veronica could visualize the possible and desirable version of the relationship for herself. Sometimes she would gently touch her wrist, anchoring her in a positive state to remove the blocks that would arise as they approached intimacy.

“Feel how the touch of an ideal makes you want to be touched,” Lyria said. “He is so beautiful, so charming, so gentle. He makes you want to be close to him.”

Veronica relaxed and entered a languid state. She felt a sexual desire to give herself to her perfect man.

Lyria touched her wrist again.

“And then he does what you want, and you come together in a hot embrace,” she continued, “He penetrates your womb. You feel the pleasure. You are overwhelmed with a state of happiness.”

All the while Lyria kept her hand on Veronica’s wrist to keep her perception from shifting to the old, negative one. The Tutor left Veronica in this slight happy state until she began to come out of it herself.

“Very good, my dear,” Lyria praised her, “do you feel a change in yourself towards men?”

“Yes, I let it happen,” Veronica admitted. “I have lost the fear and hatred that used to arise even at the thought of intimacy or even at the thought of any relationship.”

“Now come to our Tantra class. Maybe you can meet a worthy man there.”

Veronica nodded and excitedly thanked Lyria for her help.

Alice watched Lyria’s work with amazement. She had never heard of this approach before, although she had read many books on psychology.

“The most important thing,” Lyria explained to her when Veronica left, “is to find an approach to a person, to understand what will help him. Not all standard methods will work for every problem. You need creativity. And you also need to feel the person, what works for him, what doesn’t, to what limit he is ready to go, what needs to be said, when to take a break. This all comes with experience.”

At the next Tantra class, Lyria stayed close to Veronica and watched how she reacted to the men present. When she noticed that one of them caught her eye, and was convinced that he was a worthy candidate, she asked her:

“What do you think of this man?” When she pointed to the man she liked, Lyria gently touched her wrist, anchoring the positive attitude Veronica had already formed toward her ideal man.

A wave of shivers went through Veronica’s body.

“Yeah, he seems okay,” she replied, feeling the same feelings for him that she had when she’d interacted with her *Onome*.

“Come on, I’ll introduce you to him,” Lyria offered and, leading Veronica over to the man, told her that they would be doing tantric practices together today.

The first Tantra session was a success - Veronica realized that her feelings of hatred and anger towards all men no longer poisoned her, that she was able to feel sexual desire for a man, able to admire and love him. She began a healthy relationship with Leonid, and the future showed that they made a good couple.



24. CHOICE

Lyria and her disciples were boating on a beautiful mountain lake with lilies blooming on its surface.

Having reached a small picturesque island, the travelers got ashore, began to build a fire and make tea from herbs. During the tea party, a student named Oksana asked Lyria:

“How should I act: I love one man, but he got married and is no longer free. And another man wants to marry me, but I don’t like him - what should I do?”

“A person has a heart and a mind,” Lyria replied with a wise smile. “And here you see the conflict of these parts with each other. If we look at the mind, we see that it consists of memory and intellect, which deals with creativity and reflection. But a person, strange as it may seem, because he was called Homo Sapiens - an intelligent person - rarely uses it, mainly relying on his memory. And it turns out to be mainly consisted of other people’s thoughts, templates, stereotypes. But these are not the thoughts of wise people, but the thoughts of fools who live poorly themselves and only envy successful people. Successful people use their intellect more often than their memory. This is the key to their success. And now you are taking from your memory template thoughts that it is time to get married, it is time, you should be like everyone else. But in this way, a person will not reach the state of happiness, because happiness is experienced by our heart. And only by listening to it, a person can be happy, whether it is the choice of a partner, job or place of residence. We can be guided by our heart, as it knows better what we need for happiness. And now, when explaining all this, as I always do in my lectures, I use my intellect. I advise you to think about life in the same way, and not just remember other people’s opinions, statements, *clichés* imposed by society.

Oksana listened attentively to her Tutor and thought.

“So, it turns out, if I need to listen to my heart, and I love a married man now ... do I have to become his mistress?” The girl waved her hands doubtfully and looked questioningly at Lyria.

“Darling, you have to look for more than one solution to every problem,” she smiled. “For example, you can look for another man who’s single and likes you. Or you can be the mistress of a married man, if you love him very much and are ready for such a role. The main thing is not to make a big deal out of it. Always remember that you are not one, you have many parts, roles. And each person has his own tastes, his own preferences. You have to include the intellectual, creative part, so that it finds a solution that satisfies the majority of your “I”. This is not an easy job: you have to think, feel, weigh the pros and cons. But it is the only way to find your happiness, your individuality, joy, fulfillment, love. But do not try to show it to stupid people, because they may not accept it and start judging you, considering you bad.”

“And then how to be?” Oksana asked in surprise. “For example, if... I choose the role of a mistress, it will in any case cause general condemnation....”

“You have to play a socially acceptable role with the people around you, make up some story so that they can accept the fact that you don’t live according to the same patterns as they do,” the Tutor explained.

Oksana thought for a few seconds and nodded:

“I think I understand,” the girl smiled. “Thank you for your valuable advice... I’ll try to listen to my heart and make the right decision....”

Lyria looked at her student with warmth.

“Honey, I’ll be glad if you find your way to happiness. But remember that you need to develop harmoniously. It is important not only to listen to your heart, but also to train your intellect, for example, by solving riddles. The strength of the mind depends on the ability to concentrate. Yogis say, “Concentration is wisdom.”

Lyria looked around at all the students present and suggested:

“Let’s try now to look at the flames of the fire and not be distracted by anything else for at least ten minutes. The longer you can focus your attention, the better your intellect will work, the more complex tasks it will be able to solve. For more successful concentration, focus your attention on the area between the eyebrow. You may even feel a pressure there. This is the energy being directed to the mental center. Contemplate the flames of the fire and the purity of your breath. This will help you to calm down and not be distracted by extraneous thoughts.”

The students enthusiastically began to meditate on the flames of the fire, concentrating and focusing their attention as their Tutor advised.

And when the practice was over and the disciples one by one began to return from their state of meditative detachment, Lyria spoke:

“Human life is divided into two stages: the first is ordinary life and the second is post mortem existence. Just like the butterfly and the caterpillar. In both parts of existence person receives the lesson of God. Only in the first one he goes blind, not knowing how, what and why things happen. In the second part, all the cards are opened, and there comes the understanding of what really was in the first part, there is a rethinking and correction of sins and mistakes. Almost every religion tells us what we must do to honorably pass every lesson of God. But the modern person has turned far from religious teachings, and many religions have degenerated. And because of this, many people have passed their lessons blindly without learning from them, so their lessons are repeated and repeated. The meaning of one human life is in its completion, as it was written on the door of the Delphic temple: to prepare ourselves for the second life, in which we will have more happiness and opportunities, just as a butterfly has more space and impressions. It can enjoy its flight by feeding on the nectar of flowers, while the caterpillar has to crawl on the ground and is limited in its perception.”



25. SEASONS OF THE YEAR

Lyria and her disciples walked for a long time through a picturesque gorge, and finally reached a large mountain, which touched the clouds with its snowy peak. Here the walls of the gorge parted, and the travelers saw a beautiful waterfall cascading down the mountain, into a small lake. Tired and steamed from the long hike under the sun, the guys began to bathe in the cool invigorating water with pleasure, and then, sitting down on the shore, began to contemplate this miracle of nature, spreading their gaze and covering the whole surrounding space with it.

“Look at everything at once,” Lyria advised, “while listening to all the sounds and feeling your own breath. It’s a beautiful meditation that helps you shut off your thoughts and allow yourself to be in stillness, nourished by the beauty around you. After all, because of our thoughts, we don’t see anything around us. We perceive only one percent of external impressions and we lose a lot in the process.”

After the meditation, the disciples, in a peaceful and sublime state, began to build a fire and prepare for tea.

Arthur noticed that it was easier to meditate after a difficult journey, because the tired body itself tends to relax.

“Yes”, Lyria confirmed the student’s observation, “excess energy does not give a person rest, so one should eat less and do more physical activity to be in a more even, harmonious state, then the consciousness will develop more easily.”

When the tea was ready, everyone sat around the cozy crackling fire and the students began to ask their Tutor questions.

Ruslan was the first to ask:

“Tell me, why did I start the path of development, but then I reached a dead end and do not progress further?”

Lyria looked at the student carefully, but suddenly remained silent and asked someone else to ask the next question.

Then Andreich raised his hand.

"I have the same problem, but in business," he said. "Everything seems to have started well, the business is working, but it feels like I'm not going any further."

Lyria didn't answer again, but instead looked around at everyone present.

"Okay, any other questions?" She asked.

Then a young blond girl named Albina raised her hand.

"I also have a problem - I can't meet anyone for a long-term relationship," she said. "Everything starts out well, but then my feelings cool down and I break up with another partner. What's the problem?"

"Okay," said Lyria, addressing all the students at once, "I'll explain to you what's going on. The average person thinks that everything goes in a straight line. But if we observe the life around us, we see that every process is cyclical - it goes in a wave or a circle: something starts, grows, and then withers and dies. Whether it is a person, a plant, civilization or religion, human relations or business, a spiritual path, and any other thing. This process can be depicted in the form of the seasons. Spring is the beginning of a relationship, a business, a spiritual path, the birth of a person or any other being, a plant. Do you see that steep mountain?" The Tutor pointed to a majestic mountain slope with lush vegetation rising right in front of them. "Can you climb it or not?"

The students hesitated, pondering the answer, then they began to answer randomly. Some said no, others hesitated, still others said they could try. The Tutor listened to all of them and began to explain:

"You see, it's hard to decide to start something big," she said. "It always takes a lot of effort to overcome your inertia and resistance to the environment. So if you want to start something, you have to prepare to be active and fight with yourself: with your fears, laziness, the illusion that everything is fine and you don't need to do anything. Only those who overcome themselves and circumstances, get the intended and desired. And this is epitomized by summer, when all nature wakes up, blossoms, and prepares to bear fruit. Then, for some time, everything goes by itself, and therein lies a great danger. The person relaxes, thinking that it will always be like this. This is the fall: his efforts bear fruit, but at the same time, if he stops making additional efforts, stagnation sets in: relations cool down, competitors begin to push the entrepreneur away, spiritual development stops. What do you think should be done in such a situation?"

“Make new efforts,” Ruslan suggested.

“Find new ideas,” Artur added.

“Prepare for such a period,” Andreich said. “And until winter comes, make more efforts to grow and develop.”

“Yes, that’s right,” Lyria nodded approvingly, “because winter comes after fall. In a relationship, one must not relax. A woman must make the same efforts that she did in the spring, when she wanted to be liked: also look after herself, also strive to be desirable, otherwise the relationship will be destroyed. After all, a man can see you from a bad side, disappointed. And what can be after that? Only discord and divorce. Remember this: no matter what business you take on, winter will inevitably come,, and you need to be ready for new efforts. Then after winter, spring will come, and instead of death and destruction, your business, your relationships, your spiritual growth will move to a new level of development.”



26. THE STRUCTURE OF THE SOUL

One day before a new class, Lyria drew a star-pentagram on the blackboard and explained:

“The human structure can be visualized as a five-pointed star. Its apex is consciousness, i.e. person himself, who observes everything that happens inside and outside. But usually he is asleep and identifies himself with everything he sees. The right leg of the star is the will, which should control the left arm of the star - attention. But the average person has no will. It is replaced by emotion and directs attention to what they are interested in or what has affected them.”

Ruslan started to stretch his arm. Lyria nodded to him, and he stood up to ask his question.

“How is it that a person has no will?” He asked and looked at his Tutor in confusion. “For example, I consider myself a strong-willed person.”

“It’s easy to check,” Lyria smiled and pointed to the large mechanical clock hanging above the board. “Do a simple exercise: watch the second hand without distraction. As long as you can stay focused and concentrate, that’s the will you have.”

The students eagerly embarked on the exercise and began to stare intently at the second hand, but it turned out that almost all of them only had their willpower working for a minute.

“You see,” said Lyria, “you can’t even do the simple thing of keeping your attention on the hand of a clock. Usually it is a strong emotion that holds your attention. And a person with that emotion seems strongly willed. But as soon as the emotion stops, his attention becomes scattered again.”

Surprised by the results of the unexpected test, the students listened to their Tutor with bated breath.

“Next, we continue talking about the human structure,” Lyria reminded, bringing the students’ attention back to the pentagram on the blackboard. “The right hand of the star is memory. But since human attention is scattered, a person remembers practically nothing, and remem-

bers only that which affected him strongly, emotions make him concentrate and spin the same idea in his head many times. Hence the conclusion: if you want to remember something, you should repeat it to yourself more often”

“Repetition is the mother of learning!” Arthur exclaimed, citing a phrase that came to mind.

“That’s right,” Lyria said, “whether it’s cramming at school, practicing in the gym, or meditating. Only frequent repetition allows a person to master something, to achieve any result.”

“Constancy and victory!” Andreich added.

“Yes, quite right,” Lyria approved. “So, let’s continue. The left leg of the star is the mind, but it appears very rarely. It is usually replaced by a sick fantasy, fueled by human emotions and interests. But such fantasy usually leads to nothing, a person just spends his life in pipe dreams. Only constructive imagination, acting on reason, can help a person achieve a goal. But it still has to be learned, because usually a person does not have enough perseverance to think about something for a long time and build a series of constructive images that will outline the road to the goal.”

“What should we do? What do we need to do to achieve our goals?” Alice asked.

“Well done, you have very correctly emphasized the main question,” praised her Lyria, “for this purpose it is necessary to do Dharana, i.e. concentration of attention, trying to keep it on one object - breath, candle flame, area between eyebrows, yantra, mantra, sounds of music. Following this, one should do Dhyana, i.e. try to see one’s inner world at the same time with such concentration or just during daily life. We have to understand where our consciousness, will, attention, memory, thinking, imagination are. And to understand this, we have to see how all internal processes interacting with the outer world happen in us. Then you will realize how you are controlled by external stimuli, and that inside you there is a lot of foreign and not much of yours, that you do not really control anything.”

“I am the result of coincidence and a slave of other people’s desires,” Ruslan said.

“That’s right,” said Lyria, “but you must not only repeat it, but learn to see it in yourself constantly, and then everything will change, and you will become masters of yourselves.”

“And the mind, it turns out, is connected with consciousness?” Arthur said, pointing at the painted star.

“Yes, you guessed right,” confirmed the Tutor. “If you look through the inner links of the star, it is the right meditations and prayers that awaken the consciousness. When you remember our talks and lectures and start thinking that everybody is sleeping and I am sleeping now, that we do not own our attention, - all this awakens the consciousness from its identification. So the mind is the best friend to those who own it and the worst enemy to those who don’t own their mind.”



27. WISH FULFILLMENT

Diana and her students took a bus to an amazing place in the mountains of Kazakhstan, where nature itself scattered bizarre piles of “stone pancakes” on top of each other all over the surface of the ground. These figures resembled a sphinx, a sign of trinity, a bird, or some beast.

The travelers followed a narrow mountain road winding around these marvelous works of nature, heading towards the cave of the saint where all wishes are granted.

On the way Arthur asked the Tutor:

“Why can’t we fulfill our desires ourselves, and we have to go to the Place of Power, pray to God, join an egregore or ask for help from saints and magicians?”

“The point is,” Diana began to explain, “that a person does not have enough energy of his own to achieve the fulfillment of his desires, especially not enough energy of the higher planes, on which this process depends. To make a wish come true, it is necessary to materialize it, i.e. to fill the image of the desired thing with pure positive energy, and then, filling it with more and more coarse energy, to embody this image on the earthly level.”

“But it’s impossible to do that,” Arthur said regretfully, “at least not for a normal person.”

“Yes, it is,” Diana admitted. “But a person who does a lot of spiritual practices, like a magician or a saint, has a lot of that energy. That’s why we have to turn to him to help us. Of course, God, egregore and the Place of Power also have a lot of such energy, which is necessary for realization of our desires. That is why an intelligent person, in order to realize his desires, is engaged in spiritual practices. Collective spiritual practices are especially effective for this purpose, because in a group a powerful field of many people is created, which will help to realize any desires. Besides, it is much easier for a group to connect to God and the egregor than for one person, especially if he is still new in this business. But there is one secret of wish fulfillment.”

Diana paused and looked around the room with a cheerful gaze. The students, intrigued, were quiet, waiting to hear something truly valuable, to touch sacred Knowledge.

“The secret is to wish for all beings, not just oneself. It is not without reason that all prayers are said in the plural. For example, “Our Father” or “Holy Trinity, have mercy on us,” because when a person asks for himself, his request is selfish. But when he asks for everyone, his desire becomes more altruistic, the person opens more, becomes more elevated, accepts more subtle and powerful energy. He is more easily included in the egregore and becomes acceptable to God, as he thinks not only about himself. Besides, if a person asks for himself, he becomes like a swamp: water flows into it and does not flow out. And when he asks for another, he becomes like a clean river: the flow of energy passes through him, and due to this he helps both himself and others faster. Therefore, a spiritual person who understands these laws is responsible for all his relatives, for all people and beings on Earth, because through his development, through spiritual practices he brings great benefit to everyone. And as a saint, who even after death helps many people who need his help, you, as spiritual people, should realize your responsibility for the happiness and well-being of your loved ones and the whole Earth. The more intensely and selflessly you develop, the better it will be not only for you, but also for all people.”

“Do all wishes have to be fulfilled?” Ruslan asked. “After all, there are evil and stupid wishes. Why do we need them at all?”

“That’s a very wise remark,” said Diana. “The essence of all desires is to achieve a state of happiness. Of course, a person needs the most necessary things: food, a roof over his head, safety, health, to be near a loved one, in the circle of friends and like-minded people, to find the Truth, a Master, to understand God. And there is nothing wrong in fulfillment of these desires, as they are components of the state of happiness. At least while we live in a physical body. But the state of happiness itself is ninety percent of our emotions. And if we are experiencing positive emotions, we are happy at that moment. However, ignorant people choose a very long and difficult way to achieve their happiness: they decide that they will be happy by having a fancy car, a cottage, traveling to resorts. But when they get it, they quickly get used to it and start wanting even more material goods: palaces, private airplanes, a minister’s chair. This makes achieving their happiness almost impossible. There are those who find an

easier way to happiness through drinking and drugs, but this way destroys health and psyche. A person turns into a sick and addicted to the dose.”

“How can that be? Why does a person need chemistry to be happy?” Alice asked with sincere incomprehension. “It turns out that this chemistry activates some forces in the body itself, serves as a catalyst for certain processes, that lead a person to a state of happiness. Why can’t he turn them on himself, without any doping?”

“That’s a very good question,” Diana praised the girl. “Indeed, the state of happiness is in the person himself, but it is necessary to find the key to it, and this key is spiritual practices. If a person does them constantly and correctly, he gains the key to his happiness and the ability to experience it, regardless of any chemistry. And this key is to nurture positive and sublime emotions. From childhood a person is accustomed to negativity, they say: “Don’t laugh - you will cry”, “Laughter without reason - a sign of foolishness...”. Even in church there is more guilt and sin than the attitude of love and grace of God. And now we need to wean ourselves from negative emotions and direct all our energy to the positive. Besides, a person should be healthy, so that he has more strength to master the energy practices. The more energy he has, the stronger and more intense he can live the state of happiness and give these vibrations to people around him.”

While talking, the disciples and the Tutor approached the place where the guards were standing, not letting them pass further.

It turned out that just today, the president had flown to the Place of Power to pray to the saint for the fulfillment of his wishes.

It was rumored that this was how he had achieved his high position and status. It was rumored that he even wanted to close the place so that he could only receive the blessing of the saint himself.

“What faith does this saint belong to?” Angela asked.

“There is an ancient legend,” Diana began, “which says that in the time of Noah there were three saints, and when the flood came, there was not enough space for them in Noah’s ark. So they made three rafts, tied them to the ark, and set sail. But there was a storm and one raft got loose. It was nailed to this place, where the saint settled. So this is a very ancient saint who lived before the coming of Christ and the rise of the Muslims.”

So the disciples and Tutor waited in conversation, until the president prayed to the saint. Then the guards left, and helicopters took off with a

deafening roar. The president flew away, and Diana and her students came to a beautiful lake with crystal clear water. Flowers bloomed all around, big butterflies flew, and birds sang. It seemed to the people that they had gone to paradise. But the most amazing thing was the state coming from the place where the saint lived. Some strong and very Bright Power was coming from it, filling everything around.

After washing themselves in the lake, the disciples approached the cave in a state of awe, climbed up the mountain on a rope and began to go inside carefully one by one.

Before entering the wish-fulfillment hall, they had to wash their hands and face with spring water accumulated in a tub in front of the entrance.

Arthur entered the cave and immediately felt that the Light was here, that it was invisibly present and permeated every inch of the surrounding space. All thoughts and desires flew out of his head, and for a while he couldn't even think about anything. But then, he was overwhelmed by the state of grace, and began to pray to the saint to become perfect like him and to devote his life to serving people to lead them to the Light of God. He felt great dedication and responsibility for all his family and friends, that since God had given him understanding and put him on the path of perfection, his task now was to pray for them all and transform their negative karma into God's blessing.

At that moment Arthur was overcome with such power and strength that he felt as if he had been completely transformed, as if enlightenment had come to him. In his exalted state, he staggered out of the cave and for a long time he could not speak, being in an extraordinary state of Light and clarity.

Gradually he came to his senses, and after the enlightenment, he did not like the state in which he had always lived. He saw his wretchedness and inferiority and realized that he could not be like that, he had to evolve in order to reach the state he had found in this cave thanks to the saint.

The other disciples also experienced similar unusual states. Alice cried from awe, from contact with the great grace of God. She too decided to serve all the people of the Earth.



28. REMEMBER EVERYTHING

Once another Tutor, Shakti Mudra, came to the classes of the Sampo School instead of Naya.

“Now,” she said, “Naya has gone to the Himalayas, and I will be your lecturer and practitioner.”

“What happened?” Arthur asked. “Why did she leave?”

“The fact is that she received a sign from above and went to the important Places of Power located there. There are many very powerful caves, burial mounds and ancient observatories in Eastern Kazakhstan. In addition, Western Altai is located there, and even the Western part of Belukha is located there. Unlike the Russian Altai, there are more pristine untouched places there, and there is more power and blessing preserved. Naya promised that when she returns, she will take those who want to touch these shrines there.”

Many students expressed their desire to go to the Places of Power, going to ask Naya to do so when she returned to class. In the meantime, Shakti Mudra began to explain a new topic.

“Today’s topic of our class,” she said, “is the memory of ourselves. The fact is that a person does not remember himself, does not realize himself, forgets the most important things for his development, his spiritual impressions, thoughts, intentions. And not remembering them, he loses his goal, forgetting the promises he made to himself, the decisions he made for his development. And without this, he is unable to progress further. That is why the school of repetition is very important, in which a person would constantly repeat different spiritual practices, reproduce again his thoughts, decisions, intentions. After all, only what we repeat, we can remember, especially if this repetition is accompanied by sincere emotions.”

“That’s why church services are repeated, and year after year, priests recite the same prayers, the same services are held,” Ruslan shared his observations.

“Yes, in all religions there is such a moment of repetition,” confirmed Shakti Mudra. “But it is bad that people do not know the meaning of

these rituals, the meaning of prayers. And without it, repetition is meaningless and leads nowhere.”

Andreich raised his hand.

“I want to tell you what I realized about the fact that we don’t remember anything, and how scary it is,” he said and began his story: “Once I had such an incident. A friend from the police called me and told me that a bust was being prepared and that a riot squad was coming to my place. I was in my country house at that time, and I had a very large sum of money with me. I grabbed this money, took some garbage plastic bags to wrap it in. On the way out in the garage, I grabbed a shovel to bury the money in the woods. And when I jumped out of the house, I saw the police cars already arriving. I ran through the vegetable gardens into the forest. I had cigarettes with me, and I emptied them of tobacco and scattered it along the road so that the dogs could not pick up my trail. So I ran to a place that seemed suitable. I wrapped the money in the bags, carefully removed a layer of turf, dug a hole, put the bundle in it and buried it carefully, covered it with turf, covered it with dry leaves so that it wouldn’t show that anyone had been digging here, and left. After wandering around for a while, I got to the highway, caught a car and went to my friend’s place to sit out.

After a couple of months, this situation with police was resolved safely. I went back to my place. But when I wanted to find my treasure, I couldn’t find it. I must have wandered around the forest for a month in vain, but I couldn’t find the very spot that seemed so simple and obvious to me at the time that I thought I had it well memorized and would find it quickly. But I couldn’t find it. And then I wondered, “What do I even remember in my life?” And it turned out that I remembered at best, if I strained my memory hard enough, one tenth of one percent of everything I had lived. I could hardly remember the books I had read, the movies I had seen, the songs I had listened to. Even the events of my life I remembered in fragments and could not accurately reproduce them in a clear sequence. I talked to many people, and all of them confirmed that they too remembered almost nothing in their long lives. And then I thought: “Why would I read, watch, listen to anything if I forget everything? Maybe it’s more important to develop my memory so that I can remember what I read or saw?” Without that, everything seemed meaningless to me,” Andreich summarized his story.

“Yes, quite right,” said Shakti Mudra. “First of all, one should develop mindfulness, one should learn to remember oneself, to feel the moment “here and now” without being distracted by a swarm of attacking thoughts, then we can perceive everything more clearly and vividly and not forget what happened to us. But for this we have to practice meditation.”

After this explanation, the Tutor explained in detail how to do it properly.

“But actually we remember everything,” Shakti Mudra explained with a smile. “The subconscious mind stores all the information, not only about this life, but also about all previous incarnations. And during a Gyud session we can reproduce and revive it all for ourselves.”

Here Andreich stood up and reverently asked the Tutor:

“Can’t I have a session so that I remember where the treasure is?”

“All right,” agreed Shakti Mudra, “come, lie down on the couch, and the rest of you - watch and memorize how it should be done. And then you will learn how to give these Gyud sessions to each other.”

Andreich lay down. Shakti Mudra began the session and instructed him to remember what happened the moment he left the house, on the day of the bust. She asked that Andreich replayed his entire journey from the house to the treasure. And when he replied that he had seen it, she instructed that he would now never forget it and brought him out of his altered state of consciousness.

Andreich stood up in a stunned state. He was under a strong impression and could not hide the emotions that had overwhelmed him.

“Imagine, I saw my whole path, every blade of grass, every bumblebee and butterfly that I didn’t even pay attention to at the time, I smelled all the aromas of the forest, I remembered even the weather, the temperature of the air - everything. I was back in that state of stress that I had experienced then. And the most important thing: I clearly remembered the place where I buried the money. Thank you very much, Shakti Mudra!”

The other students who were watching the session began to applaud, also impressed by the result.

“And now,” said Shakti Mudra, when the applause subsided, “we will engage in an even more important remembrance. You will remember all your spiritual experiences, all your emotions, all your thoughts about them, all your intentions and decisions, so that you will not forget them and that their power will help you to progress on the spiritual path. Now break into pairs and learn how to conduct a Gyud session, instructing

each other to recall all of your spiritual experiences and to be inspired by them even more strongly so that you can move toward your spiritual goal.”

When the people were divided into pairs, Shakti Mudra said:

“The main difference between Gyud sessions and sleep is that when you put a person into hypnosis, you give them the affirmation, “You fall asleep, but you keep hearing my voice”. That’s how you keep in touch with him. And since his personality in the altered state is switched off, you get in touch with his subconscious mind, in which all the superpowers that are inaccessible to a person in the waking state are hidden: this is memory, and creativity, and activation of various forces and possibilities. For example, you can instruct a person to learn languages faster or to master yoga, to cure a disease, to become braver and more energetic.”

People began to work in pairs, and Shakti Mudra approached and corrected their actions. At the end of the practice, the students began to share their impressions. Ruslan was the first to volunteer. He said:

“I recalled a lot of spiritual experiences that I just remembered they happened , but I couldn’t reproduce them in detail. And the impact of those experiences weakened and became obscured over time. But I was particularly struck by the fact that I remembered my experience with LSD, which had led me on a spiritual path. I relived the experience all over again. I was in the mountains and I took the drug there with my friends as we sat on a peak. Immediately all the mountains came alive. I saw that they were all living beings and I could talk to them. And then more was revealed to me: I began to see God in everything and I was in grace. But this experience was so unusual that I could not reproduce it afterwards. I just knew it was there. And then I experienced it again with the same vividness and intensity as before.”

“And I,” Alice began to tell emotionally, “was again at the Place of Power. I felt its energy very well then, a prayer was born in me and I had a wonderful experience of communicating with Ayami. I knew everything she was saying to me, and her words were not sounds and words. I understood what she was saying to me, emotionally, immediately experiencing the essence of what she wanted to communicate to me. Then I had a silent understanding that one should strive to constantly visit the Places of Power, to be filled with their energy and blessing, as yogis, shamans, monks did in all times, going to the mountains, caves, hermitages. And that, being charged with their energy, I would advance quickly spiritually.

But then it was difficult for me to remember the enthusiasm, the delight and bliss that I experienced, it was all too alien, and now I experienced this state again, and it again gave me an impetus to development, filled with higher impressions.”

“And I,” said Arthur, “among many other experiences, remembered going into a trance state with the music of transformation and feeling Bhagavan’s blessing. He then appeared to me and filled me with amazing energy, transforming my whole being. Later I could not get in the mood to feel it again, but now I had experienced the blessed state again, and my contact with the Master was much stronger and more alive than it had been before.

While everyone was sharing their impressions, Andreich sat on his knees in the corner and sobbed.

Then he calmed down a bit and began to talk about his experiences too:

“I saw,” he said, “how I had strayed from the spiritual path for several years. I thought that I was being fooled, told fairy tales, and that I had to make a career and get material prosperity, that it was real, and spirituality was an illusion. But now I realized how I had robbed myself and made my life more difficult, how much I had lost by chasing prestige and worldly values, how my life had become a meaningless routine, and a deep repentance was born in me for judging and not accepting spiritual people who wanted to help me. A vision emerged in me that only the spiritual path has meaning, and everything else is just a way to live in meaningless suffering....”

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